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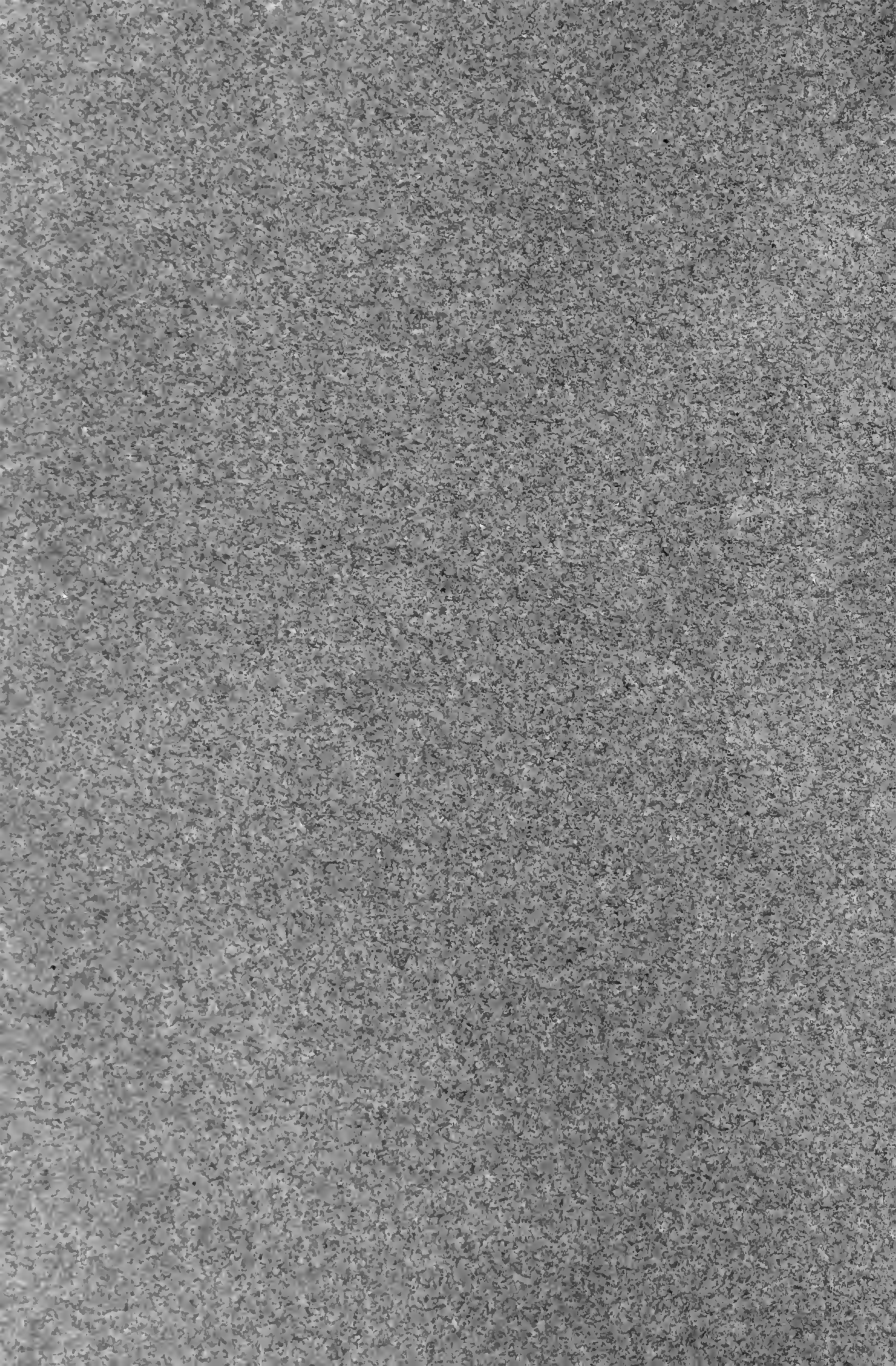


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Reminiscences
of
Frontier Life

By

I. B. HAMMOND







Reminiscences
of Frontier Life

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PORTLAND, OREGON

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INTRODUCTION.

At the request of my friends I have endeavored to relate a few of the incidents connected with my life in the West.

In the following pages will be found some of my actual experiences as far as I can write them from memory. I have made twenty-five trips to Alaska, been many times through Mexico, British Columbia and England, and during the last thirty-three years' travel have seen many things that would make interesting reading were it in the hands of a writer. I hope my short-comings will be overlooked, as these pages are only as reminiscences for my friends.

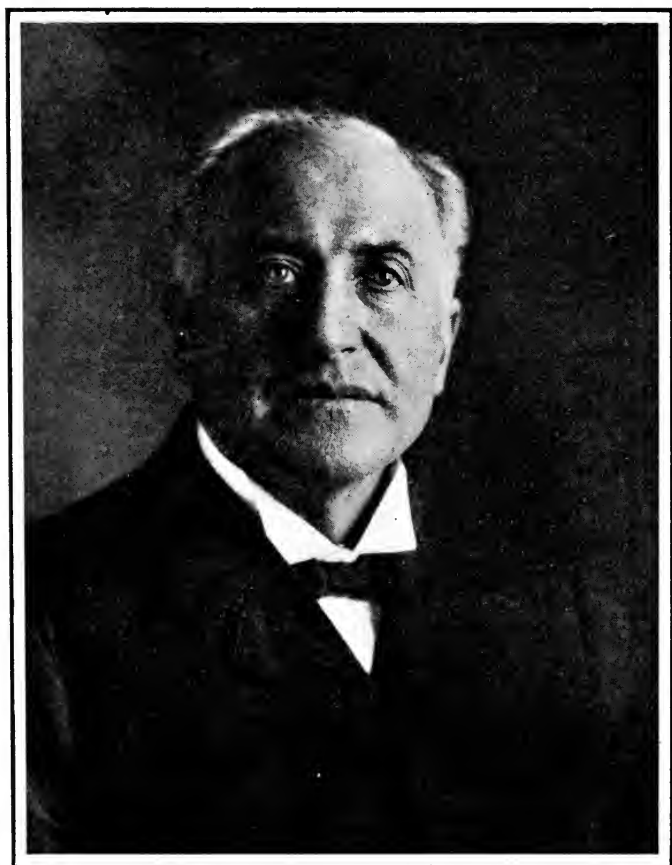
I. B. HAMMOND,
Portland, Oregon.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Introduction - - - - -	3
How I Happened to Go West - - - - -	9
An Indian Scare - - - - -	9
A Fight Between Wild Animals - - - - -	15
A Buffalo Stampede - - - - -	21
Locating a Colony, Part I.—A Prairie Fire - - - - -	26
Locating a Colony, Part II.—A Nebraska Blizzard - - - - -	34
Sour Bread or No Bread - - - - -	38
Buffalo's Lament (Poem) - - - - -	43
The Downfall of Big Steve - - - - -	44
My German Friend - - - - -	47
The Milkman's Revenge - - - - -	51
Custer's Massacre - - - - -	55
A Runaway Train - - - - -	58
Mine Salting - - - - -	62
A Preaching Expert - - - - -	68
My First Trip to Alaska - - - - -	74
A Stampede for Gold - - - - -	78
The Midnight Sun - - - - -	86
A Tidal Wave - - - - -	92
A Glacier (Poem) - - - - -	97
A Trip to the Seven Devils Mountain - - - - -	98
Getting Off My High Horse - - - - -	104
Romance Without Love - - - - -	107
A Trip to Nome - - - - -	110
Meeting on the Trail - - - - -	115
My English Friend - - - - -	117
Mining Definitions - - - - -	118
A Free Bath - - - - -	120
The Go-Devil - - - - -	122
Resources in a Mining Camp - - - - -	125
Boring an Engine Cylinder - - - - -	127
Packing Machinery - - - - -	128
A Trailing Letter - - - - -	130
Early Days in the Black Hills - - - - -	131
I. B. Hammond, the Pioneer (Poem) - - - - -	135

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page
Portrait of I. B. Hammond - - - - -	8
A Fight Between Wild Animals - - - - -	19
A Buffalo Stampede - - - - -	25
A Prairie Fire - - - - -	31
The Downfall of Big Steve - - - - -	46
The Milkman's Revenge - - - - -	52
Custer's Massacre (Poem) - - - - -	56
A Runaway Train - - - - -	59
Mine Salting - - - - -	67
My First Trip to Alaska - - - - -	74
A Tidal Wave - - - - -	95
The Go-Devil - - - - -	124
Packing Machinery - - - - -	129



I. B. HAMMOND.

HOW I HAPPENED TO GO WEST.

During the Civil War, when every able-bodied man was being sought for the army, I was the elder of two sons, and very naturally felt it my duty to join. I enlisted and passed county inspection, and with the rest of a company which I had joined, went to Joliet, Illinois, to be examined by United States inspecting physicians for muster into the army. We went into camp and soon were called for medical examination. I was examined by a young doctor, who reported that my lungs were affected and turned me over to older physicians, who confirmed his report and rejected me as unfit for service. So, as a consumptive, I went home and my parents became very much worried in regard to my health. I tried twice more to join the army but was rejected in each case. I then consulted an old family physician, who said the best thing for me to do was to go west into the mountains. Two months later found me headed for the West, and so far as I know the tuberculosis was lost in the shuffle that followed the doctor's advice—a very strenuous shuffle out on the sage plains and among the mountains of the blessed West.

AN INDIAN SCARE.

My first adventure in the Rocky Mountains will be always as fresh in my memory, I believe, as at the time it happened.

I was accompanying a geological surveying party over the main range of the Rockies across the Big Horn Mountains and through what is now the National Park,

to Fort Benton on the Missouri River. Probably not ten miles of our route had been trodden by white men at that time. Many times we were prepared to be slaughtered by the Indians, could we have found some obliging redskin to do the job, and it would have taken but an Indian head-dress and a red blanket to massacre the entire party.

A single moccasin track would work us up to such a pitch of excitement that, sleeping or waking, our imaginations peopled the woods on all sides of us with blood-thirsty savages.

While under the stress of one of these periodical excitements our ponies and mules stampeded and they found ready followers in the seven (very) pale-faces who felt the vital importance of keeping up with the rest of the procession. We deemed it wise to stay with the ponies even were there no Indians in the whole country. Our position was almost the same as the Irishman's who had gone hunting rabbits without a lock to his gun.

"Divil a bit o' lock has yez in yer old gun!" said his companion.

"Whist now," says Pat, "the rabbits don't know it."

Nor did we know, when our mules snorted and became uneasy, but that there might have been thousands of redskins concealed in the bushes about us.

At one point of our journey, in pitching our camp for the night, we selected a good place to keep our stock. We were surrounded by a creek, in a complete circle, excepting a small neck of land which we occupied, and over which they would have to pass in escaping us. We had just about finished supper when the watch-dog of our herd, a large black mule, began to snort. We had

previously trained the mule to give evidence of approach of man or beast by taking him beyond the herd and tying him up alone and then by careful maneuvering scaring the animal to such an extent that he would remember his lesson. He had become so watchful that not a wild animal, or even a bird, could come to our neighborhood without his giving us the usual signal with his unmusical snorting.

We had grown somewhat nervous from having seen some moccasin tracks in the afternoon and were prepared to jump and run behind the first tree we could reach, when our trained mule gave another snort, as the sign of alarm, which made every man jump and reach for his gun. In loading his gun, one of our party accidentally discharged his rifle, which added to the excitement, and at the crack of the gun the stock came towards us on the dead run. I endeavored to stop the animals and expected to get a bullet from some redskin, as I supposed the shot fired was from the Indians. I fully realized the importance of saving the stock, and made a desperate effort to stop the animals, but they rushed toward us, maddened with fright, and we saw that they would trample us under their feet, so let them pass. But all hope of keeping them was not yet gone. I caught hold of the picket rope, which was being dragged along by the frightened animals, but the rope slipped through my fingers, and the picket pin, which was fastened to the end, struck me a terrific blow on the head, that almost knocked me senseless. My first impression was that I was being scalped, and not until I had put up my hand and found my hair safe, did I realize what had happened.

After collecting my scattered thoughts, I started for

the stock, which had by this time gone out of sight. I ran a short distance when it occurred to me that I had left my gun behind and had only a revolver with me, but as I dared not lose the stock I kept on, although the thought of being compelled to go on without my rifle was not a pleasant one. The further I got from camp the more dreadful the thought became, and I censured myself for being caught in such a predicament, without provisions and not even a gun with which to defend myself or to kill something to eat.

Everything was now still as death, not a sound from man or beast in any direction; but one consoling thought remained—that I had come within sight of ponies and mules, which were now going quite slowly, and in a short time I was enabled to creep up near enough to make fast the picket rope, and feel that the stock was safe. I was suffering great pain from the blow I had received from the picket pin, which did not leave me with very clear ideas in a time of need.

Now came the moment of my discontent—out alone in an Indian country, without food or gun and wondering if my companions had all been killed, without even firing a shot. I kept turning this over in my mind, and as the night wore on, concluded to make my way back to the vicinity of our camp and endeavor to see or hear of my comrades.

Leaving the stock in a secure place, I cautiously moved toward camp, walking about an hour, in the direction in which I supposed the camp to lie, to a side hill overlooking the creek; but I could not locate the camp ground. I stood looking around for some familiar spot, when I saw the flash of a rifle, which I knew was pointed at me.

I instantly dropped to the ground to avoid the bullet, but not quite in time, for though at such long range and at night, the aim was good, and the leaden messenger whizzed through my vest and coat sleeve, making my flesh tingle from the sting. During the next ten minutes there was some expert crawling from that neighborhood and over the hill, and on reaching the other side my strides were long and fast in the direction of the ponies. This last experience was a puzzle to me and I could not solve the problem to my satisfaction. I could not decide which way to go, but finally concluded that I must find my comrades, dead or alive, as I knew it was impossible for me to reach any settlement in my present condition. I moved the stock over the hill and down into a ravine, and once more made the animals secure.

By this time daylight was beginning to appear, and the break of day enabled me to look up and down the creek from my position without being seen. I waited patiently for some time, and my patience was rewarded by the appearance of three men coming around a point of timber, and in a few minutes more I saw two more come from another direction. I soon recognized them as belonging to our party, and was almost overcome by the thought of meeting my comrades once more. But where was the seventh man? I could not help thinking that he must have been killed by the Indians. I wondered why some one else was not killed and why those men were there if they had been attacked by the Indians. I felt sure that a fight had taken place, as I was still smarting from the sting of the bullet.

After making sure that I could not be mistaken, I ventured to put in an appearance, much to the delight

of all, who were mourning the loss of the stock along with two members of the party. After satisfying them with regard to the animals, they asked where Young (the missing man) was. I had not dared to ask them first, fearing they would say he had been killed; but on looking around we caught sight of our poor comrade, and when he appeared we felt as if we had all been spared from a horrible death. We felt sure that he must be wounded, and on asking if he was shot, he replied:

“Me shot? No; but I think that red devil will not scare another party again.”

“Who?” and “What?” were the anxious inquiries on our part.

“Well,” said he, “you know when I went to get my gun, after the mule began to whistle, in some way or other I discharged it, and on looking around every man of you had left me. I then heard the confounded red devils in the brush going down the creek after the horses, so I knew they were after them and not our scalps. I then followed the creek, hoping to get sight of them, and lay in ambush until near daybreak, when sure enough, way up on the hillside, I saw one of the cusses, and I think you can get his scalp by going after it.”

Then came my turn. “Then you are the red devil who shot at me?” at the same time showing them the buttonhole he had made in my sleeve. I never saw a paler man than he was for a few minutes, and he trembled from head to foot. Now came the time for investigating into the cause of all this scare. We were rewarded in our search by finding tracks of a buffalo, which had followed up the dry creek to get water, and had found a hole containing water in the vicinity of our camp. The

mule, acting as our watch-dog, had scented the buffalo, began to snort, and then followed the stampede of the stock that scared the senses out of the entire party.

Mr. Young, on recovering from his fainting fit, asked in a low tone, if there was any one who wanted to shoot a d—— fool, and added that he knew where there was one who needed killing.

A FIGHT BETWEEN WILD ANIMALS.

Many years ago, I was connected with a survey party, located at that time in the Rocky Mountains, in Wyoming Territory, our object being to ascertain the most feasible route whereby a railroad could be built north of the Union Pacific Railroad survey, and south of the British possessions, to the Pacific Coast.

After considerable inquiry regarding the country we were about to go through, which was but very little known and quite unexplored, we obtained what information was necessary, and formed a small party, numbering seven men, who were selected as being the most able to undertake the trip. Our starting point was from Rawlins Springs, Wyoming; leaving the overland stage route between Denver and Salt Lake, with the intention of following the main range of the Rocky Mountains northward to the British possessions.

Could we but have drawn aside the curtain of the future and looked ahead a few months, I am inclined to think we would have respectfully declined to have started out in this direction. Probably it is better for us that we cannot see into the future of our lives; for disappointments would be sure to present themselves strongest in

our minds, and thereby change the whole course of our arrangements. At least, this would apply to my case in this instance.

Having secured some ponies and mules for riding and packing, we made a start towards the mountains, expecting to be gone about four months, and to return by way of the Missouri River to Omaha.

For the first few days it seemed like a pleasure trip, but our course became more rough and rugged, and often accompanied by great danger and much suffering from want of water. In order to keep from encountering hostile Indians, we were obliged to keep away from the water-courses; but many times there was but little choice between the two. Thirst will drive most men to desperation, in spite of surrounding circumstances, and the judgment required in shaping a course through a hostile Indian country is often thrown to the winds, when desperation takes possession of the mind. Then a man finds fault with his comrades, and desperate encounters with each other will often result from the most trifling affairs, which, under ordinary circumstances, would pass unobserved.

We often found ourselves in this position, maddened from thirst and in constant dread of the Indians.

After being out about a month, we reached the Big Horn range of mountains. Then our progress became very slow indeed, and sometimes we did not make twenty-five miles in our direct course during the entire week. After considerable deliberation, we decided to direct our course east and take greater risks with the Indians. As we followed the water-courses east among the foothills, the Indian signs became more numerous day after day,

and we naturally became more nervous and easily frightened.

In going into camp for the night, I was generally appointed to perform the duty of reconnoitering the country to make sure that no Indians were lurking in the neighborhood to give us a surprise during the night.

One evening we struck camp quite early, and I took my gun to make my usual rounds before turning in. I had almost completed a circle, and climbed a steep hill, where I could look around for a long distance in all directions. On nearing the top, my movements were made with much care, for fear of attracting the attention of the much-dreaded redskins. On gaining the summit, I had raised myself just high enough to look beyond the top, when my attention was directed to a small cottonwood thicket near by, a slight noise evidently coming from that direction.

As a natural result, my hair raised my hat a few inches, and, to lower that hat, it was necessary for me to lie low. It was with the greatest anxiety that I listened as I never did before for some further sounds as evidence of danger, when I heard a noise resembling the panting of a dog after having run a long distance. I was very anxious to look in the direction of the sounds, but my courage seemed to have deserted me. After considerable silent debate on my part, I slowly raised my head once more above the top of the hill, and saw a small black bear, within eighty feet of my hiding-place. He was not aware of my presence, for he was furiously digging up the ground with his whole energy, and was evidently very much excited. His whole attention was directed to making a hole in the ground, and he was at work with

his four paws, meanwhile continuing the panting noise that at first had attracted my attention.

My first impulse was to shoot at him, but on second thought I remembered our orders to reserve our fire, for fear of arousing the Indians; only in cases of great emergency were we to shoot. On looking around, I found one of the men had gone to the creek for water, and had been watching my movements. I beckoned to him to come, at the same time motioning to him to keep very quiet, and in a few minutes he was with me. I had an idea that something was about to occur, judging from the actions of the bear and his highly excited state, and, as the following will prove, I was witness to one of the most terrific encounters between wild animals that I have ever seen or heard of.

While gazing at Bruin in his endeavors to tear up the whole earth, our attention was directed to a sound in the bushes from which the bear had come but a short time before, and we silently looked in that direction, with bated breath, and in great expectancy.

Suddenly we saw a large panther stealthily emerge from the thicket, with his head close to the ground, following up the trail of the bear, and so intent was he on scenting the trail that not until he was within forty feet of the bear did he discover his enemy.

When we looked at the bear again, we were considerably surprised to see the position that he had taken. He was lying on his back, in the trench he had just dug, with his claws in the air, evidently fully prepared for any attempt to dislodge him by the panther.

It was a sight never to be forgotten—the bear in his trench, ready to receive the attack of the panther, who,



A FIGHT BETWEEN WILD ANIMALS.

having now caught sight of the bear, crouched on the ground, swinging his tail from side to side, like a huge tomcat whose rights are being encroached upon.

In this position the panther remained for a short time, evidently studying the best mode of attack. Finally he rose, and, with a stealthy step, began to circle around the bear, uttering a low, catlike cry, and glaring at his foe in a ferocious manner. The bear meanwhile kept up a continual panting and growling, and watched every movement the panther made in his rounds. We could see that the panther was preparing to make a spring; our feelings were worked up to the highest excitement, and it was with difficulty we could restrain ourselves and wait for the end, which we knew could not be far off. The panther now crouched close to the ground, and every nail seemed to be working its way into the sod, his tail lashing furiously.

With a fearful bound, the panther leaped into the air and came down on the bear, who in return was ready to receive him, and when they came together, the bear, with a mighty effort, threw his enemy some ten feet from him, by the mere strength of his legs.

The panther was evidently expecting such a reception, and saw his chance; for, quick as a flash, he sprang forward again, and crawling between the bear's hind legs, slowly worked his way up the bear's body until he reached his throat. This seemed to be his point of attack, for he planted his teeth firmer and firmer into the bear's neck, the bear meanwhile trying with all his strength to tear the panther loose. Closer and closer the panther clung to his hold, his teeth sinking deeper and deeper into the bear's throat.

We watched breathlessly for the coming result, and saw the bear's struggles become weaker and weaker, and finally cease altogether, which we knew meant death. In the excitement of the moment, and forgetting our natural enemies, I sent a bullet into the panther, who at the crack of the rifle sprang high in the air and dropped dead by the side of his victim.

We skinned the animals and attempted to take the skins with us, but the weather being so warm, and having a long distance to go, I was forced to leave them behind, much to my regret.

A BUFFALO STAMPEDE.

While traveling through the Rockies on our geological survey, I was an eye-witness to the most awful stampede and destruction of a large herd of buffalo that it has ever been the lot of a white man to look upon. The action which caused the death of over two hundred of these noble animals was purely accidental on our part, but I have since learned that the Indians often employed the same means of killing them. Were it in our power to restore the number of animals we saw hurled over a precipice and dashed to pieces on the rocks below, it would be greater than all the buffalo now living in America. As I have stated, it was the result of a most awful accident—for I must call it an accident—it being our intention to kill only one or two of the calves for our immediate use.

This may seem incredible to the uninitiated, and it is a reasonable question to ask: How was it possible to kill so many buffaloes unless by shooting them? It hap-

pened in one of those incidents where success results in disappointment and regret, for such were the feelings of each one of our party, and all looked upon it as the most dreadful occurrence of our trip. Had the Indians discovered the slaughtered animals, they would, probably, have regarded it as a malicious destruction of their lawful property, and made war upon the pale-faces who were instrumental in such a wholesale annihilation.

On our journey through a rough part of the mountains, where there was but little water, the game became very scarce, and our fresh meat was reduced to a very small quantity. Upon nearing the foothills, our hopes were again raised by the appearance of a large herd of buffaloes but a short distance ahead of us. We immediately took steps towards securing one or two calves, and once more replenish our supply. It was suggested that I should take my gun and cross a stream, which made a cut through the side of a small hill, about one hundred and fifty feet high from the bed of a creek. On three sides of this hill there was a gentle slope to the top, where there was about an acre of ground, quite flat.

It was arranged that I should approach the herd from one side of the hill, and one of my companions was to take up a position on the opposite side, so that when I fired they would run towards him, and he would be able to get a shot also. I started off feeling quite sure that we would soon have fresh buffalo meat. Crossing the stream, I crept along, under cover of some small knolls, until I got within range of a fine buffalo calf. At the crack of the rifle he fell to the ground, giving a number of bleats, which brought his mother to his side. She, on smelling blood, began to bellow in an alarming manner.

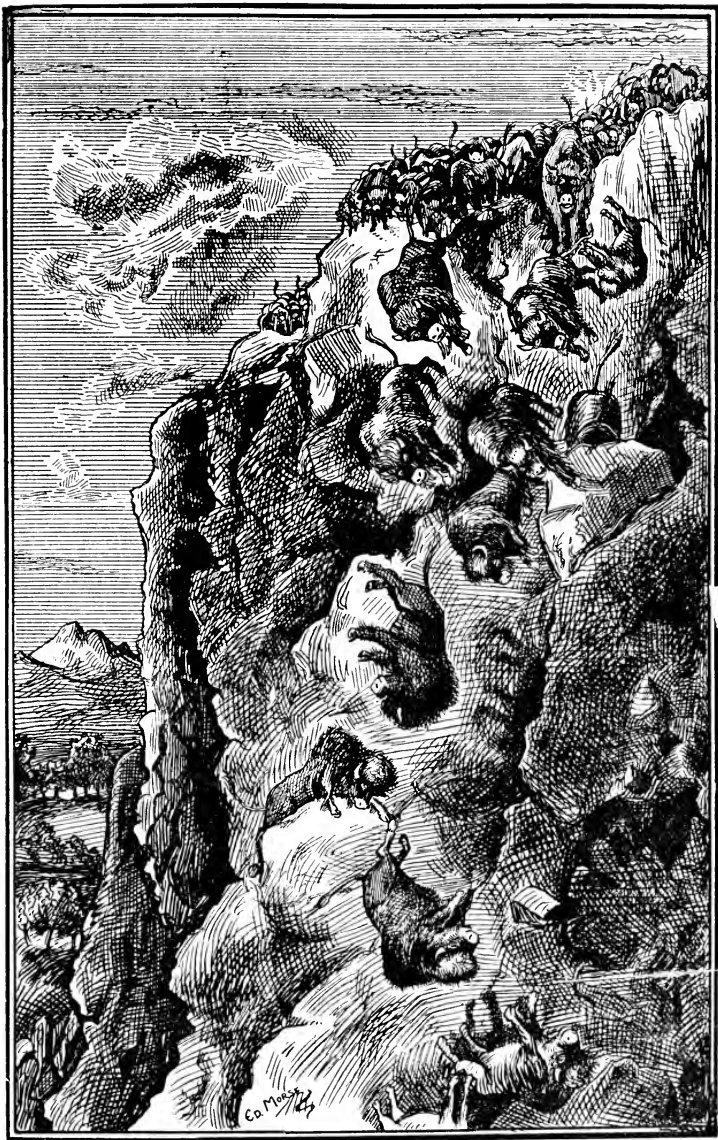
This drew the attention of the entire herd to the scene. The sight did not please me, for some of the old bulls began to paw the ground and fight among themselves, and I became alarmed lest I should not get my fatted calf after all. Thinking to frighten them away, I arose from my hiding-place, making as much noise as a Sioux Indian on the warpath; but instead of frightening them away, they only stood gazing in the direction of the noise. One of the old leaders came down towards me, seemingly to make my acquaintance; but I did not appreciate such friendship, so once more brought my gun to my shoulder and fired. The bullet seemed to satisfy his curiosity as to who or what I was, so, with a snort, he whirled around. This was a signal to the entire herd, for they started up the hill at full speed, with their tails high in the air. In a few minutes they turned in the direction of my friend, who, on seeing the whole herd coming toward him, seemed to lose his head. He commenced firing his gun and swinging his coat, and in this way he was successful in turning them again in my direction. On they came in an immense moving body, which seemed to me would trample to death every living thing which happened to be in front of them. Frightened within an inch of my life, for I had not time enough to reach a place of safety, I had no alternative but to adopt the stratagem of my friend, and by waving my coat and shouting lustily I succeeded in turning the leaders of the herd, and they, on turning back, ran into the enraged animals behind them, for by this time they had become maddened by the smell of blood and the firing of our rifles. There they were, struggling and fighting in their attempts to pass each other. I now saw a chance to make my escape, and

ran down the hill and across the creek, for fear they should again turn in my direction. My fears were not realized, for the furious animals had now made a move in another direction, and were rushing up the hill towards the piece of level ground on the top. This was the road to destruction, but on they rushed, mounting the high hill, which overlooked the creek, and which terminated in a precipice.

So long as they could keep running they did not seem to fear, or care whither they were going, but I thought they must surely turn on coming to the precipice. They did not realize what was before them, and what would be the result if their headlong course was pursued.

By this time I was well up on the opposite bank of the creek, where I could view them as they rushed along. I almost held my breath as I gazed, and thought, "Why do they not stop? Will they attempt to leap over that fearful precipice?" My thoughts were only too closely followed by the animals themselves, for as they neared the edge, they showed no signs of making a halt. The end had now come.

As the animals in front came to the brink, there was no chance for them to stop, for the moving mass behind kept crowding them over, until the air was full of the falling buffaloes, and as they came down on the jagged rocks about a hundred feet below, there was a continual thud and crackling as they rolled down to the creek. Such a terrible sight I cannot describe. When they struck the rocks, life seemed to be knocked out of them, for by the time they rolled into the creek not a move was made by any one of them; and there they remained,



A BUFFALO STAMPEDE.

a huge mass of mangled bodies. There must have been fully two hundred of those noble animals, piled in a lifeless mass at the foot of the precipice, and as we gazed at the terrible scene of destruction, it almost made the tears come to the eyes of our entire party.

No animal which has trod American soil has afforded so much relief to the pioneer as the buffalo. He withstood the storms, and was seemingly ever ready to be slaughtered without much effort on the part of the hunter, and to furnish meat for the adventurer who left all traces of civilization behind, and made his home where domestic herds were never seen.

LOCATING A COLONY.

PART I—A PRAIRIE FIRE.

In the year 1868, the employes of the Union Pacific Railway Company at Omaha organized themselves into a body for the purpose of locating a colony. Three men were chosen for their explorers: one to go west into Nebraska, one into Eastern Dakota, and the other into Kansas. I was assigned to the latter place, and after some preliminary work, took my credentials and started on my journey, accompanied only by a large horse, whose duty it was to carry me across the plains, a distance of over two hundred miles.

I took with me a letter from the Mayor of Omaha to the Governor of Nebraska, who, in turn, was to give me an order to the state militia, stationed at the headwaters of the Republican River, in Kansas, and from that point I was to have an escort to accompany me to the frontier. The Indians at that time were reported as being

on the warpath in the vicinity which I proposed visiting. This I learned from a scout who had made a number of trips to the frontier. He informed me, also, of a beautiful valley, which the Indians guarded with considerable jealousy, and made war upon the pale-faces who dared to intrude upon their hunting-grounds. These tales, however, did not alter my mind, for I had determined to fulfill my mission under any circumstances, my whole aim being to secure the best location.

Notwithstanding my firm intentions, I naturally reflected a good deal on what I might encounter during the next few weeks in that new country, and often concluded that I might be on a wild-goose chase, after all. Arriving at Lincoln, and getting my order to the militia, I left the following morning, feeling that my journey had begun in earnest. I rode along very slowly, as my road was simply a trail through the long prairie grass, having only been trodden by a few frontiersmen, probably bent on a similar mission.

Along in the afternoon I noticed the smoke from a prairie fire in the distance, and which seemed to have been burning for some time, judging from the large tracts of burnt ground which lay to the east. The fire in the distance appeared quite insignificant to me at that time: nevertheless, the thought of those broad prairies, with such a tall growth of grass, being once on fire and fanned by a high wind, which often prevails in that country in the fall of the year, would occasionally flash through my mind. When night overtook me, I spread my blankets on the bank of a small creek, my wrist acting as a picket pin for my horse. The night moved slowly, and many times I raised myself to look around and satisfy myself

that my horse was still with me. As the small hours came, the skies began to lighten in the east and west from the prairie fires, which had been burning slowly in the afternoon, but were now being fanned by the wind that had sprung up during the night. Before morning I began to think that it might be possible that I should experience the much-dreaded prairie fires, which I had often heard described by scouts and ranchmen as being the dread of the plains.

At early dawn I packed my blankets, saddled my horse and started on my journey again. I intended to make my next stopping point at a small creek, about forty miles distant, where I could obtain water.

The fires meanwhile were coming nearer and growing larger every minute, and it was then that the thought of being chased by the prairie fires appeared worse to my mind than being chased by wolves in Russia. I lost no time in pushing my willing horse towards my only point of safety, but as the sun rose so did the wind, which had fanned the flames from an insignificant blaze to a wild, roaring sheet of fire, spreading for many miles both to the right and left.

By nine o'clock matters had assumed a serious aspect. The fire came nearer and nearer, and showered its smoke and heat down upon my poor, panting horse. It was evident we were not to gain our point of safety before the flames would overtake us. After glancing around a few times, I became satisfied that to escape the impending peril, it was necessary to start a fire of my own, and as soon as the grass was burnt, get my panting steed on the burnt ground, and wait for the main body of the flames to sweep past.

I pulled up my horse, dismounted, lit a fire, and waited in the dense cloud of smoke and heat until the grass would burn. I did not have long to wait, for the long grass quickly burst into fierce flames and rushed on with the wind. I mounted my horse, intending to ride through the back fire, but as the animal seemed to understand the danger we were in, he became very nervous and highly excited, and as we approached the heat, all my urging failed to make him leap through the flames on to burnt ground. I finally blindfolded him and spurred him on again, but it was of no avail, as he would rear and snort on approaching the flames and refuse to go further. Further delay being dangerous, I galloped around the burning grass I had lit, thinking I might come to some place where I could save my horse, for I knew he could hold out but a short time longer. Whatever was to be done, must be done quickly, for I could feel him sway under my weight and the intense heat. I again dismounted and started another fire, but with the same results as before. Remounting, I decided to ride him as long as he could hold out, and then I would be obliged to leave him and look towards my own safety. As I rode along, I discovered a buffalo trail, which enabled me to build a fire, without having the back fire to contend with, and in a few minutes we were on burnt ground and following up the burning grass. By this time the main body of the fire, together with the fires I had lit, came rushing down upon us with such fierce heat that it seemed as if we must perish in the flames or be suffocated with the smoke.

By breathing through a handful of earth, I could get

some little relief. My poor horse reeled from side to side, like a drunken man, and finally dropped down.

However, the battle against the flames at this point was short, though fierce, and the flames swept past. My now exhausted animal was unable to go any further, so I started out on foot, taking a small quantity of buffalo meat, with some crackers and cheese, as provisions.

On going over the burnt ground, I could see numerous birds and animals, burnt to crisps, unable to escape the flames.

After walking about an hour and a half, I came to a small cabin on the bank of a creek. A most sorrowful picture met my gaze. Everything but the cabin was still burning, and as I approached I could hear some one sobbing. On going to the door, I saw there a poor woman, with two little children clinging to her dress and crying very pitifully. At my approach, they seemed very much frightened; for I had become so blackened from the smoke that my appearance was more like a negro than a white man. I assured them that the worst was over, and asked for a bucket of water for my horse, which she gave me. I listened to the poor woman's story, in which she told me that her husband had gone to Salean with a grist of wheat, and that she was afraid he was burnt to death. She was very anxious that I should go in search of him, which I agreed to do, after I had carried the water to my horse. This latter undertaking was a much harder task than I at first imagined, for it was a long distance. At last I reached the weary animal, and as I approached he saw the bucket, and gave a longing whinny, and thrusting his nose down to the bottom of it, drank with great eagerness. I then started back to the house, leading



A PRAIRIE FIRE.

my horse, and arrived there after sundown, feeling as if I could not take one more step. I laid my blankets down, but, tired as I was, could not sleep for the cries of the poor woman. I rose about three o'clock next morning and started out on foot in the direction she had given me, in search of her husband. I had gone about fifteen miles, when I came to a wagon, but no sign of a horse or man could I see in any direction. Leaving the road, I crossed the Republican River and found the horses about two miles beyond where I had crossed. Leading the horses back to the wagon, I hitched them up—for they still had the harness on—and after driving in the direction of the house for about five miles, I saw what appeared to be a man, walking over the burnt grass toward me. In due time he came up. He was the owner of the team. In a few words I told him what had happened. He seemed very much affected, and as the tears ran down his cheeks, I could not hide my own tears from him as he told me how he had toiled and of the privations he had undergone to make a home for his wife and family, and now he was left with only what was in his wagon.

On returning to the house, he and his wife thanked God for having spared their lives. That evening, as I listened to their tales of their hardships and experience on the frontier, I became rather discouraged with the colony enterprise, and had it not been for my resolutions in the beginning and my determination to see the place I was bound for, I would have gladly backed out and let the colony be located by some one else.

In the morning I started out on foot, as my horse was completely broken down from his sufferings. I had about eighty miles to walk before I could reach the militia. On

the third day I arrived at my destination, somewhat tired, but was soon rested.

I presented my orders for an escort, and, with seven soldiers and two wagons and saddle-horses, we started for what was known as the Limestone and White Rock country. After about a week's journey, we arrived at the point for which I had started, and after surveying the country thoroughly and making the necessary notes, we turned our attention to killing buffalo, which were very numerous. One could look in all directions, as far as the eye could reach, and see hundreds of thousands of these noble animals of the plains. Today there are but few left.

The pioneers used this buffalo meat instead of beef, and it was called jerked buffalo. To prepare this, the meat was cut into long strips, thoroughly salted, and hung over a slow, smoking fire until thoroughly cured, then packed into the wagon boxes.

We found three ponies and two mules, which we thought had strayed from some frontiersman. Could our eyes have beheld what was then taking place a few miles away, undoubtedly our blood would have stood still at the sight; for while we were killing and drying buffalo meat, the Indians were massacring a party of surveyors only six miles from our camp, and to whom the ponies and mules found by us had belonged.

We were surprised to find, during our stay, that the man in charge of supplies had failed to take a sufficient supply of flour, and that therefore we would have to live on jerked buffalo meat for the remainder of our journey, which would take at least nine days. We succeeded very

well in this respect, with the exception that our teeth became very painful from chewing the dried meat.

On arriving at the settlement, we made the acquaintance of a nice German lady, who, having heard of our condition, cooked some nice chickens with dumplings, mashed potatoes, raised biscuits and butter. I think this was the best meal I ever ate.

On leaving the settlement, I pushed on toward home, and in due time arrived safely, without any further adventures on the return trip.

The news of the massacre of the surveying party by the Indians had created quite an excitement before my arrival, and many rumors had been circulated regarding my safety.

The other explorers, who had started out at the same date as myself, had returned with glowing accounts of a beautiful valley, much nearer and accompanied with less danger than in the direction I had taken.

LOCATING A COLONY.

PART II—A NEBRASKA BLIZZARD.

When I returned from the Limestone and White Rock country, it was too late to go and take possession of our proposed new homes, which we were day by day picturing in our minds as a thriving city, and hoping that in the near future it would be one of the many prosperous frontier settlements of which Nebraska was boasting at that time. Few of us knew what it meant to go many miles away from a settlement and start, as many of us intended, with the savings of a few months, and expect to be able to cope with older and richer places. We

could not fail to see what had been done by our neighbors, who were still living examples of what courage and energy could do.

We therefore looked forward with great impatience to the day on which we might start our teams in the direction of the promised land.

Our government about this time passed the Homestead Act, granting each American citizen one hundred and sixty acres of land as his own, if he would improve and live upon it.

On the 10th day of April, 1869, we started for the land of our dreams. The first four days of our journey were uneventful, but on the fifth day, as we neared the chosen lands, the excitement ran high. Numbers of our party desired to rush ahead and secure the most desirable locations, and several severe reprimands were necessary to keep down the wild enthusiasm; finally we rounded up the would-be deserters, and all agreed to camp for the night. In the morning it was agreed to lay out a town-site, and then to survey one hundred and sixty acres of land for each man, and all to draw lots for choice. As night came on, the wind rose steadily, and by morning of the next day was blowing a perfect gale. It was very plain to me that we were soon to have the experience of encountering a blizzard, for which Nebraska has a national reputation, producing them in all their playful moods.

I urged that immediate steps be taken to meet our formidable foe and prepare for the worst. The wagons were drawn up in the form of a circle, making the famous "wagon corral," into which we drove our animals. We had commenced to make bread and bake beans, to last us through the blizzard, when the storm struck us with all

its fury. Some of our party had gone out for wood to the neighboring forest, which was but a short distance away, and it was proposed to take the wagons and stock to it for shelter, but the ascent to the timber was so steep that this was rendered impossible. Before the fuel-gatherers had returned with a supply, the snow began to fall in large flakes, which, melting, wet everything it touched. Our efforts to cook were unsuccessful, and all hopes for a warm meal were abandoned. In less than an hour, our stock was huddled up, shivering with the cold. The five preceding days had been as warm as June weather. Our whole attention was now turned toward our stock, the snow falling more heavily every moment and the cold growing more intense.

We tried rubbing the animals, to lessen their sufferings, but long before night we became convinced that other methods must be adopted, or our stock would perish. One by one, we went to our wagons, drew out our blankets and covered our animals. One of the party tried other means, by exercising his animals outside the corral, but it was with the utmost difficulty he succeeded in finding his way back. By this time, both the earth and sea seemed to be flying through the air, and a man would not have been able to recognize his wagon ten feet away. One may as well try to face an Iowa or Wisconsin cyclone as to face a Nebraska or Dakota blizzard, and the one we were now trying to brave out had become full-grown, and demanded the earth, which request was granted, so far as we were concerned.

As night came on, every crack in our wagons was filled with snow, and when we crawled under cover we realized the need of the blankets, which we had shared

with our stock. The wind blew a gale. It seemed to pick up each wagon, shake it and throw it down—then go to the next and do likewise. At daybreak, the man on watch cried out, "All alive, except Murphy's rooster." He had perished during the night. The second day was spent in trying to keep warm, but with very unsatisfactory results. The stock began to show the effects of cold and hunger. Many suggestions were forthcoming, but at length we decided to wrap the animals' limbs with whatever we could find, for we all realized the importance of saving the stock. We went to work with a will, as we saw that the poor creatures could not survive much longer, unless afforded relief in some way or other.

We used old pantaloons, overalls, and even our spare underclothing, to wrap the limbs of the shivering brutes, and they seemed to appreciate our efforts on their behalf. Horses and mules, dressed in pantaloons, presented a ludicrous sight. When we crept into our wagons the second night, I, for one, had lost considerable enthusiasm, and would have sold my interest in the colony for a square meal and a good bed. The night was colder, and, if possible, the wind blew harder than before.

I almost regretted my generosity to my four-footed fellow-sufferers. On the morning of the third day, the snow seemed to have spent itself, but the wind continued to blow the drifting snow in our faces, and it kept us chilled to the very center of our bodies. Not until four o'clock in the afternoon were we enabled to cook some warm food. During the three days of the storm, we had eaten nothing but crackers, cheese and sardines.

The next morning the sun rose in all its glory, bright and shining upon the snow, which was piled mountains

high, and which caused our entire party to suffer from snow-blindness. We had to blacken our faces to keep from becoming blind entirely.

The snow was so deep that we could not move our teams for five days, and then very slowly. During this time we had laid out our town, while traveling through the snow-drifts, and located our homesteads, and by the time the snow had melted, we had laid the foundations of our new homes.

While all this was going on, I could not help asking myself if it was necessary for me to fight fire, face blizzards, equalize myself with dumb animals, share my bedding and underclothing with horses and mules; and after due deliberation, with plenty of experience and very little profit, I said to myself, "Travel on, old man—you can't do worse," and so I am still going.

Twelve years later, while on a trip to the gold fields in Dakota, I visited the colony and found a fine town, with a flourishing community. It is now called Crichton, Nebraska.

My old pioneer friends gave me a very hearty welcome, and had many tales of interest to tell. On leaving them once more, they presented me with a history of their interesting little city.

SOUR BREAD OR NO BREAD.

While on a trip before mentioned, we had an experience whereby we succeeded in finding out the true character of a mule.

Few people live long enough to learn all the characteristics of a mule. When one thinks he has solved all

the peculiarities pertaining to a mule, it is then that this long-eared, big-headed and small-footed animal can show him that he is just in his infancy of understanding.

In my opinion, one can easier solve Jay Gould's tricks on the New York stock market and become a millionaire, than learn all the tricks of a real, first-class, frontier pack-mule.

Unlike most other animals, he studies his business and profits by experience. A good mule can tell you when the redskins are in the neighborhood; he can tell you where there is water, and he can smell danger in any form. In fact, he acts as a barometer to the pioneer, and if we had consulted that ungainly head oftener, it would have saved us lots of trouble and annoyance. When you go back beyond his praises and try to drive him against his judgment, then comes the "cussedness" of his race. Nature says, the mule is either perfect, or is such a disgrace to the animal kingdom that they never propagate.

We cannot, then, say what mules would become, if they were as prolific as other animals.

At the particular time of which I now write, our flour was packed on the back of a large black mule, which I have spoken of before in one of the incidents of that trip. We all considered him the safest animal to carry such a precious burden; for the pioneer guards his flour, and looks upon it as he does his rifle, for without either it would become impossible to make headway in a new country, far from any settlement, and not knowing what is before him.

We felt that in case of an attack by the Indians our mule would be the last to surrender his burden.

In passing through a desert part of the country, we suffered to a great extent from want of water, having been without this precious fluid of nature for over thirty hours. To be in an alkali country, where there is very little vegetation, in the hottest part of the year, and without water, is a painful situation, and the reader can but vaguely imagine our sufferings. We had separated, and were a considerable distance apart in our search for some small stream or creek, but, from the indications of the country, there seemed but little hope that we would be successful. Our sufferings had become indescribable, and if it had been in the power of any one of us to give away the universe for a few drops of water, such a sacrifice would have been made only too readily. I have often thought of our sufferings, and tried to explain the misery and utter helplessness which one feels when in want of water. We had reached a point and were in such a condition that we had given up in despair all hopes of being able to survive, unless we should find water within a few hours. I had not taken notice that "Old Slasher," as we called the black mule, began to quicken his step and then broke into a fast trot, and in a few minutes had passed out of sight. The mule had been following an old buffalo trail, and had traveled some distance ahead, while I was climbing a small hill, in order to get a view of the surrounding country and note any indications of a stream. At this hurried movement on the part of the mule I became very much annoyed. I watched him disappear, and there was no alternative for me but to follow him.

After running about half a mile, and no sign of the mule, I suddenly came upon a most beautiful stream of

clear spring water, about eight feet deep and fifteen feet wide, and there, in the middle of the stream, was that fool of a mule, drinking as if he intended to drink the stream dry. I have heard the story of the old horse who swam the river to get a drink, and here was a mule who took a lesson from the old horse. I did not make any effort to get him out until after I had quenched my thirst. On coming to the water, I immediately gave the signal that water was found, by firing two shots in quick succession, then threw myself down at the water's edge and drank and drank again. It seemed as though I could not drink enough, and as I lay there drinking, one of my companions came up, who seemed to be suffering more than any of us. His lips were swollen in a frightful manner, his eyes dilated, and his tongue protruding from his mouth. On seeing the water, he seemed to lose what little reason he had left, and commenced to cry like a child. In a few minutes the other members of the party came up, and were soon drinking the draught of life. After satisfying our thirst, our attention was attracted to the mule, who was swimming about in the stream. On his back was our supply of flour. The poor animal, in his eagerness to get at the water, had slipped down the bank, and was now unable to get out again. He had drank so much water that his body was swollen, and the straps holding the pack were so tight that we had some difficulty in getting them loose. We found that the flour was almost entirely wet through; there being only a very little in the middle of each sack which was dry. This was a very serious matter to us, but, fortunately, we had about a sack, which we had been using, on one of the other animals. There were a good many suggestions forth-

coming as to what was best to be done with the wet flour. As we took the dough out of the sacks, each man looked as though he had lost his best friend. We kneaded the wet flour, and rolled it very thin, and by laying it on flat stones it soon became perfectly dry. When we wanted to make bread, this dry dough was wet up again and baked.

This was a very poor substitute for bread, and it became sour and would not rise in baking, but our tempers rose whenever we tried to swallow it. If that poor mule could have understood what was said in trying to eat this sour mixture, I have no doubt he would have concluded to go and live with the Sioux Indians rather than take chances where there was so much growling over some wet dough.

After this incident, the mule was looked upon as a bad animal, and he had not a friend in the crowd. We seemed to forget that he had been the means of bringing us to the water, which had saved our lives. Each man felt as if he owed him a whipping, but was always waiting for some reasonable excuse to do so, until one morning the opportunity presented itself to inflict the chastisement. On going to the bacon sack, I discovered that Mr. Mule had been helping himself. Not satisfied with the earth to graze upon, he must needs make an attack on our short supply of bacon to appease his enormous appetite.

On making the fact known to my comrades, I expected that poor Slasher's time had come at last. But this mule was no fool, and seemed to know there was danger in the air; for when we got ready to pack up, he for the first time on the trip, did not take his place as usual, but

kept at a respectful distance, evidently waiting until we would calm down before allowing himself to be caught. If any one of us could have laid hands on him at that time, there would have been a settlement of old scores. With all his faults and tricks, he was ever ready, and never failed to carry his pack; and indeed he did not seem to know his strength.

BUFFALO'S LAMENT.

Oh, you hunters, proud of gore!

 Their homes you've come to, as of yore,
Not content to slay for food,
 But to felle them, all that stood.

Not that they had ever wronged you,
 For they knew but storms to fight;
None to feed them, none to guard them,
 All to charge them in their plight.

You call it sport, you heartless beings;
 They should look for succor there,
But alas, 'twas you who slew them
 For the robes that they did wear.

Would to God that he had placed them
 In plains too wide for you to cross;
Had but left them to the savage,
 And not the legions of the cross.

Once their homes, their lands so free,
 Once the play-ground of their millions;
Now is left not one to see,
 Of these herds and their destiny.

This is but an act of Nature.
 As in her onward course she flies,
While the strong arm of the Nation
 Wipes from earth these noble ties.

THE DOWNFALL OF BIG STEVE.

During the early part of the sixties, while connected with the N. P. R. R., I became acquainted with a man by the name of Steven Stokes. He was a good mechanic and while sober was a good companion. We became quite warm friends and I called on him at his home a number of times. He had a noble little wife and two bright children, of which he should have been proud. However, he would at times take too much liquor, and while under its influence he became a perfect demon, and would quarrel with his best friend.

One day he came to me after one of his sprees and said he was going out on the road and wanted me to join him, which I declined to do. Some months later I was in Laramie, Wyoming, where I was called on by the railroad men to join in a movement to avenge the life of one of the railroad employees, who had been most brutally murdered for a few paltry dollars which he had earned by long hours of hard work along the line of the road.

Outlawry had come to such a state that it was not safe for one to leave his car after night, and almost every night one or two men were knocked down and robbed while going to or coming from their quarters. The railroad men had formed a vigilance committee to secure safety to the railroad men and property.

I was told that Big Steve was at the head of the gang that was waylaying whoever they suspected of having any money. Upon asking who this Big Steve was, to my great surprise I was told that he was a carbuilder from Omaha. I told the foreman I could not take any part in the affair, as I had worked with him in the Omaha shops,

and thought that some other method might be used than what I felt was in store for the men who had so brutally assailed the railroad men. Had it not been for a number of good friends of mine who explained my position, the boys might have handled me rather roughly, but I was excused and told to keep out of sight, which I was glad to do.

During the following two hours the cold drops of perspiration ran over my face, for I knew too well the nature of their mission and also the kind of man they had to deal with, for Stokes was not much less than a giant, standing six feet five and a half inches in his stocking feet, and anything but a coward.

As this band of staunch wage earners and justice dealers started forth, I listened with bated breath to hear the sound of the battle which I thought must take place before a capture could be made. They went not as a column of militia, but as a band of brave men, determined to execute justice for one of their comrades, who without the least chance for defense, had been laid low, with no law to avenge the inhuman act, save this band now enroute to act as judge, jurors and executioners.

This man Stokes, not content to feed his thirst in the numerous saloons that were openly dealing out the rattlesnake poison to their fellowmen, had started one of his own in a tent, with drygoods boxes as a counter. On entering the den, which was filled with loafers and robbers of his own class, the avengers stepped forward and with drawn revolvers, commanded him to throw up his hands. With a bound he sprang forward and seized the first man within reach, but not without half a dozen shots being fired at him, some of which went wild of their mark, but



THE DOWNFALL OF BIG STEVE.

others pierced the now raving desperado. The fight was on, but close encounter prevented guns being used, and only by multiplied forces were they able to bind him beyond resistance.

During this time two more of his gang had been taken in and made ready for the death march to a log cabin where the roof at the gable end projected some eight feet beyond the main building, and the huge logs which supported the roof were some ten feet above the ground. Stokes, bleeding from his many wounds, was dragged with his two pals to this improvised scaffold, a ladder placed against the logs and a rope put over it. One by one the doomed robbers were asked what they had to say. With words too vile to repeat, they still struggled until they were swung into eternity by being pulled up by a hundred strong men. They were left hanging until the following day, when they were photographed and their pictures stuck up in many public places as a warning to others. Stokes' wife was given money by the railroad men and sent back to her parents in Iowa.

Some months later the vigilantes had a fight with a gang of desperadoes at Bear River, where a number of men were shot and three were hung. This ended the career of the band of outlaws known as the "Laramie Road Agents."

MY GERMAN FRIEND.

The following lines will relate how young men may be drawn together through some incident that remains the key to friendship through life; and this is one which, if properly described, would make interesting reading and at the same time not draw on the imagination.

During the sixties, while connected with the Union Pacific Railroad, I had charge of the iron work for the car department at Omaha, Nebraska. The company was building some box and flat cars and it was my duty to be around among the different squads of car builders to see that they did not want for material. While thus employed I had noticed a young German, who was one in a gang composed of Irishmen, and whenever an opportunity presented itself they would throw iron or lumber on him and did not hesitate to strike him, this being done with a view of driving him from the gang, so that he could be replaced by one of their own nationality.

My sympathy soon made me keep a close watch over their maneuvers, and it was not long before I saw a gang bringing in some car sills, and in the lead was the German who could not understand English and was therefore at the mercy of the unprincipled men. At the word "throw" every man sprang from under the sill, leaving the German to receive the shock of one end of the falling sill; and to add insult to injury they laughed at the misery they had caused as a climax to the abuse. While the German stood rubbing his shoulder the foreman of the gang said, "Be gob, if he gets a few more like that hale quit the job." It is sufficient to say that I got "warm under the collar," and demanded an explanation for such treatment and was told that it was none of my business. At this the young German came forward and tried to explain in his broken language that they had misused him. I threatened to report them to the superintendent of the department. As a justification of their conduct the lie was given and the foreman got a slap in the mouth before the word had gone three feet. I must

say the German came to the front like a captain and in short there was some lively exhibitions of pugilistic science in which we found ourselves outnumbered, but we made a good showing and what we lacked there we made up in reporting the affair to the superintendent and having the consolation of seeing two of the ring leaders leave the shop.

During that afternoon I was told that they intended settling old scores on leaving the shops, so I invited my new friend to go home with me, which invitation he accepted. I must say that I did not feel as though I had struck a fortune in my new comrade, but I had enlisted in the cause and was going to see it through.

I went home with my prize and introduced him to my landlady. Being told that she had no spare rooms, I had him occupy my room with me, and here was the beginning of a true friendship. He gave me his brief history as best he could, for he could not speak English and I could not speak German; but there was a feeling of friendship, and we were soon able to carry on a general conversation, my new friend starting out with the name of Peter Siems and learning English much faster than I did German. Our evenings were spent very pleasantly by my getting a great deal of knowledge of Germany and my friend posting himself in the ways of the Yankee nation.

Here comes another chapter, of which the foregoing seems to have been only the text, that started us on the road to our future pursuits. In our conversation I learned that my friend was inclined to leave the shops at an early date and start in some business that would by close application build up a fortune. My faith or confidence in this line was weak and I feared the venture, but as I longed

to see the West and still wished to stay by the railroad, I made an application to leave the shop and take a position out on the line, and my request was granted. My friend had no hesitation about leaving the company and went to Cheyenne to build a house to either rent or sell. Here we compared notes and my friend wanted me to leave the road and join him in contracting, but as before I lacked courage and feared a failure, so still stuck to my position on the road. We parted in Cheyenne, when my business called me out on the line of the railroad, and my friend was lost to me for some ten years, during which time I made many inquiries for him, without success. Meanwhile, I gained courage and had started to follow my German friend's advice by doing something for myself.

About this time the discovery of gold in the Black Hills was made, and having had a little experience in a mining camp while on a geological survey, I joined a company in Chicago which was called the Butts-Hammond Mining Company, built a five-stamp quartz mill and took it to the gold fields of Dakota to pound out of the rocks of ages the fabulous fortune that was reported to be waiting for our stamp mill.

We reached the promised land, but the gold had been so thinly distributed in the mountains of rocks that our little stamp mill made me feel as though the job was too slow to get rich quickly, so I went in search of a more lucrative business. And here is where I found my old friend Siems in a most peculiar manner. I was talking to some gentlemen in a lawyer's office, when one of the party said he had been on the Union Pacific, and I made inquiry if he had worked on that road. On being told that he had, I inquired at what point, and was told

at the Omaha shops and along the road. I then asked him if he knew a man along the road by the name of Peter Siems. At this he looked at me very sharply and said he did and that he also knew a man by the name of I. B. Hammond, at the same time he came forward, and I saw once more, to my great joy, my old friend Peter Siems. The hand-shaking was sincere and many a tale was told of the past ten years, but the greatest change was in my friend, who had developed from a beardless, green German boy to a refined-looking gentleman, without the least accent of the German language. He had married an American girl and was one of the proprietors of the Northwestern Transportation Company, then running a stage and freighting business between Bismarck and the Black Hills. Since then he has been doing railroad contracting, having done a large amount of work on the Canadian Pacific and built most of the Great Northern Railroad. I must say I am proud of my fight for the German boy.

THE MILKMAN'S REVENGE.

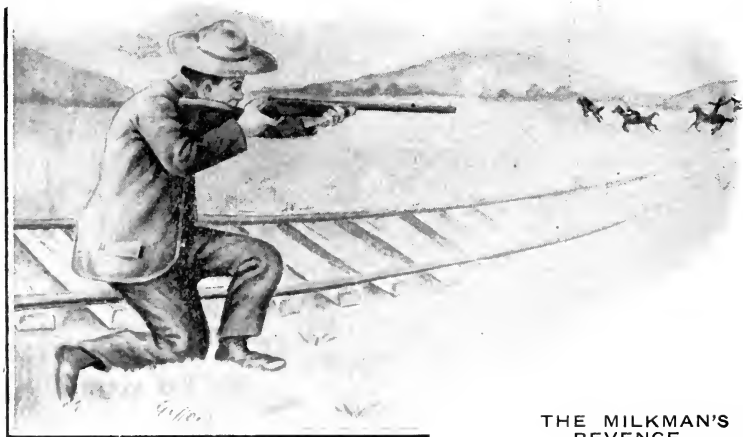
While I was stationed at Rawlings Springs, Wyoming Territory, during the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad, the Sioux Indians made many raids on the ranchers and railroad men along the line of the road. It was not an uncommon thing to hear of section men being run in, while trains were often wrecked and burned by the hostile reds.

One of my old roommates, a brakeman on the east end, had an experience through which but few men could have lived. He was on a west bound freight running out of Plumb Creek, Nebraska. The Indians had piled ties

on the track, which threw the engine from the rails and piled the cars in a shapeless mass. This accomplished, the Indians, with fiendish yells, made sure of their work with the tomahawk and torch. Having found liquor in the freight, they were soon yelping and dancing around the blazing wreck like so many devils in Hell.

My friend, Robt. Calhoun, half conscious, bleeding and stunned, crawled from the ruin, only to be pounced upon, scalped and left for dead. It was not long, however, before the redskins felt the full power of the fire-water and they lay sprawling around the wrecked cars in drunken stupor, or calling to each other with maudlin yells.

When my friend had revived sufficiently he crawled painfully along the ditch, which kept him from the view of the drunken bucks, carrying his scalp in his hand. After a severe struggle and with much pain he managed



THE MILKMAN'S
REVENGE.

to reach Plumb Creek and gave the news of the terrible wreck and massacre of the train men.

Maddened by such tales, men stood ready to take revenge on any Indian in sight.

The redskins had been seen almost daily along the line of the road about Medicine Bow, Fort Steele and Rawlings Springs. The fever ran high, and the general orders were to keep a sharp lookout, the company furnishing their trainmen and section hands with rifles and ammunition with which to defend themselves.

This was the condition of affairs when I was talking one Sunday morning, to an old friend of mine, Robert Shafer, foreman of the round-house at Rawlins. I asked him what he thought of our chances of being attacked. "Well," said he, "I have lived on the frontier for over thirty years, and I've never had to take to the bush yet."

"The chances are that we won't have an opportunity, if it comes to a showdown," I said.

"All right," said he, "I've a rusty old charge in my gun that has been loaded for the cusses for more than a year. I'd like to pull it off, and see what it would do when the smoke cleared away."

As we sat, sheltered from the wind, on the sunny side of the building, I glanced up, and noticing four or five cows grazing on the bunch grass, remarked, "Those cows would make good food for our red friends."

Shafer looked up and at the same instant we both sprang to our feet.

"They're after them now," said Shafer, for sure enough, there came five redskins mounted on ponies and running at full speed. They surrounded the cows and started them over a low range of hills.

Knowing they would cross the track on the other side of the hill about two miles above us, we armed ourselves, took a switch engine, and in less than ten minutes nearly a dozen armed railroad men were going up the track at a forty-mile gait.

During this time a general firing had been kept up from the hotel, and some of the bullets kicked up the dust very close to the Indians. The cows were too poor to make much headway, so they were left behind.

The milkman, hearing the fusillade from his ranch, started up the track, rifle in hand, but we were far in advance of him. We went some distance beyond where the trail crossed the track, and I called to my friend that we were going too far, but he said he knew where they would cross, so I laid on the coal pile in the tender, waiting for them to put in an appearance. I hadn't long to wait, for they were crossing the road about three-fourths of a mile back of us.

The milkman by this time had come within range, and as the report of his rifle reached us, we saw one of the bucks tumble from his pony. Quickly two of his companions whirled around, and coming up on either side of the fallen man, grasped his arms, turned and spurred their bronchos on, carrying him between them.

Again the milkman loaded and fired and another Indian reeled, but still clung to his pony. Before he could load for a third shot they had succeeded in putting themselves beyond the range of his weapon.

One of the railroad men and I had left the engine and made for a small hill, which was not a great distance from where they must pass. When we reached the hill we were but two hundred yards from them, but they had

seen us first and were laying on the sides of their horses and spurring them for all the speed in them to avoid our shot, having left the first Indian shot, who was delaying them. We concluded they had enough for that day, so allowed them to go.

On our return to the engine my friend Shafer was not choice in his reprimand to us for leaving the engine and going off where we could have been easily surprised by a band of warriors.

We then ran back to the milkman and joining him, followed the trail of the reds for about a mile, where we found a big buck cold and stiff. The milkman took his knife and scalped him in true Indian style, after which we put the body on the running board of the engine and brought it to the station, where it lay on the platform when the passenger train came in.

The killing of the two Indians put a stop to the depre-dations for a long time thereafter.

CUSTER'S MASSACRE.

(Written by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow on the massacre of General Custer in the Big Horn Mountains by Sitting Bull and the band of Sioux Indians.)

In the desolate land and lone,
Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone,
Roar down their mountain path,
By their fires the Sioux chiefs
Muttered their woes and griefs,
And the menace of their wrath.

In the meadows spreading wide,
By woodland and riverside,
The Indian village stood.
All was silent as a dream,
Save the rushing of the stream,
And the bluejay in the wood.



CUSTER'S MASSACRE.

“Revenge,” cried Rain-in-the-face,
“Revenge upon all the race
 Of the white chief with yellow hair.”
And the mountains dark and high
From their crags re-echoed the cry
 Of their anger and despair.

In their war paint and their beads,
Like a bison among the reeds,
 In ambush the Sitting Bull
Lay with three thousand braves,
Crouched in the clefts and caves,
 Savage, unmerciful.

Into that fatal snare,
The white chief with yellow hair
 And his three hundred men
Dashed headlong, sword in hand;
But of that gallant band
 Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death,
Overwhelmed them like the breath
 And smoke of a furnace fire;
By the river banks and between
The rocks of the ravine,
 They lay in their bloody attire.

But the foemen fled in the night,
And Rain-in-the-face in his flight,
 Uplifted high in air,
As a ghastly trophy bore
That brave heart that beat no more,
 The white chief with yellow hair.

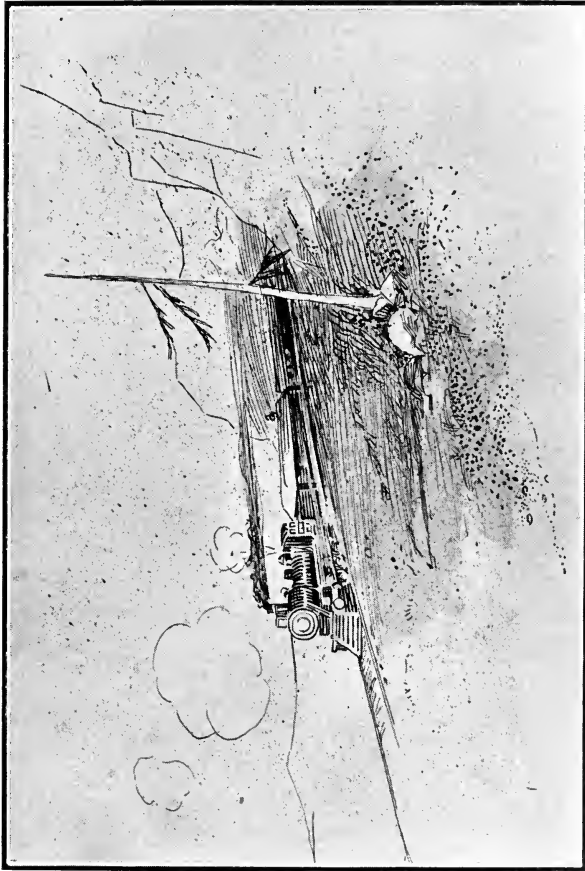
Whose was the right or the wrong,
Sing it, oh funeral song,
 With a voice that is full of tears;
And say that our broken faith
Wrought all that ruin and scathe,
 In a year of a hundred years.

A RUNAWAY TRAIN.

During the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad, I, like many other young men, had a longing to go to the front and see the road being built through the Rocky Mountains, little thinking what I was liable to encounter. Had I been willing to accept advice from others who had gone before, I would have avoided an endless amount of suffering. However, the old saying is, "Each man must do his own dying," and so he must have his own experience. This adventure confirms the latter expression quite fully, and I might say, was an order for experience that was filled to the letter.

To carry my desire into effect, I called on the superintendent of construction and secured a position on the water supply, with headquarters at Cheyenne, Wyoming. This afforded me excellent opportunities to see the new country and also have time to hunt, as there was plenty of large game along the line of the road.

While stationed at Cheyenne we got orders to go to Sherman Station and erect a pumping plant. After completing this work we were to go to Red Butte, which was sixteen miles west. We had seven cars in our outfit, which consisted of a cook car and bunk cars, together with general supplies. After laying at Sherman some ten days trying to get some obliging conductor to take us down the mountain to Red Butte, I succeeded in getting a friend of mine to break orders by taking us down at the tail of his train. All trains were restricted to ten cars, and as we had seven, added to the regular train, it very much exceeded the limit of the orders. However, by a little persuasion I succeeded in getting



A RUNAWAY TRAIN.

my friend to take us down, agreeing to help him brake the train.

We accordingly took our places along the train to obey the signal of the engineer. At this point I blamed my friend for not fully explaining the danger in taking a long train down a mountain over a new track, especially with a lot of clod-hoppers instead of professional brakemen. However, ignorance was bliss, and we pulled out from that dreary, cold station, where it had been raining and snowing almost continuously for days.

The conductor ordered one of his brakemen to remain and close the switch after the train had pulled out on the main line, and as we left the siding and struck the main track where the grade started down the mountain, we found we were going too fast to allow the brakeman who had been sent to close the switch to catch the train, so we were left with but one brakeman and the conductor and three or four green men who were of little or no use. As we left the switch the engineer called for brakes, and as each of our men set up his brake and started for the next car, he only succeeded in reaching it by crawling on his hands and knees, which ended his usefulness from that time on.

By this time the train was whirling through the air like a cannon ball and the engineer called loud and long for "brakes, brakes, brakes." The conductor with his lone brakeman did noble work, but they were outclassed and on sped the runaway train, over bridges, around short curves, through deep cuts, roaring like thunder from the clouds. The engineer in his endeavor to check the speed, would reverse his engine and surge back, and

every minute it seemed as if the cars must fly the track. I tried to act as brakeman; set up the brakes on one car and went to the next and found the pawl gone that held the brake set. I pulled the brake with all my strength. The engineer kept calling for "down brakes," and as he surged back again, I saw a stake that held the ties on a flat car break and a half dozen ties roll down between the cars. I drew in a long breath, expecting to see the train pile up and end further suspense, but we stuck to the iron all right. We flew down the rough track that had not been laid thirty days, and as we passed a tie siding where an engine was to await our coming, the conductor and engineer of the waiting train climbed the steep bank to keep from danger, as they expected to see us leave the track and smash into them. We finally reached Red Butte, where the grade was reversed and we came to a standstill, after running the sixteen miles in fifteen minutes from the time of leaving the switch.

During this run our cook car, which was occupied by a large darkey, was seemingly being kicked to pieces, and on opening the door of the car, in which he had been unintentionally locked, he came out with a determined look, and said to me, "Next time I rides down dat mountain I'se goin' to walk," and in fact I felt he showed good judgment, if he had to repeat that experience:

That night following our runaway my hand began swelling from the severe strain which I had exerted in holding the brake, and it finally terminated in the loss of the use of one of my fingers, having strained the cords to such an extent that they were permanently stiffened.

MINE SALTING.

Since my first connection with mines I have had three experiences with salted mines, and in each case the method of deception was different. The first was a very clever piece of work, and had for its subject myself and an old friend of mine, a man of long experience and one who prided himself as being "burglar proof," in the language of safe-men. But nevertheless, they opened our safeguard and took from us some eleven hundred dollars in cash and left us a few burglar tools and some experience, which probably is still good, for that particular kind of salting. It was unique in all its details; first, for the confidence with which they played their game, and second, in being able to keep it up day after day for three weeks. And were it not for a general suspicion that hovers around every mining deal, they most likely would have pocketed about eleven thousand dollars more; so we will credit up suspicion with eleven thousand and charge neglect with eleven hundred. A brief explanation of the way the fraud was practiced is as follows:

I was running a mine and mill and employing a large number of men in different capacities around the works. Among them was a miner known to have done considerable prospecting, who, like most of his class, would not work longer than to get a grub-stake, and then go off and try his luck again in search of a prospect that he could sell for a much larger sum than he could earn by day's work.

One morning this man came to the office and called for his time, saying he was going prospecting. After some five or six weeks he came to me and said he had a very fine prospect and wanted me to go and look at it.

This I agreed to do, and after getting from him considerable explanation of the general character of his prospect, I set the day to accompany him, but not without first getting his price and what he guaranteed this ore to run, which if it proved to be as stated, would make a good proposition. I had a neighbor who had been in the milling business for many years, and who was interested with me in some small deals, and I invited him to accompany me to see the property, which was some four miles up a mountain called Baldy.

We finally reached the prospect, which was located on the side of a steep hill. They had run a tunnel 35 feet into the hill, which did not look like anything I had seen before, but my friend said he had once worked a mine which resembled it and paid well. However, we set to work to prospect the workings, which seemed to carry good pay ore. Our samples were taken as a general test to see if it contained good averages. In short, we closed the deal and gave the prospector a cash payment and agreed to pay him the balance of \$12,000 (which was to be the price) at the expiration of sixty days, which was the longest bond we could get. We were then to put some miners to work to develop it, to see if we were to get value received for the money we were to pay at the expiration of that time.

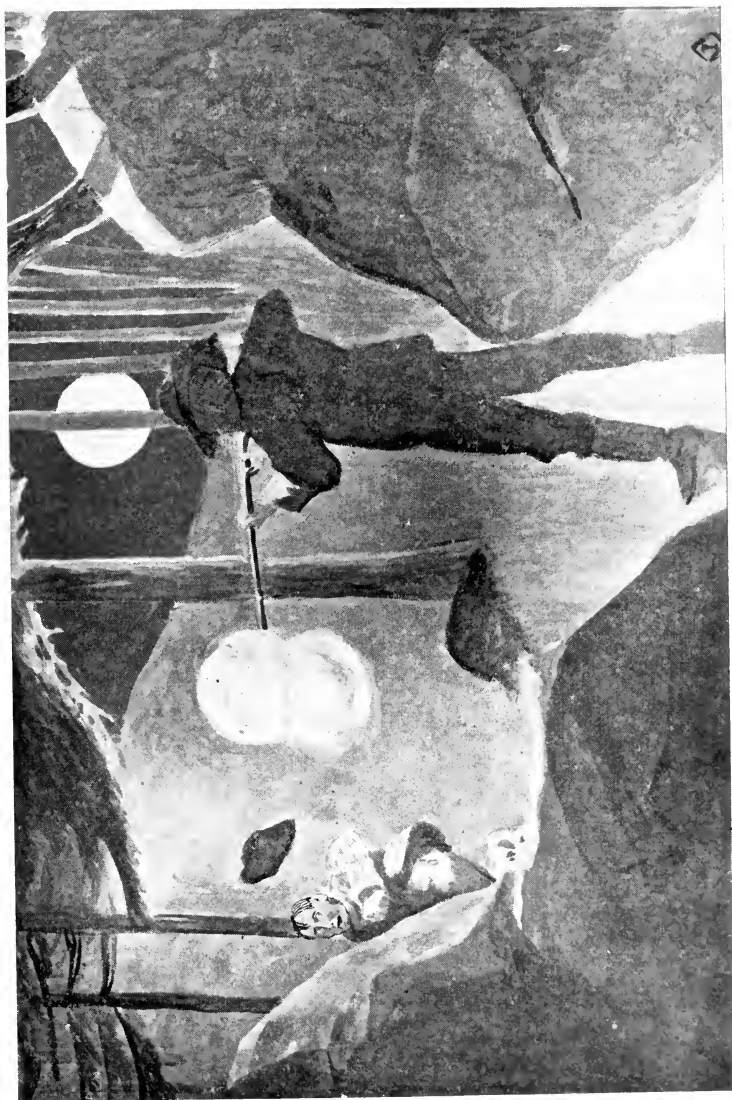
I accordingly took one of our best men and outfitted him with ponies for riding and packing, and set him to running the tunnel still further into the mountain. I also gave him instructions to the effect that on leaving the mine in the evening, he was to bring a sample of the ore from the face of the tunnel, and if I was not at home, to leave them at my cabin in the rotation of each day's

work. During this time I was spending much of my time away from home, and on my return I took the samples and commenced testing them in rotation. Number one was blank, number two—blank, number three—blank, and so on, winding up with my looking blank and saying blank—blank—blank! On the foreman returning home that evening I inquired as to the cause of such a showing, and he said that he had taken the samples as I directed. The next morning I accompanied him to the prospect. I took a sample from the face of the tunnel and pounded it up and panned it, which showed a good prospect. I called the foreman, and showing it to him asked him how he accounted for my finding such a prospect while none of his samples had carried a color. He said he had taken the samples as I directed and had not selected them. I felt like contradicting him, but concluded to run the results to a finish. While there I took a number more samples and did not fail to get good results. After giving him orders to continue bringing samples, I went home, feeling much relieved in regard to the mine, but there were the acts of my foreman, which still were not explained, and my suspicion had changed from the mine to the man. On my return the next week I started in to test the next lot of samples, and to my chagrin the results were as before. On the arrival of the foreman I informed him of the results, and while I did not venture to express my thoughts, I looked at him with contempt, merely saying I would go with him the next morning to the mine. As he turned to leave I saw he was not pleased with the way I was criticising him. He halted and turned, as if to say something, but finally moved on and I saw no more of him

until the next morning when he joined me for the ride up the mountain. During that four-mile ride there was not one dozen words spoken, I believing that he was trying to deceive me for the purpose of getting the mine for himself or some friend of his. On entering the tunnel I proceeded to take a sample, having tested the one he had brought down the night before as being taken from the face, where I was now taking mine. After completing the sample I went and pounded it up and panned it down, and much to my delight produced a long string of gold in the pan, which showed that the mine was improving by the development. I called the foreman and asked him to look at that, showing the sample. During this time I was getting rather "warm under the collar," as the miners say, and I was not alone in getting hot, for he looked at it and said, with blank—blank—between each word, that he would not work for a man who believed him lying, to which I replied I did not want a man to work for me that I could not believe, and asked him to explain the conditions. He said he had no explanation to make, but that he had done as he had been told and I must get some one to take his place. "Very well, that I will," said I, and turned to the light to examine my prospect, of which I was very proud. In doing so I saw some bright smooth pieces of gold, which I knew did not exist in quartz. I looked again and put it under a magnifying glass, which revealed the fact that fully one-third of the gold was placer gold. Where did this come from? I had dug it myself, allowing no man to handle my sample, and still the fact remained—it was there. I then began to get down off my high horse and look for fraud in other directions. During this time

the foreman was packing his traps to leave camp, but I was ready to make things right by finding the fraud, so I called to him, saying I thought we were both off and he had better come and help me find wherein the fault lay. In fact, we compared notes and commenced the search, but no trace could we find of any marks in the face of the tunnel which would indicate that any one had been disturbing it, but the fact remained; we could get gold for three or four inches in the solid face, and beyond that the rock was barren.

I told the boys to bring their tools home that night and I would see what the next twenty-four hours would bring forth. I went home and saw my partner, who examined the gold and said, "We've got it in the neck this time." "Well," said I, "there may be some one besides me that will get it." "Well," said he, "we had better pocket our loss and say nothing." But I was too hot to let it pass, and as night came on I took my horse and started for the camp. It was a long, lonely trail through the forest, and more than once did I have to climb down off my horse to find my hat, which was repeatedly knocked off by the brush. Finally I reached a place where I felt I had better take the trail on foot, so I climbed down and tied my horse to a sapling and started on foot toward the tunnel. I had not gone more than a hundred feet when I stepped on a stick, which broke, making a loud noise, and to my disgust there came the barking of a dog. This was the sentinel which was left to guard the approach of strangers. I stopped and stood still, waiting results, and in less time than it takes to tell, there came out of the mouth of the tunnel two men, whom the dog had warned. Their forms were just visible in the moon-



MINE SALTING.

light, and they needed no other warning, for they broke and ran up the creek. I called for them to halt and at the same time sent a couple of shots flying over their heads, which seemed to add speed to their flight.

I pushed on up the trail and entered the tunnel, where I found a piece of paper spread on the floor, with a small ratchet drill and some fine gold mixed with sand; also a goose quill and a piece of wire, which they had used to do the salting. This had been accomplished by their drilling the face of the tunnel full of holes with the one-eighth inch drill, then filling the goose quill with fine sand and gold, placing the small end of the goose quill in the drill hole, and taking the wire and ramming the hole full of sand and fine gold. This when done and a handful of sand or dirt thrown against the face made it impossible to detect the fraud, no matter how closely examined.

It is sufficient to say that the salters never came around to have us take up the bond; in fact, they left their blankets and hit the trail out of that locality for good.

A PREACHING EXPERT.

A majority of the people of a mining community are "mine owners." In fact, it will be hard to find a person in camp who has not his mining "interest," and who contributes to the support of the prospectors who do "assessments" and some development work. But in a "low grade ore" country development becomes so great an operation that the "capitalist" is the hope of most of the inhabitants. Each coach is watched; each de-

parture for the East is discussed privately and in print, and the citizens hope that the departing resident will bring back capital to develop the property. All agree that whatever the chance of success, every dollar brought in goes to develop the country and make prosperous times; for the money stays in the camp. Woe to the "blackmailer" who suggests that the money could be better spent elsewhere than on the chosen property.

The "watchers" of the Black Hills were rewarded one day by learning that a real capitalist was visiting the Hills in company with his own expert, the noted John Taylor of London. His guide was the good exploiter of Black Hills property—Bob Floorman.

Greenwood was the camp toward which his attention had been turned and many remembered the fine "pan-prospects" they had seen from the property, exhibited by a grocer on Sherman street. Still, there was a general feeling in town that the expert, Taylor, would find that property undesirable. The mistake became evident when it was learned that he had reported that the property was "better than the Homestake," and 3000 by 600 feet of \$10.00 ore could be shown. The doubters still shook their heads, but the sale was made, and provision was at once made for building a mill superior to anything in the world.

The principal capitalist, Matthew Laffin, of Chicago, was supposed to be worth seven millions, so pity need not be wasted on him. He was over seventy and didn't thank anybody for pity or advice. He was advised by John Taylor, the greatest mining expert in the world and a religious man, who could talk to a Sunday school,

make a prayer or preach a sermon to please the most critical. "Build me the mill; I will pay the bill," said he.

The mill was built for him to the Queen's taste by I. B. and W. B. Hammond, of Chicago and Deadwood. Nothing was wanting in this construction. The 120 stamps were of the latest Black Hills type, Blake heaviest crusher and Hammond ore feeders. The forest was searched for the heaviest timbers. Bull trains arrived daily from Fort Pierce bringing the machinery. From a wilderness with two log cabins a mining camp was constructed having 1200 inhabitants and of sufficient importance to wrest the county offices from the Democrats for the first time. Hard work was pleasure. The site was a paradise for a miner or a family—a low valley with a pretty, clear stream running through it and the hills on either side covered with tall pines—healthy and pleasant. The mine was well above the mill and a narrow gauge road and a locomotive were provided to haul the ore. Families of the miners built cabins and prepared to spend the winter and live there permanently.

Still doubt existed in some minds about the quality of the ore and the final success of the camp. But the great John Taylor of London was looking after that end of it—he and his sons and his inspector—all of England. He was not so busy but that he could look after the spiritual welfare of the community, and every Sunday he held services. Week days he and his good wife handed around tracts and presented prayer books to the miners.

The fall arrived and six inches of snow was on the ground, when the contractors declared the mill ready to start. Some little delay occurred in getting the ore chute

and bins ready at the mine. Mr. John Taylor was general manager and settled all contracts. A little dispute arose between the contractors and Taylor over the reading of the contract—a matter of \$1000 or so. It was settled one day. John Taylor was notified to pay up or keep out of the mill. He attempted to walk past the Chicago foreman of construction, but changed his mind and paid the last payment.

The contractors were very doubtful of his ability as a mining expert, or his honesty as a man, but as their overtures in that direction had been turned down by Mr. Laffin, they considered it their duty to complete the contract and be silent.

After the settlement of the contract, amicable relations being re-established, the said Taylor proposed a supper to celebrate. The miners were all to be invited, also some guests from Deadwood. In suggesting this to the junior contractor, Taylor said some liquid refreshment should be provided, and suggested the contractors could furnish the liquid, while he would furnish the solid food. Relying on the religious character Taylor had established, the contractor suggested beer and wine. Taylor replied: "A bottle of beer for each miner, and a bottle of wine for each of the others." The beer and the wine were provided. The supper was a great success, and it is related that Taylor, standing amidst flying corks, and with his own bottle of wine well sampled, delivered himself of a temperance lecture in which he promised to discharge any miner found going into a saloon. Some say the supper was opened by him with prayer.

All was ready for the trial run and, under the direction of a first-rate amalgamator, the stamps began crush-

ing ore. Five thousand tons were crushed and still the verdigris on the plates would not down. There must be something in the batteries. A clean-up was made and not five dollars of amalgam was found. Then came the crash. The end of John Taylor came when he met old man Laffin. All authority was taken from him and I. B. Hammond was put in charge to try to make the best of the wreck.

Arriving in Greenwood Hammond found the miners and disappointed workmen in a riotous state of mind. This was not to be wondered at, as many had, at considerable cost, brought their families there to settle and were now turned out of work in the winter. There was talk of hanging Mr. Taylor, but a vigorous speech by Mr. Hammond to the men calmed their minds and the law was allowed to take its course. Taylor was promptly sued and kept from leaving the territory.

The case came to trial with strong counsel on both sides. The intricacies of the deal, made before the developments above related, came out in the court proceedings.

Taylor had arranged with the owner of the mine to sell for \$17,000, but had arranged with Laffin to represent him as principal in the purchase of the property and get it at the lowest possible price. He represented to Laffin that \$100,000 was the lowest price for which it could be bought. They agreed that a representative of Laffin should go and see the property—a man trusted and respected by him and then in his employ. This man we will call Mr. A. Mr. A. visited the property; was a tenderfoot; was deceived and salted. He made an agreement with Taylor to receive a commission of \$10,000 and

reported favorably. Taylor divided with the Black Hills promoter \$78,000.

In court the lawyers for Taylor tried to show that the property adjoining had been examined by their expert in company with W. B. Hammond and pronounced good for \$2.00 to \$4.00 per ton. W. B. Hammond swore that at that examination he and said expert had dared the owner to show them one piece of ore that would show fifty cents per ton, and had pronounced said adjoining property valueless.

But a principle of law and "horse swapping," which, translated, means, "buyer beware," protected the skirts of Taylor. If Laffin had not sent Mr. A. to examine the property he could have recovered judgment against Taylor. As Laffin had sent A. as an expert, to examine the property, Taylor was cleared. Taylor then sued Laffin for damages, but got nothing, and Laffin discharged Mr. A. without a blessing of the right kind, or an interest in his will.

Mr. Taylor, in more bad business, was brought to justice in Mexico soon after by a mob. He was not John Taylor at all, but a sharper of the smoothest kind, and had no knowledge of mines whatever.

Mr. Hammond prospected the property, and finding no values; sold out all machinery and closed up matters for Mr. Laffin, who did not wince at the loss of over \$300,000, blamed no one but Mr. A. and himself, and thanked Mr. Hammond, besides making him a valuable present.

So ended the Greenwood affair. The beautiful site for a mine, though somewhat disfigured, still remains.

MY FIRST TRIP TO ALASKA.



In the year 1886, while spending some time in Boston, Mass., I was told, in the course of conversation with some mining men, of a wonderful mine in Alaska. I had previously met an engineer from that country, who had given me an account of the remarkable Treadwell mine, which had greatly excited my curiosity.

Learning that some Boston people had property adjoining the Treadwell, and wanted to contract for a large stamp mill, I called on the promoter of the enterprise to learn more about that property. When he learned that I was a mill builder, with many

years' experience in the erection of mining machinery, I was most cordially received. He was anxious to make a contract for a 120-stamp mill to be placed on the property adjoining this Treadwell mine.

I soon found that the promoter had no funds with which to pay for a mill of those dimensions, so made a

contract with him to the effect that if his ore would run a certain amount to the ton, I would build him a mill and take my pay out of the output of the mine and mill. In order to avoid any "wild goose chasing" (being aware that those birds went north in the spring), and as I had not lost any, I required an advance for expense money and five hundred dollars for time to be spent in going and making an examination of the mine. In the event of its carrying the value agreed upon, I would refund his money and build him a mill, he paying all costs and a certain per cent to me for carrying the deal.

The contracts were made and the time set to start on our journey of some five thousand miles to see a mine that would eclipse the Homestake.

Having an appointment to meet some mining men and examine a mine on the San Juan Mountains, some twenty miles from Silverton, Colorado, I started in advance of the rest of the party, who were to take some of the stock which the promoter proposed selling as soon as the mill was an assured thing.

After finishing my business on the San Juan Mountains, I prepared to follow the rest of the party. I then learned that, it being Sunday, I could not get a train until the following day. This would occasion my losing the boat at Seattle and a wait of thirty days, there being only one boat each month.

This was a terrible shock. I sat down in dumb despair, biting my fingernails and going over in my mind the song of my early school days, "I wish I were a birdie, etc." A longing to fly is, to be sure, a laudable desire, it being possessed by many good and righteous people.

It brought me, however, no nearer my destination and I cast about for more practical ideas on the subject of transportation.

Finally I decided to wire the superintendent of the road for an engine to connect me with the Union Pacific at Pueblo, about one hundred and twenty miles distant. I had many explanations to make by wire, but touched the key-note when I told the superintendent my name and where I hailed from. When he ordered an engine to run me to Pueblo I could have fallen on his neck and blessed him had he been within falling distance. I expected, of course, to pay at least a dollar a mile for this special service, but on arriving in Pueblo I found in the superintendent an old friend whom I had not seen for many years, and who asked me how I had enjoyed my ride.

After we had lunched together and swapped many old time yarns I expressed my gratitude for the way in which he had assisted me and inquired the amount of my bill. "Well," said he, "when you have finished building your Alaska mill, come up here and we'll show you more good mines than you'll find in all Alaska, and I'll include this bill in the first shipment you make over this road."

After taking my seat in the Pullman for Portland, Oregon, I fell to thinking of the strange event which had brought two old friends together after so many years. My reflections were interrupted by a face strangely familiar to me and I arose and followed the person into the smoker, when to my surprise I recognized in him another old friend, A. L. Dickerman, a mining expert

from Deadwood, S. D. The Professor sprang to his feet, and asked me where I was going.

“To Alaska,” said I.

“To Alaska, to Alaska,” said he, “Why, so am I, so am I!” And on comparing notes we found we were both going to examine the same property. The Professor was going for some Boston and Providence men, who anticipated buying a large amount of the stock of the mine.

We enjoyed the next three days, passing through the desert and over the Blue Mountains, in the company of a party of excursionists who were bound on a sight-seeing trip to Alaska.

On reaching the Sound, we found many people who were bound for Alaska, and the old Aucon, a side-wheel steamer, lying at the dock ready to carry her load of human freight to the frozen North.

We soon were under way and stopped only at Tacoma, Port Townsend, Victoria and Nanaimo, where the vessel coaled and where we spent the Fourth of July picnicing on a small island with some British subjects from the town.

After slowly winding our way through the islands and stopping again at Fort Wrangel, the first American port in Alaska, we reached the supposed Golden Shore.

During the voyage the promoter, Thomas Nowell, had told me from day to day how he would enrich me if I reported favorably on his mine. He also told me what great miners his brothers were, they having discovered this mine. He also had his proposed buyers to keep in line, likewise the Professor. He very much disliked to see the Professor and myself on such friendly terms.

When we reached Douglas Island we all went to look at the mountain of gold. After winding our way up through the brush, devil's club and skunk cabbage, we arrived at the alleged mine. There was not even a ten-foot hole on the pretended mine, but from the story of this big brother and the promoter it was the most wonderful on record.

To satisfy him, we got about twenty Indians and made cross-cuts through the debris to the solid rock and took samples for some two hundred feet, which when assayed did not run fifty cents to the ton.

This ended the big deal. The promoter, however, refused to die a natural death and rushed about the country looking for more prospects that would prospect and finally located another lot of worthless granite beds. He then cried for an eighty-stamp mill and found suckers to follow him with their money to the tune of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but I did not build the mill.

His schemes have been worked in Alaska for fifteen years, and a million and a half, probably, of Boston's money has gone to Alaska after wild geese or wild cats. But it seems that now his race is run or the suckers are all dead.

A STAMPEDE FOR GOLD.

In December, 1889, while in Alaska, I had a little experience that still remains fresh in my mind. It was in one of those stampedes which often carry miners far beyond what a business man would call good judgment. But the miner's excuse is that some times one sees, or thinks he sees, a fortune in sight by taking

a "flyer" at a rich prospect that is often worth a fortune before a hundred dollars has been expended on it. Nature generally leaves her richest stores in concealed nooks, hidden by blankets of debris, apparently with a view of keeping it from the sight of the gold hunter, who spends years in searching for and opening the warehouse where Mother Earth has stored this treasure. As a rule they are only found by accident. When such a discovery is made and the news of the find leaks out, there comes what is known as a "stampede," each man rushing wildly, anxious to get to the new discovery first in order to locate himself and his friends on the best claim nearest to the new find.

This was the preliminary to what started me on a stampede in 1889, ending in disappointment.

I was at Juneau, Alaska. Early one morning a sailor-pro prospector came into camp and exhibited some fine specimens of quartz, saying he had found a most wonderful ledge of gold ore and wanted to have some one help him work it, for he was like most prospectors, with seldom more than a month's provisions to live on. According to his description it was situated about two hundred miles up the coast.

After talking with him some time, I made a bargain, in which I was to charter a small steamboat and with tools and provisions go up the coast some two hundred miles in the dead of winter and locate this rich claim, give the prospector a certain cash payment and a future interest in the property, and also pay him a salary for his valuable services. His description made me feel that I would never see another day of poverty. After the necessary papers had been drawn up and signed, I felt

as though my fortune had been well launched and would not have taken any small sum for my chances, for I was not to pay anything except the chartering of the steamer until after I had examined the mine.

The arrangements completed, I set to work to get a boat that was sufficiently seaworthy to make this trip up the Alaskan coast at such a time of the year. Few realize the perils of navigation at that season along the bleak Alaskan coast. I have seen even the largest ocean steamers compelled to turn back and seek shelter behind the island mountains from the fierce tempests that rage in those frigid island channels. After some delay I succeeded in getting a small steamer named the "Yukon." This boat had been in service many years and was poor, but the best we could find. We then got a good supply of coal and provisions for the trip, and all necessary tools to start developing our new gold mine.

During this time the news of the discovery, which I was constantly cautioning my new partner to keep a secret, began to leak out, and by the time we were ready to sail all the inhabitants of the towns of Juneau and Douglas were watching us and getting every available craft that was half seaworthy to follow us. But I did not intend to be out-generaled, so, when we were all in readiness, waited until night came on before starting east around Douglas Island.

Knowing that we had the fastest boat obtainable for the expedition, I felt confident that we could reach the promised land without being overhauled or molested by pursuers. As we rounded the north end of Douglas Island I saw, much to my surprise, that two small sloops had gone up over the bar at high tide and were waiting

to see our course. But we felt perfectly sure of being successful in our undertaking.

Soon after leaving our would-be pursuers and striking around toward Point Retreat, we encountered a very heavy northeast wind, which made our little craft labor very heavily, and in the course of half an hour she was rolling and plunging in the surf, without sufficient power to drive her to any one point. The night grew extremely dark, our compass was very deficient in its action, and we merely went where the wind blew us.

About ten o'clock at night our coal bunkers broke, and the coal went rolling down on the engine, stopping its further action. All on board, with one or two exceptions, were extremely seasick and hung to the rigging, waiting for the climax, which seemed inevitable at any moment. However, I for one, did not propose to give up my chance of landing our craft and finding the treasure which we had started in search of. In a few minutes we discovered that the boat was leaking badly, and endeavored to find the source from which the water came. After a considerable search, we found that the sleeve around the rudder post had worked loose and was lost. This was a serious condition, for it was very difficult to get anything that would fasten around the rudder to stop the leakage. After quite a while, with considerable effort, we secured a couple of pieces of scantling and gouged them out so that the halves would encircle the rudder and could be lashed together. We thus made a sleeve around the rudder, wedging it between the deck and the planking of the boat, which stopped the most of the leak.

We kept up a continual blowing of our whistles, the

echo of which gave us the approximate distance from the shores. In this condition we rolled in the surf until break of day. During that time we sacked most of our coal, repaired our bunkers, and finally got our engine in running order again, but not until we were within a couple of hundred yards of a reef, over which the seas were breaking at a fearful rate. But for the timely starting of our engines, we would probably all have been dashed to pieces and lost. During the night we lost our ship's yawl, which left us perfectly stranded, without a boat to reach the shore, even if we got out of the main channel; but we finally succeeded in rounding the reef and by noon had reached Kilisnoo. There I found an old friend, Cark Spoon, general manager of the herring fishery. He gave us a hearty welcome, a good dinner, and furnished us with another launch, and by two o'clock we continued our journey. After putting in another eighteen hours of slow navigation, our boat came to a sudden stop. I went to the pilot house to ascertain the cause of the delay. There I met the ironclad skipper, Captain Healey, of more recent Yukon fame, but who at that time was navigating the waters of Alaska with that noted sheet iron water-coffin, the ancient steamer Yukon, a boat which always threatened to conduct her passengers to the bottom. He informed me in unmistakable words that his contract was at an end; that he had traveled the two hundred miles, which completed our agreement, and if we wanted to go any further a new deal would have to be made. There was still five miles to travel before reaching our destination. I inquired of him what he wanted. He very bluntly told me that he would not go the remaining five miles for less than one hundred dol-

lars, which was twenty-five dollars more than the preceding two hundred miles had cost us. I saw that there was no use in arguing the point with our headstrong commander and reluctantly gave up another hundred dollars for more experience, which we seemed to be out for in full force. After settling with our captain, the old steamer resumed her snail's pace and finally fetched up at the entrance of Peril Straits, where she dropped anchor, and all were in readiness to climb the adjacent mountains in search of our dreamed of bonanza.

During the trip I had been questioning my new partner about the distance of his discovery from the beach and many other things connected with it, and I imagined that I saw a number of deviations from his original statements. However, there was sufficient enthusiasm left to run it down to a finish. I left the boat, still having hopes in the ultimate result. We wandered up through a dense growth of underbrush and devil-club. The latter shrub stands always ready to be grasped by the tired mountain climber when about to lose his footing, but like the hornet, it will not stand squeezing without making its stinger felt. Our climb continued to an elevation of some two thousand feet, with a falling rain and snow that made the journey anything but pleasant. After reaching the supposed height of the ledge, we wandered back and forth without any particular point in view, and finally I asked him if he could not locate some point from which we could start and succeed in finding the ledge. He admitted that he had not gone up the way we had, but had come down that way, and that he had lost his bearings. I told him that it seemed as if a person who had come down over a trail certainly should

be able to find the point of location on a return trip. After another weary hour of wandering around through the slush, I became somewhat discouraged and told him that if he thought best we would go back and make the journey the way he formerly had. To this I received a pert reply, to the effect that he guessed he knew where it was. "If you do," said I, "you had better find it, and if you have led me off on this wild goose chase, you had better say your prayers."

After a brief exchange of words I became thoroughly convinced that I had been duped, and to demonstrate my feelings, started towards him with a clinched fist. At this he broke down the mountain at steps ranging anywhere from five to twenty feet, and I followed in hot pursuit, but he had the start of me and kept it.

I finally reached the landing opposite our boat without any prospector being in sight. I called for the boat, which was immediately brought. The skipper informed me that my new partner had reached the beach about fifteen minutes before; had not waited for the yawl, but had plunged into the water and swam to the steamer; that they had pulled him aboard and he was now crouched behind the coal bunkers drying out.

It is useless for me to try to tell what my feelings were after summing up the result of this trip. However, I ordered the steamer to return to Juneau. On our return trip we undertook to make a short cut, avoiding the main channel of Linn Canal, but night came on and we were compelled to run under a slow bell, for fear of encountering islands or reefs, the location of which we knew nothing about. We kept two lookouts in case of

meeting with any obstacles. After a run of an hour or two in this way, one of the men on board shouted, "Back up! Rocks ahead!" We came to a standstill and found that our boat had been running parallel with a reef some distance and was within ten feet of a big rock. We lowered our skiff, took a lantern and went in search of a harbor, but not until daylight dawned did we get any relief, only drifted with the tide, which fortunately was not against us. During the day, however, we reached Kilisnoo, where we returned our borrowed boat and started for home.

During the afternoon another heavy storm arose and we sought shelter in a small cove, where we lay for three days, waiting for the storm to subside so that we could resume our journey, at the end of which time we finally rounded Point Retreat and succeeded in getting home after having a trip of nine days.

During this time our "prospector" kept below decks and within his hole, but not without the fingers of scorn from our entire party being pointed towards him, and it would not have taken much persuasion to have given him a bath that would have lasted him until the day of Judgment.

On arriving at Douglas Island, we found that the two sloops which had started to follow us had not yet returned and a search party had been sent for them. They finally returned after an absence of fourteen days, no richer, other than in experience, than when they started. They had been storm-bound a large portion of the time.

The motive of our erstwhile partner in leading us on this fruitless expedition was to obtain cheap transporta-

tion to Sitka, where he hoped to be able to jump us, but he failed as signally in his undertaking as we did in finding our visioned vault of golden treasure.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Social Hall, Steamship Elder, Sept. 19, 1889.

No. 1.

Published by the Editors. Edited by the Publishers. On board Steamship Geo. W. Elder—return trip from Alaska. Object, amusement combined with charity. Terms: 25 cents to end of voyage; single copies, 10 cents.

Charity covers a multitude of sins.

SALUTATORY.

There is no excuse for the existence of this elegant and progressive journal. Even if there were excuses to be made, there would be no one to offer them, for it has the distinction of being published without an editor, a force, a proof-reader, a compositor or a press. It is a proof positive of the truth of evolution. It sprang from an intellectual proto-plasm. In skipping the sponge period, however, it differs from man. Though the remarks contained in this journal go thundering down the corridors of time, they have never been sponged from papers of less dignified extraction and have the rare merit of being original. There are new things under the Midnight Sun and to these the attention of the intrepid voyagers on the staunch steamer Elder is disrespectfully called. The subscription fund will be devoted to a purpose which all our readers will be glad of an opportunity of contributing to.

THE SILENT CITY.

When the heart is weary with longing,
And the soul is burdened with care,
I lay down each duty and burden
And flee to my castle in air.

This castle of mine is most dazzling,
It towers high up in the air;
It stands in the vale of enchantment,
Filled with pictures most wondrous and rare.

Here I revel in visions ecstatic,
No thought of life's sorrows or pain
E'er passes this threshold of fancy,
This beautiful Castle in Spain.

Here a face dearer far than all others,
Comes nearer and nearer to me,
And a voice like the song of the Siren
Makes blissful the moments that flee.

For nought would I barter my title,
My right to this Castle in Air,
The key to my dreamland and fancy,
My refuge from gloom and despair.

And when I awake from my fiction
And realize that this is a snare,
Return me, return me, to slumbers,
My Dreamland and Castle in Air.

POLICE COURT.

His Honor Deacon Wilson on the Bench!

Complaint having been lodged by Governor Snyder of South Carolina that his cap had been stolen from a table outside of Mrs. Guernsey's door, while engaged in playing a game of "draw poker" with Mrs. Beach, Mrs. Hubbard and Mrs. Gunner, warrants were issued for the arrest of Mrs. Guernsey, Miss Guernsey, Miss Eagan, and

Captain Hunter, all of whom were brought before the court. Mrs. and Miss Guernsey and Miss Eagan proved an alibi, were discharged, but suspicion was so strongly directed toward Captain Hunter, that by an order of the court his stateroom was searched and the cap discovered. Captain Hunter, in his affection for his only daughter, "Flossie" Hunter, had purloined Governor Snyder's cap, deeming it none too good for a head rest for the lovely brunette. The court was evidently much touched by the paternal affection of Captain Hunter, and with voice trembling with emotion and his eyes swimming in tears, sentenced the horror stricken culprit to play "Old Black Joe" on his violin at the next social reunion of the Happy Family, while the entire court joined in the chorus. The sentence will be carried into effect this evening.

Special Correspondence of the Sun.

A third attempt by some of the more persevering passengers of the Elder to reach the beautiful lake at Loring resulted in a success. At twilight a boat was lowered, with the esteemed third officer in command. A half hour's pull brought the party to the shores of the outlet. The lake was clouded with mist, the mosses and sweeping ferns were wet, the roar of the cascade most wonderful. Was it strange that the wanderers fancied themselves surrounded by the spirits of departed warriors, who had trod these shores through unrecorded ages? Suddenly they were startled by the sharp report of a pistol; some one was experimenting with the famous echo. It came back, first faint and then louder, at last dying away like a sigh. On returning to the landing a cry of consternation went up—the boat had gone to the ship! Consola-

tion was needed. In darkness and mist there is no consolation like fire. Shavings were found, a fire built, and around its cheerful radiation the party sang—and shivered. The boat came back in an hour and the homeward sail was one with which a poet would deal more fittingly than your correspondent. The stars twinkled over head and to every dip of the oar the waters glowed as with a silver flame. Now and then a salmon sprang from the deep, high up in air, rebounding to fill the water and air with sparks of light, beautiful as dew-drops shimmering in the rays of the silver moon. The steamer now appeared a floating palace, laying all resplendent with lights gleaming like friendly beacons in the distance. Upon arrival lunch was served, and with “good night” upon each lip, each sought rest amid the luxurious and commodious couches of the steamer. N. S. S.

Mrs. Baker has resigned her lucrative position as a weather prophet. The position is open to the first applicant.

OBITUARY.

The passengers on the S. S. Elder desire to express their deep sympathy with Mrs. Flossie Hunter in the death of her twin children, Daisy Eagan and Wallace Hunter.

Two little puppies born out at sea,
One was Daisy, the other Daisee.
They never had chance for frolic and fun,
For their eyes ne'er ope'd on the rising sun.

It was particularly requested that "no flowers" be sent, as the interment was to be strictly private, for

We buried them deep at dead of night,
 While phosphoric lights were gleaming;
 Not a sailor gave forth his farewell song
 O'er the grave where our puppies lie dreaming.

F. G.

PROGRAMME, SEPT. 19, 1889.

1. Song Major Allen
2. Recitation (by request) Mrs. E. W. Peattie
3. Music—Piano Solo Miss Daisy Eagan
4. Song Mrs. Baker
5. Recitation Doctor Guernsey
6. Recitation, by I. B. Hammond Mr. Fred —
7. Music and Song—"Old Black Joe" (company chorus)..
 Captain Hunter
8. Gude Neicht.

Matter intended for Friday's edition should be handed in by ten o'clock A. M.

SIWASH SCINTILLATIONS.

Where do all Alaska roads lead? Where, but to Loring.

Where was Moses when the light went out? Ans.: On the fore-castle deck.

A premium is offered to the man (women barred) who knows who George W. Elder was, is or may be.

Why is Alaska a great monarchy? Because she has an unbroken succession of reigns.

A superior Siwash perfume can be obtained of Yealth Bros., Kassin Bay. Sample smells given away.

Although the voyagers on the Elder have been surrounded with mist, it is conceded that nothing has missed them.

If Capt. James C. Hunter—may his tribe increase—be the Elder Captain, how can he be younger than any other commander?

Why has not the Governor of North Carolina been heard to make his time honored and plaintive remark to the Governor of South Carolina so frequently of late? Because there is no longer any whiskey on board. Alas and alack-a-day.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Inserted at Alaskan rates—"Sickem" dollar per line, strictly in advance.

Notice—Dresses, shoes, hats, gloves, and all similar superfluities taken in exchange for totems, mats, bracelets or other necessaries required by tourists. N. B.—A choice assortment of perfumes always on hand by Jim Siwash, Burroughs Bay.

Wanted—To correspond with a young lady with ten or eleven children (slightly cross-eyed preferred), by a gentleman of means and leisure. No triflers. Address Max E. D. E. N., this office.

Wanted—Five hundred men to cut ice in Glacier Bay, to clear the Steamship Elder's way. Apply on board.

Dry Goods—Clothing, boots and shoes—warranted all second-hand. Address Stateroom B, S. S. Elder.

Wanted—An Alaska tourist who has not a curio. Apply to freight clerk.

This was written by James Calderwood in roman letters with a pen, and copied on a bill of fare copy press, and each member was given a copy.

A TIDAL WAVE.

While in Alaska in the year 1887, I had an experience that will long satisfy my desire to navigate Glacier Bay in front of the Pacific Glacier. Were it not for the sagacity of the Indians that accompanied me, I think there would have been a long time between scenes, or at least there might have been serious trouble. I am perfectly willing to give the Siwash credit for fully understanding the action of those peculiar kinds of tidal waves.

These waves are caused by the breaking of the ice, which in crowding its way into the ocean, forces its front beyond the land. This front or face in time becomes too heavy to bear its own weight, and so, with a wild roar like sharp peals of thunder, breaks off in vast slabs and descends into the ocean, there to be buried with a plunge which sends forth waves like mountains, which travel with wonderful rapidity from shore to shore along the straits, and finally spend their force upon reaching the open ocean.

Upon hearing the "fishy" tales of wonderful finds of rich mines, that are spun by the prospectors along the

Alaska coast, one is liable to take a risk, through ignorance of the country, that he would consider foolhardy after years of experience. However, we all have to get our experience, and I will give you a little of mine on that occasion.

I was told by an old miner of a very fine prospect which he wished me to go and examine. At that time I was unable to accompany him on his return to his claim, but promised to come a few days later. He gave me the directions and told me where I could get some Indians that would take me to his camp when I was ready to make the trip. As soon as possible I got two Indians with a large canoe and started for the mine. We had a long distance to travel, and during the still night while on our journey we could hear the ice break for a distance of over twenty miles, and at times there were large waves rolling up the straits that were like heavy ocean swells.

After traveling two days and nights we reached the head of Glacier Bay, below the Pacific Glacier, which has a body of ice fully seven and a half miles in width and a height from the water's edge to the top of the face of the broken ice from three hundred to seven hundred feet, and this ponderous mass of ice is moving slowly but irresistably into the ocean. If one could measure the bulk of ice that breaks off daily it would be found to greatly exceed in size any block of buildings in the United States, and many times there are pieces of ice that break off which are fully a mile in length and from fifty to one hundred feet thick (back from the edge) and fully six hundred feet in height. With this immense body of solid ice thrown into the sea from such a height, one can but faintly imagine the result.

The sound of thunder is tame by the roar of the breaking of this falling mass, and still less is the noise of the descending ice when compared with the roaring of ten thousand icebergs that have broken off and are laying where they have been huddled together by the wind that is constantly blowing off the face of the glacier and driving the ice back up the straits, where it is met by the tide and kept jammed together, covering thousands of acres. These icebergs range in size from a few hundred pounds to hundreds of feet in diameter. And with one of those tidal waves rolling into this field of floating ice, it sends each berg to and fro, rubbing and grinding, one against the other. Then comes the sound that quiets all others.

After we arrived at the head of the bay and looked in wonder at the beauty and grandeur that Nature has put in motion, that has continued and will last thousands of years. We started to cross the broad channel in front of the glacier; and as we paddled our canoe, we stopped now and then and listened to the constant roar of the breaking ice and gazed into the immense caverns of ice running back into the body of the glacier.

Here the Indians seemed anxious to push the huge canoe through the water much faster than before, and wanted me to act as steersman, which I did, being much pleased to have them show a better will to work than at any time during our journey. However, we had not progressed more than two or three miles when from the highest front of the glacier there came a roar, and with it the front of the glacier sank into the ocean and was buried with a plunge that sent a wave like a mountain



A TIDAL WAVE.

toward our frail craft with great speed, and as it passed many icebergs and swallowed them up by its rolling motion, I felt as though our canoe would soon be in the same fix. The Indian's knowledge came into play, and in his own language he cried, "Hyack, Hyack," and pointed for me to steer the canoe toward the coming wave, at the same time paddling with all force.

We had some time to wait for the wave to reach us, and had gained considerable headway before the wave struck us, but most unexpectedly to me, I felt our canoe ride well up the side of the wave and then seemingly stop and start back with the wave. The Indian again yelled "Hyack, Hyack," which was their word for hurry. They sprang heavily on their paddles, but still we went with the wave, stern first, each minute expecting to lose control of the canoe, and be rolled over and close the scene. Still we managed to keep head on, and our boat spun through the water like a porpoise, while we were fast approaching the flow of ice that lay back of us. One of the Indians, seeing we could not mount the wave, stooped and grasped the large stone anchor that was tied to the bow of our boat and heaved it overboard. Our canoe brought up against the line so sharply that it seemed as though it would jerk its fastening loose, but to my great surprise we mounted the wave and in an instant were over its crest on the down hill side, and in a few minutes all danger was past, as each following wave was smaller. The throwing of the anchor overboard made such a resistance in the water that it pulled the boat over the crest of the wave and stopped our backward rush to the floating ice, which would have ground our frail craft into pieces had it not

been for the knowledge of the Indians, who fully understood the action of the waves and knew what to do in time of need.

We waited for the waves to subside, then pulled our anchor on board and bent heavily on the paddles until we reached the shore, where I expected to find a rich mine, which Nature had hidden from the roving prospectors for many years, to be discovered by an old friend of mine from the Black Hills—John Allen. To my regret it did not enthuse me, and once more I charged experience with seeing a most wonderful freak of Nature, but I am willing to be satisfied with one experience of riding a tidal wave.

On the return trip we saw some small pieces of ice break off, but they did not create much of a wave, and we finally reached Douglas Island with no further excitement.

A GLACIER.

Up Alaska's rocky shores, where the summer sun prolongs the day until morn,

But in the winter they fade away, and shorten down to but four hours for a day.

There the mountains are high and the ravines are deep.

The growth of vegetation has long been at sleep,

Wrapped in their mantles of ice and of snow,

Awaiting the actions of time to tell them to grow.

But the glaciers, how grand! What power they present,

With their ponderous weight and motion that the world's nations can not resist;

They crowd down the mountains to the water so deep,

And with their huge masses of ice and of snow,

They appear like a great mystery put into motion

That will last thousands of years.

To imagine their origin and hunt up their source,
Would be going back centuries to find not a trace to start them,
While they so grandly appear, to the edge of the ocean they
crowd and they shear,
Until their huge masses no longer can stand the strain of their
weight;
With a wild roar like sharp peals of thunder they loosen their
hold
And descend into the ocean to be buried with a plunge, that
sends forth waves like mountains.
They rise and they fall, with the tide for their power;
They float out to ocean and there melt away.
With the warm wind like the heat from a furnace that fans
the broad ocean,
They rise in vapor and are turned into rain,
There to fall on the mountains and take the form of a glacier
again.

A TRIP TO THE SEVEN DEVILS MOUNTAIN.

Some twelve years ago I joined Jonathan Bourne, Jr., in sending a mining engineer to the various mining camps for the purpose of buying or locating mining properties. We made arrangements with S. K. Bradford to act in that capacity. He was to travel through the many new camps then being opened up, as well as to the old ones. New finds being reported nearly every day in the Seven Devils Mountains in Idaho, we decided to have him investigate this new district. During the summer he located a number of gold claims in the Placer Basin, situated at the head of Bear Creek, in the south end of the Seven Devils Mountain, Washington County, Idaho. He also secured a bond on some copper properties in the north end of these mountains and located quite a number of others. In October I started out on a tour of inspection.

We had decided to attempt to open the copper mines during the winter, as they were situated in a low altitude on the banks of the Snake River, where the snows would not interfere with the winter work.

At Salubria, Idaho, we purchased large quantities of tools, provisions, powder and vegetables, and loading the same on a large freighting outfit, sent them to the Little Salmon Meadow, the end of the wagon road. There the freighters were to make arrangements with a pack train to carry the goods over the old Boise Basin and Lewiston pack trail to Warwick's Bar on Snake River, just below our copper mine. As soon as the goods were loaded, Mr. Bradford and myself started to the Placer Basin. After examining this property, we secured two pack animals and one saddle animal, which we loaded with provisions and blankets and started for the copper mine.

We left the Placer Basin about three o'clock in the afternoon and at about dark camped at the foot of Smith's Mountain. After picketing our horses, we spread our blankets down and went to bed. About 1 A. M. we were awakened by our horses trying to get away. They were tugging at the picket ropes, snorting and giving every evidence of great terror. We could hear animals running but could not see them on account of the darkness. Finally a large buck came tearing down the mountain through our camp and nearly over our beds. The deer was followed by some animal. We could not see whether it was a mountain lion or a bear. However, we fired a few shots at it and went back to bed. The deer staid around our camp until nearly daylight, evidently fearing us less than the wild animals.

We were up and away shortly after daylight. The country was very abrupt and rocky. The trail was very dim, being simply an old Indian trail. Certainly the man who named these mountains the Seven Devils had a head on him as long as a fish pole. His only error was in the number—he should have said seventy instead of seven. During the day I killed a great number of mountain grouse. The country was full of them. I had never seen them in any such numbers in any part of the west. We traveled all day, up and down rocky ridges and along the sides of various steep mountains, but we could not find a place suitable for a camp. About dark we came to a point where the entire surface of the mountain side had slid down, leaving a mass of fallen trees and boulders through which it was impossible to pass. The elevation was then about 7,000 feet. Mr. Bradford was leading one pack animal, the other two horses were following and I was bringing up the rear. We decided that the only thing we could do was to try to pass down around the lower end of the slide.

After about two hours travel through the dark, we reached the lower end of the slide and rounding it, started up on the other side. Here was where my friend Bradford had me on the point of surrendering the belt as the champion mountain climber. In my desperate struggle not to be outdone, I grasped the tail of the rear pack horse and wound the long hair around my arm and let the panting beast pull me up the mountain side. This gave me a rest, and I was able to say, "Push on, old man, I'm with you." This was a mean trick, but it saved me from being compelled to cry "Quits."

However, about midnight we reached the summit,

3,000 feet above the lower edge of the slide. Following the backbone of the summit for about a mile, we came to a small saddle in the mountains large enough to spread our blankets on and camped here for the night. We were compelled to melt snow for water with which to cook our supper and for our horses to drink. The next day we succeeded in reaching the foot of the mountain at the Pollock Ranch on Rapid River. Here we remained for the night and the next morning pushed on for the copper mine.

During the day we met a man by the name of Collins, who gave us directions for making a cut-off which would save us some ten miles travel. We took his advice, although at one time it seemed it would be the means of losing all of our pack animals. Whether the gentleman knew that the trail had been washed out or not, I am not prepared to say, but was told he said he would have what was left of that pack train the following day. However, he missed his calculation, although I would have sold cheap, if there had been a buyer, long before night. A little before dark we came to the summit of the mountain overlooking Snake River. Some five thousand feet below us, and almost within a stone's throw horizontally, were the plunging, seething waters of the Snake River, as it wound its way in the sinuous manner of the snake through the narrow gorge forming its rocky bank. The opposite bank sloped back into Oregon, with bunches of timber and parks intervening. I gazed at all this grandeur and felt called upon to bring the camera into play, that I might preserve this beautiful view. After taking a number of views we started to descend the mountain, knowing that a mis-step by man or beast would hurl us

down into Snake River thousands of feet below. We had not gone more than a quarter of a mile, when we came to a small landslide in a gulch, which had evidently occurred quite recently, and carried away our trail, leaving the rocks perfectly bare in the bottom of the gulch. The perpendicular walls rising on the side of the trail made it impossible for our pack animals to turn around without throwing them off the trail down into Snake River, some thousands of feet below.

I was in the lead and on seeing the condition of the trail called to Bradford, who was bringing up the rear, that we were almost certain to lose our stock if we attempted to cross the break. Stopping the pack animals, I went to the edge of the wash-outs and by sticking my toes into the cracks in the rocks, was able to reach the other side. As I stood there, pondering over our hopeless situation, the head pack animal started down the trail towards the wash-out. I was unable to stop him and could only shout "Whoa," but that was not heeded until he came within thirty feet of the wash-out, when he stopped and looked at the gap which cut the trail completely in two. He turned his head around, looked up the trail back of him, saw it was utterly impossible to turn around without falling in the river below, then started forward on a trot, and with a bound cleared the gap and scrambled up the opposite side. Each of the other animals followed, stopped at about the same place, looked around, and seeming to realize the hopelessness of attempting to turn, rushed forward, cleared the gap and scrambled up on the other side, their packs rubbing against the overhanging rocks, but, fortunately, it did not throw any of them down the mountain.

Two hours later found us at the camp near our copper mine, where some miners whom we had ordered sent in from Lewiston to work in the mines, were encamped. The next day we examined the copper mines, and finding that through some oversight the blacksmithing outfit had been omitted, I took one of our men and a number of animals and started out for Lewiston to purchase the outfit. Through the advice of Mr. Holland we started down Snake River, over what he called a good trail. I must say that in all of my mining experience through the mountains I have never been forced to travel over a rougher trail. Instead of being ten miles, we found it nearly thirty to the crossing of the Salmon River. No one was living there, nor could we find a boat or any other means of crossing the river.

It was getting late in the fall, considerable slush ice was running and it was very cold. We found some pieces of logs, and taking some of our pack ropes made a small raft. I removed all of my clothing and placed the same upon the raft. Then tying a number of pack ropes together, I took hold of the end of one of them and selecting the best pack animal in the lot, started to ford the river. Thinking the river was not very deep, I started the animal ahead of me into the water, taking his tail in one hand and the end of the rope in the other. In less than ten feet the animal was swimming and the current was so swift that I could not get back if I wished, so was compelled to hold on to the horse's tail. The animal struck out for the opposite shore, but the current landed him down the river more than two hundred feet below where we started. I clung to the horse's tail with one hand and held on to the rope with the other, but was nearly chilled through

on reaching the other bank. In drawing the raft across I drew it clear under water and of course my clothes were just as wet as if I had kept them on in the first place. Then the man on the other side pulled the raft back to him, loaded it with our saddles and camping outfit and I pulled it across the river. In this manner all of our goods were brought over. All of the horses having followed mine across, the man on the other side of the river climbed upon the raft and I dragged him safely over. Our journey was then resumed to Grangeville, where I took the stage.

I have traveled through all the mountains of the West, through the Black Hills in the early days with geological surveys, through the rugged mountains of Colorado, Montana, Washington, Nevada and Alaska, and in all of my experience I am free to say that I never took a trip over as rough a country, or where the hardships were as wearing upon both mind and body, as on this trip. Since then trails have been built and the trip is now one of comparative ease.

GETTING OFF MY HIGH HORSE.

Many years ago, while helping in the erection of a saw and grist mill at Taylor's Bend, Arkansas, I had a rather laughable adventure. At that time, however, I failed to see the humor of the situation.

In and about Taylor's Bend there was quite a sprinkling of the Johnny Rebs, relics of the war, who had no use for us "Yanks," as they called us. There were some persons who treated us with every courtesy, but there was enough of the "hobo" element to make things un-

pleasant for us. As time progressed our forces increased, and naturally we had quite a few agitators among us. We kept a number of ponies and a very nice span of mules for running about with, and one morning, on waking, we found our mules had vanished; strayed or stolen, we knew not which.

After consulting Mr. Sealy, the proprietor of the plant, I started in search of the missing animals. I was astride a small pony and with much coaxing and whipping soon found a hot trail. My pony, however, became fagged and almost gave up the race, when I espied a few hundred yards ahead of me a man seemingly engaged in cinching the saddle girth on a large, fine-looking animal. On seeing this horse, I envied the owner, and thought if I were astride him I would soon be up with the mules.

I rode up and asked the stranger if he had seen my mules. The man was evidently very much under the influence of liquor, but he told me he had seen the mules about four hours since, then with a sorrowful, sympathizing expression he said he feared I would never catch them with "that rat." Naturally, I asked him how he would trade. This seemed to affect him deeply, for he sighed, stroked the beautiful animal's neck and said he wouldn't care to trade if the horse were not so high he couldn't get on him. After a little palaver we swapped horses, I giving him all my money to boot, excepting one or two dollars.

He seemed to feel deeply the separation from his horse, and urged me to take good care of him, as he was an old favorite of his family. The sight of the money cheered him somewhat, so he jumped on my pony and

rode off, humming a lively tune, while I turned and mounted my high horse.

After a few desperate jumps in response to my nagging, the noble animal I had just acquired stopped short, and breathing like a steam engine, shivered from stem to stern. It was quite a minute or so before I fully realized what had happened to me and that my high horse would be better stuffed and on wheels than as he was.

My language when I thought of my lost pony and money would have been resented by any self-respecting horse, but the one I had purchased had not enough energy left to kick. So I came down off my high horse and hiding my saddle in the brush started on the run after my missing mules. I covered quite a bit of ground in the next two hours, and when night came on found my mules grazing along the banks of a small stream. Near them were two men busily engaged in cooking their evening meal, but who broke and ran on seeing me.

Securing the mules, I started back, but did not go far, being worn out with the exertions of the day. I lay down with the mules lashed to my wrist; but towards morning I awoke with a start to see them disappearing over the hill with the thieves. Rousing up I seized my gun and running after them, fired twice. The thieves skedaddled as before, and I was once more in possession of my mules.

After securing my horse, I started for home, not caring to explain what sort of a "white elephant" he was, hoping that in time he would mend or get his spirit back, but I must say that we never got an hour's work out of the "high horse."

ROMANCE WITHOUT LOVE.

While traveling across the continent between San Francisco and Boston, with intermediate stops at Chicago and New York, I was by chance brought in company with a most remarkable traveling companion in the person of a lady. Had this journey been pre-arranged, it could not possibly have been carried out with more precision as regards time and location. I will attempt to explain but a few of the coincidences connected with this strange acquaintance and our extended journey. I say "extended" journey, for not only did we seemingly shadow each other across the continent, but on leaving Boston, which I had supposed to be the end of my journey, I found that I would have this lady's company for another thousand miles.

On leaving Oakland on an overland Southern Pacific train, via Ogden and Omaha, I entered the sleeper for a five days' journey to Chicago, where I expected to stop some eight or ten days, going from there to New York and then on to Boston, where I had some friends who were interested with me in Alaska. I had chosen a central section in the sleeper some days in advance, that I might have as much comfort as possible on the journey. By the time the train was ready to start the car had filled up to its utmost capacity, and on glancing around, I noticed a lady on the opposite side of the aisle, who seemed to be occupying a section.

The occupants of the sleeper all being strangers to me, I retired, and did not arise until the porter called, telling us we would have breakfast in twenty minutes. I made haste and was soon ready to leave the car, when I noticed that the platform was covered with ice. This

was not strange, for we were at Truckee, one of the highest points along the road. I stepped from the car to the foot-stool, which rocked and slipped dangerously. I stopped on the platform to see who would follow and what their experience would be on the "shaky" stool. I was about to call the attention of the porter to the danger, when the lady whom I had noticed the preceding evening, came down the steps, and before the porter could caution her, she stepped on the stool, which slipped and threw her to the platform with great force. I sprang forward and with the help of another gentleman and the porter we carried her into the car. She seemed to be suffering considerable pain, her ankle being sprained. Upon my asking her if I should order her some breakfast, she replied that I might. After breakfast I went through the train and found a physician, who examined her ankle and said it would soon be all right. During the next four days we had a number of conversations, but she did not mention her name or her home, simply saying she had been to South America. On leaving me at Chicago she bade me good day and I thought no more about her, until on entering the car again for New York I found this same lady occupying the same position in the sleeper that she had coming across the continent. I was surprised and remarked how strange it was we should meet again and occupy the same seats as before. She seemed somewhat sarcastic, saying this was a queer coincidence and she hoped she would not suffer a fall as on our first meeting. During the next thirty-six hours she seemed suspicious of me and I said but little to her, but on leaving the train I made the remark that I supposed this would be the end of our journey together, to which she

replied, "Yes, indeed; I have been thinking how strange this second meeting has been." At this we parted and during the next ten days I saw nothing of my lady traveling companion. Having completed my business, I took the eleven o'clock P. M. train for Boston, and in the morning on returning to my berth, after completing my toilet, who should I see but this strange lady who had accompanied me from California, then met me in Chicago, now here again on this train going to Boston. We stood gazing at each other for a few seconds, when she broke the silence by saying in a stern voice, "What does this mean?" "Madam," said I, "this is unaccountable. You have my name and know my business, and can find people in Boston who will vouch for me, while as yet I am not aware of your name or place of residence, so I do not see that I can be blamed for following you." This remark seemed to change her attitude and she begged my pardon, saying she never gave her name while traveling. We soon reached Boston and I made the remark that I thought this would end our traveling together. She answered that she would not be surprised now to find me on the next car she entered, but I assured her that I was going west, while I did not know where she was going. We parted at the station, each thinking that would certainly be the last we should see of each other.

After remaining in Boston some ten days, I was persuaded to go to Nova Scotia to examine a mine for some Boston men. When the time arrived to start the friend for whom I was going said he had a friend who was going to Halifax and that he would like to have her accompany me. She was stopping at his house and he was to bring her down to the train. While waiting at

the station I was thinking that I should have a different traveling companion from the mysterious lady, when to my breath-stopping surprise, who should I see my friend assist from the carriage but the same lady who had been my traveling companion for the last three thousand miles. I began to laugh, but she fairly turned pale when she saw me. My friend introduced her as Mrs. Young, and when the usual formalities had been gone through, I made the remark that although I had been traveling with Mrs. Young on every train since leaving San Francisco, I had not known the lady's name. Mrs. Young said fate surely had something to do with these unexplainable happenings.

After leaving our friend and taking the train, Mrs. Young had many apologies to make for her actions. She thought she was being followed and that I had assumed the disguise of a mining man to either rob her or lay some plot. That was the first time I was ever taken for a confidence man. On arriving at Halifax I was invited to her house, where I was treated to a fine dinner.

A TRIP TO NOME.

Among the many stampedes which have sent the avaricious gold seekers to their long homes, there has probably never been one that has involved greater outlay than the Nome Stampede of June, 1900. But this was not without apparent proof of the existence of wonderful deposits of gold in that far northern country, for during the latter part of 1899 there had been a large amount of gold taken from the beach and some of the creeks, by the most primitive methods and with the crudest appli-

ances, and on the return of the miners with their dust and their glowing descriptions of the country and of the character of the ground which contained the precious metals, great interest was aroused in the mining world, and capital was not slow in enlisting in any seemingly good device for extracting the gold from the beach and creeks.

And here I once more sought out one of the rainbow chasers with a view of getting a full statement of how the land lay. I found my man, and after a number of interviews formulated a plan by which I was to beat the game and get rich in a few months. I laid my scheme before a few of my most intimate friends and found no trouble in launching the enterprise. I designed a dredge which would stand on rollers in the water from four to eight feet deep, and with a swinging bucket ladder, would dig the sands up and pass them over a gold-saving device, returning them back into the bay after the gold had been extracted. From the reports of people who had been working the beach, telling of the amount of gold they had produced, I felt that after ninety days' run with the tripod dredge, I would never see another poor day, and my partner was even more sanguine than I. His imagination of his future wealth was so vivid that he promised a friend a gold bath tub from his share. However, I did not see where we could lose, for we went fully prepared for all emergencies, and when the time arrived for our departure, our stock became very valuable; but there was none for sale.

We completed our machine and gave it a test both as to its power to move and dig, which was very satisfactory. We built a number of other machines to work in

the gravel in case our dredge proved a failure from any unexpected cause. We also arranged to take supplies and men, that we might be independent from the rest of the camp.

Now came the long trip of three thousand miles to reach the promised land. Were I to try to describe this trip in detail it would take another volume larger than this to contain the many interesting features, so I will only relate a few of the most important ones.

The first incident of interest after leaving the Sound was on reaching Dutch Harbor, where we stopped to bury a man who had died on board. It having been ascertained on looking over his effects that he was a Free Mason, the Masons took charge of the body and buried him with the ceremonies of the order. During the roll call the name of F. Lamb was called, giving residence and number of lodge, and I recognized it as a cousin of mine whom I had not seen for thirty years. We soon grasped hands and discussed other queer coincidences of our strange meeting.

After leaving Dutch Harbor, we pushed up on through Behring Sea for some six hundred miles, where we began to meet the flow of ice from the Yukon River, and in another six hours our good ship "Senator" was going under a slow bell, dodging the heavy ice floes. During this time we met many vessels, both steam and sail, each looking for an opening to push their way north, but thicker and thicker became the ice, until the opening through which we had come closed up altogether. Here, within a few miles of each other, lay fourteen vessels, all bound for the gold fields of Nome.

Our vessel laid up along the ice floe, and many of the

passengers went on the ice and had their pictures taken by the camera fiends.

We had then been some fourteen days from Seattle, and excitement ran high among the passengers when we found we were all drifting at the rate of three and a quarter miles an hour to the northeast, and there were fears that this great ice floe would reach the shore and the back ice would crush our ship as if it were an egg shell. I talked many times with our commander, Captain Patterson, with whom I had made many trips to South-eastern Alaska, and whom I knew to be a most excellent commander, and could see that he was very much worried, as he realized his utter helplessness in his present condition. Some of the passengers walked the deck both night and day, trying to find some solution of the situation. Others began to drown their fears in drink, while others climbed to the mast-head, looking for an opening through which we might expect escape. During this time a sailing vessel named the "Sutton" struck an ice floe and sank to her deck, but being loaded with lumber she did not go to the bottom. This added more fear to the nervous passengers on our ship. During the night the ice began to shift, showing it was meeting with resistance; our captain tried pushing his way through the small openings to the eastward, and during the next twenty-four hours we probably made two miles. On the following morning we tried bucking the smaller icebergs, but soon found we were springing the ship's plates, causing her to commence leaking. We once more stopped the engines and waited developments until another opening appeared, and gently pushing the ice apart we were soon able to increase our speed, until we finally reached

open water, having spent five days since leaving Dutch Harbor.

During this time our coal supply had become reduced, and as the captain thought it unsafe to try to reach Nome without a larger supply, we turned back to Dutch Harbor, which port we reached after losing some seven days. Here we met a large number of boats bound for Nome.

After getting our coal bunkers filled we again started for the gold fields. We finally reached the ice floe, but were able to crowd our way through with the help of the revenue cutter "Bear." After getting through the ice floe we lost no time in reaching Nome, where we found a number of boats which had succeeded in getting through the ice before us.

On our arrival we found a great many tents pitched along the beach for many miles, indicating that mining had commenced in earnest. We got ashore as soon as possible, and commenced planning for future operations.

It is well to say that the richness of the camp would not justify the purchase of any gold bath tub by my enthusiastic partner.

During the next three months I witnessed many very exciting incidents, which will long be remembered by myself and others.

The water along the beach at Nome is quite shallow for a mile and a half out from shore, and during a heavy gale from the southwest the waves sweep up the coast with such fury that it is almost impossible for a boat to lay at anchor, and during the heaviest gales all vessels raise anchor and put out to sea, to avoid being driven ashore.

Not long after my arrival in Nome there came a heavy west wind while there were seventy-six vessels laying at anchor, being unloaded by lighters. The wind soon reached a hurricane speed, and most of the vessels that had power went to sea to avoid being driven ashore, but there were a number of sailing vessels which dragged their anchors and came ashore, and one by one those noble crafts which had sailed the ocean and reached their destination, were doomed to destruction on the beach. The great ship "Skookum," of three thousand tons burden, after some twelve hours pulling at her anchors, parted her chains, came in with a rush and was landed high on the beach.

One of the strangest freaks of the waves was the sinking of a large stern-wheeler about three-quarters of a mile from shore by the seas breaking over her. During the next ten hours following the sinking she was shoved along on the bottom until she reached the shore and was pushed high and dry on the beach.

During this gale there was probably five hundred thousand dollars worth of property destroyed, and many a poor miner lost his all and was left stranded on the beach.

MEETING ON THE TRAIL.

Some years ago I was traveling through the mining country known as "Trail" and "Boundary Creek" in British Columbia.

It was the custom in those days to travel by saddle horse and pack animal, as there were no wagon roads whereby anyone could reach the numerous prospects which the prospectors had been trying to develop in

those high mountain ranges. When once in the mining camps one would frequently hear of new discoveries farther up the mountains and over the other side of the ranges.

The tales that were told were sufficient to turn one's head, and it was delightful to think that one could kiss goodbye to poverty, live in the lap of luxury and commiserate those who would not take the risk of climbing the mountainous peaks to barter for one of those bonanzas which could be obtained by paying a prospector a small sum for his claim—enough money to settle his little bills and fit him out for another trip.

However, I was chasing one of those rainbows, expecting to find the bag of gold where some prospector said it was, and as usual it was just over the other side of the highest range in all that country. So I mounted my horse and struck the trail one morning, knowing it would take me some seven or eight hours to make the trip, where I expected to see the beginning of another imagined fortune. After climbing the steep mountain through a dense forest, I finally reached the summit, and here suddenly met an old acquaintance—Mr. Corbin of Spokane. He and his engineer had been climbing the opposite side to meet me, not by appointment, but by chance, on that high range of mountains in a dense forest. Had we planned this meeting and been timing ourselves with the best chronometers we could not have done better.

However, I soon ran down my prospect and joined him on my return to camp, where we spent some days reconnoitering over the mountains.

Since that time, some of the prospects that had but a few feet of work done on them have turned out to be

fine paying properties, and still I am hunting for a prospect that is what the miner thinks it is.

MY ENGLISH FRIEND.

What a little world we live in, after all! When as children we look at the large map on the wall of the school room or spell out carefully w-o-r-l-d, it is indeed to our youthful imagination a vast and terrible place. But when in after years we leave our little back yards and go abroad in the land, meeting the same people, hearing the same language, witnessing the same tragedies and comedies, then does this vast world grow small indeed.

I was traveling through Ireland with an American friend. We were seated one day in a compartment car, and during our conversation talked of America. An elderly Englishman sat opposite us and seemed much interested in the conversation. Finally he broke in by asking if I had been in Ameica, and in reply I informed him that I was an American.

“Is that so!” said he. “Were you ever in Colorado?”

“Yes,” said I.

“Is that possible,” he said, with considerable emphasis, “and were you ever in Georgetown, Colorado?”

On my telling him that I had been there, he appeared much excited and exclaimed, “Is it possible! Did you know a man by the name of Prauhl?”

I told him that I had employed such a man and had discharged him for stealing. “That he will, that he will,” he exclaimed.

I then learned that he was Prauhl’s father-in-law and that he was then supporting the fellow’s wife and

children. This he related without hesitation, and in a few words gave me the man's history, which was nothing to be proud of. I told him what I knew of the man, and he unhesitatingly called him a vagabond.

Upon arriving in Limerick my English friend left us. After our stay in Ireland we went on to London, in which place we generally took our lunches in a restaurant where the cooking was done on the American plan.

On going to the counter one day to pay my check, whom did I see but my English friend. On seeing me he said, "Oh, Mr. Hammond, I'm glad to see you. I wish to make you acquainted with Mrs. Prauhl." She was cashier of the place where I had been taking my lunches.

This introduction seemed to completely unnerve the poor woman, for she turned pale and seemed very much embarrassed. However, I told her all I knew of her husband and of his conduct in America, so far as my acquaintance went. There was no question about his being the run-away husband, as my description of him was perfect. The old gentleman, who was working a small farm, cordially invited me to go out and spend Sunday with him at his little farm some twenty miles from London, which I did, and on leaving England he gave me a handsome bunch of hot house grapes that would make any American smile like a darkey boy over a watermelon.

MINING DEFINITIONS.

A Prospector: A man who has a hole in the ground and is the biggest liar in town.

A Proposition Man: One who wears laced boots and corduroy clothes, and never pays his board bill.

A Mining Expert: A man who can talk about formations, ramifications, stratifications, dykes, zones, dips, spurs, angles, teligtites, oozites, seddemites and all other ites and tites; can see a mile into mother earth and invariably condemns the country.

An Expert Miner: A man who loafs around town looking for a job as superintendent of a property, but would be a foreman if he can't be superintendent; one who worked on the Comstock in '70, and has been idle ever since.

A '49er: A man who came to the Coast in the "fall of '49 or spring of '50," and knows where there are diggings that will pay \$1.50 to the pan, and is going back there just as soon as spring comes.

A Mining Reporter: A man who wants you to subscribe for his paper, wants to write up your property, and wants you to take him out in the best buggy in town, smokes your best cigars and borrows \$5.00.

A Mine Promoter: A man who has unlimited capital behind him, but not any in front of him; his watch is in soak.

A Tenderfoot: A "Willie Boy" just out from the East. Carries a small arsenal with him, goes out prospecting with a shotgun and a fishing rod, buys a salted claim and gets money from mother to come home in the fall.

An Amalgamator: A man who wears long finger nails, draws \$5.00 a shift and deposits \$10.00 in the bank every day, if the ore is low grade, and more in proportion on high grade ore.

"A Local Mill Man of Note": One who has been on the eve of starting for South Africa or some other

far-off region for seven years, to take charge of the construction of a 1000-stamp mill for a London syndicate; a man who has been positively known to have constructed a sawmill.

An Assayer: A man who charges you \$1.50 for throwing your samples out of the back door and writing you a certificate.

A Mining Engineer: One who makes funny figures on blazed stumps and charges a big price.

A FREE BATH.

“When you have friends, use them,” seemed to have been my motto on one of my return trips from Alaska. After due reflection, I blush to look back and think of the amount of “gall” I must have gathered while up North, and still have sufficient nerve left on my return to take possession of a friend’s house in his absence, scare the domestic into allowing me the run of the house, order a bath and a room put in order, so that I could sleep off any surplus of nerve in case the proprietor put in an appearance before morning.

While on my first trip to Alaska, we made a short stop at Nanaimo, where the old ship Aucon was to take on a supply of coal to run her some two thousand miles. During this time, while strolling over Vancouver Island in search of pinks and roses, I met a gentleman and three ladies. This gentleman seemed to be the center of attraction for the three ladies, and I looked on in envy to see any one man appropriating so many of the fair sex while others, less fortunate, went their way alone. However, by edging around I finally entered into a con-

versation with them. It was the beginning of a most happy friendship which has lasted seventeen years.

My envied friend gave his name as M. R. Maddocks, of Seattle, and introduced the ladies as Mrs. John Wendell of Detroit, Michigan; Mrs. Dr. Bagley of Seattle, and Mrs. Bueget of Cleveland, Ohio, and I in turn told them that I was I. B. Hammond, of Chicago. We spent a very pleasant time talking, walking and gathering plants and flowers. Later we joined a party of excursionists and went out to a small island, where we celebrated the Fourth of July on British soil.

During the next six days we compared notes and found that our likes and dislikes were very similar, and before parting I pledged myself to call on Mr. Maddocks on my return to Seattle, which I did, and there met Mrs. Maddocks, who was not even jealous of her husband having had the guardianship of so many ladies. In fact, she had been the prime mover in starting the excursion on that beautiful trip for the enjoyment of their friends, an experience of which they all can be proud.

On returning to Seattle from one of my Alaska trips, I found my friends absent, and in place of the old domestic who had been with the family since my first acquaintance, I found a sprinkle of Sweden in possession. That upset my happiness, especially as I had hired a carriage to bring myself and luggage up the hill and had already discharged the driver. Seeing a light in the house, I entered and began to feel really at home. You can imagine my surprise when I was told by the new servant, "Vell, Ise tank um come some time dis night." I said, "I just tank I stay right here," set down my grip and waited developments.

After reading the paper, not being able to talk Swede, I said, "Say, tank I go bed," and started for my customary room. In passing the old familiar bath tub I concluded to use it as of old, and after drawing hot water sufficient to have scalded a porker, I took my bath and went to my room and was about to pass into the land of dreams, when I heard loud talking. I concluded to lie still, as I was in as little danger in bed as behind the door, and await developments. I really began to feel as if I had put myself in a position to be shot for a burglar or run in by the police. Footsteps on successive flights of stairs warned me that investigators were coming; the door of my much coveted room flew open and in came Mr. and Mrs. Maddocks. There was no shot fired, but I grasped their hands, snatched a kiss from the cheek of Mrs. M. and the fight was over.

THE GO-DEVIL.

Of the toil and tribulations involved in opening a new country, particularly a mining district, nothing is more disheartening, expensive and fruitful of awfully hard language than the getting of machinery to the mines. It takes much money to build roads into the mountains, over gulches, up the canyons and through the woods. Even trails for pack animals are expensive. Fallen timber, boulders, chuck holes, roots, sidling slopes, land-slides, snow-slides, wash-outs and wash-ins are the characteristics of all new roads into the mines.

To get heavy machinery into a locality without building a wagon road, is the office and function of the Go-Devil.

It hasn't any wheels to "dish" the wrong way or slide off the grade, no axles to break. It doesn't drop into a chuck hole, dump its load down the hill and fetch up on top in the bottom of the canyon. It crawls along on the ground with its load on its back, creeps over rocks, roots, ruts and things, and does great work in a lowly modest way. It needs power, of course, but this can be supplied by animals, traction or stationary engines, pulley and tackle, capstan—anything that will persistently pull. It is a great saver of money—and profanity. It lays down and takes up its own road-bed as it goes. It can be made of any size.

Two heavy timbers—say 8 feet long by 18 inches wide and 4 inches thick—rounded at the ends and shod at the bottom edges with heavy steel plates, are stoutly framed together, parallel, forming a sort of stout sled. A strong endless chain encircles each of these timbers lengthwise. The inside of the chains have forgings shaped like sections of channel iron, and the edges of the timbers (or runners) rest between these flanges as guides, holding the chain in place. To these several forgings heavy cast iron lugs are bolted, forming the outside of the chain to rest on the ground, like feet. Now, with these chains in place, daub some axle grease on the steel bottoms of the two side timbers (runners), put the machine on the ground, your load on the frame between the runners, hitch a horse to one end and start him.

The lugs, resting on the ground, like feet, adhere thereto, but the two side timbers (runners) slip continuously on the greased chains, which roll up from behind and roll down over the front of the runners, thus making



THE GO-DEVIL.

a continuous roadway for itself. All you need is power in front and a steering pole behind to take your load over any kind of ground not wholly impassable. It won't slide sideways or drop into gutters or ordinary quagmires. It will climb small logs, stones and be faithful. Being down on the ground it is easy to place loads on it or take loads off. It will go over any trail or road that a horse can work on. The illustration is from a photograph of a Go-Devil loaded with a cast iron mortar weighing 6,000 pounds, in actual operation.

The Go-Devil is an invention of my own.

RESOURCES IN A MINING CAMP.

It is not an uncommon thing in a mining camp to encounter heavy losses by breakage, and heavy wear upon the many pieces of machinery that are used in the reduction of ores and the development of mining property. I will relate a few of the many difficulties I have helped to overcome; damages which, at the time, looked as if nothing but a well-equipped machine shop and foundry could repair. But the old saying is "Necessity is the mother of invention," and I will admit that necessity brings out resources which would in ordinary cases never be heard from. And again, in the early days of milling, the machinery was much more of an experimental kind than at present. Naturally, by long years of experience with many of the brighter men of the country, the mills are at present less liable to derangement.

We were running a 25-stamp mill, and, according to the old practice, the entire number of stamps were operated by the cams being placed on one shaft, and that was driven

from one end. In due time this poor design resulted in the breaking of the cam shaft and everything came to a sudden stop. This, to all appearances, meant a shut-down of thirty to forty days, as every piece of machinery had to be drawn 275 miles by wagon, over the bad lands and mountain roads. This, one might say, would bring about the winter of our discontent, and at the same time bring out any ingenuity that might be in the many men affected by the shut-down.

I presented to our blacksmith a plan to weld this shaft, which was $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and 22 feet long. This huge piece of iron could not be handled without blocks and tackle, and to weld it in a mining camp without the use of a steam hammer and big forges, looked like a hopeless undertaking. After talking with our smith, we formulated a plan and soon started to put it in operation. We commenced by setting some men to removing the cams from the shaft, while others built a temporary furnace to hold sufficient charcoal to give the required heat. We then secured four large bellows to create the necessary blast. This being done, we took a stamp stem, with boss head and shoe, and arranged a battering ram to drive the two pieces of shaft together when we got the required heat. We then arranged some Vs which would hold the shaft accurately in line while being heated. Then we set our anvil so it would receive the shaft as it was slid through the V, and so that the joined pieces, after being driven together by the battering ram, would rest directly upon the anvil, when four hammermen with heavy sledges could play their blows in the soft welding head of the shaft. We then proceeded

to train eight of our best hammermen from the mine to act as a steam hammer, using reliefs of four at a time.

Preparations being completed we set to work, accomplished the job without a hitch, and started the mill after a delay of three and one-half days. The mill ran for years without further demands on "Rules of Thumb."

BORING AN ENGINE CYLINDER.

One of my neighbors in Dakota, a mill owner, came to me, stating that the cylinder of his engine was leaking steam, and he expected to have to shut down and send to Chicago, as there was no lathe in the country at that time.

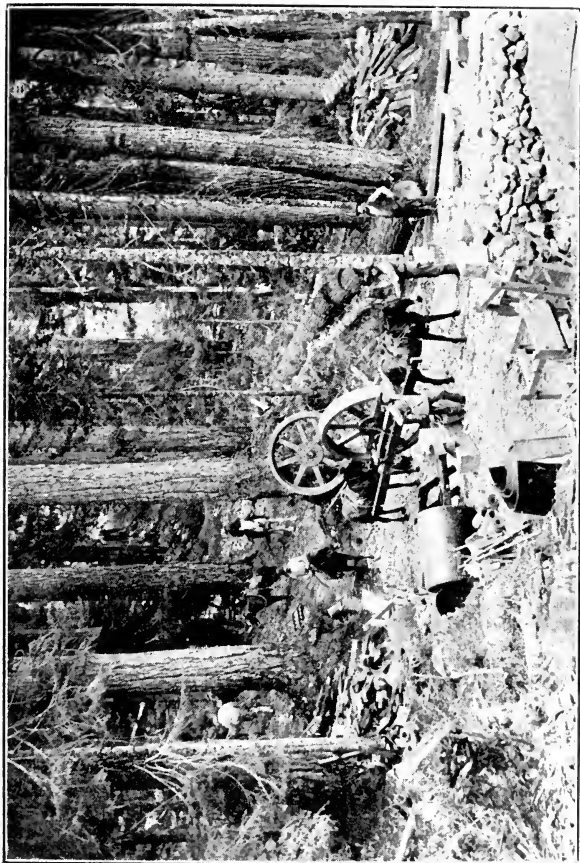
After examining his engine we decided it could be repaired where it set, and that a set of rings could be sent by express and stage from Chicago, by wiring the dimensions. There was no boring bar in the country, and we must accomplish the job with what was at hand.

We took a stamp stem and placed a tappet at each end of the cylinder, blocking them up in line and fastening them securely. We then placed a tappet in the cylinder and used one key hole for the cutting tool and the other for holding the tappet securely to the stem by driving the tappet key tight on the gib. We forged the cutting tool out of a pick point. We then placed a large pulley at the outer end of the cylinder, on the stem, made a windlass with two cranks, and fitted a belt around the windlass and the pulley. We then drilled a hole in the end of the stem, cut a long thread on $\frac{5}{8}$ rod, and screwed the rod in the end of the stem, placing a nut on this rod, which we could turn to suit the cut we wished to take and force the stem forward and back as we desired.

It took three cuts through the engine cylinder, which was 14 inches by 28 inches, making it as smooth as when new. On the arrival of the rings they were inserted, causing a delay of two and one-half days of a shut down after the rings arrived.

PACKING MACHINERY.

This cut represents one of the many ways in which machinery is packed into the mountains, where the building of wagon roads is too expensive until the mines are more fully developed. In order to develop the mines there must be machinery brought in to test these prospects, and to do this the trail is the only road, and in most cases the prospector can not afford to make much of a trail through heavy growth of timber up and down steep mountains. And again, to reduce the size of the necessary machinery, so that a single pack animal can carry the heavy pieces, is another expense to be avoided, and the poor pack mule is the one that the burden falls upon to carry the overload, the expense of which is being shunned by both mine owner and machinery builder. When the builder overtaxes the capacity of the mule to such an extent that the poor animal lays down his burden in despair, his mate is brought in to share his load, or carry one end of two bars which are hung in a yoke that is fastened to the pack saddle in the middle and extends down on each side of the mule. In the lower end of these yokes is hung a pole or scantling extending from one mule to the other, and on these poles is placed the heavy weight to be carried. The half hoop or yoke



PACKING MACHINERY.

that extends down each side of the animal is allowed to swing backward and forward and is sufficiently wide to allow the animal to turn.

The cut represents two mules carrying a pulley seven feet in diameter and weighing 700 pounds, which could not be carried on one animal.

A TRAILING LETTER.

The following lines will demonstrate how perfect a system of postal service we have in this country and Great Britain.

During the eighties, while traveling through Kansas, which was then the home of an old schoolmate and life-long friend, I wrote him to once more renew our friendly relations, as it had been many years since we had seen each other. While young men we had followed the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad together and witnessed many exciting times, but as my friend had married and gone to live in what the frontier man called "bleeding" Kansas, and as my occupation sent me in other ways, we naturally drifted apart and apparently lost interest in each other, only to be renewed when anything transpired that brought back to memory the events of the past. When passing through his state the temptation to once more renew our friendship became too strong, and I wrote him, saying I would be in Portland at about a stated time.

In due time I arrived in Portland and from there went to Alaska, from there back to Portland, then to San Francisco, and from there to Chicago, then to New York, where I stayed a few days, going from there to London,

where I spent some time. On leaving London I came back to New York, where I stayed a few days, then returned to San Francisco, from which place I went to Alaska, from there again returning to Portland.

It will be well to state that on leaving the hotels I always left particular orders for my mail to follow me, as I had some important business letters. However, on finally returning to Portland I was surprised to receive a letter from my old friend, schoolmate and frontier partner. This letter had followed me from Portland to Alaska, San Francisco, Chicago, New York, London, back to New York, then to 'Frisco, back to Portland, again to Alaska, finally overtaking me in Portland, Oregon, after having traveled over 19,000 miles, fully demonstrating the wonderful postal facilities of two great nations.

It was a double pleasure to receive such a letter after the wonderful journey it had made—yet a much greater surprise and pleasure was near at hand.

As I was passing along First street, I heard my school-boy nickname called out, and on turning about, wondering who should know me by the familiar cognomen of "Ike," who should I see but the writer of the letter referred to—my old schoolboy friend, H. E. Cowgill, and his brother Albert, across the street, waiting to see if the old time salutation was answered. A moment later there was a sincere greeting and hand-shaking by three men who had known each other as boys, but had not met for over thirty years.

EARLY DAYS IN THE BLACK HILLS.

In the spring of 1877, I got the gold fever from the many fabulous stories which came from the Black

Hills in Dakota, of the wonderful finds that were being made. During the previous year there had been many reports of rich gold discoveries on the Sioux Reservation, which was well guarded by both Indians and soldiers, and when a party of gold hunters or prospectors would break through the lines into the reservation they were either attacked by the Indians or pursued by the soldiers and brought out of the reservation.

But these conditions could not last long. When gold is once known to exist in paying quantities, all the Indians in North America would not stop the prospector from exploring the supposed gold fields. When he once establishes the fact of the find, then comes the adjusting of any Indian treaties that might have existed.

The opening to settlement of the reservation which followed the 1876 prospecting, was done contrary to law, but it resulted in one of the greatest gold discoveries in America. It has yielded many millions in gold and is still a large producer of the yellow metal.

And I, like many thousands of young men, thought I saw where I could increase my worldly possessions by roughing it for a few years. After getting all the information possible, I built a small stamp mill and with some friends set forth early in the spring of 1877, over the new route, by way of Fort Pierre on the Missouri River, and the Bad Lands.

The boat we took was the first to land freight for the Fort Pierre route. We took a span of horses and a wagon for carrying our own baggage, but contracted with the Evans Transportation Company to haul our stamp mill and provisions. We took about a dozen prospectors with us, carrying their baggage and camp outfits,

they walking in company with us. We received fifteen dollars from each man for carrying 100 pounds of freight.

Finally reaching the coveted land of gold, we pitched our tent and commenced to reconnoiter for a site where we could erect our stamp mill. Not, however, without having a number of Indian scares, both on the route and after we reached Deadwood.

One of the most exciting events occurred after we had pitched camp on what was then known as City Creek, just above the town site of Deadwood. While making plans for future moves, and waiting for our freight to arrive, there came a messenger into camp with the sad news that two men, one boy and a woman had been killed by the Indians on Spearfish Creek, some sixteen miles from Deadwood.

In a short time a party of fourteen men were mounted on tired horses, making their way through the mud toward the scene of the massacre. Night soon came on, and with it a heavy rain which drenched every man to the skin. We backed up against some friendly pine trees for bed and shelter, and waited through the long night for break of day. Morning came at last and we mounted our hungry, shivering beasts and started for the scene of trouble. At 10 o'clock we had reached the place where the party had been most brutally slain by those who are so often called the poor, brave redmen. This subject, however, I will not at this time try to discuss. We were soon able to find the tracks of the fleeing redmen and pushed on in pursuit, feeling, however, for many reasons, that we were on a hopeless chase. Our horses were in bad shape to make much of a chase, or to flee if pursued by our enemies; all of which was

thought about and talked over. But we felt it our duty not to return without making a good effort to revenge the death of the poor settlers who had been so mercilessly killed and mutilated by the savages. We finally struck a well beaten trail the fleeing band had made and which we could follow without delay. Following this trail some eight or ten miles we came to a sudden stop at the top of a hill. The hair on every man's head had a slight tendency to raise, and not without good cause, for not more than three-fourths of a mile away, on the banks of a stream, there was a large Indian camp of tepees. Without comment as to what was best to be done, each horse's head was turned and the spurs of persuasion were liberally applied to their flanks and sides, to quickly cover the distance between the seemingly quiet Indian camp, and the busy town of Deadwood. We did not succeed in capturing the murderers of the settlers, but later the soldiers captured Sitting Bull, and took his band of redmen to the reservation. This was about the last of the North American Indian warfare. With the civilizing or colonizing of the Indians came also the annihilation of the buffaloes, which supplied the Indians with food while in their native haunts. By the slaughtering of the buffalo, the Indians were compelled to come to the white man for domestic herds.

We soon found that all the rocks in the Hills did not carry gold. We also found there were plenty of people who were hunting suckers, or in other words tenderfeet. After some days we concluded to go into the saw mill business instead of gold mining, and soon put our engine and boiler into operation with a party owning a saw mill. Meanwhile, we kept up the still hunt for a gold mine, which is yet undiscovered.



To

Hammond

The Pioneer.

*Keep ever onward, sturdy pioneer!
Build new outposts, with each succeeding year!
Move on the boundaries, of mighty nations!
Sow the seeds of future civilizations,
Along the setting sun's effulgent ray,
As westward, ranks of progress take their way.
All honor to you who first blazed the trail,
Through forest, mountain, desert, hill and vale;—
Who, drove your herds across the grassy plain;
Founding empires and planting fields of grain;—
Building cities, where savage wigwams stood,
As monuments to lasting fortitude;—
Who, harnessed water, lightning, steam and air,
And turned those mighty wheels of commerce there;—
Who, laid from sea to sea, those rails of steel,
And o'er it sent the "iron horse" a wheel;—
Who, stretched electric wires around the world,
And on strange seas those daring sails unfurled;—
Who, founded schools where once roamed lion and bear,
And builded homes for the brave and the fair.
Empire builders, your work is nearly done;—
Pioneers in thought, yours, has just begun.
Inventions will increase human powers.
Future arts will beautify all flowers.
Future muses will sing us sweeter songs.
Fair justice will right many present wrongs.
But if you would broaden the manly scope,
Look West, for there's the brightest star of hope.*

—Edward C. Morse.

NOTE.—The foregoing poem was inscribed by the author, and prettily illustrated, on a piece of Alaska cedar; the whole inscription being burned into the wood with the red-hot point of a metal tool. It was done at the "Sea-level Mine," near Ketchikan, Alaska, and sent to me at Portland as a Christmas gift, 1903.











