BLAZING THE WAY

W. W. VAN DUSEN

Class F852

Book V24

Copyright N°

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

BLAZING THE WAY.

W. W. Van Dusen

Blazing the Way;

Or,

Pioneer Experiences in Idaho, Washington, and Oregon

By

W. W. VAN DUSEN, D. D.

(For eleven years presiding elder in the Northwest.)

CINCINNATI: JENNINGS AND GRAHAM
NEW YORK: EATON AND MAINS

F852
.V24

Aug. 2, 1905
a
122943

COPYRIGHT, 1905,
JENNINGS AND GRAHAM

PREFACE.

THE purpose of this book is twofold: First, to show clearly, from the experience of the writer, that the demands for pioneer work in the Church have not yet ceased to exist; second, to present a faithful and true picture of the physical and moral conditions of the country described.

Concerning each of these matters there is much confusion of mind among some people. Those who live in the older sections of our country find it difficult to comprehend the situation where the people are so widely scattered as they are in the Rocky Mountain States and Territories. This book sets forth what the writer has seen, together with some facts which he can vouch for as if he had seen them. It is certainly much more to be trusted than the ordinary real estate circular, or the prospectus of the mine promoter. The writer has no motive in presenting a view other than is borne out by facts.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Pioneer Conditions, - - -	11
II.	The Inland Empire, - - -	19
III.	"The Two Wallas," - - -	31
IV.	A Glimpse of Frontier Life, -	38
V.	West of the Cascades, - - -	49
VI.	The Habitat of the Salmon, -	57
VII.	Early Religious Workers, - -	72
VIII.	Among Settler's Cabins and Indian Tepees, - - - -	84
IX.	A Midwinter Journey, - - -	105
X.	A Midsummer Tramp, - - -	116
XI.	Profanity and Liquor, - - -	124
XII.	Ignorance and Filth, - - -	137
XIII.	Indian Types, - - - - -	144
XIV.	Jonah Hays, the Christian Indian,	153
XV.	The Elijah of the Cœur d'Alenes,	175
XVI.	Oasis and Desert, - - - -	184
XVII.	The Niagara of the West, - -	197

BLAZING THE WAY.

CHAPTER I.

Pioneer Conditions.

PIONEER work has not yet ended in the United States of America. Many thousands of people still live in log or sod houses, or in mere board shanties, and some of these are several miles from their nearest neighbors. In the year 1900 the population of the State of Idaho was less than two persons for each square mile, while in the State of New York each square mile contained one hundred and thirty-five persons, and in several other Eastern States the population was even more dense. The entire Rocky Mountain region is as yet sparsely settled, and one may travel many miles by train through parts of the great West and scarcely see its inhabitants. What must it be, then, when one goes away from the railroads among the mountains, or on the great plains where the only means of transportation are the stage-coach or the cayuse? Men and

women are yet living who have never seen a railway coach, or heard the screech of the locomotive, and many of these live in the Western States and Territories.

The people of this section are engaged in a great variety of occupations. Some are miners, others are cattlemen or sheep-herders, while others are farmers, hunters, or teamsters. Of course the great majority of people who dwell in the arid or mountain region have come from the East, and have been accustomed to nearer neighbors and modern methods of living, and many still live within easy reach of cities and towns and railroads; and yet it is true that many wander away from the lines of travel to seek their fortune in remote parts of the land.

A hundred years ago, when Lewis and Clark began their expedition across the continent, almost the last white man they left on the very outskirts of the settlements was Daniel Boone, of Kentucky fame, who had been retreating from the abodes of men during all his long life of seventy years, so intense was his infatuation for the wilderness. The restless spirit of Boone

seems to inhere in many persons who are unable to enjoy life with near neighbors, or can not endure the cities and towns and modern arts of civil life. In response to this spirit, thousands are still seeking congenial haunts far from their fellows among the lofty mountains, or on the great plains of the western half of our country.

These people are gathered from all parts of our own, and from many other lands. Here are people of infinite variety, no matter by what principle of classification we judge them, even as they come from all kinds of homes and from all sorts of environment and opportunity. Some are persons of culture and refinement, and others are their pronounced opposite in these graces of civilization. Some are religious, and some are very irreligious. Let no one think, however, that all who live in rough and uncouth society are boors in manners or education. It is well known that the grade of intelligence in mining camps is very high, and even the adventurers of the plains are not behind their fellows of the Eastern cities in general information. One would be surprised to learn of the number who are

from the best colleges of the land, or have had the advantages of the universities of Europe, or have traveled in Eastern countries. They have come to the West to improve their fortune, to make money, to grow up with the country, and to make a name for themselves. Their being here is an evidence of their energy, and this is displayed by a certain restlessness of spirit and of dissatisfaction with present conditions. Some are in the professions, and others are seeking fortunes in speculation in mines, in handling sheep or cattle, or in managing irrigation schemes. Those who were failures in the old home country are trying to achieve success, and those who were successful elsewhere are attempting to win a greater success in their new home. Along with these are some who would have been dead long ago had they not aroused themselves and determined to try for life by a complete change of conditions and climate in a strange land. Here, as elsewhere, the masses are striving chiefly for worldly gain with but little thought of the demands of a higher nature or the calls of humanity. Others, however, are giving due

heed to all the requirements of existence, and are devoting some attention, at least, to the welfare of society. We find among these last a due proportion of schoolteachers and ministers of the Gospel, who are laying the foundations for the future empire of religion and civilization. Schools and Churches and other institutions, the object of which is to save and uplift humanity, are becoming more numerous as the country makes advances in age and material things. The log schoolhouse, sometimes with a roof of sod or shakes, is a place of worship as well as of instruction, and the itinerant preacher is as much an institution as is the schoolteacher, though his circuit may be so large that he can not make his rounds more frequently than once or twice a month.

The circuit system is not a thing of the past in the Rocky Mountain region. It is recognized as being so well adapted to the work to be done, that it is now employed by all denominations, and a circuit preacher is not necessarily a Methodist, as was once the case, for all the Churches have learned to use the machinery which is best

adapted to the ends in view and is best able to do the work required. In a sparsely settled country the circuit rider is indispensable to the best results in religious work. The same is also true concerning the presiding eldership. The Methodist Episcopal Church has this institution both in name and in fact, and all others have something quite like it in practice, whether they will acknowledge the name or not. The superintendence exists under different names in different Churches. In one it is the "Synodical missionary;" in another it is the "bishop;" in yet another it is the "superintendent" or the "State evangelist." Under a great variety of names the superintendency is maintained, and by its aid the work is carried forward by all the Churches. No denomination in a new country can succeed without the circuit system and some form of superintendency. The name by which this is designated is of little consequence.

The writer has been a presiding elder in the Rocky Mountain region for eleven years. During this time he has traveled by all sorts of conveyances in his regular work more than 135,000

miles. While much of this journeying has been accomplished by modern methods, the stage-coach and the horse and saddle have received their full share of patronage, and the writer is quite familiar with each; at the same time he has not forgotten the art of walking, for long pedestrian trips have often been a part of his regular exercise. He has occasionally preached in the large city churches, but more frequently in the log schoolhouse, or in the open air, or in the humble home of the settler. He has shared the hospitality of all classes, having sometimes been in the home of the rich, but more frequently under the roof of a brother itinerant, or in the home of the farmer or cabin of the miner. He has often slept for hours in the day-coach of the railroad, when night and day were much the same. He has many times made his pillow on the hard seat of the waiting-room, and on several occasions he has spent the night in the straw-stack or hay-mow, or in an Indian cabin, or, possibly, in still more uncomfortable quarters. He has fared sumptuously on the best the land afforded, and he has sometimes fasted when it was

not from choice. He believes he has done his share of preaching the Word, besides conducting the full quota of business and other meetings. He thanks God for success in the work, and rejoices that the kingdom has been built up. He writes this little book in order that others may know that pioneer work is still being done, that home missions are a great success, from whatsoever viewpoint looked upon, and to increase the interest of all classes in the work of new fields by adding something to the accumulations of knowledge concerning the work of extending the kingdom of our Lord in this great land.

CHAPTER II.

The Inland Empire.

"THAT is the best I can do for you," said Bishop Walden, as he placed his finger on the list of appointments, about ten minutes before the adjournment of the Columbia River Conference in 1892. He had called me to his table, and then indicated that for the ensuing year I was to be the presiding elder of the Spokane District. He possibly observed that I turned a trifle pale, for this appointment was wholly unlooked for, and then he added by way of comfort: "That means business, and hard work: now do your best."

The Spokane District at that time included a part of Eastern Washington and a part of Northern Idaho, a tract about the size of half of the State of Pennsylvania. Four years later, by a readjustment of boundaries, the district was doubled in area. Before assuming charge of this

important and growing field I had learned, on consulting that wonderful book, the "Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church," in the chapter on the "Duties of a Presiding Elder," that one of my duties was to travel through the district. One of the advantages to be derived from this is the knowledge to be gained in geology, chemistry, and other sciences, not omitting natural history and botany.

The year 1900 found me, by another turn of the itinerant wheel, traveling in the same capacity with the entire Idaho Conference as my field. This Conference embraces all of Southern Idaho and a part of Eastern Oregon, a territory about the size of all of New York State and half of Pennsylvania. What shall I say of the country included between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascade Range, familiarly known as the "Inland Empire?" It is true that this empire of territory is not all embraced within the bounds of the two districts just mentioned, but they cover a large part of it. In my journeys I have sometimes gone beyond these limitations, and in this book I shall not be confined by very contracted

lines, though the major portion of the narrative pertains to the "Inland Empire."

This is a very difficult country clearly to describe to a person from the East, because it presents so many features which are unknown to those who have never seen it. It is a land of constantly recurring surprises, and it takes years of experience fully to know it. In the first place, it is a very large and sparsely inhabited country. Its chief cities are Spokane, Walla Walla, and Boise, with dozens of other lesser towns which range in population from a thousand to five times that number. Much of the section under consideration is very fertile, and many parts are in a high state of cultivation, while other larger portions are apparently worthless, desert wastes. Lofty mountains and deep canyons divide and cut the land into separate natural divisions. The mountains run up in the highest peaks about nine thousand feet, and the valleys sink as low as seven hundred feet above sea level. Nearly all the rivers and small streams flow through deep canyons, in some instances from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet below the table

lands, which are only a few miles distant. This is true of the Columbia and Snake, the great rivers of the Northwest, as well as of their thousands of tributaries. This difference in altitude will in itself alone account for a great diversity in climate and rainfall. Climatic conditions as different as those of Syracuse and Washington, D. C., are here frequently found in places not twenty miles apart.

The mountains are generally covered with pine, fir, and spruce timber, and the streams are sometimes fringed with cottonwood and willow, and in other places their banks are absolutely bare. The great plains and plateaus, generally speaking, are barren as far as trees are concerned, and the plains of Eastern Oregon and Southern Idaho are covered with the familiar mark of the Rocky Mountain region, the ubiquitous sagebrush, a bushy growth of highly scented and bitter shrub, varying in height from a few inches to ten feet. As we journey over the vast stretches of land covered with this growth as far as the eye can reach, the query constantly arises, What is it all for?

Many parts of Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho, in their virgin state, abounded with the wild rose and sunflowers. These formerly flowering meadows have been converted into the famous and more utilitarian wheat-fields, whose yield per acre has been the marvel of wheat-growers in all parts of the world. Northern and Central Idaho has lofty mountains, whose summits are, in some instances, nearly always covered with snow. Below the snow-line they are clothed with timber, or a light growth of mountain mahogany and sarvis-bush, with occasional groups of quaking asp, and beneath the surface they are rich in minerals. Indeed this is true also of both Eastern Oregon and Northern Washington.

Let us take a brief excursion from Spokane, in Eastern Washington, to Lake Chelan, to the west of the Columbia in the same State. We journey due west, and after the first twenty miles we get away from the pine forests which surround our point of departure, and we are on the rolling prairie. The soil is rich and dry and dusty. Is it not a remarkable fact that real es-

tate dealers and railroad companies, in all their representations of this country, have never yet discovered that there is dust here? Yet it is very much in evidence. It covers our clothing; it gets into our eyes; we see it, we smell it, we taste it. Wherever air goes, dust goes. Lewis and Clark on their westward journey of discovery encountered it the same as all others who have visited these regions. Their latest historian says: "As the party advanced to the westward, following the crooked course of the Missouri, they were very much afflicted with inflamed eyes, occasioned by the fine alkaline dust that blew so lightly that it sometimes floated for miles, like clouds of smoke. The dust even penetrated the works of one of their watches although it was protected by tight double cases. In these later days, even the double windows of the railway trains do not keep out this penetrating dust, which makes one's skin dry and rough."

We hardly dare tell what we have experienced in our encounters with dust for fear it will appear to have penetrated even our reputation for truthfulness. We will, however, venture to make

a statement of a well-known fact that can be vouched for by others. Many is the time, when riding on a stage-coach behind four horses, we have been unable to see the leaders because of dust. On account of this fact many teamsters put bells on their horses to avoid collisions with other teams.

We are now in this dry and dusty region, with our faces to the west. A hundred miles brings us to the Grand Coulee, a long depression in the earth not unlike a dry river-bed, a thousand feet in depth. It is perfectly dry, save for a few pools of stagnant water strongly impregnated with alkali. Descending to its bottom, we look about and note the great walls of basaltic rock rising on either side, and we are led to inquire whether the earth has cracked open and then partly filled the crevasse from fires beneath. Climbing out of this depression, we go on for twenty miles further, and, lo! another coulee, deeper still, lies before us. This is known as the Moses Coulee, and the two are a puzzle to the geologist. One is fifty, and the other one hundred miles in length. They resemble river-beds

in appearance, and it is no wonder the question is often asked whether the mighty Columbia has not flowed through them at some remote period. Many think it has, and possibly this is the correct theory in explanation of these wonders of nature.

We press on for thirty miles farther, still facing the west. We begin to descend by a winding road from the central table-lands or plains of the Columbia. How steep the way is! The road is eight miles long in making this descent. Down, down we go. Mighty convulsions of nature are in evidence at every turn. The earth has been broken up by most violent upheavals. Here earthquakes have frolicked. At some remote period these rocks have been melting hot, and this soil has been blown from volcanoes as the finest dust and ashes. Rocks are everywhere, tier above tier; now in regular basaltic form, like the Giant's Causeway; now broken in the utmost confusion, as if hurled by an army of battling gods. A mile or two before us we see the jutting rimrock standing like a mighty fortress. Between it and us flows the tortuous Columbia, and

beyond, and higher still, are the Cascades, the tips of which are white with snow, in beautiful contrast with the green forests at a lower level.

We are still descending, and presently we round a mighty rock, and catch our first glimpse of the glistening Columbia in the canyon below. We drop down still farther, and the river is at our feet. We look about us and presently discover, here and there, peach-orchards and small garden patches on the sand-bars of the river, irrigated by streams which tumble from the rocks above, or by water raised from the Columbia by wheel or pump. Sand? Here is sand enough to supply a transcontinental railroad for years, and then there would be enough and to spare. Sometimes it drifts like snow, much to the confusion of the farmer, whose lands are encroached upon by this headstrong trespasser, which regards no other law than that of the winds and gravitation. At times it delays trains by its drifts, if the railroad lies in its way. Farther down the river, where the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company has built its track parallel to the stream for a hundred miles or more, trains

are sometimes delayed for hours by the sand which drifts across the track. It does seem as though sand is not equally distributed either on the earth's surface or among its people.

We are at the water's edge now, and the boat is coming across for us. It is a cable ferry. You never saw one in the East? Well, there are several sights here which are novel to persons from the Atlantic seaboard, just as there are scenes in the East which would cause us of the West to stare and wonder. For instance, you do not have the Columbia in the East, nor any river like it. Bryant may be excused under the circumstance for having brought the Columbia into poetry in a very poetic manner, and from a New England viewpoint when he wrote,

> "The continuous woods,
> Where rolls the Oregon;"

for there is scarcely a tree in sight, nor would you see one, except high above the river, were you to go up or down the stream for a hundred miles.

But that cable ferry,—what is it, and what is it like? Well, it must be seen and studied at

close range in order to be understood and appreciated. In this respect it is much like many features of the country where it is the principal means for crossing the streams which can not be forded. A wire cable reaches across the river and is made fast at each end to a high tower. To this cable the boat is attached by two ropes, with grooved wheels at their ends, which run on the cable as a track, and in this manner the boat is held in place at an angle with the current of the river, which presses against the sides of the boat and becomes its propelling power. We take passage and cross after paying the fare of four "bits," or, as the uninitiated would say, a half dollar, and then we climb the opposite bank, and keep climbing for a long distance; but before we reach the high lands we arrive at one of the most beautiful lakes in America, and one which some day will doubtless become one of the most famous, the lovely and wonderful Chelan. It is a ribbon of water seventy miles long, varying in width from a fraction of a mile to five miles. With the single exception of Lake Superior, it is said to be the deepest body of fresh water on

the continent. It is set as an amethyst among mountains which rise abruptly on all sides, their reflection on the lucid surface of the lake being seen almost or quite as distinctly as the mountains themselves. At its western end it is fed by the eternal snows of the Cascades, which send down their hundreds of silvery rivulets of cooling water.

Yesterday we were on the dry and dusty plains of the Big Bend country, the almost torrid plateau of the Columbia; to-day we recognize the hand of the Creator in the grandest scenery nature affords in this, the Switzerland of America. Such is the land we would describe, but in the description of which we fail, for language fails.

CHAPTER III.

"The Two Wallas."

WALLA WALLA is the Indian name for "little running waters." This is a beautiful place, in a garden valley of great fertility bearing the same name, where once hunted and dwelt a fierce Indian tribe, the terrible Cayuses. Forty years ago the government established a fort here, and the maps of a generation ago marked the spot as "Fort Walla Walla." One of the large military posts of the Northwest is still situated at this place. Settlers began to locate here for trading purposes about 1858, since which time this has been the leading town in this part of the country. A thriving town of fifteen thousand people, known as the "Garden City" of the Inland Empire, sits in her beautiful contentment amid other towns on every hand. The Walla Walla Valley, as the country on all sides is known, is a famous section for fruits and grains. Here are produced enor-

mous crops of wheat, where for many years it was thought the soil was too dry to grow anything but bunch-grass and weeds. This section and the Palouse country, which lies a hundred miles to the north, constitute the great wheat belt of Eastern Washington over which people wandered for years, not dreaming it was good for anything but pasture.

Walla Walla is famed not only for its fruit and grain, but is becoming well known as the seat of one of the rising educational institutions of the West. Here is located Whitman College, the living monument to the memory of Dr. Marcus Whitman, who, with the Rev. Henry Harmon Spaulding, and their young brides, made their wedding trip across the continent two years before Fremont, the more illustrious "Pathfinder," ever saw Pike's Peak. The wives of Whitman and Spaulding were the first white women to cross the Rockies. This little band of missionaries entered this untried and unknown field under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, for this was then looked upon as a foreign field; and indeed

its political ownership was by no means at that time clearly defined. These men and their co-laborers of the Willamette Valley did much toward settling these perplexing questions, and it now looks to us, as we examine the records and turn on the light of history, as though we, as citizens of the United States, owe to the cause of Christian missions the fact that much of the Pacific Northwest is now under the Stars and Stripes. Indeed we can not doubt it; but this is but a small part of the wonderful outcome of missionary toil in this land.

Dr. Whitman was a physician, a man of great nerve and ability, and a member of the Presbyterian Church. It was in 1836 that this company began their work, just two years after that other band of missionaries under the heroic leadership of Jason Lee, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having made the journey by way of Cape Horn, began work west of the Cascades in the Willamette Valley. Eleven years later, in 1847, Dr. Whitman and thirteen others, of which number his beloved wife was one, were brutally massacred by the Indians whom they were toil-

ing to civilize and save. The work of this company appeared to human sight to have been utterly lost; but now, after more than sixty years, we are able to look back, and we clearly see that Marcus Whitman and his co-laborers did not toil in vain.

Dr. Whitman established his headquarters at a point called Waiiletpu, six miles west of where Walla Walla now stands. At this place, and in all the surrounding country, he and his gifted wife toiled unceasingly, giving their lives to the work until they fell the victims of the deluded and cruel red men. After the slaughter, their bodies were laid side by side on the ground, and a large wagon-box was inverted and placed over them by their murderers, and earth was heaped upon it until a mound of considerable size was raised over the dead. This was their humble and insecure sepulcher. Months afterward, when the Indians had been driven back, the militia from the settlements of the Willamette came and found this rude grave had been dug into by coyotes and the bodies mutilated. One of the members of this expedition has described this

scene to the writer, and he tells of gathering up the remains of the victims and reburying them. He saved a quantity of Mrs. Whitman's hair, a part of which he sent to her friends in New York. As I saw this rude grave, on visiting the scene of the slaughter in 1890, it was a mound of earth, possibly twenty feet long by eight broad, and four or five feet high, and was all grown over with sagebrush and grass, and inclosed by a board fence painted white. Since then a granite shaft has been erected on the spot; but Whitman College in Walla Walla is the best and most fitting memorial monument to the daring and devoted missionaries, Dr. Marcus Whitman and his wife, Narcissa Prentice Whitman.

Whitman's associate in early missionary labor, and his traveling companion across the continent, the Rev. Henry Harmon Spaulding, began his work about one hundred miles to the east of Waiiletpu, at Lapwai, on the Clearwater River, in what is now the State of Idaho. In 1839 his mission received a present of a printing-press from a Church in the Sandwich Islands, and it was set up and operated at Lapwai, where,

so far as is known, was printed the first book in the Northwest. The language used was the Nez Perces, and the book was for the use of the missionaries in instructing the natives. The work in this mission was quite successful, and the natives responded readily to instruction. At the time of the Whitman massacre, Mr. Spaulding was visiting in that part of the country; but fortunately he was that day at Umatilla, about forty miles distant from the bloody scene, and so escaped the fate which overtook his associates. On learning of the slaughter he started at once for home, where he had left his family, which place he reached after traveling on foot for seven nights; for he had lost his horse on the way, and he did not dare risk his life by exposing himself by day for fearof Indians. He found his mission in a state of confusion, the savages having plundered it and driven his wife to take refuge with a friendly chief. For a time his mission appears to have been broken up; but he afterwards resumed work, the results of which are still found in all that region. He remained among his people until death, and was lovingly laid to rest in the mis-

sion burial-ground at Lapwai. A few years ago I drew rein at this historic cemetery, and found the following epitaph on one of its modest shafts:

"REV. HENRY HARMON SPAULDING.
BORN AT BATH, N. Y., NOV. 26TH, 1803.
COMMENCED THE NEZ PERCES MISSION IN 1836.
DIED AMONG HIS PEOPLE, AT LAPWAI, I. T.,
AUGUST 3D, 1874.
AGED
70 YEARS, 8 MONTHS, AND 7 DAYS.

What volumes of isolation and sacrifice are indicated on this silent marble! Yet no life spent in faithfulness is ever lost. These quiet and unostentatious toilers among their savage brothers were forerunners for others who have come after them and entered upon the fruits of their labors.

CHAPTER IV.

A Glimpse of Frontier Life.

WHILE living in Walla Walla as a pastor, I, on one occasion, received a letter inviting me to officiate at a wedding down the Columbia. The particular place of the wedding was not made known in the letter, but I was advised to go by a certain train to Umatilla, and stop at the hotel and await further orders. This place by rail was ninety-one miles from home; but, being the nearest available minister at that time, I followed instructions, and reached Umatilla at midnight, and retired to the best hotel. This public hostelry was not the Waldorf-Astoria; neither was it lighted by electricity nor heated by steam; for an elevator it had no need. It was located on the south bank of the Columbia, where an extensive tract of sand reaches far to the westward. It was not the fault of the house or of its proprietor that a wind-storm arose before morning and

drifted dust and sand an inch deep across my window-sill, and left several handfuls of the same material on the none too white counterpane.

At the breakfast-table I was singled out by the discriminating would-be-bridegroom as the man he had written to. He presently informed me of his plans, which were to row across the river to a place called Crimea, which is a large place in the sense that all out of doors is large—for it has only one house, which, however, is dignified as affording shelter for the post-office—and then we would go up the river on the Washington side to the first house, which was distant only six miles, and there the marriage would take place at high noon. At Crimea, with its dock of one plank, we were met by our friend's prospective father-in-law, who had come to meet us with four horses attached to the fashionable carriage of that section, a heavy lumber wagon, with an enormously high seat in front. I was honored with a seat by the side of the driver, while the man who was so soon to renounce his condition of single blessedness stood up behind us.

That was an interesting ride that August morning. To the right was the broad Columbia, and on our left the country rose in bluffs and stretched away for miles with its treeless waste of sand and sage. Not a tree was to be seen, save here and there a cottonwood and a few willows which fringed the river bank. Of course the road was dusty, for this was the dry season, and probably not a drop of rain had fallen for more than two months, and this soil of volcanic ash requires but a few days of dry weather before it can almost be held in suspense by the atmosphere. With only one house for six miles, it would hardly pay to keep the streets sprinkled. Hundreds of horses, but few of which have ever been touched by rope or halter, save when the branding iron was placed on them, were drinking at the river or browsing on its edge. These horses, and thousands like them, had never been fed a pound of hay or grain, and had never received any attention from the hand of man except when the cruel marking instrument had been heartlessly applied. They were wild horses until caught, and either tamed or canned (canned beef

—canned horse?) as the case might be. These animals are accustomed to feed back from the river for several miles until compelled by thirst to return, when the leader of the band makes his "round up," and all its members rush with frantic speed and confusion to the river to drink, which process is repeated at frequent intervals during the summer months. In the winter and wet seasons they will go farther back, as then the waterways will be filled; and thus the "Horse Heaven" country will be once more populated.

We observed, projecting from the bluffs and river banks, many beds of mussel-shells, all above the high-water mark. These were covered with earth until the covering was worn or blown away. Some of these beds were two or more feet in thickness, and appeared to be very ancient, as the shells were easily reduced to powder between the thumb and finger. Our driver and host informed us that Indian implements, bones, arrow-points, and other articles of native invention and utility, were ordinarily found among these beds of shells. The theory concerning them is that long ago, centuries before the memory of persons now liv-

ing, tribes of mussel-eating Indians inhabited, or at least visited, these parts, and the deposits are the refuse from their feasts. In this connection it is interesting to note that the natives living here at the time of Lewis and Clark's visit subsisted chiefly upon the products of the river.

Other interesting objects of this ride were the sand-lizards, which would dart for cover with almost lightning swiftness upon our approach. We also frightened up a large flock of sage-hens, each of which appeared to be about the size of a half-grown turkey and of nearly the same color. This bird is easily approached, and may be killed in great numbers, and at certain seasons, when it has not been feeding on the bitter sage-brush, is excellent food.

The wedding? Why, it was much like affairs of that kind in other parts of the country, except, as I now recall it, the guests and the clergyman came from a much greater distance than is generally the case, and the watermelon which was cut at the close of a splendid dinner, would have taken first prize at a world's fair, or, at any rate, would have received honorable men-

tion, as it certainly did on this occasion. It had been grown on an island in the Columbia, and under the forcing inducement of rich soil, abundant heat and sunshine, with all the water it could drink, it was one of unusual size and flavor. Late in the afternoon I was put across the river in a small boat, a train was flagged, and that night found me at home, after an absence of twenty-four hours. If time is precious, a wedding fee on such an occasion should be large.

The time consumed in coming and going in a country like this is an item of great consequence to a pastor as well as to others. The demands made upon a pastor are often such that the time consumed in meeting them deprives him of the ability to do the work in the pulpit and elsewhere which he otherwise would. Sometimes many hours are required in doing what in the city or town would consume only as many minutes. For an instance of this, take a pastoral call made by our pastor at Grangeville, Idaho, a few years ago. He received word that a sick man desired to receive a visit from him. Do we see him don hat and coat, and, stepping out, hail a passing

car? Does he make the visit and return in fifteen minutes, his wife and family not knowing of his absence? It is not exactly after this fashion. The sick man is in a small log house on Craig Mountain, two thousand feet higher than Grangeville, and forty miles to the west. A journey is demanded. The pastor put on overcoat, heavy shoes, and leggings, kissed wife and babe good-night and good-bye, saddled his horse and rode forty miles to make that single call. He remained over night, administered the sacrament of baptism and the holy communion, prayed and sang with the family, and the following day returned home, having spent thirty hours and traveled eighty miles on horseback in making one pastoral call.

Another pastor, at present having a circuit of seven preaching places, each of which he reaches every two weeks, affords us an instance which illustrates how some men are compelled to spend their time. The travel involved in making the rounds of this circuit but once is two hundred and seventy-five miles, and this is accomplished by means of two horses and a light wagon. This

pastor does not spend as much time with his family as his presiding elder does with his, although the latter travels more than twenty thousand miles a year in his regular work. He is on the road in actual journeying the larger portion of each week. His work is among new settlements where the accommodations are not the most convenient, though the hospitality of the people is boundless. How he manages to preach with so small an opportunity for preparation is a mystery. Of course the open air is his study, and all nature is his text-book, and his experience furnishes him with no small amount of material.

Take a recent experience from this man's work. He left home one November day, not long after noon, to drive to his next appointment some twenty miles distant, to have service that night in a log schoolhouse. It was raining hard when he started, and he thought probably his going would be of little use because of the inclement weather; but he determined not to turn aside on this account, for this would not be a good example for his people. Before he reached

the farmhouse where he purposed taking supper, it was very dark, and when, an hour later, he started for the place of meeting he could see nothing except the dim outline of the mountains in the distance, which formed the sky-line for his vision; but he finally found his way by following a couple of boys on horseback, whose outline he could discern against the clouds. On arriving he found the house well filled with people, some of whom had come a long distance, for religious services were rare in those parts and were duly appreciated.

After service he again went out into the rain and darkness to go to a place for entertainment, where, he had been assured, he would receive a hearty welcome. Not being familiar with the road he made slow progress, but finally came to the conclusion he must be near the place he was seeking, when his horses came to a full stop. On getting out to *feel* for the cause—he could not *see* on account of the intense darkness—he found his horses were standing with their breasts against a wire fence. He groped about and found that he was not far from a house, for he

could discern its dim outline against the clouds. He then backed his horses away from the fence, and after a while succeeded in finding his way to the house, which was so dark and quiet that he began to fear its inmates had gone from home. He knocked at the door, and obtained no response. He next tried the door, which yielded to his pressure, and as he listened he could hear nothing but the dropping of water from the low mud roof. He searched in vain for a lantern, and finally turned to where he had left his horses to find them gone; but on going to the barn, which was not far off, he found them there waiting for him in their search for shelter. Finally, after stabling and feeding the animals, he returned to the house to seek shelter and rest for himself, since he could not think of going farther on such a night as this in a country he was so unfamiliar with, this being only his second visit to this people. He presently found a pine stick and whittled some shavings on the top of the stove; but when he was ready to light them he made the discovery that he was without matches, and accordingly he instituted a blind

search for these necessary articles. Finding a cupboard he began to feel for matches on the lowest shelf, and then on the next, and so he kept on until finally, on the topmost shelf, at the farthest corner in a teacup, he was fortunate in finding the objects of his search. Soon he had a miniature bonfire on the top of the stove, and by its light he proceeded with his investigations in quest of a place for a night's lodging. In the center of the room he found a bed which had been pulled into its present position in order to avoid the drippings from the leaks in the roof, and one-half of this straw bed he found to be nearly dry. By the aid of a partially dry quilt and a wagon sheet, in which he wrapped himself, this pioneer preacher of the twentieth century slept soundly until morning, when he went on his way, breakfastless but rejoicing, to meet his next appointment.

CHAPTER V.

West of the Cascades.

In order to understand clearly this wonderful country, with its people and industries and physical features, which are so very different from those of the middle West or of the Atlantic sections, let us take an excursion of several days' duration to Puget Sound, and thence to Portland, and then down the Columbia to Astoria and the Pacific. We will go by rail, and in a few hours, after leaving the Columbia and Central Washington behind us, we begin the interesting climb of the Cascades.

How the face of nature is changing! We are hastened on and up through great canyons, among the mountains, between massive rocks and through tunnels, and into the far-reaching forests of fir and spruce which furnish masts for the shipping of the nations. Great trees, hundreds of feet in height, stand all about us, and

pierce the clouds like needles, and, as far as the eye can reach, rise mountain after mountain of forest. At Seattle and many other places are great mills where gang-saws are in operation, sawing immense logs into all kinds of lumber, which is shipped to foreign lands as well as to the Mississippi Valley and regions beyond. As we stand by the side of some of the logs of larger size we are unable to look horizontally across them without reaching up on tiptoe, or elevating ourselves in some other manner.

What an interesting and strange world this is on the west side of the Cascades! Here the average rainfall varies from fifty to over one hundred inches in each year, while in the intermountain regions, which we have just left, it is in many places less than fifteen, and even where it is greatest it rarely exceeds twenty-five. This single fact will account for much of what we see. Then the Japan current from the Pacific makes itself felt to a remarkable degree in all this region, but more forcefully nearer the coast. Thus the atmosphere is always tempered, so that winter is uniformly mild and summer is temperate.

We are surprised to encounter so marked a difference in vegetation. East of the mountains brown is the prevailing color in summer, except in the irrigated districts; while here green predominates and pleases the eye. We also see some of the hard woods we are familiar with on the Atlantic coast, but which are wanting throughout the entire Rocky Mountain region. Daisies, ferns, and other specimens of plant life familiar to us in the far East, but which are unknown between the mountains, thrive and are abundant here because of the excessive moisture. This land-locked body of water, which is large enough and secure enough to float and shelter the navies of the entire earth, is Puget Sound, on whose shores are many thriving cities and towns. Whittier well represented the situation when he wrote:

> "Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe
> The steamer smokes and raves,
> And city lots are staked for sale
> Above old Indian graves."

Up and down the shores of this beautiful inland sea we find not merely flourishing cities and towns and terminal stations and docks of some of

the greatest transportation lines of the world, but the Church of God has also been well established here, and is keeping step with the march of progress. Within the memory of men now living, there was not a single minister of the Gospel in this section where now is the Puget Sound Conference with more than one hundred and thirty-five ministers, and upwards of twelve thousand Church members. This is truly wonderful when we remember that the Conference was organized as recently as 1884. Men with the spirit of Asbury and the fathers have toiled not in vain in the building up of this great and abiding work.

Olympia, the capital of the State of Washington, sits proudly at the head of the Sound. It is famed more for its oysters than as the head of the State government, though these are so diminutive that a dozen or more are required to equal one from Baltimore or Norfolk. The flavor is something to boast of; but we forbear, for some people call it abominable, yet after a time, with due perseverance, these oysters come to be relished, and by many are preferred to the very best from the Atlantic waters.

Proceeding on our journey southward we come to the crossing of the Columbia at Kalama, where an entire train is taken on board the boat and ferried across the river, steam power instead of the force of the current being used in this instance. Soon we are in Portland, Oregon's metropolis, and one of its oldest cities. It is beautifully situated on both sides of the Willamette, but a few miles from its confluence with the Columbia. The west side of the city extends up the bluffs known as Portland Heights, which overlook the surrounding country for many miles. Let us climb to this point of vantage, and from our exalted pedestal obtain one of the grandest views the entire earth affords. At least such is the opinion of numbers of persons who have traveled widely, and are in position to speak on this subject. After leaving the cable line—for the heights are too abrupt for the trolley—we climb a hundred or more wooden steps, keeping our faces toward the west, for we will not look behind, as we wish to have the beauty of the landscape burst suddenly upon our vision with all its splendor the moment our feet touch the

summit. Arriving at this goal, we very slowly turn toward the south, then to the east and north. What a sweep of vision! He who has enough of soul and vision to take in the beautiful and grand will hardly give utterance to an exclamation at first. After a little, he will give expressions of his admiration in subdued tones, while his thoughts turn toward the Maker of this marvelous scene. At his feet is the city, lying on both sides of the silvery Willamette, with its several bridges, and with its shipping from all nations. A few miles to the north is the Columbia and Wappatoo Island, just beyond which, and in full view, is Vancouver, in the State of Washington.

Lift your eyes above the city and the wooded fields beyond, and look to the east. Already you have made the discovery, and have wondered at so beautiful and white a cloud; but it is not a cloud, though like one in appearance, as it stands against the clear blue sky sixty miles away. It is Mount Hood, its snow-covered sides and summit glistening in the golden sunshine, the emblem

of eternal ruggedness and strength. In a few spots its rocky ribs are so steep that snow refuses to cover them, and these tell us of the mighty upheavals of ages past, when this Pillar of Hercules was lifted up. But what is that symmetrical pyramid of purity and glory which pierces the blue ether far to the north? It is not so rugged as Hood, nor quite so large, but if the curved line be the line of beauty, this mountain is unsurpassed in this quality. No wonder it is listed with the saints, and that we are inclined to speak its name with bated breath as we look upon Saint Helen's in her snowy glory, glistening in sunshine, the symbol of purity and beauty. Three other, and more distant, snow-capped peaks greet our vision. These silvery pinnacles in their landscape setting, with the combination of water, land, city, and forest, all aglow in the summer glimmer, compel our admiration and thrill us with delight.

If anywhere on this wonderful and beautiful earth God has placed a more splendid vision we do not know where to find it. Possibly it is

among the Alps. It may be among the Himalayas. It is possible this view is surpassed somewhere in our own great land,—we do not know; but we are satisfied to think of the view from Portland Heights as at least approaching perfection; for it reminds us of what we are led to expect in the heavenlies of the beyond.

SHOSHONE FALLS.

CHAPTER VI.

The Habitat of the Salmon.

It was the good ship *Columbia,* of Boston, with Captain Gray, which first crossed the bar at the mouth of the great river now bearing the name of the vessel. This was in 1792. More than a century later another vessel, bearing the same name, but propelled by steam power, makes regular trips from Portland down the river to the ocean and far to the south. She always stops at Astoria, the city of salmon, just inside the bar of the great river of the West. We call Astoria the city of salmon because of its great fishing industry. Once it was noted as the headquarters of the American Fur Company, having been established as such in 1811 by the agents of John Jacob Astor, of New York, after whom the place was named.

At the present time we may see from the deck of our vessel what takes place about four o'clock

of each summer day. Here are hundreds of small boats putting out, up and down and across the river, which at this place widens out into several miles of comparatively quiet water, seeming to hesitate before mingling with the brine of the Pacific. The fishermen spread their nets wherever they think the salmon are running, almost covering the river for many miles, and they toil all night, but usually not in vain. In the early morning they return, bringing their heavy loads to the canneries, where the fish are received and cared for, and whence they are shipped to all parts of the world. It will be of interest to visit one of these great canning houses, of which there are twenty-five or more in this growing city.

On the afternoon of July 24, 1901, a small party from the steamship *Columbia* spent a little time in one of these establishments. Having obtained permission at the office, we are now privileged to follow the salmon from the water to the warehouse. On the river side of the large wooden building is a low dock, planked up into a mammoth bin, and it is well filled with fish as

they were brought in from the morning catch. Here are tons and tons of fish, varying in weight from twenty to forty pounds each, with the larger size predominating. Occasionally there is a fish of extra large size, which will tip the beam at seventy or even at eighty pounds. We take a hasty glance about us, for we are in danger of being bewildered in the slimy confusion. Here are from one hundred to two hundred men, the majority of whom are Chinamen, working as if life depended on finishing their task to-day. What can be the reason for this extraordinary haste? This is not hard to discover, for these men are not working by the hour or day, but the work and wages are so arranged that each is paid for what he does rather than for the time he consumes. But this is not the only reason for this great rush of men and fish and machinery. The catch for the past few days has been the largest known for many years, and eight hundred tons, or 1,600,000 pounds of salmon have been brought to the canning houses of Astoria during the past forty-eight hours, and every vat and cold storage is full to running over. Fish and the odor of fish

are everywhere. The salmon exported by Astoria during the present year will bring more than $2,000,000.

Watch the work about you; see those great fish lifted from the bin. The first act is to cut off the head, and the next removes the entrails. The heads drop into a box by themselves, and afterwards are joined by the fins and tails, and then are largely converted into oil. Yonder large warehouse has hundreds of barrels of fish-oil awaiting shipment to those parts of the world where it is needed for lubricating purposes. The body of the fish is now passed on to the next man or set of men. Each has his own particular or individual work to perform. The man who does the decapitating does nothing else, and he certainly is responsible for cutting off more heads than ever fell from the ax of a headsman. Now the fish has lost his head, fins, and tail. His scales slide off quicker than a lady slips off her gloves. Next, after being thoroughly washed, it is cut into a dozen or more pieces by a single pull of a lever. Another set of hands press these fish-steaks into tin cans of uniform size until

they are as full as an egg with meat. These are rapidly passed on to the next men where the covers are clapped on, after which a machine does the necessary soldering. They are then placed in wooden frames, several dozen together, and all are dipped into boiling water and thoroughly cooked. By a single lift of the pulley they are passed to where each can is carefully tested to make sure it is perfect. A drop of molten solder is placed over the little vent-hole of each, and then, by another plunge, all are washed, machinery doing the work, and finally they are labeled, boxed, and stored for shipment. Is it a cleanly process, do you ask? Yes, as much so as is possible in handling fish in such great quantities, and yet we venture you will not be hungry for salmon for several hours after spending an hour in the cannery.

Are salmon always caught by nets from boats? No, indeed; there are many ways of capturing this fish. One of the original methods practiced by the natives was by the use of the spear, though he was not limited to this means, and at times resorted to several other devices.

In order to get a correct idea of the various modes of catching salmon we must learn its habits of life, just as we would study the habits and dispositions of men in order to capture and lead them out of their former ways. The salmon begins life as near the headwaters of the streams as it is possible for the parent fish to swim, where the eggs are deposited in the light gravel bottoms. When the young fry are about a year old they begin their long journey to the ocean, which they enter, and then begin their adult life in the salt water. But little is known of their manner of life during this salt-water period except that they grow with great rapidity and become very fat, to return in this condition to the same fresh water from which they came. On arriving at the mouth of their native river, which occurs in the spring or summer, as large fish, they now are impelled by instinct to seek its headwaters, where they in turn will propagate their young on the spawning grounds from which they came a few years before. Male and female make this journey together, which, in some instances, is many hundreds of miles. They swim about

twenty-five or thirty miles a day as a rule, though when unimpeded by falls or rapids, they will make upwards of one hundred miles in a single day. They will swim up violent rapids and cascades with wonderful facility, and it is known that, under favorable conditions, when there is a sufficient volume of water, they will ascend abrupt falls of from twelve to fourteen feet in height. In case they come to falls which they can not ascend, they do not easily give up, but will keep on trying for a long time, and often they die in great numbers before giving up. Sometimes the river below the falls will be literally alive with fish. In the waters of the Columbia and Snake countless thousands of them make their way above rapids and cascades far into the interior of the State of Idaho.

Salmon City, in the northeastern part of the State, is named for the stream on which it stands, and which, at certain seasons of the year, abounds with this fish, which thus travel nearly or quite a thousand miles to find a place where, in response to their imperious instinct, they may spawn. Early settlers and the Indians tell of streams from

ten to twenty feet in width which they have known to be so crowded with salmon as to make fording a difficulty, for the fish would so completely cover the bottom of the stream as fully to obscure it. All this seems incredible and sounds "fishy" to those who are strangers to the facts, but is well within the limits of what is well known to be true. Lest the reader think me as either deceived, or as attempting to deceive, in this matter, I will quote briefly from a work by Mr. J. K. Lord, entitled "The Naturalist in Vancouver Island and British Columbia." He says: "Salmon ascend the Columbia, the Frazier, and other rivers, in prodigious numbers at the spawning season, and proceed hundreds of miles, and even in the Columbia a thousand miles from the sea into every rivulet, filling even pools on the prairies and flats left by the receding floods." He tells of a personal experience as follows: "About a mile from my camp was a large, pebbly ground, through which a shallow stream found its way into the larger river. Though barely of sufficient depth to cover an ordinary-sized salmon, yet I have seen that stream so filled that fish pushed

one another out of the water high and dry on the pebbles; with one's hands only, or more easily by employing a gaff, or crooked stick, tons of salmon could have been procured by the simple process of hooking them out." Mr. Lord believes that few, if any, of these fish ever reach the sea again.

In making the annual ascent of the river from the ocean to the source, the fish seek to avoid the swift water or current of the stream, and accordingly they swim close to the shore. This fact is taken advantage of in setting wheels with which to catch them, and great numbers are caught by this means. Hundreds of these wheels are to be seen along the Columbia. In rigging a wheel the first thing to do is to select a spot where the fish keep close to the shore to avoid the swift water, and then to build a lead, or wall of piles or stakes, extending down and out into the stream at an angle of about forty or fifty degrees. This lead is planked or screened so as to make it nearly or quite fish-tight for the larger fish. At an opening in the lead near the shore a paddle-wheel is so set as to close the passage

as nearly as possible. The paddles, or arms of this wheel, are a framework covered with wire netting, quite similar to that used in chicken parks. This fits loosely on the frame so that each paddle assumes the shape of the bowl of a scoop-shovel. Across the end of each is a board about a foot in width, against which the water strikes and forces the wheel to revolve. Of course these wire-covered arms come together at the axle, which is so built up between them as to give a slant toward the outer edge of the wheel, at which point of the hub is placed a large tub or vat, into which the fish will drop when caught. Remember, the fish are swimming up stream, and many of them are near the shore, and come within the arm or lead which has been built out from the wheel. That big forty pounder butts his nose against the piling, or side of the lead, and naturally turns in the direction of least resistance, which is toward the wheel, and follows up the lead until he finds himself in the swift water just below the fatal wheel. He puts forth a little more energy, and soon comes to a break in the lead which he enters, and instantly finds himself

lifted bodily out of his native element by a twelve foot wire spoon, and he begins to flop for freedom, and before the wheel has made another quarter revolution he is with his companions in a large box without water.

One July afternoon I was waiting for a train at a small station on the south bank of the Columbia, and, there being ample time to explore the surroundings, I set forth to find a fish-wheel in operation. After walking for nearly a mile I came to a poorly rigged wheel, which was catching but few fish. One must be well equipped if he would catch either fish or men. I fell to talking with the sleepy attendant, and he informed me that over against the large island a half mile distant, was one of the best wheels on the river, and if I wished to see fish caught I had better get across. Fortunately I found a man with a small boat who presently put me over to the island. On walking down the river bank according to directions, I soon came to a neat cottage with other buildings near at hand, while not far away was a very large and fully equipped wheel in active operation. There was not a person to

be seen about the house or wheel, and I surmised, and afterwards learned, that the people were all asleep. Fishing appears to be drowsy work, sometimes, whether it be on the river or in the pulpit.

I was at perfect liberty to look about and examine the wheel and its fixtures, or at least I took that liberty, there being no one present to restrain me. The bin into which the fish fell as they were lifted from the water was a large vat about fourteen feet square, and fully as deep. It was planked over like a huge well, and had a windlass in the center of the covering not unlike an ordinary well-curb. I could stand on the plank by the edge of the wheel and look down into its very center, and into the surging water below. See that fish in the paddle! Watch him! Now he falls to the hub of the wheel in obedience to the law of gravitation, against which he is now powerless so far as escape is concerned—for he is out of his natural element—and after a few somersaults in the air he is flopping with his fellows who have preceded him where there is a great scarcity of water. Sometimes there are

two or three caught at once, and then there may be several revolutions of the wheel before another white side is turned up. For a half hour I watched this interesting and almost fascinating process, and saw many fish lifted from the water and added to the already large number which I knew was beneath me in the bin.

After a while two men came from the house, and they soon relieved my curiosity by uncovering the vat where the fish were awaiting attention. No one could tell by looking how deep the fish were lying on the bottom of the vat, but it was evident there were many hundred of them. Upon inquiry I learned that those now in the vat had all been caught during the preceding eleven hours. The men were now getting ready to dispose of the catch, as was their custom to do twice during each twenty-four hours. They had on long rubber boots, and each was armed with a short club. Each also had a bundle of heavy cords about three feet in length. After lifting a few of the planks which covered the vat they both went below by means of a ladder, and with the clubs killed all the live fish by striking them on

the head so as not to be interrupted in their work. As often as a fish dropped into the vat it was dispatched by a blow from the club. By the aid of a long needle, each fish was pierced from eye to eye and strung on a cord just as children string buttons, until about three hundred pounds were strung together. After a score of strings were thus used, one of the men climbed out, and by the aid of a windlass hoisted the fish up to the platform. Then five of these strings were tied together by a still heavier cord or rope, and this larger string of fish, which would weight about fifteen hundred pounds, was then made fast to a small, air-tight barrel, and was at once shoved off the slanting wharf into the river, where soon nothing but the keg was to be seen floating with the current. This work went on till all were afloat, and I was assured that this catch of five tons was nothing unusual for a half day's work.

What became of the barrels and fish thus carelessly turned adrift in the river? About three miles further down was a cannery, and in connection with it was a small steam yacht whose

manager made it his business to be constantly on the watch, and to pick up and tow to the cannery all barrels with fish attached which were assigned to this particular establishment. Of course each barrel bore the mark of the wheel from which it came, and, after weighing the fish, the owner was given credit for the amount thus delivered by this easy and inexpensive water transportation.

CHAPTER VII.

Early Religious Workers.

WHILE on the Lower Columbia let us make inquiry concerning the religious and social conditions of this country; for this is historic ground. It was in the year 1805 that Lewis and Clark passed down the river to its mouth. They were the first white men who saw the Willamette River where it empties into the Columbia at a point a few miles below where the city of Portland now stands. On the Washington side of the Columbia, nearly opposite this point, is the present and comparatively old city of Vancouver, where is one of the largest and most fully equipped military posts of the government.

Many years ago, before he became either a tanner or a commander of armies, General U. S. Grant was stationed at this then far-off "Fort Vancouver." Many years before, however, this had been a place of great prominence, as it was

the most westernly trading station and fort of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, and for a quarter of a century was in charge of the great and good Dr. John McLaughlin, a sturdy Scotchman, who, out of the kindness of his nature, rendered most valuable service to the early settlers and missionaries. Since 1812 the British had claimed everything north of the Columbia, and this frontier post was designed, among other things, to make good this claim, and at the same time to serve as a point from which to throw out the lines for still larger ownership to lands lying to the south. Had the missionaries but staid away, no doubt these claims would have held good with the statesmen at the National Capital, who, knowing nothing of this remote section, were disposed to place far too trivial a value upon it. But the missionaries came, and with them American patriotism and Christian civilization.

Jason Lee and his associates from the Methodist Episcopal Church were the first to arrive. They came in 1834, and at once began work in the Willamette Valley. Whitman and Spaulding and their young wives came two years later, and

located east of the Cascades. These were re-enforced from time to time by other missionaries and settlers, nearly all of whom were induced to settle in this far-off country at the earnest solicitation of these men who had preceded them. Lee made a trip to the far East in the interest of this work and country before the more famed visit of Whitman was thought of, and no doubt should share the honor with the latter of "saving Oregon" to the Union. Which is entitled to the greater honor will doubtless remain an unsettled question; but that each is deserving of great honor is certainly true, and that the country was saved to the Union by the early missionaries is beyond doubt. Many of these early comers sailed around Cape Horn, and others toiled slowly across the continent by most weary and dangerous stages. Thus was developed a Christian society and civilization in the "Oregon Country," the effects of which are still apparent in all the regions of the Columbia and its watershed.

In 1853 the work of the Methodist Episcopal missions had grown sufficiently to make necessary the organization of an Annual Conference,

which was done at that time by Bishop Ames. A year later Bishop Matthew Simpson visited the Pacific Coast and held the first regular session of the Oregon Conference. An account of this memorable occasion and visit of the bishop has been given the writer from the lips of an honored man and woman in whose home the bishop was a guest at that time. It was my privilege to meet this interesting father and mother of Oregon Methodism after they had been married sixty years, at which time I was a guest in their home. They were then known, as was true during the latter part of their lives, as "Uncle George" and "Aunt Kitty" Belknap. When it was my privilege to meet them first they were living about forty miles south of Spokane, in Eastern Washington. On learning that they had formerly resided in the Willamette Valley, I plied them with questions and found them well informed in matters pertaining to the early settlements of the country. Knowing that the Rev. Louis Albert Banks came from their section of Oregon, I asked if they knew him. "Why, yes, I was his Sunday-school teacher," said Aunt Kitty. "He

was a little tow-headed boy, and hardly worth raising, but now he seems to show the effect of his early instruction."

No wonder this aged couple delighted to tell of the early days, and of the time when Bishop Simpson was entertained in their home! From them I gleaned the account of that Conference and its stirring scenes. The gathering was held at a place about one hundred miles south of Portland, known then, as now, as Belknap Settlement. This was at that time four days' journey from Portland, though the bishop made it in a little less time by traveling a part of the distance at night. All the ministers of the entire Northwest were expected to gather here for their annual feast of experiences. The meeting had been long anticipated, and the preparations were as elaborate as the country and times could afford. Everything was new. Portland was not a city, but a small log settlement in the wilderness. The largest house in the vicinity of the seat of Conference was a four-room dwelling, four miles distant from the log schoolhouse where the gathering would convene, and this was the home of

the leading citizen, George Belknap. There was but one team of horses in the settlement, and only one spring-wagon, and George Belknap was the fortunate possessor of both. How pre-eminently fitting that he and his good wife should be the host and hostess of the bishop while there! He might well take pride in telling of their experiences after the lapse of forty years.

We see the lonely pioneer preachers and their friends gathering from all quarters a few days before the opening session of the great Conference. There were giants in the Oregon Conference in those days. Those were the men who dared great things, and who possessed the ability to make bricks almost without straw. They laid foundations upon which all future ages will build, and time will reveal the fact that the basal structure was well laid. This Conference which theoretically covered the entire Northwest, and was composed of men who had braved the perils of a half-world journey to preach the Gospel in a new land, was now to convene after a year of separation and hard toil. They greet each other with characteristic warmth and fervor, after

which their first inquiry is concerning the bishop whom they are all anxious to meet. His fame as a great preacher and good man is well known, even in this remote frontier Conference. "Has he been heard from? Has he yet arrived? Where can he be?" Such are their inquiries concerning their illustrious president, whose visit they have been so long and anxiously anticipating. It is known that he has been for some weeks in California, and that he was to have come by steamer to Portland, then up the Willamette to Salem, then by team to the seat of Conference. "Is it possible he has been lost at sea?" How the questions are suggested by the anxious souls!

They have waited long for such an event as the present. The session is to open on Thursday morning, March 16th. The bishop has not yet arrived; neither has word been received from him. With sad hearts the brethren elect the Rev. Thos. H. Pearne, who is a presiding elder, to act as presiding officer until the arrival of the bishop, if he shall come at all. Meantime the bishop, having been delayed by a storm and a belated vessel, is on a slow-going boat, fast on a sand-bar

in the Willamette, not far from Oregon City, but with face and heart turned toward the gathering in the log schoolhouse at Belknap Settlement. The Conference goes on with its business and religious services. The absence of a bishop can never stop a Methodist Conference. Methodism has provisions for every emergency. At this Conference, however, there is unusual anxiety for the safety of the man who was to do so much for them, and who has journeyed so far for this purpose. The first day ends with no word from the missing man. Friday follows with no news. Saturday is like those before it in this all-important particular. Sunday morning comes with all its promise and hope, and still no word comes to cheer this hopeful and praying company of itinerants. This is the great day of the feast, and the Conference love-feast begins at nine o'clock. The schoolhouse in the wilderness, with its temporary addition, a "lean-to," which had been built for this occasion, is filled to its utmost. In the absence of the bishop it has been decided that Thos. H. Pearne shall preach the morning sermon. Suppose the bishop should come in during

the service; would any one know him? He is a stranger to all present, but there is not one in all that company but thinks he would know him if he should appear, they have thought so much about him of late. As the sermon is drawing to a close a stranger quietly enters, and a gentleman near the door rises and gives him a seat. Thos. H. Pearne ceases to preach, and, amid breathless silence and an excitement so intense as to sway every person present, utters these words: "If the stranger who just came in is Bishop Simpson, let him advance to the front." The stranger, who had traveled all night over corduroy roads and stump-roots and through mud of uncertain and varying depth, who had changed from wagon to saddle, and had made the last twenty miles of his long and most trying journey on horseback, advances to the front amid shouts and hallelujahs from all sides. My informants, who were present at this scene, assure me that it was beyond description. Finally, however, order was restored, for all would honor the bishop and wait on his words. He tells of his endeavors to meet them earlier, and makes reference to his expe-

riences at sea, and then, to illustrate his feelings when in the greatest peril, he quotes from Henry Kirke White's hymn:

"Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I 'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem."

This was more than the pent-up fires of that pioneer congregation could stand. Is it any wonder they shouted? Would it not be wonderful beyond measure if they had not shouted?

The late Dr. H. K. Hines was present at this Conference, and was a witness of this remarkable scene, and has written as follows concerning it:

"Reader, did you ever attend a Conference love-feast on the frontier, where common sufferings and deprivations and trials had molded all hearts into one; where a universal poverty equalized everything, so that there could be no classes or grades of appointment? If not, we pity you. You have lost the sight of the greenest spot that ever blossomed in the path of an itinerant. The love-feast of this Conference was rich with experience and history, with pathos and unction, all finding expression in word and song, in tear and shout, rendering the hour indescribable. At its close the president of the Conference preached a sermon of great power, and just as he resumed his seat, the tall form of Bishop Simpson appeared in the door, and Conference and congregation were thrown into a whirl of excitement as they welcomed him to this rustic sanctuary. When two o'clock came the bishop arose in that humble desk to preach, and gave out:

'When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died.'

How the words of that old hymn beat with new life! And his prayer: dews of heaven could

not distill more sweetly. And his sermon: who shall describe the indescribable or speak the unutterable?"

It has been my privilege to converse with others who were present at this memorable Conference, and I find the account as given by George and Kitty Belknap to be abundantly verified. This honored and elect pair of God's people, who could boast of sixty members of the Methodist Episcopal Church among their descendants, were permitted to return to the scenes of their early labors, and, surrounded by their children and children's children, they were, a few years ago, gathered to their fathers.

CHAPTER VIII.

Among Settler's Cabins and Indian Tepees.

ARE the days of frontier work in the Church forever gone? To a great extent, no doubt, they are; but there are still sections where the circuit-rider finds life and methods of worship almost or quite as primitive as it is possible to conceive. This is true in numerous extensive portions of the Northwest. It is not yet a decade since the attention of the writer was called to a section in Northern Idaho, situated between the North and South Forks of the Clearwater, known as the Weippe Country.

As the presiding elder of a district whose bounds included this region, I determined to visit it, and accordingly set out on horseback to make the journey of about sixty miles. It was a beautiful day in August when I began this ride over mountains and through forests of fir and pine, on

a road which I had never before traveled. Where to spend the night of this first day was a problem of some interest, though of no special concern; for I had no fear but a place would be found, though it might be in the open air under the thick boughs of a tree. In the middle of the afternoon I learned of an educated and hospitable Indian, a minister in the Presbyterian Church, who lived about a dozen miles farther on the way, and it was possible I might spend the night at his home. The road led me across a portion of the Nez Perces Indian reservation. These people were numerous in this section. Since 1836 the Presbyterians have been doing mission work among them with gratifying results, and several of the natives have entered the ministry of that Church, and become useful men in carrying on the work among their fellows. The name of the minister to whose home I was directed was William Wheeler, a man of ability and good repute, and a thoroughbred Indian. He gave me a Christian greeting and treated me well; but owing to the severe illness of his wife it was not convenient to keep me over night in his house, which was

not large; so, by his permission, I made a bed in his barn, and, being well wrapped in a blanket, I slept soundly in the hay-mow till early morning, when I resumed my journey. Before the stars had entirely faded I was pursuing my way down the mountain side near the fording place and ferry of the North Fork. What a glorious morning for such a ride!

Before the sun had touched the Clearwater with its first rays I was waiting for the ferryman on the bank of the river. As I waited, an Indian girl, of possibly eighteen summers, came to the opposite bank and bathed her face and hands in the clear cool water, and by her closeness to nature reminded me of the innocent birds who were doing the same thing. As she was combing out her long black hair I observed the low log house from which she had come, and concluded she was the first of the family to rise; but presently the smoke appeared at the opening in the top of the tepee, an indication that her mother was preparing breakfast. Not far away was an Indian church, a modest structure of rough lumber, worth possibly three or four hundred dol-

lars, built to seat a hundred people. William Wheeler was the shepherd of the dusky and primitive flock which is accustomed to meet and worship here. A year or two later it was my privilege to accept his invitation to address his people in this house of prayer, on which occasion he was my interpreter. Seven or eight church buildings of like character have been built on the reservation, and the native ministers are doing good work among their people.

Leaving this Indian village, my way led up the South Fork for a number of miles, and then up a mountain road for ten miles farther. Much of the way was through solid forest, but early in the afternoon I was among the settlements on the high table-lands, where the settlers were making clearings for their humble homes. It had been but a few years since people first began coming into this section, and nearly all had arrived during the preceding three years. I had previously obtained the name of a Methodist family, a product of missionary toil in the Willamette Valley years before, which had settled here, and I determined to go there for the night, and for

aid in the work. Although I followed directions as carefully as possible, it at last became evident that I had lost my way. Having wandered for several hours through the beautiful upland pine forest which was just as nature had made it, I continued to roam about in quest of the right place until it was quite dark, when I finally came upon a clearing which proved to be a part of the farm I was looking for.

That night a long-looked-for service was held in a schoolhouse a mile distant. There had been no public religious service in the community for many months. My welcome was warm and genuine. The people were glad to welcome a Gospel minister, and they came from all parts of the settlement, some driving as far as ten miles over rough and new roads and returning home the same night. Of course there were some in this community, as is true always, who do not care for the Gospel or its representatives, and who prefer to live without any reminders of duty or of God; but there were also some who had not forgotten the old home Church in the East, and its institutions, and their early surroundings with

Sabbath influences and worship. These were glad to welcome any person who would be the means of their recalling the past, and whose coming was a prophecy of the time when the Church should become an institution amid their new surroundings. My visit on this occasion was brief, and only two services were held; but the following January I returned, and conducted a meeting for ten days, and organized a Church with twenty-three members.

This settlement occupied a ridge of upland, heavily timbered, but with a good soil and favorable conditions for successful farming, which was about twenty miles long by five or six wide. Two or three hundred families, or their representatives, were here, making homes for themselves or their children in the dense forest by clearing and burning before they could plow the land or get a crop. They had to build their own homes, which they did with the material at hand, of which there was great abundance, and wherever there was a clearing there might be seen a log house and a barn or two of the same material. At this time there was no sawmill within forty

miles of the settlement, nor was there any sawed lumber in the entire community, except the very little which had been worked out by hand with a whipsaw. Floors and doors were made of puncheons or split logs and planks, and the roofs were built of shakes, or long shingles split out of pine logs.

In matters of furniture the situation was in keeping with the houses, some of which could not boast of even a single stove of any sort, the cooking all being done over the open fire in the great fireplace, while, in other cases, there might be a cook-stove, and a few of the more pretentious houses had an additional stove for heating purposes, though nearly all depended on the large open fireplace. These fireplaces were built of stone or mud, or of a mixture of the two, and were fashioned after a very elaborate pattern, and possessed a tremendous capacity for fuel, heat, and cheerfulness. The chimneys were very large, and were built of rock held together by sticks and dried mud. Nearly all the furniture, including tables, chairs, beds, cupboards, drawers, etc., was of home manufacture. Many of the houses

had but one or two rooms, and a house with four rooms was large and extravagant. However, the hospitality of the people was not dependent upon the size of the house. At the close of each service it seemed to me as though each head of a family was inviting all others to go home with him. No person could possibly accept half the invitations he would receive. At times I became alarmed for my own quarters when I would hear my host asking others to go and spend the night with him; for it was inconceivable on my part where the people could be provided with a place in which to sleep if they should accept the invitation. But there was always a way out of the difficulty, for the people appeared not to be afraid of close quarters in the matter of eating or sleeping. At night both sexes would frequently occupy the same room, which would contain several beds or shakedowns, curtained off into separate apartments by light calico hangings suspended from wires strung across the room. In case there were not beds enough, the more hardy persons would sleep on the floor, each wrapped in a blanket before the great fireplace.

It became my duty and privilege to visit this section several times, and finally to dedicate, for the use of this people, the best log church building I have ever seen, where it still stands as a place of worship for these hardy settlers and their children. A railroad has been built within a few miles of this section, and no doubt more modern customs and comforts are being introduced; but it is my opinion that no greater happiness or more generous hospitality will ever be known than I found on the occasion of my early visits.

On my third visitation to this people several other places were included in the itinerary, and four or five weeks were spent in the journey, which was also taken on horseback. It was midsummer, and after my work in the Weippe settlement had been accomplished, and I was ready to proceed to the next place, one of the men kindly went with me for a few miles to make sure that I was started in the right direction and should get on the right trail; for I was to follow trails instead of wagon-roads. My objective point was Grangeville, some fifty miles to the south, across

the country, and over mountains and through valleys by trails which were wholly unknown to me, as this was my first trip in this part of the country. I was informed that I must strike the old Lolo Trail, and follow it across the stream and canyon of that name, and then over another large divide, and across the Clearwater at the Kamai ford, and then up to the table-lands beyond. My friend accompanied me until I was safely on the trail desired, when we bade each other farewell, and I passed on to the south over this well-worn path made thirty years earlier during the Pierce City mining excitement. Millions of dollars worth of gold-dust had been taken over this lonely trail, and hundreds, and possibly thousands, of men had crossed these divides, never to see home or kindred again, thus giving themselves in sacrifice on the altar of mammon in response to the lust for gold.

I slowly felt my way down the steep footpath into the Lolo Canyon, whose sides were so steep and gloomy with rocks and trees as to present the appearance of approaching night. In climbing the opposite side, and in turning an abrupt

point I suddenly came upon a company of Indian women and children, all well mounted and leading a number of loaded pack animals, probably on their way to Pierce City to sell their loads of produce. Just what the leading young squaw remarked to her companions or to me I shall never know, but that it was something very uncomplimentary concerning me, and that it was accompanied with a hearty laugh of ridicule, I have no question. She and hers were in a majority this time, and the "Boston man" was alone, and doubtless he was as ludicrous in her eyes as she was in his, which is saying much; and if it be true, I can cheerfully forgive her and her companions for their outbursts of laughter. The Indian woman knows nothing of her civilized sister's method of sitting on a horse. Sometimes two or three occupy the same beast at one time, and a frequent spectacle is that of a squaw astride a horse, with one or two pappooses attached either to her or to the animal.

This gauntlet being run with no further damage than I experienced by having my feelings ruffled, I went on with no special adventures un-

til I reached the Clearwater, or the Kooskooskee, the stream down which Lewis and Clark traveled ninety years before. The broad flats about this crossing have been the abodes of Indians for unknown generations. They were living here in great numbers at the time of Lewis and Clark's visit, though their homes were often deserted for many weeks at a time during the hunting season. In the warm valley was their winter home, and on the surrounding hills and up among the canyons their horses found pasture during the entire year. This community furnished this first governmental expedition with many horses and dogs, the former on which to transport their supplies and themselves, and the latter to eat; for this was the only kind of meat that could be found at that season of the year. So many dogs were eaten by the Lewis and Clark people that the Indians gave them the name of "dog-eaters." The natives living here to-day are the children and grandchildren of those who looked with astonishment for the first time on the palefaces. There is, however, at the present time one very old squaw whose memory goes back to the visit

of these hardy pathfinders, and she tells about their peculiar ways, their games, races, and their buying things from the natives. This woman does not know how old she is, but she certainly has seen nearly or quite one hundred snows.

My adventure at this place at this time was as nothing to what it would have been had my horse been less sure-footed while crossing the river. The water came up on his sides, and my feet were kept from getting wet by my placing them on his neck. The current was not slow, and at times it looked as though swimming would be in order. This was the last time, as well as the first, that I attempted to ford the Clearwater. Once a year later, I made a detour of many miles in order to avoid a crossing which was less dangerous than this. Continuing my ride, after reaching the table-lands of what is known as Camas Prairie, I came upon a large herd of cattle, and, on passing through them, found myself within a rod or two of a very large and unusually bold coyote, or prairie-wolf, an animal which abounds in all this region. This fellow skulked rapidly away when he saw that he was

discovered. No doubt he was prowling about in order to spring upon some of the weaker and smaller animals of the herd. It was nine o'clock that evening when I drew rein at a farmhouse on the edge of the settlement, and asked for a night's lodging, which was cheerfully accorded me.

It was on the return trip by a different route that I fell in with an old gentleman whose home was near the White Bird, a small stream which discharges its waters into the Salmon River in the mountain region of Central Idaho. He became much interested in my work, so far as conversation was concerned, and made loud complaint that no minister of the Gospel had ever visited his section, and he urged me to do so as soon as possible. He represented that there were many families living in the valley, and many of the children were growing up to be young men and women without ever having had an opportunity to hear a sermon or even a prayer. I have no doubt but this was strictly true, as I have known of several places remote from the larger settlements where this was a true state of affairs, and in many instances it has been nearly

impossible for any minister of the Gospel to visit them. At this writing I know of one county in the State of Idaho which has a population of more than six thousand people, and with an area larger than the State of Connecticut, where there is only one Protestant minister of the Gospel. There is one town in this county with two thousand people without a minister living nearer than twenty-five miles.

Every similar situation presents interesting and important problems, but problems which are hard to solve. The question of expense and time is one which must always be considered; for the man of God, however willing he may be to minister to the spiritual needs of such communities, is also a man of affairs, and he is forced to consider the needs of his own family and himself. He may be duly appreciated by a few in some needy places, but the masses do not care anything for him or his requirements, or for his message. They may be entertained, and in a manner interested in the service, the singing, or the social features of his visit, but they do not care to share in the burdens of the occasion, or in the support

of the minister. Their theory is that he should go freely wherever there are people, but he should support himself and defray all expenses of such extra visits. A few will generally respond well when a collection is taken or a subscription is asked for, but the majority are like the man who gave as his reason for not supporting the Gospel the fact that he "could not find in his Bible any place where he was told to pay the preacher." This is especially true among farming people in places where the work has as yet gotten no hold upon their hearts, though the number who support the Church without any system or conscience, and who can hardly be said to support it at all, is much larger than the number who put heart and sacrifice into the work. This is true of all classes, though it is generally conceded that collections for religious or charitable purposes are more generous among mining people than among those who follow agriculture, though farming communities are more stable and reliable after the Gospel work has become fully established.

When invited to go and preach or conduct

religious services in new and scattered communities it has been my custom to make careful inquiry as to the probable permanence of the work. Accordingly, in the present instance, I plied the old gentleman with numerous questions. He was ready with his replies, and his arguments were most convincing. "O," he said, "there is a large settlement down there, and they will give you a great welcome and a crowded house. My son-in-law, Mr. S., will announce your coming and attend to all the arrangements for the meeting. He will take care of you while there, and the people will show their appreciation of your services by doing all in their power to make your visit fully satisfactory. We ought to have a preacher there all the time, and I think your looking up the matter will result in your sending us one." All this, and much more, the old gentleman said in behalf of that White Bird community which was so very hungry for the bread of life, and was nearly starved for the lack of it. I accordingly assured him that the next time I came within reach of his section I would surely make a detour into it, and would do what I could

in co-operation with the earnest people to bring about a better state of affairs.

My visit occurred in the following January. I gave two weeks' notice in advance of my coming to the man whose name had been given me, and I assured him that on the 10th of the month I would be at his place, and asked him kindly to arrange for service in accordance with the invitation which his father-in-law had given me. On the morning of the 10th I was twenty miles away. The weather was cold and the snow was two feet deep. I was on horseback—a cold method of travel in the winter—but I began the ride into the White Bird settlement to preach the Word to a people who had been waiting for it through long and weary years; for this was an old settlement, which dated back to the time of the early mining period of Idaho. I made slow progress, owing to the condition of the roads, and having no chance to get dinner I went without it. Upon reaching the edge of the prairie I began the descent of the river canyon, which was seven miles in length, as the road wound its way about. It took me over an old battle-ground where, in 1877,

General O. O. Howard fought with the Indians in the war with the famous Chief Joseph and his cruel followers. The deeper I went into the valley the less snow was encountered, until at the bottom it had entirely disappeared. Here I found a goodly settlement, with comfortable homes, surrounded with quite extensive orchards of peach, pear, and apple trees. The contrast between this valley and the uplands, less than ten miles distant, was most marked. Here there is no snow, and the sheep are running at large and finding pasture. There the snow is so deep that the sheep and cattle keep close to the barns or are in-doors, and winter holds everything in its frozen embrace. Here the streams are running free from ice, while there they are frozen over, and the snow covers the ice. At five o'clock I drew rein, dismounted, and prepared to receive my welcome.

"Is Mr. S. at home?" I asked of a boy who appeared in front of the house.

"No," was his laconic reply.

"Was he expecting some one here to-night?" I further inquired.

"Guess not. I did n't hear nothin' about it."

"Well, when will he return?" I asked.

"Not till morning," he said; "he has gone to a dance."

I next ventured to ask if I could get accommodations for the night.

"Yes," said the boy, "if you can put up with my cooking."

Just at daybreak the next morning, Mr. S. and wife and little ten-year-old girl came home from the dance. I took the opportunity to ask Mr. S. if he had received a letter from me about two weeks before this, and he reluctantly admitted that he did, but proceeded to say that he did not know but something might happen so I would not reach them in time, and he did not wish to disappoint the people, and had failed to announce my possible coming; so I was the disappointed one. He was generous enough not to accept the pay I tendered him for my board and lodging, though the boy made full charge for the feed and care of my horse. I was not invited to return, nor have I since visited that part of the country, though fully persuaded that it needs the

Gospel, and earnestly desiring to be the means of presenting it to this particular place where I was once defeated in my plans. The ten-year-old daughter of Mr. S. told me her age, and asked me if I did not like to dance, and said she had danced all night.

Yes, there are some dark spots in the home field outside of the large cities.

CHAPTER IX.

A Midwinter Journey.

On one occasion my work called me to make a trip into the northern part of the State of Washington nearly to the British line. A local preacher was supplying a circuit a hundred miles in length between the Columbia and British America along the Okanagon River. He had urged me to visit his work during the month of January, giving as his reason that we could at that time organize a Church at the town of Loomis at the extreme northern end of his circuit. He gave notice of our anticipated visit a number of weeks in advance, and the outlook for a successful three days' meeting at this place was most favorable.

On our way into this country a lady at one of the stage-houses mentioned that a minister of another Church had preceded us on his way to Loomis about ten days before. She gave me his name, together with the name of the Church of

which he had been pastor, and explained that he was on horseback, and was leading a heavily loaded pack animal, all of which indicated to me that he had gone into this section to remain for a considerable length of time. My suspicions were at once aroused, and with good reason as future developments showed, for on arriving at our destination we found this enterprising minister of another Church had been ten days in the field, and was being entertained by the people who had previously invited us to their home. He had been holding meetings each night since coming, had visited almost every family and cabin in the community for miles about, and was pledging people to join his Church on condition that he became its pastor and could obtain a grant of missionary money from his Church Board, which amount was to be several hundred dollars in excess of what we could promise. Under the circumstances this minister could afford to give us a hearty welcome, and treat us with great courtesy; for he had the situation in his grasp, and understood the game he was successfully playing. He knew that he had nearly run his course

in his former field, and in the absence of an appointing system in his Church, he was now taking the matter of a new field of labor in his own hands, and to him the affair was of the utmost personal importance rather than a concern for the extension of the Master's kingdom. The weakness of his present position was that he was at present occupying the schoolhouse by his services, which had been formerly occupied by our pastor in his regular visitations, and now the date was at hand in which our services had been announced. Also, there were some people in the community who were saying, not without a show of reason, that the coming of this man had been purposely timed to receive the fruits of our toil. This pastor, who had been occupying this field for ten days, had come to look upon himself as the pastor of the entire flock, and as I was a stranger, but well vouched for, he cordially invited me to preach each night I should remain, just as if the meeting and place were all his.

What a splendid opportunity for a quarrel! The feeling of the people was intense. There were numbers who urged us to assert our rights,

and go on with our meetings, and organize our Church in spite of what this stranger had done. Indeed, we found that within us which said this was the right thing to do. But others counseled another course, and said the place was not large enough for two Churches, and thus built up an argument for our retiring from the field. Although certain that we were wronged in this affair, we determined to avoid a quarrel in doing the work of the Lord, if possible, and if in honor it could be avoided. Accordingly, we remained as previously announced for three days, and threw all our influence into the service of God for saving the people under the direction of this new minister, and we advised the people to give him and his Church a fair trial, and we agreed to withdraw from the field for a time at least, or until convinced that we should return and open work because of the needs of the field.

I should say concerning this peculiar situation that this minister who displayed such extraordinary enterprise and lack of genuine brotherliness was the representative of a Church which generally does its work in an honorable manner, and

whose authorities would not sanction his conduct in this instance. We retired from this field for a few years and waited, and finally the time came for us to reopen our work, when one of our pastors organized a Church in Loomis, where we still have regular service. It is sometimes better to retire quietly from a field than to remain in the face of opposition. It is better to suffer wrong than to yield to the baser impulses of nature, and enter into a wrangle which presents a pleasing spectacle for the scoffing world. It is better to retire from a field having the respect and good will of a people, though conscious of being wronged, than to remain and distract the community with a Church quarrel. Our time will finally come, if we possess ourselves in patience and watch and wait.

In this far-away town of Loomis, a hundred miles or more from a railroad, it was my great and pleasing privilege to meet and take dinner with a most refined and cultivated woman, who had been the first wife of the third son of the notorious Brigham Young. She told me her story, which was one of sadness and pathos in

the extreme. She had married through love, and with no good reason for not marrying the man whom she loved. Although she was a Presbyterian by training and faith, she married a Mormon in spite of his religion, of which she knew but little, believing she would have religious liberty and happiness. For years she was happily mated, and became the happy mother of three splendid boys, whom she loved with all the affection of a devoted and true mother. Her domestic life was all that wealth and love could make it, and her every wish was gratified by her devoted husband. There came a day, however, when he broke the information to her that "the Church" required him to take another wife in order to enable him to prove his faith in its teachings as a condition of his promotion in its councils. Then her heart was crushed, as thousands of other Mormon wives have had their hearts crushed under the same conditions, and she told her husband, the father of her children, that if he did this thing she would leave him. She argued the case with him, and he suffered with her; but his "Church," if we may be pardoned

for calling it such, demanded it of him, and in due time he married his second wife. His first wife was true to her word. She left him, and gave up her children with him, though as she talked with me and showed me his photograph and the portraits of her boys, she wept, and I understood that her heart had never healed. This is only one of the thousands of cases where this horrid system has cursed and blighted lives which otherwise would have been beautiful and happy. This is only one of the many ways in which this monster evil works out the will of Satan.

On our return from this place we had an experience which is more pleasant as a memory than as a present fact. My next appointment was at Chelan, a place some twenty-eight miles from the regular route of travel. It was our intention to take a stage which made this trip two or three times each week; but before reaching our point of departure we determined to walk the intervening distance. Possibly it should be said that the determining cause of this decision was that we could not do as Jonah did when he took shipping for Tarshish, for he paid his fare.

With us collections had been light and expenses heavy, and the future was uncertain. We began our walk at four o'clock in the afternoon. It was at a time of full moon, so the night would not be dark, though it promised to be cold. However, we were in the valley of the Columbia, and the first five miles of the course was parallel with the river on its north bank. There was only a little snow, and none at all when we began our march; but soon we began to climb the high bluffs, and the snow grew rapidly deeper and made walking difficult. About dark we stopped at the mouth of the Methow River, and got supper at a small hotel. At seven o'clock, burdened with gripsack and overcoat, we pursued our journey, the exercise of walking keeping us warm. As the night progressed we reached the higher ground, and walking became heavier, but there was exhilaration in the pure air under the light of the moon and stars.

The miles seemed to grow longer as we became more weary. My companion, who was familiar with the road, spoke of an Indian cabin which we could reach about midnight, where we

could rest till morning, though the sleeping accommodations were uncertain. On reaching it, our knocking failed to bring forth any response. For four or five hours we had not passed a house of any description, and the next one was nearly ten miles farther on the way. We tried the door, but it was fast. We tried again, and with more vigor; for our case was urgent, and the door was forced under our united pressure. "Have you a match?" asked my companion. He had none, and after much fumbling in my pockets it was found that I had only a small piece of one, about a half inch long, but it was a piece of the right end, and most precious to us in our emergency. After feeling about in the darkness, we finally found the cold fireplace and a small quantity of fuel. My friend, who had spent many years on the frontier, and had fought in the Indien wars under General O. O. Howard and others, knew no fear. He was determined we should have a fire and a place to rest, for we were cold and footsore. A few pine shavings were whittled and then we ventured all on our

precious match-end. It lighted, and then it ignited the curling end of a shaving. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" We soon had a roaring fire in that great and yawning fireplace, and the entire cabin was made as light as noonday. We concluded that the Indian family which called this place home for a part of the year, had been living elsewhere for a long time, for there were no signs of recent occupation in the form of eatables or beds. For an hour we rested on the benches before the fire, nearly falling asleep, and then we wearily took up our march.

On and on we tramped, getting colder and colder, until nearly four in the morning, when we came to a house whose inmates my companion was acquainted with. The sky was now clouded, and apparently a storm was gathering. We were glad to get an affirmative reply to our inquiry for a place to sleep and a chance to get warm. A "shake-down" was soon prepared for us on the floor of the living room near the great box stove, and we were soon being soothed to sleep by the

music of a crackling fire. At daybreak we were disturbed by the call to breakfast, for we must eat, and after being thoroughly awakened we were glad of the opportunity. We were now within a few miles of our destination, which we reached before nine o'clock, after another hour's tramp.

CHAPTER X.

A Midsummer Tramp.

THE walk described in the preceding chapter is by no means the only one I have taken in performing my regular duties. A walk of from eight to a dozen miles at a stretch has been so common an incident that nothing is thought of it. Indeed, it is mere recreation, and ought to fit one for longer tramps. As recently as June, 1902, I walked eighteen miles on a Sunday afternoon, and all that it amounted to for me was the exercise involved with the weariness that followed. The pastor of the circuit where I was holding quarterly-meeting was absent from his work, and I was told that I had been announced for service at a schoolhouse some nine miles distant for four o'clock in the afternoon. The only way for me to reach this place was to walk, which I did, and returned in time for the evening service in town. On reaching the school-

house I found, not to my delight, that a mistake had been made, and I was not expected by the people; so there was nothing left for me to do except to turn about and retrace my steps. Twenty-mile walks I have taken on many occasions, and in a few instances have preached immediately afterwards without thinking of it as very hard work, or as anything worth notice.

The most tiresome walk I ever took was a forced and unexpected tramp of fourteen miles in a very rare atmosphere, one hot July day. The conditions were as follows: Our pastor at Junction, Idaho, had undertaken to convey me by his horse and buggy across the main ridge of the Bitter Root Mountains into Montana, to a place about thirty miles from the railroad, where I could intercept the stage. Neither of us had ever been over this road before, and we did not know the distance of the stage-road from the summit of the mountains. We allowed plenty of time by getting an early start for our ride of twenty-five or thirty miles, and slowly and pleasantly we ascended the western side of this lofty range of the Rockies, not far from the pass first

crossed by Lewis and Clark in the autumn of 1805. We passed a splendid and very large spring of pure cold water, which bursts from the mountain side in a stream large enough to float a person of ordinary size. We wonder whether this is the spring mentioned by Clark in his Journal, from which he and his men first drank of the waters which ultimately empty into the Pacific by way of the majestic and, to them, almost unknown Columbia. It was near this spot that they found the Lemhi Indians, from whom they purchased horses, and whose friendly assistance they obtained in crossing what is now the State of Idaho.

We kept climbing, and at the same time admiring the wonderful and ever-widening vision upon our left as we zigzagged upwards, when all at once, as suddenly as the "wonderful one-hoss shay" collapsed, one of the carriage wheels which had gotten into a rut, went all to pieces, and the vehicle and its inmates went over the side of the highway in a badly disordered heap. On righting ourselves and looking about, we found that we were within a few rods of the summit

of the mountain, the dividing line between the States, the backbone or ridge of the continent, but an unknown distance from our destination. My friend, who was a person of many resources, and not easily defeated by disaster or difficulties, began to strip the harness from his horse with the avowed purpose of sending me on my way astride of the animal. I refused to entertain this idea for a moment, as he would have no means of getting himself or horse or broken buggy back to his home. After a few minutes of consultation it was agreed that my friend could get home easily enough if I were out of the way, and that I could get to my destination on foot if my friend were out of the way. Accordingly we decided to part company, and on the summit of the ridge of the continent, from which position we could look for almost unnumbered miles either toward the Mississippi or the Columbia, we clasped hands and bade each other Godspeed, he turning to the west and I to the east. I afterward learned that the owner of the broken wheel walked more than a mile to the nearest trees, where he cut a sapling with his pocket knife,

by the means of which he supported his buggy and so rode to town with the sapling protruding from the rear in lieu of the broken wheel.

As I proceeded down the mountain I found that my impedimenta, a gripsack and linen duster, to say nothing of a collar of the same material, were not help in such a walk. Fortunately, the road led me down instead of up the mountain. Another bit of good fortune was that my gripsack weighed only about twenty pounds when I first began the walk, though for the final five miles it appeared to grow heavier until it seemed to me it would weigh more than a keg of nails. Our estimate of the distance I would need to walk had been that ten miles would cover it, and that three hours could with safety be allowed before the stage-coach would pass the point which I designed to reach. The sun beat down with fierceness, and as the day advanced and as I descended the mountain, the temperature became hotter than one would think. There was no means for getting a ride. For five miles the only house I passed was a deserted one. I slaked my thirst several times at the mountain streams, but

did not dare to stop to rest. Finally I was certain that more then ten miles had been left behind me, and yet there were no signs of the telegraph poles which I remembered adorned the stage-road. I passed a log house, and found, upon inquiry, that I had missed my way, thus adding another mile to my walk.

Getting my bearings from this point, I trudged on for another hour, and finally came to a ranch which I knew was not far from the coveted road. I rapped at the door of the large farmhouse. It was opened by the owner, a man well known in that part of Montana as a wealthy cattleman. He gave me a drink of water, and while he was getting it I obtained a glimpse of the interior of his home. The rooms were spacious and elegant in finish and furnishings. A log house with numerous rooms, fitted up and furnished in modern city style, in an open sagebrush setting! Here was a wonder indeed; but it is in a country which is in itself a wonder. I asked his opinion as to whether the stage for the railroad had yet gone, and he informed me that I could learn the situation by looking into his private mail-

box at the forks of the roads a half mile farther on; for if it had, there would be no mail-pouch in it; and if it had not yet passed, the pouch would still be there. I was so weary that I could hardly walk, and the few minutes I had spent at his door had almost taken away my power of locomotion; but a half mile more would not require a great effort, so I pushed on, though weak and lame and footsore. Presently I came in sight of the red mail-box fastened to a tall post in the triangle formed by the meeting of the ways. A minute more and I had lifted the door, and there was the pouch of letters waiting for the government's faithful servant to carry its contents to all the earth.

This is Horse Prairie, first seen by the white men in 1805, but the feeding ground for Indian ponies for three-quarters of a century longer. Sagebrush is its native product, but this is giving way in irrigated spots to meadows and cattle ranches. On this occasion I did not spend much time in viewing the scenery, or in trying to enter into sympathy with Lewis and Clark. All sentiment had for the time being been taken out of

me. I lay down flat on my back in the sagebrush, and hoisted my umbrella as protection against the sun, and rested for a full hour before I heard the rumbling of wheels which told of the approach of a Concord coach with four horses. Resting there by the fence under the shade of my umbrella was the easiest thing I ever did.

CHAPTER XI.

Profanity and Liquor.

A PRESIDING ELDER has a great variety of experiences, and that, too, with all kinds of people. This is especially true in a new country. Men and women of the baser sort are in many instances brazen in the publicity of their evil, and they seem to care but little who may know what their occupation may be. Profane talk of the vilest kind is frequently indulged in with perfect license in the presence of men, and sometimes even before women. There is but little satisfaction or good realized in rebuking or even in frowning upon such conduct, though one may hold himself far above it. If profane talkers come to understand that a listener is averse to such conversation, they will after a time generally refrain, unless they are in a decided majority.

I recall an experience I once had with a very

profane and swearing man while waiting for a stage in a country post-office. This man came into the room where several persons were waiting, and his swagger, oaths, and profanity were apparent in all he did or said. He was about sixty years of age, well dressed, and apparently was a person of good business ability. Presently the conversation drifted to the time when, years before, he was a teamster in a certain mining camp, and he told of the great times he had with his horses, and how he used to swear at them when they did not pull to his liking. He presented the appearance of one who gloried in his profanity, both as a memory and as a present experience. His uninvited conversation seemed to be addressed to me or toward the place I was occupying, as though he wished to improve the opportunity of impressing the stranger with a sense of his great importance and smartness. Presently I asked him if he thought his horses did any better by being sworn at, and he affirmed that he thought it helped them. I then became suddenly interested, and told him I was making something of a study of the philosophy of profan-

ity, and in my desire to learn something on the matter I would be pleased to have him give me his theory as a swearing man, as to why men use profane language. I further explained to him that such language was not considered to be exactly proper or polite in the best society, and suggested that I presumed he, though given to profanity, would not swear in the presence of refined ladies or in the presence of his mother, if she were living. Again I asked him to give me a good and valid reason why men of intelligence and ability should use profane language; for surely there must be some reason, or men of sense would not indulge in it at all. Somehow the air of bluster suddenly left this man, and he began to look embarrassed and surprised. Finally, as I continued to press my question upon him for an honest and candid reply, he stammered that he thought swearing answered as a safety valve when a person was angry. But I objected that men were not always angry when they were swearing. "You have not been angry since coming into the room, and yet you have given us several examples of speech that I do

not think you would use in the presence of some persons whom you know. What I want is a good reason for such language on the part of a man of good sense when there is no anger in the case, but when persons are calm and collected." He then affirmed that he did not make a practice of swearing in the presence of ladies, though essaying a feeble defense of his practice in other company. My comment in reply was to the effect that there were some men who were entitled to as great respect as were the ladies whom he would not insult. In this manner we quietly and yet seriously discussed the subject until the arrival of the stage which we both mounted. We occupied the same seat, and for ten miles we talked on various matters, and our themes of conversation were not marred by any words of profanity. At this time neither knew who the other man was, but I afterwards learned that my companion was a well-known and wealthy sheep-owner of Southern Idaho.

On another occasion, having been for a number of days in a section remote from the usual lines of travel, I was on a return trip at a sta-

tion, or stopping place for travelers, and was in the act of polishing my shoes at the barn where I had just stabled my horses, when all at once a torrent of oaths and curses assailed my ears. This was accompanied by laughter and ridicule, and proceeded from a stranger on horseback who was in the act of reining in. He asked why any man should polish his shoes in such a country as this, and as he asked the question his adjectives were such as would not appear well in print. As soon as he gave me a chance to reply I suggested that clean shoes were not out of place for a gentleman, no matter where he might be; whereupon he ridiculed the idea of my being a gentleman, and affirmed with oaths that he knew who I was, and what my business was, and he at once pronounced me a drummer. "Yes," he added, "a whisky drummer, and a San Francisco whisky drummer at that." Half an hour later this vociferous traveler was very profuse with his words of apology.

No person can truthfully say that he is free from the liquor business, for he often comes in touch with it in some form or another. With the

licensed saloon in nearly every town, and at many country places, it is impossible to get out of the reach of this baleful thing, and all classes and persons feel its effects in many ways. I have known many persons who have engaged in this traffic who would be glad to get out of it, but hardly know how to do so, for they are held fast by its toils, or else they lack the strength of character which should determine them to declare for a better life or a better business. The following is a rather unusual instance, but it presents its moral.

One cold December morning I took my place on an uncovered stage for a brief journey. The last passenger to emerge from the hotel from which we were about to start was a well-dressed man in middle life, who took his seat by the side of the driver directly in front of me. He appeared to be an ordinary traveling man, who probably represented, we thought, some large wholesale house. He was quick in step and active in movement and speech, and appeared to be on the best of terms with himself and the rest of the world of humanity. He immediately be-

gan a brisk conversation with the driver, occasionally looking about him at the other passengers. In less than ten minutes he suddenly turned about and looked me full in the face and abruptly said: "I do not know what your business is; but as for mine—well, I am not ashamed of my business." Then he abruptly repeated the statement that he was not ashamed of his business, and volunteered the information that he was engaged in selling liquor for a Chicago wholesale house, and then for the third time told us that he was not ashamed of his business.

Up to this time no one had said a word about his business, nor had any reference been made by any person to the liquor problem in any of its many phases. This interesting stranger next went into a defense of his position. He prefaced it by saying that he had only contempt for any person who was fool enough to drink or to get drunk. He declared that he never sampled his own wares; in fact, he was a total abstainer; he believed and freely admitted that liquor-drinking was the greatest possible curse to humanity, but insisted that people would drink the stuff, and

so some one must handle it, and it should be handled only by good men, and therefore he was in the business, and that for the money it would bring him. He talked on and on, and again assured us that he was not ashamed of his business. I had previously heard of this man, and still a few weeks later my attention was called to him, and in every instance he was reported to have talked in the interest of total abstinence, though actively engaged in selling the article which he evidently abhorred. In conversation with him on this occasion he admitted that he had been brought up under Christian influences, his mother having been a Christian. Was not this man really and heartily ashamed of his business, and was he not trying to ease his troubled conscience by his course of reasoning?

Not many days later I had an interesting experience with a saloon-keeper at three o'clock on Christmas morning. I had boarded the stage at Lewiston, Idaho, in order to catch the train ten miles distant, so as to reach home in time for Christmas dinner with my family. Before leaving town the driver halted before a brilliantly

lighted saloon, and shouted to the inmates, using more or less profanity, as is too much the custom of stage-drivers in the West. We could see men inside who were apparently drinking and carousing. Finally, after the driver had nearly lost his patience by continued calls and oaths, three men came out, and one of them, who needed to be supported by the other two, managed to get into the rear seat of the open vehicle then used on that line for carrying passengers. Drunken farewells were shouted in broken language, mingled with wishes for a merry Christmas, and the stage darted off into the darkness toward the ferry; for the river must be crossed before we could begin the ascent of the mountain on the other side. The weather was quite cold, and a light snow was falling. Our hilarious saloon-keeper was the sole occupant of the rear seat of the wagon. We halted on the bank of the river, and our Jehu began to shout in order to awaken the ferryman, who was asleep at his home on the other side of the stream. In this occupation he was assisted by the passenger last received, whose shouts were at first very loud and boisterous;

but after a little they became less frequent and more faint until in a few minutes, on looking about, I found he was fast asleep, as was evidenced also by his loud and jerky breathing. So helpless had be become that he was in danger of falling out of the stage. The driver was troubled on this account, and accordingly indulged in more profanity. He finally asked if I would not ride with the helpless passenger on the rear seat and hold him in. Thus it came about that the minister and the saloon-keeper occupied the same seat, and the latter pillowed his head on the shoulder of the former after a very loving and confiding manner, and unconsciously breathed his alcohol-laden breath into my face. This was not a case of politics making strange bedfellows, nor of the "brewer and the Sunday-school man" voting the same ticket, but it was an instance of very intimate association, though one party was hardly willing, and the other was wholly unconscious.

The ferry being crossed, we began to climb the mountain in the darkness. Haste was required in order to catch the train, and a single

delay of a few minutes might make it impossible to reach home before the next day; and this would not do, for the saloon man and myself were each bent on joining our respective families before the glad Christmas day should pass. We had proceeded nearly a mile, I suppose, when I made the discovery that my charge was hatless. Then I recalled that when he came out of the saloon he wore a fine Derby hat, and was a better dressed man than his guardian. Should I now ask the driver to halt and institute a search for the missing head-gear, and thus incur a further loss of time? Had we not already lost sufficient time because of this man? Now that he was peacefully resting was it not prudent to let him rest? I reflected that I was occupying this particular seat for the purpose of keeping this helpless mortal from falling out, and not to look after his wardrobe, and accordingly I decided that his hat was out of my jurisdiction. Thirty or forty minutes passed and the snowfall was increasing. Finally my charge's ecclesiastical pillow became uncomfortable, or, possibly the snow beating on his uncovered brow disturbed him, and he roused

up, at the same time bringing his hand to his face and then to his head. He gave me a pitiful and troubled look and slowly said: "Have—you—seen—anything—of—my—hat?" I suppose I appeared much surprised as I replied that I had not recently seen it, whereupon he cried out: "Say, driver, I have lost my (hic), my hat. Can't you hold on a minute and help me find it?" We all joined in the search for the missing head-piece, but my intimation to the driver that it was probably a mile or more down the canyon appeared to settle the matter so far as he was concerned, and he drove on. Our further search under the seats failed to disclose the property. As we proceeded after the loss of less than a minute's time, I proceeded to wrap my companion's head in an old comforter of various colors, making sure that he had room in front for his headlight nose, and after I had him well done up he looked like a native Indian so far as head-dress was concerned.

We caught the train, and had time sufficient for my friend to purchase a new hat, which he did. By this time he thought he knew enough to operate a railroad all by himself, so he struck

for independence from my further care, and sought the smoking apartment, and, judging from what followed, he must have frequently consulted his gripsack, which evidently contained goods other than wearing apparel. Two stations further on we all changed cars, but my drinking friend failed to change in time to catch the train needed, and his family certainly ate their Christmas dinner without his cheerful presence that day. It was a wistful and sad look which this unfortunate man cast toward the departing train as he apparently tried, with success, to occupy more than his rightful portion of the platform which we left behind us. It was indeed pitiful. It is strange that men will take to themselves that which "steals their brains" and makes them fools.

CHAPTER XII.

Ignorance and Filth.

How many wretched homes there are! How many are such when there is really no good reason for the condition! Many are made such through intemperance, while other causes enter into the conditions in other cases. Laziness and slovenliness are responsible for much misery. Sometimes people become discouraged in the conflict of life, and give up in utter despair, and do not even attempt to have a pleasant or comfortable home. If either the husband or the wife is a sloven, the home will suffer as a result. It is exceedingly unfortunate when the husband is not as neat and thoughtful as he should be; but if the wife is the one at fault the situation is even worse, for she is either the home-maker or the home-destroyer. A lazy, shiftless, "ne'er-do-weel" husband can not destroy a home so quickly or completely as a shiftless wife.

We sometimes think of squalor and filth as belonging to the worst parts of a great city, and we forget that it is also easy to find in the country. This condition is not peculiar to any section or community. It is found in city, town, and country, where there are many homes which are far from being the abodes of happiness and peace. In a few instances the situation is possibly unavoidable, as in the case of disaster, sickness, or death, accompanied by extreme poverty; but in the great majority of instances, love, frugality, hard work, cheerfulness, good cooking, with a liberal use of soap and water, would effect a change for the better if a fair trial should be made.

It is true that some sections of the country are very trying on the tidy housewife and home-maker. This is generally true of the country sections of the Rocky Mountain region. The light volcanic dust is not conducive to a heavy growth of vegetation, especially where the rainfall is so very light, and there is nothing to keep it in place during the dry season; and when the rains come this dust is quickly converted into a

sticky mud, which is easily tracked into the houses.

We must admit this is not a clean country, nor is it an easy one for the housekeeper. However, there is a danger lest these natural obstacles be sometimes taken as an excuse for allowing things to go for the present, and thus general shiftlessness results in more filth and unhappiness abounding than is necessary. Then, too, some people appear to have the idea that, without wealth, comfortable home-life is out of the question. This is a mistaken idea, for wealth does not always make a good home, and, on the other hand, good and comfortable homes are often found where there is comparative poverty. I know of many homes of both kinds, and have, times almost without number, been a guest in humble parsonages where the support was small, but where the home in many and in essential matters was ideal. I have often been entertained at other places among our people of various occupations where the home-life in spite of adverse conditions nearly approached the perfect. It has been my privilege to see beautiful homes incased

in a log structure or in a house of rough boards lined with newspapers. I have also seen squalor and filth and wretchedness in houses which gave signs of wealth, and where there was no doubt as to the financial ability of the owners. The difference is due, not so much to physical surroundings or conditions as to the soul, and the determination of the persons involved.

A few winters ago I went for the first time into a well-settled and prosperous section, and introduced myself at the home which had been designated as my stopping place during my visit. For a number of weeks it had been known that I was to be there at this time, so my coming was no surprise to the people. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when I arrived, and found the mother and grown daughter busily engaged in washing and scrubbing. It required but a single glance to show the necessity for this work, which had evidently been badly delayed. The house was in utter confusion, and all signs pointed to the fact that such was its normal state. There was abundance of room for the large family and their guest, but there was not a place where one could

sit down in comfort. The day was very cold, and that night the mercury fell to several degrees below zero. Three rooms down-stairs were thoroughly wet with the water which had been left after the washing had been concluded, and they were hastily scrubbed in my presence. Four cotton sheets were taken from the tub after four o'clock, and tacked on the sides of the living room by two corners, and that night I slept between two of them, and still live to tell the story.

Soon after four o'clock the children began to come in from school, and then "confusion was worse confounded." Almost the first thing they did was to strip off their shoes and stockings so as to warm their feet by the fire. Then came the fight, almost a pitched battle, between the mother and the older boys, as to who should do the chores, such as caring for the horse, bringing in wood and water, etc. One boy actually went out in his bare feet for several rods through the snow and ice, and brought in a pail of water. The misery and lack of comfort in that household beggars description. I had been announced to preach there that night at eight o'clock, and be-

fore we sat down for the evening meal, so late was it that the neighbors began to gather, and no preparations for the services had yet been made.

I quote the following from my notes of this visit: "Such a home! The wife is a sloven, and seven children are like her. There is no family government on the part of either parent. There is much evidence of something very closely allied with heathenism. The floors are covered with filth, and all else corresponds. There is not a decent chair in the house. I am expected to remain here a day and two nights. It is bitter cold weather. The supper is very late. I would not mind if it were entirely omitted. Rough boards are dug out of the snow, and are brought into the house for seats during the service. Parents and children quarrel again as to who shall bring in the wood. At the close of the meeting three children are fast asleep on the floor. They have by choice been without shoes or stockings since coming from school. At eleven o'clock at night all is quiet; but at six-thirty the next morning all hands are up, and the quarrel for division of

clothes, position at the stove, etc., begins. The dog is the best behaved member of the entire outfit."

The foregoing is not a fancy sketch, but history real and terrible. And yet the father and mother in this household passed in the community as religious people; and I will not say they were not, in a sense, religious. Indeed, they bore a reputation among some as being very religious, and it is certain they were devoted to certain forms which are ordinarily called religious, and they could each pray with fervor, and sing with earnestness, so far as voice and movements of the body are concerned; but the "fruits of the Spirit," so far as I could judge, were almost entirely wanting. Poverty was not a valid excuse for this household being in perpetual warfare with itself. Poverty could not account for the filth and disorder which abounded. Ignorance and shiftlessness are the words which explain the situation in this and in thousands of similar instances.

CHAPTER XIII.

Indian Types.

THUS far in this little book not much has been said concerning the natives of the soil. I have barely mentioned the work being done by the Presbyterian Church among the Nez Perces, and there is much more that could be told if it properly came within my plan. My design is to relate only that which has come under my immediate and personal observation, or that which is well vouched for by well-known and trustworthy friends. It is generally conceded that the work done by the Presbyterians among the Nez Perces, and that of the Methodist Episcopal Church among the Yakimas, has been successful to a degree beyond the ordinary mission work with Indians, and has proven to be a great blessing to the natives and of valuable assistance to the government in caring for its wards.

Under this instruction the Nez Perces have

learned to observe the Sabbath in a manner which should be a lesson to the pale faces. In some other respects these Indians may be classed among heathens, as they cling to their superstitions and ancient customs with great tenacity. It requires generations of faithful teaching and most patient and thorough training to transform the Indians into well-developed Christian citizens. Indeed, this is true of all heathen peoples. It was true of our ancestors, and will be true as long as uncivilized people continue to live. Yet sixty years of faithful service in doing missionary work and living with the natives tells wonderfully in lifting a people from abject degradation.

I once heard a freighter tell how he learned what day of the week it was on one occasion when he crossed the Nez Perces Indian Reservation. He had been to Lewiston after a load of goods, which he was to take into the interior of the State about sixty miles, his road lying across the reservation. The goods had not yet arrived when he reached Lewiston, and not knowing when they would come, he decided to purchase a

load of potatoes from the Indians on the return trip, and thus make the journey of some profit rather than return without a load. When he came among the Indians he attempted to purchase potatoes, which were all ready for digging, but met with absolute and short refusal, as they informed him it was Sunday, and that they did not dig or sell potatoes on that day. He tried repeatedly to get his load, but was forced by these Sabbath-keeping natives to wait until Monday before he could get his potatoes. These Indians had learned their lessons well, and their lessons include other subjects besides this of Sabbath observance, though in some things, as we would expect among people just emerging from heathenism, they are quite deficient. Like white people, their moral conduct is affected by their environment. This idea will appear from what follows:

On one occasion I was on my way by horse and saddle to the town of Grangeville, in Northern Idaho, and was journeying eastward on the north side of the Clearwater. It had been my intention to ford this stream at a place called

Holt's Ranch. Mr. Holt, the owner of this ranch, was a squaw-man; that is, a white man who is married to an Indian woman. His place was on the opposite side of the river from me. Two boys from the station where I had spent the night went with me to assist in finding the proper crossing place. On reaching the river opposite Mr. Holt's place, the boys, who knew the people well, shouted for information as to the safety of crossing at the present stage of water, and they were answered by a dusky maiden of eighteen summers, a daughter of Mr. Holt. The water made so much noise that she could not hear us, nor could we hear her, so she took a long pole, and stepped lightly into a dug-out, and in an incredibly short time was on our side of the stream. She informed us that whenever the water was over a certain rock it was considered dangerous crossing, and this was the present condition, and she advised that I keep on up the river for a dozen miles, and cross at Grier's Ferry. She explained that the way for a considerable distance was over a dangerous and rocky trail, but this plan would be safer than to attempt to cross here.

I acted on her advice, and found the trail all that she had claimed for it. My horse was a very surefooted animal, but so dangerous was the narrow path, and so high was it above the river in places that I was glad to walk much of the way rather than run the risk of falling for hundreds of feet into the surging waters below.

Finally, in the early afternoon I reached Grier's Ferry. Here was a solitary house and barn, with several out-buildings, and a small current-propelled boat, which was hanging by its cable near the shore. A young man was digging potatoes in a small field near the house. He appeared pleased and surprised at seeing me, and small wonder, for he presently told me I was the first person he had seen in three days. I asked him if I could get dinner for myself and feed for my horse. He replied that he would feed my horse, and me also, if I would put up with his cook, explaining that he was his own cook, and that he was all alone. While caring for the horse he inquired where I was going, and then asked if I was not going to remain over night with him. I replied that I intended pushing on in an hour if he would put me across the

ferry. He replied by asking where I intended sleeping that night, and said I did not look as if I would enjoy staying with the coyotes. He added that unless I was a better rider than he took me to be I could not possibly get to the nearest house before nightfall. Accordingly, I decided to remain until morning before continuing my lonely journey.

About sunset we were joined by another traveler, a solitary Indian on horseback, followed by four ponies, all without loads. He had been to Pierce City with oats, and was now returning home on the reservation. The young man, mine host, seemed to know him well, and called him by his first and, possibly, only name. At first the Indian appeared to be uncommunicative, and did not care to converse with me. After a time the young man explained to him that I was a minister of the Gospel, and at the same time informed me that the Indian was an elder in the Presbyterian Church. After supper the Indian and myself found ourselves alone, and after giving me a look of more than ordinary interest, he said:

"You a minister?"

"Yes," I replied.

"What Church?"

"The Methodist."

"Hugh!" Then, after a brief pause, he added, "The Methodists are a very good people."

This I interpreted to mean that he considered the Methodists would do very well, but were not so good as the Presbyterians, and I honored him for his loyalty. He now took a new tack and said:

"I like to ask you a question."

"Very well," I replied; "I will answer it if I can."

I expected a question in theology, and in this I was not disappointed.

Before narrating the remainder of the conversation it will be necessary to explain a local situation. A Mr. A. was the superintendent of the mission work on the reservation at this time. A Miss M., for many years, had been the successful teacher in the Bible and theology among the Indians. The Rev. William Blank was an ordained Indian minister and pastor, a man who was held in high esteem among his native

brethren as well as among the whites. A few months before this time his wife had died, and he had recently married again, and his present wife was his former wife's younger sister. The question which my Indian companion now asked was:

"Do you think it is right for a man to marry his wife's sister?"

Suspecting that the Rev. William Blank was this man's pastor, and being cognizant of the circumstances as just stated, I thought I discovered the local and personal character of the question, but I replied that I knew of nothing in the Bible which would condemn this act as a sin if the man's first wife were dead, and if he loved her sister and her sister loved him.

The stoical native started at first as if in anger; then he appeared to think better of it, waited a minute before making any reply, and then said:

"Well, Mr. A., he say it wrong; Miss M., she say it wrong; and William Blank, *he* used to say it wrong;" he actually smiled now, and slowly added, "But we think he must have forgot."

I came to the conclusion that this Indian

elder possessed the grace of charity in no small degree.

Rev. William Blank's marriage created more than ordinary interest among the Indians. Some of the white people were also interested, but for another reason than that which concerned the members of the flock. The one was a theological and social question. The other was a question as to how much heathenism can remain in Christian Indians and they retain their place on the side of Christianity. During many generations it has been a custom among the Indians, when one of them gets married, to pay a price for the bride either in horses or in other articles of native wealth. The young man at Grier's Ferry told me that, a few days before the marriage of William Blank, he went up the river with a band of horses, and when he returned he had a young wife and twelve fewer horses. The circumstances were explained to mean that he had paid twelve horses for his wife. Possibly he had merely made his father-in-law a present. In either case there are white people who would hardly gain a reputation for consistency if they should criticise him.

CHAPTER XIV.

Jonah Hays, the Christian Indian.

JONAH HAYS was an interesting and well-known Indian of the Nez Perces tribe. He was a man of prominence among his people during the war of 1877, when Chief Joseph led the red men in rebellion and bloody war against the whites; but he cast his fortunes with the pale-faces and on the side of humanity. At that time he had been a Christian for many years, and he became one of General O. O. Howard's most trusted scouts. While his red brethren were murdering the whites and committing the most horrible depredations upon women and children, he was true to his religion and the government. My acquaintance with this man goes to prove the untruthfulness of the too oft repeated saying that the "only good Indian is a dead Indian." No doubt there is much treachery and wickedness

among the savages, and the evil of their nature is very deep-seated, the same as it is in savages of other colors. But Christianity has done much for "poor Lo," and, while many are not as good as they should be, it is certain that many are infinitely better because the Gospel has been presented to them, and some stand the test of environment and temptation as well as their white brethren. We must remember that the Indian has had the benefit of only a brief period of civilization as compared with his conquerors.

But we return to the Indian, Jonah Hays. Just a week before the opening of an Annual Conference in Walla Walla, in 1892, he confronted me on the street, and asked for entertainment during its session. I had never before heard of him. He explained to me at length that he was a Methodist and a local preacher, and that he had been converted under the ministry of the Rev. J. H. Wilbur, and while nearly all the Christian Indians had joined the Presbyterian Church, he and his family had remained true to the Church of his first love.

"But, Jonah," I explained, "you have come

here a week too early for Conference, for it does not convene until a week from to-day."

You should have seen the look of disappointment which he gave me in response. He then proceeded to tell me how far he had journeyed with his pony to attend the Conference. His great, bony arm swept the horizon from the east to the south as he explained that he had gone a great distance out of his way in order to preach the Gospel to the Umatillas, and he evidently thought that act was of sufficient merit to meet with my approval. He finally drew his story to a conclusion by saying:

"And now me too soon for Conference, and me have no money, and me do n't know what to do."

I confess to have entered into sympathy with him, for I, too, did not know what to do—with him. After a little reflection I took him to the parsonage, as many a minister has done with the guests of the Church, and there I showed him a room, and told him that he would sleep there every night until the close of Conference. I next went with him to a restaurant, where I arranged

for his board, and furnished him with meal tickets sufficient to last for two weeks, after which I provided a place and care for his horse.

Jonah Hays was then a happy Indian, and he showed it by every act and look. For two weeks he had liberty fully to gratify his nature, and do nothing but eat and sleep, if he should so choose; but he elected to do more than this. He fairly reveled in religious services. During the week before the opening of the Conference he visited all the Churches of the city to which he could gain access, and took an active part in all the prayer-meetings, and made many friends among all classes, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy all his opportunities. When the Conference assembled he was on the very highest pinnacle of good feeling, and entered with hearty interest into all its services, and was highly elated at the privilege of shaking hands with its "head chief," the good bishop.

He did not spend much time in his room except at night, and he proved to be an easy guest to care for. His bed had been prepared just as it would have been for a white guest, but he gave

no signs of having slept in it even once during the entire two weeks of his stay. He no doubt slept rolled up in a blanket on the floor. There was water in his room, and soap and towels were at hand for his use, but none of these things were ever disturbed. We came to the conclusion, and with evidence, that our guest, who rose early, went to the stream flowing through the city, each morning, and there, as his fathers had done for many generations, he bathed himself. We gave him the freedom of the entire house, and no doubt he would have taken it anyway, as is the custom with the Indians. He invaded every room in turn, and sometimes would appear when unlooked for, and without even a semblance of an excuse for his presence. He would follow my wife in the kitchen like a little child, or he would suddenly appear in the parlor when and where his presence was not especially desired. In evidence of gratitude for his entertainment, he one day, near the close of his visit, opened conversation with my wife when he was following her about her duties, and he rehearsed the whole story of his journey to the seat of Conference;

he told of his early arrival and conversation with her husband, and of his subsequent entertainment and good times, and finally concluded by saying, "Your man a heap good man." When we bade him good-bye he was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, and he presented me with a well-bound copy of John's Gospel in the Nez Perces tongue.

When I next saw Jonah Hays, more than a year afterwards, he was even more verbose in his expressions of thankfulness and appreciation, and at this time I was his guest. This came about in the following manner:

I was now presiding elder of a district which included the Nez Perces Indian Reservation, in one of the fertile valleys of which Jonah had his home. The larger part of this district was made up of a great wheat-growing section, known as the Palouse country. Wheat was the almost sole product of the farms, and the people were dependent upon this crop for their living. The crop of 1893 was unusually large, even for this most productive section, and had it been harvested and sold, would have paid off many a mortgage be-

sides providing the people with the necessaries of life; but just at the beginning of harvest, and several weeks earlier than usual, the rains began to fall, and, with slight intermission, were constant for many weeks. Occasionally there would be a few days of sunshine in which the headers and reapers would be set to work, but before what was cut could be threshed, or even stacked, the rain would begin again; and thus it continued until long after harvest should have been ended.

That season will long be remembered and will pass into the history of the country as the autumn of disaster, or the Wet Fall. Fully ninety per cent of the grain perished in the field and brought the owners almost no returns. Many of the ranchers had gone in debt in preparing for the crop and in caring for it, and now, after the harvest time, they had nothing with which to pay. Such another season had never been known in this section, and now, after ten years have gone, none like it has come. Much of the grain which had been threshed, molded and spoiled in the bin or sack. Many of the people

who formerly had an abundance of the good things of life suddenly found themselves in a condition of actual want. It was a time of general distress, both in country and city; for all classes suffered, and many people lost their farms and homes and all their earthly possessions in the panic which swept over the land, and which was especially severe in this drowned-out wheat section. The support of our pastors, which in times of prosperity was only meager, now suddenly became less than half what was actually needed for a comfortable support. Many of our people struggled and sacrificed most heroically in the attempt to maintain the Church and her ministry; but, in spite of all, there was great privation.

I recall one man who, from his youth, had been wont to support the Gospel with liberality. He rose in the congregation when a collection was being taken, and told how he would delight in paying toward the support of the work, and he cried out: "But I have n't a nickel to my name. I could as easily pay a million dollars as a nickel, and, what is more, I do not know where

the next nickel is to come from which is needed in the support of my family, nor do I know how my children are to live through the winter." He broke down and wept as he concluded, and others joined him in tears; for they knew that every word was true, and some of them were in a like condition. It is difficult to say what some of our pastors would have done during that trying winter and the one which followed, had we not been able to draw, in a few instances, small sums from the contingent fund of the Missionary Society. Now that these years of sore trial are past, we are able to look back and see how God's hand was with his people even in the darkest of those days, for He overruled for good. Farmers were driven, by the stress upon them, to take up diversified farming, and they learned, in the school of necessity and experience, that it was best to have more than one thing to depend upon, and since then they have not tried to "carry all their eggs in one basket." The people also learned valuable lessons in economy, and came to know something of the joys of helping one another when in need.

Better than all this, these trials turned the attention of the people to the fact that riches of an earthly character are very unstable, and that the greatest need of humanity is the wealth of an eternal character which God supplies to His children; and thus many persons, finding all their earthly support gone, and realizing as never before the utter vanity of mere earthly property, turned to God and obtained the real riches of divine grace. So it came to pass that these hard times, as they were called, came to be the best times spiritually that the Church in these parts had ever known. Revivals of religion were larger and more general than ever before, and thus times of refreshing from the Lord came to help out in this time of greatest need. It is a pleasing fact that our ministry was loyal and staid by the work, and kept the Gospel fires burning with more than ordinary fervor during all this period of depression and suffering. Indeed, many were the acts of heroic sacrifice on the part of both pastors and people.

It was in the midst of these times, near the close of October, 1893, that my work called me

to visit a section about seventy-five miles east of the nearest railroad point in Northern Idaho. I held quarterly-meeting in the town of Kendrick on Sunday, and was due at my next appointment, seventy-five miles distant, a week later; but how to get there across the country, with no means of conveyance, was the problem which confronted me. As was the rule during these times, my allowance for salary was not more than half met, and I was at my wit's end how to make ends meet and pay for transportation to the next place. I went to a livery barn and inquired the price of a horse and saddle for ten days, and found it would cost me ten dollars. The price was reasonable enough; but I did not have more than half that sum, and the rule of the Discipline about not running in debt was very pertinent at this time; for I could see no probability of paying any debts which I might contract. I was comforted by the reflection that I had a whole week in which to make the journey, and I said to myself that I could walk the distance in that time; so, without mentioning the subject to any one else, when Monday morning

came I was off bright and early, and on foot. It was a beautiful day and I enjoyed the walk this first stage of my journey.

My course lay across the Nez Perces Indian Reservation. I followed the Potlatch Creek down to the Kooskooskee, as the natives call that river; then down this stream to the ferry at Lapwai, the old Indian Mission Station which was established in 1836. Here I crossed the river, and continued my walk up the Sweetwater Creek, and after a tramp of more than twenty miles I came to the home of Jonah Hays about four o'clock in the afternoon. Jonah gave me a most cordial greeting, and clung to my hand with childlike glee at the joy of seeing me again. While standing before his home, which consisted of a small frame house and a wigwam of cloth standing near it, he went into a lengthy recital of how, more than thirteen months before, he had gone to Conference, and he again repeated the story of that expedition, and told of how I had cared for him, and how he had returned to his home, and he concluded his narrative by calling me by name and saying: "You are my friend; you

come in and stay with me." Then he suddenly turned to me again, as if he had forgotten something, and asked: "Where are you going? How far have you walked to-day?" Upon my replying to his questions, he added, again calling me by name: "Too much walk; too much walk." I almost knew that the next day I should ride.

I found two families living in the establishment of Jonah Hays: himself and wife, and his married daughter and her husband, a white man, and their numerous children. The house had two rooms, one of which was very large and extended across the entire front of the building. This was a sort of combination living and sleeping-room, while the one in the rear was the dining-room and kitchen. The cloth tepee at the side of the house appeared to be of the primitive sort, with a fire in the center, a hole at the peak for the escape of smoke, and with ample room about the low sides for men, women, and children to lie with their feet toward the fire. That night all, except Jonah and his squaw and their guest, slept in the tepee, and the exceptions occupied low wooden beds of home manufacture in the house.

A couple of hours after my arrival it became evident that the evening meal was in a state of preparation, and a little before dark I was invited to sit down with the entire family to supper in the rear room of the house. A glance sufficed to convince one that there was enough to eat; for there were three or four quarters of dressed beef in various degrees of mutilation hanging on the sides of the room, thus making convenient resting places for the swarms of flies which infested the place, and which otherwise would have no doubt rested on the table. A long table was covered with oilcloth, on which were the various dishes and food. I did not remain hungry for a very long time; in fact, my appetite left me before I began to eat. Nearly all present seemed to relish the meal and ate heartily, and probably not more than one of the company noticed a not agreeable odor from the dressed meat which adorned the walls. I had no doubt but mine host was doing his best by me, and I was truly grateful.

Not long after supper the neighboring Indians, in response to a loud call from the throat

of Jonah, began to drop in, and the conversation which I could not understand, was quite animated. Presently my "friend" told me in good English that we would now have family worship, and that after singing he would expect me to read the Scriptures, and talk to his neighbors and lead in prayer. The singing was in the language of the natives and consisted of a very guttural rendering of "Jesus, Lover of my soul," accompanied by a very marked swaying of the body. Their stolid brown faces glowed with fervor and animation as they warmed up to the spirit of this old hymn, which appears to be adapted to soothe and comfort the burdened hearts of all tribes and races of men. During this service the women were seated on the floor, as there were only chairs enough for the men, and no self-respecting Indian would think of giving his squaw the preferable seat on an occasion like this. Such is the long-seated custom of heathenism, and it requires more teaching and example of Christianity than these Indians have yet possessed to reverse the old order of things. During many generations the women of the

tribes have performed the menial and hard service of procuring fuel, digging camas, carrying water, and bearing heavy burdens for the ease and comfort of the men, and they have thoroughly learned the lesson that in honor the lord and master is to be preferred.

The next morning soon after breakfast, which was before daybreak, Jonah again informed me that my walk was too much for me. Doubtless had I been a woman he would have thought nothing of it; but he disliked to have the sex disgraced by walking as I had been doing, and accordingly he appeared to be much exercised in mind on my account, fearing that I would perform too much of this kind of womanly service. I confessed to a feeling that he was telling the truth when he affirmed that I had walked too much, and soon I was made glad by noticing that Jonah was busy with his horses and saddles. It was not long before two horses were in readiness, and, one being assigned to me, we were soon on our way up the mountain which now must be crossed. Jonah accompanied me about twelve miles, which, considering the ascent, was

a positive "lift" on my journey, and his kindness was fully appreciated.

Before we parted he asked me to stop with him on my return, and urged me to fix the date, as he wished to have a meeting at which I should preach and administer the sacrament of baptism to one of his grandchildren. I complied with his wishes so far as making the appointment was concerned, after which he again reminded me that I was his friend and he mine, and we shook hands on the summit of Craig Mountain under the whispering pines, and I took up my tramp with the feeling of thankfulness that this Christian man, though a native son of the forest, was my friend.

During the next eight days my appointments were all met in their regular order, and it was my fortune to find friends who proved their friendship by helping me on my way, so that I did not walk more than half the distance in either going or returning. On the return trip I spent a night at a very pleasant and hospitable home about twenty-five miles from my Indian friend. The next night I would be due at the latter

place, and the intervening distance must be walked in a single day. The roads were quite heavy with mud, as the wet weather was still the rule. After an early breakfast I began the tramp for the day. The rain had now turned to snow, which was falling rapidly, and was three or more inches deep. Of course the walking through the ever-deepening snow on a mud foundation was anything but easy. On and on I trudged, the snow getting deeper and deeper for the first half the distance. At last, after noon, I came to the regular stopping place for travelers, and rested for a while, and then tramped on.

As I descended the mountain the snow decreased in depth, and finally turned to rain as it fell. About dark, as I was now well down the mountain, the rail fell in torrents, and before I reached my destination the mud was nearly as deep in places as the snow had been on the mountain. That day's tramp finally came to an end about eight o'clock, at which time I knocked at the cabin of my friend Jonah, thoroughly tired and fully drenched. I was truly in a sad condition, and hardly fit for religious service of a pub-

lic nature; yet the people were expecting me, and soon would begin to come for worship. I was glad to sit by the side of a great box-stove and dry myself by the heat of the roaring wood fire within. I drew off my socks and wrung the water out of them, while my shoes and trousers steamed in very gratitude. After the evening meal, which was somewhat delayed on my account, I resumed my position by the fire to complete the work of desiccation, while the congregation was assembling in the same room.

After a little time about twenty of the dusky natives were present and waiting. These were men, women and children, and more than half were crouched in heaps on the bare floor. Though it was still raining on the outside, these people did not miss the opportunity of assembling for worship. They were not afraid of spoiling their clothing or of loosing the crimps from their hair. They came with nothing but nature's covering on their head, unless it might be a blanket, which was used in some cases by being drawn over the head and shoulders or wrapped about the body. The few feathers which were worn on this occa-

sion were not ostrich plumes, and no flowers or ribbons were employed to set off their peculiar style of beauty.

After the baptismal service Jonah led in singing, in which exercise nearly all present joined, and at its conclusion mine host turned to me calling my name, and saying in a tone of authority, "You preach." In spite of his bearing and command, and knowing that he was the leading man of the community, and realizing that I was his guest, still I did not feel in the spirit for preaching. It seemed to me that a sermon was hardly needed on this occasion, but a very brief talk with a selection from the Word, read and explained in a familiar manner, would do more good and be more fitting. So I read a passage from the Gospels, and gave a few practical hints which I thought might do some good, and then turned to Jonah and with all the authority at my command, I said, "Jonah, now *you* preach." He was greatly pleased, and was certainly as willing as obedient, for he rose and in his own tongue addressed his neighbors for about twenty minutes, I have no

doubt more to their understanding and edification than I could have done. Meantime I sat by the stove and continued the drying process until I felt that my clothing was as dry as my words had been.

As there was other company in the house that night, nine of us, men, women, and children occupied the same room. The cloth tent outside was also full of lodgers. Though having a bed all to myself, I was restless, and the night seemed to be unusually long. Nine persons in one poorly ventilated room of ordinary size constitute altogether too dense a population for comfort or health.

The next morning Jonah again showed his friendship by saddling two horses, and then, in a steady rain, which lasted during the entire journey, he took me back to my starting point at the terminus of the railroad. About noon we entered the town, where I provided Jonah with stable-room for his horses, and we took dinner together at a restaurant which Jonah persisted in calling a "little hotel." My trip of ten days, ow-

ing to the goodness of my friends and the practice of close economy, had cost me less than two dollars. In this, however, I do not count the items of "wear and tear" over against which must be placed interesting and valuable experience with Indians and others.

CHAPTER XV.

The Elijah of the Cœur d'Alenes.

In January, 1893, I paid my first visit to the Cœur d'Alenes, as the highest group of mountains in Northern Idaho is called. This is a well known and justly famous mining region, from which many millions of dollars' worth of silver and lead and other minerals have been taken. The region is about one hundred miles to the east of Spokane, in the Pan Handle of the State. The towns of the section in order of size are Wallace, Wardner, Murray, Mullen, Burke, and Gem. The first named is a wholesale and residence town; the others are typical mining camps, where the floating population of toilers make their homes, many of which are of a temporary nature.

This group of towns and camps, with the intervening country, has a population of about ten thousand people. The section is reached by two

railroads, branches of the Northern and Union Pacific systems. For many years this region has been known, and with good reason, as a very wicked section. Saloons, gambling dens, and allied evils are everywhere to be found, and at this time were all "wide open." There were but a very few of the people who made any distinction among the days of the week whereby a Christian Sabbath was recognized, nearly all kinds of work being done and business conducted on that day the same as on others. Drunkenness, carousals, and fightings were so common as to attract little or no attention beyond the excitement of the moment. This section has since been the scene of several riots and labor troubles of such magnitude as to require the presence of the militia, and even the troops of the General Government, in order to protect life and property, and a few years ago the entire section was under martial law for several months after an outbreak of more than ordinary violence, which resulted in the loss of life and much valuable property.

At this particular time when I visited Wallace and Wardner, one of our ministers had been in

charge at the latter place for a number of years, but had not succeeded in effecting an organization of the Church at any of these places. This was a strange situation, where a Methodist minister could serve as pastor for a long time, among ten thousand people and fail to organize some of them into societies. At Wallace the Southern Methodists had a church building and a small class, but their efforts were rewarded by very small results. The Protestant Episcopalians and Baptists, each had a building here also, but appeared to be accomplishing but little.

Our pastor, who lived at Wardner, was an old and highly esteemed man, who was familiarly known as Father White, a handsome and patriarchal person in appearance, and as noble and good and true as he looked. He was a man who knew no compromise with evil or the appearance of evil. He was very blunt and outspoken in manner and speech, and at times, when wrought up with his theme, whether in preaching or in conversation, he presented the appearance, to people who did not know him, of being in anger; but a kinder man at heart never lived. He

loved the people he worked among as a true pastor always does, though only a few were fortunate enough to make the discovery, such a strange and rough way had he of showing his affection. He was a voice crying in the wilderness of sin about him. His conception of his ministerial duty was that he must cry out against iniquity and spare not, and faithfully did he perform his mission. He effected no organization of the Church during his four or five years' pastorate in this field, for he found but few whom he was willing to receive into Church fellowship, and these few were unwilling to enter upon this unpopular relationship. He delivered his message whenever and wherever opportunity afforded, not only on the Sabbath in his hired hall, but in the home, the hotel, the market, the mine, the office of the mine owner or manager, or wherever he could find one or more to listen. If any persons gave him opportunity to speak his mind, they were in courtesy compelled to hear him to the end. His hobby was Sabbath observance, and he firmly believed, and therefore taught, that people must keep God's law of the Sabbath or

the entire structure of society would topple into ruin. He everywhere taught that the miners of the Cœur d'Alenes would come to grief if they continued in their course of disobelience. He talked to the managers and owners of the mines, and wrote to the absent stockholders, and his voice of warning declared that they were "sowing the wind, and they would reap the whirlwind." He repeatedly affirmed that this was a region of unsurpassed wealth, and if properly managed it would be as it ought to be, a very prosperous and happy section, but to this end the people must keep God's laws. His censures upon the mine-owners were most severe and persistent. He would frequently ring the changes on the truth as follows: "If you insist upon bringing a lot of men here and refuse to allow them to keep the Sabbath, you are helping to break down the home and all kindred institutions. Some men would gladly rest on the Lord's day, but you will not permit it, as you require them to toil seven days in the week, and if you force men to break God's law you must not find fault if they break man's law, too. You will some day see this when

it will be too late, for you will suffer from the hands of the very men whom you now force to toil in violence of the laws of both God and man." Thus he hurled the truths of his soul at all classes of violators of law, and some were compelled to listen and to tremble as he poured in the truth with words of fire.

Father White met me at the station as I stepped from the train at Wardner that January day, and we walked and talked together for a mile up the canyon, where the town extends along both the terraced sides of the ravine, now stripped of its native trees. We climbed up a rugged foot-path on the mountain-side to the cabin which served as the parsonage. This man of God was without family on earth, and lived alone in a log house of one room, twelve by fourteen feet in size. Here he slept, and read, and thought, and prayed. He lived near God and he spoke God's message. People respected him when they nearly broke his heart by disregarding the truths which he uttered. He had a number of faithful hearers, and no doubt some of them were Christian people. His Sunday-school, which met each Sab-

bath in the schoolhouse, doubtless accomplished much good among the children, though it was not a popular institution. Most people who knew Father White would acknowledge that he set them to thinking, and there is no good reason for doubting that he was all the time sowing seed which in time would bear a harvest for others to gather.

On the occasion of this visit we went to Wallace to study the situation at that center. We stopped at a hotel, in the public room of which there were about forty or fifty persons idling away the time and trying to keep warm, for the weather was bitter cold. The dining-room adjoined this office or waiting-room, with an open arch between. While eating my dinner, Father White remained in the office with the men. Presently I discovered that he held the floor. I inferred that some one had asked him about the conditions at Wardner, and in reply he made a ten-minute speech which contained several sermons in one, but, like concentrated food, the substance was all there. He was walking the floor, and he held his audience well as the truth

rolled from his lips in impassioned oratory. He was saying something about like this:

"There will be trouble yet in this region. The mine operators have brought in men to work for them, some of whom would be glad to rest on the Sabbath, and all of whom would do better work if they did, for it always pays to keep the commandments of the Creator; but they are not allowed to do so, and as a result of their enforced violation of God's commands, they are taught to break human laws and disregard all law, and as a further result there will come a time when they will trample all law under foot, and we shall have a condition of anarchy. I tell you this course will yet cost the owners of these mines millions of dollars, besides much bloodshed. I have watched this thing all the way from California and Nevada up to the British line for the past forty years, and I know the truth of what I say; and when it is too late men will see that I tell the truth, and they will then rue the day they thus trampled under foot the laws of Jehovah. Suffering, sacrifice, and blood will all follow such a course as is now being pursued."

In this manner he drove the truth home to the hearts of his listeners; for none could with safety interrupt him while speaking. He had learned that, in order to have his say out to the finish, he must keep on talking regardless of what might take place, and accordingly his rule was to keep at it until he had carried his point by making his auditors listen, whether they agreed with him or not. His prophecy came true in this case to the very letter. He spoke with the foresight of a seer. He earned for himself the sobriquet of "the Elijah of the Cœur d'Alenes," by which honored title he was known by many.

Ten years have passed since then, and great progress has been made by the Church in those parts. We now have societies or classes in five or more places, have three good church buildings and two parsonages, and we are strongest in Wallace, where at that time we had not even a name to live. It is my belief that Father White, with all his peculiarities, did a good and much needed work in that section, and was the forerunner of others who have been more successful builders; but Father White laid the foundation upon which they have built.

CHAPTER XVI.

Oasis and Desert.

THE lakes of Northern Idaho are famous for their beautiful and picturesque setting. The water is deep and clear and pure, and the mountains, in many instances, rise to dizzy heights above the surface. Their sides are covered with fir and pine, and their reflection on the mirror surface of the water is almost beyond description. These lakes are, for the most part, water-filled canyons, with the sides extending for a long distance both below and above the water's edge. So still is the water of these almost fathomless lakes that all sediment sinks to the bottom and the water issues at the outlet pure and clear.

The largest of these fresh water bodies are the Lake Cœur d'Alene and Lake Pend d'Oreille, each being about fifty miles long by from one to thirty miles broad. In common with all other

lakes of this section, these abound with fish and are the home of countless waterfowl. The outlet of Lake Pend d'Oreille is a river bearing the same name, a most beautiful and interesting stream which flows to the northwest through forty miles of the most beautiful and picturesque natural woodland and meadow one ever saw, until all of a sudden it appears to plunge into the solid side of a wall of rock, but in reality enters a narrow box canyon with high and precipitous walls, which extend upward for many feet on both sides of the now narrow and raging torrent. In the time of high water, which occurs in the month of May when the snows melt from the mountains, this canyon is too narrow to allow the increased volume of water to pass as rapidly as it reaches its entrance, and, as a result, it backs up and overflows a vast extent of country, thus forming a great lake which lasts for a few weeks of each year, and submerges many square miles of splendid meadow lands. The farmers who own this land build their homes, barns, and other buildings at the base of the surrounding hills at what is supposed to be above the high-water

mark. Sometimes, however, in the event of very high water, the buildings become partly submerged.

A few years ago a minister was sent for the first time to serve this section. I shall not soon forget my first visit to this virgin field, because of the novel method of reaching it and of my hearty reception by the pastor and his good wife. I went by rail to the nearest station, thinking to go from there by stage-coach to a place called Usk, which was the center of the community; but, on arriving, found there would be no stage for two days, as the route had only a twice-a-week service. What to do I did not at first know; but, upon inquiry, I learned that Usk, where our pastor was supposed to reside, was down the Pend d'Oreille River about twenty miles. The thought came to me that if I could get a small boat I could, in the half day still at my disposal, row and float down to my destination, and send the boat back to its owner by a steamer which occasionally passed up and down the river. This thought became a fact, and that afternoon I enjoyed one of the most pleasant and

interesting boat-rides I had ever taken. It was a beautiful summer day, and all nature was smiling in sunshine. The scenery was as wild and varied as the native forests described by Cooper in his tales of early New York. The water of the river was so clear that schools of fish could be distinctly seen at the bottom of the stream as they sported on the light gravelly bottoms. The river was quite wide and shallow in places, and elsewhere it became a narrow and rapid torrent.

Night overtook me before Usk was reached, and when I finally came to it I did not know the place until I made inquiry at the one house which constituted it, and gave shelter to the post-office. When I found the pastor, it was at his home in a log house a mile distant. What a hearty welcome he and his wife gave me! With what relish I partook of the food which was spread before me, and how glad I was to lie down and rest in the bed prepared for me, even though it was spread on the floor!

How marked the contrast between this spot and others like it in being favored by nature, and

many other places in the same commonwealth! The State of Idaho, like other Northwestern States, has hundreds of thousands of acres of arid land where almost nothing grows except sagebrush and cactus. Strangers to these parts of our country, on passing through for the first time, often express their disappointment at the barrenness of the land. The soil is dry and dusty, with here and there patches of lava rock, which constitute the "scab land," with sagebrush covering the entire surface from mountain to mountain. This land, which appears so valueless to the stranger, is nearly all susceptible of a high state of cultivation; for wherever water can be obtained for irrigation it proves to be wonderfully fruitful, and becomes exceedingly valuable. But in the central part of the State there is a tract of worthless land known as the "lava-beds," about fifty by one hundred miles in extent. Even sagebrush refuses to grow on parts of this great desert tract. In places a species of cedar ekes out a precarious existence, and sends out its roots like great serpents over and among the rocks. Cottontails, owls, lizards, and rattlesnakes are

members of the animal kingdom which here possess the land, and to these nearly all others have yielded their claims. As a matter of course this desert is not inhabited by man, though people live on all sides of it, and at times must needs cross it.

On the western side of this barren region is a beautiful and extended valley, through which flows a stream a hundred or more miles in length, which rolls a large volume of water toward the desert as if resolved to render it fruitful and habitable, but it soon becomes lost after reaching the barren lands. Does it flow under ground for another hundred miles to burst out finally in the "Thousand Springs" on the north bank of the Snake River Canyon? Such is the theory of some, and not without probability of its being true. This stream is known as the Lost River. Indeed, there are two streams which meet the same fate near their confluence, and they are known as the Big and the Little Lost Rivers, and the country drained by them is "the Lost River Country." In crossing this desert it is necessary to take along water for the use of man and beast. If this is neglected, great suffering, or even death,

may ensue. Freighters crossing this tract carry with them the water-barrel as regularly as they do their axle-grease, and in some instances the former is the more valuable.

Prior to 1902 all freight and passengers for the Lost River Country had to cross this desert by team, and freighting was the occupation of hundreds of people. As nearly all these employed teams of from four to twelve horses, a large number of these animals were annually worn out in this service. In addition to this, a regular stage-line, with the old fashioned rockaway Concord coaches, carried the mail and passengers from Blackfoot to Challis and return, making the distance of the round trip of three hundred miles in sixty hours. These stage-coaches left the terminal points every day, drawn by four or six horses each, and passengers and mail were expected to make a continuous passage without stopping to sleep. Fifty miles of this journey lay across the desert; but the route lay by the base of a large butte, which divided the distance where was a small spring and eating and feeding station. These stage rides were al-

ways attended with hardship, but were not wanting in interesting features.

It was my fortune once to ride in front—or on the "boot," as it was called—with a garrulous driver, who like most professional stage conductors, was inclined to be boastful of his horsemanship and general success as a Jehu. He proudly affirmed that he always had the best "stock" on the line, because he always took the best care of it, and understood the nature and management of horses as most drivers did not. He asserted, without hesitation, that he never had any trouble with balky horses, and they never refused to go at his bidding, and never kicked. Other drivers were greatly troubled with this kind of animals, but he had the knack of getting along with them without delay or embarrassment. Indeed, judging from the six which he was now driving, it looked as though he might be telling the truth; but I had heard so much of his talk that I was skeptical. At nine o'clock that night we changed horses, and four fine-looking animals took the place of the former six. Our fortunate and skillful driver, who knows so much more than others

concerning horseflesh, gives the word to start as he deftly gathers the reins in his hands, and three of the four refuse to move out of their tracks. After some persuading and some words which are unfit to print, they all begin and execute a very interesting dance with kicking accompaniments, but with a stubborn refusal to travel. Forty minutes of valuable time is consumed in this entertainment before we are again on our way. I am again on the box with the driver of horses which never balk or kick, but he is not so communicative as he was a few hours before on the subject which is ever near the teamster's heart.

In October, 1900, I was at the town of Houston, on this line, on my way to Blackfoot, the railroad point at that time. The schedule time for the stage to pass through this place is four o'clock in the afternoon of each day, and the journey across the desert would be taken during the night. This trip was always dreaded, especially by ladies. At this time and place I met a lady, who, upon learning that I was soon to make the journey to the railroad, asked about my plans.

I told her that on the following Monday night I would board the stage at a point about thirty miles on the way at about ten o'clock. As she was desirous of having company for the long and tiresome night journey, she expressed a determination to go out on the same stage. Accordingly, at the time which I had named, I hailed the stage in front of the schoolhouse where I had conducted service, and asked the driver if he could convey me to Blackfoot. He answered in the affirmative, and told me to open the curtain or door to the coach and climb in. Another man was on the boot with the driver, who shouted to me to take the back seat. I was a trifle surprised at this, and for the instant wondered why the rear seat was not taken. It was so dark when I cast a glance into the depths of the coach that I could see nothing; but I supposed, of course, it was occupied. At a venture, not knowing who was inside, but supposing it was the lady from Houston, I said, "Good evening," but received not a word in reply. However, as I climbed in I accidentally placed my hand on some obstacle

which I felt certain was a human knee, but a hasty "beg pardon" failed to elicit any response. I sat down in the rear seat which I had all to myself, and called to the driver to go ahead, but was in a state of uncertainty as to who was my companion, if I had one. Thinking I had performed my share of the salutation I decided to wait for future developments. It was so very dark I could see absolutely nothing, and the rumbling of the coach was such that I could not hear any other sound, yet I felt certain that some one was in the coach facing me, and I fell to wondering if the woman who had begged for my protection on the trip was playing me a trick.

For a few miles we went on in this condition of uncertainty, with no sound within save that which came from without. Presently we stopped to change horses, and the outside passenger came to the side and lifted the canvas door and struck a match, saying as he did so, "Well, boys, how are you making it?" As the match lighted up the interior of the coach, I saw, instead of my anticipated lady traveling companion, two rough and swarthy Indians sitting

side by side with handcuffs on their wrists, and bound fast to each other. They were on their way to the penitentiary, and the man who was escorting them was the officer having them in charge. The woman from Houston had waited for better company, and my ride across the desert of Idaho was, as usual, without the refining influences of the gentler sex.

In the following July the trip was again made on the ingoing stage, and among the passengers was a gentleman and his wife from Michigan. This was their first visit to the West, and their first stage ride, and they said it was the first time they had ever encountered dust. No doubt it was the first time they had ever seen it in such blinding quantity as, at times, wholly to shut the leaders of the six horses from sight. If one has never seen such dust as this, he will not be able to appreciate the situation. Of course the lady's face, like the face of the others, became completely coated with dust, but not to sufficient depth entirely to conceal the look of utter disgust which it also wore. I shall not soon forget the withering look she gave me in reply to my audibly

expressed opinion that her face needed soap and water more than any other face in the company. Like the rest of us she took her picture on the towel at the station where we stopped for dinner. Rocky Mountain dust and a Concord coach are wonderful levelers of society, and a few hours' experience with them will convert a fair countenance into the appearance of a Mongolian, and will largely solve the color problem by making all alike.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Niagara of the West.

If Shoshone Falls were as well known as is Niagara, we might, when referring to the latter, call it the Shoshone of the East. Probably ten thousand people have seen Niagara to every one person who has looked upon Shoshone, so inaccessible is this marvel of the Snake; and yet there are not wanting persons who have become familiar with both, who are in honest doubt as to which is the greater natural wonder. It is very difficult to make a comparison between these two great falls, because they are so unlike, and yet in some respects they are quite similar. In each instance an entire river makes a superb leap, though, in the case of the Snake, the water seems to hesitate at first as it flounders among the rocks, now making a short dash, now turning aside; then another leap as if to test its strength, or as if in fear of the awful chasm; and at last it seems to have yielded to the inevitable, and makes its

final and terrific plunge into the foaming and seething and darkened mass of water far below.

The Niagara is bifurcated by a dividing island where the plunge begins, while the Western river makes its final leap, in times of high water, as one unbroken body, though at other times it is divided by a dozen projecting rocks, and the rapids, just above the last plunge, are broken by islands into numerous rugged and tumbling channels. The entire fall of the Snake is two hundred and ten feet, and is thus forty feet greater than Niagara, but the fall of the latter is all perpendicular, while this is true of only about three-fourths of Shoshone. The surroundings of these great natural wonders are very dissimilar. Niagara falls two hundred and twenty-five feet in its course of twenty-five miles, and the Snake drops five hundred feet in one-sixth of that distance. Niagara is in a setting of beautiful green with a plethora of vegetation on all sides, while the Snake is in the midst of a desert region, where volcanic power has thrown up great masses of brown lava, which stand on every hand in the utmost confusion. The entire setting is dark, gloomy, awe-inspiring, awful. Man, as

yet, has scarcely disturbed the solitude of the place. The falls are more than twenty miles from the railroad and from the town which bears their name. Here, in loneliness which is almost overpowering in its impressiveness, the tortuous Snake, nine hundred feet wide, makes its terrific leap.

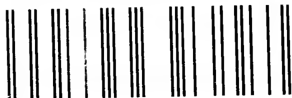
Mr. John Burroughs has expressed himself in the following language: "Shoshone Falls is probably second only to Niagara; less in volume, but of greater height, and with a far more striking and picturesque setting. Indeed, it is a sort of double Niagara, one of rocks and one of water, and the beholder hardly knows which is the more impressive. Niagara is the more imposing; Shoshone is the more ideal and poetic. It is a fall from an abyss into a deeper abyss."

It is little wonder that a visitor has written as follows:

"The Mammoth Cave, Niagara Falls,
And California's monster trees,
Yosemite and Yellowstone,—
Shoshone Falls must rank with these.

Mighty rush of waters,
Mighty massive walls,
Thunder, mist and rainbow,—
Great Shoshone Falls."

SEP 1 19[illegible]


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 017 137 540 A