IX G
WILSON

MY ADVENTURES

IN THE

SIERRAS.

BY

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OBED G. WILSON,
(FROM A PICTURE TAKEN UPON DAY OF LEAVING HOME.)

My Adventures In The Sierras.

CHAPTER I.

In the fall of 1854, when the California gold excitement was at its height, and every boy who was mature enough to feel within him the first faint throbbing of the manly spirit of self-reliance and concern for his future well-being, was possessed with a desire to try his fortune in that distant El Dorado, I gained from my parents a reluctant consent to join in the adventurous rush over that supposed short cut to fortune and to fame.

My home was a secluded one in the upper Kennebec valley, and though I had reached the age of eighteen, I had enjoyed but limited glimpses of the big outside world and knew little of what I must encounter in my effort to fulfill the possibilities of the ambition that moved me.

Eager as I was to assume the new role of man of the world, I felt a painful reluctance at leaving the old home that held so many near and

dear to me, and around which clustered the precious memories of a happy childhood. Its moss-grown roof and the towering elms that had for nearly a century, like faithful sentinels, protected it from the scorching summer heat and the chilling blasts of winter, had sheltered four generations of my family, and every building and tree and surrounding hill was endeared by sacred associations that bound me to the spot and which have kept alive, through all these succeeding years, the tender memories and better influences of my youth—memories that gleam like stars through the deepening shadows of the past, and influences that come like balmy breezes to temper the heat of my daily strife and tinge with clearer light and purer motives the acts of my busy life.

But I was impelled to make the sacrifice by an urgent necessity for a change of climate for the benefit of my health, and by the hope of successfully wooing the fickle goddess of fortune in the newly discovered placer mines of the northern Sierra mining region.

There were three routes to the Pacific coast, all of which were tedious and perilous. The overland route traversed the Rocky Mountains and the arid plains of Utah and Nevada among hostile tribes of Indians who very naturally resented bitterly and persistently that unjust invasion of their hunting grounds and ruthless

slaughter of their game by the merciless emigrants.

The Nicaragua and Panama routes were even more tedious and dangerous, as the transportation and accommodations were very poor, and the exposure of the passengers to the extreme changes of temperature and tropical diseases proved fatal to thousands.

The steamers were almost wholly without sanitary provision, and the second cabin and steerage departments kept so foul that cholera, yellow fever and ship fever prevailed to a frightful extent nearly every trip during the summer and fall months.

I chose the Nicaragua route, and one bright November morning sailed from New York on a crowded steamer, but in a sea so calm and an air so still and balmy as to make the trip delightful in spite of our poor accommodations.

An uneventful run of eight days down the coast and through the pleasant windings of the route among the Bahamas and past the Antilles into the Caribbean brought us to Graytown, Nicaragua, where we were transferred to two small steamers that took us up the winding, turbid river of San Juan to Castillo, a picturesque little town of one thousand inhabitants. There we disembarked and walked past the rapids that bar navigation and took smaller steamers for the rest of the trip.

A notable relic at that point of the ancient wealth and power of Nicaragua is a dilapidated stone fort situated on the apex of a cone-shaped hill three hundred feet above the river. It was built several hundred years ago for the protection of the country around Lake Nicaragua which was then populous and wealthy. Grenada, on the west side of the lake, was one of the largest and richest cities on the continent and was constantly menaced by the numerous buccaneers of the Spanish Main.

It is said that Nelson, when a young captain of marines, made an unsuccesssul attempt to take the fort, approaching it in small boats from the English ships at the mouth of the river. As a revolution was in progress in Nicaragua then it was garrisoned by about two hundred government soldiers who presented a ludicrous appearance, being but half dressed, and armed only with flint-lock muskets and rusty machètes, and too listless and indifferent to be dangerous foes.

We were detained there a day in consequence of a rumor that a body of insurgent soldiers was in ambush farther up the river waiting the arrival of our steamers with the purpose of intercepting them and capturing a quantity of arms and ammunition that was being taken to a government garrison at Virgin Bay on Lake Nicaragua.

The rumor caused quite a panic among the

passengers, most of whom had scattered through the little town, where they heard the most thrilling stories of barbarous depredations by the insurgents and were assured by the natives that if the boats proceeded farther up the river they would be captured and the passengers robbed; but the officers of the boats, having received in the evening a contradiction of the rumor, reassured the passengers and succeeded in getting them all on board.

A woman eighty years of age who was on her way to her son in California, accompanied only by a little grand-daughter ten years old and who had been rendered feeble and nervous by sea-sickness, was so overcome by the frightful rumors that she died soon after we left Castillo, and her remains were taken on shore and buried in a small village twenty miles east of Lake Nicaragua.

It was a dreary looking place in a small opening in the dense tropical forest, occupied by about thirty miserable huts and a general store. Several ladies and gentlemen who had become interested in the woman and the lovely little grand-daughter, urged the captain to take the remains on to Virgin Bay; but he coldly refused and ordered the removal of the body from the boat.

Forty or fifty of the passengers followed it to the edge of the village, where two of the boat

hands had already dug a grave, and witnessed the burial. A short prayer was offered by a clergyman who chanced to be among the passengers, and as the grave was being filled twenty or thirty of us joined in singing an appropriate hymn, which brought out a dismal echo from myriads of curious monkeys in the surrounding tree tops and sent a chill to the heart of the grief-stricken little mourner, who cried in her anguish, "O I can't leave grandma here!" and refused to be borne from the grave. One of the ladies knelt, and folding the child in her arms, assured her that she would not leave grandma there, that they had buried only her worn-out body, and that grandma herself would still be with her on their journey, keeping loving watch over her till she was safe with her father in California.

That thought seemed to bring comfort and calm to her breaking heart, and she permitted the lady's husband to bear her in his arms back to the boat. The scene was pathetic beyond expression, and every passenger present left the spot a tearful mourner for the sad bereavement of our little fellow-passenger. She was tenderly cared for during the rest of the journey and restored to her father in San Francisco.

The upper half of the river was beautiful and the scenery along its banks as novel and enchanting as the fabled fairy-land. The current was less sluggish, the water clearer and the

country on each side higher and dotted with little clusters of thatched huts, half hidden by luxuriant orange, lime, and banana groves. The overhanging trees were noisy with ceaseless screeching of a great variety of birds of brilliant plumage and the angry chatter of hordes of monkeys, who seemed greatly disturbed by the hoarse puffing of the engines and the offensively odorous clouds from the smoke stacks. At every turn in the river scores of alligators were seen scrambling from the hot sand on the shores for concealment in the murky water.

Delightful as was the run up the river, we were glad to emerge into the pure air of Lake Nicaragua and free our lungs of the debilitating miasma of the dense tropical forest.

At Virgin Bay on the west side we disembarked and were assigned saddle mules for the remaining twelve miles of our journey across to San Juan del Sur.

The road was a rough one over a chain of hills, the connecting range between the Andes and the Sierra Madres, and across a stretch of five miles of swamp. I joined a party of about one hundred young men and started a little in advance of the other passengers, and as we were descending the range of hills we were startled by the sudden appearance of a squad of about two hundred insurgent infantry. They drew up in a double line across the road fifty or sixty

rods ahead of us as if to dispute our passage. We came to a halt, and while we were consulting our guide as to whether we should turn back or advance and demand the right of way, the soldiers were withdrawn from the road and formed a single line on each side.

The commanding officer then signaled us to pass on. Though we recognized the revolutionary movement there as a lawless venture we were half in sympathy with it and hoped it might succeed so far as to result in the subjugation of the masses and the establishment of a wholesome form of government under which the wonderful possibilities of that beautiful country could be realized; and when we advanced to the head of the lines we raised our hats above our heads and gave three cheers for the insurgent leader and his brave followers, which was answered with hearty shouts from the insurgent lines.

We reached the Pacific six hours before the boat left for San Francisco, which gave me time for a delicious bath in the salt surf and for a visit to a small plantation one mile from the town where I first saw a cocoa palm grove and first plucked rich oranges, limes and bananas.

I provided myself with a peck basket full of this fruit for my trip north, for which I was charged ten cents. The day after leaving Nicaragua we encountered a terrific storm which drove us twenty-four hours out of our course

and brought us about midnight in contact with a wreck of some sort that stove in a plank under the second deck, making a dangerous opening through which the waves dashed till the floor was covered with eight or ten inches of water and many of the passengers drenched. It produced a frightful panic and hundreds of the passengers rushed half dressed through the water to the gangways and attempted to escape to the deck, but only to find the hatches barred down and egress impossible.

For a time the cabin was a perfect pandemonium. Men cursed and howled with rage because they could not escape to the deck, and women and children rushed frantically to and fro screeching like maniacs; and above this discordant babel of voices and the angry roar of the waves could be heard from both men and women loud and earnest prayer for deliverance.

The course of the boat was finally so changed that the waves did not strike that side and the plank was replaced and the water pumped from the cabin. When the storm subsided one of the side wheels was so injured that it was necessary to anchor twelve hours for repairs. We finally reached Acapulco, Mexico, where we were detained two days for further repairs and coaling. I went on shore and spent part of each day looking through that picturesque little town and foraging on the surrounding hillsides for fresh

fruit. A majority of the people of the town were of pure Castilian blood, but the surrounding rural population were nearly all of the Mestizo class. A few were of the cholo, or pure Spanish and Indian type, but most of them bore marks of negro blood also.

Acapulco, being the principal Mexican seaport on the Pacific, had a large trade in tropical fruits, sugar, coffee and tobacco, and various valuable woods, which products were exported to California and various European countries. This trade gave the little town quite a business air, much of which was due to the energy and Yankee push of two of our own countrymen who had years before settled there and gained control of the fruit and tobacco export trade.

Most of the passengers went on shore and indulged freely in the tropical fruits and pulque, a domestic beverage made from the juice of the maguey plant, and as a consequence about one hundred and fifty of them were taken sick the night before we left port and the following day. Most of them recovered in a few days, but about twenty cases of genuine Asiatic cholera and as many cases of ship fever developed, creating a panic among the passengers and clouding our narrow limits with the gloom and despair of a pest house.

No one who has not experienced such a trial can imagine what a sense of helpless despair

comes to one with the consciousness that he is surrounded by a deadly contagion from which he cannot flee. He seems to hear his own death summons echoed in every dying groan around him and to feel a fatal sting in every breath of the infected air.

A young man from Pennsylvania, whose acquaintance I made soon after leaving New York, and whose companionship was quite a delight to me, was among the cholera stricken, and I nursed him for two days, at the end of which time he died. I assisted in his burial at midnight and at the same hour witnessed the burial of four others, one of whom was the first mate of the steamer, who had died that day with the cholera.

So reckless and indifferent were the officers of the boat that no fresh water was taken aboard at Acapulco, and after leaving that port all the water supplied to the second cabin and steerage passengers was thick with coagulated globules and as foul and poisonous as a cess-pool. I tried to avoid drinking it, but the intense tropical heat excited free perspiration and so much thirst that I was compelled to strain a little of it through my teeth two or three times a day.

The night of the burial of my friend I went to bed nearly exhausted from lack of sleep and proper nourishment and woke in a few hours in a burning fever and with intense pain in my head and back.

A man from my own state, by the name of Ross, who had settled in California two years before and was returning from a visit to Maine, had been very friendly to me all the way from New York, and now assured me that he would care for me till I was better. He called the physician of the boat, who pronounced my ailment simply cholera morbus, and instructed my friend Ross to give me a tablespoonful of brandy and cayenne pepper every hour. I had no confidence in the physician, having noticed that he spent most of the time gambling and drinking with a fast party of first-cabin passengers, and after a day's trial of his medicine refused to take more, for the vile compound had already eaten my stomach raw and increased the fever until I seemed to be burning up. He came to see me twice more, but gave me no other medicine.

After the second day the pain left me, but the fever continued until we reached San Francisco. It centered in my chest which seemed on fire, while my extremities were cold and numb.

When the boat stopped at the pier in San Francisco my friend Ross left me alone, to find some quiet boarding house or hotel to which I could be taken instead of permitting the officers of the boat to send me to some miserable hospital where I would die from neglect. I had not slept for three or four days, and when the motion of

the boat stopped and the noise of the departing passengers had ceased, I fell asleep.

He returned in about an hour and aroused me and carried me in his arms to the wharf and placed me on a mattress in an open express wagon and took me to "Hillman's Temperance House," kept by one "Father Hillman," as he was generally called, a whole-souled, generous Samaritan who never shunned the distressed, but extended his hospitality alike to the prosperous and the sick and penniless. It was probably the only hotel in the city to which I could have been admitted in that condition.

I was taken to a room and consigned to the care of an elderly physician and his wife residing in the house. Mr. Ross assisted the doctor in removing my clothes, and I requested them to take off and deposit with the landlord a buckskin belt containing my money; but they reported that there was no belt on me, and nothing in my pockets.

The announcement stunned and confused me, and yet I was conscious enough to realize that while I slept on the boat I had been robbed of every dollar I possessed and left adrift penniless and helpless in that strange, cold city, where, as I had been told, "every man cared nothing for his neighbor, but all for his neighbor's purse," and my heart sank within me.

CHAPTER II.

The doctor's wife noticing the effect it was having upon me, urged me not to think of my loss and assured me they would give me the same kind care I would receive if I possessed thousands.

They commenced at once a vigorous effort to restore my external circulation, surrounding me with bottles of hot water and rubbing me with various heating applications, which they kept up from ten in the morning till night without any perceptible results. They then called in another physician who remained with me most of the night. At ten o'clock the next morning, twenty-four hours after my arrival, there was no change. They could not keep the medicine in my stomach an instant and the rubbing had no effect. I was steadily growing weaker and my breathing more difficult. The physician finally decided that restoration was impossible, and the resident physician took my name and the name and address of my father and that of a friend in the mountains of the northern part of the state, whom I intended to join, and then left me. The clerk of the hotel came and did the same and left me alone with the doctor's wife.

She took a seat by the bed, and taking my hand in hers, asked if my parents were Christians and what my religious training had been, and asked permission to pray with me. Her prayer was a simple, eloquent appeal in my behalf and was followed by the singing of a plaintive hymn in a low, sweet tone; but all this failed to arouse any responsive feeling, for I was just beginning to realize that they had abandoned all hope of my recovery and was absorbed in the thought of the distress my death would bring to my parents and brothers and sisters, and failed to join her in the devotion.

The slowly growing consciousness of my critical condition aroused a spirit of resistance and I uttered mentally, "*I must not, I will not die!*" and repeated many times with increasing force of will, "*I must not, I will not!*" and this vigorous exercise of the will so re-acted upon my sensitive system that the nerves and muscles of my limbs quivered under the high tension and my hands clenched till I felt the nails pressing into the palms. I soon felt a prickling sensation in my limbs and back indicating a return of blood to the surface; and as the prickling increased the suffocating pressure on my lungs grew lighter and I began to breathe easier.

My attendant stopped singing, and stroking my forehead said, "If you do not recover would you have me write to your father and mother? And what would you have me say to them?"

I replied, "I feel better and am going to recover." I opened my eyes as I spoke and found her bending over me gazing intently into my face, with her cheeks bathed in tears and with an expression of tender sympathy and concern that moved me deeply and did me a world of good. She thought, as she afterwards told me, that the change I felt was but the momentary quickening of the dormant energies just before dissolution.

She did not speak again for a minute or two, but with her hand still on my forehead gazed into my face while my own hungry eyes, now wide open and blazing with the new hope this slight relief from suffering had brought me, were feasting on the grateful sympathy that flooded her sweet face.

She finally drew the clothes from my chest and thrust her hand under my arm, where she felt the returning warmth, and without speaking rushed hurriedly from the room and soon returned with her husband, who tested my pulse and felt under my arm, then threw off his coat and commenced rubbing me while his wife called the other physician and ordered the hot bottles again. They soon restored my circulation and relieved me of the painful struggle for breath; and as my breathing became easier and the distress in the chest subsided a delicious sense of relief came over me and I fell into a quiet

slumber from which the physicians aroused me half an hour later to give me medicine.

From that time I improved steadily under the motherly care of that good woman who was with me almost constantly for two weeks. Mr. Ross came in frequently to see me till I began to recover. He then, without my knowledge, gave the landlord and the physician each fifteen dollars to be credited on my account and told them that when I was well enough to leave, if they could not trust me for the balance I owed, to send their bills to him. He then left to resume his mining operations in the Calaveras county mines.

After I was able to sit up and to do without an attendant most of the time, I was awakened one night by a terrific crash and found that a furious gale sweeping in from the ocean had driven something from an adjoining building against a window of my room, crushing it in and admitting an avalanche of sleet and hail that dashed over my head and drenched the carpet, making the place dangerous for one in my feeble condition; and to add to the horror of the situation the hotel, I found, was moving with a swinging motion to and fro, and my first impression was that it was collapsing and I would soon be buried in its ruins.

It was a five story wood building built on long piles over an arm of the bay, and the strong

gale had set it swinging to and fro like a tree top. I was in the fourth story and the vibration of my room had a compass of about one foot.

Not knowing how the building was constructed I was terrified for a few moments, but finally sprang out of bed, rang my bell, wrapped a bed covering about me and went out into the hall to avoid the wind and hail. The doctor and a porter soon appeared and took me to another room, but the fright and chill I got resulted in a relapse that confined me to my bed several days.

I began to feel sorely troubled about my penniless condition. There was no telegraph line east, and it would take from two to two and one half months to communicate with my father and get a return. The doctor had, at my request, written to my friend in the northern part of the state the morning after my arrival at the hotel, telling him that I was very low and probably would not survive many days; but three weeks had passed and I had heard nothing from him. I was able to walk about some supported by a cane, and was anxious to get into the mountains.

Believing that my friend had not received the doctor's letter I wrote him myself and waited in vain a week for a reply. The good-hearted doctor, noticing how distressed I had become over the matter, then offered to take my note for

the amount of his bill and to loan me twenty-five dollars for my expenses to the mountains, and assured me that the landlord would also take my note for the amount of his bill. I consented to this arrangement, believing that I would soon be able to discharge the indebtedness; and though still very weak I took passage up the Sacramento river to Marysville, paying nearly half my scanty means for boat fare. From that point my route to the mining town in which my friend lived, lay through the foot-hills and high up among the Sierra ranges. The distance was seventy-five miles, and I found I could go only about half the way by stage, and would have to complete the trip on Norwegian snow-shoes, as there was no snow trail open. I knew I was far too feeble for such a journey; and besides that I had not enough funds left for expenses.

My dilemma was a sad one. I knew no one in Marysville. The hotel, boarding house and restaurant keepers were charging fabulous prices, and gave no credit. My few remaining dollars would soon be gone. I was too feeble to work, and there was not even the refuge of a charity hospital nor a poor house of which I could avail myself. I had arrived in the morning and sent my baggage—two valises— from the boat to the mountain stage office, and on learning that I could not go further then, I had it removed to

the cheapest hotel I could find, the charges of which were three dollars a day.

In the afternoon I went out and tried to sell to Jewish clothiers and pawnbrokers my revolver and an extra suit of clothes I had brought, but could not get a sixteenth part of their value. I knew not what to do. I slept but little that night, and rose in the morning weak and faint from worry and loss of sleep.

After eating a light breakfast, I tottered out on to a broad common a few squares from my hotel and sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree. It was a clear, balmy winter morning and the sun had just risen above the foot hills and bathed in golden sheen the whole broad valley. The view was one of rare loveliness. The noiseless sleep of the placid river with its overhanging arch of white mist, the towering foot-hills all aglow with the first touch of mellow sunshine, and the broad plain dotted with grazing herds as far as the eye could extend and streaked with slowly winding lines of freight wagons and pack trains plodding their weary way to the mountains, made indeed a scene of beauty which at another time would have charmed and entranced me, but none of its sunshine and warmth now reached my burdened heart.

In my despair I threw myself at full length on the tree and wept aloud, and finally slid from the tree to my knees and prayed, throwing my

whole overburdened heart and soul into earnest pleading for help from the only remaining source available. I had never entertained firm faith in the efficacy of prayer, and my petition was, therefore, in a measure, "but the agony of hopeless pleading;" but it dispelled my paroxysm of grief and restored in a degree calm and resignation.

I started slowly back down the principal business street and had approached within a square of my hotel when my eye caught on a sign-board over the side-walk the familiar name of John W. Moore, which was the name of a prominent citizen of my native town in Maine, and I remembered that his eldest son, John W. Moore, Jr., went to California in 1849 and had not returned.

The thought came to me that this man might be that son, and if he were he knew my father and would befriend me. It was a straw at which I eagerly grasped, and I advanced to the entrance of the building, when my heart took another bound at a display of harness and saddles in the show window. I knew that John W. Moore, Jr. had been raised to the harness and saddlery business, as that was the business his father followed, and encouraged by this slight confirmation, I entered the store.

A tall, dignified looking man sat at a desk near the door, of whom I inquired for Mr. Moore.

He replied, "I am Mr. Moore, sir, what can I do for you?" "Permit me to ask you if you were from Somerset County, Maine?" I said. "Yes, sir," he answered. "And did you know Daniel ——?" I asked. "Very well," was his reply. I then introduced myself as the son of Daniel—— and commenced telling him the story of my misfortunes, but discovering how feeble I was, he stopped me and said "I will hear all that when you are stronger. You must go to my house at once and have medical attention and good nursing until you are well."

He called a hack, helped me into it and we drove to the hotel for my baggage and thence to his pleasant home, where I was very soon made comfortable on an easy couch before an open grate and nursed with motherly tenderness by his estimable wife.

Two days later Mr. Moore surprised me by coming home from the store about the middle of the forenoon accompanied by my friend of the mountains to whom the doctor and I had written. He had not received our letters till about the time I left San Francisco, as the snowfall in the mountains had been unusually heavy, so blockading the trails that for a month no mail reached him. On receiving the letters he started for San Francisco and passed me on the Sacramento river as I came up. He found my creditors, took up my notes and returned to

Marysville to look for me, inferring from what the doctor told him of my condition that I would not attempt to go beyond that place before spring.

He knew Mr. Moore, and after searching several of the leading hotels, he called upon him to learn whether he had seen me, and was told that he had me in safe keeping at his home. He supplied me with what money I needed and returned to the mountains, where I was to join him as soon as I became, under the kindly care of Mr. and Mrs. Moore, able to travel. I returned to Mr. Ross the money he had advanced to my landlord and the doctor for me, and maintained for several years a pleasant correspondence with him.

About the middle of March I said a reluctant good-bye to the friends whose generous hospitality had been so much to me, and took passage in a huge, old-fashioned Concord coach for the mountains. The journey, though tiresome, was full of deep interest to me. We sped through the winding pass of the foot-hills and on and up among the snow-capped peaks, at times scaling airy summits where we were bathed in the mist of the flying clouds and the eye caught momentary glimpses of the fading panorama of the valley and hills and stream below, and along rough mountain sides where our antique vehicle rocked and plunged like a fishing smack in a high sea.

A run of eight hours brought us to the snow line, where I spent the night in a comfortable little hotel in a wooded glen between two high mountain ranges. The next morning I consigned my baggage to the care of what was called "The Norse Hand Express," a line of hand sleds drawn by Norwegians on snow-shoes, that connected daily with the stage at that point and transported baggage and mail and express matter to several mining towns in the snow region farther north, and started on foot with several others for a tramp of twenty miles on a narrow snow trail. I found it very tiresome, for I had not yet recovered my strength, and was compelled to rest so often that my companions left me behind in a few hours.

At noon I took a long rest and a good dinner at a little Swiss tavern. At two o'clock I resumed my solitary march and at seven was with my friend comfortably ensconced in a miner's cabin in a small mining town between the Yuba and the Feather rivers, in the very heart of the rugged Sierras.

The sudden change from the low altitude of the Sacramento valley, and all the charm and delight of opening summer with its wealth of birds and flowers and waving foliage, to the rare, cool atmosphere and bleak, cheerless aspect of that high winter region was a novel and trying one; and it was hard for me to realize that the

strange experience was an actual fact and adapt myself to the situation.

As my system was still weak and very susceptible to climatic influences, I found it necessary to exercise great care to avoid taking cold or overtaxing my strength; but I soon became inured to the new condition of things and took on the hardy appearance and general air of the mountaineer.

The town was called Camp Warren, and comprised about three hundred cabins and two supply stores, all of which were nearly buried in snow, which had fallen during the winter to a depth of twelve feet and had not yet melted much.

The mines of that vicinity were operated wholly by the hydraulic method, and as the streams from which the water supply was drawn were frozen up, the miners were idle and impatient for the release of the imprisoned element and a renewal of the activity and intoxicating excitement of another mining season.

From two to four men occupied a cabin, and as they had put in a winter's supply of provisions before the heavy snowfall, they had no other employment from November to April than to prepare their meals, keep up their fires and keep clear the cuts that had been made from cabin doors and windows up to the surface of the snow for egress and light.

The little reading matter available was of the most ordinary character and very expensive. One was compelled to pay from twenty-five to fifty cents each for the most trashy weekly newspapers, and an exorbitant price for books; consequently but a small proportion of the miners gave much of that long season of enforced idleness to reading, but collected afternoons and evenings in small parties in the stores and larger cabins and indulged in card-playing, story-telling, joking, wrestling and other innocent pastimes.

Coasting and deer hunting, too, were indulged in for out-door amusements. Drunkenness, gambling and wrangling rarely occurred in the camp in spite of the almost total absence of all political and social restraint. Every man seemed to realize in some measure the danger attendant upon such a life of isolation and became a restraining law unto himself.

The amusement of coasting became very popular among the miners, and many of them acquired a skill in the art that was really marvelous. It was done not on sleds, but on Norwegian snow-shoes, standing erect. The shoes were made of thin strips of ash or hickory about twelve feet long and three inches wide, turned up at the front end. The strips were thoroughly seasoned and slightly charred over a fire and then polished till they were as smooth as burnished

steel. Near the center of the shoe was a leather loop into which the toe of the boot fitted and which was sufficient to keep the foot in place, as in traveling one did not lift the shoe, but kept a sliding motion. One experienced in the use of them would travel very fast and with comparatively little fatigue.

The men would go on their shoes in large parties to the summit of a mountain range nearly a mile above the camp, each with a long balancing pole to assist him in his zig-zag ascent and in keeping his balance on his swift descent. At the top they would form in line eight or ten feet apart and shoot down the mountain with a speed often of a mile a minute. Occasionally one would strike an obstacle in the light snow that would cause him to lose his balance and plunge into the feathery surface with a forward momentum that would send him ploughing ahead for forty or fifty feet, when he would emerge half-smothered and looking like a befurred and storm-beaten Esquimau and perhaps disabled by numerous scratches and sprains.

In several larger mining camps near ours there were a few women, nearly all of whom were expert in the use of the snow-shoe, and as fond of coasting as the men.

The miners used to hunt deer on snow-shoes while the snow was very deep and light. The deer yarded for the winter in the small wooded

valleys and ravines, where they found protection from the cold winds, and evergreens and mosses upon which to feed. The hunters would frighten them out of their yards into the deep snow where they were very soon exhausted and caught alive. Calves were often caught in that way and brought home alive and tamed and well fed until they attained full size and were in good condition for the table.

Soon after the mining season opened an incident occurred that to me, at least, was very impressive and instructive. Miss Sarah Pellet, of New York, who was delivering temperance lectures in the state, under the auspices of some temperance association, was billed in our camp for a lecture in Spanish Flat, a very disorderly place of about twelve hundred inhabitants, chiefly Spanish and Portuguese, and only two miles from our camp. The startling news that a woman would pass through our place the following day and could be seen and heard that evening at Poker Hall on Spanish Flat spread rapidly and created a profound sensation. I decided to hear her and went early, that I might not fail to secure a seat.

The hall had previously been occupied as a gambling resort and had no stationary seating; but rough stools and benches sufficient to seat about five hundred were carried in and were occupied by a noisy crowd long before the speaker

arrived. Her appearance on the stage, however, restored silence. She was then about twenty eight years of age, of very commanding appearance and a fluent, pleasing speaker. Her address was short, but pointed and effective. In closing she requested her hearers to come forward to a table before her and sign the pledge and petition for the organization of a lodge of the Sons of Temperance in the place.

To this request there was no immediate response and she commenced repeating it, when I, feeling ashamed that some of my older fellow miners did not respond, advanced and put my signature to the papers and was followed by a score or more who did the same. She took me by the hand and commended me for my willingness to be first in a move of that kind, and remarked to the audience that they must, in spite of any deterring considerations, feel a little ashamed to be outdone in a good cause by a boy.

She then announced that she endeavored to raise funds for her expenses by taking up a collection at each meeting she held and requested several men to pass their hats through the audience. I was amazed at the prompt and almost universal response made to this call for contributions. For five minutes the two and a half and five dollar gold pieces rattled like hail, and the contents of the four hats passed, when piled on

the rusty gambling table before her showed how effective had been her earnest plea in that good cause.

While it was evident that much of this generosity was prompted solely by admiration for the speaker, it was apparent that the majority of the auditors were actuated by sympathy with the cause she advocated; and it taught me the profitable lesson that all such men have a better side than their rough exterior—a hidden well-spring that is never quite dry and from which may be drawn nobler impulses and higher motives than their daily lives reveal.

About the first of April the snow had become so compact as to admit of traveling without snow shoes, and a party of eight or ten of us started one afternoon in single file on a narrow snow trail for La Porte, another mining camp two miles distant. On the way we met with a thrilling but withal rather amusing adventure.

About half way between the two towns, on a sparsely timbered flat, we were confronted by an enormous grizzly bear who sat on his haunches in the trail quietly waiting our approach, having evidently heard us sometime before we saw him. He presented a savage appearance as he sat there snorting like a frightened horse, working his jaws and rolling his huge head from side to side; and as I had never before seen a grizzly, I was badly frightened and tempted to run, till

one of our party recognized him as a half domesticated non-combatant belonging to a butcher in the town to which we were going and assured us that he was "stone blind," as the result of having been over-fed by the butcher. We knew he must have broken out of his pen and stolen away and decided to try to drive him back, so we divided into two parties, one party going a little out of the trail on one side and the other party on the other side.

We then greeted him with a volley of snowballs and Comanche yells which we thought would cause him to beat a hasty retreat homeward; but no, he was not to weakly submit to an insult. Roaring like an infuriated bull he bounded out of the trail and galloped towards the men on that side. But a volley from the opposite party caused him to turn and plunge wildly in that direction; in that way we kept him wildly bounding from side to side until he finally made a sudden dash some distance from the trail toward a man who was indiscreet enough to attract him by continuous laughing aloud.

The man was moving hurriedly backwards unconscious of any other danger than that before him, when he suddenly, with an agonizing cry, dropped out of sight into a prospect shaft about fifteen feet deep, which had been sunk the fall before and was partially filled with

snow. He was uninjured by the fall, but the walls of the shaft were so coated with ice that it was impossible for him to climb out.

The bear was still moving in that direction, frothing with anger, and we were all wild with terror at the thought of his tumbling into the shaft, which now seemed inevitable. We closed in on him with a desperate rush, forgetting our own danger in our eagerness to save our imperiled companion, and pelted him with a perfect avalanche of snow; and one of our party approached near enough to strike him a sharp blow on the rump with his cane, after he had advanced within a yard of the shaft. That caused him to turn and give us a brisk chase back to the trail.

At that juncture we were reinforced by the butcher who had missed Bruin and tracked him down the trail. On learning that his pet had got the best of the fight and made a prisoner of one of our number he loaned us a lasso he had brought, with which we drew our badly frightened companion to the surface. The butcher soon had Bruin calm and quiet again by talking to him in a gentle soothing tone, and at last threw the lasso over his head and led him back to town.

But poor Bruin's restless, adventurous spirit brought him, a few days later, to a sad end. He escaped from his pen one morning and stole

into the back yard of a private residence near by, where the woman of the house was preparing steak for breakfast on a bench by the door. Attracted by the smell of the beef, he came up noislessly behind her, and with one sweep of his huge paw knocked her down and captured the steak. Her screams brought her husband to the scene, who gave the offender several shots from a revolver, wounding him so badly that they had to kill him. His fat carcass was dressed and put on sale and very quickly disposed of at fifty cents a pound, for fat young bear was a great luxury there.

A resident of our mining camp, one Colonel Finn, had a thrilling experience with a wild grizzly the summer before while out hunting on the side of a mountain range about three miles from home. He was moving cautiously along looking for deer he had been tracking for some time, when he discovered on a grass plat about two hundred yards below him a very large grizzly lying on his side and evidently asleep.

He hesitated some time about shooting, knowing that if his shot were not fatal the bear would pursue him; but he was an unerring marksman, and having served through the Mexican war and roughed it for years in the Sierras he was accustomed to danger and so fond of hazardous adventure that the temptation to risk a shot was irresistible. So stealthily advancing a

little nearer he took careful aim at a point just back of the shoulder and fired.

The bear sprang to his feet with a terrific roar, and discovering his assailant, bounded up the rugged ascent after him. The Colonel knew the bear could run much faster up hill than he could, and therefor ran with all the speed possible along the range in the direction of home, hoping to reach a conical bluff of bare stone he had passed a little way back before he was overtaken, but the bear gained on him so fast that he was compelled to take a stand behind a sugar pine about six feet in diameter and face his foe. The bear came up and commenced circling around the tree after the Colonel who found it an easy matter to keep out of his way.

After Bruin had made four or five rounds he stopped to rest and coughed violently for a minute and bled freely at the mouth. Discovering this the Colonel knew that he had wounded him badly and felt greatly relieved. They made a few circles more and then rested again, and so long that the Colonel had time to partially reload his rifle, and at the third stop finished loading, advanced behind the bear while he was sitting on his haunches coughing, and lodging a shot in the back of his head, ended the struggle. He took off the bear's skin and cut from the carcass a choice loin roast for his dinner, and with these trophies returned home.

Our party lingered in La Porte till evening, in order that another young man of the party, recently from the east, and myself might have an opportunity to see the town when the miners were at leisure and the usual jollity and dissipation were at their height.

La Porte then had a population of about two thousand, and its adjacent mines were among the richest in that part of the state. Unlike Camp Warren, in which I was located, it was infested by scores of gamblers and desperadoes of every character who fleeced a class of reckless and susceptible miners out of their gold and held law and order in defiance.

There were four or five gambling houses, with their whole fronts thrown open to the street, in which chance games of almost every kind were in operation; and one could see from the street the tempting piles of gold coin on the tables, and witness the reckless venture of hundreds and thousands on the casting of a die or the turn of a card, by the infatuated devotees of that vice. To me, as young and susceptible as I was, the scene had in it nothing alluring or tempting, but gave me a feeling of sadness and disgust which was ever afterward a safeguard against the fascinations of that kind of amusement.

Two years later, while passing one of these gambling houses with a friend, I met the Rev. Dickinson, a brother of the noted Anna Dickin-

son, of New York, who was then in charge of a Methodist church in the place and a very zealous, effective worker in every department of religious service. He told me that he visited these gambling houses frequently and did some of his best missionary work there. He knew most of the miners, and having made himself popular among them, was able to command a strong influence over them.

The hydraulic mining season that year was very short, having closed about the tenth of July on account of the failure of the water supply. No rain falls in that region from about the middle of May till November; so nothing could be done there until rain came late in the fall or the following spring. Most of the miners of the camp owned claims on adjacent streams, where they spent four or five of the summer and fall months, and such as had not possessions elsewhere usually spent that time prospecting on the small streams farther north and east; so there was a general storing away of hydraulic implements—the canvas hose, pipes, derricks, etc,—and packing of light mining tools, cooking utensils and bedding, preparatory to the exodus to summer quarters. I had not yet possessed myself of a claim, so I joined a party of three men for a prospecting tour farther east on the tributaries of the Yuba river.

One of my companions was a young man

twenty-two years of age, of unusual culture and refinement, who had been brought there an almost helpless invalid four years before, and in the meantime had become as hardy and robust as an Indian, and one of the most proficient miners in the place. The other two were men about thirty years old from Maine, one of whom had been raised a farmer and went to California in 1849 and had been in the mountains ever since; the other was raised on the headquarters of the Kennebec river, and from fourteen to twenty-eight years of age lived in the pineries of that region, engaged winters in cutting lumber and summers in running it out of the small streams into the Kennebec. He had little mental culture, but possessed an inexhaustible fund of humor and so much native wit and natural kindness of heart that he made a very desirable acquisition to our party.

He was addicted to the vulgar habit of swearing, but finding that offensive to us, he promised never to indulge in the vice again in our presence. He claimed to have some Indian blood in his veins, so we named him Paugus, an appellation by which he was everywhere known as long as he remained in the mountains.

We engaged a stout young mule of the proprietor of one of our supply stores, on which to move our goods until we made a permanent stand, when we were to return him. The trader as-

sured us that the animal, though young and spirited, was very docile and tractable under the pack saddle. Paugus led him from the stable to our cabin soon after daylight appeared, as we wanted to get an early start in order to scale the first two mountain ranges before the midday heat came on, knowing that on the east side of the second range we would find a trading post and comfortable resting place in which to take our nooning.

We soon had our effects on the pack-saddle, and were taking the last turns of the lariat that bound them when Paugus brought out a small sheet-iron cooking stove that weighed about eight pounds and insisted upon adding that and a joint of pipe to our load, which was already piled high with blankets, cooking utensils, mining tools and provisions; so we perched that and a small tin reflector, or baker, on top, fastening all as securely as possible. Our Forty-niner, whom we recognized as leader, then gave the command to start, and Paugus, leading the mule took the head of the line.

We had moved only a few steps when the mule, who had been dozing while we packed and still seemed half asleep, stumbled over a rock, jerking the load so violently as to cause the stove and tin reflector to rattle like a kettle-drum.

The mule, cocking his head on the side,

caught a glimpse of the bright, rattling turret above him, and made one frantic bound forward, knocking Paugus head first into a thorny chaparral bush, and then performed a rapid succession of grotesque evolutions that would have shocked Buffalo Bill himself, kicking, bucking, jumping, as it seemed, three ways at once and with the agility of a wild cat, until the air seemed full of picks, shovels, fry-pans, stove pipes and tin ware, nor did he stop to take breath until freed of every article he bore. He then faced us looking as innocent and docile as a lamb.

The scene was too melancholy for comment, and Paugus, who had crawled out of the chaparral bush and taken refuge behind a high stump, peeped around it to see if the cyclone had passed, and then came forward in solemn silence and took the mule by the bridle and started for the stable; but after taking a few steps stopped, glanced at the grotesque scene before him, then exclaimed in a solemn, pleading tone,

"Boys, for mercy sake give me fifteen minutes' license to swear."

This speech aroused us from our awe-stricken mood, and we sat down on a log together and gave vent to our pent up feelings in a long, hearty laugh in which Paugus finally joined and forgot his temptation to profanity.

The mule was changed for one more accus-

tomed to strange sights and sounds and our scattered goods collected and repacked. Forty-nine and Pangus, who had mastered pretty well that mysterious art of properly adjusting a miscellaneous load to a pack saddle and so securely fastening it with a single cord that it would carry safely all day over the rough mountain trails, performed the work this time with unusual care, leaving nothing so adjusted that it could move out of place or rattle.

When I first saw the professional Mexican packers do the work I studied with deep interest the complicated process of binding the load and endeavored to prepare a formula of the operation: but their movements were so rapid that it was impossible for me to follow them through the intricate windings and weavings, and the matter remained a mystery to me for a long time.

We again took up our march, and at twelve o'clock reached a lively little mining camp, where we rested an hour and had refreshments for ourselves and our faithful mule. A tramp of ten miles more brought us to Downieville, a prosperous mining town on the Yuba river, where we spent the night.

There I first saw river mining on a gigantic scale. At various points above and below the town dams were built across the channel and the river taken up into a flume about twenty

feet wide and a third of a mile long, leaving the bed of the river for that distance nearly dry and its garnered wealth accessible.

The next day we moved up the river about seven miles and there left it and turned north into a deep, narrow gorge called Jim Crow Cañon, through which flowed a cool, rapid stream about ten yards wide. Up this we slowly wound over a rough, blind trail till dusk, when we camped on a narrow bar, or intervale, about ten feet above the stream, that afforded a good quality of grass on which our mule fed for an hour before his oats were given him.

While Paugus and Forty-nine relieved the mule of his load and tethered him on the grass plat, Gale, my other companion, and I started a fire and prepared supper. After a hasty supper we cut a quantity of fine, elastic fir boughs, which we spread under a tree for a bed and on which we all slept soundly, each rolled in a pair of heavy Indian blankets.

Paugus rose early and went out to change the location of the mule, but soon aroused the rest of us with the startling announcement that the mule had drawn the lariat over the bush to which he was tied, and escaped.

CHAPTER III.

We rolled out of our cocoons in a hurry and held a hasty council, the result of which was that Forty-nine and Paugus should search for the mule while Gale and I prepared breakfast.

I sadly bemoaned our misfortune, not relishing the idea of having to pack my share of our goods to our destination on my back. We wanted to go five or ten miles farther up the cañon to be sure of a location where no prospecting had been done; and to pack a heavy load that distance over a rough route I knew would be tedious indeed, and perhaps a hazardous undertaking for a boy of nineteen unaccustomed to such service. But Forty-nine assured me that no mule would wander far from the party he was serving while in a region strange to him and so far from home, and that they would doubtless find him not far off. And sure enough, they returned with him in about an hour, having found him grazing about a mile down the cañon.

After eating our breakfast we packed our load and moved on up the stream about eight miles farther, where we decided to camp for a day or two and prospect. We made the mule secure on a grass plat by the stream, ate our dinner, and

then with picks, iron pans, shovels and crevicing spoons, we started out eager to learn whether that noisy little stream held hidden from our vulgar eyes the desired compensation for the hardships of our long, tedious journey. The water was very low, and a little above our stopping place we built a winged dam, turning the water on to one side of the channel and enabling us to examine the bed.

We got a fair prospect there and at two other points farther up, and decided to locate there for the summer. The next day Forty-nine took the mule and went to the nearest trading post on the Yuba river near Downieville, and about fifteen miles distant from our location, and purchased the large rope and iron fixtures for a derrick with which to handle the heavy stone in the stream, while the rest of us made a derrick mast and arm, and cut and prepared pine logs and splits for a cabin. Forty-nine returned late that night, bringing with the derrick material additional tools for our carpenter work, and six seven-by-nine panes of glass for the cabin windows.

In a few days we had our rustic domicile completed and furnished in the most approved style, with furniture made from the sweet fir and sugar pine by Paugus, who proved to be quite a mechaninal genius and well informed as to our needs in that line, having had much ex-

perience in building and furnishing cabins in the lumber woods of Maine.

Our furniture consisted of a stationary center table made of two broad slabs split from the trunk of a sugar pine, a side table, four stools and a small cupboard made of splits and nailed against the wall. At the other end of the room, opposite the door, were our four bunks lined with soft fir boughs on which the blankets were spread. In each side wall was inserted three panes of the glass which we had bought; but as these two small windows afforded hardly sufficient light, we cut a third opening, four by fourteen inches in size, into which we fitted two large glass pickle jars that Forty-nine picked up by the trail as he returned from the trading post thinking we might need them for some purpose; and this device gave us the additional light needed.

While at the post Forty-nine met the proprietor of a passenger saddle train that was to go west the next day to Camp Warren, and who offered to take our mule back to its owner without expense to us, and save one of our party the long journey over there and back. The train was to leave the trading post at nine A. M., so Paugus started with the mule at four o'clock and delivered him in good time to the trainmaster. He then arranged to have a lumber dealer to send us by pack mule Monday lumber for the construc-

tion of a small sluice thirty six feet long, through which to wash the dirt we took from the bed of the stream.

The first Sunday in our new location we spent in reading, writing to far-off home friends, and making up our sleep for the past week. Our entire stock of reading matter consisted of a dilapidated copy of Rollin's History, which I had brought with me from our mining camp, copies of Bacon's Essays and Campbell's Poems, the property of Gale, and two pocket Bibles. But Gale and I made good use of this small stock. We committed much of Campbell and Bacon to memory, and recited them to each other, and occasionally entertained our partners with rehearsals.

The cañon was so narrow and deep that our days were only about seven hours long; so we had ample time in those long evenings for reading. The mountain range on either side was very abrupt and about one mile high, and densely wooded with immense sugar pine, pitch pine, fir and oak. The sun was visible to us only about four hours—rose over the east range about ten o'clock and disappeared behind the summit of west range about two.

A more delightful spot in which to spend the summer could not have been found, and we enjoyed its advantages, never for a moment regretting our isolation or feeling a sense of

loneliness. Those towering walls around us, whose distant summits were dim in the blue haze of a cloudless summer, the musical murmur of the wind in the dense pine foliage, the cheerful ripple of the crystal stream and the exhilarating fragrance of the evergreen forest that filled the whole visible expanse around us all conspired to give us a feeling of gladness and perfect contentment.

On Monday we completed and put in position our derrick and sluice box and commenced a more thorough examination of the bed of the stream, which we found sufficiently productive to justify us in continuing the work till the wet season came on the last of November. The largest nugget I found during my four years' experience in gold mining I took from a crevice in the bed of that stream only four or five days after we commenced work. I was scraping with a large iron crevicing spoon, a deep crevice that extended across the bed of the stream. I had been scraping up fine gravel and sand for some time when my spoon struck what I thought was a large pebble stuck fast in the bottom of the crevice. I pried it loose and lifted it out on my spoon, and lo! it was a clear, bright nugget weighing six and one third ounces. At our selling price of eighteen dollars an ounce this nugget was worth one hundred and fourteen dollars. I was jubilant over my good fortune and crev-

iced the rest of the day diligently, hoping to gain another such prize, but failed in the effort.

Here is a fact that many of my young readers have not learned: The gold taken out in different parts of that state varies much in quality and value. For instance, while that mined on Jim Crow Cañon sold for eighteen dollars an ounce, that taken from Goodyear's Creek, fifteen miles west, sold for only thirteen-fifty an ounce. The poor qualities are from five to fifteen per cent silver which gives the metal a very bright attractive appearance but detracts from its commercial value. In some parts of the country copper and iron are combined with it. The purest gold found there is of a dull, bluish shade.

As I was the youngest and weakest of the party I was persuaded to take charge of the culinary department of our work. They were to give me what assistance I required, but I was to officiate as steward of the establishment, keeping the larder supplied and preparing the daily menu; but I sacrificed the dignity of my office by doing most of the cooking also. I went to the trading post twice a month and sold our gold and ordered a fresh supply of provisions, which was sent to us on a pack mule. Once I found the trader short of help and unable to spare a man to deliver my order, but proposed that he pack my goods on a mule and that I

drive him myself, assuring me that the mule would return to the trading post alone; so having no other alternative, I started with my charge and got along very well till I entered the cañon.

There the trail was so rough and indistinct that my progress was slow and somewhat perilous in places where sharp turns were made around bluffs on the steep mountain side, requiring the utmost caution to avoid a misstep that might cause one to lose his footing and slide over a precipice into the stream below.

I had passed over the roughest part of my route and began to relax my vigilance for the safety of the mule when suddenly a mass of loose shale on the outer edge of the trail gave away under his hind feet and the hind part of his body swung over a steep bluff that descended to the stream thirty feet below.

With the heavy load of about two hundred and fifty pounds on his back he could not raise his body enough to draw the hind feet under him, but with his fore feet and his nose pressed firmly on the trail he held himself there, but moaned loudly as though fully conscious of the danger of his situation.

I quickly drew a Spanish stiletto, or breast knife I carried when traveling, and cut the lariat, freeing him of the load, and then grasping the pack-saddle with one hand and a small

tree above me with the other, I gave him an encouraging word and a hearty pull, and with a desperate spring he scrambled into the trail; but the poor fellow trembled violently for ten minutes. I rubbed his limbs and patted him for a few minutes and then went down to the stream and gathered up my load, which consisted of a sixty pound sack of potatoes, two fifty pound sacks of flour, a five gallon keg of syrup, a twenty-five pound sack of sugar and many other smaller articles, all of which I had to carry up the stream about one hundred feet and thence up on to the trail.

The keg of syrup had rolled into the water, and I had some difficulty in fishing it out. I finally succeeded in repacking and getting home without further trouble; but darkness set in when I was about two miles from our cabin, and I had to grope my way that distance very slowly and cautiously.

We retained the mule over night tethered on the grass plat by the stream, and after supplementing his breakfast of wild grass with four quarts of corn meal, we buckled on the pack-saddle and started him homeward.

That day was Sunday, and in the afternoon Gale and I went to the summit of the range west of us to watch the sun as it sank in a sea of molten glory among the distant peaks of the Coast Range. We were early for that view and

after reading awhile from New York weeklies we had brought with us, we strolled along the range half a mile to a peak from which we could get a more extended view north and west.

Around this peak we secured a harvest of three or four quarts of clear white pine sugar, of which we were very fond. A fire had passed through there the summer before burning near the ground the outer bark of the sugar pines, and the sweet sap had oozed out and granulated in lumps. It has a pungent, hoarhound flavor, but is very palatable and is said to possess a valuable tonic quality. The Indians sometimes build fires against the large sugar pine trunks in the spring, burning the outer bark from a cluster of pines, and in the fall visit the spot again and harvest their sugar.

We strolled down on the west side of the range inspecting the pine trunks for more sugar when suddenly a light breeze from the north struck us, loaded with a strong, delightful odor unlike that of the foliage around us and for which we could not account. We finally decided to go up in that direction and if possible discover its source. We had gone but a short distance when we emerged from the underbrush into an open space of seventy-five to one hundred acres that a fire had devastated the fall before and which was as white as an October cotton field with a rich variety of the calla lily, some of

the stalks of which stood six feet high, bearing delicate, white lilies as large as coffee cups and fragrant as the trailing arbutus. It was really queen of the California flora, and is still recognized there as such.

We lingered, breathing the rich odor, as long as we could without missing the object of our trip to the summit, and then each gathered a large bundle of the lilies and climbed back to the peak to find

"Sunset burning like the seal of God
Upon the close of day."

It dropped slowly among the glistening peaks in a changing sheen of golden light that held us entranced till the view was veiled by a somber shade that changed all to gloom and broke the spell that bound us. We descended into the darkness and solitude of our cabin home and delighted our partners with our rich harvest of lilies and pine sugar. We decorated our tables and walls with the flowers, and Forty-nine declared he dreamed that night of being back in his mother's flower garden among the hollyhocks, sweet williams and poppies which so delighted his olfactories in boyhood.

My next trip to the post was a more eventful one still. A fire had been raging for several days on the east side of the cañon, half a mile above the stream and about half a mile down the cañon from our location, which had probably

been accidentally started by Indians, as small bands were constantly passing through there on their way from the Upper Sacramento Valley to the vicinity of Beckworth and American Valleys to fish and trap for the summer. Down opposite the fire the smoke was settling into the cañon so dense that I did not dare take the usual route down the stream, but went west up the mountain range to the summit, to get above the smoke, and followed the range south till I was opposite the post, when I descended without encountering much smoke.

I had started from home at half past four, and at half past nine I reached the post. In an hour's time I had made my purchases and had them packed on the same mule that had served me so faithfully two weeks before, and was on my way back by the summit route. As there was no trail that way I led the mule by the bridle, urging him on as fast as possible that I might reach home before dark.

I arrived at the top of the range blowing like a porpoise and wet with perspiration; and the poor mule was as badly worried as I was. The atmosphere was so rare at that altitude that very little exertion excited full, rapid breathing. After resting for fifteen minutes, I moved on along the range, picking my way through an undergrowth of chaparral and manzanito, shaded from the noonday sun by a dense canopy of waving

pine foliage that filled the air with its healing fragrance and seemed to infuse new vigor and buoyancy of spirit.

I stopped at one o'clock and rested again half an hour and ate a luncheon I had brought with me, while I revelled in the grandeur of the vast panorama of mountain and valley, and forest and stream that lay spread before me to the west and north as far as the eye could extend.

Directly west towered Table Mountain and Pilot Peak, and in the north-west Shasta's snow-capped peak shone like glass in the bright sun high above the surrounding mountain tops; and below these ancient landmarks nestled here and there parched little valleys, winding streams that seemed to labor their half hidden way through the rough defiles, and yawning chasms that looked dark and forbidding.

It was a rough picture, but in its entirety beautiful and inspiring beyond description; and I moved along the range lost in a dreamy contemplation of the mystery of that anomalous jumble on nature's fair face till suddenly the mule aroused me with a loud snort and a jerk at the bridle that nearly threw me off my feet, and looking up I found myself face to face with a stalwart, ugly looking Indian who stood erect, gazing steadily at me.

He was clad in a red blanket tied loosely over his shoulders and extending below the knees, and

his matted hair was decorated with a profusion of feathers and scarlet flannel that gave him a wild ferocious appearance. I was badly frightened and involuntarily thrust my right hand inside the breast of my coat on the handle of my stiletto, the only weapon I carried. He understood the movement and said in a gruff tone:

"Knife?"

Then throwing his right hand back under the blanket, he drew out an eight inch revolver, and holding it up gave a triumphant chuckle, which, with the sight of the revolver, seemed to chill me to the bone.

I felt the blood receding from my face, and realized that I was growing pale, and knowing that I should, if possible, conceal my fear from him, I summoned all the courage and strength of will I could command and forced a loud laugh. Then hastily tying the bridle rein to a bush I reached out my hand and slowly advanced toward him. I was an expert wrestler and felt I would be safer within reach of him.

Seeing me coming he put up his revolver and took my extended right hand in a firm grasp. When I tried to withdraw it he was not satisfied with the conventional shake, but closed on my hand with a vice-like grip that gave me pain and said, pointing with his left hand to the load on the mule:

"Got whickey? backey? powdey?" (whiskey,

tobacco and powder the Digger Indians would always beg whenever they could.)

To these questions I answered no. Then placing his left palm against my chest, he pushed me from him, still holding firmly my right hand and said, with an expression of disgust and disappointment:

"Bad! bad!"

I replied: "When I go to Yuba river I bring you backey and powdey," and he quickly asked:

"Whickey, too?"

"No," I said "can't carry whickey on mule—break bottle." I was a zealous temperance boy and could not have been induced to buy whiskey for any one. He then said:

"Wha you bring him?—how many sun?" and held the fingers of his left hand before my face. By this he meant, "When will you bring the tobacco and powder?—in how many suns?" (days.) So I held up three fingers. He made me repeat the promise, and then releasing my hand, and turning his head to one side, he gave a low, prolonged hoot, and in an instant the thick underbrush on every side of me was alive with Indians who had concealed themselves, by order of the chief, when I was seen approaching.

I was surrounded by at least two hundred men, women and children. I felt comparatively safe then, knowing that the leaders of the various tribes in the state did not permit their subjects

to commit depredations against the whites if they could prevent it; but there were in every tribe some rough, unmanageable young bucks who would wander off alone and kill a miner for the plunder they could get.

I was afraid at first that the chief who had stopped me might be one of that class, and for the ten minutes I was with him alone I was under a nervous strain that tried me severely, and from which I did not recover for days.

The sudden appearance of such a grotesque company set my mule to prancing and snorting wildly, and I got hold of the bridle as soon as possible and started on, shaking hands with a dozen or more as I passed through the crowd. I was afraid they would attempt to pilfer from my load on the mule, but, though they eyed it very closely and felt of the various packages they made no attempt to remove anything; though it is probable that they would have done so had I not kept moving rapidly.

As soon as I was out of their sight I urged the mule into a trot and made the best time possible for the next three or four miles, fearing that I might be followed by some vicious member of the party. They probably belonged to the Yuba tribe and were going to some point farther east to hunt deer and bear. The smoke in Jim Crow cañon had made it necessary for them to halt and wait for a breeze that would scatter the smoke and make the cañon passable.

My promise to bring the chief tobacco and powder I made in good faith, knowing that I must go to the post again the following week for our mail matter from the east, which came via Panama and San Francisco twice a month and which, though overdue, had not arrived when I left the post. I arrived at the point where I was to descend to our cabin a little before dark, nearly exhausted by the long tramp and the excitement of my encounter with the Indians, and found my three partners waiting for me there.

They were as badly exhausted and excited as I was, and finding them in that condition startled me more than my encounter with the Indians. The smoke in the cañon had worked up to our location during the afternoon, sweeping in upon them so suddenly that they came near suffocating before they could escape. They ran from the claim to the cabin and hastily gathered up a bucket of food, a can of water, a few blankets and an ax and fled up the mountain range.

The hasty climbing of course accelerated the action of the blood, resulting in heavier breathing and strangling, and for a time they nearly despaired of reaching the clear air above; and when they did finally arrive at the summit they were all completely prostrated. When I reached them Forty-nine and Gale had so far recovered as to be comfortable, but Paugus, whose lungs

were very sensitive, was still wheezing and coughing badly, and the boys were deeply concerned about him.

I was in despair, for with the Indians to guard against on one side, and the deadly smoke pressing us on the other, with a prospect of its submerging the summit before morning, we were in a sad dilemma. In addition to all that, I was worried by the fact that we had no feed for the poor mule and could not send him back that night by either the summit or the cañon route.

He had eaten nothing since morning, and the long, hurried tramp under a heavy load had nearly worn him out. Dazed and perplexed by our sad situation I threw myself on the grass unable to touch the food Gale had spread on a newspaper before me.

CHAPTER IV.

In a little while more Paugus had cleared the smoke from his lungs, his cough had subsided and he was quite himself again. In the meantime Forty-nine had climed to the top of a peak a little way north of us to determine the course and force of the breeze, if there were any, and returned with the cheering news that a breeze was setting in from the north-west, which was already strong enough to keep the smoke back from our position on the summit, and that if it continued all night, as it would probably do, it would drive it out of the cañon. We had great faith in Forty-nine's weather predictions, and his announcement fell like a ray of sunshine upon the cloud of gloom that shrouded us; and we were all soon busy with our preparation for the night.

Gale had already gathered fir boughs for our bed and spread them under a tree a little below the summit and removed-the load from the mule. Paugus relieved us of our concern about the animal by volunteering to take him down the west side of the range to a small stream along which he said there was an abundance of grass, as he had discovered the Sunday before while

strolling in that direction. So I gave him a generous loaf of bread to feed to the mule after he had drank and watched them down the range till they were lost in the gathering darkness. I suggested to the trader in the morning that it would be well to put on the load a few quarts of oats for the mule, but he declared it unnecessary, saying that the mule had just eaten, and that if I turned him loose on my arrival at our cabin he would return to the post that night before he would need feed.

In about an hour Paugus returned and reported the mule provided for. After a cold supper I told the story of my encounter with the Indians, and they decided that I must not make another trip alone. Paugus in particular, was very much excited over the affair and declared that he would accompany me next trip armed with our long-handled sluice fork and all the cutlery we possessed and would harpoon and flay every red skin that dared to intercept me. I assured them that my experience of that day had not made me so timid as to make a guard for future trips necessary.

A year or two later I could not have been so easily caught in the trap the old chief set for me, for I soon learned when traveling in the mountains to be constantly on the watch for Indians, and learned to distinguish their trail from that of white men, and the smoke of

their fires from that of fires built by white men, and could therefore tell, nine times out of ten, on seeing a smoke rising above the trees miles away whether the fire from which it came was built by a white man or an Indian, which is a very simple matter after one becomes acquainted with the Indian's habits.

If I got in that way the location of an Indian encampment ahead in my line of march, I always made a circuit around it, sometimes going five or six miles out of my way to avoid contact with them. The difference between the "Indian's smoke" and the white man's is accounted for in this way: the Indian always selects for his fire a dry spot where there is no decaying vegetation and builds a small fire of hard wood limbs that will make hot coals on which to broil his meat; such a fire sends up a clear, blue smoke. The white man almost invariably builds his fire by the side of a fallen log, and instead of taking the trouble to hunt and cut hard wood limbs he gathers for the purpose pine knots and any other dry fallen timber at hand, as he always carries a fry pan in which to cook his food; such a fire emits a dense, dark smoke, which can be easily distinguished from an "Indian's smoke" a distance of eight or ten miles in the clear air of that high altitude.

We had a sound sleep that night in the pure, sweet air of our elevated resting place, and

were rejoiced in the morning to find that the breeze was slowly driving the smoke out of the cañon. It was Sabbath morning, quiet and peaceful. No sound broke the silence save the low, sweet warbling of the birds and the faint music of the breeze in the green vault above us. So exhilarating was the pure, odorous air that exercise to work off our surplus energy seemed more necessary than breakfast; and while Paugus went to the ravine to minister to the needs of the mule the rest of us took a rapid walk of ten minutes, sang old "America" and then applied ourselves to the preparation of our simple breakfast.

About ten o'clock Forty-nine and Gale descended and inspected the cañon and reported it sufficiently free from smoke to admit of our return; so the mule was led up from the ravine and saddled and our groceries, blankets and a few other articles my partners had brought from the cabin were loaded on the saddle, and we descended to our little home which had been so thoroughly fumigated that it smelled like a smoke house.

We started the mule on the trail for the trading post and then took a delicious bath in the cool stream. After dinner Gale and I climbed the range east of us to get a view of the fire raging there, and finally decided to scale the next range east of that, as we could there get an

extended view of the north fork of the Yuba river. A tedious walk of two miles further brought us to the summit of that range and we were well repaid for that toilsome climb. The long stretch of river, clearly visible, with its net work of flumes and mining machinery made a novel picture and an interesting study. While sitting there we made an important discovery. On the east side of the range a few hundred yards below us we noticed an expanse of about fifty acres, on which there was no large timber and which looked like a peach orchard in bloom.

We descended to it and found it to be a wild plum patch of thousands of trees loaded with a delicious looking scarlet plum, many of which were as large as peaches. They were not quite ripe enough for use, but ten days later we had the mule in the cañon again and Gale and Paugus, taking him and a few flour and potato sacks went over and gathered a load of five or six bushels of the ripe plums from which we made plain sauce, preserves, puddings, pies and various other dishes. We filled two five gallon syrup kegs with preserved plums which made a very palatable dessert for our table as long as we remained there.

The third day after my encounter with the Indians I went to the trading post for our mail, accompanied by Paugus and with half a pound each of tobacco and powder for the chief, but

we found their camping place vacant. Their fires were still smoldering, indicating that they had decamped that morning. I felt much relieved by the discovery for I did not care to come in contact with them again.

The following morning Paugus met with an accident that afforded the rest of us considerable amusement in spite of our sympathy for him. I had announced that no article of apparel should be left in the corner in which the cooking was done and the food was kept, but Paugus came home the night before very tired, and though as a rule scrupulously observant of our family code he placed his high topped boots against the wall under a shelf on which I kept a large yeast can. During the night the yeast rose, lifting the cover, and about a quart of the foaming mixture streamed down into one of the boots.

Paugus dressed in the morning hurriedly, and without noticing what had occurred, thrust his foot into the boot, forcing the light yeast up around the ankle. With much difficulty he drew off the boot, looked at the be-daubed foot, and for a moment forgot another law of our household, and in a frenzy of passion pronounced an anathema against yeast in a language more emphatic than elegant; but he promptly apologized for his irreverent outburst and confessed that he deserved punishment for his carelessness in leaving the boots thus exposed. It took him

half an hour to scour the yeast out, and as he had no other boots, he was compelled to wear a shoe on one foot all day while the boot dried in the sun.

A few days later we had a very happy surprise. For two weeks we had taken out only about gold enough to barely pay expenses, and were all getting somewhat discouraged except Forty-nine, who was kept hopeful and contented by a sort of Micawber optimism that never forsook him. He used to say when we got restless and impatient; "Keep pegging away, boys, results will average well."

We had decided to make a test a few rods further down the stream and had moved our derrick and other fixtures to the spot chosen and built a wing dam, shutting the water out of a section of the channel about thirty feet square. That morning we removed the large stone from the space within the wing dam, put in position our sluice boxes, adjusting the riffles that lined the bottom and in which the gold was caught; and having turned a stream of water, sufficiently large for the purpose, into the head of the sluice, we commenced shoveling in the sand and gravel that covered the bed rock in the bed of the river.

Three of us used the shovels at a time and the fourth one, with a four tined sluice fork, kept the sluice free of the stones that were too large for the water to carry off. We had been at work

about three hours, Forty-nine using the fork, and Gale and Paugus shoveling on one side of the sluice and I on the other side, when I ran my shovel on a flat stone about two feet square lying on the bed rock under the sand and gravel I was shoveling up; and after removing a shovelful of gravel from the rock I discovered on the top of it a nugget about the size of a large bean, and stooping down to pick it up, I discovered four or five nearly as large. I then stirred with my forefinger the loose gravel bringing to view nugget after nugget on the top of the flat rock until I had filled my left hand as full as it would hold with the shining metal.

Then rising I held the loaded hand up to my partners and shouted "Eureka!" and they shouted back "Hallelujah!" and Paugus, throwing his hat high in the air, scaled the sluice box at a bound to look at the repository I had unearthed. We immediately shut off the water to see what the riffles had caught, and on getting a view of those we all shouted again, for they were yellow with the precious dust.

Turning on the water again we worked hastily cleaning up the side of the cleared spot on which I made the discovery, forgetting to go to our dinner at noon. About three o'clock we shut off the water, took out the riffles, cleaned the bottom of the sluice and putting the day's yield into an iron pan, we quit work for the day and returned to the cabin.

After a hasty dinner we got out our scales and weighed our gold and found we had a fraction over fifteen hundred dollars' worth. We believed we had opened an extensive lead, which, according to outward indications, ran up that side of the stream for some distance and into the side of the mountain and would be a source of lasting income to us; so we spent the evening exchanging congratulations and laying plans for the disposal of our vast wealth.

Forty-nine declared he would buy the best farm in Maine and supply us all with Alderney cows and fast horses; Paugus decided to invest seventy five or one hundred thousand in pine lands on the head-waters of the Kennebec and resume the lumbering business on a gigantic scale; Gale and I thought we would first complete our studies and then build castles somewhere on the coast of England in which to spend the rest of our days in quiet ease. We arose early next morning and were in our claim as soon as it was light enough to work; and we plied the pick and shovel with a hearty will till four o'clock, stopping only for a hurried luncheon at noon.

On cleaning up we were sadly disappointed, for our yield, which we had expected would exceed that of the day before, was only about seven hundred and fifty dollars. That evening our planning and dreaming of future opulence and ease took a more modest turn. The third

day we did not wash any, but spent the day extending our wing dam and removing large stone and surface gravel. The following day our yield was only about four hundred dollars; and from that time on we averaged only about fair wages. What we supposed was an extended lead proved to be only a "pocket" or depression in the bed of the stream in which the gold we found had lodged ages before, when the water flow was larger and the gold was being swept down the stream by the moving sand and gravel.

The following week I met with a serious accident, narrowly escaping death. We were removing some large boulders from the stream and Paugus and I were turning the windlass, he by a handle on one side of the derrick and I by a handle on the other side. We had lifted a boulder weighing several tons, and the other two men were swinging it round to the point where we were to drop it, when suddenly the handle Paugus held broke, throwing the whole weight upon me with a jerk that threw the handle out of my hands, and the falling stone set the windlass spinning with the velocity of lightning.

I instinctively threw up my hands to protect my face from the flying handle and received a blow across the back of each, crushing a knuckle of the left hand, and cutting an ugly gash in the other. Those blows turned me a little to the right, and I received a blow back of the left

shoulder that pitched me forward over an embankment five feet high on to a pile of gravel.

My partners sprang to my side and first examined my head to see if that had been struck, and then drew me a few feet to the stream and thrust my bleeding hands into the cool water. After the bleeding had subsided, they helped me to the cabin and to bed and dressed my wounds. For four days I could not sit up at all and suffered intensely. The wound in the back proved the most serious. It was very painful for a week and the back so swollen and painful that I could hardly move at all. For over a week I had no use of my hands, and the little food I ate was fed to me by Gale.

Forty-nine insisted upon calling a surgeon from Downieville, but as Gale had some knowledge of surgery and was an excellent nurse, I preferred to trust myself to his care. We were provided with a choice selection of standard remedies for domestic treatment, and both Gale and I had learned pretty well how to administer them. In about ten days I was able to stir about again and do a little work.

During my confinement to the cabin, Paugus made a trip to the trading post for our mail and a fresh supply of groceries and returned with a sensational circular announcing a bull and bear fight which was to take place in Downieville a week from the following Saturday. We had

never witnessed one, and though we regarded that amusement as extremely barbarous and demoralizing and were loath to give it the support of our patronage, we finally decided to see it. I consented to go, not because I expected to be entertained, but because I wanted once to witness an atrocious practice of which I had heard and read much, and be able to speak intelligently concerning it.

Paugus' only pair of pantaloons had worn out in the seat, and in order to be in decent trim for to-morrow's outing he found it necessary to patch them. We had been testing a self rising flour that came in fifty pound sacks with the words "Self Rising" stamped in large black letters on the side; and one of these sacks being the only available material for his purpose, he cut therefrom a patch about ten inches square with the words "Self Rising" across it and stitched it on the seat of his pantaloons.

As the day was hot and he had on his heavy flannel mining shirt, he wore no coat, and the suggestive lettering could be read half a square off and excited considerable merriment on the streets of Downieville next day. Paugus cared little for that, however, for his personal appearance was as good as that of a majority of those around him. Most of the miners of that region, the prosperous as well as the unprosperous, appeared on all occasions in patched and mud-stained garbs.

The entertainment was to open at two p. m.; so we started early, as we were to go the whole distance on foot and wanted to arrive in season for dinner and a rest of an hour or two before the opening. After we passed out of the cañon on to the bank of the Yuba, Forty-nine called my attention to a novel institution I had not before noticed and which amused me not a little. It was a primitive Chinese laundry, consisting of a pier or raft of pine timbers and slabs, about fifteen feet square, built out on the water. The clothes are taken on to the raft, wet and soaped, and then beaten over a large block, or on a broad slab elevated a foot or two above the raft. They would take a garment by one end and dip it into the clear running water and then, swinging it over the shoulder, bring it down upon the block with great force.

The dipping and beating were repeated until the garment was supposed to be clean. A small shanty stood on the shore opposite each raft, in which the ironing was done. In going a distance of three miles I counted fifteen of those, each occupying a force of six or eight men. They charged the miners twenty-five cents apiece for washing plain flannel shirts and under garments and fifty cents for linen shirts.

That method was, of course, very destructive to garments, but as it was the only one employed in that vicinity, the miners who preferred not to

do their own washing, had to submit to Chinese John's rough usage and sometimes wear buttonless and tattered shirts.

Our inspection of the laundries made our arrival in Downieville a little late, but we had time for a hearty dinner and to glance at the latest papers before two o'clock. We found the town crowded with a motley gathering of miners and sporting characters of every nationality and grade of intelligence from the dusky Malay to the college bred Englishman and American. Exerybody seemed excited and talkative, and the narrow streets were a perfect Babel.

I had never seen such a heterogeneous gathering before and the sight was an interesting study to me. On the principal street were four or five large gambling houses, with open fronts, into which the miners were lured and fleeced of their earnings. Hundreds of professional gamblers at that time infested every mining town of that size, and the authorities imposed little or no restraint upon them, as the public officials then were largely of that class.

The amphitheater in which the entertainment was given was a temporary roofless structure, built for that sole purpose, with a seating capacity of about ten thousand. Below the seating was an inner circle forty feet in diameter, enclosed with a heavy plank wall seven feet high. In this circle two grizzly bears were tied, each

by a cord around one hind leg, the other end of which was fastened to a swivel in the center of the circle. The length of the cord being only half the diameter of the circle, they could not leap up among the spectators. I was shocked to discover, on entering the amphitheater, that at least eight thousand people were already seated, several hundred of whom were women of Downieville and neighboring mining towns. Many of them were Mexican women who were expected to take delight in such an entertainment, but a majority of them were our own country women. Downieville was a county seat, and two courts were in session at the time, both of which adjourned to attend the entertainment The two judges and a bevy of fifteen or twenty lawyers had reserved seats directly in front of our party.

As there must have been at least ten thousand persons admitted before the entertainment opened who had paid two dollars and a half each for their tickets, the receipts must have reached the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars.

After the seats were all filled a slim, wiry, wild-eyed Mexican bull was turned into the arena with the bears. This was the signal for a dismal chorus of bellowing and growling that was almost deafening. For fifteen minutes both the bull and the bears seemed shy and unwilling to risk an attack; but finally one of the bears, finding the bull was slowly edging toward him,

made a sudden spring, high above the horns of the bull, and lighting on his shoulder fastened its jaws in the back of his neck, causing him to bellow wildly with pain.

He was soon shaken to the ground, however, but in falling held fast to the neck of the bull and threw him down on his side. The bull rose again, and placing his fore feet on the bear, trod briskly till he was forced to release his hold upon the neck, and before he could spring away the bull caught him on his horns and threw him six or eight feet into the air. At that juncture the other bear, who was edging up unperceived by the bull, sprang forward and caught him by the nose. It was a tender place for a grapple, and the bull settled back and roared for a minute like a lion. Then he sprang forward, throwing the bear upon his back, and placing both fore-feet upon him, gradually drew his hind feet forward until those also were on the bear; he then trod steadily with all four of his feet until the bear, screeching with pain, relaxed his hold upon the nose and was tossed to the other side of the arena, where he crouched and whined pitifully, having been gored severely in the bowels and crushed by the feet of the bull.

The other bear was cowed and so frightened that he tugged violently at the cord around his leg and finally drew it over his foot, and to the horror of everybody, sprang from the arena up

on to the front row of seats, landing among the bevy of judges and lawyers and only about ten feet from our party. The spectators at that point scattered right and left and so rapidly that they piled upon one another three or four deep

My partners and I were seated next to an aisle up which we all ran to the top row of seats next to the outer wall. Paugus was ahead and to our amazement did not stop at the top, but mounted the wall without once looking behind and disappeared over it, falling a distance of eighteen feet on to a bed of sand. I peered over the wall and was surprised to see him standing there uninjured and anxiously waiting for us to follow. The bear did not advance any further as two of the lawyers discharged revolvers in his face, so stunning him that he lost his balance and rolled back into the arena; but he immediately sprang to his feet and seemed to be preparing for another leap.

Then commenced a general fusilade from every part of the building. At least five hundred revolvers were discharged at him from the seats above, and the balls rattled like hail against the side of the arena. For ten minutes the amphitheater was a perfect pandemonium. Women screamed, men shouted, and a wild stampede toward the entrance commenced.

CHAPTER V.

The poor bear was still able to walk, but was so crippled that he could not leap from the ground again and was soon dispatched by one of the Mexican matadores who reached him with a knife from a side door. The bull in the meantime was skirmishing with the other bear on the opposite side of the arena, and had gored him till he was almost helpless. Till this time Forty-nine, Gale and I had remained standing where Paugus left us, and though the remaining spectators were getting quiet, we decided that we had seen enough of Mexican barbarity, and worked our way to the entrance and joined Paugus outside.

A more disgusted, dejected, shame-faced quartet than we were, as we turned our backs on the barbarous scene and strolled up town, could not have been found. I felt that I had sacrificed half my self respect and firmly resolved never again to countenance in any way, such an atrocious practice. We had intended to remain in Downieville over night, but the hotels were full, and the streets crowded with a noisy, drunken rabble, and we were glad to take up our march homeward and exchange scenes and sounds so distasteful for the quiet and peaceful security

of our forest home. Inexperienced as I was then it was hard for me to realize how small a proportion of mankind have within themselves spiritual energy sufficient to control the brute force dominant there. Most persons, like the planets, are kept in their spiritual orbits not by any force inherent in themselves, but by the outward or centripetal influences operating upon them.

I knew in that lawless region scores of men who in the East were sincere, pure, earnest Christians, but who, when thrown into that maelstrom of evil temptation, where every civil law could be violated with impunity and no social restraint deterred them, proved to be, as the poet expresses it,

> "Great pulpy souls who showed
> A dimple for every touch of sin."

I knew there a bright scholarly man who was educated for the ministry, and who for four years filled most acceptably a pulpit in one of our New England cities, and who went to California on a leave of absence for one year, to restore his impaired health, and who finally became one of the most daring and successful gamblers in that part of the country, and of course never returned east. He was evidently a man of noble impulses, and had he remained in the east, protected by home influences, would have led a consistent and useful life.

On the other hand, there was in every mining

camp a sprinkling of staunch characters whose pure principles were immovably fixed and whom no temptation could shake; and many of them were men who professed no religion nor made any pretension to moral excellence. But the great majority of men are of the former class. They never attain a moral growth and a degree of spiritual perfection that renders them self-sustaining. A sage has said "No man is wise alone;" and very true is the remark. Life is brief and no man has time in his short busy passage through it to acquire much by his limited research and experience. And it is as palpable a truism that no man is strong alone. Man is by nature imitative and dependent. Outward influences beget and foster his life purposes and shape his career. His moral sustenance comes from without by absorption, and he must keep in close touch with his fellows to acquire it; and the effective exercise of his moral powers depends largely upon his sense of moral obligation. If placed where he is conscious of receiving directly none of the benefits of society and lacks the stimulus of good example, he is not likely to conform to social requirements, and in that repose of his moral energy becomes weak and indifferent.

At the trading post two miles from Downieville we got a lantern we had left there in the morning, and refreshed ourselves with a light

luncheon. It was quite dark when we reached the cañon, but with the light of the lantern we were able to keep the trail. We reached home at nine, having traveled the seventeen miles from Downieville in five hours, including our stay at the trading post; but we were a tired party and after a light supper were glad to get to bed and forget the day's exploits. I had not yet fully recovered from the injuries received in the diggings, and my long tramp so exhausted me that I was compelled to keep to my bed most of the day Sunday.

We were completely cured of all desire to mingle in the gaities of Downieville and did not visit the place again till we passed through it the last of November on our way back to our winter quarters. We found in our own little circle and in the smiling concourse of forest pines and the singing birds and laughing stream a more congenial society.

We were fortunate enough that week to secure a supply of excellent venison. Paugus had discovered a mile above us on the stream, a spot to which deer came from the mountain in the morning twilight to drink and graze; so he borrowed a rifle of the proprietor of the trading post the day we were there, and Tuesday morning rose early and was secreted near the deer haunt before daylight. He had not waited long when three appeared, one of which, a fat doe, he

secured. He dressed it there and brought the carcass home on his shoulder. We had choice venison steak for breakfast, and a roast for dinner; and I have never since eaten venison so tender and delicious.

Our little cooking stove had no oven, and our fatal tin reflector, to which that hysterical mule objected, we could not use, as we had no fire place in our cabin; but we had improvised an oven that excelled for baking pork and beans and roasting meat all the ranges and reflectors ever made. It was constructed as follows: A round hole about two feet deep and one foot in diameter was dug in the ground in front of the cabin. In the bottom of that we placed a flat stone and then built a fire in the hole with hard, dry wood which we kept burning for about an hour, or until the earth around the hole was well baked and heated. We then removed most of the fire and placed therein a deep, sheet iron kettle containing the roast and adjusted the close fitting cover; we then buried it in the hot embers and over them put a heavy layer of earth.

Pork and beans were usually left thus buried from eight in the evening till seven or eight in the morning, and a roast from seven A. M. till twelve. Meat cooked in that way, without exposure to the air is more tender and juicy and has a higher, richer flavor than when cooked in a range. In our winter home, though we had a

good cooking range, we always cooked our pork and beans in the ground.

I had now been in the mountains over six months and had but once in that time spoken to a woman, and little thought that my second introduction to the gentler sex was to occur in that uninhabited and to her, as I supposed, impenetrable region; but such was to be my fate. One morning about ten o'clock, while we were busy in the claim about twenty rods down the stream from the cabin, we were startled by the clatter of hoofs and saw emerging into an open space on the opposite bank, through which the trail ran, a man and two women mounted on horses. They discovered us and the man saluted us raising his hat and bowing politely, and we returned the curtesy in like manner. He was a little in advance of the women and quite near the bank of the stream which was about six feet above water.

The current of the stream had been turned against the bank there by our wing dam and had made a deep excavation under the trail which we had not observed. When the man reached that point the bank suddenly gave way, and horse and rider both dropped that six feet into the excavation, the horse landing on its side in six inches of mud and water and the man on top of it unhurt, but badly frightened and bedaubed with mud. The women had just time

to draw up their horses and avoid following him. We hurried across the stream to his relief, half glad in our wicked hearts that the accident had happened, as it secured to us the pleasure of meeting and condoling with the women.

After helping the man up on to the trail, we got the horse up and found he had received no other injury than a slight cut on the side of the head. We took the party to our cabin and had the women dismount and rest while we sponged off the man and his horse and saddle. He informed us that he was proprietor of a trading post twenty miles north of us and had been to Goodyear's Bar and the Yuba with his wife and his sister-in-law, and that they decided to return via Jim Crow Cañon, as they could save about five miles of travel by doing so and also avoid the dust and hot sunshine of the higher route. When they were in condition to move again it was past noon, and knowing they would not reach a town before four or five o'clock, we invited them to take luncheon with us, which they consented to do providing they were permitted to tax our hospitality only to the extent of furnishing them coffee, as they had brought a light luncheon with them; so I donned my big kitchen apron, which covered me from the chin to the knees, and with all the courage and suavity of a French professional, prepared luncheon.

Over their coffee the women threw off their

reserve and we had a very jolly pleasant time of it. Paugus amused them by remarking that it seemed like God's country again. They consented to taste our sugar cured ham, gingerbread, doughnuts and plum preserves, and of course felt bound to praise them. They were very pleasant, intelligent persons, and it was with sincere regret that we bade them good bye.

The little episode relieved for many days the dull tenor of our secluded lives.

My next trip to the trading post I made alone and returned without the mule, as I had purchased only a few light articles easily carried in my hand. The semi-monthly eastern mail, which I expected to find at the post, had not arrived at noon, but it had reached Downieville, the only post town in the vicinity, and the trader as was his custom, had sent a messenger there for the mail for his customers; so I waited until three o'clock for his return.

Having left the post so late, I did not reach the cañon till dusk, and had not proceeded far up the narrow defile before total darkness set in. The small expanse of sky visible between the two mountain ranges was completely hidden most of the way by a dense arch of pine and fir foliage through which no light penetrated. I could have borrowed a lantern at the trading post, but forgot to do so or even to supply myself with matches. The trail was rough and

crooked, and in places ran for rods along the edge of precipices where a misstep might send one bumping down a slide into the stream or on to a pile of jagged rock.

I moved slowly, keeping a cane I carried on the ground before me, as I had often seen blind men do. When I was within about two miles of home and rounding a bluff point, where I had to exercise great care, I was startled by a hoarse groan that sounded much like the growl of a grizzly, followed by hasty scratching and shuffling in the loose shale in front of me and not three yards distant. Supposing that our party were the only tenants of the cañon, I instantly decided that I was confronted by nothing less formidable than a grizzly, and as I dare not run, I did not move a muscle for a full minute, but stood terror stricken and helpless; but in another minute I had recovered from my lethargy and was slowly and noislessly backing away with my cane in one hand and my stiletto in the other, but still half paralysed with fear.

I had moved only a few paces when another growl broke the stillness, and then came a mumbling in which I thought I could distinguish several words. I stopped and listened, and the thought came to me that if it were a man he must be either an Indian or a Mexican who was camping on the side of the mountain, and having heard me coming, was playing an opposum

game to entrap me. I mustered all the courage I could command and called in a heavy, gruff voice,

"Who is there?"

And immediately came the response, "Me—me, whe-e-r-e's th-th-trail?" I called again,

"What is the matter with you? Are you hurt?" to which he replied: "Tr-a-il's got away from me. Help a fell-er up. Who-o ar-ar yer, stranger? Yer see I w-e-nt down ter Tom Smith's with th' boys and t-took a leetle too m-much whisky — leetle too m-much. You d-drunk too, stranger? Which w-a-y yer g-goin'? Let's s-strad-dle th' trail to-geth-er."

I concluded he was really drunk and harmless, so I approached and got hold of him, and found he had slid off the trail where the descent was so steep that he could not recover his footing and was holding himself by a bush. I drew him on to the trail and questioned him as to which way he was going, whether up or down the stream. He told me that he and two other men had come on to the stream a few days before over the mountain from the Yuba river and were prospecting somewhere above our location.

So I got him in front of me and worked him slowly along the trail, shaking and scolding him at times to keep him alert and active. We had gone about half a mile when to my great joy Forty-nine suddenly appeared with a lantern.

The boys had become anxious about me, and knowing that I must be somewhere on the way home and perhaps without a lantern, he started out to meet me. By the time we reached our cabin my befuddled charge was sober enough to walk without assistance. So after showering his face with water and taking a few matches, he started on his way alone, and we did not hear from him again.

My long walk to the post and back, together with the heavy tax upon my nerves by the fright I had received so exhausted me that I had no appetite for supper, and went to bed at once, where I soon forgot the trying events of the day. I was aroused next morning late by Gale, who had prepared breakfast and had my coffee, toast and ham already steaming on the table. I ate a hearty breakfast and felt quite myself again. Good-soul Paugus, wishing to contribute some special compensation for my hardships of the day before, presented me with a very tasty pair of moccasins he had made from the hide of the deer he killed.

He had smoke-tanned it with the hair on and cut out and stitched the moccasins very neatly. I found them very serviceable for indoor wear for several years. That was Sunday, and I spent most of the time till three o'clock reading and lounging, when we all ascended to the summit of the range west of us, to witness another

sunset and get another airing in the cool breeze from Mount Shasta's icy top. The sun had moved farther south and sank this time where there were no peaks to hold and diffuse its lingering rays, and we therefore found the view less pleasing than that Gale and I had witnessed earlier in the season.

The following Saturday Gale went to the trading post, and among the reading matter he brought was an illustrated document entitled, "The Miner's Ten Commandments," which, though awkwardly expressed, amused me, and a copy of which I have always retained among other souvenirs of those days and will here give a brief extract from each commandment.

THE MINER'S TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I.

Thou shalt have no other claim than one.

II.

Thou shalt not make unto thyself any false claim, nor any likeness to a mean man by jumping one, lest thy fellow miners assemble and invite thee to take thy pick and thy pan, thy shovel and thy blankets with all thou hast and hastily go prospecting for other diggings.

III.

Thou shalt not go prospecting before thy claim gives out. Neither shalt thou take thy money, nor thy gold dust, nor thy good name to the

gambling table in vain; for there thou wilt quickly learn that the more thou puttest down the less thou shalt take up: and when thou thinkest of thy wife and children, thou shalt not hold thyself guiltless.

IV.

Thou shalt not remember what thy friends at home do on the Sabbath day, lest the remembrance may not compare favorably with what thou doest here. Six days thou mayest dig, but the other day is Sunday; yet thou washest all thy soiled shirts, darnest all thy stockings, chop thy wood, and bake thy bread and pork and beans, that thou wait not when thou returnest from thy long-tom weary. For in six days labor only thou canst not wear out in two years, but can if thou workest on Sunday also, and thou and thy son, thy daughter, thy morals and thy conscience, be none the better for it.

V.

Thou shalt not think more of all thy gold and how thou canst make it fastest than how thou wilt enjoy it after thou hast ridden rough shod over thy good old parents' precepts and examples.

VI.

Thou shalt not kill thy body by working in the rain, even though thou shalt make enough for thy physic and attendance. Neither shalt thou kill thy neighbor's body in a duel; for by keeping cool thou canst save his life and thy conscience. Neither shalt thou destroy thyself by getting tight, nor slewed, nor high, nor corned, nor three sheets in the wind.

VII.

Thou shalt not grow discouraged, nor think of going home before thou hast made thy pile, because thou hast not struck a lead, nor found a pocket, lest in going thou shalt leave five dollars a day and go to work ashamed at one dollar.

VIII.

Thou shalt not steal a pick, or a pan, or a shovel, from thy fellow-miner; nor borrow that he cannot spare, nor talk with him while his water rent is running on; nor remove his stake to enlarge thy claim, nor undermine his bank, nor pan out gold from his riffle box. Neither shalt thou steal from thy cabin mate his gold dust to add to thine, lest thy evil doing should be discovered and straightway thy fellow miners should assemble and hang thee, or give thee fifty lashes and brand thee like a horse thief with "R" upon thy cheek to be known and read of all men.

IX.

Thou shalt not tell any false tales about gold diggings in the mountains to thy neighbor, that thou mayest benefit a friend who hath mules and provisions he cannot sell, lest when he returneth through the snow with nothing but his rifle, he present thee with the contents thereof, slaying thee like a dog.

X.

Thou shalt not commit unsuitable matrimony, nor forget absent maidens, nor neglect thy first love; but thou shalt consider how faithfully and patiently she awaiteth thy return. A new com-

mandment give I unto thee: if thou hast a wife and little ones that thou holdest dearer than thy life, that thou keep them constantly before thee to cheer and urge thee onward until thou canst say "I have enough—God bless them—I will return."

The literary products of California from 1849 to 1856 were largely of a coarse, humorous character, pandering to the tastes of the rough, illiterate element of that cosmopolitan society. The writings of "Dow, Jr," "Sluice Fork," "Old Block," and those of a score of other humorous scribblers of local fame found a ready sale in the mining towns everywhere; and though they did not perhaps inculcate the highest moral principles nor add to the culture and refinement of the people, they were not without their good results, for they certainly did much to inspire a spirit of good cheer and contentment among those toiling, self-denying delvers of the mountains—much to lighten the burden of their cares and hardships.

The following week Paugus shot another deer. He went out in the evening to a deep pool on one side of the stream, near where he killed the other, and where he had discovered they went to wade and escape the flies. He shot a large young doe in the pool, wounding her in the shoulder, and in her frantic struggling to escape instead of approaching the shore she moved in a circle, keeping in the broad pool.

Paugus, unfortunately, instead of taking time to reload his gun and shoot again, sprang into the pool, thinking to get hold of the deer and dispatch her with his knife; but as he approached her, wading to his shoulders, she raised her fore legs above the water and, with her hind feet upon the bottom, sprang forward about eight feet, nearly clearing the water and lighting on the top of poor Paugus with a force that sent him to the bottom.

CHAPTER VI.

Though cut on the shoulder and the side of the head by the sharp hoofs of the deer and partially stunned, he retained his self-possession, and regaining his footing raised his head above water and caught the deer by the nose and with his knife put an end to the struggle.

He dressed it, and taking the edible parts and his gun started for home; but he was weak from the over exertion and loss of blood and found it tiresome walking in his wet clothes with so heavy a load and sat down on a log to rest. While sitting there he saw two young coyotes, about the size of a cat, run out of the hollow end of the log. On seeing him they started back, but he sprang to the end of the log in season to catch one of them, which he brought to the cabin alive.

He was nearly exhausted when he arrived and still bleeding from the wound on the side of his head which gave him a frightful appearance. I dressed his wounds while he gave us an amusing account of his hazardous exploit; and we could not refrain from laughing at him for his reckless daring. He was very lame the next morning, and for several days unable to do much.

We made a pen and a warm nest for the coyote by the side of the cabin and kept it until it was fully grown and well domesticated. It was as cunning and playful as a kitten and made a nice pet for us. I was in the habit of rising earlier than my partners, to prepare breakfast, and as soon as the pet heard me moving he would commence begging to be admitted to the cabin; and as soon as I let him in he would mount the bunks and wring the nose and ears of each one of the boys until they were wide awake. After we gave him his liberty, he would make excursions into the woods around the cabin, look for mice and rabbits, but never failed to return to the cabin by dusk, to get his supper and have his evening frolic with us.

The middle of November arrived and the cold winds were driving in from the ocean clusters of portentious little clouds, indicating the near approach of the wet season; so we decided to "break camp" and return to our winter home. We had already arranged for the sale of our derrick and mining tools to a party of miners on the Yuba, near the mouth of the cañon, who were to send for them when we were ready to leave. We had also arranged with the trader at the post for a mule on which to transport our other goods and which we were to send back with a saddle train that ran between Downieville and La Porte.

The day before we were to start Paugus went to the post for the mule, and while he was gone the rest of us packed such things as we would not want to use before leaving. After noon luncheon Gale and I crossed to the other side of the range to get a few of those calla lily bulbs to take home with us; and returning we stopped to rest on the summit and take a last view of the delightful picture to the west and north. While sitting there I made a discovery new to me and which interested me deeply. There was a steady breeze from the west that brought into view clusters of dark, low clouds from the Pacific that passed over the Sacramento Valley without material change, but suddenly disappeared when they came in contact with the peaks of the high Sierra ranges. No rain had fallen on the mountains for five months, and they were so parched that they readily absorbed the clouds, drinking them up like a sponge.

We rose early next morning, and by the time it was light enough to follow the trail, we had taken our breakfast, packed our goods on the mule and started on our journey. We took our pet as far as the trading post and presented it to the little son of the trader who promised to care for it tenderly. We stayed that night in a mining camp a few miles beyond Downieville, and the next morning Gale, Paugus and I took a saddle train home, leaving Forty-nine to follow.

on foot with the mule. We reached home soon after noon more lame and tired than we would have been had we walked the whole distance. Our saddles were of the poorest Mexican pattern and the mules untrained and awkward, and as they were urged along at a frightful speed by the muleteer in charge we often found it hard to keep our seats and were in constant danger of having our necks broken.

We were crossing the mountain ranges, and in the whole distance of twenty miles there was not fifty yards of level trail. The train of thirty mules, each carrying a passenger, was driven down the steep mountain sides over the rough zig-zag trail so fast that a mule would occasionally, on reaching an unusually steep place, settle back on his haunches, brace his fore legs out in front and slide a distance of fifty or seventy-five feet, then rise, catch his footing and lope again until he had another opportunity to relieve the pain in his strained knees by sliding. Mules well accustomed to rapid mountain travel nearly all learned that trick, and were quick to avail themselves of the relief it afforded their tired limbs.

I remember seeing a man the following summer, who was taking his first ride on a mountain trail, jump from the saddle while the mule was shooting down a shale slide and roll a long distance in the dust. He naturally had the im-

pression that the mule, instead of recovering his footing at the bottom of the slide, would fall and roll.

We had our cabin cleaned and put in order and a supply of provisions stored before Forty-nine's arrival in the evening. Most of our neighbors of the camp had also returned from their summer diggings and the place was lively with preparation for the coming winter. The winter's supply of wood, most of which was prepared in the spring, had to be drawn up and packed in the spacious sheds adjoining the cabins, and the staple groceries, as flour, potatoes, beans, syrup, sugar and coffee, were stored in the "hole" as the shallow cellar was called, and in the cabin loft. Then their hydraulic claims had to be put in order—the flumes through which the dirt was washed and in which the gold was caught, examined and repaired or replaced with new, and perhaps the flumes extended; so for two or three weeks after the return of the miners the camp had a lively appearance.

It was amusing to go into their evening gatherings and hear them relate their novel experiences of the summer. Some had spent the four or five months of their absence mining on the Yuba or Feather rivers, some on small streams or in gulches, some by the tunnel method, and some had moved like gypsies all the while, prospecting with pick and pan and with no other shelter

than the evergreen thickets; and nearly all had some strange experiences to relate.

A few days after my return from Jim Crow Cañon I went on foot to a small mining camp seven miles north, where I thought of buying an interest in a hydraulic claim; and in going I had to cross from one high range to another through a dismal, wooded gulch, where I had a new experience which so impressed me that I have never forgotten it.

Half way down the first range, in a grove of fir and pine, a little way from the trail, stood quite a large frame cabin that had been built the year before by two Mexicans of mysterious appearance who seemed to have no legitimate employment, as there was no mining in that vicinity and no town within several miles. Several robberies had occurred in the gulch below since the cabin had been built, and the marshal of La Porte, the nearest town, had been watching the place for some time, and having discovered that about once a month twelve or fifteen Mexicans assembled there for a night or two of revelry, he was satisfied it was a rendezvous for Mexican thieves and highwaymen and was waiting for sufficient evidence of the fact to justify a raid on the place. I had heard those facts and naturally felt a little nervous as I passed the place and descended into the gulch.

At the foot of the range the trail turned and

ran down the gulch, along the bank of a small stream for the distance of fifteen or twenty rods before mounting the opposite range. Just as I reached that point I heard the clatter of a horse's feet and discovered a horseman emerging from the thicket down the gulch where the trail crossed the stream, on a full gallop towards me holding a heavy revolver in his right hand on a level with his shoulder. He was so besmeared with dust that I could not tell whether he was a Mexican or a white man but felt sure I was to be "held up," and having no fire arms for defense I stepped out of the trail in a measure resigned to my fate, and waited the dread command to deliver up my valuables. He rode up and without slacking his rapid pace greeted me with a graceful wave of the left hand and a smile and disappeared in a cloud of dust up the winding trail. I breathed easier and felt thankful that my buckskin purse, lean though it was, was still in my possession.

When I reached my destination I made inquiry as to who the mysterious horseman was and learned that he was an express messenger in the employ of Wells, Fargo & Co., who twice a week visited six or seven mining camps north of there, collecting the gold dust their agents in those camps had bought and taking it to their offices in LaPorte; that he carried back from ten to twenty thousand dollars' worth of dust in

his saddle bags and always passed through that gulch on a rapid gallop with his revolver drawn and cocked, as a messenger for the same company had been waylaid and killed there and another wounded two or three years before. Those express messengers all over the mining region of the state were a courageous class of men so inured to danger that they had no dread of it, but on the contrary rather courted it for the pleasure found in the excitement attending it.

Thoroughly skilled in the use of fire arms and with the practiced eye ot a sagacious Indian it was hard for an enemy to surprise one of them and gain any advantage over him. They knew by sight all frequenters of the trails of their routes and all the dangerous passes, and though their routes ran among bluffs and through woods and dark ravines, they were rarely disturbed.

I returned home the following day and found awaiting me letters from my good friends Mr. and Mrs. Moore, of Marysville, inviting me to spend the winter with them instead of burrowing in the snow for the whole season in idleness, and I was glad to accept the invitation, for I had looked forward with dread to the long term of close confinement and dull monotony. So a few days later I bade my cabin mates good-bye and took passage at LaPorte on a huge, cumbrous but comfortable coach for Marysville.

In spite of my reluctance to spending the winter in the snow, I was sorry to leave my three companions, for I had become warmly attached to them. I resolved, however, to write them often and to keep them supplied with reading matter. The stage road had been completed but a short time and was very rough, and in places around precipitous mountain sides the utmost care was required to guide it safely; and yet we made the trip of seventy miles in nine hours and a half, including a stop of thirty minutes for dinner. Five changes of horses were made, and at most of the relay stations the driver did not leave his seat. The four fresh horses were standing in front of the station. Two attendants in less than ten seconds' time released the tired horses and in less than a minute more attached the fresh relay and handed the driver the reins and we were off again. There were eight passengers in all, two on the outside and six in the inside.

Our inside party were bumped against the top of the coach, thrashed from side to side and scattered promiscuously over the bottom till we were as battered and sore as a football champion. It was a week before I recovered from the jolting and bruising of that ride.

Marysville was a pleasant little city of about six thousand inhabitants, and was the principal shipping point for the mining territory north

and east of there. Small boats ran up the Sacramento river as far as Red Bluff, but most of the traffic for the country east of the Upper Sacramento Valley went from Marysville by wagon and pack train. One could see daily long trains of immense freight wagons, each drawn by six mules or horses and trains of seventy or one hundred pack mules, each bearing from three to four hundred pounds of freight, all winding across the valley from the city to the foot hills, while a counter current of empty wagons and pack saddles poured into the place.

The friend with whom I stayed owned a large cream colored Mexican pony which was the best trained saddle horse I ever saw; and I spent much time exercising with him on the unoccupied plain between the city and the foot hills. I usually carried a shot gun, as ducks were abundant on the plains and easily approached then. The bridle rein I seldom touched, but let it hang on the horn of the saddle and guided him with my knees. If I sighted a duck ahead within range I called softly, "Stop!" and he would come to a stand still so suddenly as to nearly unseat me if I were not well on my guard; and when I raised my gun he would brace his fore legs out in front, drop his nose down between his knees and stand as rigid and still as a post till I had fired, when he would raise his head and wait for the next word of command.

He took even more delight in duck hunting than I did and was never ready to give up the sport and go home.

A short distance above Marysville on the opposite side of the river was the Yuba Indian Reservation, and I visited their village frequently during the winter, making a close study of their habits. I found them inferior in every respect to the Indians of the eastern part of the continent. The mild climate and abundance of wild vegetables, fish and game of the Pacific slope had enabled them to live in ease and comparative idleness with nothing to tax and develop their energies, and they were among the most listless, lazy, stupid creatures of the human race. There was in them none of that vigor of mind and body which characterizes the Indians of New England and Canada; and that difference is not due to the fact that they had been but a short time in contact with the white man, for their heads indicate a much lower mental development than those of the Indians of the Atlantic region.

One never sees among them the tall, straight, lithe form, long oval face and Roman nose so common among the Indians of the East.

In the spring of 1856 while the Sacramento river was swarming with salmon and the half flooded plains were spotted with ducks, I found the Yubas feeding chiefly on grass-hoppers,

acorns, roots and decaying refuse meat picked up around the slaughter houses of Marysville. The soil of their reservation was the most productive in the world—a rich, calcareous loam that would produce two crops of vegetables a year; and they could easily have raised vegetables enough to support them and without much labor, but were too indolent to do that or to fish or hunt.

The first white settlers there found them living largely on roots and gave them the name of Diggers, and they are still spoken of there as the Digger Indians. The rich valleys of the Pacific slope afford a large variety of wild edible roots, and it was easier to dig these than to fish and hunt; but when the valleys were occupied by the whites that resource was cut off. The women and children could gather grasshoppers, acorns and refuse meat enough to sustain life and they cared for nothing beyond that. It was amusing to see them gather grasshoppers and prepare them for winter use. One or two hundred women and children would go out on to the open plain where the grasshoppers were abundant and large, and form a circle around a patch of four or five acres, each with a little bush with which to beat the grass, and then close in slowly, driving the grasshoppers before them until they had them crowded into a space a few yards square, when a few of the women,

with sacks tied to their waists, would enter the ring and gather up the game by the handful and thrust it into the sacks, while the rest of the party kept up the switching to keep them together.

After they had gathered them all up they dipped the sacks into pots of boiling water and then spread the contents on blankets in the sun to dry. When dry they were re-sacked and hung up in their tepees. When they prepared a mess for cooking they took them from the sack by the handful, rubbed them slightly together, blew out the wings and legs and threw them into an earthern pot with a few acorns and a little meat and cooked the compound about an hour. It made a stew which was said to be quite nutritious, but how palatable I do not know, never having tasted it.

The Yubas were passionately addicted to gambling among themselves, and would run any risk or make any sacrifice to gratify that passion. A short time before I went there the chief was presented with an expensive suit of clothes, a pair of boots and a silk hat, by a government agent, for some special service he had rendered. He donned the outfit in the agent's office and went back to the reservation as proud of his improved appearance as a boy in his first suit; but three days later he came over to the city with nothing on but a flannel

shirt and the silk hat, having gambled the other garments all away.

Salmon and duck were so abundant all that spring that they could be bought in the markets for three or four cents a pound while beef and mutton were selling for twenty and twenty-five cents a pound; and yet the Indians seldom hunted them. Wild duck were brought in by the white hunters by the wagon load and hawked on the streets till night when the unsold part of their loads were often dumped into the gutters to be picked up by the Chinamen and Indians.

Salmon fishing was carried on in the Sacramento river only during the months of February, March and April and the fall months of October and November. The number taken out in 1856 was estimated at four hundred and fifty thousand, amounting in the aggregate to six million five hundred thousand pounds. Most of these were smoked or canned in Sacramento for shipment.

It was during that season that the famous San Francisco vigilance committee of 1851 was re organized and resumed its commendable work of suppressing the rough element that had long terrorized all the larger cities of the state, defying law and encouraging crime and vice of every character. That element was led and controlled largely by professional gamblers and adventurers who elevated men of their own ilk into the

gubernatorial chair, on to the supreme bench, and, in fact, into most of the higher offices of the state; and so bold had they become in their unchecked excesses that the higher interests of the state were imperiled and the better class of citizens seriously alarmed for the reputation of the state and the safety of their business interests.

Judge Terry, who was put onto the supreme bench and who killed U. S. Senator D. C. Broderick and was finally, in an attempt to kill another man, killed himself, was one of that class. The assassination of U. S. marshal Richardson and James King of William, editor of the Bulletin, by two leading gamblers and politicians caused intense excitement all over the state and aroused a wholesome feeling of resentment that resulted in the re-organization of the San Francisco vigilance committee, which had never disbanded.

The committee tried, convicted and hanged the murderers of U. S. marshal Richardson and James King of William, banished from the state many of the other desperadoes and put an effectual check upon the infamous doings of that class.

The excitement in Marysville for several days was intense. Business was partially suspended, and the streets were crowded with an excited, noisy class who had been driven to the verge of

madness by the highly exaggerated reports that came hourly from San Francisco and Sacramento. Though most strenuous effort was being made by leading citizens to allay the excitement and disperse the noisy crowd, the city by evening had become a perfect bedlam, all effort by the authorities to restore order having proved futile.

Finally the mad crowd conceived the idea of breaking open the county jail and lynching six or eight criminals confined there and of burning the residences of certain prominent citizens who were known to be in sympathy with the dominant political element of the state. When this purpose became known a feeling of terror spread throughout the city. No rain had fallen for weeks and the city was as dry as a tinder box, and such citizens as were calm enough to reason about the matter realized that if buildings were fired in various parts of the city and the fire department restrained by the mob the city would probably be destroyed.

Hundreds of prominent citizens gathered at the principal hotel in the center of the city for consultation, and several attempted to address the frenzied mob from a balcony, but could not command attention; finally in utter despair they dispersed to their homes to severally protect as best they could their families and property.

CHAPTER VII.

Finally Rev. Mr. Briggs, pastor of the First Methodist church, who was very popular in the city with all classes, a very eloquent speaker and a man of strong, commanding personality, appeared at the hotel and was persuaded to make an appeal to the mob. Taking a position on a balcony in front of the hotel, he threw up his right hand in an attitude, not of supplication, but of stern command, and in a clear, trumpet tone that had in it an irresistible air of authority, he commanded silence and then made an able, stirring appeal to their honor, patriotism and manhood to hold sacred the obligation of obedience to the powers that be, and assured them that the seed then being sown in San Francisco would surely fall over the whole state and be productive of a purer politics, a more honest judiciary and of justice in the treatment of the criminals of the state.

The appeal cooled their frenzy, restored order and sent the crowd away submissive and silent. A gentleman who was present on that occasion said to me, "I have heard nearly all the prominent orators of this country, but have never witnessed a more striking example of the power of eloquence."

About the middle of March I started on my return to the mountains, leaving the valley already smiling in the embrace of early summer, with its decoration of green foliage, blooming orchards and waving grain. Whirling past myriads of grazing cattle and plodding wagon and pack trains, we entered the meandering pass of the foot hills fringed with the opening foliage and redolent with the grateful perfume of an abundant flora; and the winding ascent was as novel and delightful as a vision of fairy land.

As I looked back an hour later from a height of one thousand feet upon that summer land, glowing in sunshine and bloom, with its three sluggish rivers, its slowly winding caravans and its fading cluster of distant spires, it presented to me a scene of rare loveliness which forty years of intervening time have not effaced. At four o'clock that afternoon we reached the snow line and greeted solemn winter again. The coach could go no farther and the remaining twenty miles of my journey was to be made on foot in a snow trail with my valise strapped to my back; but I had the companionship of two entertaining fellow travellers and enjoyed the exercise in that bracing mountain air.

After a brisk walk of two hours we stopped for the night at a French tavern in the pine woods by the roadside, where we were provided

with good meals, but found the sleeping accommodations miserable. We were compelled to sleep on cots in a large open attic with fifteen or twenty French miners who kept up such a chorus of French jargon and vociferous snoring that I got little sleep and was in poor condition next morning for my long tramp.

I got an early start, however, and reached Camp Warren at noon and received a warm welcome from my cabin mates. They were expecting me, as I had written them when I should start, and had prepared an elaborate dinner which was soon steaming on the table and to which I did full justice. I well remember the principal dishes of that meal and how well they all tasted after my tiresome walk in the cool forest air. They were roast beef and potatoes, pork and beans, light bread, gingerbread and doughnuts, rice pudding and rich, fat mince pie that would have excited the admiration of our New England mothers. Paugus said, by way of explanation, that he knew I would need, "after having fed so long on city delicacies, a fillin' up with the substantials."

I found the camp busy with preparation for the coming mining season. The water supply was brought in a large ditch from Feather river thirteen miles north, and a large party of workmen were engaged shoveling the snow out of the ditch in places where it had not been protected by a cover of some kind.

A few days after my arrival the water came in a heavy flow, and for a week the whole camp was on a strain of intense enthusiasm. Very few of the miners slept much for a week, but were busy day and night getting their hydraulic fixtures in position and in working order. The whole season, in fact, was an unusually busy and successful one. The process of "cleaning up" and getting the gold in marketable condition was a very interesting one. In most of the claims this was done once a week. After having washed thousands of tons of gravel through a narrow flume from three hundred to five hundred feet long, in the bottom of which were riffles, or cross bars, sprinkled with quicksilver to catch the fine, powdered gold, the water was shut off, the riffles taken up and the contents of the flume scraped from the head to the foot and taken up into iron pans.

These pans were taken to the cabin or office of the foreman and the sand and other refuse matter carefully washed out in a large tub of water, leaving the clean amalgam—the quicksilver and gold—in the pans. No gold was visible as the quicksilver wholly covered it. This amalgam was rolled into a round ball and put into a globe-shaped iron retort with a small hollow stem or tube about two feet long.

The retort was then put into a hot fire and the end of its stem placed in a pan of cold water.

The retort was brought to a red heat, when the quicksilver evaporated and passed out through the stem and was condensed in the cold water and held for further use. It was then removed from the fire, cooled and opened, exposing the half melted mass of clear gold ready for the market.

At the close of the mining season the first of July, Forty-nine bade us good bye and returned to Maine. We were sorry to part with him, but he consoled us with the assurance that he would be with us again the following spring. But we were convinced by certain vague indications that he would bring with him a more agreeable cabin mate instead of re-joining us. Paugus declared he could see it in Forty-nine's merry eye.

On the fifth of July I accompanied Paugus and Gale on a prospecting trip four miles west to Little Grass Valley, a timberless expanse of marsh about two miles long and half a mile wide, between two ranges and through which a small branch of Feather river ran.

After prospecting for gold in this stream at various points along the valley with indifferent success, we finally decided at the close of the second day, to try our luck next morning on a small bar at the head of a narrow cañon into which the stream escaped from the valley. So we built a pole and brush shanty on a wooded

knoll under a bluff overhanging the mouth of the cañon, and I prepared our suppers while my companions gathered fir boughs for our beds.

We had each brought two pairs of heavy Indian blankets, and wrapped in these on the soft boughs we were soon lost in restful sleep: but about midnight a strong breeze swept down up on us from another deep cañon at the north end of the valley and suddenly changed our summer climate to the frigid frost and chill of winter.

We woke shivering with the cold and got up and rebuilt our log fire and remained up the rest of the night chopping and packing wood and dozing in our seats before the blazing logs.

About two o'clock our situation was made still more precarious and alarming by the sudden appearance of about three hundred wild Mexican steers that were being herded in the other end of the valley by LaPorte butchers. As they had come but a week or two before from the warm valleys of the southern part of the state they were not accustomed to the sudden changes of temperature common in that high region and had been stampeded by the cold wave, and attracted by the blaze of our fire, were coming down upon us with the speed and roar of a whirlwind.

We knew the danger of contact with such a herd and hastily gathering up our blankets, cooking utensils and provisions, we climbed to

a spur of a bluff above us barely in time to escape being trampled to death.

The column parted near our camp fire and passed on each side of it, demolishing our shanty and finally coming to a halt at the foot of the bluff fifty feet below us, where they surged and bellowed and shook the frosted foam from their mouths for a few minutes, then startled by our yells and a shower of rocks we hurled among them, they galloped across the shallow stream and disappeared in a pine thicket on the other side of the valley. We had been fearful that the fascinating attraction of our camp blaze might hold them there till morning and keep us chilling on the bluff at the hazard of our lives; and the very thought terrified me, for I was thinly clad and perched on a narrow point of rock where I could not exercise any and knew I would suffer intensely with the cold if kept there long.

After the last one had disappeared we crept back to the fire, leaving on the bluff everything but our blankets, in order that we might be able to make a quick retreat in case they returned. They did not reappear, however, but knowing they were liable to trouble us again and that the climate of the valley had become dangerously severe, we took a scanty breakfast, packed our effects and beat a hasty retreat homeward.

Though it was the seventh day of July and the

day was clear and bright, the valley stream was fringed with ice an eighth of an inch thick and the clear air had the frost and chill of December. One hour's travel took us over the range that walled the valley on the east, on to a southern slope where we were in the embrace of summer again among the birds and flowers that relieved in a measure the dreary aspect of LaPorte.

Three days later Gale and I went to Onion Valley, thirty miles north, to see some recently discovered diggings about which there was some excitement at the time. We started very early, leaving our camp hot and dusty, and traveled on foot due north to Pilot Peak, on the west side of which we encountered snow; and as we had been suffering with thirst for hours, we sat down and cooled our parched tongues with that and ate a luncheon we had brought. We then moved on, wading in snow for some distance and about three o'clock, still keeping our northerly course, we began our descent into Onion Valley and at sundown were walking through rich fields of waving corn and golden wheat ready for the harvest—a veritable paradise as compared with the fruitless, bleak country we had left in the morning and the chilly snow region we had traversed only a few hours before.

The fact that at that height above the sea a difference of a few feet in altitude marks a

greater change in temperature than many miles in latitude was new and wonderful to me. We had left in the morning a section of country where even potatoes would not mature and travelled north thirty miles into almost perpetual summer. We stayed in Quincy that night at the principal hotel, but as it was full of miners and its beds all pre-empted we were compelled to sleep on the bare floor with no other bedding than a single Indian blanket.

We found rich digging there, but were too late to secure claims in a desirable location. After spending a day and a half in that pleasant little valley, we started on our return by a route that led over the east side of Pilot Peak and through a mining camp about fifteen miles from Onion Valley, where we proposed to spend the night. We reached Pilot Peak just before sundown, and as we were only about half a mile from the summit, we decided to climb that distance and enjoy the extended view it commanded and a beautiful sunset, notwithstanding the delay would make late our arrival at the town in which we were to spend the night. We ascended on the north side, wading in damp snow half the distance, but the view from the top well repaid us for our exertion. It was more extended and varied than that from the range near Jim Crow Cañon which we found so delightful the summer before.

Looking north we had a clear view of the northern extremity of the Sacramento Valley and the ice-capped peak of Mt. Shasta; and to the west towered the jagged Coast Range, and nearer and far below us stretched the yellow expanse of valley visible for a distance of eighty or ninety miles and through which we could trace for half that long a stretch the Sacramento River, winding like a great serpent down the misty valley till lost in the purple distance.

I think there is no elevation on the continent commanding a more enchanting view. A thick haze veiled the horizon and rendered the sunset less pleasing than we had expected to find it. A hurried walk of an hour in the twilight brought us to a small mining camp called Whiskey Diggings where we found good accommodations for the night, and to our surprise, found it a very quiet, sober place in spite of its suggestive name. I learned that the peculiar name of the camp originated as follows: Three Irishmen went there two or three years before from an adjacent mining camp to prospect, taking a bottle of whiskey with them, and returned drunk and reported that they had discovered not gold but "whiskey diggings," and the place was ever afterward called by that name.

A very large proportion of the mining towns of the state at that time bore odd names. Among those of that character were the following, many

of which may still be found on the maps of the state: Pancake Gulch, Lover's Hollow, Pepper Box, Ragged Breeches Bar, Bloody Run, Louse Place, Rum Blossom Plain, Pitch Fork, Devil's Basin, Salt Pork Ridge, Greenhorn Creek, Humbug Gulch and Pot Luck City.

The first settlers of those places of course regarded them as only temporary settlements that would be abandoned as soon as the surface mines in their vicinity were exhausted and therefore were not particular about the names they bore.

The next morning we left early for home on a trail that led through the prosperous mining town of Gibsonville, where we stopped to inspect the mining operations and get dinner. We reached home in season to join Paugus at supper. We learned he had been brought to grief the day before in an encounter with a party of Mexicans and had declared a war of extermination against the whole "Greaser" population of that region. He went out in the morning with a shovel and pan to a claim in which he owned an interest, to clean a narrow cut that drained a part of the claim and from which the sluice boxes used during the water season had been removed. From the high bank, forty feet above the cut, he discovered, as he supposed, three Chinamen in the cut looking for gold.

He hastily descended a ladder into the claim, unseen by the pilferers, ran to the cut and

jumped down on the back of one of the party as he was stooping over a pan of dirt he had scraped up, but the fellow proved to be a powerful Mexican instead of a Chinaman and was more than a match for Paugus, for he soon got him pinioned in the bottom of the cut and held him there while the other two Mexicans beat him unmercifully.

The culprits then escaped and Paugus, sore and faint, climbed out of the claim and started a party of his fellow miners out after the Mexicans who vowed they would hang them to the nearest tree if they found them; but they did not succeed in the search. It was a sad humiliation to Paugus, for he was an expert boxer and took considerable pride in his pugilistic reputation. We pitied and comforted him as best we could, but could not refrain from laughing over the joke of his having mistaken the Mexicans for Chinamen and received the punishment he had intended to administer to the cowardly Celestials. It was a long time before his fellow-miners ceased to bore him about the matter.

Two days later Gale and I started out on another tour of observation, going south five miles into a heavily timbered section, where we spent two days prospecting in a narrow gulch. We each took a blanket and a bucket of cooked food and slept in the open air and ate of the wholesome store of our own larder. We found gold

in the gulch and the first day got about three dollars' worth, but the place was not sufficiently productive to justify us in remaining there. The next morning we went a mile farther up the gulch, but finding no better prospect there, we quit our search at ten o'clock and climbed to a high wooded ridge near by and lounged in the cool shade till four o'clock dreaming and planing our summer campaign.

We were both fond of forest life and longed to repeat our experience of the summer previous. We believed with Prof. Silliman that "Every man should have in his heart a little corner devoted to barbarism," and that for awhile every year we should get out beyond the pale of society and relax from the strain of business cares and civil restraint and indulge that latent spirit; not the barbarism of the brute or the uncultured savage, but a barbarism tempered by a recognition of personal responsibility and universal brotherhood—that of an isolated heathen people of southern Africa, spoken of by an early explorer, who were Christians without Christ, humane without human precept or example—a spontaneous development of moral perfection.

Before we left our resting place we had prepared a program for the next four months. It provided for a prospecting tour thirty or forty miles north-east into a wild region, then remote from any mining town and where little prospect-

ing had been done. We knew Paugus would accompany us, and for a fourth man Gale thought he could enlist an agreeable friend of his, an Ohio man, who had an interest with him in a hydraulic claim. We returned that evening and submitted our plans to the other two men who readily consented to join us; and in two days more we had completed our preparations and were on the trail.

We took about the same outfit we carried the summer before, packing it upon one stout mule and taking a colored stable boy with us to drive the mule back. We traveled about twenty-five miles the first day, crossing two mountain ranges on a narrow rough trail and following for five or six miles a stream between two ranges which we finally forded with great difficulty, wetting a part of our load. That night we stayed at a small mining camp of a dozen cabins and supply store.

The second day we crossed another range and then ascended a small stream for a distance of about ten miles through a heavy growth of pine, cedar and fir. Here we found in a beautiful spot a solitary cabin of neat appearance, and on entering it found it vacant. Tacked to the inside of the door was the following note, written in a round, business-like hand:

November 16th, 1855.

"A party of three of us have spent a pleasant summer here and been moderately successful. As we do not expect to return, we hereby bequeath to the first honest miner who may desire to locate here, this habitation and all the appurtenances hereunto belonging, including the contents of the two sacks suspended from the rafters. W. H. Curry."

We concluded we would remain here for a week or two at least and prospect. As the stream was shallow and without heavy stone we could work over quite a large area daily and should not need a derrick. The colored boy was ordered to unpack and care for the mule, and the rest of us set about putting the cabin in order. We soon had it dusted and thoroughly cleaned and the three bunks bedded with soft fir boughs. A fourth bunk was needed which Paugus soon supplied. The "appurtenances" referred to in our bequest were two sheet iron kettles, two fry pans, six tin plates, tin dippers and pans, one shovel and two picks. The two sacks suspended by cords from the rafters we cut down and found one contained about fifteen pounds of loaf sugar, and on top of that a can of about one pound of tea and a package of coffee, all in good condition. The other sack contained about one peck of beans, also well preserved.

By dark we were well established in our quarters and all in a merry mood. Mr. West, our

Ohio companion,had been out and discovered the spot where our predecessors worked the summer before and found the sluice boxes they had used were still in fair condition, as they had been piled together on the bank of the stream. That was another bit of good fortune and a matter of congratulation.

The ranges between which we were located were not so high as those enclosing Jim Crow Cañon, so our days were longer than they were the summer before. We had about six and a half hours of sunshine and about ten hours of daylight.

The next morning we started the colored man on his return and commenced work in the bed of the stream at a point that looked most favorable. We spent that day building a dam across the stream and digging a ditch along the bank for a distance of three or four hundred feet, large enough to convey all the water past that space and enable us to work the bed without interruption. The next day we set our sluice boxes and washed most of the day, and on cleaning up at night were gratified to learn that the yield though not large, was much better than we had hoped for; so we resolved to spend the season there, and went to rest that night with a feeling of perfect contentment.

Our work was heavy and we applied ourselves very closely to it from eight a. m. to five p. m.;

but we were strong and well and enjoyed the labor. In most kinds of business a man knows about what compensation his labor will bring and has no exhilarating hope beyond that; but in gold mining there is an element of chance that always keeps a man hopeful of great success a little way ahead, and that hope inspires a buoyancy and enthusiasm that helps materially to sustain his physical capabilities.

Sunday came and we were glad to rest, for we had all overtaxed our strength during the past week and were unusually tired. After dinner Paugus started out in search of wild plums, as we were all longing for some kind of fresh fruit; but he soon returned and reported that he had discovered from the summit of the range west of us, an Indian smoke rising from the stream we were on and not more than one mile north of us. Gale and West had also strolled out to look for plums, so I consented to accompany Paugus up the stream for a reconnoissance of the Indian encampment.

We proceeded cautiously, closely scrutinizing both banks of the stream as far ahead as we could see, and at last, on rounding a bluff that had obstructed our view for some time, we discovered not fifty rods off a single tepee in front of which were two Indian children standing by a fire, but no men could be seen. We moved back and climbed up the side of the bluff till we could

peep over and get a clear view of the tepee, and then lay down and watched the place for half an hour, during which time no one but the two children appeared.

We then decided that the party probably consisted of one family that had strayed away from the tribe to trap for the summer, and concluded to advance and interview them. We approached within a hundred yards before the children discovered us. They rushed like frightened deer into the tepee, but in a moment came out and sprang behind a large pine that stood near the opposite side of the tepee and from that shelter watched us. They were badly frightened in spite of our effort to appear friendly, and kept nervously motioning us to go in to the tepee and calling "Twa, twa," (Go in.)

So I drew aside a skin that covered the entrance and discovered an old Indian sitting on a robe with one leg stretched out before him heavily wrapped in buckskin and with an expression of intense suffering on his face that enlisted my sympathy at once. He looked at me sharply and said "Come, come." So I walked in and gave him my hand and asked him if he was sick. He could not speak much English, but told me with great effort, in few words and many signs that his wife died when he came into the mountains with his two children—a boy about twelve and a girl about ten years of age—

to hunt; that a large stone he was prying up on the side of the bluff, to get at a raccoon he had wounded, slid on to his foot bruising it badly, causing him great suffering; and that he was afraid they would starve before he could hunt again.

I made him understand that I was mining near by with three other men, and that we would care for him and his children till he was able to hunt. I told him to tell his children that we were friends and would dress the wounded foot and bring them something to eat. I sent Paugus back to our cabin for our medicine case and some bread and ham, and while he was gone I examined the Indian's foot and found the top badly bruised and the whole foot and leg to the knee greatly inflamed. I warmed some water and bathed it carefully. Paugus soon came with the medicine case and a bucket of bread and ham and doughnuts and a quantity of lump sugar for the children. In the case was a small sack of flax-seed meal and with a part of that I made a poultice and applied it to the foot, and in half an hour the pain subsided and he fell asleep. They had a small skillet in which Paugus cooked some of the ham and gave each of the children a generous slice on a piece of bread, and an hour later when the Indian woke he cooked another mess which the old man ate with a relish.

By that time the children had in a great meas-

ure recovered from their shyness and exhibited in every look and movement the most sincere gratitude. They could not speak English, but could readily indicate by signs and facial expressions most of their simple thoughts. After making them as comfortable as possible we left, promising to come to them again in the morning.

I found him comparatively comfortable next day. The poultice had reduced the inflammation and allayed the pain, and the look of despair he wore the day before had disappeared. The children had prepared him a breakfast of broth made from dried venison and the ham and bread we gave them, and were eating when I arrived. When they saw me coming they dropped their spoons and ran to meet me and pranced around me with all the fondness and affection of a grateful dog. I gave each a handful more of the loaf sugar and several cookies, all of which they ate hurriedly before finishing their meal of broth and bread.

For two weeks we kept them supplied with food, and at the end of that time he was able to hobble about and care for himself. He then moved his tepee down near our cabin, and though too stoical to plainly express as much, it was evident he did so in order that he might see us daily and if possible make some return for our kindness. The morning after he moved,

though still lame, he left his tepee before daylight and went two miles up the stream to the mouth of a small brook, where he had discovered deer came to drink and feed, and lay in ambush till they appeared and shot a large fat doe, the best part of which we found on our doorstep when we rose, and we had broiled venison steak for breakfast fit for a king.

From that time on we were not without venison longer than a day or two at a time, and three or four times he brought us fish for which he had gone twelve or fifteen miles east.

The children, too, were eager to please us and kept constantly before our door a pile of dry oak limbs and pine knots for our fire and brought from a spring near by most of the water we used. They were bright and apt for Indians and Gale and I amused ourselves a great deal evenings trying to teach them English and to tell them simple stories in language they could understand. Gale succeeded much better than I did and soon had a vocabulary of words and signs by which he conversed with them quite readily.

It was made up of a mixture of English and Indian words interspersed with signs and grimaces, and the children very soon became familiar with it. Soon after they located near us West and I went to a mining camp twelve miles distant for groceries, and I bought two showy belts

for the children to wear over their buckskin frocks and about twenty yards of cheap scarlet ribbon with which we made bows, neckties, bracelets and streamers and decorated them like gypsy queens. That delighted them more than anything else we had done for them, and it was amusing to see them strut in their fantastic regalia. Later we bought them bead necklaces, rings and a score of other tinsel decorations.

They were a source of constant amusement and profitable study, and we did not regret the loss of time and money spent for them. The old man said to me one day with a good natured chuckle, pointing to the children, "You make hims bad," meaning that we were making them too proud with our gifts of finery.

Early in the fall Togie, the boy, having learned we had searched in vain that whole vicinity for wild plums, made a wide circuit east of us one day in search of fruit and game and returned late in the evening with nearly a bushel of delicious plums, two rabbits and a grouse, having packed the whole lot and his gun over three miles. He was about exhausted when he reached our cabin, but after he had rested awhile, I had him take a cool bath in the stream and then gave him a bountiful meal from our own table, including a cup of coffee, of which he was exceedingly fond. The grouse we broiled for breakfast next morning, and the plums we

cooked and shared with them. He brought us another sack of the plums the following week and two large fat grey squirrels of which we made a delicious stew. Tiny, the little girl, (we gave her that name because she was very small for a girl of ten) sometimes tramped all day with Togie through the woods and over the mountains looking for game and favorite roots and berries and usually without eating anything from early morning till late in the evening. She carried his game and kept his courage up with her bird-like chirping.

The old man spent most of the time some distance from home trapping and hunting deer, but never failed to return home at night. Twice we sent him to our trader for groceries, giving him a written list of what we wanted to hand to the trader and money with which to pay the bill, and he brought us the right change and the receipted bill each time and seemed very proud of the responsibility and pleased with the confidence we reposed in him.

The middle of November arrived, bringing the premonitory clouds and damp winds, and we began to prepare for our return to our winter home. The trader who had moved our effects there in July was notified by letter to send his man and mule the following week to take them back; and in the meantime we cleaned up our last "ground sluice" in the bed of the stream

and stored in the cabin such tools as we did not care to take away. We had been quite successful for the last three months, and resolved to return to the place the following summer, therefore took particular pains to so dispose of our sluice boxes that they would not be crushed by the snow and to store the tools.

Our Indian neighbor was surprised and really grieved to learn we were going so soon. He was having unusual success trapping and intended to remain there two or three weeks longer. I tried to persuade him to leave when we did and not take the risk of being caught in the first snow-fall, but he answered, "Me go next moon; this moon no snow." He and the children were anxious to know if we would return the next summer, and on learning that we intended to do so, he assured us that they would meet us there.

The morning we left they all came to the cabin looking as solemn as a funeral procession, and sitting on the ground in front of the door, they watched in silence our preparation for the journey. We gave them the provisions we had left, including several pounds of sugar, which was eagerly appropriated by Togie and Tiny. We finally finished our packing, and started the driver on the trail with the load, and saying good bye to our neighbors, we followed, leaving the children both crying and the old man, stoical as he was, wearing a look of profound

sorrow. They stood and watched us until we reached a bluff a few hundred yards from the cabin from which we were to descend out of their sight, and there we stopped and waving our hats above our heads, gave them a farewell salute which they returned.

We were all good walkers, and taking a brisk pace we soon passed our packer and left him to take his own time. At noon we stopped by a clear, cool spring between two mountain ranges and ate a luncheon we had brought, knowing we would be near no town at that hour. After eating we lounged on the grass for an hour, resting our tired limbs, and then resumed our winding way up the side of the high range, each with a little less vigor than he had displayed in starting out in the morning. We had gone but a short distance when we were surprised by the sudden appearance of a herd of six deer that bounded across the trail not over seventy-five feet ahead of us and disappeared in a cedar thicket on our right. Paugus involuntarily drew his revolver, but a better prompting stayed his hand, and they glided into the security of the thicket unharmed. It was the first herd of wild deer I had seen in the state, and the sight pleased me not a little.

At sundown we reached a small mining town about ten miles from Camp Warren, where we decided to spend the night. We had traveled

about thirty miles and were in condition to enjoy our rest and the bountiful meals which we were assured the good German host and hostess would provide. We found the town in a fever of intense excitement. Most of the three hundred miners of the place had assembled in front of a store near the hotel, and it was evident from their noisy, restless mood that they were contemplating a serious matter of some kind. On inquiring of our landlord as to the cause of the excitement, we were told that a stranger in the place had just been detected in the act of robbing a sluice box and that he was now being tried for the offense in the store by a jury of six men appointed by the miners and that he would probably be hanged.

I went to the store hoping to gain admittance and witness the trial, but finding the room densely packed I waited on the outside for the verdict. It was soon announced from the store door, and was, in substance, that the prisoner had been found guilty and sentenced to the punishment of forty lashes and banishment from the town. This was received by the frenzied crowd outside with a general cry of disapproval, and shouts of "Hang him! He shall be hanged! Bring him out!" rose thick and fast, and the crowd pressed closer to the door, clamoring loudly for the prisoner. One of the foremost in the mob held a coil of rope with a slip noose on

one end, and swinging it over his head said loudly, "This is what he shall have instead of lashes."

Several determined looking men stood in the doorway holding back the mob which was fast growing more furious and could not, it seemed, be restrained many minutes longer. The horror of the situation appalled and terrified me and I fled from my position in the front of the mob to a place of safety across the street and watched the mad scene.

CHAPTER VIII.

At this stage a man of cool, determined appearance who was evidently a leader of great influence in the town, sprang out of the store window on to a platform elevated a few feet above the crowd, and mounting a box, addressed the mob and soon had their attention. He told them that in appointing the jury they had virtually agreed to abide by the verdict it rendered, and a refusal now to do so would be highly dishonorable and insulting to the jury they had appointed, and that he would not answer for the future safety of any man or set of men who might interfere with the execution of that verdict.

The mob seemed shamed into submission and fell back, and the prisoner was led out into an open space opposite the hotel, stripped to the waist and tied to a tree. Then a man who had been appointed to administer the penalty advanced holding a broad leather strap which had been split at one end into narrow strands until it resembled an ugly cat-o'-nine-tails and with that dealt slowly, but with great force, blow after blow, till the blood trickled from a dozen gashes and the poor fellow, though he uttered

not a word, moaned and writhed with pain, which evidently touched the heart of the scourger, for the last twenty blows were light and fell where there were no wounds.

When the full punishment had been administered he was released and told that within one hour he must leave the town never to return to it. Two men escorted him to a cabin in which he had been staying and washed and dressed his wounds, and though it was then quite dark, started him for a mining camp three miles west.

The incident seemed barbarous, but the miners were in most communities compelled to take the law into their own hands and administer severe punishment for offenses of that kind.

The officials in most of these mountain countries were a rough set who had little regard for justice, and who usually managed to rob the criminals that fell into their hands of all they possessed and then released them without further punishment.

An incident similar to that I have related occurred in Camp Warren a short time before I located there. A miner who had previously borne a good reputation in the place, while under the influence of liquor, addressed obscene language to a girl ten years old, and her father had him arrested and thrown into jail in Spanish Flat.

His fellow miners of Camp Warren knew he

had saved up about five thousand dollars all of which would be filched from him by the county officials if they were permitted to retain him in custody. So a formal miners' meeting was held and a resolution passed providing for the forcible removal of the prisoner from the custody of the county officials to Camp Warren and for an impartial trial by his fellow miners. They learned that the prisoner would be arraigned for trial that afternoon, and three men volunteered to go to Spanish Flat and kidnap him in the court room, awe the officials with drawn revolvers, and spirit him off to Camp Warren.

The plan was executed without a single mishap and the prisoner arraigned before a court of his fellow miners, tried, found guilty and sentenced to receive thirty lashes on his bare back and be banished from the county. The trial and punishment occupied only about thirty minutes; two miners then escorted him to La Porte, where he drew his money from bank and started at once southward.

The miners knew that effort would be make at once to arrest and punish the three men who had committed the grave offense of releasing a prisoner from the custody of the court, and therefore sent spies to Spanish Flat to watch the movements of the deputy sheriff, who was the chief executive of the place. They soon reported that he was raising and arming a

posse of about seventy-five men with which to attempt the capture of the three offenders. Colonel Finn, the Mexican war veteran, organized a posse of about one hundred to oppose the arrest. The sheriff soon appeared with his armed force, made up of gamblers, Spanish packers and a few miners who had been impressed into the service.

The Colonel drew his men up in double line across the street, and when the sheriff had advanced within about one hundred feet he called a halt and demanded the three offenders. Colonel Finn responded in a spirited speech refusing to permit the arrest. He was followed by Creed Haymond who afterwards became one of the most prominent lawyers of San Francisco. Mounting a stump he made an eloquent speech, admitting that he was guilty of flagrant violation of law, but claiming that the attendant circumstances amply justified the act, and closed with the remark that unless his fellow miners consented to his arrest he would shoot down like a dog the first man that laid violent hands on him, emphasizing the remark with a significant flourish of his revolver.

The sheriff then asked his men if they were willing to attempt the arrest by force, and nearly every man answered "No!" Without further parley he sneaked back to Spanish Flat accompanied by the gamblers and Mexicans,

while the impressed miners remained and joined their fellow laborers of Camp Warren in a grand jollification. No farther attempt was ever made to arrest the men.

We reached Camp Warren the next day at noon and soon had our cabin in order and a warm dinner ready. Our packer arrived three hours later. The most of the miners had returned and were busy with their preparations for winter.

It was amusing to hear them relate the stories of their strange adventures, and I never tired listening to them. They had all been engaged in mining, some in tunnel mines, some at river mining, and many spent the summer as we did prospecting far back on the secluded little streams where they came in contact with roving bands of Indians, grizzly bears and mountain lions, and nearly every party had some thrilling experiences to recount.

The next afternoon a terrific hurricane passed over the mining camp accompanied by a deafening roar of thunder that shook the surrounding hills like an earthquake. The surcharged clouds seemed to have lodged on the peaks above the camp and to have levelled their batteries on every side upon the helpless populace below. A bolt of lightning struck an immense sugar pine at the edge of the town, entering it at the top and following the heart down to the

ground, scattering the trunk over an acre of space in small fragments not much larger than firewood. It was the most remarkable demonstration of electrical power I had ever witnessed.

Five cabins were set on fire by the lightning and several men injured, but no one killed. Two friends of mine in a cabin only three or four hundred feet from that I occupied had a narrow escape. They were eating supper, one at each end of the table about five feet long. A fir sapling about ten inches in diameter and about ninety feet high that stood near them was blown down across the cabin, cutting the fragile roof and thin walls and lodging across the center of the table between the two young men, scattering the dishes and food over the room, but without injuring either one of them in the least.

I was watching the progress of the storm from a window and saw the tree fall and rushed out and scrambled with much difficulty to their cabin expecting to find them injured if not killed, but found them still sitting in their chairs complacently laughing over the odd situation.

I decided that instead of going to the valley or remaining there to burrow for the winter, I would look for a location where I could mine either by the tunnel method, under ground, or on a stream below the snow line. My cabin mates were all interested in the

hydraulic mines of Camp Warren and were anxious that I should buy an interest with them; the proposition was a strong temptation to me, for the thought of separating from them was unpleasant; but believing that I could do better elsewhere I started out in search of such a location as I desired. I was influenced, too, by a strong desire to witness all the different modes of mining, and experience that novel mountain life in all its various phases.

I first visited a small camp a little south of Camp Warren, called Secret Diggings, where the water supply was ample most of the winter; but I found nothing there in the mining line that tempted me. Adjoining the mining district quite an extensive lumbering business was carried on. Several large mills are employed the year round cutting up the immense sugar and pitch pines that thickly studded the wide expanse of country around the place. There I first witnessed the marvellous process of handling and converting into merchantable material those giant pines. Trees six feet in diameter were quickly felled and cut into sections from twelve to twenty feet in length with a heavy cross-cut saw, operated by a portable steam engine.

The logs were lifted from the ground under high trucks by windlass machinery and drawn to the mills by oxen. For cutting these immense

logs circular saws were used, two together, one above the other, so two saws, each six feet in diameter, thus adjusted, would cut a six foot log. The men conducting this business, I learned, were experienced lumber men from the lumber region on the Penobscot river.

From that place I went south-east to the Yuba river, a distance of fifteen miles, passing several unattractive mining camps and stayed over night in a French mining settlement, where I found it a difficult matter to make any one understand my English. I went thence up the Yuba river five miles to Goodyear's Bar, a prosperous mining camp of fifteen hundred inhabitants at the mouth of Goodyear's Creek. The bar was a flat elevation about ten feet above the river, and comprised about sixty acres. The town was built on the bar while river mining was extensively carried on at that point and before it was known that the whole bar was also rich in the yellow ore. But when the discovery was made claims were immediately located over the whole town site, each with fifty feet frontage on the river and extending back clear across the bar.

Most of the claims had stores or cottages on them, many of which were surrounded with ornamental plants and shrubbery; but as under the laws of the state the mining business took precedence over claims for any and all other pur-

poses, the occupant of a valuable lot or vegetable garden had no recourse in the law. About eight feet of gravel and boulders covered the bed rock underlying the bar, and with water brought from the river in ditches the gravel was being washed through flumes into the river, the boulders being left in irregular piles on the bar.

Stores and residences were left resting on piles of boulders and the whole scene looked desolate enough.

Just above Goodyear's Bar, on the river, I found a party of about three hundred Chinese miners working over ground that had been worked before by Americans and evidently doing well. In nearly all the gold bearing dirt and gravel there was more or less cement and clay that would not pulverize and give up the gold it held at the first washing through a sluice or flume, but would crumble after exposure to the air awhile; consequently in many places, the "tailings" or waste that had passed through the separating process once, yielded a rich profit on a second washing. Those three huudred men, I learned, were of the lowest class of laborers, and had been brought to California by a company of Chinese capitalists under contract to serve the company for a term of five years in payment for their passage, the company agreeing to house, feed and clothe them for that term.

They were fed almost wholly on rice and refuse meat at a cost of about ten cents a day each, and crowded into canvas tents or slab shanties at night as thick as they could be packed. It was abject slavery of the most atrocious character.

There I first witnessed the novel entertainment called the "hurdy-gurdy dance" which was of frequent occurrence in most of the smaller mining towns. The entertainers were small nomadic parties of Italians or Bohemians, consisting usually of two or three boys and as many girls from fifteen to twenty years of age in their native costumes. The boys each played some musical instrument and the girls, who were almost invariably quite pretty and very modest and quiet, were excellent dancers.

On going into a town they arranged with some hotel keeper for the use of his dining room evenings for a week or two which they usually got without charge, as he was always glad to secure any attraction that would fill his bar and billiard rooms. As soon as supper was over and the dining room cleared the boys started the music, the miners flocked in and the dancing commenced. They were required to pay the girls fifty cents for each dance of from ten to fifteen minutes duration; and as the dancing continued four or five hours the girls each earned from eight to twelve dollars a night.

The dearth of amusement and the monotony of the secluded life led many to patronize the entertainment to whom, under other circumstances, it would have offered no attraction.

From there I went north up Goodyear's Valley inspecting the mining operations on the creek for the distance of five miles. The valley is about a third of a mile wide, and then had several valuable little vegetable ranches, on all of which the desolating work of the miner had begun. One ranchman who had nicely improved a rich patch of forty acres, from which he was selling vegetables for fifteen cents a pound, told me that he was offered ten thousand dollars for the place, but as gold had been discovered on it, he could not then sell for any price and would soon lose it.

Five miles from the Yuba river the mountains on each side closed in close to the creek, terminating the valley. There I found four old acquaintances from the East mining. They were succeeding fairly and urged me to locate there for the winter, which I finally decided to do. I at once wrote to my former partners in Camp Warren asking them to join me in a mining venture there. Three days later I received a reply from Gale saying that he had made other arrangements for the winter and could not leave Camp Warren, but that West and Paugus would be with me in a few days.

They came and we located claims near my other friends, built us a neat frame cabin and were soon well settled and at work. The wet season set in and the mountains around us were soon fleeced with snow, but the valley remained bare and its temperature comfortable.

From our location we could see, one and one-half miles north, near the top of a high range, the picturesque little mining town of Monte Cristo nestling in its frosty garb under the lofty brow of Table mountain range. Seen from the valley in its high ærie just under the clouds, with only its rows of dark roofs visible above the snow, it had a weird, strange appearance. The mining there was all under ground. Tunnels five feet wide and seven feet high were run into the mountain from one thousand to two thousand feet, where a deposit of rich gravel was found, which was conveyed to the surface in cars about the size of a single horse cart. The track on the bottom of the tunnel had a slight incline, and when a car was filled the carman would mount a platform behind it, grasp the brake and shoot out of the tunnel with the velocity of a swallow, into a shed or tunnel house where the load was dumped.

From the dumping place it was washed through sluices with water brought to that high elevation in a ditch from a stream ten or fifteen miles north. A few years later, a spur of the

range on one side of the town, of five or six acres, having been completely undermined and left resting on posts, settled and during a heavy rain broke from the range and slid down the steep descent to a bench below, burying several cabins and families.

I visited the place in February and found it buried in about twenty feet of solid snow. About ten feet had fallen on the high lands of that part of the country and the north winds had driven it down the range to the turn or elbow on the brow of which the town was located and there piled it up, filling the main street full to the roofs of the two-story houses. As snow fell about half of the time during the winter months and the north wind prevailed almost constantly it was useless to try to keep the streets open. Tunnels were made along the sidewalks and across the streets, and shafts from those to the surface to admit light and air. But in spite of that the town was an exceedingly busy and prosperous one.

During the long evenings the tunnels brilliantly lighted with lamps and reflectors, swarmed with miners and busy traders and seemed like a gay Arctic carnival. All winter the denizens of this town could look down into Goodyear's Valley, a mile and a half below them, and with the naked eye see the ranchmen digging and sacking potatoes. The ground did

not freeze much in the valley and the potatoes were dug no faster than they were ordered by the customers; so they were digging them almost daily all winter. In March I gathered a large bouquet of wild flowers near our cabin one Sunday morning and took them up to an acquaintance in Monte Cristo who was still buried deep in the snow.

At the northern extremity of the valley and between our location and Monte Cristo was a valuable little ranch with fine buildings and all the necessary improvements for a pleasant rural home. Soon after I located in the valley I called upon the proprietor and found him a very pleasant, intelligent gentleman from Portland, Maine, who made a small fortune mining and returned to Maine and brought his family out and located permanently on the ranch. He had a son about my age who had the summer before graduated from an eastern college and returned to spend the winter with his father. He was a brilliant scholar and a very genial, companionable fellow, and I diligently cultivated his acquaintance for the advantage his companionship would be to me. I spent much of my leisure time with him that winter and profited not a little by his society. He loaned me many books, among them, I remember, "Chesterfield's Letters to His Son," Wordsworth's poems and a series of discourses by Channing.

Our mining was unusually hard, as we were constantly handling heavy boulders, but in spite of that, we passed a very pleasant winter and were well remunerated for our labor. Gale came over and spent holiday week with us making the gala season doubly pleasant. Our trader at Goodyear's Bar was able to secure us a turkey for Christmas which, with canned fruit, fresh vegetables from the ranch near by, and a goodly variety of pastry, made us a royal feast. My young friend, Harper, from the ranch and five or six of our neighboring miners joined us in the evening. Harper entertained us with readings from a journal he kept during his college years, and Gale and I contributed comic recitations, after which all joined in singing "Home, Sweet Home," and old "America."

One rainy evening while we were taking our suppers a dignified old gentleman of clerical appearance came to the cabin and introduced himself as "Elder Stokes" and asked if he could enjoy our hospitality for the night. We assured him he could if indeed our plain accommodations would be to him enjoyable.

We prepared him a supper, and I made as comfortable a bed for him as possible in my own bunk and improvised a temporary one for myself. After he had eaten a hearty meal and dried his clothes before our open fire, he informed us that he was from San Francisco

where "he had been serving the Lord and the Methodist church for the last five years as local missionary," and that believing his divine mission called for a larger field of service than San Francisco he decided to extend his field of work to the mining districts.

We found him to be a meek, simple minded religious fanatic who had probably been living for years on the Methodist church in San Francisco and that in order to get rid of him they had made him up a small purse and sent him to the mountains to evangelize among the miners. Before we retired for the night he read a portion of Scripture and prayed about forty minutes. The next morning after we had taken breakfast and were ready to go out to our work he repeated his lengthy petition and then accompanied us to the diggings.

After watching us at work for awhile he sauntered off down the creek and we supposed we were rid of him, but in the evening he returned and resumed his place among us with an air of perfect assurance and contentment that amused us. We were glad, however, to have him feel at home with us and to do all we could to contribute to his comfort, for we pitied the man, knowing that he probably met with only jeers and rebuffs in most of the mining settlements he visited.

We were compelled, however, to request him

to abridge his prayers, that we might get to bed earlier and go to our work earlier in the morning. He complied with the request, cutting them down to about ten minutes; but every night, after his short prayer with us, he went out behind the cabin and prayed fifteen or twenty minutes so loud as to annoy us; and finally West good naturedly called him to order again, telling him that while in the low altitude and business confusion of San Francisco it might be necessary to address the Lord in a very loud voice, here in this elevated, quiet region heaven could be reached with a whisper even and advised him to try it and save the energy he was wasting in loud speech.

He took the reproof meekly and moved his altar farther from the cabin. We were all raised Methodists and entertained due reverence for religion, but wished to be reasonable in our service.

One evening while I was making a call upon friends on the creek a mile below our cabin, a man who was mining near us came for me in great haste and said that West, while stoning a coyote that had been barking on the opposite side of the creek, had fallen over the bank on to a pile of stones injuring himself severely. I ran nearly the whole distance home and found West on a pallet before the fire writhing and groaning piteously. He was attended by Paugus and six

or eight of our nearest neighbors who had applied liniments of various kinds to the bruises without any apparent effect.

Just outside of the door knelt Elder Stokes by a big stump, with his stentorian voice elevated to the highest pitch, pleading for West's deliverance from suffering.

I found that the only serious injury West had received was a severe bruise and sprain of the right hip. I sent a man out for a bucket of ice-cold water in which I wet heavy flannel cloths and applied them to the hip renewing them often for fifteen or twenty minutes when the pain ceased, his exhausted nerves relaxed and he sank into a quiet slumber.

As I was covering him with a blanket Paugus came in with another bucket of cold water for my use. The old man's trumpet tones were still ringing loud above the roar of the stream and the murmur of the wind in the pine vault above us, and Paugus, realizing that West should not be disturbed, turned to me with a look of serious concern and exclaimed, "What shall I do with the Elder?" I replied sharply, "Silence him at once if you have to gag him."

He caught up the bucket of cold water and rushing to the door just as the old man was shouting for the twentieth time, "Lord bless our afflicted brother," dashed the whole contents on the Elder's head and shoulders and

cried, "Hold up, Elder, the blessing has come; West is better." Then dropping his bucket, he sprang out to the old man, who was still on his knees gasping and wheezing and too shocked and dazed to realize what had happened.

Paugus lifted him on to his feet, led him into the cabin and wiped his face and neck with a towel, remarking to the Elder as he rubbed him vigorously, "I knew you had got pretty well warmed up and that without any assistance it would take you a long time to shut off steam and cool down and that a dash of cold water after your winning heat would bring you out all right. I learned that when I had my colt Terror on the race track down in Maine. After every heat I gave him a sprinkling with cold water and then rubbed him dry and in fifteen minutes he was as bright as a dollar again."

Paugus was a mystery to the Elder, but he always seemed so frank and sincere, and was, on the whole, so kind that the Elder readily forgave all that seemed amiss in his treatment. West suffered no more pain from his sprain, but was very lame for two weeks and confined to the cabin most of that time and the Elder, who insisted upon keeping him company, bored him beyond endurance, and he begged us to help him get rid of the old fellow; so we told the Elder of a mining town fifteen miles east of us in which missionary work was needed and advised him to

open a campaign there at once, which he finally, after much hesitation and evident reluctance, consented to do. We made him up a purse of ten dollars, bade him God-speed and heard of him no more.

About the first of March I received a letter from one Dr. Parker of Camp Warren, saying he had located claims for nine of his friends, including myself, in a new mining district adjoining Whiskey Diggings; that he considered the claims very valuable, as an adjoining claim had been thoroughly prospected and found rich; and that he wanted I should meet him the following week in Whiskey Diggings and assist in organizing a company and arranging for the opening of the claims.

He assured me that in case I was not pleased with the prospect his plan presented I could readily sell my claim for several hundred dollars, as there was quite a rush to the new district and a ready demand for claims near the new ground then being worked.

The distance was about twenty-five miles, and as the country nearly the whole way was still covered with eight or ten feet of snow, there was no visible trail; but the snow was so compact that a pedestrian could make pretty good time on it without snowshoes. I decided to go and started at five in the morning, that I might be sure of time enough to complete the trip that day and without hurrying.

I was familiar with the most prominent features of the region my route spanned, and had in my mind various landmarks by which I could be guided safely. Ten miles north of Monte Cristo I came to a stream between two ranges that had become so swollen by the melting snow that it was impossible for me to cross it there; but following it up for fully a mile and a half I found a fordable point and made the crossing by wading in the cold water to my waist. I was fortunate enough to find a dry pine stub near at hand from which I tore wood and bark enough to make a hot fire, by which I partially dried my clothes and got thoroughly warmed. About the middle of the afternoon I witnessed a very novel scene for that latitude. I was descending a range when I discovered half a mile ahead in a little hollow of eight or ten acres, on which there was no timber, as many as forty or fifty streams of blue smoke, at various points in the hollow, issuing from the snow.

No cabins or human beings were visible, and I was puzzled and even startled by the discovery. My course led through the hollow, and I was afraid to advance without first solving the mystery; so I sat down and studied the strange phenomenon trying to determine whether the hollow was the crater of a smoldering volcano, or whether some nomadic band of Esquimaux had been driven that far south by the severity of the

winter and burrowed there; and soon I seemed to have confirmation of the last conjecture, for I saw two men suddenly rise out of the snow and after moving on the surface for a distance of two or three hundred feet, as suddenly drop out of sight again. This added to the mystery, and my curiosity was so severely taxed I could not hesitate longer and pushed forward to investigate.

CHAPTER IX.

On reaching the hollow I learned that it was the location of a mining camp of about fifty cabins, and that the snow had drifted in from the surrounding hills burying the camp to the depth of about twenty-five feet. The cabins were all built of logs and with heavy roofs that could not be crushed by the snow. The small cuts down to the door and windows were covered at night to keep the drifting snow out. They had stored in the fall in sheds adjoining their cabins a winter's supply of fuel, but the cabins were so small and well protected from the weather that comparatively little fuel was needed.

Two very intelligent young men gave me a history of the camp and invited me down to their den, as they called it, where I dried my feet by an open fire and drank a cup of hot coffee. I was soon on my way again and reached Whiskey Diggings about sundown.

The next morning I reported to the Doctor and accompanied him and six of the other men for whom he had located claims, out to see the property, which was located about one mile from Whiskey Diggings. The claims fronted on a ravine and extended back fifteen hundred feet to

the summit of a high ridge under which there was a vein of gold-bearing quartz gravel about five hundred feet wide, as had been demonstrated by the adjoining company, who had tunnelled nearly through the ridge and were getting a very profitable yield. We found that to open the claims would require three or four months of hard work by six or eight men and an expenditure of two or three thousand dollars in cash, as a main tunnel would have to be run in for a distance of ten or eleven hundred feet, a car track laid, cars and a tunnel house built before any profit could be realized; but we decided to make the venture and that evening organized our company of eleven members and arranged to have operations commence at once.

The Doctor and four other men were to remain on the ground and have the necessary survey made and the tunnel started and a tunnel house built as soon as possible. Three more of us were to join them in about ten days. After a stay there of three days, I started on my return to Goodyear's Creek; but instead of taking a bee line across the trackless country, as I did in coming, I concluded to go via Camp Warren, though the distance was about ten miles farther, as on that route I would probably find a snow trail all the way and have no streams to cross.

I was accompanied by two members of the company we had organized, who were returning

to Camp Warren. They told me of the most striking wonder of the state, a peculiar geological formation that had been named "The Sylvan Temple," and took me half a mile out of our course to see it; and I did not regret the extra travel and length of time, for I found it indeed one of the wonders of that wondrous land.

It was situated on the edge of a high limestone bluff and consisted of a mass of several hundred stone columns from ten to twenty feet long, about two feet in diameter, and each a clear cut, well defined octagon. They were all standing on end, but completely detached from the bluff. To me it was a more striking natural curiosity than the famous Giant's Causeway, for the columns were more uniform in size and perfect in their octagonal form than are those of the Causeway; and I wonder that so little has been written about it. A brief mention of it in a LaPorte paper in 1859 is all I have ever seen in print concerning it.

A little farther on I was shown a large oak standing close by the trail on which two Mexican highwaymen were hanged three years before for killing a Camp Warren miner. They learned while loafing about Camp Warren that the man had sold a valuable mining claim and was to go to Gibsonville next day to invest in mining property there.

They went out on the trail, a mile from Camp

Warren, on horseback and secreted themselves in a thicket,and when the miner came along one of them threw a lasso over his head and started his horse suddenly, dragging the man till he was dead. They then took from his pockets his money and a valuable revolver and went on north.

A traveler going the other way met them on a trail only a short distance from the scene of the murder and discovered the body of the murdered man as he passed the thicket in which it lay,having been led to examine the thicket by finding a man's hat and pocket handkerchief on the trail. He hurried on to Camp Warren and reported the occurrence, and a posse of horsemen started at once in pursuit of the murderers.

Three days later they captured them in Quincy and recovered the money and the revolver which bore on its silver mounting the name of the murdered man. They were taken back to the scene of the murder, tried by a jury of the friends and fellow miners of their victim and hanged. The civil authorities did not interfere nor take any official notice of the matter.

I stayed in Camp Warren that night with Gale and the next day returned to Goodyear's Creek. After spending a week more with West and Paugus I sold my interest and started for my new field of operation. I went to Camp Warren the first day and was surprised to learn

from Gale that our old friend Forty-nine had arrived from the East five days before accompanied by a wife, and that he had settled in La Porte and was to engage in mining again. I concluded to remain there a day and call on them. I found him much improved in appearance by his rest and the brushing up he had received in home society; and he had evidently drawn a prize for a wife. She was a plain, practical and highly intelligent woman about his age whom he had known from infancy. I called upon them in the morning and Gale and I dined with them in the evening. I returned to Whiskey Diggings the next day and took up the new work of tunnel mining. I had been made president of the company and my first work was to contract for timbers for the tunnel—posts, caps, sills and flagging for the tops and sides of the tunnel—and for track iron and cars. I was a novice in the work, never having done any tunnel mining, but our competent foreman soon posted me in the mysteries of the new method.

One of my partners and myself built us a commodious frame cabin and woodshed and fitted it up with comfortable home-made furniture and a good cooking range. About twenty five other cabins were built during the spring on our possession and adjoining claims; and as most of the residents of our little camp were men of considerable culture we had a pleasant

society. Four of the eleven members of our company were college graduates and most of the other members were men of some culture and refinement.

The Doctor was a widower and had two children, a girl fourteen and a boy eleven years old. A month later he brought them there from La Porte and we were all proud to have a young lady in the camp. It gave our community quite a civilized air and made us all more thoughtful about our personal appearance and general deportment.

We worked two shifts in the tunnel, one by day and one by night, and made rapid progress for a distance of four hundred and fifty feet. There we found soft rock and had to do some blasting. Twenty five feet farther on we struck a vein of blue, flinty limestone in which the work was very expensive and progress slow. Back of that we found the channel and pushed forward rapidly again in a quartz gravel deposit. There we were ninety feet below the surface in what had evidently once been the bed of a stream.

For three hundred feet we followed a smooth, hard bed rock in which we found round pot-holes from which we took well preserved pitch pine knots and a black sediment in which we found fossilized twigs and oak leaves as perfect in appearance as when they fell from the trees.

I tried to preserve the leaves, but after a few minutes' exposure to the air they crumbled to ashes.

Near the middle of this subterranean channel we found a pine tree, about three feet in diameter lying on the bed rock, as perfect in appearance as those growing on the surface but completely carbonized. I had a log cut out of it the width of the tunnel, and taken out to the tunnel house on a car, intending to preserve it if possible: but in a few days it crumbled to small fragments. That whole range under which those extraneous fossils were buried was of course the result of a volcanic upheavel that sent huge streams of gold bearing quartz out over the surface, sweeping down the giant forest in its course and burying it in many places to the depth of hundreds of feet.

All the gold of that Pacific slope region evidently originated in the mother rock far beneath the surface incrustation, termed there the bed rock, in an apparently formative state, except where the mother rock has been exposed by the upheaval and the external erosion of ages.

When the tunnel had been extended about eight hundred feet the air was so foul that it was a difficult matter for workmen to breathe or to keep candles burning, and we were compelled to suspend work at the head of the tunnel until we could arrange for a free circulation

of air there. That we effected as follows: At a point three hundred feet from the mouth of the tunnel we ran a side tunnel in six feet and from that dug a shaft up to the surface, a distance of seventy feet. Into this side tunnel we fitted a small furnace from the mouth of which a tin pipe extended to the head of the tunnel, through which the air supplied to the furnace had to pass; and when there was fire in the furnace there was of course a draft of fresh air going into the head of the tunnel and back to the shaft through the pipe.

The raising of the shaft was a novelty to me. I had seen men sink shafts, but never before saw them commence at the bottom and go up. From this main tunnel side tunnels were run each way to the limits of our claim every fifty feet, after "pay dirt" was reached. The fifty foot space between those side tunnels was "blocked out;" or in less technical parlance, three feet of the gravel above the bed rock was taken out and stout posts wedged in to keep the earth above in place. The dirt was shoveled out to the side tunnels and loaded into cars that ran out to the main tunnel and thence to the dumping place outside. In blocking out the men had to do the work on their knees or sitting.

The last of June I went on horseback to Downieville, twenty miles east, on business. My horse was a blooded animal kept by our livery

man for his own use and seldom let to his customers. He was a model of beauty and intelligence and fleet as a deer. He bore the honored name of Hero, and was so called because of the heroism he displayed two years before in an encounter with a highwayman while carrying an express messenger from Downieville to Forest City.

The highwayman intercepted them on a narrow trail in a gorge and discharged a rifle at the messenger within two hundred feet of him. The horse, startled by the appearance of the man, suddenly threw up his head and received the ball in his neck, and though it made a dangerous wound from which the blood flowed profusely, he bounded forward without any urging from his rider and jumped onto the highwayman, crushing him to the ground and then sped away to Forest City, two miles distant, carrying the messenger and eight thousand dollars worth of gold dust through safely.

He was very weak from loss of blood, but a surgeon extracted the ball and in a few weeks he was ready for service again. The highwayman was so badly injured that he could not escape and was captured by officers sent back to look for him.

I was proud of the privilege of riding him and great reason before I returned to be thankful that I had the good fortune to secure him.

I transacted my business the evening I arrived there, and returning next day had one of the most thrilling adventures of my mountain life.

In going I had taken a circuitous route through La Porte and Camp Warren, but returning took a more direct though solitary route which led through no mining settlement of any considerable size and was traveled very little. It took me through a deep narrow glen, four miles from Whiskey Diggings, in which there was located a party of twenty or thirty Mexicans ostensively engaged in mining on a small stream that ran through the glen.

They all lived in a large two-story board cabin in the lower part of which there was a kitchen, a bar room and a gambling hall. A Mexican had been murdered there two years before and a little later two German miners had been drugged and robbed in the place; so it was regarded as a dangerous location, and as the occupants were rarely seen mining, it was generally thought to be merely a rendezvous for Mexican outlaws.

I approached the place from a high range, and when so near that I could look down upon the cabin, I discovered two saddled horses hitched to a post before the door; but no men were in sight. The trail ran west close to the cabin door and across the shallow stream and then turned south and followed the glen down a

level stretch of a mile, where it turned west again into a notch in the next range.

Feeling a little timid about meeting the Mexicans, I left the trail a few rods from the cabin, thinking I should be able to make a cut across behind it, under cover of a thicket of scrub oak, fording the stream below it, and reach the trail on the opposite bank unobserved; but as I crossed the stream the clatter of my horse's steel shoes among the boulders rang out on the still air betraying my presence and bringing to the cabin door half a dozen dusky Mexicans, two of whom called to me in good English telling me to come back and rest and have some good whiskey and cigars with them; and one of them added with great emphasis, "Very fine refreshments. Everything free here today."

I replied, "Thank you, but I am in a hurry and can't stop." They urged me again, but I had reached the opposite bank and my horse had started down the trail on a slow lope, so I waved my hand back and bowed my thanks and turned from them.

A moment later I looked back and the two were hastily unhitching their horses and preparing to mount. I knew then they were to follow me and with no good intent. I did not quicken my pace, however, till I reached a point a few rods ahead where the trail turned a little to the right and then ran along the edge of the glen for

three quarters of a mile hidden by a clump of bushes from that part of the glen above the turn. There I threw myself forward in the saddle and called sharply, "Now, Hero!" and we were off like an arrow.

When they made their appearance at the turn in the trail I was nearly a fourth of a mile ahead of them, but they were coming like the wind with a dense cloud of yellow dust rising behind them; and as their horses were evidently fresh while mine was somewhat jaded, I was frightened for a few minutes, fearing they might overtake me before I came in sight of Whiskey Diggings.

I slapped my knees against Hero's sides and called again to him louder and sharper still, and his pace gradually quickened till he seemed to fly. He could see the pursuing horses now and seemed to take in the situation fully. I was confident then they could not gain on me and knew I was safe if Hero's wind held out.

When I reached the turn into the notch in the range there was a rise of eight or ten rods from the glen and he bounded up that like a cat and at the top of the rise threw his head on one side, taking a glance back at our pursuers, and gave a heavy snort of defiance that could have been heard for half a mile. Just then two pistol shots rang out on the still air in quick succession, sending a nervous thrill through my frame

and for a moment filling me with a sense of utter despair. The shots sounded so loud that I thought the men were close behind me; but on looking back I found I had actually gained a little on them and that the distance between us was too long for an accurate pistol shot.

Hero plunged into the cool shade of the narrow notch with undiminished speed, filling the pass behind us with a cloud of dust that I knew would effectually shield us from the view of our pursuers. In five minutes more we were descending from the notch pass into Whiskey Diggings.

I reported my adventure, and a deputy sheriff who lived in the place took a posse of three men well mounted and armed and went back to Spanish Camp to look for the two horsemen, but did not find them. I was able to describe to the deputy sheriff the horses the men rode. one as a tall sorrel with a white face and the other as of lower, heavier build and of a stone gray color. He drew from his pocket five letters received from officials at five different points south of there where the men were wanted, each giving the same description of the horses.

Two weeks later they were caught at Onion Valley and taken in irons through our town to Nevada, where they were tried for robbing the safe of a mining company and sent to the penitentiary.

They had never been known to rob individuals on the road and may have pursued me simply for amusement and without intending to harm me; but I am glad I chose to keep out of their way. After that I never rode any other horse than Hero as long as I remained in the place; and I seldom went down to the vicinity of the livery stable without taking to him a lump of sugar, a cookey or a bit of fruit and giving him a few friendly pats.

A few miles east of our place was a pleasant little mining settlement called Glen Camp, situated in a narrow glen among towering peaks and hedged on every side by a dark expanse of giant pines. It was noted for the intelligence of its population and some romantic incidents in its history a little of which is worthy of recital.

The diggings of the camp were owned and operated by two companies of ten members each and these, with twenty-five or thirty salaried laborers, comprised the population of the camp. The men, both employers and employees, were nearly all intelligent young New Englanders of steady habits; and among them were several graduates of eastern colleges who had exchanged their classics for the pick and shovel.

They had all braved the dangers and hardships of the then long and hazardous journey to the gold fields with the sole purpose of acquir-

ing means for the accomplishment of some laudable plans for the future and therefore rejoiced in their isolation and freedom from such social restraints as might detract from their zeal in the pursuit of that end. And when it was announced that one Dr. Parks, a non-resident partner in one of the companies, was to move to the camp, bringing with him a daughter sixteen years of age, there was a general murmur of remonstrance against the unwelcome innovation, and for a week half indignant groups discussed the matter with serious concern; and a move was finally made to raise a common fund for the purchase of the doctor's interest in the company, and eighteen men at once pledged one hundred dollars each for that purpose.

About twelve hundred dollars more was required, and a meeting of the younger denizens of the camp was held to arouse the boys to a full consciousness of the impending danger of feminine intrusion and the necessity of adopting the proposed means to avert it.

One Tom Grant, a humorous lad twenty-two years of age, made a stirring speech, reminding his fellows that constant feminine surveillance would seriously impair their personal rights and privileges and necessitate a more extensive social and domestic economy; that they could no longer enjoy the luxury of the nightly bath in "Grand Pool," near the center of the camp; no

longer dispense with the dreaded tonsorial service; no longer patch their clothes with clippings from their old felt hats or flour sacks, nor indulge in the undignified laundry service by the glen stream; and no longer pass the exultant "Comanche yell" around the camp circle to herald some unusual success of the day by either company.

Tom's eloquence secured twelve more contributions of one hundred dollars each, swelling the total to three thousand dollars, the amount required for the purchase of the doctor's interest and the preservation of their liberty. Dick Somers was appointed collector and custodian of the fund and authorized to communicate with the doctor at once and consummate the arrangement as early as practicable.

The next day the older members of the company, having learned what had been done, called a meeting of the members and employees and persuaded the boys to drop the matter, after informing them that the by-laws of the company provided that if a member decided to sell his share the company should have the refusal of it before it was offered to outside parties; that the doctor was a mining expert whose varied knowledge in that line would be of great value to the company; and that he was an excellent physician and surgeon and would on that account make a desirable acquisition to the community. But

they abandoned the move reluctantly and declared their intention to have no friendly intercourse with the doctor and his daughter.

The couple arrived the following week with a pack train of five mules loaded with their goods, and several members of the company hastened to welcome them and assist in unpacking their goods and arranging them in order in their spacious cabin; but none of the disaffected boys of either company appeared on the scene, and for several weeks they maintained an air of cool indifference toward the doctor and scrupulously avoided going near his cabin.

The daughter proved to be a beautiful girl of refined tastes and pleasing manners and possessed of an unusual amount of tact and practical common sense. She lost her mother when but eight years of age and had ever since then been her father's housekeeper and sole home companion in a small mining camp where she seldom met one of her own sex, and under the wise tuition of her father developed all the higher and nobler qualities of mind and heart, free from the vanities and frivolities peculiar to most girls of her age. Having been raised among the miners, she had imbibed much of that resolute, daring spirit that characterized them, without copying any of their coarser traits.

Ralph Gray, a young member of the company, who had made the acquaintance of the doctor

and his daughter the day they arrived and assisted them in putting their home in order, had become a frequent visitor there and was most enthusiastic in his praise of Miss Parks; so much so that a dozen or more of those who had resolved to ignore her became exceedingly curious to see her, and were one by one led by Ralph to Miss Kitty's modest shrine and shorn of their prejudice; and every convert became a devoted admirer and defender of her whom they had sworn to ignore.

Tom, however, who was a leader and general favorite among the boys, resolutely held himself aloof from the family, refusing even the Doctor's invitation to visit them; but he, too, was destined for sacrifice at Miss Kitty's altar. He was fond of hunting, and one Saturday afternoon as he was returning from a tramp on the range that walled the glen on the east, with his gun and a brace of grouse on his shoulder, he suddenly came upon Miss Kitty, who was seated upon a grassy knoll at the edge of the glen within sight of her home arranging in artistic order a lap full of wild flowers she had been gathering. He emerged from a dense growth of underbrush within four or five paces of her before they discovered each other. Her large brown eyes and flushed face were turned toward him with a startled expression that seemed to demand an apology which his natural gallantry promptly

suggested; so instead of passing hurriedly on with simply a bow of recognition, as he was at first inclined to do, he lifted his hat and begged her pardon for the intrusion and was about to move on when she responded very pleasantly, calling him by name, and added: "I see you have been hunting, may I see your game?"

"Certainly," he replied, advancing and laying the birds on the grass by her side as he added, "It is not a very creditable showing for an afternoon's hunt, but I am not a good shot."

Taking up one of the birds and stroking its glossy plumage she remarked, "The grouse is a beautiful bird and it does not seem quite right that we should find a pleasure in pursuing it and ruthlessly taking its life. I have shot them myself, but never without experiencing a pang of remorse and shame—remorse that I had unnecessarily taken an innocent young life and shame that I could feel a sense of pleasure in the act."

"And yet," he remarked, "self-protection is the first law of all animate being; the stronger feeds upon the weaker. Through all the successive stages of animal life, from the minutest insect up to man, 'Life is ever fed by death;' and if that is really a law of our nature can it be wrong?"

"Yes," she replied, "wrong in its excess. The natural prompting of some uncivilized races is to kill and feed upon one another, and of ma-

ny semi-civilized peoples to kill one another, in obedience to that law of self-protection, for trivial offenses, but every civilized people regard obedience to such natural promptings a crime and it can be nothing else."

"I will acknowledge, Miss Parks," he said, "that you have the best of the argument and that a higher civilization than ours of the present day will doubtless recognize your Utopian view of the matter and cleanse the hearts and hands of our race of the blood of the innocent."

While uttering these last words he had been carelessly gazing into the top of a tall fir that stood a few rods from them, whither his attention had been directed by the fall of a shower of fragments of cone which he discovered were being scattered by a large gray squirrel that sat in plain view near the top of the tree; but without first calling Miss Parks' attention to his discovery, he added: "But as that happy era has not yet arrived, I should be pardonable, I hope, for shooting that squirrel yonder, which would make a very desirable introductory dish for my dinner."

"Yes," she replied, "the act committed under the incentive of hunger might be pardonable." With this implied assent he raised his gun, took deliberate aim and fired. The squirrel started, changed its position slightly and resumed its nibbling of the cone it held. Tom was embar-

rassed and apologized for his failure by saying that the charge was probably too light to carry the fine bird shot that distance.

He reloaded, advanced a little nearer and fired again with the same result. He turned, petulantly throwing the gun down on the grass, and remarked, "I told you I was not a good shot."

"But that is a long shot for a good marksman even," she said apologetically, "and in your haste you did not notice that you were at a great disadvantage in having the bright sun in your face. Reload and pass around to the opposite side of the tree and you will doubtless make a successful shot."

He reloaded, and offering the gun to her, said, "You spoke of having killed grouse, will you not try a shot at the squirrel? I am feeling keenly the disgrace of two failures and dare not hazard a third shot."

"Yes, your misery would have company, I see, and being a novice in the art myself, I sympathize with you and cheerfully take the risk of a trial." Taking the gun from his hand, she moved a short distance into the shade of a tree, took quick aim and fired, and much to Tom's chagrin down tumbled the squirrel. He congratulated her warmly, and gathering up their flowers and game, they started down the glen to the camp together.

Tom's capture was the signal for a general

surrender and a proud recognition of Miss Kitty's triumph. By unanimous consent she was styled "The Daughter of the Camp" and held in brotherly affection by all. They vied with each other in constant effort to contribute to her enjoyment. The choicest game and wild fruit and the most beautiful wild flowers, as well as the most desirable reading matter when available were all shared with Kitty.

And all this attention was given and received with so much unaffected modesty and frankness that the relation seemed beautiful and all its attendant influences refining and exalting. Every man of the camp seemed to entertain toward her a proud feeling of ownership and tender brotherhood which hallowed and justified the frank intimacy between them.

One day a man who had been for a few days in the employ of the other mining company returned from an adjacent trading post intoxicated and stopped at the doctor's cabin and asked for a drink of water, which Miss Kittie brought to him, and after drinking he caught her by the arm and insisted upon kissing her. Her screams quickly brought to her assistance several of the men, who captured the culprit and held him a prisoner till evening, when a meeting of the two companies was called and the prisoner tried and sentenced to receive thirty lashes on his bare back and be banished from

the place. The whipping was at once administered, and he was then given one hour in which to settle with his employers and leave camp, an injunction he promptly obeyed.

Another striking incident in evidence of their loyalty to Kitty occurred the following spring. A friend and former partner of the doctor who had amassed quite a fortune in mining speculations and had in various ways put the doctor under obligation to him, came to the camp frequently to visit the doctor and his daughter; and after having influenced the doctor with some tempting propositions, thus strengthening his feeling of obligation, he gained his consent to marry Kitty.

The betrothal was consummated before Kitty was consulted about the matter, and on learning from her father that she had been bartered to a man twenty-five years her senior, whom she never liked and must now despise, she was almost heart-broken. She loved her father dearly and would cheerfully make any reasonable sacrifice whatever to please him, but she felt that in asking this he was both wronging her and doing himself a great injustice and that she was therefore justified in resolutely rebelling against his authority.

She refused Mr. Sanburn, her affianced, an interview, and at the doctor's suggestion he left the camp for a few days, during which

time the doctor was expected to gain her consent. As soon as he had gone Kitty hastened to an elderly lady acquaintance living one mile away, and of her sought sympathy and advice; and from the husband the boys learned the whole story of Kitty's sad plight. The news spread rapidly and excited intense indignation. About twenty of her most loyal friends consulted together and decided to interfere in her behalf, dismissing the objectionable suitor and preventing further importunity.

Ralph Gray, who was recognized as the most ready scribe among them, was instructed to draft a letter to Mr. Sanburn, stating, in substance, that having learned of his suit for the hand of Miss Parks and of its unfavorable reception by her, "we, the undersigned, in defense of Miss Parks and the honor of Glen Camp, protest against any further advances on your part, and hereby warn you not again to appear in Glen Camp nor in any way occasion Miss Parks further annoyance." It was an elaborate manifesto over which Ralph worked half the night, writing, re-writing and copying; and the next morning the letter was read to the secret conclave, approved and signed "The boys of Glen Camp," and mailed at the nearest post town.

Mr. Sanburn well knew the import of this warning and was not again seen in the camp, nor was his suit ever renewed.

Though Kitty received no direct intimation of the action taken by the boys, she knew by the subdued, sympathetic spirit of their deportment towards her that they knew of her trouble and would if necessary, if they had not already done so, interpose in her behalf; and the thought gave her a feeling of security and compensated in a measure for her loss by the impairment of her father's affection.

Some of the boys were with her nearly every evening, reading to her or playing checkers and chess, of which she and the doctor were very fond. Dick Somers and Ralph Gray, in particular, were frequent callers at her home, as they had volunteered to supplement the doctor's tutorage with instruction in vocal music, rhetoric and English Literature; and though to a casual observer she seemed to evince no preference for any one of her many devoted knights, those two had a larger share of her confidence than was awarded to any of the other friends, and they had, perhaps, become more warmly attached to her than any of the others.

When a little later Ralph decided to sell his interest and return to New England, he felt a pang of regret at the thought of saying a last good bye to Kitty. California had no railroad connection then with the East and no prospect of any for many years to come, and the distance between the two sections was so perilous that he

did not expect to ever return to the Pacific coast. He spoke to her but once of his purpose to go and then only briefly. Her only answer was "We shall miss you very, very much, Ralph."

He was to leave Saturday afternoon and to go to the nearest stage station, ten miles distant, to spend a day with some friends, and Dick Somers, Tom Grant and several of the other boys were to join him there the next day and see him off Monday morning. When ready to start he went to the doctor's cabin to say good by to Kitty and found her alone with Dick playing chess. He could not trust himself to delay in the least and without taking a seat reached out his hand and said in as cheerful a tone as he could command, "Good by, Kitty." She could not speak in reply, but with childish impulse threw her arms about his neck, kissed him and turned away sobbing violently; and Ralph, with swimming eyes and an aching heart rushed from the room and was soon on his way to the stage station.

He had a warm brotherly affection for Kitty which would have developed into a stronger passion had it not been held in check by the consideration that he must spend years yet in studious preparation for a profession before he could marry; and he did not believe that Kitty was in love with him and regarded her grief at their parting as the result of only a sisterly

feeling she entertained for a dozen or more of the boys of the camp.

At the stage station the next day Dick called him aside and with an air of deep concern that alarmed him a little, said, "Ralph, we have been friends a long time and I feel a deep interest in all that concerns you. You have promise of a bright future, and I want to see you make no mistakes to cloud your way and mar your happiness. You and Kitty love each other. Marry her and take her east with you, or continue your mining by proxy and pursue your studies in this state, where your advantages on the whole would be as good as in the more crowded East. Would not that be the wiser course, the better course for both of you?"

"My dear Dick," he replied, "I thank you with all my heart for your sincere coucern for my welfare; but I think the situation in my case is not so serious as you imagine nor demanding the extreme treatment you suggest. I do not think that I really love Kitty, and I think she entertains for me only that sisterly affection she feels for all the boys of the camp who have contributed so much to her happiness during the last two years.

"When she came to us she had seen little of society and knew little of the world, and we have been a new revelation to her, opening to her precious mind a new world of thought and

ambitious longing, and that resource has become an indispensable necessity to her, and she therefore feels an instinctive dread of separation from us.

"Even if I loved her I could not think of marrying her, for I have much to do before I can assume such a responsibility. But, my dear sir, it is you who deserve that prize and not I. Unlike me you came here for a stay of no definite length and will probably settle permanently in the state. She is very fond of you, and if you do not love each other now you will before you have played chess together six months longer. I have a brother's love for both of you and should rejoice if such a consummation of my wishes could occur."

"That all sounds well, Ralph," replied Dick, "but she cares little for me, and I can hardly hope that she ever will; but let us dismiss the subject and rejoin our friends."

The next morning Ralph handed Dick a package of books to send back to Kitty as a parting gift, and as he did so, whispered, "Don't neglect your chess, my dear fellow." Then bidding the boys good-bye he took his seat in the coach and was soon tossing down the rugged mountain range toward the distant valley below at almost railroad speed.

A year later Ralph received a letter from Dick commencing, "My dear Ralph: I have been

diligent at chess and have won. The prize will be mine on the twentieth proximo."

The first of July, Gale and Paugus made me a visit, the mining season having closed at Camp Warren. They came equipped for a long prospecting tour, and insisted that I take a rest from my labor there and accompany them. I had been very closely confined to my work for four months and much of that time under ground, where the air was bad, and needed much the rest and recreation such a change would afford; so I finally consented to join them, as the company could easily spare me for that length of time.

We decided to go about forty miles north east, through a rough, unoccupied region, frequented only by Indian trappers, to Feather River and thence east over the high Black Butte range to Honey Lake and Beckworth's Valley, stopping only occasionally to prospect. We were anxious to see the lake and feast a few days on fresh fish and to visit the famous Jim Beckworth and his Indian colony. I had read Beckworth's life and was familiar with his wonderful career as trapper in the Rocky Mountains, Indian fighter with Kit Carson and other noted mountaineers, and chief of the Crow nation, and had a strong desire to see him and hear from his own lips more of his strange life.

We bought a stout young donkey in Whiskey

Diggings that we knew would thrive on the wild grass and browse he could find by the way, and on him packed our blankets, a few light cooking utensils, a set of tools for prospecting and provisions enough to last us a week or ten days, and took up our march eastward through a wooded gorge and over a trackless mountain range on the summit of which we made careful observation and prepared a rough chart of our proposed route, noting such landmarks as it would be necessary to keep in view. At noon we rested an hour on a small stream and made coffee and ate our luncheon, while the donkey refreshed himself on wild clover by the stream. That night we slept on a bed of boughs under a low, bushy fir. Paugus rose early next morning and stole away without waking Gale and myself, but half an hour later we were aroused by the crack of his rifle, and he soon came back with a plump rabbit which he dressed and cooked for breakfast.

That day we spent two or three hours prospecting on a stream between two ranges, but with poor success. About four o'clock we discovered from the summit of a range an Indian smoke a mile or two ahead and turned out of our course a little to avoid a small valley from which it rose. We camped that night about three miles from the fire we had discovered and took a cold supper, as we thought it advisable not to

make a smoke to indicate our location to Indians who might have seen us during the afternoon and then be lurking in that vicinity with felonious intent. We were not afraid of being murdered by them, but knew they might attempt to rob us of our donkey and outfit. We made our rough bed in a dense cluster of low evergreens and tethered the donkey about four hundred feet from us in a grassy swale. We were unusually tired and slept soundly.

We rose soon after daylight appeared and Paugus went to the swale to change the location of the donkey and soon returned with the startling information that the lariat had been cut and the donkey taken away. On investigating we found that the lariat, which was made of strong rawhide, had been cut with a sharp knife close to the tree to which it was tied. We decided that he had been stolen by Indians from the encampment we discovered the day before and resolved to besiege the place and re-capture him if posssible.

Our arms consisted of one rifle, three revolvers, one bowie knife and two stilettoes; and Paugus declared that thus armed we could successfully combat a band of forty redskins; but Gale and I were not so confident and decided that it would be wiser to accomplish our object by strategy or careful diplomacy than to resort to force, however small their number might be.

We finally resolved to take the trail of the thieves, and if it led to the encampment we had discovered, to boldly approach the band and make a peremptory demand for the donkey of the chief, assuring him that if the restoration was not made immediately we would pursue them with a large party of our friends and punish them severely.

Gale, who had acquired some knowledge of their language, was to act as spokesman. Fearing that they might move their encampment that day, we decided to go as early as possible and therefore took a hasty breakfast, and after concealing our baggage among the branches of two scrub oaks, we took the trail of the enemy, moving as rapidly as possible.

The donkey had evidently made considerable resistance, for the trail showed that he had strugged violently every five or six rods for the first half mile. There were evidently two or three Indians in the party and they must have sprung suddenly upon the donkey and muzzled him at once, otherwise he would have brayed frantically, and aroused us. The trail for half a mile led east, away from the Indian encampment, and we began to fear that the culprits were stray Indian tramps who would give us a long chase; but the trail soon turned south, following a low range for a mile, and then turned west toward the encampment. Then we

knew this circuitous route had been taken to mislead us. In half an hour more we sighted the encampment from a low range overlooking the location; but here we lost the trail. The ground was very dry and hard and covered with soft wire grass on which a party could move without making any perceptible impression.

We could discern but four lodges and concluded the band was small and that we could safely hazard an approach. From a thicket near their lodges we counted eleven Indians and five ponies, but could see no donkey. We decided, however, to confront them and charge them with the theft and boldly and persistently demand restoration.

Paugus was very nervous, and I was afraid that when we got into the encampment, if the Indians were in the least uncivil, he might lose his self-control and say or do something rash and therefore cautioned him to keep cool and quiet and trust to Gale's good diplomacy, which he promised to do.

CHAPTER X.

We advanced within a dozen rods of the encampment before they discovered us. Most of the Indians were engaged cooking venison for breakfast and seemed to take little notice of us, giving no other response to our pleasant greeting than the characteristic hoarse grunt. Gale asked for the chief and was directed to a tall, stern looking fellow who stood by a lodge entrance watching us.

Gale asked him if he understood English, and he replied, "Me unstand some." Then Gale stated our grievance, and told him that the donkey must be restored to us at once. The chief shrugged his shoulderrs and said, "Me no steal him, my men no steal him; Mexican man steal him."

Gale then bristled up until he looked as savage and determined as a brigand and told him in a mixture of the two languages, supplemented and emphasized with many violent gestures, that we had tracked the thieves from our camp to the ridge near his encampment and knew the donkey was concealed somewhere near there and that if he was not restored to us we would go to Feather river and come back tomorrow with a

company of miners and take their ponies and blankets away and punish them severely.

The chief had been among the miners enough to know that Gale meant what he said and that we could execute the threat if we chose to do so, as the miners were always ready to defend one another against Indian and Mexican marauders, and the speech had the desired effect. He said, "Me see," and going to his lodge entrance summoned, with several gutteral grunts, five of the other Indians to his side and a consultation of several minutes followed, when the chief returned to us and said in a mixture of Indian English, which was quite unintelligible to Paugus and myself, but which Gale translated, that two tramp Crow Indians who had joined his band stole our donkey and had him concealed in the wood near the encampment, and that he had ordered him brought to us.

Paugus was so pleased at this happy turn in the affair that he produced a long plug of his favorite smoking tobacco and presented it to the chief, and relaxing his firm hold upon the rifle, he rested it on the ground for the first time since reaching the encampment and resumed his usual calm appearance. An Indian soon appeared with the donkey, and Paugus, supposing he was one of the Crow tramps who had stolen him, took the lariat from his hand and then gave him a vigorous kick as he turned to leave.

The offended young Indian sprang back a step and drew his knife, uttering at the same time a defiant whoop that brought the whole band around us. I was behind Paugus, and springing forward, I caught him around the body, pinioning his arms, and threw him over my knee on to the ground and sternly commanded him not to get up. Gale at the same time sprang between the Indian and Paugus, and though half a dozen knives gleamed in his face, and a spiteful murmur of disapproval arose from every Indian, he was calm and possessed.

He hastily explained Paugus' mistake and made a satisfactory apology; and while Gale was making his speech I informed Paugus, in an undertone, that he had kicked the wrong Indian and must apologize and make him some present to restore good feeling. He got up, and with a very sorrowful expression, repeated to the chief Gale's explanation and gave his last plug of tobacco and a fancy Dutch pipe to the young Indian he had kicked, as a peace offering, and all was quiet again. The two Crows, they told us, had disappeared when they found we were after the donkey.

Bidding the band good bye, we returned to our baggage, and were soon on our way east again. That night we spent at a small mining camp on Feather river. Adjoining the hotel at which we stopped was an express office in which

the gold dust taken out in the vicinity was marketed, and I stepped in to make inquiry about the river mining there, and while waiting on eight or ten miners who were disposing of dust, I was impressed with the seeming carelessness with which the miners handled the precious metal. While I was there a miner poured from a buckskin bag into the agent's iron pan about fifteen hundred dollars' worth of dust, remarking that it was taken out in recently discovered diggings on a tributary of Feather river.

Several men sauntered up to the counter and curiously fumbled at it as though it were so much wheat, and one wag, who seemed to be a lounger in the office, carried the pan off across the room to a window and sifted the gold through his fingers, examining it closely, while the owner, unconcerned, talked with the agent. Gold dust was so common and theft so promptly punished that such a thing as pilfering was seldom thought of.

From that point we went to Honey Lake, stopping only to prospect two or three hours on the shore of a small pond east of Black Butte range, where Paugus shot a large canvass back duck which we broiled for supper. Honey Lake we found a beautiful body of water. We built a brush shanty and a small raft and spent two days there hunting and fishing.

Paugus secured us another duck and two fat

rabbits; and we caught fish enough for three or four hearty meals. We had replenished our stock of provisions at the Feather river mining camp, and with the addition of fish and game we fared sumptuously.

From the lake we journeyed over to Beckworth's Valley, which we found most delightfully situated among the green foothills of the towering Black Butte range and watered by a clear stream that afforded an ample supply of water for the irrigation of the rich grain and vegetable fields of the little valley. Beckworth located there on a tract ceded to him by the government after tiring of his wild life in the Rocky Mountain region, where he spent over forty years trapping and conducting campaigns against various Indian nations and serving as chief of the then powerful Crow nation.

He had persistently fought the Crows until they were scattered, impoverished and disheartened, but finally took up their cause and led them in many successful campaigns against their enemies, recovering their lost possessions, collecting their scattered numbers and restoring their former power and valor. For this service they made him chief and general dictator, and he married one of their number and remained with them about fifteen years.

At the end of that time the nation was in a decline again, as a consequence of a curtailing of

their rights and privileges by the aggressive whites who were fast invading their territory in their mad search for gold, which had been discovered at various points within their limits; and desiring a more quiet and secluded location in which to spend the remainder of his days, he took his family and about fifty of his most faithful adherents of the tribe and emigrated to his possession in California.

The colony occupied about twenty block houses in the largest of which we found Beckworth seated in the doorway smoking. He received us rather coolly, but was evidently pleased to see us, and on learning that we had come a long distance out of our way to see him he insisted that we accept of his hospitality while we remained in the valley. He was then about sixty years old and looking somewhat worn and broken, but his large muscular frame seemed still sound and capable of great endurance.

His long hair and dark swarthy complexion gave him the appearance of an Indian, and I had supposed that he had Indian blood, but he assured us that he was of French and English extraction. We stayed with him from ten in the morning until six in the evening, taking dinner with him and listening to a graphic account he gave of his adventurous life in the mountains. Just before we left he took us over his plantation, as he called the cultivated portion of his

domain, and showed us some fields of fine vegetables, a herd of about one hundred fat cattle, about two hundred sheep, a hundred ponies and immense flocks of domestic fowls.

His three half-breed sons were managing the work of the place, which was done wholly by his submissive subjects, while he, with his patriarchal dignity, enjoyed the fat of the land, hampered by no social or political restraint, and subservient to no law but his own free will.

We declined his invitation to spend the night with him and went to a thicket on the west side of the valley and camped. I felt inclined to remain in that vicinity for a week or two fishing, hunting and enjoying the bracing air and beautiful scenery; but Gale and Paugus had decided to return via our mining location of the summer before, where the old Indian and his children were doubtless looking for us, and spend the remainder of the dry season mining there.

So I decided to accompany them that far and see them well settled before returning to Whiskey Diggings, as it would take me only ten or fifteen miles out of my way. We started next morning and went that day as far as Feather river, where we stocked with provisions again and bought a few mining tools and some trinkets and confectionery for the Indian children.

We reached our destination on the stream about sundown and found our Indian friends

there and overjoyed to see us. The children were wild with delight and jumped around us like two doting puppies. Togie at once took charge of the donkey, and when told by Gale that he could have him to ride all summer if he took good care of him he screamed with delight. We soon had the cabin in order and our supper prepared. Little Tiny had built our fire and brought fresh water, while Togie was tethering the donkey; and the old man aided by gathering boughs for our bunks. He and the children had before our arrival prepared a large pile of dry wood for us.

I stayed there a week and saw Gale and Paugus well established, and then bidding them a reluctant good bye, I started on my return home to Whiskey Diggings. Togie insisted upon accompanying me for an hour or two, and though he took his gun, he would; in spite of my protest, carry my knapsack also. After we had gone about ten miles I sent him back, though he was anxious to go much farther. On parting with him I gave him my pocket knife, which he had greatly admired and coveted, and the gift pleased him exceedingly.

I moved on along down the mountain range, leaving him watching me with swimming eyes and a sad face. After a walk of five minutes, I reached the edge of a thicket, where I was to lose sight of him, and turning I waved a last

good-bye with my hat, to which he responded and then turned his face homeward.

I stayed at a small mining camp that night and reached home the next afternoon very tired, but with my general physical condition very much improved by my long tramp and month of pleasant recreation.

I found all going well in the mine and my partners in high spirits, for they had found excellent prospects in both the main and side tunnels and were impatient for a return of the wet season, that we might make a better test of the value of the dirt they were taking out.

During my absence one of my partners had built and furnished a commodious cabin and brought his young wife there from Sacramento; and a few days after my return we were all invited there to a six o'clock dinner, which was made a very enjoyable affair for us. We were all charmed with Mrs. McKay, the hostess, and congratulated ourselves upon our good fortune in having another amiable lady added to our little community.

The rainy season opened the last of November and the water supply lasted about four weeks, at the end of which time it was cut off by the cold weather and the heavy snow-fall; but during the time it lasted we washed the dirt that had been taken out and were rewarded with quite a generous yield. We put on more help

for the winter, that we might get out as much dirt as possible for the spring washing.

Paugus came up from Camp Warren to visit me the first of December, and I persuaded him to remain and help us during the winter. He and Gale had succeeded well on the stream where I left them and had left the old Indian and his children there the middle of November.

The snowfall was unusually heavy that winter, and we were pretty closely confined. We found some needed recreation, however, in coasting and deer hunting on Norwegian snowshoes. Paugus and one of my partners each captured a deer just before Christmas; so we were able to have roast venison for our Christmas dinner. Later Paugus and I, just after a heavy fall of snow, ran down and captured alive two calves about six or eight months old, which we kept in a pen in our wood shed until they were full grown, when we slaughtered them and shared them with my partners.

I recall an amusing incident that occurred the day we slaughtered the deer, which was, however, more embarrassing than amusing to Paugus. We dressed the deer on the snow a dozen rods or more from the cabin, and just before noon Paugus left me and my other cabin mate and went to the cabin to prepare dinner. We had placed the day before on a rack just outside the back door a fifteen gallon keg of the "San Francisco

Golden Syrup," a great deal of which we used instead of sugar as it was highly refined and of a very agreeable flavor.

Paugus, finding the syrup cruse empty, went out to replenish it from the keg, but the syrup being thick and cold, it ran from the faucet very slowly at first, and Paugus, being in a hurry, left it setting under the faucet intending to return for it before the cruse was full; but he got busy with his cooking and forgot it, and as my partner and I came up the snow trail toward the back door three hours later we met, about fifty feet from the cabin,a golden stream of the syrup. We understood at once what had occurred, and stopping, called to Paugus who came out, and taking in the situation, made a most laughable demonstration of grief, begging us to dock him a month's salary, pull out his hair, shoot him,or anything whatever to expiate this heinous crime.

The keg had found freer vent after Paugus left it and drained to the bottom. The joke got out among the boys and Paugus was teased about it for a long time.

That spring we had water earlier than usual and washed our winter's hoarding and did some hydraulic prospecting on the side of a gravel ridge near our claim, having been led to do so by the fact that a company had recently opened a hydraulic claim on the same ridge, half a mile south of us, that was paying well and from

which they had taken a clear lump weighing forty-two ounces. But we were not successful enough to justify us in continuing the experiment long.

After the close of the water season I took another vacation and visited fifteen or twenty mining camps south and east of our place, to make a study of the various modes of mining and the multiplicity of appliances used. There had been a very heavy influx of population to that part of the state for the last two years, and as many had brought their families and built tasty homes those larger mining towns began to assume quite a pleasant and home like appearance.

In all these towns I found a pitiful class of listless, helpless young men who had been raised in the eastern cities in idleness and had gone to California with the idea that they could amass a fortune in the mountains without either capital or manual labor; and having neither the "skilled hand nor willing spirit" for manual drudgery they wandered listlessly about looking for some means by which they could make money without work. Hundreds of those, being unable to earn a living or to get help from their eastern friends, committed suicide or dropped into the giddy whirl of hopeless dissipation and soon reached the end unheeded and unmourned.

I had a personal acquaintance with many of that class and for two, in particular, I entertained

a warm friendship and assisted them financially until I found such assistance was no kindness. They were college graduates and the sons of clergymen and had no bad habits when I made their acquaintance; but they finally became disheartened, lost their self respect and entered upon a career of dissipation. One of them was finally killed in a wrangle in Marysville and the other died a drunkard in a charity hospital at Sacramento.

On that round to the neighboring mining camps I stayed over night in a small camp located at the foot of a wooded range and there heard for the first time the dismal roar of the mountain lion.

About ten o clock at night several of them, who were probably passing along the range, discovered the lights of the camp and set up a frightful roaring that continued for half an hour or more, startling the whole camp. There were many in that part of the mountains and we tracked them often, but they were seldom seen or heard.

I took in Camp Warren on my round and spent a day with Forty-nine and his estimable wife and several days with Gale and Paugus, who were just closing up their work for the season, the water supply having given out. I was with them on the Fourth of July, and we went to LaPorte together that day and heard a very

eloquent oration by Hon. E. D. Baker, of San Francisco, who was afterwards killed at Ball's Bluff while leading a forlorn hope against a wing of the Confederate army.

The Frazer river gold excitement was high then and Gale had decided to sell out his interest at Camp Warren and go to that Eldorado of the far North. I was sorry to bid him farewell, for we had spent much time together and our common joys and common sorrows of the time had bound us closely together. Paugus also took a final leave of Gale and returned to Whiskey Diggings with me to help in our tunnel operations.

The important gold discoveries made in Oregon and British Columbia that year resulted very favorably to California, for while the heavy exodus took away some of our best men, it drained the state of a large class of adventurers, greatly to the advantage of the mining sections of the state, in particular.

I had an interest with three other men in an undeveloped claim near Monte Cristo into which we were running a tunnel, and I decided to spend a part of the spring and summer at that place and accordingly joined my partners there the first of May.

The claim was on the west side of Monte Cristo range and directly under the craggy brow of Table Mountain.

The tunnel had been run into the mountain about two hundred feet, where hard rock was encountered, and as the work in that would be very expensive, we decided, the day after my arrival, to partially suspend operations for a time, doing only three days' work each month, the amount required by the laws of that mining district to keep valid our title, that we might, before incurring further expense, get results from a test being made on a claim half a mile north of ours in the same range.

That night sparks from a cooking stove we had in our shanty started a fire in the dry manzanito brush above us and burned over about two and one-half acres, leaving the rich, mellow marl soil bare. Just above the burnt patch was a spring that would afford water enough for irrigation, and we conceived the happy thought of planting the patch in vegetables and raising enough for our own consumption during the next fall and winter instead of paying the traders fifteen cents a pound for them. So we procured the necessary seed and tools and soon had the whole place planted in potatoes, cabbage, turnips, radishes, onions and tomatoes. Then we built without much labor a small reservoir at the head of the patch in which we stored the water from the spring and dug a narrow ditch across the end into which we could turn the water from the reservoir and from which we

could pass it between the rows of vegetables to trickle in evenly gauged little streamlets down the steep descent to the lower side of the patch.

My partners had a claim about two miles from there on Goodyear's Creek to which they moved, leaving me alone to do the required amount of work on the tunnel to keep good our title and to care for our little ranch. I remained there nine weeks alone except on Sunday when two of my partners always came to see me. I worked about five hours a day irrigating, hoeing and doing a little work on the tunnel claim adjoining and spent several hours daily hunting and reading and writing; and the change from my heavy confining work of the fall and winter before was a much needed and restful one.

My shanty had but three sides, the front being open. That, however, I used only for a sleeping apartment. My kitchen and sitting room were in front of that in an arbor built of poles and fir boughs and shaded by a dense clump of fir and pine. There I did my cooking, ate my meals and wrote.

One night about an hour after I had retired to my bunk I was aroused by some unusual noise, and opening my eyes I discovered a man in the front part of the shanty leaning his head forward as if listening to my breathing, and there was moonlight enough to enable me to discover by his dress that he was a Mexican. For

a full minute I did not move a muscle but waited to divine, if possible, his object. He took a slow cautious step toward me and then leaning forward listened again. He had no weapon in his hand and I could see none in his belt and was convinced that his motive was theft and that he was endeavoring to approach near enough to find my clothes.

My stiletto was under my pillow and a loaded rifle on the ground under the edge of my bunk, but I dare not reach for either, knowing that if I did so he would probably spring upon me and disarm me before I could free myself from the bedding and make much resistance.

I quickly resolved upon another means of defense which I knew would be more effective just then than a display of my weapons and that was the terrifying Indian alarm whoop which had been taught me by a Crow Indian and which I had practiced until I could make the double-toned explosion resound like a frog horn.

The lower classes of the Mexican people are, almost without exception, very superstitious, nervous and cowardly, and very easily unnerved by any sudden and mysterious surprise. Drawing in my breath and nerving myself up for the effort I suddenly exploded my vocal battery and followed the discharge with a rapid succession of whoops till the very overhanging pines seemed to echo the hideous sounds.

At the first whoop he sprang backwards about six feet and stumbled and fell lighting upon his hands and knees, then sprang upon his feet and bounded like a deer into the bushes and disappeared down the mountain side, and I could hear in the stillness of the night the loose shale rattle under his feet at every bound for a third of a mile off. At my first outburst I caught my rifle and as he disappeared down the rough descent, discharged it into the tree tops, to make the affair as imposing as possible.

He probably belonged to a party of Mexican packers whom I heard about five o'clock that afternoon shouting to their mules on a trail half a mile below me and who were probably camping not far off. He had probably discovered my shanty as they passed along the trail and came back from their encampment to steal. I reloaded my rifle and went back to bed and slept soundly the rest of the night.

A week later I had another nocturnal surprise even more startling than that I have related. I had often wondered that the overhanging limestone bluff that surrounded the flat apex of Table Mountain above me was not, while being shaken by some terrific thunder storm, dislodged and sent tumbling down the mountain side sweeping everything before it; and one night, after retiring with that thought on my mind and falling into a half unconscious doze I was

aroused by a loud rumbling sound like thunder and a violent shaking of my bed. I sprang from my bunk terrified by the impression that the overhanging bluff had indeed dislodged and was coming towards me. Then the rumbling and quaking was repeated still heavier and prolonged for eight or ten seconds, rattling the dry splits on the roof of the shanty and nearly throwing me off my feet.

I was half paralyzed with fear; but before the sound had died away I recognized the strange phenomenon as an earthquake, having experienced several lighter ones, and was relieved of the terror that had possessed me.

I went to the front of the shanty and gazed up the mountain to reassure myself that I was not to be crushed by a crumbling bluff, and could discern in the dim starlight, up against the eastern horizon, the familiar outlines of the still towering walls. It was several hours before I could compose myself sufficiently to sleep.

I was aroused next morning by the barking of a dog, and springing up discovered at the foot of the bed my friend "Duke," a small mastiff that belonged to one of my partners. He had attached to his collar a package which on examination I found to contain a letter and a weekly paper from his master. The letter read as follows:

"Did you survive the shock of last night? We were badly frightened for a moment. It must have done much damage in the cities of the state. Send Duke back with a note stating what you would have us bring you in the way of eatables next Sunday. I send with this the last weekly Era. Yours, Bruce."

Duke took breakfast with me and then I sent him back with a list of what they should bring me on Sunday and a request that they send to me next morning a pound of steak and a half pound of sugar, as my stock of those articles would not last till Sunday. I fastened my note to his collar and started him back, but he returned twice, after going a few rods, to express, by prancing around me and licking my hand, his sorrow at leaving me alone, and finally took a brisk trot down the trail with a dignfied bearing that showed he realized the responsibility of his mission and was proud of it.

The next morning he returned with the articles I had ordered and remained with me till Sunday. In fact he was with me nearly all the time after that and did most of my marketing. I soon had radishes, lettuce and onions ready for the table, a fresh bunch of which Duke carried twice a week to my partners and really took great delight in the service.

He took a special interest in the irrigating process. When I raised the reservoir gauge and

let the water out he would follow the head of the stream into the ditch and across the head of the patch barking as if to hasten its flow till the ditch filled and gave out its hundred little rivulets that went leaping down the mountain side to feed my thirsty crop, then he would sit down and watch the scene, giving occasionally a low growl of satisfaction.

Our vegetables grew with astonishing rapidity. In that warm marl soil, kept moist by daily irrigation, they were forced up like mushrooms and most of them matured within eight weeks from the time of planting. One variety of the potatoes grew a month longer, developing a most wonderful growth. I cut vines from them that measured over eight feet in length, and took them, with a potato that weighed two and one-half pounds and a radish that weighed a fraction over five pounds to a druggist in Monte Christo who kept them on exhibition all the fall.

The potato yield was enormous, a veritable elephant on our hands. We needed, to store for our own use, only about eight or ten bushels and our crop amounted to fully three hundred bushels.

I went back to Whiskey Diggings, but returned in about a month and assisted in harvesting and marketing the potatoes. After storing what we required for our own use and giving them to many of our friends, we sold about two

thousand dollars' worth. Most of these were conveyed in sacks on mules to the purchasers by two Mexican packers we had employed; but I delivered fifteen or twenty loads myself to the nearest customers with a small white mule, who, though as docile and innocent in appearance as a lamb, tried my patience severely and was a constant source of amusement to me.

All pack mules are cunning enough to expand their lungs when the pack saddle is being fastened on them, so increasing their normal girth that it is impossible to draw the surcingle tight enough to keep the saddle in place without recinching after the load is put on and the mule has shrunk to its normal size; and it must be done quickly then, or they will prevent it by a second inflation.

My white mule, however, was exceptionally cunning and had acquired an inflating capacity that was really marvellous. It was, therefore, almost impossible to bind her load securely; and whenever the girth got a little loose and she thought it possible for her to dislodge her burden she would deliberately pitch herself off the trail at the first suitable point, and gathering her legs under her, roll down the mountain side like a log till she had so disarranged her load that it would have to be taken off and repacked.

One afternoon as I was urging her along the side of a mountain range on a trail that ran a

few rods above a board flume that conveyed water along the range to Monte Cristo, she performed one of her acrobatic feats that proved quite disastrous. We were at a point where the descent below the trail was very steep, and when my attention was diverted by a horseman I saw approaching on the trail in front of me, she threw herself off the trail head first as if bent on suicide, with her head between her fore legs, and rolled like a ball, making four complete revolutions and finally landing on her back across the flume, one side of which was crushed out letting a heavy stream of water on to her head as it hung down below the flume.

The horseman having witnessed the strange feat, galloped up and came to my assistance. I supposed her back and neck were both broken, but on reaching her found her blowing like a porpoise to keep the water from her nostrils and trying to raise her head above the stream. We quickly unbound the load and rolled her off the flume, and to our astonishment she got up, shook herself, and bounding over the flume, scrambled back to the trail not a whit the worse for the hazardous tumble. The potatoes though were so badly damaged that I had to take them back and exchange for a fresh load.

The displaced flume boards we pried into position and braced them with stones, partially checking the waste of water, and I returned in

the evening with hammer and nails and completed the repairs.

After our crop was harvested and disposed of I returned to Whiskey Diggings to spend the winter. The season was an unusually severe one, but we managed to spend it very pleasantly in spite of our close confinement and hard work.

We organized a reading and debating club of thirty members and sent to San Francisco for one hundred dollars' worth of books, which, with our club meetings, deer hunts and snow shoe coasting, filled our leisure hours and made tolerable our gloomy surroundings.

Our club meetings were especially interesting, and as the debates led to much careful thought and research we derived lasting benefit from them. We discussed state politics, the Chinese question, the slavery question, the Kansas question, then of absorbing interest, and many other matters of general concern.

The following spring was a very busy one with us. We had kept up the work under ground without intermission and deposited in the spacious tunnel house and yard an immense pile of gold bearing gravel and sand, the washing of which occupied the whole water season of four months.

I had then begun to tire of that rough life in

spite of the fascination it had for me, and resolved to return to New England and spend a few years in reviewing my studies and fitting myself for the profession I had chosen.

I had found that adventurous life profitable to me in many ways. It had brought me in close contact with a representative element of every civilized country of the globe, extending my knowledge of the world and liberalizing and enlarging my views of life, and had also materially improved my physical condition. I therefore felt well satisfied with the return I had received for the privations and hardships endured.

And yet to sever those ties of pleasant association never again to renew them, to leave forever those mountains and forests and streams that had been in all these years of my seclusion a constant joy and inspiration to me, and to say a last farewell to the sturdy companions who had so long shared my joys and sorrows, all cost me a severe pang of regret that time has never qulte assuaged; but as in fancy I wander back through the dim maze of intervening years and linger among those still vivid scenes I melt to tears over the boyish memories they revive.

Paugus decided to accompany me back to New England, and one bright June morning we took passage together at LaPorte on the "Flying Dutchman," as the fast mail coach was called,

and at a speed of ten miles an hour glided down rough mountain ranges, through shaded gorges and across silent vales nestling among the hills, on to the broad plains of the Sacramento, to take on again the dreaded trammels and burden of conventional life.

THE END.