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A DESCRIPTIVE NARRATIVE.

HISTORY AND TRAVELS

—OF A—

Wanderer in Many States and Places of
Interest in this Fair Land
of Ours

—BY—

Amanda E. Miller Bates

NORMAL, ILLINOIS.

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AMANDA E. MILLER BATES.

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DEDICATION.

To my beloved pupils, and teachers, to whom I have ever been much attached,

To those who have listened attentively and patiently to my imperfect instruction, and faithfully performed the duties assigned them, and to those who have urged a publication from me some years ago. I affectionately dedicate the wanderings of myself and remember them all with a loving heart.

AMANDA E. MILLER BATES.

She had sailed on a steamer from New York harbor by way of Cape Horn. My other aunt went to California in 1849, over the plains in wagon. I was soon in the Humbolt region. I saw where the river rose from springs, rode by the river for miles, then saw where it sinks into the earth. This place is called the "Sink of the Humbolt." Near it are the Humbolt Mountains. At this sink many weary emigrants have labored hard and long to get through. It is a mire. I wondered how my aunt Nancy Jackson had traversed the plain with two small children, to her home in the far West. She made this journey before my birth. She reached California in November, 1849. My uncle Ben Jackson, a cousin of Stonewall is captain of the California Pioneers or 49ers as they are called. They lived in Peoria county, Illinois.

I saw the "Maiden's Grave," high on the mountain top, it seemed inaccessible to man or beast. The grave is marked with a wooden cross and is a landmark. The old emigrant road is in sight of the railroad for many miles. There are many things to interest the traveler enroute to California. I passed Julesburg, where so many emigrants had been murdered by Indians, I mailed my second postal card to my mother at this place. One town I passed was a Prairie dog town. I saw hundreds of their dwellings. Their companions were owls and rattlesnakes. At the least noise these little dogs scamper about and run into their holes, head first while their tails stick out in open air. When one shoots at them, it is very hard to hit them, they are so quick. Next I saw many Mormon settlements. I decided to visit the great city of "Salt Lake" on my way home. I saw where the "Mountain Meadow Massacre" occurred, Indians were led on to do the bloody work by designing white men, Mormons by their religious creed. I was now in Utah, and was riding beside

the great lake. It is beautiful in appearance. I gazed long at the Pyramid lake, which has a number of huge rocks like Pyramids jutting above the surface.

I had passed the mountain of the Holy Cross. I had seen Pikes Peak in the distance. I was now leaving the snow covered mountains, for valleys where the trees were putting forth green leaves, where the grass was green and tender, with here and there a yellow buttercup. The cattle were feeding on the hillside. The vegetation had changed from the hickory, elm, oak and maple. Here was walnut, magnolia, pepper, mansanita and the variety of redwoods. The fruit trees were white with bloom. The sudden change from winter to spring was grand and fascinating. Next was a large field of barley where men were harvesting.

My fondest hope was realized. I had reached California. At Truckee I beheld a sluice box for washing gold. I saw the machinery for hydraulic mining. It was from Truckee where Senator's Fair Flood and Field took their famous boat-ride down a Nevada water flume. They soon decided they would never again make themselves equal to pine slabs, and thus float off. I had reached the capital, Sacramento, but had to wait until 2 p. m., in order to reach Napa city. I took a cab to a hotel, took my trunk, got dinner, took a bath, changed my traveling apparel, paid the sum of twenty-five cents for all the accommodation.

The tickets cost the same to Sacramento as to San Francisco. I decided to get all I could for the money. I bought a ticket for San Francisco, so now I sold my remaining ticket for \$4.60, and bought a ticket to Napa for \$1.50. I sent a telegram to my cousin, I. E. Howell, that I would arrive at Napa at 6 p. m. I enjoyed my dinner of fresh vegetables, cherry pie, fresh peaches. I next wrote a letter to my mother

in Illinois, that I had arrived safely at Sacramento and that I would reach Napa city, and her sister at 6 p. m. I had been on the road five days and nights from Galesburg. I had to change cars at Napa junction.

When I alighted from the train I was so delighted with the sunshine that I stood on the platform like every one else did, examining the baggage that was piled off. There were only a few trunks and few passengers that got off at this crossing. I was looking at my trunk, when a tall, handsome, young man stepped up to the trunk, read the name on the card on the top, then said to several ladies of us, "who claims this trunk?" I then stepped to the trunk, when he inquired, "Are you Miss Miller?" "I answer to that name." He then said that he was my cousin, I. E. Howell, who had come to meet me.

He then informed me that he was a pallbearer at a funeral, when the telegram reached him. This cousin who met me came to California, when near a year old, accompanied by his parents, who sailed from New York, in 1851, around Cape Horn.

After a few days I became rested and I was feeling better than I had for some time. I had been troubled with a cough, all the winter and spring. I met many people who were interested in me. Some knew and liked my aunt and uncle so well, that they gave me a warm welcome. I was a Methodist too, and the church at Napa was very large, then the college was of that denomination. Being a teacher, I became acquainted with teachers, and students of the college. There was one a Professor Buck that all the girls gazed fondly on. He was smart, good looking and rich and as a teacher on mathematics he had few equals. The girls were not timid in telling me about the charms of this Professor. I was

not aware that I had made an impress, until I had gone with Aunt Jackson to spend a few weeks, at Atlas Peak, a mountain resort, about fifteen miles distant. The home was kept by a widower named Evans.

I had enjoyed the roses and geraniums at Napa to my heart's content. I had met cousin Mary Pierson and Carrie Jackson, then in her teens.

My cousin, Mary Pierson's husband was a glovemaker by trade. He made beautiful gloves for both ladies and gentlemen. Dressed the buckskin from the rough for his work. He was a money maker, his wife went with us to spend a few weeks at the peak.

The road was mountainous, but the scenery delightful, The climate considerable cooler than at Napa. I was past twenty years old, just old enough for fun. Of all the nice berries, fruit, flowers, quail, I got my share. We furnished our own rooms but took meals with Mr. Evans.

The daily stage from Napa brought the mail. Much to my surprise on Tuesday, of the second week here, the Professor, to spend a part of his vacation. My fun all spoilt. But I was still invited to help cut the roses each day, when to my chagrin I was asked how I would like to live at the peak for good. I could not think of such a thing, my home was in Illinois. I told him I was a heartless creature, but that my heart was walking the streets of Philadelphia, sad and forlorn, while I was at Atlas Peak with him and the Professor.

Now aunt was real glad the Professor had come out, but in one week more aunt, cousins, Professor and I came to Napa on the stage. Two years afterward the Professor married my friend, Mattie Amos.

The old man at the peak is dead long since. My aunt and cousin, Mrs. Pierson, are gone from earth, cousin Carrie

Jackson is now married to Captain Redman of United States Navy, situated at Mare Island Navy Yard. But should I visit California again, I should want to take a ride to Atlas Mountain, and see the sun rise on the mountain once again. I visited Gesford's peach orchard, ten acres in peaches, all sizes, then there were the apricots, nectarines, figs, plums of all varieties and grapes. There were the Black Prince, the Flaming Tokay, White Muscatel, from which nearly all the good raisins are made. Then the almonds. I was delighted with the fruit, of pears and quinces there seemed no end. I was interested in their Chinese cook. They learn cooking easily, when once told or shown how to do a thing they never forget it. This cook was being taught how to make cake, the lady broke an egg into a dish, the next one happening to be a bad one she threw it into the slop-pail; the next was bad, she put it into the slop-pail also. The next was saved. The Chinese caught the idea. When he made cake, one egg went into a dish two into the slop-pail each time.

I was visiting at the Amesbury place, one of the most elegant country homes in Napa county. It is in a beautiful valley called Brown's Valley. The Amesbury's had crossed the Isthmus of Panama on mule, back in 1849, then took ship to San Francisco. They had no children of their own; but had an adopted daughter, who was just sixteen years old, and desired my company very much. I had been teaching the Brown's Valley school and she was my oldest pupil. Then when vacation came I was invited to her home, for a few weeks. I was delighted with the fruit and flowers of that home. They had a Chinese cook. They are like the Americans in one way. Some are very particular about their food, while others prefer a dish of rice and rats to anything else. Some eat with knife and fork, while those who prefer a rice diet

eat entirely with the chopstick. I have no great love for the Chinese, except to give him the light of God. I have a relic from China, which I prize. It is a back-scratcher, an ivory hand with fingers, fastened to a long handle, of redwood, quite a useful article. I also have learned to make a Chinese embroidery on silk, and with silk, which is very beautiful. While at Uncle Howell's in Napa, a Chinaman brought me some Chinese candy. It was green olives dried in salt. They were horrid, I burned them.

The beautiful magnolia tree with its highly perfumed flower, such a beautiful snowy white, delighted me and the roses, there was no end to them. I had never seen any California cherries. My cousin sent a gallon of very fine ones, over to the house, with the word that they were for me to eat what I wanted. I did not know how many there were of them, until I had eaten the last cherry, my cousin said at dinner, "where are your cherries?" I said, "I have eaten them all up." He laughed heartily. I really did eat every one of a gallon of cherries. They were delicious. I thought I had better call a physician, but aunt calmed my fears by saying they would never hurt me. She said, that she enjoyed seeing me eat those cherries. They were as large as small plums and dead ripe.

The wild ivy vines crept over many an old tree and many of the beautiful yards were fenced with rose trees of white, yellow, and red. I delighted to throw a club into an almond tree and hear the nuts fall thick and fast, then gather them in my apron, and eat as long as I could. When I left Illinois, I weighed one hundred and fifteen pounds, May 14, 1876, on September 14, I weighed one hundred and sixty pounds. The change was such a good one, I enjoyed it so thoroughly. No snow at Napa. No thunder or lightning, but an earthquake sometimes.

Such vegetables, I saw a beet that weighed eighty pounds; such melons, pumpkins, pears as large as a common sugar bowl, such grapes. My cousin had sent me some grapes, by express to Duncan, Stark county, Illinois, the largest bunch sent weighed eleven pounds. The fruit there never seems to hurt one, no difference how much you eat. While teaching school at Brown's Valley I feasted. The little girls brought baskets of fruit each day for the teacher. I had not thought to teach while there, but a teacher whom the County Superintendent had allowed to begin a school, failed in the examination for certificate. I attended the examination out of curiosity and to my surprise got a certificate. The County Superintendent was an old friend to uncle and was a young man whom I had made the acquaintance of, Mr. Fellows by name, who asked me to take the vacated place. I had no serious objection to \$95 per month payable in gold, when money was worth \$1.13 for every gold dollar. This was big pay for me, who had taught the year before for \$45; so I took the place and had I remained there, I might have been rich, for I was very successful. The school was one mile from the city. Uncle had a Mustang pony, I bought a new saddle and went on pony back, to and from the school. This teaching at Brown's Valley, California is of the delightful memories of my life.

I only taught twenty days for a month and on Friday I dismissed for the day at 2 p. m. I had thirty pupils. One little Indian boy, who rode six miles on a horse without a bridle, and a negro boy who would steal all the pencils and pens in the schoolroom, if you were not careful. The schoolhouse was a neat white frame, surrounded by oak and redwood trees. A few yards off ran a beautiful creek, where we could pick up plenty, of Indian arrow heads, beads, etc.,

under the limbs of the older trees, hung the most beautiful moss and bunches of mistletoe. To the south of the school-house was a three-hundred acre wheat field. The wheat was cut by a header, threshed out and put in bags, and there were many piles of these wheat bags, as high as a man, which lay on the ground for weeks, no rain or dew to dampen them. There was great demand for white men for the wheat fields, as a Chinaman is no good there. He can washee, he can cookee, he can gardenee, but has no more idea about using a horse to labor or drive than we would have of an elephant. He thinks the faster he drives and the harder he whips the better driver he is. He never stops for bridges, children or anything, when he is out for a drive. They put one in mind of a man who has been to grog-shop.

CHINAMAN'S RANCH.

I made a trip, driving about eight miles northwest from Pasadena, across the Arroyo Seco, over the foothills beyond La Canada, then down a hill into a beautiful valley. I found Ham Lou Sam, Americanized for convenience into plain Sam at home.

Sam was born in Canton, China, came to this country when a boy sixteen years of age. Sam's ranch covers one hundred and forty acres, all under cultivation, with a dark, rich soil. It is bounded on the east by a small range of hills, west by mountains with a fine view for a long distance either north or south. It is all operated by himself. He decides what seed to plant and what work is to be done, directs the peddling wagons, besides driving one himself, and is his own book-keeper and cashier. The wagons leave every morning in the year at 6 a. m., except on Sunday and the Chinese New Year. I asked Sam what day was Sunday in China: "Have no Sun-

day there; but here same Sunday as in United States." His fields are laid out like checker boards, and are kept clean of weeds. The crops are alternated, a lot which raised cauliflower this year must have something entirely different next. Everything changes every year. He says he has two hundred forty bushels of potatoes on one acre. He has three acres in strawberries. He has a well ninety feet deep, water is raised by gasoline engine. He employs eighteen men, one as cook, and one as a general superintendent. He has five peddling wagons, with two horses each, extra horses for farm work, an endless supply of gardening tools. He raises all his feed for stock, a big flock of pigeons and plenty of ducks and chickens for eggs and eating. They all rise at 5 a. m. It was a novelty to see them eat with chopsticks. Coffee for breakfast. I said, "Sam have all the vegetables he want for eating?" "Chinaman don't eat much vegetable; most all meat and rice, chicken, duck, and pigeon. Every Sunday we have eight chickens, or each man a pigeon." "Sam how can you cut meat with chopsticks?" "No it all cut up when it comes on the table." "But Sam how about rats?" "You know better than that, poor Chinaman get lots bad talk about rats; he eat pies and sweet things." He had plenty of dishes, pans, pots, kettles. His place is much better kept than some American ranches I have seen.

I can not begin to mention the beauties nor the wonders of California, when I saw acres in calla lilies and thirteen acres in carnations at Redondo Beach. California is simply a flower garden. There is something in the soil, in the water or the sun that makes such wonderful growth, everything seems to fully develop and everything tries for the mastery.

Pasadena, February 11, 1898.

The Rev. J. H. Kelly a negro preacher, swallowed a live mouse last night and lives to tell the story.

Mr. Kelly, who is pastor of the Friendship Baptist Church, had been reading a newspaper and fell asleep with his mouth wide open. As he was lying on his back, a mouse, attracted by loud snores, crawled into the wide open mouth and squealing and clawing, continued down the food canal into the stomach. The pastor, jumping to his feet and gasping for breath, got on his wheel and rode to the nearest doctor. Epicac brought the mouse up, after two hours.

The resources of southern California are great. The only tin mine in United States worked to any extent is at Corona, Riverside county, California. Out door life is practicable at every season of the year in southern California. It is said by the oldest inhabitants that in the old Spanish days throat and lung trouble and rheumatism were practically unknown. The desert, with its stretches of balsamic plants, its dry and pure air, woos the consumptive to its arms and promises him healing. Every mountain side has its white tents of health seekers, or tourists.

LOS ANGELES.

To the westward of Los Angeles stretches the Chuenga Valley, bordered on the north by the Santa Monica Mountains, and losing itself, thirty miles from the city of Los Angeles, on the beach of the Pacific Ocean. To the northward opens another great valley, which, but a few miles from the city, bends to the westward and takes the name of San Fernando Valley, which terminates in a pass opening into the Simi Valley, the latter in turn broadening until it opens into the wide plains of Ventura and Santa Barbara counties. Eastward from the city opens the great central valley of southern California, crossing the San Gabriel and Santa Ana rivers and, sixty miles away, bending to the southeast to in-

clude the wide reaches of the San Jacinto plains. To the southeast from Los Angeles reaches the great coast plain extending to the Mexican line, opening in many directions into lesser valleys and including in its expansive territory, such cities as Santa Ana and San Diego. Besides these valleys are many mountain passes leading to mining districts on the deserts and opening the way for unlimited railway lines to the east and north. Nor has man been slow to recognize the design of nature, here centered the labors of the pious missionary father, who sought the salvation of the primitive heathen, who roamed over the valleys and mountains of southern California.

At Sherman, a small but pretty little town near Los Angeles is located the powerhouse of the Santa Monica and Los Angeles Electric railroad. South of Sherman is the Palms, where in particular the lemon is grown. Between Sherman and Santa Monica is the National Soldiers' Home, where two thousand veterans of the Civil War are guests of the government; in comfortable quarters. Santa Monica is one of the leading seaside resorts of southern California, bathing on the fine beach is enjoyed throughout the year. Near by is the long wharf of the Southern Pacific railroad, known as Port Los Angeles. One scarcely passes beyond the city limits to the northward before entering a rich fruit producing section. Tropic, Verdugo, Glendale, and West Glendale form a cluster of prosperous little towns at the entrance of the San Fernando Valley, while a pass through the hills to the north leads to the fruit colonies of La Canada and La Crescenta. Thirty thousand acres in the San Fernando Valley are held by one company as an immense grain field, while about the rim of the valley are many small fruit ranches. At Burbank is a large acreage of apricots, while at San Fernando

are hundreds of acres of orange orchards. About half of all the orange orchards in the world, lie in the great central valley, between Los Angeles on the west and Redlands and Riverside on the east, a stretch of about seventy miles. Pomona, Claremont and San Dimas, are important places; at Claremont is Pomona college.

West of Claremont is Lordsburg, a dunkard settlement, they have a fine college. Olive raising is one of the chief industries. Alhambra is another beautiful suburb of Los Angeles. Southeast of Los Angeles is the great walnut growing section.

Redondo is a pleasant and well patronized seaside resort. Long Beach is where many religious gatherings are held, while San Pedro is important, as a site for a harbor to be built by the government.

The city of San Diego lies on the beautiful bay, with a fine harbor, from which there is about to be started a trans-pacific steamship line, to operate in connection with the Santa Fe railroad, and make of this port a center for Asiatic, Philippine and Hawaiian trade. This place also will be greatly benefited by the Nicaragua Canal. The climate of San Diego is not surpassed by anything in the world; the thermometer is nearly the same the year around, never below forty degrees, never above eighty degrees. One of the most magnificent seaside hotels in the world is Hotel del Coronado; its broad verandas are thronged with people all the year, from all quarters of the globe. El Cajon is the great place for raisins and took first prize for raisins at World's Fair. One of the finest water systems of the state is at Hemet. They have a solid dam of fine masonry with which the water is supplied.

In the extreme southwest corner of San Barnadino county is the large Chino ranch and the town of Chino, where a

large sugar beet factory is established. The output of this factory for the year 1897 was 12,020 tons of sugar. I can't tell you anything about California in this little work, but I should like to write a history of that wonderful state. Everything is found there and nearly everything grows there, and no wonder people flock there. The fields and flowers, the woods and mines are attractive, to say nothing of the mountains, hills, and valleys, the harbors and the pebbly beach. The trees and vegetables, fruits and flowers all grow to their greatest perfection. Beautiful horses and cattle.

Hunting is a pastime. In some parts deer are plentiful, also quail and rabbits. Thousands of cattle find pasture on the mountains. Celery is raised by the car load on the peat lands.

The Art Loan Association at Pasadena is well worth a visit. They have a display of mission relics, a complete collection of Indian curiosities. The names of donors or loaners on a card attached to the article. The exhibit room is open daily except Sunday from 9 a. m., to 5 p. m. No fee is charged. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has more members than any other in United States. Over one thousand.

Immense quantities of barley are raised in the peat lands. The wine making industry is a great one. The handling of bees is another. The city of Yuma on the line between California and Arizona is the hottest place in United States.

Riverside is a beautiful place. Now for the north again. I must mention the beautiful Santa Clara Valley. If I intended to buy a farm in California I should buy a wheat farm in Santa Clara Valley. Then by rail to Stockton, then by stage to the big trees. I saw the tree known as the Grizzly Giant." It was lying on the ground. The father of the

forest is three hundred and forty-five feet high, the mother of the forest, the twins, the three sisters are noted trees. I ate dinner in a room which was a tree with places cut for windows and doors. I saw a dancing platform, which was a tree stump, on which thirty couple could dance at one set. When I reached Oakland I was delighted by the sight of ferry steamers crossing to San Francisco. Oakland is where many business men of San Francisco reside. The crossing on the steamer is grand. The fare is fifteen cents. Oakland is a very beautiful place. So many beautiful homes and flowers there. A trip to the Cliff house which juts out over the ocean. Here one can see the sea lions at play in the sunshine. Below here on the beach, when the tide is low, one can gather the beautiful shells and corals. One can spend a few days in Woodard's gardens, there you will see all the plants, trees, shrubbery, animals, fish and flowers, to be had from the ends of the earth. There you will meet the California lion and the boa-constrictor, in his glass box on his blanket, there you will meet face to face the polar bear of the north, the arctic fox and the woolly esquimaux dog. The greatest mystery to me is that all the animals of the frozen and snowy north are white. The most beautiful birds I found here. A black swan, a flamingo. The Australian lyre bird. The most beautiful fish aquariums. I saw many curious things here in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. One that I shall not forget, as it was out of the ordinary line of nature. It was a green rose, another the famous holy ghost flower of pure white. Then the most beautiful night-blooming-cereus; a pink pond lily; the beautiful magnolias; cape jessamine; the Florida rose and thousands of the most beautiful flowers. Orange trees containing both flowers and fruit. I selected of all the animals the white

ermine as the favorite. Then a ride through Chinatown. One can see all one wishes too, of filth, misery and vice. These Chinese quarters are vile gambling dens, filled with smokers of opium, in long pipes and tea houses and the Joss house where he goes to the gods for forgiveness.

In thinking of our Chinese brother. They do everything just the opposite from us. Shake their own hand instead of your, when you call on them.

Their books are backside first, read from the back to front, the reading beginning at the bottom of the page and read toward the top. I suppose it is because they are opposite us, all the time, while we stand on our feet they stand on their heads. In the Chinese stores, one sees all manner of manufactured articles for sale. My attention was attracted by a toy cow. There are no cows in China and no horses. This toy cow all looked like a cow, but the head looked like head of a rhinoceros, only smaller, it made the creature look like anything else but a cow. I don't suppose the toymaker had ever seen a live cow, but had tried to imitate a picture of one. Goats milk is the only milk and gotian butter the only kind obtained in China. The rice and bird nest soups are not well seasoned with cream and butter.

All their riding is done in boats, or the Sedan chair or Jinriksha. These carriages are carried by (coolies) hired persons, sometimes two and sometimes four to a carriage. The missionaries travel for the greater part in this way, through the interior portion of China and Japan.

I must not fail to mention a trip on horseback to Napa Soda Springs, a distance of eight miles from Napa. This trip had been planned for some weeks. I was accompanied by two young ladies, Miss Ella Amesbury, of Brown's Valley and Miss Katie F. Hamill, of San Francisco. Miss Ames-

bury is now a Mrs. Wright of San Diego, and Miss Hamill, I have lost in the great city of San Francisco. We started at 7 a. m., and reached the springs early in the day. I rode my uncle's horse that I was accustomed to ride to school, while I was teaching at Brown's Valley. The other horses were hired from the livery-man at Napa. The first hour at the springs was spent in viewing the buildings, seeing the orange trees and gathering a few blossoms, which they informed us we could pick. We next called at the hotel, engaged dinner, had our horses cared for, then we went into the bottle house, where they were washing and preparing bottles. Soon after dinner we climbed Springs Mountain and drank the pure soda water as it comes trickling from the ground. Here are the large marble vats into which it runs, it is then filled direct in bottles by the thousands. They are corked as fast as bottled and ready for use or sale. Near one and eighty men are here employed.

The Soda Springs are five large springs and a number of smaller ones. The soda water is much superior to any I had ever drank in the states. The rocks and scenery at the springs is perfectly beautiful. The ride home to Napa by way of Egg Rock Valley. The rocks the shape of an egg, in size all the way from a small bird's egg to that of a common tub, then we passed the Flat Rock Valley and Nigger Head Valley. I climbed from my horse and got specimens of these rocks. There is a fascination about rock hunting in California. You can never tell what beautiful specimens of petrified wood or arrows you may chance to pick up. We crossed the Napa river and visited an Indian wigwam. There was a squaw in the tent with a pappoose. The Indian chief sat out on the river bank fishing. He was distant near fifty yards. The squaw had a knife and was scraping the oil from

an opossum skin and eating to her hearts content, she stopped eating as we approached, we did not care to enter. As we neared the city bridge the horse of Miss Hamill became unmanageable, she possessed very little experience as a horseman. She was thrown to the ground. I suddenly dismounted and caught her horse. Her horse was wild with excitement. After a few trials I managed to get her on my horse. I taking hers. By this time her face was bleeding. We were near a mile from the city. I simply rode the horse I was on to the liveryman while Miss Amesbury went with her to the doctor. Her injuries were not serious, but rather of a nervous order, but my trip to the springs will not pass from memory till time is no more with me.

The insane Asylum at Napa I visited. It is a very large building. The distance around the outside is said to be one mile. The grounds and yards and flowers were very beautiful. My uncle Joseph Howell accompanied me, on this visit. He was acquainted with the officials there and they showed us around through nearly every part, except the cells of those who were dangerous.

In the large hall there were some ten who were almost well. They had two violins playing and were dancing. It seems that there are very many insane people in California. In getting there and the life, there, seems to strain the nerves of very many people, while some doubtless meet disappointment, or financial failure, while the great rush for gold at times misleads. Then the hot climate to the eastener is a great change.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

I had my fortune told about a week before I started east by a gipsy. I had been thinking very much about taking a ship at San Francisco, and doubling Cape Horn and landing at New York. This trip was planned and I to set sail by Cunard Line of steamer. This fortune teller told me I was soon to take a great trip; that I would have a great accident on this trip, but by caution and sense I could pass through unharmed. This spoilt my ocean voyage. My aunt would listen to nothing of the kind, although neither believed one thing a fortune teller could say; but I decided to try the railroad again and as I wished to stop off here and there I decided to board an "emigrant train," and not hurry at all, as I had found a man and his wife, by name of Latta, that were coming that route. We wanted the sights. I had passed nearly all the snowsheds in the night as I went out and I had great desire to see these immense snowhouses over the railroad. I had seen the Devil's Slide, and the Devil's Gate, the Devil's Canyon and I was expecting to see the old man himself but I never got a glimpse of him.

I packed a huge lunch basket, had two large paper sacks as full as could be of fine fruit; apples, peaches, pears, grapes, apricots, nectarines. I also had a small valise; a large calico sack containing a pillow, two fine California wool blankets; if you could have seen me, you would have wondered how I expected to take care of all that stuff. Now it was real easy, I tied the two sacks of fruit together, the sack with the blankets I put around my neck, when I changed cars at Napa junction, my uncle came that far. At Sacramento, I stayed over night and left my fruit, blankets, lunch, all in the baggage room. My train for home started out of Sacramento, November 18, at 6 a. m. I was on the lookout, I

passed through eastern California the first day, crossing Dale Creek bridge, a wooden structure which did not seem so very safe to me. It was 657 feet long and 250 feet from the water. I was delighted with a rain shower and a beautiful rainbow. Then came hailstones about as large as quail eggs. They made some clatter on the tops of the cars, but fortunately for us none came through. The snowsheds aggravated me, the fine scenery was hidden by these wooden sheds and in the Sierras, where the scenery is most perfect there is the shed. You might as well be in the land of the midnight sun, yet these unsightly sheds are the traveler's best friend in the winter when pass and cutting are heaped with icy drifts by a raging Arctic gale. The sixty miles of sheds are not an inch too long. Where the track is open snow is sometimes piled up in a solid drift as high as the cross arms of the telegraph poles, and this mountain snow, under the intense cold of the high altitudes is not soft and clinging like the normal variety, but is granulated by the wind until each particle is a separate icy pellet, and the whole mass resembles a sandbank sliding from shovel and plow like dry sand, and rushing down as fast as it is thrown up and out. It is said before the great snow plows can work it is often necessary for gangs of shovelers to handle and re-handle the snow in the deeper drifts as many as five times before it can be thrown clear of the cutting, and the granulated mass has to be thawed sometimes by a steam hose before the men can make it stay where it is thrown. The snowshed is an American invention, and is much more used in the United States than in Canada. The Canadian Pacific though so many degrees farther north has only six miles of shed while the Union Pacific has sixty miles.

It does not seem at first sight that the snowshed is an expensive affair, but it has been known to cost sixty-four

dollars a foot and be cheap at that, since shovel and plow in the long run are costly luxuries compared to it. Of course the mere planks and timbers and labor could not bring it up to this figure. Each shed is an engineering triumph. It defends a dangerous point of attack. First the slope of the hillside must be considered, there must be an open space between the shed for the smoke and steam from the engine to pass out, but a whole railroad cannot run under sheds. Sometimes the snow plows are masked in the snow. In one case at Truckee, California, in 1876, a train of eight engines ran a plow into slide pack smashing and disabling plow and engines, and killing and wounding more than half the crew. The gang of shovelers is the railroad's last resort, in the mighty snow fights of each year, man and not his machines has to conquer here. I left the sheds and were glad they were out of sight. Sherman is the highest point on the Union Pacific road, named after General Sherman, the tall and imposing commander in the Rebellion. Here the snow came falling fast, the wind whistled through, when doors were ajar.

VISIT TO SALT LAKE.

I passed on from Laramie toward Cheyenne, Wyoming. We were on great plains while looking to the north we could see the snow caps of Pike's Peak, in the distance. Night coming on we were told by the trainmen, that the Indians had been doing mischief in that section for the past week, that a conductor of one of the trains had been shot and we were in slight danger, that the train would run very slow all night, in order to have no accidents as the rails were torn up by them at times. This advice or warning was given us by a brakeman about 8 p. m., at 10 p. m., we came to a sudden

jerk of the train, knew something was wrong. We were there to stay at least for awhile, our train was derailed and the engine was off the track. We were at least five miles from nowhere, could look out of the windows could see no city lights in the distance; nothing to be seen but the great plains of Wyoming. A foot despatcher was sent back to the little flag station, which we had passed, a telegram to Cheyenne for the train No. 86, west bound, to be held there. Our car windows and doors were ordered fastened to the utmost. We were there for the night without doubt unless we were the victims of the savages, who had crippled our train and stopped us. The conductor ordered every man who had a revolver to have it ready. That we were liable to an attack from a band of Apaches, who doubtless would examine the train to find cattle, but perhaps when they found no stock on the train we would not be further molested. Our lights must be put out and we keep profoundly quiet, as if no human beings were in the cars. At near 12 o'clock, we heard noises outside, but kept silent as the grave. The conductor had informed us that if the Indians came to the cars and found no one there, they were liable to pass on without molestation. Several Indians came on horseback, finding two cars of coal and hearing no noise from cattle, they went off. The conductor, engineer and fireman had left the engine and were in the express car. Two regiments of soldiers came from Cheyenne and guarded the train while the track was being repaired, and the engine gotten back on the track. At 4:30 a. m., we were on the way again, thankful that our lives were thus spared. We ate a good breakfast at Cheyenne. Here a gentleman took the train for the east. He took a seat in front of Miss Parsons and myself. He inquired about our stay all night on the plains. He also informed us that women

were scarce. He said if there were any widows or maids in Illinois, where we were going to send them on to Cheyenne. That they would be gobbled up like hot cakes. I next was made happy by the sight of the great Platte river, and felt that I was nearing home, although I was a thousand miles away. What a long road to the Pacific coast. How I wonder how my uncle, Daniel Miller, who was born at Hamptonsville, North Carolina, has reached Sprague, Washington, as his home. He is nearing his hundredth birthday. Some of his early life was spent in Kentucky. He was married there, and came to Illinois, at an early day. Has spent the remainder of his days in Oregon and Washington, and is now at Fort Bidwell, Modoc county, California, I rode on the train in sight of the Platte river as far as three hundred miles, or until I reached Omaha. I really was glad I was soon to see home and friends again. Now the muddy Missouri river in sight. I had vague ideas of Missouri, as I had started out there once to teach school at Burlington junction, where I have cousins living, when to my surprise my pocket was cut out and I lost all my money being \$184. I had arrived at Plymouth, Hancock county, Illinois. I expected to stop off there to see cousins. I did not go on to Missouri but visited awhile and came home. I was soon on the Great Burlington Route to Galesburg, Illinois. I came on to Elmwood and arriving at 10 p. m., I decided to sleep awhile. I went to a hotel and went to bed with orders not to awaken me the next morning. It was a few minutes of eleven o'clock when I got up. I got ready for dinner. Then fixed everything ready to go home at 3 p. m., to Monica. I had sent them a telegram at Creston, Iowa, when I would arrive at Monica. There were some fifteen young people to meet the train or me I never knew which. I had a fine

trip, new experiences that one never meets only in travel. Had spent plenty of money, had gained in health and in knowledge of countries, people and things. My friends were glad of my coming, and I was gladly welcomed. I had brought the news to mother from her sisters, that she never met on earth again. Brought some presents to her from there. But how glad was she to see me, when I returned. How it must have grieved her to have me go so far away and wondering whether her life and mine would be spared until we should meet again. She has passed from death unto life. That life is one of tranquil joy for evermore.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

On my way home from California. I had planned a trip to Salt Lake City, and as I was in company with a Mr. Latta and his wife and a Miss Parsons, we all planned to spend a few days at the famous Mormon City. It seemed I knew something of this people, as they had been driven from Illinois, they then starting for a home in the West. They were attracted by this beautiful valley, where the sun ever shines in the daytime and is replaced at night, by the moonlight. The water of the Great Salt Lake is clear and transparent, with a bottom of fine white sand and a margin of incrustated salt. It is one of the purest and most concentrated brines in the whole world. Its waters sustain no animal life. There is not the smallest insect or worm to frighten the timid bather and the bathing is the most perfect sea-bathing in the whole of North America, or in Europe. No human body can sink in it. One may actually walk the water, no matter how deep it is. Your body will rise up to the shoulders above the surface, or you may even sit down in it. No knowledge of swimming is necessary; one may enter the lake without the slightest fear; all you have to do is to lie down and float. But to swim in it is another thing. It is impossible to keep more than half the body under water at a time. You can not swim, but you can float on your back and with arms crossed under your chin, you can smoke. The water is so salt that it cannot be swallowed without great danger of strangulation. A small drop in the eye gives much pain. But in spite of all the dangers, bathing in the lake is invigorating notwithstanding that the body must be bathed again in fresh water afterwards, to remove the vast quantities of

salt, which adheres to the skin. It is hard work to make any headway against the smallest waves. Nearly half a million people bathe in this lake every year. They come from all over the world and tourists are beginning to realize that Salt Lake City and the magnificent surroundings present a great scope of novelty and it is destined to become a famous watering place. Salt Lake City is a beautiful city. To the north are the snow-capped peaks of the Utah Mountains. The Jordan river flowing through the city into the lake. The streets are wide, allowing a row of trees, and a stream of water on both sides of the street. Many of the buildings are handsome structures. The Amelia Palace or the home of Brigham Young's favorite wife, among the fine residences. Her former name was Amelia Folsom, being a cousin to the wife of Grover Cleveland. I saw Ann Eliza the nineteenth wife of Brigham Young, heard her lecture on "Mormonism." I have also read a famous book by Fanny Stenhouse on "Mormonism."

There is the great Temple, the Tabernacle. The great organ with its five thousand pipes. I saw this Brigham Young seated in his office, talked at least a half hour, next I saw of him was his bust at the World's Fair in the Utah section, I met him in 1877. I saw his statue in 1893. I should like to see more of those Mormon leaders in stone statues, speechless. His death occurred soon after my visit to the city. He informed us he had led the Mormon pioneers into that arid desert, in 1847 and made it into a beautiful fertile valley and a great city. He was a man of wonderful energy, possessed great power of body and mind Oom Paul Kruger reminds me of Brigham Young. We think of Young as a strong man, yet we must not forget that this same man was behind the terrible "Mountain Meadow

Massacre” of defenseless emigrants, the defiance of our troops when they arrived in Utah and the whole evil system of polygamy which the United States is now laboring to root out. For good and for evil of Mormonism, Brigham Young stands as the responsible figure and this the traveler to Salt Lake soon finds out, for the answer to his questions, as to who built this, or who planned that, the only answer, Brigham Young. I inquired who built this Tabernacle, “Brigham Young,” was the drivers reply. I said, “Oh of course he superintended everything, but who was the architect of the Tabernacle, who designed it?” “Brigham Young,” repeated the driver with a laugh. “Twas revealed to him how to do it,” so he said. At any rate he had them build it that way, and if it is funny looking you can hear better in it than any hall I ever was in. Brigham Young was a Vermont Yankee and he was smart I can tell ye. There was no doubt in our minds as to his smartness when the Tabernacle was entered and its plan understood. Here is the largest self supporting arch in America, with one exception, and probably the only arch of its size without any central support that has ever been constructed out of wood. The hall has twenty doors, which open outward, the room can be emptied in a few minutes, this is an unusual feature and a very good one. This Tabernacle is freely open to the public, while the great Temple, at the other end of the square, is for Mormons alone, and no Gentiles can enter. “Go to the farther end,” said the care taker “and I will show you the acoustic properties of the hall by letting a pin drop from this railing.” Sure enough at over two hundred feet away we could hear the pin tinkle down on the railing as if we had been standing only a few inches off. Then the scratching of the man’s thumb-nail upon the wood was heard with absolute distinctness.

He began to tell us about the building, and every word was audible, although spoken in a whisper.

“Did Brigham Young design that organ too?” asked Miss Parsons, who was one of our party, looking up at the great star of gaslights, with “Utah” outlined between its points, that stood out on its front. “No Josiah Ridges built the organ, but his revelation was not a success and it had to be built over.” The organ is now the second largest in the United States and is said to be one of the sweetest. What interested us most was the quintuple tier of seats in front of its golden pipes facing the congregation. On the first row, next, the part of the great choir sit, this choir ranges from three hundred to one thousand five hundred voices, as occasion requires. They won the second prize of one thousand dollars at the World’s Fair musical contest. While on the second tier the president of the Mormon church is throned in state, next below come the “Twelve Apostles:” below them the presidents of states or railroads or invited speakers or other guests and on the lowest tier the church officials who dispense the sacrament at the general conference. “It must take a long time to take the collection here,” one of us remarked laughingly. “No collections are ever taken at the Tabernacle services,” replied our guide, to our astonishment.

We asked how they got money to run the church. “Wait,” said he, “I’ll drive you to the Mormon tithing yard. Each one gives his tenth there every year, so the church has all it needs without a penny being put in a plate inside its walls.” So we drove by Brigham Young’s four houses, where he and his family of twenty-one wives and seventy-five children lived in the days—now happily over forever—of open and permitted polygamy, and into the wide tithing yard of sheds and bins, where potatoes and wheat and cattle and horses and farm produce, of every kind, were to be seen on

every hand. Each Mormon brings a tenth of whatever he has and if the tenth does not seem large enough to the church officials, he is commanded to tithe his possession more honestly. There is a lesson indeed, in the Salt Lake "tithing yard" for many a Christian today.

It is only by means of irrigation that Utah is productive. There is very little rain there and very little timber. Hogs fatten on a tuber, called seegose root, which is, highly esteemed as a table vegetable by the Mormons. The number of acres under cultivation is great. There is a bunch grass that grows wild which makes fine feed for cattle. It is nearly the same as the grama grass of New Mexico. The altitude of Salt Lake Valley is 4,300 feet above sea level. It is considered one of the most healthy portions of the globe.

On seeing a little boy I asked him whose boy he was. He answered "Brigham Young's." In passing around the city, I read over a door a sign, Z. I. O. C. S., which means Zion's Co-operative Store, where the families of Brigham Young order their groceries for the week. They are supplied by the church. Young informed us the Latter Day Saints were prospering as a church. I met Orson Pratt, then an apostle. He was thought to be one of the leaders in "Mountain Meadow Massacre." The Mormon church sends out today more missionaries than any half dozen of the Christian churches. I never saw such a dejected cast down set of women as at Salt Lake City. Some say the Mormons are intelligent. Some few are. I think as a white race, they are a disgrace to the human family. I know no people whom I think so low in the scale of humanity. And the cheek they do possess.

There have been two missionaries in our town the last few months. They call and pray for you, give you valuable

literature. They came to me. I told them I had no use for them. They said if I only knew them I would think them good. I told them I knew too much. I never knew much good they did.

I was glad to go on to Ogden and start on for the east. At Ogden the trainmen took dinner and when I was eating my lunch I had put up at Salt Lake, a woman of near forty years of age, was sitting near me. I had not noticed her before. She was weeping. I was sorry for her. I saw she was dressed in deep mourning. I offered her some lunch, she refused saying she had eaten nothing for two days. I asked what was the matter, as she sobbed violently. She told me as fast as she could talk, that she had just come from Salt Lake City where she had been compelled to go with her husband, for him to take another wife. He and his new wife went out to the Depot Hotel to dinner, that they would be in soon. She said the girl he had married was fifteen, she had taken her as an orphan at six years old and the girl seemed almost like her child. She then told me they could not get married without her placing the right hand of the girl, in the right hand of her husband. She had done this and Brigham Young performed the ceremony according to the rites of the Mormon church. She was on her way home to a farm in eastern Utah, the girl would still live in the same house with her, as she did before. This was to me a sad tale.

I next stopped at Green river, there two Indian chiefs brought a deer onto the platform of our car and rode with us near twenty miles. They had eagle feathers in their hair and bear's claws strung around their necks. They were Cheyenne Indians and had been to Green river on a big deer hunt. We stopped at Laramie City, the old fort being forty miles to the north.

LECTURE ON MORMONS.

This lecture was delivered by Artemus Ward, on the Mormons.

During the lecture he was solemn as the grave. Sometimes he would forget his audience, and stand for several minutes gazing intently at his panorama. Then he would say, "If you feel dissatisfied with anything here tonight, I will admit you all free in New Zealand,—if you will come to me there for orders. Any respectable cannibal can tell you just where I live." This shows that I possess a forgiving spirit. I don't really care for money, I only travel around to see the world, and gratify my idle curiosity, and yes, to show my clothes, I have some pantaloons now that are a sight, holes in behind, my wife says, caused by too much sitting but hens set, and I never saw any holes in their pantaloons, but I have seen feathers all over their legs. I have made great success in America. I like America, but I don't think America likes me. I have had rheumatism there and once I came near getting the smallpox. I saw a big snake once, it frightened me so, I declared I would take the first ship for Ireland, for you know there are none there. St. Patrick drove them out. One good deed he did if he never did another.

I am not an artist. I don't paint myself though perhaps, if I were a middle aged lady, I should—yet I have a passion for pictures; I have had a great many pictures, photographs taken of myself. Some of them are very pretty, rather sweet too look at for a short time,—and as I said before, I like them. I've always loved pictures. I could draw on wood at a very tender age. When a mere child, I once drew a small cartload of raw turnips over a wooden bridge. The

people of the village noticed me. I drew their attention. They said I had a future before me. Up to that time I had thought it was behind me.

Time passed on. It always does by the way. Time passed on. I became a man. I have not distinguished myself as an artist, but I have always been more or less mixed up with art. I have an uncle who takes photos,—and I have a servant who takes,—anything he can get his hands on. When I was in Rome,—Rome in New York, I mean,—a sculptist wanted to sculp me. But I said “No!” I saw through the designing man. My model once in his hands,—he would have flooded the market with my busts—and I could not stand it to see everybody going about with a bust of me. Where are the boys of my youth? Some are amongst you here,—some are in America,—some are in jail. Where are the girls of my youth? Some are married. Some would like to be. Oh, my Maria! Alas! she married another. They frequently do. I hope she is happy,—because I am. Some people are not happy, I have noticed that. A gentleman friend of mine came to me one day with tears in his eyes. I said, “why these weeps?” He said he had a mortgage on his farm and wanted to borrow two hundred pounds. I lent him the money—and he went away. Sometime after he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me forever. I then ventured to remind him of the two hundred pounds he borrowed. He was much cut up. I thought I would not be hard on him,—so I told him I would throw off one hundred pounds. He brightened up, shook my hand, and said: “Old friend, I won’t allow you to outdo me in liberality. I’ll throw off the other hundred.” As a manager I was always more successful than as an actor. Some years ago, I engaged a celebrated living American skeleton for a tour through Australia. He was

the thinnest man I ever saw. He was a splendid skeleton. He didn't weigh scarcely anything; and I said to myself: "The people of Australia will flock to see this tremendous curiosity." It is a long voyage as you know, from New York to Melbourne, and, to my utter surprise, the skeleton had no sooner got out to sea than he commenced eating in a most horrible manner. He said he had never been on the ocean before, and he said it agreed with him. I thought so! I never saw a man eat so much in all my life. Beef, mutton, pork; he swallowed them all like a shark; and between meals he was often discovered behind barrels, eating hard boiled eggs, or eggs not cooked at all. They called that sucking the eggs. The result was that when we reached Melbourne, this infamous skeleton weighed sixty-four pounds more than I did! I thought I was ruined but I wasn't. I took him on to California, another very long sea voyage, and when I got him to San Francisco, I exhibited him as a fat man. This story hasn't anything to do with my entertainment, I know, but one of the principal features of my entertainments is that it contains so many things that don't have anything to do with it. My orchestra is small, but I am sure it is good as far as it goes. I give my pianist ten pounds a night—and his washing. I like music, but I can't sing a tune. As a singist I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I am. I found music very soothing when I was sick in Utah, I was very ill. I had wasted away, nothing but skin and bones. My nose was so sharp I didn't care to stick it into other people's business,—for fear it would stay there—and I should never get it out again. And on those dismal days a Mormon lady,—she was married,—though not so much as her husband,—he had fifteen wives,—she used to sing a ballad com-

mencing, "Sweet bird, do not fly away!"—and I told her I would n't. She played the accordion divinely,—accordionly I praised her.

I met a man in Oregon who hadn't any teeth,—not a tooth in his head,—yet that man could play on a bass drum better than any one else I ever met. He kept a hotel. They have queer hotels in Oregon. I remember one night when they gave me a bag of oats for a pillow. I had nightmares, of course. In the morning, the landlord said, "How do you feel, old hoss, hay?" I told him I felt my oats. At San Francisco I went to a Chinese theater. A Chinese play often lasts two months. Commencing at the hero's birth, it is cheerfully conducted forward until he is dead or married. The night I was there, a Chinese comic vocalist sang a Chinese comic song. It took six weeks to finish it; but as my time was limited, I went away at the expiration of two hundred and fifteen verses. There were eleven thousand verses to this song. The chorus was tural, lural, dural, ri fol day,—which was repeated twice at the end of each verse, making as you will see, twenty-two thousand "tural, lural, dural, ri fol days"—and the man still lives.

TRIP TO ARIZONA.

It was on December 1, 1897, that Storey and I started on our extended trip to Arizona, we had decided to take the Santa Fe and to reach it we had to take the Chicago and Alton railroad to Kansas City. It had been a beautiful day, one of my especial friends had taken dinner with me, and land knows how many callers I had, during the day. My lady friend was a lawyer's wife, from Bloomington, and a mighty talker, for one of her size. We left our cozy home, in the suburbs of Normal our three children, horse, cow, chickens, and a couple of cats, in charge of a maiden lady, who had never married, either from choice, thinking like Paul of single blessedness or in other words her lover might have died or been killed, or got some other girl. I don't think it was that she could not get anyone, no I am quite sure it was not that she had never had a chance. She was really to particular to link her life, with that of a man, without knowing how he would turn out. There are such women in the world you know. I always thought the way to do, was to marry one and turn him out the right way. We had supper at home, as our train did not start until 9 p. m., our tickets having been purchased the day before, so that we would have nothing to bother us, except our huge lunch basket and telescope. Storey would not let me take an umbrella, he said it never rained out there where we were going. We went to Bloomington on a street car. Our tickets called for sleepers, but no sleeper could be obtained. But we were not in mood for sleep, everything seemed fresh in our minds, so we decided that we would wait to take a sleeper, until we reached Kansas City. As it was, we had very comfortable chairs in a nice Chicago and Alton

coach. About twelve o'clock, Storey thought he might as well sleep, as there was not much to pass the time for him, sleep being the easiest thing for him to do, unless it was to eat and he had not yet become hungry. He was soon in the land of dreams. Things went on well for some time, when all of a sudden the train gave a quick jerk and suddenly stopped. We had run against a circumstance of some kind, I knew not what. The men were excited, those who were awake, while the women all slept but me, but somehow I felt that something might happen, I would stay awake and see. I always meant when death came to be ready, let it be on sea or land. Some of the men went out of the car to find if they could, what the matter was. It was in the state of Missouri where the James' boys had held up so many trains, committing such bold robberies. They had simply struck a coal shute, knocked off the cab from the engine throwing both engineer and fireman, from the train. They were both unconscious the last we knew. The train had run some distance without either, when the conductor perceiving his situation backed the train a few miles to Higby, Missouri. Got a new engine and men, and we were soon on our way thankful for our lives.

The next morning we arrived at Kansas City, thankful that we were in the land of the living. We saw the Santa Fe agent at Kansas City, asked him if sleepers were ready for us. He said he had our names for upper berths. No upper berth for me, it was too much for me to be laid on a shelf for the night. I told him, I did not want any such a thing, he said, we had better see Mr. Conductor, that possibly we might make better arrangements, I thought to myself that it would be hard to make any worse arrangements than to lay on that shelf, and if the train were to jerk much I might be pitched right out in the walkway of the car, or fall on

some colored porter as he passed through. I told Storey in plain language that I was too large a woman, that I could not climb to that perch, even if I were so willed. We sought the conductor of our train, a bulldog of a fellow I shall never forget his surly way, but finally he told us, to go into the chair car, while he did a few errands and he thought he could give us a lower berth near the middle of the coach. We went into the chair car as requested, but instead of his coming for us, as he agreed to do, he climbed on a train of eight sleepers, which were detached from our train and was last seen at full speed leaving us to pleasant dreams. I told Storey, if I could get hold of that conductor, I would leave him bald-headed. There were numerous other passengers, who had been treated fully as badly. Two ladies, in particular, who were going from Chicago, to Los Angeles, California. They had paid for their berths, had taken their baggage and lunch into the sleeper, but were told to come into the chair car while the sleeper was being dusted. There they were with us, a madder set of women you never saw, but we were comforted by the conductor of our train, by he telling us, that we would catch up with the other train, that he would telegraph the other conductor to wait at Topeka, Kansas, or La Junta, Colorado. Said conductor did stop at Topeka, and leave the night clothes of those women and their suppers, which he had taken on in his pell-mell rush for the west. We had to make the best of things, the air was growing colder and little spits of snow came through the open windows. I was puzzled, what was I to do with Storey for the night. He could not stand the trip without sleep. I fixed him as cozy as possible in the corner of a seat, his feet reaching to another, his being long-legged was an advantage at this time, while I covered him with his own overcoat and one of a

little Englishman, who was kind enough to offer his. He was a fearless horse-trainer, having been hired by some great horseman of San Francisco, to go to New York City, to ride in the world's races, that were being held there. He reminded one of the Darwin theory, he was so cunning and active.

This Englishman was very small, and as active as any monkey. He had been a circus rider and traveled several years with P. T. Barnum, the great showman. He looked to be about twenty years of age, but said he was forty. He had traveled in Mexico, in Central America, South America. He had a wonderful memory, as well as high degree of talent. He was the "Tom Twist" we read of, turn ten summersaults backward, then stand half an hour on his head. He was a fine scholar, a gentleman in conversation and appearance. I felt very thankful for his overcoat, for without it Storey would have chilled. I did not sleep any at all on this second night on the train, very little the first one. I was very sleepy, on the next morning and I thought I could sleep on the final shelf. I saw that I must sleep a little in daytime in order to stand the trip. I did not deem it safe for both of us to sleep at the same time. We were in a rough portion of country, our car had some fine characters in it too, but we did not know what kind of people they were. The time passed off pleasantly, while passing through Kansas, I had been nearly to the Colorado line.

My mind now recalled the unpleasant trip across the Smoky Hill river in a prairie schooner, drawn by two mules, my brother Albert Miller and I were visiting at Nathan Stowell's, near Gove City, Kansas, and desiring to visit R. B. V. Deal, in Lane county, we started. The distance was near fifty miles, to the south. There was no railroad by which we could reach our friends. There was five in the wagon. The

mules were good travelers, they became somewhat frightened at my brother's shooting at antelope. It was near noon when we reached the banks of the Smoky Hill river. There were no bridges across the water streams in this section and we were to cross the old way of fording. There were several tracks, at different places into the river and from the looks of things it was extremely difficult to decide, where was the best place to cross. We selected one where the opposite bank was not steep. I begged the men to tie the wagon bed on with the long grazing ropes, which we had with us. They did not deem it necessary to tie the bed on, but to satisfy me they did. When we had gotten well into the middle of the stream the mules stopped. We knew what the matter was, we had struck quicksand. We were sinking deeper and deeper into the sand the water was almost in the wagon-box. Had it not been tied, we would have taken a float in a white canoe down the Smoky Hill river. We whipped and yelled at the mules, until the wagon was moving. We kept whipping them, until we were safely across. I have no use for a mule, since that day. We returned in a few days to Gove county, but found out a better crossing.

Our conductor had told us that we would change cars at La Junta, Colorado, and possibly we might outflank, that old conductor and get a sleeper for the next night. When we arrived there the snow was falling fast and we seemed in what was a higher altitude. We looked around for an old friend, Henry Wheeler, who had taken his Whipp and settled out there. I had heard of his fine strawberries. I should have thought that the last place on earth, to raise strawberries. We now turned our course of travel to the south. We soon beheld the Spanish Peaks in the distance covered with snow. They were miles and miles, from

us, but they seemed very near. We next arrived at Trinidad. We had an old German lady on our train, who talked dutch, she had trouble with her heart, in this high altitude. I was troubled with nose-bleed. We next reached Raton Pass and tunnel, altitude 9000 feet above the sea. Next we are trundling over the stones at Albuquerque. It seemed we were in a stone quarry, in an ox wagon. We were now turning southwest to the great plains of New Mexico and Arizona. This was a long moun-tonous ride over the desert, our grub-basket was still pretty well filled, I had taken so much. I had the good luck to keep my appetite all the way, but poor Storey longed for his home victuals, he was not use to eating cold victuals, he declared it would kill him.

The scenery changed from the vast plain to low mountains, the foot-hills of the Rockies. Many gorges, rocks, small pines now met our view. As we approached Flagstaff, the pines were larger, here were sawmills, huge lumber yards. Here is where one takes the stage to go to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Here we saw all kind of Indian traps for sale. On we sped until we reached a great tunnel, this tunnel is near the town of Williams. About ten days after we reached Prescott, this tunnel took fire from volcanic combustion, rendering it impossible for trains to pass, until a way was cut around the tunnel. Many men lost their lives in the fire, and in trying to repair the tunnel. We had thought sure to have a sleeper to ride in by this time, but no sleeper. We were getting quite weary and reached Ash Fork at 4 p. m. Here we had to leave our California party, but three gentleman of the party took the Prescott and Phoenix railroad with us. I inquired of the conductor, soon after our train started, what time we would arrive at Prescott. He said it would not be late, but that it would be after dark. Such mountain scenery I had

not beheld since my trip home from California in 1876. I had sent a letter to my cousins at Prescott, telling them when I left home. I had one own cousin and two second cousins, that I had seen, also my cousin J. L. Miller and his son's widow.

I knew my cousin S. C. Miller was away from home. He was out in the Squaw Peak country, that Cousin Jacob was at his home, at Skull Valley about twenty miles south of Prescott. When the whistle blew, my heart was in my mouth, I wondered if anyone would meet us. When we alighted from the cars, there stood my second cousin Mrs. Sanders and her daughter, a young lady. My cousin Sam's only daughter, Hetty and his second son, Henry, were there to welcome us. We rode to their home, a mile distant to Miller's Valley, where a large fire-place, filled with large pine logs welcomed us. Such a smell from the burning pine. Cousin Sam's wife was glad to see us. She and her mother were the first white woman in Arizona. Many of her husband's relatives have visited them in the West. She holds a ready welcome to all. Here we found three little boys: Sam, John and little Tom, who was a bright boy of three years. Another member of the family, I must not fail to mention. A man, whom they called Hela because of his huge dimensions. He was near seven feet high, of large and powerful frame, weight three hundred pounds. He had been in the family fifteen years. He was one of the most faithful of creatures. His age he did not exactly know, but he came from Indiana, at an early date.

My cousin's house was an old landmark. Part of it built of logs, in the early days of Arizona. He had built on to it at different times. Here was the stone foundation of his large barn, which the Indians had burned. Here he has farmed, freighted and fought Indians. He told us of many hair-

breadth escapes from them. At times his buildings being fired by them, his only method of escape being his good horse and sharp shooting. He was a member of the Fourteenth Legislature. He has moved the capital of Arizona three times, from Prescott to Tuscon, then back to Prescott, then from Prescott to Phoenix. My cousin J. L. Miller's home was at Skull Valley, twenty miles to the south.

He died at Prescott April 7, 1899. On April 8, his wife died at Neosha, Kansas. She was a Miss Jane Reeves, of Princeville, Illinois. S. C. Miller discovered the first gold in Arizona on Lynx creek. We remained at Prescott for two months, and during that time I never heard of a death, nor saw a funeral train. I never saw such healthy rosy cheeked children, the climate is one of perpetual sunshine. No wind to speak of. At Prescott light snow in winter. The snow would lie on the limbs of trees for days, no wind to blow it off. Altitude of Prescott is 5400 above the sea. In the fall, horses are shipped to Phoenix, to winter on alfalfa pasture.

In many parts of Arizona, one can sleep out of doors the year round, simply by spreading a canvas on the snow, and then putting down the bed. There is no moisture from dew, or rain. In the north, pine wood is the fuel, but in the south they burn mosquito and iron-wood. The iron-wood, when burning throws out a delicate perfume, something like old soap grease. I liked the smell of the burning pine at Prescott. It seemed healthy, the only bad thing about the heavy pines, that I heard was, that they bred bed-bugs, making it hard for housekeepers to keep rid of them. It was here at Miller's Valley that I was again tempted to teach. There was a small school, and the directors were anxious to have me teach it, offering me seventy-five dollars per month. But Storey could not spare me six hours a day for the little ur-

chins, so I declined. They had a teacher, a woman, I will not say a lady, they dismissed her because she drank too much whisky. Here at Prescott I saw a large gold nugget, it was worth five hundred and fifty dollars. It was held by one of the banks. Here we met Louis Stevenson, son of Ex-Vice-President Stevenson, of our home town, Bloomington, Illinois. He gave me some fine mineral specimens. He was superintendent of forty mines, known as the Phoebe Hearst mines, widow of the late Senator Hearst, from California. Stevenson is now in New Mexico.

I heard here of the Cliff Dwellers, in their homes in the rocks. Perhaps none that I had met at the World's Fair. I was ever interested in the world at large, wanted to see and know, what was in the world, and everywhere I have been, I have poked in my nose, to find out all I could without being thought too inquisitive. I must confess, that I do think the nicest thing in the world, for one to do, is to travel, explore and study, what you come in contact with, and do all the good you can. This is what Paul did. What the great and good Moody did. How good for the passengers of the sinking vessel, to have Moody on board. Just think of his prayer, to save them, when he left the stateroom, where he had taken his son William, and Captain Howard to pray, how he calmed the passengers, by telling them a ship would come for them, that he was there, that his life work for God was not yet done. In only a few hours, came the ship, Huron and took them safely to Queenstown, Ireland. There he preached to those who had been on the sea, and those who were on the land, pointing them to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. Think of his last words "God is calling me." I heard him preach at the great Auditorium, in Chicago, in time of the World's Fair, also at Galesburg, Ill.,

for the period of one week at State Sunday School Convention.

At Prescott I visited the cemetery, as my Uncle John Miller was buried there. He had gone to California before I was born. He was buried, October 7, 1877. The rock was blasted for his grave. Here now lies his son J. L. Miller, April 8, 1899.

Here are some Chinese graves covered with rice, pork, tea, and chopsticks so the dead can eat on the way to Eternity. The cemetery is a picturesque place. The trips over the rocks, were delightful, the air seemed so bracing and balmy. I visited the Chinese stores, bought a back scratcher, as I thought that would be a useful article in a family and Storey thought so too. It consists of an ivory hand with fingers and thumb, the whole glued into a hardwood handle of mansanita. The vegetation to me was a novelty. Instead of the oak, the elm, hickory, walnut, maple, there is the cedar and pine, the mosquito sage bush. At Phoenix, we find all the tropical fruits. Very little in some of the Mountain Valleys. They raise peaches in the Black Hills, eighteen miles from Prescott. At Skull Valley we found fine Ben Davis apples, that were home grown. A letter from a lady friend in Phoenix dated January 28, 1900, says, "not one bad day yet this winter, but perfect sunshine." Soil at Prescott is sandy. Chinese do nearly all the gardening.

Storey was offered a position in the bank of Arizona as bookkeeper. Salary one hundred dollars a month, but as my life partner had never taken up that line of business he felt inadequate to the task.

The people of Arizona are trying hard to reach statehood. There are many Mormon settlements in different sections, doubtless might send a man to Congress, who would try

as hard as B. M. Roberts, for a seat. All such men deserve seats, in a stone penitentiary, but not in Washington, D. C., in the Congress of United States. In Arizona there is a stream of water known as the Hasayampa creek, the story is told, that one who crosses this stream, or drinks of its waters never tell the truth again. They will never leave the territory and stay. Like the cat, they will come back. Now I don't believe in ghosts, and do not favor any kind of superstition, but if you were out there awhile, you would think there might be some truth in it. It was on this creek, called by some a river, that the richest gold fields are found. The town of Wickenburg is near the Hasayampa. It is now on the Prescott and Phoenix railway. The residents of Wickenburg are mostly miners and their families and Mexicans. It was on the stage route from Los Angeles, California to Prescott.

Prescott is in the center of a rich mining district, the city situated in a basin with mountains on all sides. A delightful climate for summer and winter. It is the county seat of Yavapai county. It has three banks, several large hotels, five churches, bakeries, restaurants, stores, saloons, assay offices and is a city in every respect. I never saw a single policeman, during my sojourn there. The criminal is arrested by a posse and sheriff. Every man is his own policeman. Prescott suffered a great fire this year, caused by a man lighting a match to get a glass of beer. They have a nice court house with a large plaza, in full Mexican style. The mineral wealth attracted my attention. In the jewelry stores, they were no brass things. It was common to see a fifty dollar ring. Some of the most beautiful jewels I ever saw were there. There were minerals from different mining sections placed in windows, piles of valuable onyx

lying about. Mr. Blandy, general superintendent of the mines, gave me some of the finest samples all labeled, to take with me to my home in the east. I have some fine samples of onyx. Storey saw one block of it weighing 9500 pounds at the Santa Fe depot. It was to be shipped east, had been hauled from the mines, on a large wagon drawn by sixteen horses. The wheels of the wagon were as high as a man. These horses were driven by one line.

Mines could be reached in any direction from Prescott, at a distance of from ten to one hundred miles. There are stages to all the mines, besides ore teams and pack mules. The great copper mine, at Jerome is the richest copper mine in the world. Jerome has suffered two great fires. Tom Morrow and his oldest son, from Head of Elms, Texas, are at Jerome. Mr. Morrow will be remembered by old friends at Princeville, Peoria county, Illinois. His wife was Mary Jane Irwin, daughter of Samuel Irwin, of Princeville, Illinois. The names of the mines are even of interest. The following names, I mention as some of the most noted, Big Bug mines were on the Big Bug creek; Sunset, Chapparell, Red Rock, Silvel Cliff, Big Crow, The Congress, Lost and White Lady mines. There is a large and high mountain, just north of the Miller ranch, about a mile from Prescott, known as Thumb Butte. Be where you would this mountain was always facing you. In the north-east part of Miller's Valley is Fort Whipple, a United States military post. It was established there as a protection to the Whites from Indians. We visited the Fort at different times, as it was a nice walk from Prescott. At 9 a. m., each morning the soldiers were out for drill. I enjoyed the fine music very much, and see the tall commander giving his orders, to his soldiers. At sunrise every morning a cannon was fired at

the Fort to awaken the soldiers, ere the morning star. I obtained from a soldier, a cartridge from his Crag-Jargason gun. These guns are the finest thing in the gun line, I ever saw. They held sixteen cartridges, then there were sixteen more in the soldier's belt, ready to re-load when the gun was empty. No wonder they shot the Spaniards. In the spring of 1898, Fort Whipple was abandoned, the soldiers were sent to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, they were then sent on in a few weeks to Cuba. The soldier's home at Fort Whipple are now empty. Many sad hearts in the mountain city when the soldiers left for the east, but such is war. These soldiers knew nothing of Indian fighting. Indians don't care for blue clothes, laced boots and cocked hats. One old mountaineer will kill more Indians than a whole regiment of stepping soldiers. Such moonlight I never saw as at Prescott, nor such sunshine as at Phoenix. The moonlight almost equalled our electric light. After we had been at Cousin Sam's awhile, and visited my other cousins, we decided to get some furnished rooms and keep house. We found a fine room with a fire-place. We enjoyed the fire-place so much at Cousin Sam's, we thought this room just the thing.

We had stayed there just one night, when Storey declared he could not stand it. The fire-place smoked. Storey said that smoke was all right for bacon and dried beef, but it not apply in his case. We found out by talking with people that instead of smoke wanting to rise, as it did in Illinois, that it had no desire of going up any farther, but remain with us, unless the fire-place was very large and had a free draught. It is all in the altitude. One can scarcely boil eggs, beans must boil a good half day if you want them digestible. We decided that we move again, our eyes almost out. Storey must have his regular amount of sleep. We found two rooms near by, got

moved. We were then invited to Cousin Sam's to see his oldest son Robert and his wife, who had come to visit them. His son lived to the southwest near forty miles, on the Santa Maria river. Their home was known as "Happy Camp." There were no white people living nearer than twenty miles, but the Indians were the friendly tribes of the Walapais. These Indians are a strong healthy set, but very filthy. Their houses are made of the branches of trees, but some of them live in tents. The climate is warm in the Santa Maria Valley. No snow ever falling there. It is a great cattle section. Robert Miller is a cattleman.

The Indians are an interesting race. From the time they were first seen by Columbus until the present time.

There are at this writing thirty-seven thousand Indians in Arizona. This includes those at the two Indian schools at Phoenix and Tuscon. I visited the school at Phoenix, on asking an Indian, if he liked to be a white man, he said no, white men all squaws. (He meant white men have to work.) While in Prescott I visited my second cousin, Mrs. Serilda Carter. She has a nice home in the city, her husband has a cattle ranch eighteen miles distant in the Black Hills. They spend their winters in the city, as Mr. Carter fills different offices at the court house. I have another second cousin in Prescott. Mrs. Cynthia Sanders. She had located in Prescott for the schools, but her home is on a ranch at Hillside, forty miles away, near the famous "Egg Rock." This rock sets upon another large rock. The egg is about fifty feet in length. At Prescott I met the Reverend Chas. Jenness and wife, the Methodist minister and his wife. I found them fine people, and a Baptist man and his wife, by name of Clos. I met an Assayer, Barnhart, who bought of an old miner a bag of ore for twenty-five dollars one Saturday

morning, but before sundown it was melted into a gold bar and sold for seventy dollars. It was this Assayer who offered his fine mineral cabinet, in exchange for a pretty girl. The cabinet was one of the finest things I ever saw. Valued at five hundred and fifty dollars. Women are scarce. Our surplus of old maids and grass widders would do well to migrate.

After two months in and around Prescott, we finding the air chilly decided to move southward, making a stop at Skull Valley, twenty miles to the south. The place was so named as the few whites there had placed an old Indian skull, on a high post, to mark the station, and many an Indian and white skulls are scattered over the valley. This was down hill all the way from Prescott, and south of Prescott, and it is so queer for the train to start to the northwest but it was easier to go around the mountain, than to cut a tunnel through it. This Skull Valley we reached at 2 o'clock, in the morning. My cousin's widow lived two miles from the station. The train was late. Our cousins had been for us but had gone home. There was a boarding house, the depot and one saloon and one or two houses in the village. The agent informed us, that my cousins would come for us very early in the morning. We went to the boarding house, got a bed, slept some but before we were through breakfast, Charley Miller, a third cousin, was after us. We were gladly welcomed by Rachel, my second cousin's widow, her husband being found dead in bed by her side. She had just returned from Kansas City, where she had been for surgical treatment, when he died. She was left with seven children, and a mortgage on her home. She has paid the mortgage, her oldest daughter was two years a teacher in the county schools, her two oldest sons are grown. Harley is seventeen years old and six and one-half feet in height. She bought and paid cash for a Home Comfort cook-

stove while I was there. Her daughter is now married, to Roy Redden, of Tempe, and while this book is writing Mrs. Redden has died of measles leaving two small children. Her oldest son Charley, won first prize, at Phoenix Cattle Show for being the quickest one to lasso and tie a brute, to brand. He accomplished the feat, in three minutes and a half. Second cousin Roll Miller, his father is buried at Skull Valley. A nice monument marks the place. It can be seen from the depot. His death was caused by heart trouble. This valley was a good place to raise corn, hay, garden, but the chief industry is cattle raising. Three miles from this station to the east were rich gold mines. At the station I saw an old man, McFinnan by name, who owned a mine close by, each day he shouldered his pick, and packed his mule with such things as he wanted, would go to his mine and dig until he got as much as he wanted, then would use that until it was gone, then go and dig more. He only had one arm, his left arm being torn off in a quartz mill. It seemed queer to me, that he could dig his gold and trade it for tobacco, flour, or anything he wanted, but such is life in Arizona.

The next house south of my Cousin Rachel's, lived another relative, the oldest daughter of Cynthia Sanders, but now married to Edward Blackburn. Her husband had killed three deer during the winter. We had some of the venison. Here we saw home grown apples of Ben Davis variety that were fine.

There was a dance at the school-house while we were there. Some of the dancers came twenty miles. We did not attend. There were some thirty couple in attendance. As there was only one daily passenger train, we took the evening train for Phoenix, however it was not behind time, and we

got started before Storey got sleepy. Our tickets were so very accommodating, we could stop off where we liked, stay as long as we pleased, and not a whimper out of the conductors. They were filled with holes. We got to Phoenix at near 2 o'clock in the morning, stopped at nearest hotel.

We had an old friend of ours, from Illinois pass through Prescott, bound for Phoenix. He had been in California for the year and decided to try Phoenix. His name was William Wilson, he was an interesting gentleman of near fifty years and unmarried. He was not stingy. He had given six thousand dollars to missions the year before. He had informed Storey that he would stop, at the Alhambra Hotel, in Phoenix. We went to the hotel, but he had gone out into the country to a Mr. Rodmans, a man from McLean county, Illinois. We decided to find the Mayor of Phoenix as we had a letter to him from Cousin Sam at Prescott. We found the Mayor and gave our letter and he assisted us in getting rooms for house-keeping. His name was James Monohan. We found several persons from home. Ex-Governor Hamilton, Dr. Cole and family. Mr. Grier and family. Mr. Bates inquired, why all the trains run in the night. Answer was, to take the dead people out, without the live ones, finding it out. Phoenix has many fine buildings, hotels, Ford and Adams are among the best. Many fine stores, good pavements, electric lights, street cars, run by electricity. We found a house to suit at last. It was handy to the postoffice. No free delivery of mail, either there or at Prescott. The only thing they were behind in.

Our home in Phoenix was on the corner of First avenue and Van Buren street. It was near the Methodist church, the school building of one of the wards, in the next block across the street. We called on Dr. Cole, at his office. Mrs. Cole

called on me. The flies bothered me considerable, our rooms were on the south side of the house; we were too warm. I suffered with the heat in midwinter. In August the heat is intolerable, killing flies, mosquitoes; the heat kills all the insect life. The inhabitants in the hot weather change underwear several times a day. But it is no trouble to dry underwear for the sun is so hot, that anything will dry that is out doors.

Here we met Dr. Lewis Halsey the Baptist minister of the First Baptist church. He was a fine man. Had come to Phoenix from New York City in 1895 on account of his wife's health, who had lung trouble. Phoenix is a wonderful place for the lungs, but too many go there too late. I met several persons there who appeared in fair health said to possess one lung. A letter from a friend in Phoenix states Mrs. Halsey died January 2, 1900. We found many pleasant people in Phoenix. A Mr. Arthur Fisher and wife. He was the proprietor of the Star bakery. He was very kind to us. He took us out with his family several times in his surrey, for a drive around the city. The alfalfa fields were very green on February 5, and about three feet high.

I met a Mr. Greene, and his sister Mrs. Ellen Griffin, formerly of Peoria, Illinois. I rode to the bed of Salt river, to find it dry, the water all being turned into the canals, for irrigating purposes. The river bed was full of sand, to the south of the river are the Phoenix Mountains. The insane asylum is located southeast of the city on the Tempe road. My cousin Thomas Miller was buried in Asylum Cemetery, in 1892. There are more cases of insanity in Arizona, according to population, than anywhere in United States. It seems the hot climate, the altitude, excitement and drink are the elements that rack the brain.

A Rev. Brewer, from Clinton, Iowa, was at Phoenix at the same time, we were. He informed me that an old childhood friend of mine, who lives at Clinton, Jacob Walliker was a deacon in his church being of Baptist denomination. Had a fine family and fine home. We visited the high school. There to our surprise we met an old Normal graduate, Mr. Blount, whose wife had been an old classmate with Storey. After we introduced ourselves and he finding that we were from his old home, he took us through the building introducing us to his teachers, and thus making us feel at home. The schools of Arizona are fine. Teachers have to work for certificates.

I saw the fine home of Whitelaw Reid who claims the climate there equal to that of Southern France. He has spent several winters at Phoenix and at Nice, France. A fine new building for the Florence Crittendon Home was building. It is being built almost entirely by subscription. I gave my mite for this worthy object. It is one of the homes for fallen women.

The next thing to call my attention is some Indian women running along the street carrying the ollas on their heads filled with water. I wondered if the Indian would feel as much the loss of home and friends as we, if they should be taken to live in the white man's home. No doubt they would. No camp-fire to sit by and hear the warrior tell of his hunting the deer and bear. No corn to pound for supper, no fish to roast on the smoking coals.

The out door concerts were attractive to me. The band out every afternoon, and hundreds of people in the parks. I attended a Martha Washington party at Baptist church. The characters were in costume. George Washington, LaFayette, Martha Washington were the best fitted as to dress. It was

our luck to meet the Mexican Consul DeVaro in his home. Of all the polite gentlemen of my time, he is the one.

Consul DeVaro is a Spaniard, master of Spanish, English, German, Latin, French, Greek, and Indian languages. I was very much interested in this man. He knew so much, with no swelling of the head at all. Storey had fun with me, as we departed from his palace, he took my arm down the steps to the gate, for fear that I should fall. Storey kept his face straight till we got away, and then had a hearty laugh.

The drawn linen work by the Mexican women is very beautiful and worth much money. It lays our Battenburg laces and embroideries far in the back-ground.

While in Phoenix I listened to the great Bishop McCabe. It was a sermon on missions and one of the finest I ever heard. During this service, an old lady who sat at my right, took my hand and said who is my neighbor. I told her my name and where was my home. I was surprised when she told me that she was blind, almost totally. She informed me, that she would call on me the next day at 3 p. m. She was Mrs. Adams, the wife of first Methodist missionary in Arizona, he too being blind at this time. I wondered how she would find the way. She knew the streets of Phoenix, like I knew the rooms of my home. She drove and brought a lady with her. Mrs. Adams informed me, that she and her aged husband had built the church at Prescott. That the plans of the church and parsonage, they brought with them from New York state. Mrs. Adams did nothing but drive out and call on the sick and the strangers in the city, or take some one out for a ride, who had no horse.

There is a society in Phoenix known as the Illinois Society. It consists of three hundred members. They own a picnic ground, in the eastern part of the city. They held a

picnic on February 12, in honor of Lincoln's birthday. We were invited. A fine dinner. The band was composed of fine players, the boys from the Indian school. There were some fine recitations, speeches, etc., etc. Professor Gowan of the Indian school was one of the speakers, Ex-Governor Hamilton, of Illinois, is president of the society. Professor Gowan told of the grand prairie state; but speaking of the climate, said that it was a cold place, but Arizona was all that Illinois was and much more. Illinois has mines of lead and coal, but Arizona has her beds of gold and silver. Professor Gowan said there was only one objection to Phoenix, that the winters were all right but the summers were hotter than h—. A story is told of a man who left Phoenix for the hotter place, but when he got there, he came back for his overcoat.

One day Storey met a man, whom he thought just from the Chilkoot Pass, from his fur cap and coat, well he had to take it off, the next morning he had on a straw hat. I saw many children on February 5, 1898, dressed in thin white dresses, with bare arms, carrying parasols, lo, the barefoot and bearheaded Indians, walking about over the town. One afternoon we had been out calling, on coming home we saw two squaws, with ollas to sell, one of the squaws had a pappoose strapped to her back. Storey had seen the same two the day before, they were making money by showing the pappoose, at five cents a sight. I asked them if I took two ollas and paid them ten cents, would they let me the pappoose. They said, "yah, yah." After I had paid them and took the ollas, they refused to let me see the pappoose. I was a little riled. Just then a young man came along with a kodak, and tried to take their pictures. The Indians don't like kodaks, they dislike to have their pictures taken. Some of them think the kodak, a gun, and they will run as fast as they can. One

day, I was on the street, and had stopped at the candy stall, which was kept by a gentleman, who lived in part of the same house that we did. There was standing by the tallest Indian I had met. This Indian's name was Big Crow. His hair had never been cut, so I was told. It was very heavy, very black and below his knees. I got the gentleman who kept the candy stand to ask him if he would let me have a lock of his hair for ten cents. He said no. White woman no business with his hair, that not right. I then made up my mind I was asking considerable and bent my steps onward into the park where stood a fine Tally Ho. The band was playing sweet music.

The Tally Ho is a high-seated open buggy, holding six or eight persons, beside the driver. It is drawn by four or six fine horses, that dance to the music that accompanies it. It is some kind of horn, that blows, when you start and when you stop, then at intervals as you ride about. The drives are elegant at Phoenix, and the horses very fine. The carriages are very stylish, the ladies better dressed than their eastern sisters. I saw hats in the millinery stores, many of them priced at twenty-five dollars. There are many curious things for sale. The most beautiful drawn work by the Mexican women. The blankets made by the Apache Indians, some of them are worth fifty dollars apiece, then the little trinkets, opals, onyx, ostrich eggs, orangewood, ironwood, and numerous things. The famous umbrella tree and pepper tree are the most important shade trees. The cowboy is one of the great features of the place. Storey was down town one day, a funeral procession was passing, a street sprinkler came along. The team on the sprinkler was large and strong and the horses became frightened and started to run, the man on the sprinkler could not manage them, when he bore down on the sprink-

ler, with his feet the sprinkler threw the water. The horses were running into the procession, when a cowboy standing by his horse, took in the situation. He mounted at once, run his Mustang alongside the frightened horse, caught the horse by the nose with his hand, stuck his fingers into the horse's nostrils, thus choking off his wind, stopping the runaways.

I visited the capital grounds, these grounds are set with trees, plants, everything in readiness for the buildings.

We visited Orangewood a few miles north of Phoenix. Saw almond trees white with bloom. And many oranges on the trees. This was one of the most beautiful drives from the city. "A story of the mines," was told us in Phoenix, by different ones who had heard the man lecture, who was shut in the mine. The story is a true one and is as follows:

It was out in the Big Bug district. The mines were paying well, when one of their best mines were deemed unsafe. For several mornings, the men on entering the mine heard low grumbling sounds. They seemed like the sound of an earthquake in the distance. They could not tell from whence these noises came. Some thought a wild animal had gone down the shaft. No that could not be. Others said they feared volcanic combustion and thought the mine unsafe. The boss decided to shut down the mine until they found out what the matter was.

They sent to Denver for a mining expert to ascertain the difficulty. The expert from Denver was offered one thousand dollars to test the mine as it was one of the richest in lead. The man came from Denver. He was told the condition of the mine. He laughed at their fears. Took his dinner, several candles, matches, and went into the mine, he also took his pick to pass time with. He went into the mine at 8 a. m. The miners went to another mine near by. They were not

down the shaft, when a tremendous explosion occurred. They ran to the mouth of the shaft where the man had gone down. To their horror and amazement the mouth of the shaft was closed, the mine being shut in from the outer world with their friend Thompson buried alive or killed they knew not what. They rushed to the different shafts. All the miners were gathered together and decided to find the man if possible. There was an air-hole on another side of the mine, where they decided to dig, two hundred men began at once. This place where they began digging was where they had thought to open a new shaft. These men were not digging for gold, they were digging for life. They dug all day, all night, put on as many fast diggers as possible, they blasted rock, never informing the man's family at Denver, what happened. On the fifth they got a hole drilled through to where they thought was the main room of the mine, but whether the man was there, or in some other part of the mine, or killed by falling debris, remained to them a mystery. They climbed to the hole they had made and cried halloo. Then listening intently for some minutes scarcely expecting to hear anything, when they heard faint sounds of a pick down deep in the mine. They took courage and worked on harder than before. On the seventh day they could not hear the faint pick, they were afraid he had smothered, but soon again they heard the pick. They cried halloo, and halloo was returned. They then cried dig. We are digging you out. On the eighth day they called to him. Are you alive? Can you hold out a little longer? They let down a candle, matches, water. Man cried out all right. They let down a large pail, or ore bucket. The bucket contained a note telling him to get into it and they would draw him out. The men wept with him for joy. He was kept for several days in a partially darkened room, allowed only a

small amount of food at a time. He was thin and pale, having lost fifty-six pounds in weight.

A purse of two thousand dollars was made up for this man at Phoenix and one thousand at Prescott. He lectured at both places. His wife came from Denver and he obtained enough money to live in fine style. A drive to Scotdale, a little valley near the head of the canal. The Verde river comes from the mountains, and empties into Salt river. The amount of water power for irrigation purposes, for southern Arizona is mainly derived from the snowfall of northern Arizona. The water supply is limited in my estimation. The Salt river alone amounts to nothing without the Verde, which is only fed by rain and snow from the mountains.

Scotdale has a fine climate. The village consists mostly of tents. Oranges ripe on trees in February. Almond trees white with bloom. We spent a pleasant day, took dinner with Chaplain Scott the owner of the village. He had established a health resort on his farm. The tents were inhabited by people from distant homes in different parts of the east. Chaplain Scott was in charge of the first Baptist mission in Arizona. He is now in charge of the Prescott church. They tried very hard to have us locate at Scotdale. This place seemed to be a great resort for those who had weak lungs. I did not care to locate out there. We met a man and his wife, Alex Hepperly by name. Their home was Ellsworth, Kansas. Mrs. Hepperly was a Miss Mix from Toulon, Illinois. I was surprised enough to become a friend to one who had been brought only ten miles from me. We visited the ostrich farm together in company with Mrs. Adams. These ostriches were not such a sight for me as for some people, as I had seen them in a body at the World's Fair, and on a farm in California. Their habits are rather peculiar. They

are very strong. They run as fast as a horse. They are very awkward and seem to be the most silly and indifferent creature one ever sees. The head is very small. The egg weighs about three pounds or is equal to two dozen hen's eggs. The young, when hatched are about the size of common chickens and are able to follow the old ones anywhere. Sometimes eggs are left covered with sand and hatched by the rays of the sun, in other cases the male does his share of the sitting. The eggshell is very thick and tough. They are used by natives of Africa as drinking cups. The stroke of the ostrich with its feet is powerful. It can instantly knock a man down. There was a man killed at the farm, at Phoenix only a few months before we were there. The long white plumes are very elegant, some in beautiful brown, some jet black; as we were returning to Phoenix from the ostrich farm, we were passing a small depot. There stood a goat on the platform. A dog started after it, the goat ran after the dog. The goat ran off the platform by running down the steps, the dog got past where the steps were, the goat thought to go on after the dog. The platform was very high, higher than the goat thought, off he went head first and broke his neck.

We took many walks and rides in and around the city, and I was getting very tired of the heat and dust. I could not think of staying in the house in the afternoon. The heat was unbearable and I finally coaxed Storey to go on north, on our homeward journey. My cousin, Mr. Tom Sanders lived at Hillside, but our first stop was at Congress Station. I was anxious to see a real gold mine, see the men at work in roasting, smelting and refining gold. We took tea with a friend, Mrs. J. F. Elwell, a dear little Baptist woman in south part of Phoenix. We had an elegant supper and she accompanied us to the train. It was a night train, that we had to take as

usual, being 9:30 when we left Phoenix. This was March 8, 1898. It was 12 o'clock when we arrived at Congress Station. We found a hotel near by. This was nearly the only house in the place. The landlord gave us a nice clean room and a good bed and in the morning the gold fever was rising. I ate a good breakfast, knowing that would help me for the day. We informed the landlord, that he should drive us out to Congress Mines, about three miles distant to the northwest. We decided to spend the day at the mines and that they should come for us before supper. It was a fine drive, as we passed along we saw a mine here, and there. One that attracted my attention was the "Lost Mine" so named because very rich ore being found here led men to put in machinery, sink a shaft, when all at once the rock became perfectly valueless. Not a cent in it. Men lost thousands of dollars in it. Mines like this are known as spotted mines, they promise well, but do not "pan out," as the saying is. I can hardly describe the great "Congress Mines." Shaft No. 1 was thirteen hundred feet deep; No. 2 was seventeen hundred feet deep. Storey went down to first landing in shaft No. 2 to a distance of five hundred feet. I refused to go. It seemed there was no danger. I saw two hundred men come out of the shaft on the trolley car, eat their dinner and go back in the dungeon, with their candles and tools. One miner was honest enough to tell me, that I was right, that there was danger and that "fools would venture where angels dare to tread." That only a month before a man and his wife, who were visiting the mines, were both killed by the trolley car jumping the track, a thing not often happening, but liable to at any time. They were thrown from the car and crushed between the car and the walls of the mine. Their home was in Pennsylvania. I always try to keep out of danger. The machinery

at the mines for pounding, roasting and refining the gold is wonderful. Plenty of hard work to it all. There is a fascination about the work, which is a great help to weary worker. The engines and battering rams were powerful; and the noise they made. Not the loudest word could be heard. The red hot fires for the roasting of the ore, then the great vats filled to the brim with poison fluid, with which to cleanse the gold by what is known as the "Sinide Process." The best ore is prepared in this way no need to be sent away to the smelters. There is no room at the mines for smelters. The poorest ore is sent to either San-Antonio, Texas, or San Diego, California, or Denver, where are great smelters to finish the work begun by the miner. Many of the miners are foreigners, some Mexicans. It requires almost a fortune to operate a "Gold Mine." One single machine costing four thousand dollars. The miners wages are three dollars per day.

If I should attempt to describe the work in the "Sinide Process" alone, I should have to employ a chemist for weeks. The men who work at these places are experts in the business even the Assayer must know his business so well, that he can tell what a single grain of gold is worth. I shall never forget my day at the mines, clambering, walking, talking. How those miners eyed me. Some of them would venture to give me a piece of ore out of the specimen box. Some would tell me to help myself to what I wanted. I was not at all bashful. I had Storey's pockets filled with the precious ores until he cried out, that he could stand it no longer. I could scarcely walk a step, but he dragged me on until we reached a mining store. In front of the store was a wide porch, to shade one's eyes from the glare of the sun. On this porch were benches for the benefit of loungers or those waiting for the stage. I never took to a bench except a wash-

bench, but I was glad to take to one there. It was near 5 p. m., and while we were there waiting for the stage, we took in the sights, of this great mining town. We felt quite secure, but hearing that a woman was robbed of two thousand dollars, at the mines only a few days before. When we arrived at the hotel we were tired, hungry and dirty. We intended to go on at 11:30 p. m., to Hillside. We ate a big supper, as we had only a lunch for dinner. We only paid one dollar per meal and the same for a bed as if we had taken it at 6 p. m., instead of 12 p. m. We decided to rest in a cozy little parlor until train time rather than pay for a bed for all night. The thought of sitting up brought to memory many episodes of my courting days. When I was accompanied to a party by my friend, whom I shall call Frank. He happened to wear his father's coat in stead of his own, and at the party some other fellow wore off the old gentleman's coat, what a time to get the coat back. I well remember the old gentleman's wrath. "Now you have got to git that coat, for I'm bound to have my coat," said Uncle John. "I'll never let you wear a garment of mine again, had it been my old breeches you changed, I should not care, a straw, but that splinter new overcoat. It makes my hair rise on my head. Take a horse and go right along and get that coat." He got his coat, some twenty years ago, has married Frank's mother-in-law since that and is still a happy man. I think I shall go and see him one of these days. Storey was taking a nap on the sofa, while I was thus musing. I examined the paintings and books, fancy work, etc. I got our things ready. It seemed the train would never come, and the question in my mind was, what would our reception be in the next stopping place. It was only fifty miles farther north, and we would soon arrive there. We had written my second cousin's husband when we would arrive there, but whether

he would be there I was not able to say. I knew the place was small and I wondered if there was a hotel there. The train stopped. Off we got. No one left the train but us. Our two huge trunks were put off. There was no depot or ticket-office. Our trunks lay on the platform. There was no one to meet us. The only person on the platform was an old man with white hair, and wrinkled face, who carried a lantern. I hated to see that train go on. I then asked the old man to wait a few minutes. I inquired if he knew Mr. Sanders. He did. He was the postmaster of the place. He seemed to be master of everything else from appearance. He met the train to get the mail. He told us that Mr. Sanders had been to meet the train on the evening before and he thought they were coming again. I asked for a hotel. There was none. I then asked where there was a private residence. There was none. He then informed us that no one lived there but him, even his wife was not at home. He then said if Mr. Sanders does not come for you, that we could stay with him till morning, that he had a bed that was at our disposal, that he could sleep upon a couch, but if we could put up with such accommodations, that we were very welcome. I nudged Storey. I thought accommodation a rare thing and made up my mind to make the best of it, if there was any best to it. He showed us the room and bed. The house was a board shanty. He had a kitchen, a dining room and the little room. The little room was just large enough for a small bed, room at foot for a washstand, by side of bed was just room to walk, a very small table. He had a small lamp, on the table a box of matches, a small clock, a comb. I examined the bed. It was what I call a one-hoss bed, being entirely too narrow for two, and besides I never would get into a bed under such circumstances, as I am very particular about my sleeping apartments. I opened my huge

telescope, took out a pair of fine wool blankets, a new comfortable, a pillow, I made up the bed to the best advantage, coaxed Storey to get into it, while I seated myself on a low camp-chair, wondering what was next in store for me. He had told us Mr. Sanders lived three miles away that they were liable to come for us, when they heard the train whistle for Hillside. I made up my mind that I did not care whether they came for us that night or not. Storey was asleep, I could not sleep anywhere the rest of the night. Hillside had nothing in it but climate, and that one old man who kept a few chickens, It is a better climate than either Prescott or Phoenix. I made up my mind I did not want to eat nor sleep in that place. Storey was sleeping soundly when a sharp halloo was heard. I opened the door which led into the dining hall. By the faint light of an old lantern I discovered the old man fast asleep. I thought I knew the voice outside. I peeped out the window, and saw by the light of the moon a two horse team, I opened the door a little way and said who is there. The reply was, "Ned Sanders." I told him all right, that we would be out there as soon as possible. After much effort, I succeeded in getting Storey awake. He asked what I wanted, I told him to jump up quick, to go to Sanders' ranch. He finally got awakened and by this time the old man was up with his lantern ready to lend a helping hand. I had the telescope packed by the time Storey was dressed, they loaded our trunks and we were soon on our way to the Sanders' home. It was a beautiful moonlight night and for March 6, was fine weather. We found another huge fire-place. Our trunks were unloaded. We soon repaired to bed. I was beginning to think I had to live without sleep, but as it was nearly morning, I only got a short nap. We stayed at the Sanders' ranch near two weeks. Mr. Sanders and his son Ned were the house-keepers. So a

woman was welcomed. It was a quiet place, after my nerves had been so taxed. I did most of the cooking while there, as I had nothing else to do. An Indian family lived near. They came to Mr. Sanders' well for water. They belonged to the Walapai tribe. They counted for me sometimes. Their hut was about a hundred yards away. They daub their hair full of mud, or wet clay to make it all stand up straight. They were frightful looking creatures. They have one advantage, the mud kills the lice. After the mud has been left in several days, then they wash it all out. Hillside was the postoffice of my second cousin Robert Miller, although he lived twenty miles away. The name of his ranch was Happy Camp.

When we wanted to go on to Skull Valley, Ned Sanders drove us there. It was distant twenty miles. We started at 2 p. m., arrived there at 4:30 p. m. The scenery was beautiful but varied. We passed through what is known as Hell's Half Acre. Such a rough stony piece of ground I never saw. The rocks are spotted. The colors were black, white, red. I was afraid to ride over part of the road. While I was at Hillside I went out prospecting for gold. There were four of us. We took a pick and pan went to a creek, dug some dirt and washed it. I got some fine gold dust, but wrapping it in a paper, I lost it out on the way home from Arizona. While we were out we visited two Indian huts. Hunted moss agates and Indian arrows. On the way from Hillside to Skull Valley, I saw the famous road-runner or rattlesnake killer. The bird is very little larger than a quail. It runs along the road ahead of a wagon for miles. It resembles the quail being black and white. I found numerous song birds in Arizona. At Skull Valley I saw cousin J. L. Miller, husking corn March 10. No rain in the winter to spoil it.

Arizona is the lazy man's country. I visited my cousin Rolla Miller's grave, at Skull Valley. The headstone is in sight of the depot. We decided, when we started to Prescott to board a freight train, and go up in day time, as much of the beautiful scenery had been passed by us in the night. It was evident the train men were not accustomed to having ladies on their trains as they invited us seats in the top of the caboose, where we had a grand view. They pointed out to us many places of interest on the route, and the engineering of a railroad in Arizona is far ahead of anything we ever saw or heard of. It seemed a winding around and over the mountains, gorges, valleys. Words cannot explain the wonderful beauties which we beheld, with which God has seen fit to beautify this world of His. The conductor took our tickets. He was puzzled. They were fine tickets, we could get off the train anywhere and stay as long as we pleased, get on anywhere. Our tickets were good for nine months. Why our tickets puzzled the conductor, was, we had left the train at Hillside, and had come by team to Skull Valley, the ticket not being used. We explained to him, as best we could, at last I told him, we cared nothing about the ticket, we simply wanted to ride to Prescott on his train, as it was an uphill business even on a train, there being no other way to go except on foot. I never saw such scenery in my life. The conductor showed us one place where it was an impossibility to bed the road. There was no way to wind the curve. It puzzled the expert. Then a young Swede boy who was working in the bed rock with a pick, said he knew how it could be done. The men all laughed heartily. The expert said, "Young man, go on and tell me how to do it." He then told them to run around the mountain and then cross the track they had made and there it was.

Said he had it all planned in his mind. The expert said "His idea is correct." It was done. The boy got \$1,000 for his idea. We arrived at Prescott at 6 p. m. We remained at Prescott three weeks. Storey had taken a severe cold and was threatened with mountain fever. The last night we were in Prescott we remained at a hotel near the depot. Storey was almost too sick to start home. But fearing he might get worse, I thought it wise to start. We had intended to stop off at Kansas City, a few days as I had some distant relatives there whom I had not met for years, but Storey was sick the whole route home. He refused to eat, poor man, he could not sleep. His first meal after we left Prescott was at Kansas City. We were fast approaching home and friends. We arrived home April 6, after an absence of four months. While away from home I learned a great deal about mines, mining, and found out that no mining district on the American Continent offers today more genuine opportunities for investment in mining than Yavapai county, Arizona. Its mountains are rich in gold, silver, copper, onyx, lead and wood. Convenience to other states or territories by rail is unsurpassed. Its developed mines of gold and copper are the richest in the world, and gives employment to thousands of men. The climate is wonderfully dry and the temperature delightful. When Horace Greely told the young man to go west, he meant for him to go to Yavapai county. Since 1892, three tributary railroads have been constructed. One is from Jerome Junction to Jerome, a distance of twenty-six miles to where is located the machinery of the United Verde Copper Company, the mine is at Jerome. The richest vein in the world. Yavapai county is gridironed by four principal ranges of mountains, extending north and south, and by several smaller ranges. The mountains are, the Sierra Prietra, the Verde, of which the

Black Hills are an extension, the Bradshaws and Silver Mountains and the Santa Maria. The most important are Agua Fria, Date creek, Weaver and Kendrick. Some of the peaks rise 10000 feet but the average is 5000 above the sea level. The drainage of the whole region is toward the Gila and Colorado rivers. Average rainfall 16.5 inches. The valleys are watered. This is a boon to cattle men. The area of Yavapai county is 8214 square miles. It is nearly 1000 square miles larger than the state of New Jersey. Population 32,000. Of this population about 5000 possess the wealth which amounts to many millions annually. To treat the ores from the mines thirty-two stamp mills with four hundred stamps each work day and night. It is a noteworthy fact that in no mine in this county, in which a depth of three hundred feet, has been reached, has the result failed of being a paying mine. This has been the case with the following mines, United Verde, Congress, Crown King, Hillside, Little Jessie, Jersey Lily and McCabe all of National fame, only the Verde, Congress, Crown King are below seven hundred feet.

Much of this county has never been mined. In some places a few pans of earth have been saved. Many places no machinery has been put in. I secured my knowledge of mines in part from Professor J. F. Blandy, secretary of the Prescott Mining Exchange. He has a fine office in Prescott. You can see ore from any mines. He gave me a fine lot of specimens. I have some that will assay \$1500 to a ton. Names of mines, Bradshaw Mountains, Star, Old Reliable, Del Pasco, War Eagle, Conger Mohawk, Black Warrior, Silver Prince and Tiger. In the Hasayampa District, Joe Don, Sterling, Sun Dance, Crook, Blair and Grub. All the hills and valleys from Sacramento, California, down to Salt river are a network of veins of ore and contain vast mineral wealth.

THE MOUNTAIN HUNTER.

When I turned my horse's head from Pikes Peak, I quite regretted the abandonment of my mountain life, solitary as it was, I more than once thought of taking the trail to the Salado Valley, where I enjoyed such good sport. A citizen of the world, I never found any difficulty in investing my resting place, wherever it might be, with the attributes of home; although liable to an accusation of barbarism, I must confess that the happiest moments of my life, I have spent in the wilderness of the great west. With no friend near me more faithful than my rifle, and no companion more sociable than my horse, or the wolf, which often serenaded me. With a supply of pine logs for my fire, and its cheerful blaze streaming far up into the sky, illuminating a valley far and near, I would sit cross-legged enjoying the warmth, with pipe in mouth, building my castles in the vapory smoke as it curled upward. Scarcely did I ever wish to change such freedom for all the luxuries of civilized life. A hunter's camp in the Rock Mountains is a picture. The fire on a wintry night does burn so bright, and the grizzly bear, ferocious monster, with his great strength to take him through the thicket.

On one of the streams flowing from the Black Hills, a companion and I were setting traps, in passing through a cherry thicket, we espied a large grizzly, quietly turning up the turf with his nose, searching for pignuts, I called my companion, we crept cautiously to the skirt of the thicket, both taking steady aim at the animal, discharging our rifles at the same instant, both balls taking effect, but not making a mortal wound. The bear gave a groan of agony, jumped with all four legs from the ground, charged at once upon his ene-

mies. He bolted through the thicket after us close on our heels. About a hundred yards from this thicket was a high bluff. I shouted to my companion that this bluff was our only chance.

When Glass was nearly to the bluff, tripped over a stone and fell, just as he rose the bear standing on his feet confronted him. He never lost his presence of mind, cried to me to close up quickly and discharged his pistol full into the body of the animal, at the same moment the bear, with blood streaming from nose and mouth, knocked the pistol from his hand, with one blow of his paw, and fixing his claws deep into his flesh, rolled with him on the ground. Glass knowing his desperate situation took his bowie knife and stuck the bear several times in the belly.

I watched the desperate fight and losing my presence of mind I made for camp and reported Glass dead. The captain of our party went with another man. They found as they thought the bear dead but the man still warm. They left him and returning the next day found him not.

Several months after this a horseman was seen approaching them, his face was full of scars, to their surprise it was Glass. He had eaten roasted bear's meat, and it was wonderful how he had recovered.

LETTER FROM S. C. MILLER, AN ARIZONA PIONEER.

Miller's Valley, Feb. 21, 1900.

Dear Cousin:—Your favor of the 16th, inst, at hand contents noted. Glad indeed to hear from you. Well uncle is eighty-one. We are all coming to that old age—you wanted me to tell you something of my life, since I left Peoria county, Illinois. I forget some but I can tell you all you will care to hear. Brother Jacob and I left home April 4, 1859, for the gold mines, at Pikes Peak, your father, and others started with us. No doubt you remember your father's mules and covered wagon. When we got out into Colorado, we found out that there were more miners, than gold at the Peak. Your father decided to go back to his home. We crossed the Mississippi river at Burlington, Iowa. Brother Jacob and I decided to go on to California and see father, as he had been there for several years. I was just sixteen years old. We went from Burlington to Council Bluffs. These were the first large rivers, I had ever seen, then on to the Platte river to Fort Carney. Here we met thousands of gold hunters, who had been to Pikes Peak. On their wagons was printed, "Pikes Peak or Bust," and now they were going home, below was printed, "Busted." We arrived in California, in the fall at the Big Trees, Calaverous county. I never had seen such trees. This was the twelfth of September, 1859, that I had reached California. In the spring of 1860, went to Virginia City, Nevada. In the spring of 1861, left Nevada for Arizona, my father came from Oregon, where sister Catherine Barnett lived and accompanied us. We reached the San Francisco Mountains in Arizona. There we stopped and hunted, killed plenty of deer, dried all we could, staid there

six or eight weeks. There were seven men of us in the Miller Party, and nine in the Walker Party. The two parties joined together at Grapevine Springs, California, May, 1861. From here we went into New Mexico. Spent the winter of 1861, and 1862 in New Mexico. Here I met Kit Karson, he was acquainted with father, as my mother and his father were own cousins, and my name being Samuel Carson Miller, a namesake of his father, he took great interest in me, calling me boy. I was not yet twenty years old, he wanted me to enlist for six months at least, to serve United States. I was in nine battles, was wounded once, got well and served out my time, was discharged in May 1862. I then went with the Miller-Walker party, into Colorado. In September 1862, we started with thirty-six men into Arizona, through the mountains, of New Mexico, and in May, 1863, we arrived on the Hasayampa river. In May, 1863, my brother and I first struck gold on Lynx creek, seven miles from the Hasayampa river. I was hunting deer and saw one, I was crawling along to get a good shot, and saw following the deer, a pretty spotted fawn, and saw slipping along behind them, a very large lynx. I shot the lynx just in time to save the fawn, the lynx dropped at the shot from my rifle, and the deer ran off. So I went up to the lynx, and stooped to turn him over and he jumped and caught me by the wrist, his teeth cutting sharply, and his claws scratching. Had it not been for my buck-skin clothes, he would have wounded me badly, but soon as I could I shot him with my pistol three times in the head, before he loosened his teeth from my arm. I then went into camp, without any meat, except the lynx. Brother said he would go and kill some meat, as we had none in camp, and at times we got pretty hungry. He said you stay in and doctor your arm, which I did, but the day was long, and I was alone, I

was tired of sitting around, and seeing a nice gravel bank on the edge of the creek which still holds its name, of Lynx creek I took a pan, and got a pan of gravel and washed it, and got four dollars and eighty-five cents. When brother came to camp, in the evening, I had panned out seventeen dollars, with a crippled arm. There was a little excitement. We notified the balance of the party who were some ten miles away. We all located and staked claims and named the place Lynx creek, after my fight with the lynx. We took out over six thousand dollars, over our yearly expenses. During the year 1863, I located the ranch at Miller Valley, known as Miller Ranch one mile from Prescott now, but then no white men, but our party had visited this section of country, but there were plenty of redskins, as we soon found out. I have lived here, as a home here ever since, have farmed the valley, and run freight teams and fought the Indians, when I had too. At one time I was attacked between my ranch and Lynx creek, my mule was taken from me, by me being shot from his back, through the left leg. There were three of us, who kept firing, and retreating, until I reached a log cabin on Lynx creek, that we had built long before, I got into the old cabin and fired through the cracks, and the Indians left, I mean those who could leave. We had killed thirteen. The next trouble I had with them was here on the ranch, where you visited me two years ago. The Indians had been shooting from the rocks, at me sometimes at the house. Every time one would get sight of me, he would shoot so I thought to be ready for them, for when night came, there was no telling what the villains would attempt. So I took my mule into the house, and saddled it well, fastened securely all I intended to take with me, I intended to leave for Lynx creek, where my brother and some other white men were. The Indians came before I got started,

set fire to my house, I got on my mule, and lifted the door latch, and rode out putting the spurs into the flanks of my beast, shooting with both hands, as I rode swiftly away. It was near nine miles to our house on Lynx creek, the nearest place of a person living, and when I got there the boys were all asleep. I tied my mule, that was completely run down, spread down my blanket and went to sleep. The next morning one of the boys, said, "Sam you must have been in an Indian fight." I said, "yes" and told them my trouble, and they pulled thirteen arrows from my coat, which was tied behind my saddle. I have been in very many Indian fights. I was captain of a company for four years here, organized to keep them off white settlers.

My brother and I ran freight teams from 1865 until the present time, from Los Angeles, California, to Wickenburg, Arizona. At times we had twenty-two teams, twelve mules to a team, with two wagons to each team. We loaded from sixteen to twenty-five thousand pounds to a team. We received from fifteen to twenty-five cents per pound freight, for a distance of six hundred and forty miles. I contracted with the government, doing all their freighting, transporting soldiers, from one place to another, sometimes taking them into New Mexico. I moved one regiment at a time. At one time my train of teams was attacked by Indians. They followed us, kept up the fighting for three days. We kept them from our teams by care and hard work. At last the chief of the tribe, called to my men, he wanted to make a treaty, and said he would meet the little captain, (that was Sam Miller) out on a nice level grassy place, about three hundred yards from the wagons. So we held a council talk and we concluded that I should meet him. We were to have no guns or bows and arrows. When I went out to him, he carried his bow and arrow with him.

I spoke to him and said, "Chief you did not leave your bow and arrow." He said, "If you don't do as I want you too, I will kill you." I had kept two pistols in my belt, under my buck-skin coat. I drew my pistol and shot, and broke his neck, one of his sons jumped out of the grass from a hiding place, shot at me, I then shot him, in the head, and killed him. Then another came out of the grass. I shot him in the thigh, he screamed. The Indians then came on a charge, shooting at me, as I ran for the teams. I was between two fires, my men shooting at the Indians and the Indians after me. The wife of our judge here at Prescott was in the whole fight. The governor's wife was with the same family, they were on the route from California, her parents were also with us, my brother and myself, the remainder of our party were my teamsters, cook and stage driver. We had a covered rig along, so if there were ladies along they could be better cared for.

My sister Hetty; her husband; Wm. Nickason and his son Leslie; Uncle Henry's son Charley; brother Jacob's three children; they all came from California, with me and brother Jacob and my teams. They left Illinois just in time to meet the teams. Do you not remember when you were in California in 1876, I wrote you if you wished to come on to Arizona it should cost you nothing? The capital of Arizona, was first established at Prescott, then I moved the books, records, and all they wanted taken, with my teams to Tuscon. The capital was changed again to Prescott, then I hauled it on to Phoenix, making three times I helped the seat of government to move. I was a member of the Fourteenth Legislature of Arizona.

Have buried my father here at Prescott in 1877; my brother Jacob in the same cemetery in 1899; Sister Catherine Barnett lies in Oregon; Tom my youngest brother at Phoenix,

Arizona; Sister Sally Ann Irwin at Head of Elms, Texas; mother and Hetty at Princeville, Illinois; Sister Mary at Chicago. Only three left of a large family, Logan at DeWitt, Nebraska, Cloe Nickason at Beatrice, Nebraska.

When I was twenty years old, I could outride, outrun, outshoot any man I ever saw. While I was in New Mexico, I was employed by the government to carry mail. My route was from Santa Fe to the mining country, distance about two hundred miles. I made the trip once in two weeks on my mule, which was an extra good one. He could scent an Indian a long way off. He would snort, look about, start as if to run, at the slightest indication of Indians. My mail route lay through savage Indian country. I had started from the mining camps to Santa Fe. I had gone over the greater part of my journey, and was in good spirits. The miners had been very successful, and wanted me to take near three hundred dollars, for them, to the fort, at Santa Fe. I put the gold into the saddle bags, and fastened them to the saddle. It was near three o'clock in the afternoon, I passed a stream of water, after I had crossed it I decided to get off and get a drink. There was only a path or trail, the grass was near knee high. I dismounted holding my mule by the bridle, when the mule gave a sudden jerk, throwing me to the ground, the bridle was wrenched from my hand, the mule galloping away at full speed, but fortunately for me he went in the direction of Santa Fe. Santa Fe was, as near as I could tell about sixty miles away. I knew what was the matter with the mule. He scented Indians. They might be some distance and never find me out, but then they might be only a few yards away. They were likely to be on foot, I did not hunt Indians, but started as fast as I could run after the mule, not that I thought to catch him, but that was the way home. My coat,

my rifle, a Winchester, that I could kill an Indian with, at a distance of a hundred yards, was on that mule. I run as long as I thought I dared. There was one thing sure, the mule knew the way to Santa Fe, I did too, I too was sure that no one could catch the mule, but I feared that straggling Indians would see the gun on the mule and would shoot him. I had gone about two miles when I heard yells of the redskins on my track. I looked, they were not in sight. I then looked in every direction, wondering if I had better leave the trail. To the east I saw two Indians coming toward me on horseback. I dropped in the grass, I was quite sure they had not seen me. As soon as they were near enough I shot one in the head he fell from the horse. I shot the other Indian, also his horse. I mounted the other horse. He was well blanketed. I wasted no time here. Took a fine scalping knife from the Indian's belt. I don't think from the time of my first shot, that it had been over fifteen minutes. I found the horse a great help. I put my spurs into his side, rode as fast as possible. I felt that I was liable to be out all night, and I was quite anxious to see that infernal mule. I did not see, nor hear anything more of the band of Indians, that I thought were following me. I made good time. The horse was a Mexican mustang, I did not care how soon he died, if he only held out till I reached the fort. I kept on the lookout for that mule, thought after he was well nigh run down, he might stop to eat. Dark had reached me, but beautiful moonlight. About thirty yards off I saw something, as I approached closer I saw it was the mule. I rode slowly, knowing if I made the least noise, he would start. I leveled my revolver, shot three times fearing I might miss him. He fell. This was one of the meanest things I ever did in all my life. I never hated to do anything so badly. There was on the mule, my gun, coat, the mail bags, containing

the money. I got them all, took saddle and bridle from the mule. The bridle cost me twenty dollars. I arrived at Santa Fe at 2 o'clock in the morning. Slept the rest of the night. Was ready for breakfast next morning. The horse died the next day.

HOW I ESCAPED THE APACHES.

After spending Christmas at cousin Sam's, and hearing the thrilling Indian tales, with the Apache and Comache Indians, I almost forgot there was a time of peace, but still at times, when crazed with drink they commit terrible deeds. We had some fine weather after Christmas, with a slight skip of snow on the ground. Cousin J. L. Miller from Skull Valley had come to take dinner with me, and told many hair-breadth escapes from the Apaches; how he had bought two hundred Winchester rifles at San Francisco and brought them to Prescott on his mule train, for the white settlers to protect themselves from the Indians with. These guns cost forty dollars apiece, they were thirty at San Francisco, by taking the lot. Many of the guns were ordered by settlers before they were brought. My cousin brought provisions for the people at the time. Flour at that time was twenty dollars a barrel; beans, five dollars per bushel; bacon only one dollar per pound; butter, eggs and milk were only thought of. Dried fruit from fifty cents to one dollar per pound. Food was scarcer than money. A pair of boots brought fifteen dollars; a buck-skin suit, twenty-five dollars. The prices all seemed like those at Klondyke. It was the last day of December, and we were getting ready for Phoenix. It was no small job for me to get the rocks and minerals ready for our pockets

were loaded down with the precious relics. Storey had declared that I should not put another specimen in his pocket, as he was then weighed to the earth with them. I decided to put them into a box.

I often think if I were at Kimberly, I would pick up such diamonds as no Boer ever saw. We had eaten an early supper, and went to bed early, thinking on the next day to have some cousins to dine with me. Storey was soon asleep as usual, I took a short nap and then it seemed difficult for me to slumber again. I felt as if something might happen, I did not know what. My thoughts wandered home. I wondered if all was well there, as we had received no letter for some days. I thought of the fine dinner prepared for us, before our departure by Judge R. M. Benjamin and wife. I then thought of our long journey over the mountains, and the many miles from home, that we were, when my chain of thought was broken by hideous yells, and rapid firing of guns. I was crazed in excitement, trying to awaken Storey, but all to no purpose, he only slept sounder, if any change in him at all. I climbed from the bed wondering what such intense excitement could mean. I was quite sure the yells were those of the Apaches. I wondered of what use were the soldiers at Fort Whipple. Our window did not face the street, I peeped out, but could see nothing, but hear the most hideous yells, I had ever heard. I got my purse, my watch and Storey's pocketbook. I decided if they killed Storey I should try hard to escape with the money, but I began shaking him, as a terrier dog shakes a rat. I told him a band of Indians were in front of the house, he began to rub his eyes. The guns and yells were enough to awaken the dead. Storey was somewhat alarmed, put on his trousers, as if he had been told to do so, wondering what such a commotion meant. He ran into the hall, calling to a Mr. Smith, who lived in the other

part of the house, and asked, what on earth does this all mean. Mr. and Mrs. Smith knew no more than we did. Still they had never been disturbed by the Indians since they had lived in Prescott. Mr. Smith went to the front door, revolver in his hand, ready to shoot the first Indian, who should make fight, while Storey listened to the clock strike twelve. . This was the New Year of 1898, and the party in the street were welcoming the New Year. Not an Apache Indian in the whole crowd. I had often told Storey he orto learn to shoot, that a man who could not shoot a gun, was a poor protection to his wife, especially in that section of the country.

NEW MEXICO.

In October, 1896, Storey and I joined an excursion party to the Pecos Valley, New Mexico. The traveling agent, C. E. Benjamin, of the Pecos Valley Irrigation and Improvement company was the leader of the party. We had heard of the beauties of this valley through a friend, John Dodge, of Normal. He had been to this valley, and was much attracted by the fine climate, fine fruit, it being a true home for the apple tree. We had seen the fine fruit at Illinois State Fair, at Springfield, in 1895. The apples of this valley are perfect. An offer of ten dollars to any person finding a wormy apple. It cannot be done. We met a number of other persons from Springfield and Petersburg, who were members of our excursion party. The object was to sell land. I thought it well enough to go and see this land of Eden. We went by St. Louis, and reached there in time to see the great display of the Veiled Prophets, of which we hear so much. The sight was fine. I had never seen anything like it. I was also attracted by the great steel bridge which spans the Mississippi river. The union depot at St. Louis is the finest I have ever been in, and the best arranged to accommodate the traveler of any, where I have ever been. We left St. Louis at 10 p.m., over the Iron Mountain route until we reached Texarkana, then we took the Southern Pacific through Texas. The Iron Mountain route I believe is rightly named, for it was surely the roughest railroad I had ever been on. The ones I had been on were these: The Union Pacific, Central Pacific, Napa and Calistoga, California Southern, Salt Lake, Central Pacific branch, Illinois Central, Santa Fe main line, Kansas and Denver main line, Iowa Central, Chicago Burlington & Quincy,

Buda and Rushville branch, Rock Island and Pacific, Toledo, Peoria & Western, Chicago & Northwestern, Lake Erie, Big Four, Michigan Southern, Erie & Lehigh Valley, Chicago & Alton. This Iron Mountain route was ahead of anything for roughness, but the coaches were separate. On one coach we read Whites, on another Blacks. There is much more distinction between the whites and blacks in the south than in these Northern States. These things in traveling called to mind the day of slavery in the Southern States. I remember that when my father was a boy he often went to negro sales. They were perched upon a block and sold to the highest bidder, the same as a horse at an auction. Those that were in prime of life, capable of the most hard work, brought the most money. Parents and children, husbands and wives, were thus separated and often taken to different states. I was not favorably impressed with what I saw of Arkansas, except Little Rock. Near here I met the widow of Wm. Henry Haynes, a rebel general. Mrs. Haynes was a southern lady of fine type. She owned extensive cotton mills at Little Rock. She was very clever, offering if I would stop with her for a few days, she would drive me about the city and to these great cotton mills free of all charge for board or carriage hire, but we were billed for Eddy, now Carlsbad, New Mexico, and Storey said we must go on. I shall never take a man along when I go on another tour, but I expect he will be like Josiah Allen, will follow on. We saw many fields white with cotton pods just bursting, with here and there a black head bobbing about. Storey got out of the car one day to get some cotton while the train was stopped for some cause, by a large field of cotton. He came so near getting left he did not attempt it again, but he got the cotton. Arkansas seems to me as a general thing a country of not much consequence.

Low swamp lands and hogs so poor that it would take two to make a meal. They looked as though they got nothing to eat but a few hazelnuts and the inhabitants seemed to partake of the same nature, in looks and surroundings. We traversed the state of Texas from east to west. I like some of Texas quite well, Dallas and Fort Worth are fine places. One can form no idea from the vast expanse of land in Texas. Western Texas is suitable only as a grazing section. No trees of any size in western Texas. The climate I think healthful. The only place I saw in the western part of the state where I thought one could live, was at Big Springs. We crossed the great staked plain, and we met no northerners, although they are common in all northern portions of the state. The sage brush, and mosquito bush are prevalent enough to show one that part of Texas belongs to the desert regions of North America. The cattle eat the leaves of the mosquito where they cannot get grass.

It was good for us that our lunch basket was well filled, as I did not see much show to get much on the way. At Pecos city we changed cars for the delightful valley. This was a one-horse railroad. They waited until passengers were ready to go. Storey was well nigh tired out. We reached Eddy, the name is now changed to Carlsbad, as some fine springs have been discovered in the vicinity similar to those in Germany. We found a fine hotel known as the Hagerman. It was one of the finest hotels kept by a gentleman from Kansas City. This hotel was owned by the company, and so was everything else that amounted to anything. Mr. Eddy, the chief manager of affairs being a Denver man, everything was up to date. We had the choicest fruits of the season, the drinking water came in pipes from the Black canyon three miles away. The climate was perfectly delightful. There being no rainfall to speak of,

the climate is perfectly dry only where irrigated. The great water dams for the irrigating are immense structures and I think their water supply better and more liable to hold out than at Phoenix, Arizona.

They have electric lights, an ice plant and I saw much better fruit prospects there, than at Phoenix. Such loads of apples breaking down little trees; such melons, onions, cabbages and delightful peaches. It seems to me that at Phoenix the air is so hot that the fruit is cooked on the trees. I would prefer to cook my own fruit. The great Alfalfa fields of Phoenix furnish pasture for thousands of cattle. We spent some little time at Eddy, took a trip on a beautiful afternoon to the great dam. We rode on the flying Jenny. This car was a small engine with seats for eight or ten persons, attached so they were comfortably seated, and the thing run like lightning. I never rode so fast. The great dam of the Pecos River was a wonder to our eyes. A boy sat there fishing, he drew out his line every two or three minutes with a nice speckled trout upon his hook. He informed us that he lived near the dam and that he could catch all the fish he wanted in half an hour. And such sunshine. We rode over the country sometimes fifty miles a day. We took dinner at the Chism ranch, and such a fruit orchard as I saw there. The little apple trees were bending to the ground with their loads of fruit. And such perfect apples, with not a blemish of any kind. We found many people from the Southern States settled in this part of New Mexico. The water supply of the Pecos Valley is fed by unfailing springs.

This city of Carlsbad promises to be one of the great bathing resorts of the New World. Hot Springs being the most famous of which I shall speak later. We were driven to Roswell, there we were obliged to stop over night in a Chinese hotel, but run on the American plan. I rather dreaded it as

soon as I found out there was no other show. Roswell is situated at the northern terminus of the Pecos Valley railroad. A continuation of this road is now made through to Washburn and intersects with the Denver Pacific. This continuation makes a shorter route into New Mexico, by several hundred miles, and will be a great advantage to stock shippers. At the hotel at Roswell, I imagined I had bird's next soup for dinner, and they were not done; Storey said he hated to suck eggs, but it looked as if he had to. They had fish too, but we were afraid of them. They said they were cat, but I thought they were just as apt to be dog as cat, however I did not care to eat any. There was a female Chinese there. She was dressed in silk. Had on satin slippers; she was hobbling around on her little feet, scarcely large enough for a year old child. She had on a loose pair of trousers which they call a foo, and a kind of jacket, which they call a sham. I thought they might as well call the whole thing a fool sham; that was nearer like being rightly named. When they brought their bill of fare it was printed in Chinese, with a few English words. The Chinese characters looked like duck tracks. We asked how much money for supper. He said a yen. Storey said he wanted one of our hens, he really rather give him a rooster. When I thought a little I remembered a yen is a dollar of our money. A yen is made of copper with a square hole in the center. These yens are often strung on a ribbon or string and worn around the neck. The Jap who carries the most yens is the richest man. The tea made by the Japs, or the Chinese is of the very finest quality. They keep the best tea for home use.

We soon arrived at Eddy, ate a good supper, and next day started for home. I wished that we had a balloon that we might traverse Western Texas without the dust and inconvenience of the long trip across the plains.

Our homeward journey was quite pleasant and as we were nearing St. Louis we were delayed by a freight train just ahead of us being wrecked. We reached the great city an hour after the Chicago & Alton train had left for home. Well I was not going to be put out much, we would visit the great exposition which was at its greatest height. I really thought our being left was a blessing in disguise. We spent the day, and were entertained by Sousa's fine band, the best in the United States. We also saw Madame Carthcart's Dog Show. The dogs were well trained and performed some very fine feats. One was a funeral train. A dog rescuing a child from a burning building was the first scene. The dog was burned to death in the act of rescuing the child. Two dogs came as pallbearers. One dog dressed as a lady mourner. The dead dog was wheeled away in a wagon for burial. The next scene was a fight, the dogs were dressed in clothes, standing upright. It was Corbett and Fitzsimmons. Then came another dog dressed as policeman who parted the fighters with his club. He wore the color of the policeman and brass buttons and the star. It was a very interesting scene. I never was an admirer of dogs except when they were of fine breed, but I really would like to peep at the kennels of George Vanderbilt in North Carolina, and if I ever chance in that section I shall not fail to see them. In seeing the dogs fight, I remembered in passing through Texas, near Dallas, where I had seen a huge amphitheater which had been erected for the great prize fight of Corbett and Fitzsimmons, but the governor of Texas was too wise a man to allow such a fight, and forbade the fight within the borders of Texas.

Many people are like those who built the large building; their works accomplished nothing. The new steel bridge is one of the wonders in the west. The union depot is one of

the wonders of St. Louis. The ladies there are large, robust, well dressed and well informed women and Storey declared he never saw so many pretty women.

I saw the finest apples I ever saw at the exposition, and I think Missouri a great apple and peach country. When we arrived home the house stood in the same place, where we had left it, but the November wind was whistling through the trees in the campus and we were glad we were home. But we remember New Mexico as an ideal climate, fine fruit and vegetables. Now that such fine things have been discovered there, and possess great medical qualities, the name Eddy has been changed to Carlsbad, after the noted city of Europe, where there are fine springs, and doubtless this city of Carlsbad, New Mexico, situated in the Pecos Valley, will be one of the most famous watering places in America. Hot Springs and Eureka Springs stand among the first.

WORLD'S FAIR.

Information was given in the Agricultural Building by cards and tags.

There were many private booths, the cost of some of these was \$25,000.

Canned goods largely represented. Confectionery, soaps, tobacco, and a large list of manufactured food products. Every exhibit told its own story.

The Anthropological Building was in the southeastern portion of the grounds. The early history of America was made a specialty.

The section of Ethnology was interesting.

The American Indian was represented by native families in their huts, living in the exact way their forefathers lived before being disturbed by the white men; the Indians cooked, made trinkets which they sold to the visitor; there was a skin tent with a family from the Eskimo village; the birch bark wigwam of the Penobscots with several families from Maine; a mat house and bark of the Winnebagoes; skin and bark houses of the Chippawas; a house of turf from Colorado with a band of Apaches singing their war songs in front of it.

Hygiene and Sanitation were also well represented.

Insane hospitals were given a large share of attention.

The natural color of buildings is a murky white, but other colors are produced by external washes. For the lower portions of the wall the material was mixed with cement which makes it hard. One hundred and twenty carloads of glass were used in covering the roofs of the various structures. More than forty carloads were used for the Manufactures Building alone. They were ornamented and planned without regard to cost.

There were immense pieces of sculpture throughout the grounds. The Columbia Fountain was one of the beautiful decorations. The great buildings were thirteen in number. The names they bore indicate their uses.

There were four entrances to the Administration Building. The underside of the dome was filled with immense paintings. At the top of the arches was a white molding; resting on this molding were eight panels, and on each hung a gilt slate. On each slate was some important record in the world's progress as: "Gunpowder was first used by Europeans in 1325." The sculptor of the Administration Building was Karl Bitter, of New York.

The Agricultural Building was devoted to the interest of the farmer, and dairy and contained an experiment station.

The World's Columbian Exposition began May 1, 1893, in South Chicago at Jackson Park and Washington Park. An invitation was given to the world to take part in this exposition.

The plans for the buildings were made by the best architects in America. The total cost of the buildings was \$8,000,000.

It will be impossible for me in this work to do anything more than mention things I saw there, but as scarcely any one saw the same things, I may be able to speak of something you did not see, and I hardly think anyone could see all the great things there displayed. I enjoyed the show very much, and another thing I enjoyed was meeting my cousins, Mrs. Nellie Rollins and Mrs. Jennie Skidmore, who had just arrived from her home in Mexico City. I had not met them for twenty years. The materials of the buildings were wood, iron, glass, and what is called staff. Thirty thousand tons of staff was consumed. It was invented in France, in 1876, and was first used in the buildings of the Paris Exposition in 1878. It was

composed chiefly of powdered gypsum, the other constituents being alumina, glycerine, and dextrine. These are mixed with water, without heat and cast in molds.

The Art Building was one of the most attractive. No wood was used in this building. The very panes of glass in the windows were set in iron frames. In the United States exhibit were one thousand and seventy-five paintings by American artists. The French section occupied a fine position.

The Japanese showed us work on silk.

There were wonderful machines shown in the electrical exhibit; telegraph and telephone; the statue of Franklin and his key to the elements.

The Fisheries Building was one of interest. The flowers all over the parks were very beautiful.

In the California exhibit was a pyramid of oranges. This orange exhibit showed oranges from the finest navel to the most common growth. In Machinery Hall there was a great display of engines. The cotton and silk looms and ribbon looms, machines for making hooks and eyes, machinery for wooden ware, printing, decorative work on wood were interesting.

The Manufacturers Building was one of great interest to me.

Cape Colony had a large exhibit of mohair and ivory. One ivory tusk seven and one-half feet long was worth thirteen hundred dollars.

The Cingalese Pavilion was a beautiful one. The supports of the little house were of ebony, which in the rough is sold at two hundred or three hundred dollars a ton.

One hundred men were employed for six months in Colombo, carving wood for these buildings.

In the Mines Building there was a statue of rock salt representing Lot's wife. The Pennsylvania coal, iron and oil exhibit was fine.

Michigan displayed her copper industry. New Mexico had a miner's cabin made from minerals.

Montana a statue of solid silver. Mexican display was mostly of saddlery.

The Woman's Building was one of the best, and all kinds of articles made by women were seen. There was a model kindergarten and a model kitchen. Queen Victoria was represented by six water color drawings of her own. Princess Christian, by two oil paintings; Princess Louise, by water color, and Princess Beatrice, by an oil painting. The priceless court laces of France, Spain and other countries were exhibited. The library was filled with printed works by famous women. A map of Italy made by an English woman in the time of Dante was a curiosity. The sword of Queen Isabella with her portrait and some of her jewels were among the displays.

Russian peasants dressed in costume were a unique feature.

Many beautiful articles of needlework made by country women of Spain, cushions in gold and lace. Many ladies' societies had beautiful exhibits. The sculpture work was done by Miss Alice Rideout of San Francisco.

The Woman's Building was said to be the best of its kind in the world.

The diamond exhibit from South Africa displayed forty thousand diamonds in the rough. From Cape Colony there was a collection of stuffed birds and animals.

In the Art Gallery, Corea had a large amount of fine pottery.

The ladies of Denmark had a fine display of embroideries.

Egypt had a large display of fancywork.

Germany was well represented. One thing was a salt mine and the throne of Emperor William.

England was represented from the art gallery to the live stock shed.

Hawaii had a special feature of a volcano.

India was rich in wood and ivory carving.

Some of the things I shall not forget seeing at the fair, were the large cheese, the weight was six tons; the boat of Grace Darling; the first passenger coach of the United States; the carriage of Daniel Webster; the Viking ship; a very large diamond exhibited by Tiffany & Co., of New York; Ferris Wheel; a section of rosewood and mahogany logs; Vienna Glass Works; the glass dress made for Eulala of Spain; the great silver monument; a picture of "The Last Supper" in silk embroidery; the farm home, in Illinois Building, pictured in grasses and grains; the Indian village and the Irish village. I do not fancy these things so much as some. One sees so much that he cannot remember anything well. Traveling is much more profitable and instructive.

INSULATOR SHOE.

There's a pesky looking man,
Wears fine clothes and shoes of tan,
Calls the man out from his wife,
And says, I sell a thing to save your life.

He talks of this then of that,
Then off he takes his new straw hat,
He then attempts to scratch his head,
And probe it up as if it were lead.

Did you not hear at the election,
That we have tariff for protection ;
The lightning rod to save our lives,
Now this is new, please use your eyes.

If our beds were on glass stools,
We nevermore would be such fools,
And instead of ground, we walked on glass,
We would belong to a wiser class.

There is many a new invention,
I dare not even to you mention,
But I can not recommend to you,
A finer thing, than the insulator shoe.

The shoe is leather, the sole is glass,
Or else the thing would never pass,
The sole is woven and will keep,
And then the shoe is so very cheap.

The shoe is warranted, it grows not old
You buy two, one for your wife,
I'm quite sure she will never scold,
But keep so sweet through all your life.

One dollar apiece is the price,
They are fitted so even and nice,
Ready for any old fashioned boot,
And lightning never would strike your foot.

Now friend I'll tell you what I'll do.
If you will buy of me this insulator shoe,
If one dollar is too much then cut it in two.
I'm sure that bargain you will never rue.

Your feet will keep warm and dry as toast,
Such beautiful feet, ladies all boast,
You will never again have pain or gout,
And tomorrow I can take a new route.

NIAGARA.

Storey, Roy and I went on an excursion to Niagara, by way of the Big Four railroad, and our first stop was at Indianapolis. We visited the state house and the old Harrison home. We found the state house an interesting place to visit. Many relics of the Rebellion, old shattered flags, and things from early Indian wars. Relics from the battlefield of Tippecanoe. At Cleveland we took Lake Shore and Michigan Southern route. We viewed Ashtabula bridge where P. P. Bliss and wife lost their lives in a railroad wreck. On our way home we saw their graves in the distance. We saw the great white ships on the lakes. I was much impressed with Erie, Pennsylvania. It is rightly named, when called the smoky city. And such an amount of lumber, I never saw before as at Tonawanda, New York. At last we heard the roar of the great falls at Niagara. One can but stand awe struck and look and listen, and wonder in our hearts why God should make this wonderful feature in his beautiful creation. It is useless for me or any one to attempt to describe the beauty and grandeur of Niagara. Go and see—

Words cannot tell its meaning.

Pictures cannot display its beauties.

Artists cannot give touch nor coloring.

Our first look was at the Great Horse Shoe Fall, and then the American Fall. I crossed the foot-bridges to Three Sister Islands, I crossed the new suspension bridge. A fine mist from the falls fell over us smelling so pure and sweet, like new-mown hay or crab-apple blooms. How I should like to view the falls in winter, still it might be chilly there in winter. The climate is delightful there in the month of August. The wonderful Cantilever bridge with its fine passenger train, pre-

sents to the eye a view never to be forgotten. The Whirlpool Rapids, what a foaming surging mass of pale green water, white with foam. Only think of it, a man to attempt to swim them, or Andrew Wallace ride his horse on ice mountain, under the falls. Lo, the poor Indian haunts me still selling her beadwares, to white squaw. I chanced to meet a family of Niagara Indians. The falls is their home. The great spirit is in the seething waters. In seeing these Indians, I call to mind the Pequod nation, that captain Mason destroyed in a day. Of the Narragansetts, and other red men of early times, who are now almost extinct. The Maid of the Mist I did not care to ride in. Prospect Point is a beautiful place, from which to view the falls. I crossed the whirlpool bridge but did not enter the cave of the winds. We drove into Canada, after being overhauled by the custom officer, and visited the Burning Spring, thus being in Queen Victoria's dominions. This Burning Spring, we drank of the water then lighted the remainder, and were delighted to see it burn. The water contains a large amount of gas. We rode down the inclined railway below the falls, and were at the landing of the Maid of the Mist. Here we met the New York fire company, who had come in on one of the nine excursions, that reached Niagara the same day. They became very much interested in us as we were from the prairie state. They gave me their cards. They were a brave set of fellows. I admired them very much. I spent three days at the falls and I shall never think of them only as pleasant days, and interesting sights. Many beautiful relics for sale. Much spar is obtained from the cave of the winds, from which much beautiful jewelry is made, and is exposed for sale. Our homeward trip was by way of Columbus, Ohio. Springfield, Ohio, is one of the favorite spots of earth in my estimation. It is in a rich agricultural and fruit growing section of country.

BILTMORE.

Biltmore, the country seat of George W. Vanderbilt near Asheville, North Carolina, is reputed to be the most costly private estate in America. The house grounds comprise nine thousand acres of lawn, farm and forest, with thirty miles of magnificent roadways, rustic bridges, artificial lakes, and thousands of trees, plants and shrubs brought from all parts of the world. The hunting reserve comprises eighty-seven acres or more. The house stands on a plateau of a mountain peak. It overlooks the French, Broad and Swannaoa rivers, and commands a fine view of the mountains and valleys. There are fifty peaks more than 5,000 feet high. The house is built of stone and brick made on the estate; it is 300 by 192 feet, lawns, tennis courts, conservatories, sunken gardens and other features. The house was begun in 1891 and was opened on Christmas 1895. The public are permitted to drive through the grounds.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I shall only speak of the few things, as a description of this place, its buildings, people, etc., would require a volume of itself.

First I shall mention some of the places of interest to the tourist. Most of these are open daily or a portion of the day except on Sundays and legal holidays. Capitol, Arlington Cemetery, Arsenal, Agricultural Department, Army Medical Museum, Botanical Garden, Corcoran Gallery, Dead Letter Office, Fish Commission, Government Printing Office, Library of Congress, Halls of the Ancients, Lincoln Museum, Marine Barracks, Mount Vernon, National Museum, Navy Department, Navy Yard, Patent Office, Pension Bureau, Postoffice Department, Smithsonian Institute, Soldiers' Home, State Department, War Department, Treasury, Washington Monument, White House, Zoological Park, and the Carlyle House. This house was erected in 1732. It was at one time headquarters of General Braddock. In one room of this house Washington received his commission in the army. Here a council of war was held between General Braddock and five governors together with Admiral Sepple, Horatio Gates and Benjamin Franklin. This was in 1755. This mansion was built of stone brought from the Isle of Wight, as ballast, on a fort erected by the early settlers to protect themselves from the Indians, with an underground passage, connecting with the river. This historic mansion is entirely surrounded by the Braddock house, the office of which was once used as a sub-treasury of the United States. Visitors to Mount Vernon can stop over at Alexandria, leaving train at Royal street sta-

tion, where they will be met by guides who will conduct them to the old mansion, which is two blocks from the depot.

Pennsylvania avenue is the central one; it connects railroad depots, Capitol, Treasury, White House, and State Department. Other public buildings are but a block or two from it. The city is wonderful.

The house once occupied by Francis Scott Key, author of The Star Spangled Banner, is in Georgetown, near the Acqueduct bridge. Ford's Theater, in which the assassination of President Lincoln occurred April 14, 1865. The building is now used for public business, and contains nothing of interest. Across the street is the house where Lincoln died, contains a collection of Lincoln relics. The Congressional Cemetery contains graves of many noted men. On Oak Hill is the grave of John Howard Payne, author of Home, Sweet Home. Payne died while United States consul, at Tunis, and was buried on a hill overlooking the ruins of Carthage. In 1882 his remains were brought home to America by William W. Corcoran.

The Government Printing Office is at North Capitol and H streets. Here all the Daily Congressional Records are printed. Department Reports. It is the largest printing office in the world. It takes two hours to walk through it. The Botanical Garden is a place of interest to the pupil. It contains rare plants from all parts of the world. The traveler's tree from Madagascar, the Hottentot poison tree from the Cape of Good Hope, the Jesuit's Bark from South America, and fine specimens from Sandwich Islands, Japan, Queensland, Sumatra and scores of other distant lands afford abundant interest. North of this conservatory is the Bartholdi Fountain.

The Army Medical Museum contains an immense collection of subjects illustrating various parts of the human body as affected by wounds and disease.

The Halls of the Ancients originated with Franklin W. Smith, the president of the National Galleries Company.

There are two Egyptian Halls; an Assyrian Throne Room; a Roman House, larger and more splendid than that at Saratoga; a lecture hall with a painting 50 feet by 9 feet, Rome in the time of Constantine, and a hall of the model of proposed National Galleries of History and Art. At the front of the hall is a beautiful model of the temple of Denderah. Near this are those of Greeks and Romans; Byzantine and Moorish; the East Indian courts. Each court is surrounded by galleries to receive ancient paintings. A model of the Parthenon for a memorial temple of Presidents of the United States, and others of the Thesian at Athens. One for a memorial temple of the Sons of the Revolution, and another for the Daughters of the Revolution.

Lincoln Museum, the house in which he died contains the Family Bible in which Lincoln wrote his name when a boy; log from the old Lincoln home; stand made from the logs of the house in which Lincoln lived in 1832; a rail split by him and John Hanks, in 1830 with affidavit by Hanks; a discharge to one of his men from the Black Hawk War, 1832, and thousands of other relics.

The paintings and bronze work, the sculptural work in Congressional Library are indeed grand. The gallery in the Reading Room shows statues of St. Paul and Robert Fulton. There were in the Library of Congress January 1, 1897, 748,115 books and 245,000 pamphlets. The books are sent to the Capitol by a tunnel connecting the two. The tunnel is brick, in length 1,275 feet and 4 by 6 feet interior. Books sent on trays

make the trip in three minutes. The Representatives' Reading Room is finished in dark oak and green silk, very rich and effective. The walls beautifully tinted and decorated, the paintings in the east hall tell the story of "The Evolution of the Book." The inscriptions on the ceiling from the poets are so fitting for the places. Words, nor books, nor pencils, nor pens can describe the grandeur to be realized in the Congressional Library. One to know what is there must visit it and not be hurried.

The Capitol is distinguished for its commanding situation, majestic proportions, dignity, grace and beauty of design, and the adornments without and within. It overlooks the Potomac and is a feature of the landscape for miles on every side. The building faces the east, supposing the main growth of the city in that direction, but the development has been toward the west. The Peace Monument marks the entrance in the west grounds. On the east front are three grand porticoes with Corinthian columns, broad flights of marble steps lead up to the porticoes from the esplanade on the east. The central building is of Virginia sandstone, painted white; the extensions are Massachusetts marble. The corner stone of the main building was laid by President Washington, September 18, 1793. The crowning glory of the capitol building is the dome. The fortunes of the American Indian furnish a theme which we find constantly recurring throughout the decorations of the Capitol. The marbles and bronzes of the rotunda portico are suggestive of the first contact of the white race and the red. There are eight oil paintings in the rotunda. They are: The Landing of Columbus, October 12, 1492; Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto, 1541; The Baptism of Pocahontas; Jamestown, Virginia, 1613; Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft-Haven, July 21, 1620 and Declaration of Independence, Philadelphia, July 4, 1776.

The old Representative Hall is now Statuary Hall and statues of all our great men are there. I can but mention these beautiful mottoes, beautiful buildings in this work, but I may write another on the city itself.

The White House is on Pennsylvania avenue. It is very becoming as the home of the President of the United States. Two fine paintings which adorn the White House is that of George Washington and Martha Washington. The dress of Martha Washington was made in Paris. It was worn at the Martha Washington Centennial Tea-party in Philadelphia, in 1876. Mrs. Tyler's and Polk's pictures by the Ladies' Tennessee Club, and Mrs. Hayes' by Woman's Christian Temperance Union in recognition of her dispensing with wine at the State dinners. In this blue room, oval in shape, is decorated in light blue and gold. The mantel clock hangs in the blue room which was presented by Napoleon I to Lafayette and by him to Washington.

In the family sitting room the walls and decorations are in red. Here are portraits of many of the presidents.

Beyond the red room is the State dining room, which is decorated in the colonial style of yellow. Here are the dinners to the cabinet, diplomatic corps, and justices of the supreme court. The china, silver, cut glass were designed especially for the White House. The china, numbering one thousand five hundred pieces was selected by Mrs. Hayes, and decorated by Theodore R. Davis, the artist, with exquisite paintings of American flowers, fruit, game, birds and fish. Each of the five hundred and twenty pieces of cut glass are engraved with the arms of the United States. The family dining room is opposite. A massive oak table in the President's room has a history. It was made from the timbers of Her Majesty's Ship, Resolute.

Sir John Franklin's expedition was cast away in the Arctic in 1846, and the long continued search for him engaged the sympathy of the civilized world. Among the ships sent in the search was the *Resolute* sent out by Queen Victoria. This ship with the rest of the fleet was abandoned in the ice in May, 1854.

In September, the same year she was sighted by an American whaler, brought into an American port, and was presented by United States to England.

This table made from the timbers of this ship was presented in 1881, by Queen Victoria to President of the United States.

The White House is constructed of Virginia freestone. It was the first public building erected at the new seat of government. Washington selected the site, laid the corner stone, October 13, 1792, and lived to see the building completed. John Adams was the first occupant in 1800. In 1814, it was fired by marauding British troops and only the walls were left standing. With the restoration the stone was painted white to obliterate the effects of the fire, and thus it is called the White House. In front of the White House is Lafayette square. On one side is the Treasury; and on the other the State, War and Navy Buildings. The house is set amid the President's grounds, with flower beds, fountains and sloping lawns. The grounds merge into the Mall, and stretch away to the monument and Potomac. To the slopes south of the house, the Washington children assemble for the famous egg rolling on Easter Sunday. My niece, Sarah M. Price, attended the egg rolling on Easter, —, 1900, President McKinley enjoying the fun.

The Lafayette Square is adorned by a monument. It is a work of French artists. He is represented in the uniform

of the Continental Army. America extends to him a sword. There are other figures in the group, Rochambeau, Duportail, D'Estaing and De Grasse.

The Marquis de Lafayette, offered his services to the Americans in 1777, was commissioned major-general, and served throughout the war. He took part in the battles of Brandywine, Monmouth and Yorktown. In 1824, he revisited America, and was given a continuous ovation by the twenty-four states. In the center of the square is an equestrian statue of General Jackson, as the hero of the battle of New Orleans. The bronze was cast from cannon captured in Jackson's campaigns. St. John's church on the north side of the square was built in 1816. One of its pews is set apart for the President.

Second only to the Capitol, is the Treasury Building of architectural importance. President Jackson became impatient in choosing the site and put down his cane and said, "Let it be there," and there it is. The daily transactions in the Treasury run into millions of dollars. The system of making new money, exchanging new for old, is what one sees at the Treasury. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing is where the paper money and postage stamps are made, but the actual work of the plates is not shown. The paper money is made of a silk fibered paper, made at the Crane Mills, Dalton, Massachusetts. No other mill is allowed to make the same kind of paper. This mill is not allowed to sell paper to any party, except the proper government officials. In the redemption division there is an average of one million dollars a day handled.

These handlers of worn out and chewed bills are all women, being much better than men in deciphering these old bills.

The Treasury is guarded by a force of sixty-eight watchmen. Arms are stored in many of the rooms where much

money is handled; with these the captain of the watch could instantly arm a thousand men. One of the doors of the vault is a solid sliding door of six tons. There is now \$250,000,000 in the United States Treasury.

Objects of interest are exhibited in the State Library. The sword of Washington. It is in a black leather case with silver mountings. The handle is ivory, pale green, wound with silver wire. The belt of white leather has silver mountings. This was one of the four swords given to the nephews of Washington. It was chosen by Samuel Washington, and presented by his son to Congress, in 1843. The staff of Franklin. He said: "My fine crab tree walking stick; with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of a cap of liberty, I give to my friend, and the friend of mankind, George Washington. If it were a scepter he has merited it. It was a present to me from Madame DeForbach, the dowager duchess of Deuxponts." There are also buttons there from Franklin's dress coat. Thomas Jefferson's desk on which he wrote the Declaration of Independence. Washington's eye-glasses, given him by Lafayette and presented to United States by his great-grandson, Count Octave Assailly. A whale's tooth presented to United States as a treaty from the King of Fiji Islands. Obus (explosive shell) from the Paris commune of 1871. A thousand things I cannot remember.

In the Patent Office are four halls full of models. Some of these models have become relics and are now placed in the National Museum.

The Pension Office is a great business place. There are two thousand clerks employed here, and among them many an armless sleeve.

The Dead Letter Office is an interesting place. Clerks seated on long tables receive these letters in bundles of one

hundred each, and with the stroke of a knife they are opened and contents examined. If money or anything of value is found a careful record of it is made on the envelope into which the letter and inclosure are returned. When it is possible to find out from the inside where the letter is from it is either forwarded to the one to whom it is sent or returned to the writer. Some eighteen thousand of these letters are handled in one day. The amount of money found in them will average \$50,000 a year—checks, drafts, money orders, a million more. This mail matter is of several kinds, some wrongly addressed. Thirty thousand a year without any address. Some properly addressed but no postage. I note at random. Many articles are found at Dead Letter Office; horns of animals, combustibles and explosives from firecrackers to cartridges of large size, deeds of land, hack drivers' licenses, false teeth, horned toads, tarantulas, bottles of consumption cure, five boxes Ayers pills, loaded pistol addressed to a woman, ears of corn, garden seed, musical instruments, toys of all kinds, salad oil, lockets, German syrup, cod liver oil, embroideries, stamped linens, safety pins, hatchets, alligators, snakes in glass jars, bug and insect killers, valentines, Indian scalps, fungi, Chinese curios, canvas needles, gloves, forty thousand photographs go astray in the mails every year, and are received at the Dead Letter Office.

The museum at the navy yard is shaded by a willow tree which was grown from a slip from a tree over the grave of Napoleon on St. Helena. The museum contains relics of war, and different kinds of shells, projectiles and ordinance.

The Smithsonian Institute and National Museum are both places of great interest. There are over 3,000,000 objects in the museum. The historical collection of the museum contains personal relics, mementoes and memorials of most of the

Presidents of the United States. The uniform of Washington is here, also the tent he used in the Revolution; General Grant's sword used at Fort Donelson; the New York sword voted by Sanitary Fair in 1864. In the Mall one can find the silk worm spinning silk shown in all stages; cotton, flax, hemp.

The Corcoran Gallery contains the finest collection of sculpture in America.

The Washington monument is a shaft of white marble. Go where you will it is seen from every point. It has a new appearance for each hour of the day. It is an obelisk. The facing of pure white marble. The monument is the highest piece of masonry in the world. It is five hundred and fifty-five feet and five and one-eighth inches high. Winthrop said at the laying of the corner stone: "Lay the corner stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious 'Father of his Country.' Build it to the skies; you cannot outreach the loftiness of its principles. Found it upon the massive and eternal rock; you cannot make it more enduring than his fame. Construct it out of the peerless Parian marble, you cannot make it purer than his life. Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and modern art; you cannot make it more proportionate than his character." The cost of this monument was \$1,300,000. There are so many monuments: One to Garfield, and one to Martin Luther, General Scott, the Peace Monument, and George Washington on his horse as he appeared at the battle of Princeton.

The Soldiers' Home is a place of interest. It is beautifully situated. The grounds comprise five hundred and twelve acres.

At Arlington Cemetery sleep 16,000 soldiers, who died in the war for the Union. It is consecrated ground, to which

thousands come every year, from the north and the south, the east and the west, to honor those who gave their lives, that the Union might survive. The gates are named Scott, Lincoln, Stanton, Grant and McClellan. The house is occupied by the keeper of the grounds. The mansion stands on the brow of the hill, whose slope stretches away to the Potomac two hundred feet below. When Lafayette was a guest at Arlington House, he pronounced the view from the porch, one of the most beautiful he had ever looked upon. Most of the graves at Arlington are on the plateau toward the Fort Myer Reservation. Two thousand one hundred and eleven nameless soldiers are gathered in one common grave. Arlington House was built in 1802. The builder was George Washington Parke Custis, son of John Parke Custis, whose widowed mother became Mrs. Martha Washington. When Colonel John Parke Custis died at the siege of Yorktown, Washington adopted as his own the two children, George Washington Parke Custis and Eleanor Parke Custis. After the death of Mrs. Washington in 1802, he removed to his Arlington estate. He drew hosts of friends and visitors to Arlington. Lafayette was one of the distinguished visitors. Upon the death of Custis, Arlington passed to the children of his only daughter, wife of Colonel Robert E. Lee, of the United States army. When the Civil War came Colonel Lee resigned from the Federal service; on April 22, 1861, he left Arlington, and with his family went to Richmond, there to take command of Virginia troops, and afterward to become commander-in-chief of the Confederate Army. The Federal troops took possession of Arlington; a hospital was established there and a cemetery being needed it was used. The first grave was a Confederate soldier, who had died a prisoner. George Washington Custis Lee was paid one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his title.

MOUNT VERNON.

In the banquet hall is the mantel piece of Carrara and Siena marble carved in Italy and presented to Washington by Samuel Vaughan, of London.

The vessel on which this mantel was shipped was captured by French pirates, who sent it to its destination when they found it belonged to Washington.

In the dining room is a sideboard used by Martha Washington and presented by Mrs. Robert E. Lee. In the banquet hall is Washington's punch bowl. In one of the window panes, one of Mrs. Washington's grandchildren cut her name with a diamond and the date August 2, 1792, and it now remains. No cooking in the kitchen but the fire-place and great brick oven are ready. The old hominy mortar is in the superintendent's room. The outbuildings comprise a butler's house, wash house, ice house, meat house, spinning house and green house. Above the door of the tomb of Washington are the words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead yet shall he live." There are three trees of interest near the tomb, an elm planted by Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil in 1876.

Mount Vernon is on the Virginia shore of the Potomac. It is sixteen miles south of Washington.

The Mansion House of Mount Vernon occupies a beautiful sight overlooking the river; in the rear are lawns, orchards and gardens. In front of the house are shaded lawns and a deer park below. The main hall of the house extends from front to back. The six rooms on first floor are the banquet room, music room, west parlor, family dining room, Mrs. Washington's sitting room and the library. This house was built by Lawrence, half brother of George Washington. On

the death of Lawrence and his only daughter, Washington inherited the estate. He came to live here soon after his marriage in 1759. He conducted his farm until called to the field. To Mount Vernon he returned after the siege of Yorktown, and again after his term as President. This estate was bought by Ladies Mt. Vernon Association for \$200,000: Edward Everette gave \$69,000 as a personal contribution; Washington Irving gave \$500, and many school children gave five cents. Several of the states have different rooms in keeping. Alabama, main hall; Illinois, the west parlor; Virginia, the room in which Washington died.

A maple tree planted in 1881 by the Temperance Ladies of America, and a British oak planted by request of the Prince of Wales, in 1889, to replace a horse chestnut planted by him in 1860. Near the butler's house is a magnolia which was bought and planted by Washington the last year of his life. It was brought from the James river in 1709.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Trundling a wagon, with a heavy load,
Or galloping a horse over a beautiful road,
His stirrup all bright, his spur all steel,
He never dreamed of a tandem wheel.

He amused himself with bat and ball,
And often wore an old crumpled hat,
He liked to chop with his little hatchet,
But one day got into a terrible racket.

The tree he had chopped was a favorite cherry,
The tree had long made his old father merry,
He now came around and looked so wry,
George cried at once, "I will never tell a lie."

No button to press when he wanted light,
A grease oil lamp was then a delight,
Not even a match for the child to scratch,
And on the door an old fashioned latch.

Not a postage stamp for the boy to lick,
But the very thought would have made him sick.
An old red seal made his letters stick,
And they could not be opened so very quick.

And when a message he wanted to send,
To his best girl or off to a friend,
He did not wait for wire or end of a string,
He might get left with such a fool thing.

He simply walked down to the brow of the hill,
 Caught an old goose and pulled out a quill,
 A very fine letter he often wrote,
 But poetry he was no hand to quote.

No electric motor for him to ride on,
 No heated balloon to come tumbling down,
 When his mother wanted fire, she gave a hint,
 He got out his knife and picked up a flint.

No carriage without horses then did go,
 No machinery with which to reap or mow,
 To do without these and no electric fan,
 It requires a wonderfully constituted man.

We have all these, a thousand things more,
 But the brain of George Washington is not in store
 Higher education or Buffalo show,
 But the man with the brain is nearly all blow.

We have great men, one Admiral Dewey,
 But men like Washington are scarce and fewey.
 He did as much as others and made no mistakes,
 Others do great things and they make great breaks.

AMANDA E. MILLER BATES.

Normal, Ill., February 22, 1900.

INDIANS.

ROYALTY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Away up in the northwestern part of Wisconsin, near Black River Falls, an old man with a wrinkled, copper colored face sits on the ground in the center of a wigwam. His legs are drawn beneath him like a tailor's. There are streaks of red, yellow and blue paint on his forehead, cheeks and chin. His little black eyes shine like the eyes of a snake. In his hair are eagle feathers, bright beads and bits of ribbons. His body sways backward and forward, at times almost touching the earth. He shakes with his hands, a gourd filled with jingling things that beat a monotonous measure, to the weird incantation that he mumbles. He is the medicine-man of the Winnebago Indians, and he is making medicine to protect the royal line of chiefs and princesses of his tribe, from the bad spirits of the water that they will encounter on their journey across the ocean to the Paris exposition. They will sail this month of March, so the medicine men of the Sioux, Chippewas, the Pottawatomies, Tuscaroras, Cheyennes, Navajos, and Apaches are making medicine in their wigwams, for many of the tribe will go to the strange land of the Frenchman. These Indians hesitate to take this trip, although all expenses will be paid and they will receive good salaries besides. They fear the evil spirits in the great ocean, being stronger in water, than on land. But probably, the most potent factor in inducing the Indian chiefs and princesses to make this great journey across the water is the confidence they have in a white man who brought peace to some of their tribes, after a long and bloody war of forty years, and who, upon the death of Black Hawk, united the terrible factions of the Winnebagoes, and was selected by them as their

chief. They first called him Brave Man, but when they chose him leader, they named him, in our language White Buffalo, which is the name of the greatest honor which they have. White Buffalo is known in Peoria, Illinois, where he was born, as Thomas R. Roddy, but he has lived with the red men for so many years that they all regard him as their brother.

He took them to the Chicago World's Fair and led them safely back to their wigwams on the reservation. So, in spite of their fears, they have consented to go to Paris with him, and are looking forward to their sojourn in Paris with anticipations of pleasure. The North American Indian will be appreciated in Paris. The Indian is not a tiller of the soil, nor never will be. He is an artificer, a handworker of marvelous skill and ingenuity, with nothing but rude tools fashioned by himself, he carves wonderful things from bone and ivory, and by a gentle touch he makes jewelry from silver and gold. He has the eye and skill of a mechanic. He would make a good carpenter, or wood carver. The Indian women are proficient in the use of the needle. Their sewing cannot be excelled by that of civilized nations. Their bead work shows a genius of patience and skill. Their weaving of cloth and blankets by hand from the raw material shows remarkable ingenuity. His every word is poetry. Read the speech of Logan, the chief of the Mingoes.

Fifty Indians are selected from various tribes to go to Paris. They will be members of the royal families, persons of high rank. The Winnebagoes are the strongest mentally of all the Indians; the Sioux, the most perfectly formed people, the men are athletes, the women beautiful; the Apaches, the most savage fighters and the most treacherous, whom General Miles named human tigers.

Such a celebrated group as these, for Paris exposition have never before been grouped together. Their ancestry traces

back many years, and they are as proud of their forefathers, as Queen Victoria is of her's. The Princess Neola, who with her daughter will sail this march, is royal descent. A Winnebago princess, her mother a Tuscarora, a sister to Mount Pleasant, head chief of the Iroquois. She was niece of General Ely S. Parker, a full blood Seneca Indian, who was General Grant's military secretary during the Civil War, and afterward Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Neola was educated at Thomas Institute, New York, and is a woman of rare ability. She speaks English, German, Winnebago, Seneca, Tuscarora, and plays twelve different musical instruments. She has traveled through New and Old Mexico and visited all the large cities of the United States from the Pacific coast to the east. Her name among the Winnebagoes is Sunbeam. She is married to a white man, George D. Fuerst, who has been with the Indians since boyhood. Her third daughter, who is four years old will accompany her to Paris. Her name is Shur-a-winka; which in English means a money girl. Two noted grand daughters of Black Hawk, Blue Wing and Feather Wing, will go to Paris. I well remember many stories of the Black Hawk War. It was just at the close of the war that my grandfather settled in Peoria county, Illinois. I have made the Indian a study. I saw White Buffalo and Neola at World's Fair. I too saw old Rain in the Face. He was the largest man I ever saw. Another fierce old chief who will cross the water is Whirling Thunder. He is getting old now, and rather subdued. He was second in command at the time of the Custer Massacre. I was in California at the time General Custer's wife, received the sad news of General Custer's death. She was at a hotel in San Francisco at the time. Little Bear is the best horseman of the Sioux. He is a terrible fighter, and is called the Soldier Killer. He was sentenced to hang, for being in the great massacre in

Minnesota in 1863 of which Little Crow was leader, when seven hundred men, women and children were killed. Three hundred Indians were sentenced to be hanged, but President Lincoln commuted the sentences of all by thirty-nine to imprisonment for ten years. These thirty-nine were executed at Mankato, Minnesota. Soldier Killer, was sent to prison, but was pardoned in four years. He is now seventy-five years old, wrinkled and bent. Lone Tree is one of the finest dancers of the Sioux. He is an Indian of the old school who does not believe in advancement. He detests the clothes of civilization, and likes the nakedness and feathers of a century ago. Besides these there will be many well known among their tribes. There will be Green Hay, a brother-in-law of George Fuerst, peaceful and thoughtful. There will be White Dog and Standing Bear and Black Spirit, stubborn and always against the thing that is. And there will be Little Wolf, one of Geronimo's band, that chased back and forth across the border into Mexico and for eighteen years eluded the soldiers. The Indian village at Paris will occupy a space of two hundred by one hundred feet. It will represent the Indian at home on his reservation. There will be seen the wigwams of skins and cat-tail rushes. The squaws will prepare the food in their own utensils. They will pound the corn in the wooden mortar and cook their stews in the big kettles. The women of rank will be adorned with ear-rings, and different jewels. The ghost dance and the marriage dance will be performed. There will be tests of horsemanship and with the rifle. The chief of the medicine-men will sit in his wigwam in Paris making medicine for the safe return of his tribe to America. I have seen the blanket of the Navajos in the hand loom. I have visited the snake, or digger Indian in his wigwam, also the Walapai. Have visited the Indian school at Jubilee, Illinois, and Phoenix,

Arizona. The snake dance is interesting to some people, but I think it hideous. They carry snakes in their hands turning, twisting, wriggling them in all shapes. The Indian is a changeable creature. A story of my childhood comes to mind, which was often repeated by my mother. My mother's first husband's name was John Estep, his only son lives near Duncan, Stark county, Illinois. James M. Estep, by name. When she was first married her husband decided to settle in Iowa. Their home was near the then village of Ottumwa. There were many Indians there, only two white families, by name of Estep and Morgan. It was twenty miles to a flouring mill. The Morgan family consisted of father, mother, a grown son and a daughter sixteen years of age, whose name was Mary, whose hair was red, the Indians calling her red squaw, and no good. The Estep family consisted of my mother and her husband and her two children, a girl of five years and James of two years. Mr. Morgan and Mr. Estep decided to take some wheat to mill, and as it took several days to make the trip, Mary Morgan came to stay with my mother, as she did not like to stay alone with the children. The Indians had been friendly, and two Indian men called, they had something under their blankets. They acted so curious the women were afraid. When the Indians took out a large knife, then motioning to the other to remove his blanket, when he took out a screech owl, cut off its toes, gave it to the children to play with, which calmed their fears.

Tom Thunder, son of John Thunder, the big medicine-man of the Winnebago tribe of Wisconsin, has proclaimed himself chief of the tribe, dating his ascension to the chieftainship January 1, 1900. Tom Thunder is thirty years of age and is far above the average member of the tribe in general intelligence. He says White Buffalo, is a Chicago Irishman,

who was made chief by the will of the former leader, is only a show chief, while he is the simon pure chief of the tribe, and will see that he is respected in his high office. He intends that White Buffalo will not be tolerated, should he attempt to carry out the advertised coronation to take place when the dandelions are in bloom. Tom Thunder says he is willing to settle the question in accordance with tribe customs and an appeal to the tomahawk will be made. He says let "White Buffalo put up or shut up."

ZACHEUS.

It was on a beautiful sunny day,
In the land of Palestine far away,
That Zacheus climbed up into a tree,
When Jesus was passing, whom he wished to see.

The multitude pressing was very great,
So Zacheus thought that he would wait,
He feared a stampede he was so small,
He then spied a sycamore leafy and tall.

In the branches he then did hide,
And looked on the multitude in glory and pride,
That he was above them and Jesus could see,
And none could see him so thought he.

Now Jesus spied him on a limb,
And said "Zacheus, come down among the rest,
And I will go and stay with you,
And for awhile will be your guest."

Then Zacheus came down at last,
Along the road with Jesus walked,
And as those rustic scenes they passed,
They of God and His Kingdom talked.

Then Zacheus his sins confessed,
Gave half he had unto the poor,
And then he felt that he was blest,
More than he had ever been before.

June 11, 1900.

AMANDA E. BATES.

ATTICA, INDIANA, LITHIA SPRINGS HOTEL.

The Wabash river, at this place is very interesting, not so very far from here the Tippecanoe battle ground and then I remember the beautiful song.

“On the Banks of the Wabash.”

The writer of this song still lives not far from Attica. The river is spanned by three beautiful bridges, and the banks are covered with vines and trees, the sycamore, sassafras, sumac, being quite prominent. The scenery along the river is very romantic, and Williamsport on the west side of the river is a romantic place.

There are several hotels in Attica, but the Lithia Springs hotel seems to be the traveling man's home. The Lithia water seems to drive the dust from his throat better than any beer or cider he may be able to obtain. There are three newspapers printed in the place, but the *Ledger* seems to be the best paper of the town. There are several large book firms of which Messrs. J. A. Brady, and C. Lewis Ahrens are the principal. Attica is a shipping point for the Sterling Remedy Company. They are located in a fine building on one of the principal streets. They are doing a big business, employing from one hundred and fifty to three hundred young ladies and gentlemen.

I shall attempt to describe in a brief way this beautiful health resort. It is near the Wabash river, in Indiana, near the city of Attica. Attica is situated at the junction of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois and Wabash railways. The Lithia Spring is a deep well 1500 feet deep. It is a fine mineral water containing lithium, sodium and other combinations. This hotel is one of beauty, being airy and cool. It was opened in April

1900, by W. C. Furman, a wealthy man of Chicago. It contains many fine parlors, halls, new furniture, hardwood floors and fine rugs. All the rooms for guests are outside rooms, sixty in number. Each room supplied by a call bell, electric light and steam heat. The dining hall is large, beautifully lighted. One of the decorations of the dining room is a china cupboard filled with hand painted china, made by the landlady. Through the month of June there were three hundred guests at this hotel. It was my pleasure to stay there in August of 1900, and I enjoyed the hospitality of both family and the sociability of its guests, and shower baths.

The plan of the home affords a homelike place for all, being so clean and cool, then the pleasant family of the landlord, W. C. Furman, adds greatly to the charms of the place. Then Doctor Bolling and wife are so very pleasant to the visitor it makes the place indeed a home.

Then there are many other attractions, tennis, golf, croquet, tether ball, and almost any game one may choose. Then entertainments are often held in the house. August 16 and 17, the Chicago Glee Club entertained us with their cheerful songs and comedies. One song, "Tom, Tom, the Piper's son stole a pig, and away he ran," another laughable song; "A seein things at night." Miss Irene Horner the soprano with the Glee Club is a very fine singer. Miss Ardela Davis is the pianist. The members of this club are, F. W. Garn, first tenor; D. F. Thomas, second tenor; H. Campbell, baritone; C. H. Dixon, basso and manager. If you hear them once you want to hear them again.

Mr. Dixon of this club is a nephew of Reverend Tullis a Methodist minister of note, who held a pastorate at Normal, Illinois, two years ago.

The view west from the hotel is very beautiful. The trees along the river bed then towering hills to Williamsport the capital of Warren county.

This health resort promises to be one of great interest in the years to come. Here we meet many very fine people. A Mrs. Leland, of Buffalo, New York, who has resided at both these springs. She prefers them for a quiet home, also for their fine bathing facilities. Very many interesting features are connected with trips to these great health resorts. A very noble lady whose home is on Wabash avenue, Chicago, who is a fine reader; in reading the poem entitled, "George Washington," she turned to an attentive listener who also resides on Wabash avenue. She asked, "Mr. L., do you know who George Washington is?" His reply was, "I see him often. He is the colored man who scrubs my stone steps. He lives on Armour avenue." A traveling man from Boston declared he was mistaken for George Washington was dead. That he had attended his funeral, February 14, 1900, at Mt. Vernon, D. C. So you see there is a variety of opinion in these matters and you see these men are both mistaken and both are intelligent gentlemen. They were trying to find out what George Washington I meant.

Inflammatory rheumatism so often obstinate under ordinary medicinal treatment, yields in much less time under the influence of mud baths than in the use of drugs. The high temperature is often reduced to normal in a few days, the pain and swelling of the joints is rapidly ameliorated, and the duration of the disease is shortened to a week or ten days. The soreness, stiffness, lameness of the joints and muscles is soon relieved, and the patient who could not move without suffering, finds that he can exercise with comfort. Many physicians agree on the wonderful curative powers of the so-called Mud Bath.

The Lithia springs hotel is new. It is beautifully located on the outskirts of the city of 4,000 inhabitants on an eminence insuring pure air and perfect drainage. Every room is an outside room.

It was built especially as a health resort. The bath department is under the same roof, thereby requiring no exposure to and from the bath. The mineral water piped into the hotel discharging 10,400 gallons an hour. A diet kitchen has been provided so those requiring special foods can be supplied.

THE MAN OF ATTICA.

Over in Indiana,
The good old Hoosier state,
I met a man of Attica,
Who had something to relate.

He had some stomach trouble,
His liver was out of gear,
His kidneys were all upset,
But he had still more fear.

He had sciatic rheumatism,
Perhaps a little gout,
And if you follow closely,
You will find the thing all out.

He felt that satan held a claim,
Against his natural life,
But then he came to Lithia Springs,
And came without his wife.

They gave nice things for him to eat,
And Lithia water him to drink,
They piled him up in mud a heap,
And he had naught to do but think.

He fell asleep, he dreamed a dream,
There in his bed of sticky mud,
When all at once the doctor came,
And gave him such a thud.

He dreamed that God was the giver,
Of health-giving Springs in Indiana,
That a city on a beautiful river,
Was Attica on the Wabash.

The hotel is a mansion alone,
Built in old colonial style,
It matters not whether 'tis wood or stone,
It is filled up all the while.

The landlord is a Furman,
Although he is not a bear,
His wife he quite often fans,
She calls him Willie fair.

A new doctor has set his ball rolling,
He comes recommended from Fort Wayne,
His name is Lewis Bolling,
He is an expert in curing pain.

Now friend I have awakened quite,
From my very beautiful dream,
Now I will go and a new poem write,
Down by the Wabash stream.

Attica, Indiana, August 8, 1900.

INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS.

Near the ancient city of Attica on the classic "Banks of the Wabash," Indiana Mineral Springs, are located. The place is skirted by rugged Pine Creek and it nestles among oak, hickory and elm trees. Rising amid the hills and foliage are the hotels and buildings. There from the front verandas is a pleasant view of farm lands down the little valley. Here and there are pagodas and pavilions that shelter these Lithia Springs, that furnish an inexhaustible supply of water. This water is used for all purposes. Below the springs is a great Magno mud deposit. Many rheumatic patients are packed in this mud and then bathed in Lithia water and cured.

There is enough life about the place to make it lively, and quiet enough to make it restful. There is good companionship for those who wish social life and isolation for those who wish it. At the time of my visit to these springs there were near two hundred guests there.

A vegetable garden is cultivated on the grounds, a herd of high bred cows give the milk, butter and cream supply. The hotel and grounds are lit by electricity and the water is available from hydrants and dippers wherever reasonably desired.

This place is melodious all day with songs of myriads of wild birds and there are all the delights of a country home, with the conveniences of the city as to domestic appointments. So this place is not only possessed of curative powers but a beautiful pleasure resort. These springs are located some five miles north of Attica. Pine Creek takes its name from the pine trees on its banks. There is an established postoffice at

the Indiana Mineral Springs where a large amount of mail arrives each day. The hotel is a large fine building with a new addition now under construction that will cost twenty-five thousand dollars. An electric light plant illuminates the hotel and surroundings. The bath-rooms, there are none finer in this country. They are wainscoted with brown marble and the floor of mosaic tile.

The bath tubs are porcelain and large size. The trimmings are polished nickel. Leaded art glass windows of large size admit a subdued light, lending a pleasing effect to the interior. It reminds one of the famous baths that we read of in the early days of Rome.

H. L. Kramer, assisted by his brother, B. C. Kramer, are the able managers of these springs. The Lithia water tubs are Tennessee marble. Marble slabs are in use for massage treatment.

The curative powers of the mud and water were accidently discovered by one Sam Storey, a fitcher, who was troubled badly with rheumatism and scrofula. Every one thinking the work in the ditch would be his certain death but as he got well instead they saw at once that the mud and water had performed the cure. And there is a chapel which was dedicated the last of May and services were held there, so that the visitor at the springs is not denied his church privilege on Sunday. There are many nice things I could say about the springs. But go and see and try the mud, used in the baths of the mineral springs of Attica.

SUCCESS.

Almost every great achievement in the world's history, like liberty, has had to win its triumph through opposition, through insurmountable obstacles, and often through blood itself. It is downright hard work, indomitable energy and and perseverance which found the world, mud and left it marble, which found civilization in the cradle and elevated it to the throne. A constant struggle, a ceaseless battle to bring success from inhospitable surroundings, is the price of all achievement. The man who had not fought his way up to his own loaf and does not bear the scars of desperate conflict, does not know the highest meaning of success. There is scarcely a great man in history who has not had to fight the way to his eminence inch by inch, against opposition and often through ridicule and abuse of friends, as well as enemies. Even Washington was threatened by a rude mob because he would not listen to the clamor of the people. The Duke of Wellington was mobbed in the streets of London, while his wife lay dead in the house. Bruno was burned in Rome, for revealing the heavens and Versalins was condemned for dissecting the human body. Roger Bacon one of the greatest thinkers the world ever seen, was terribly persecuted, his books burned in public, and he was kept in prison for ten years.

Barnum began the race in business life, barefoot. At the age of fifteen, he was obliged to buy on credit the shoes he wore to his father's funeral. His museum was burned several times, and he met with reverses which would have disheartened most men, but he had that pluck and grit which knows no defeat.

Robert Collyer brought his bride to America in the steerage. He worked at the anvil in Pennsylvania nine years. By hard work he became one of the greatest of preachers.

Columbus was dismissed as a fool from court after court, but he pushed his suit against an incredulous and ridiculing world. Rebuffed by kings, scorned by queens, he never swerved a hair's breadth from his great purpose.

Seven shoemakers sat in Congress, during the first century of our government, Roger Sherman, Henry Wilson, Gideon Lee, John Halley, H. P. Baldwin and Daniel Sheffey. Gallileo discovered greater things than has any one else, with a great telescope. Gifford worked his intricate problems with a shoemaker's awl on bits of leather.

John Brighton, the author of "The Beauties of England and Wales," used to study in bed because too poor to afford a fire.

The great founder of Boston University left Cape Cod for Boston, to make his way in the world with only four dollars. But he was not afraid of obstacles nor hardships. "He could find no opening for a boy," any more than Horace Greely could, so he made one. He found a board and made it into an oyster stand on the street corner; he borrowed a wheelbarrow went three miles to an oyster smack, bought three bushels of oysters and wheeled them to his stand. Soon his little savings amounted to one hundred and thirty dollars, with which he bought a horse and cart. This poor boy kept right on until he became the millionaire, Isaac Rich.

See young Disraeli sprung from a hated and persecuted race, without education, without opportunities, pushing his way up through the lower classes, through the middle classes, through the highest classes until he stands self-poised upon the topmost round of political and social power. Scoffed,

ridiculed, hissed from the House of Commons, he simply says: "The time will come when you shall hear me." The time did come, and the boy with no chance swayed the scepter of England as prime minister a quarter of a century.

Thomas Carlyle and Hugh Miller were masons; Dante and Descartes were soldiers; Jeremy Taylor was a barber; Cardinal Wolsey, Defoe and Henry Kirke White were butchers' sons; Faraday was the son of a blacksmith and his teacher, Bunyan, a tinker and Copernicus the son of a baker.

Richard Cobden was a boy in a London warehouse. His first speech in Parliament was a failure, but he was not afraid of defeat, and soon became one of England's great orators. About 1840 a lad who had come from the Catskill Mountains, where he had learned the rudiments of penmanship by scribbling on the leather of a Quaker shoemaker, (for he was too poor to buy paper) till he could write better than his neighbors, commenced to teach in that part of Ohio which has been called "benighted Ashtabula." He set up a writing school in a rude log cabin, and threw into the work the spirit that few men possess. He caught his ideas of beauty from the waves of the lake and the curves they make upon the white beach, and from the tracery of the spider's web. Studying the lines of beauty as drawn by nature's hand, he wrought out that system of penmanship, which is the pride of our schools—the Spencerian.

Teach youth that labor is the great schoolmaster of the race, and that industry and perseverance are the price which all must pay for distinction; that it takes nerve to wear old clothes when ones schoolmates are dressed in broadcloth; it takes courage to say no when all the world says yes.

Show young men and young women that to succeed, they must pour their whole hearts and souls into their work, they

must be fired by a determination which knows no defeat, which cares not for hunger or ridicule, which spurns hardship and laughs at want and disaster; and that he would get the most out of life must fight his way up to whatever worthy prizes he would win.

“Success like some soft fairy veil
Will cover the deeds of men,
It makes the ugliest wrong look right,
And all seem fair again.

“Then in thine own cheerful spirit live,
Nor seek the help that others give,
For thou thyself erect must stand,
Not held upright by other's hand.”

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.

All nature seeks a quite rest,
And lulls to sleep on mother's breast.
The daisy shuts her bright blue eye,
When the sun goes down.

The children cease their mirthful play,
The stars do shine through twilight gray,
The weary plowman homeward plods his way
When the sun goes down.

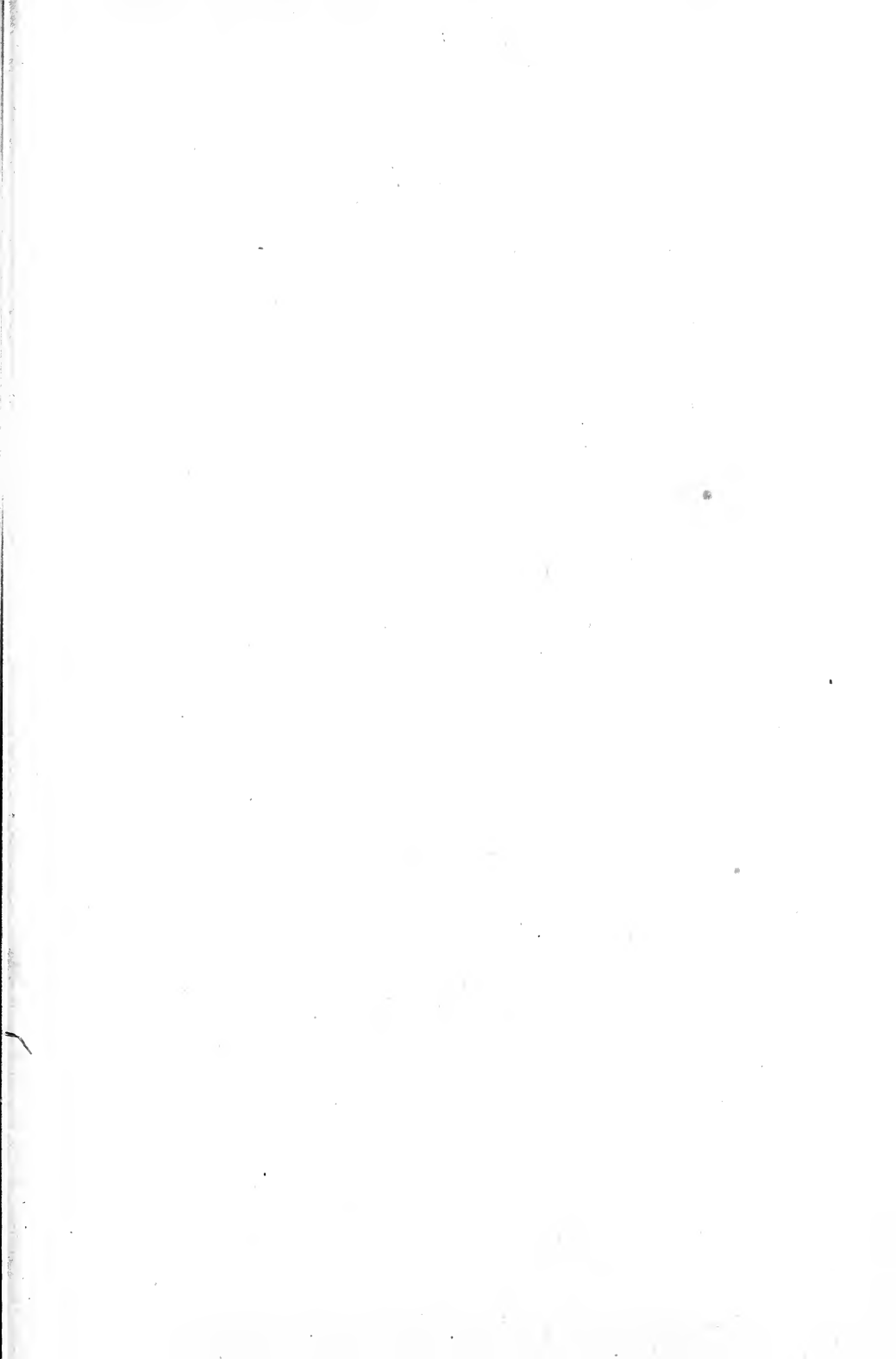
The soldier sleeps with a vague unrest,
While the sentinel doth watch with a frown.
At his post in the great wild West
When the sun goes down.

The ship is rigged and manned for the night,
The sailors and mate then fall asleep,
But often awakened with storms that fright
When the sun goes down.

The day lily opens her beautiful bloom,
The night-blooming cereus encircles the night.
The rattlesnake dies that was killed at noon
When the sun goes down.

Near Judea's hill on Bethlehem's plain,
Jesus the Christ-child there was born,
To guide poor fallen man alone,
When the sun goes down.





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