TALES OF THE TRAIL

by

ARABELLA FULTON

After she Had Passed Her Eightieth

Milestone

An Account, From

A Woman's Viewpoint, of the

Crossing of the Plains in

Ox Caravan in 1864, and Set-

tlement of the Boise Valley

of Idaho; A Wagon Trip to

Texas, and Settlement and

Life There; A Wagon Trip

to Washington Territory

from Texas, and Settlement

in the Kittas Valley.

FOREWORD

Grandmother Fulton, at the age of eighty years, began writing her memories of pioneer days in the Northwest. Without recourse to anything but her wonderful memory, she collected the material for this book, and then undertook the almost incredible task of transcribing in longhand the voluminous mass of facts which she had accumulated.

This writing she accomplished between times as she worked in her garden or looked after her chickens and turkeys on her little farm in California.

Primarily, as a sort of family story for her descendants, she worked to leave them a remembrance of the conditions of life which all pioneer people had lived.

Her story tells of the struggles in pioneer times, in which woman bore her share of the burden. Most of her companions have joined the silent ranks, but their children and children's children may learn here something of the heroic work their parents accomplished in building homes in a new country.

W. S. Cooper
1930

This is the most interesting and exciting factual history of crossing the Plains and settling the West you will ever hope to read. Every chapter is written in such a manner that you cannot wait to read the next few paragraphs to see how each drama is going to play out.

If you grew up in the Methow Valley before World War II, your genes are loaded with those of your Grandparents and Great Grandparents who made this western trek across the Plains, over the Rocky Mountains and into the Northwest Territory of Washington by wagon train to open up new frontiers never before settled by white families.

Up to 80% of the first 150 pioneers to settle in the Methow Valley were either their children, children of relatives or close friends of Frank and Arabella Fulton coming from Wise County in Texas and later to the Ellensburg area in Washington.

Four of Frank and Belle Fulton's children (Lee, Frank,Jr., Nellie, and Jacqueline) along with numerous nephews, nieces and in-laws and some of their parents, came to stake out homesteads in the Methow Valley including Hartles, Pattersons, Barnharts, Germans, and Sullivans. Mason Thurlow (perhaps the first farmer in Methow Valley), lived with Frank and Belle Fulton in Texas for several years during his teenage years. Mason Thurlow came to Northwest Territory with the Fultons on the same wagon train.

Dale W. Dibble
1994.

DEDICATION

In loving memory to the
children of pioneers I
dedicate this work.

--Arabella Fulton

CHAPTER ONE

Though he was from Tennessee and she from Kentucky, my father and mother met in Boone County, where they had grown to young manhood and womanhood, and were married.

I was three years old when they moved up to Linn County Missouri, in order to get larger land holdings. Here we met the gallant and scholarly Colonel Flournoy, a gentleman of the Old South, wealthy in lands and slaves. Our acquaintance soon ripened into a warm, intimate friendship which lasted for many years.

My people were slave owners, as was the custom of the times among those who could afford to keep them, and I grew up among the colored people of our community. I early learned to appreciate their good qualities and many virtues, as well as their weaknesses.

I recall a visit to my maternal grandfather, Jesse Turner, in Boone County, after I had become pretty much a young lady. My Grandfather Turner was a man of influence in the state, and was one of the founders of the University of Columbia, now the state-supported University of Missouri. he was also prominent in political affairs, and had something to do in shaping governmental matters in his county and state.

I went with my mother, a long trip it seemed to me, down to my grandfather's plantation, the place of my birth. I again met my old black "mammy", Aunt Allie, who, in her loving way wanted to fondle me.

"Come here, honey, to yo' ol' mammy, an' let 'er kiss yo' sweet face!"

Her thick, black lips were not at all inviting, and I demurred too such endearments.

"Yo' needn't be so uppish", she chided. "Ye ol' mammy has slep' wid yo' in muh ahms lots o' nights when yo' mwus jis' a little baby; an I'se fed yo' yo' dinnah, too, right frum muh own bre's'!"

This information was really embarrassing to me, a demure young lady. I could hardly believe it.

Aunt Allie was a remarkable woman. When Grandmother passed away, leaving several small children, Aunt Allie gathered them under her wings, as it were, and saw to their bringing up with far more tenderness and interest than she over manifested for her own children.

Not many years after his bereavement, Grandfather went back to Kentucky on a visit, and while there, he decided to marry again. He sent Aunt Allie instructions to have the house in shape and to prepare a good dinner, as he intended to bring back his wife. Aunt Allie sent him word that "dey jis' wasn't going to be nobody come to dis house an' lord it ober dem chillun", and to "jis' leabe dat woman right whar she be an' come on home widout any more foolishments!"

So strong was her objections, that Grandfather postponed the wedding indefinitely. When the children were nearly all grown, Grandfather did marry again, and this time Aunt Allie was quite content, for she had raised her "chilluns" and there was no danger of any "boss woman" mistreating them.

We were on the frontier of a pioneer country. Living was hard; schooling meager, and times were unsettled. The slavery question was a burning issue, and the mutterings of

War ever in the air. But we worked and strove to open up the farm and make living conditions better. Let it be understood that the children of slave owners were not always exempt from hard labor. The story of the early settlers of the middle states is a matter of history, to which I could add nothing, and further, is divergent from the purpose of this writing. I propose to write of our migration to the West, and of our life there, my own experiences being typical of others in up building the great West.

The story of the border states is well known, and of the bitterness and crime engendered in the struggle for supremacy between the slavery... and the anti-slavery forces much has been written. It is not for me to recount them here. We lived in that part of the state where the James boys, driven to desperation by the outrages of the War, began their course of outlawry, seeking to avenge their wrongs. When the War began, guerrilla warfare soon spread over our section, gripping it in a reign of terror.

I was born in 1844, and I lived on the border between Missouri and Kansas until the last year of the Civil War. My father, John W. Clement, was a slave owner, as I have stated, and during this period, before the Emancipation Proclamation, all and soon became targets for the petty spites and indignities of overzealous partisans favoring the North. In many instances slave owners and suspected Southern sympathizers were accorded atrocious treatment. In some cases the treatment extending to murder.

My father, a strong admirer of Henry Clay, the "Great Compromiser" was never in sympathy with the extremists of the South. I heard him say, at the time South Carolina seceded, that "she needed a right good thrashing", and "she should have waited to see what methods Lincoln would adopt". But when Missouri was put under military rule -- largely through the hot-headedness of General Lynn, who was later killed in the Battle of Wilson Creek. My father, together with others of the most substantial citizenry of the community, was arrested, taken to military headquarters, and there made to take the oath of allegiance to his country, when, in fact, none of them had ever been disloyal, either in thought or in deed. He considered such treatment an uncalled for indignity, and one hard to bear.

When the War broke out soon there sprung up over the whole state self- appointed "patriotic" organizations, having for their purpose coercion and intimidation of the people, and the members of these organizations, under the names of "Home Leaguers" and "Home Guards". They perpetrated all sorts of cruelty, and outraged the rights of the citizens.

As time went on, these abuses became so cruel that nobody was safe in life or property, and the people of our neighborhood became so utterly discouraged and disgusted as War progressed, that they finally reached the point where they began to discuss the possibility of making up a wagon train and moving to Oregon.

Such a venture as this, however, would be no small undertaking, and to equip for it would require much money which at that time was a scarce article in our community. Those going would first have to dispose of their property, which would bring only a pittance, while the supplies and equipment required for the journey would be very costly. In other words, we would have to sell low and buy high -- a ruinous move at the beginning. But there to be no other way out of the difficulty.

Such table supplies as sugar and coffee were not only high in price, but so exceedingly scarce that we could hardly get them at all. Flour too was high and scarce, with corn meal taking its place in our homes. But on a journey such as was now being

contemplated, corn meal was an undesirable substitute for flour, for its keeping qualities were not very satisfactory. However, some of the people who went in the train took corn meal, and they said it proved to be better than they had expected.

As the plans for the venture ripened and people began to make preparations for the journey, they were confronted first of all by the food problem. Meat could easily be procured, for at that time it was mainly all home-grown and home-cured, and was a staple article of diet in all households. Cost what it may, flour was an absolute necessity in the train, and must be had. Having no canned fruits in those days, we could take only dried apples and dried peaches. Rice was plentiful and we took a considerable quantity of it with us on the journey, but we had no milk or butter for seasoning it. Some took along butter packed in stone jars, but it didn't last long. We could easily meet the problem of wearing apparel, for our clothing was all home-made, and of homespun cloth of our own weaving. But being mostly woolen, it would be quite heavy and warm for summer wear. This necessitated the purchase of cotton goods for lighter clothing, which added considerably to the cost of outfitting ourselves, for cotton was scarce and costly

It soon became evident that such a multitude of necessary items would be required for the trip, and money was so scarce and so hard to obtain outside of army employment, that there were many contemplating the journey who laid awake nights figuring how they could meet all these demands.

Although we had a little coffee in the wagon train, parched wheat was used as a substitute, and each family took with them several sacks of wheat for this purpose, and had a little coffee-mill for grinding it. Many families took homemade syrup or sorghum, but these items were so heavy and bulky and took up so much room in the wagon train that not all were able to bring them.

We had no baking powders or soda for bread making, but used salaratus instead. It was much stronger than soda and had to be made into a liquid before using. Knowing that we would not be able to obtain fuel for baking along part of our way, we took along several boxes of crackers and sweet biscuits, both of which served a good purpose as a substitute for bread. A few potatoes also were taken, but their bulk made it impossible to take as many as we would need.

Our bill-of-fare on the journey was made up principally of fried fat meats and gravy made of water in which we sopped our bread. When we camped long enough we baked light bread, setting our cup of rising the night before, but this kind of bread making required a whole day's camping. Out unit, that is, those of our immediate family were fortunate in having with us a sack of dark brown sugar, which we used for making syrup. There may have been others also who had sugar, but I do not recall them. It was in this meager manner and with such staple articles that we met the food problem.

Other momentous problems also had to be met before the expedition could get under way. Farms had to be sold and personal property disposed of. Wagons, teams and supplies for the journey must be obtained. Release from military service of those eligible for the draft was necessary for many. Paroled Confederate soldiers had to obtain permits to leave the state, and there were many other requirements to be met.

The more the venture was talked about, agitated, and prepared for, the stronger the excitement grew until it spread from the neighborhood to neighborhood; from vicinity to vicinity; and before we realized it, the fervor had assumed large proportions. Inquiries

came from remote districts seeking information relative to the proposed expedition. Soon meetings were being called in the various communities, and advisory boards were being appointed with a view to organizing the wagon train.

All winter interest in the undertaking ran high, and as spring drew near, the promoters in our vicinity thought it advisable to call a meeting of all our neighbors who contemplated making the journey, to make definite arrangements and to determine how many wagons they would take in the train. The meeting was largely attended. It was learned that many more people were trying to get ready than had at first been expected. Harmony and good will prevailed, and all expressed the desire to help each other as much as they could in disposing of property and making arrangements for the journey.

Now, since they had definitely decided to undertake the venture and the time for preparation was short, everyone went to work with redoubled energy, although many had been working quietly all winter disposing of their homes and belongings. Many who had been undecided, and fearful that they could not meet the undertaking, took new courage at the meeting and decided to go. There were many others, too, who wanted to go, but could not. How they longed for the opportunity, and planned for it, but could not accomplish it! My father was one of these, He had a good farm but he could not sell it. He had a family of small children dependent upon him. Plan as he might, there seemed no way for him to go.

But he had three daughters, caught in the whirlpool of the excitement, who did go. These were my twin sisters, Addie and Angie, two years younger than I, and myself. Both of the twins had married the previous year, and their husbands strongly desired to go. At first, my sisters sorely objected to going, for they imagined that all sorts of dangers beset The Trail, Indian massacres especially. We had heard much of the horrible atrocities these red demons had perpetrated on emigrant trains. however, after much persuasion they finally told their husbands they would go, providing I could go with them. I had been a sort of mother to them since the death of our mother a few years before, and they seemed to have confidence in my ability to take care of them.

There appeared to be no good reason why I should not go. Surely I wanted to! I was not particularly needed at home. My father had married again, and the smaller children now had a good step-mother. I could well be spared from household duties, so I willingly agreed to go with the twins if they could make room for me.

I was young then, just twenty (1864), with all the romance and reality of life before me, eager for adventure, full of life and activity, and with no element of fear in my makeup. Then, too, I strongly resented the repressions I had been put to. My sympathies were for the South. My people were of the South, and naturally, my sympathies were with them. But I dared not express my feelings in any way, for it would only bring more trouble on my father. One of his sons-in-law, Tom Jones, was a paroled Confederate soldier, having served with General Price's army, and the least outbreak on my part would set tongues to wagging, and bring retribution on my father's head. I was glad now of the chance to get away from it all, and to seek new freedom in the open spaces of the West where my girlish utterances would not bring condemnation to my people.

Little fear, if any, did I have of Indians, or of dangers of any other kind. I was now only too glad to get from under these repressions and be able once more to express my opinions freely. Nor was I the only one desiring to enjoy this freedom, as I learned after

we had gotten out into God's free, open country, for none here denied us the constitutional right of free speech.

Both of my brothers-in-law were eligible for the draft, and perhaps would have been called into service had they not put up a bonus of thirty dollars each for hiring substitutes. This gave them liberty to go. I think perhaps this rule was changed soon afterward, for so many took advantage of its provisions that the purpose of the law was perverted.

Now began the procuring of good wagons and suitable teams. Ox teams were the cheaper to outfit, for the cost of harness alone for horses was a considerable item. But many who already owned horses used them on the journey. It was necessary to take some grain to feed the stock at the beginning of the journey, for the grass was yet too young and tender to afford proper nourishment for the hard-worked teams, but it was expected that a few weeks later the prairie grass, said to grow abundantly along the Trail, would be sufficient for their needs.

Ox teams were usually made up of two yoke of cattle, the lead team being cows. On this occasion the cows did double duty by furnishing milk for the children and helping to draw the heavy wagons. And from my observation I think the womenfolk, too, on these long travels, did more than double duty in caring for the children, preparing the food, and bearing the brunt of irritated tempers. In fact, I think woman might well claim the credit for settling and civilizing the great Northwest, for without her help it never would have been settled. She encouraged the undertaking, shared all the hardships, faced danger and privations with fortitude and resolution, and was, indeed "an Helpmate" in up building this Northwest Empire.

As the time for our departure drew nearer we ware amazed at the widespread interest in the expedition, and at the number of people who were preparing to go. The Oregon fever" had broken out in remote sections of the country, and we could expect a large emigration on the Oregon Trail this year. Our own train would be much larger than we had expected.

Judging from our own immediate neighborhood, the finances of the train would be very low -- so low, indeed, that I now marvel how men could have had the courage to venture on so long and perilous a journey with so little money -- going as they were into an unknown unsettled, strange land where there was every reason to believe that they would meet with nothing but hard times.

One man with a wife and child told me that after he had his wagon and team all equipped and ready to start he had just seventy five dollars left to pay for the expenses of the trip and a winter's living at the journey's end.

Doubtless there were others better supplied than he, yet I do know that the finances of the train were exceedingly low, and that it required great faith and courage to undertake such a venture. But behind it all was the thought of getting away from the hateful, blighting effects of the War. It could truthfully be said that the War brought the settlement of this great Northwest and western country, and laid the foundation for the vast empire it has become. After the War was ended, the South, too, gave lavishly of her best blood to the West and Northwest. All who could possibly find a way to escape the sordid effects of the War did so. Out of the hideousness of the War was built this great western domain.

I have lived in the West since the year 1864. At that time it was a country in the wilds, inhabited by savage Indians, with just a sprinkling of white trappers and gold hunters whose appearance hardly distinguished them from savages. But they were good hearted and hospitable withal. I have watched the great changes and improvements in the country with wonder and amazement.

The advent of warm weather and the coming of green grass saw activities begin with feverish ardor. Wagons were put into condition for the long trek; supplies were gathered; teams were equipped, and preparations were completed.

Our tentative leaders were asked to meet and set the date for our departure, and arrange the plan of starting, for we knew that with a definite time set and a plan of procedure decided upon, we could work toward them all the better.

Each community, neighborhood, or section was asked to start from its own home place and meet at a designated point, and there organize the train. The place named for meeting was Nebraska City, where we would cross the Missouri River on a ferry boat. This place was about one hundred miles from my own home. The word was passed that May 5, 1864 should be the time for our departure. Thereupon, all the wagons of our neighborhood, after the occupants had bidden a tearful goodbye to relatives, friends, and neighbors, turned toward the point for this great gathering of travelers to the unknown land of the western sun.

It took us five or six days to reach the rendezvous, my father going one day's journey with us. Parting from him was heart-breaking , and the hardest trial we had yet undergone. We knew that he wanted so much to go with us, and we knew, too, that if the War continued he would still have to make sacrifices and be subject to groveling indignities. Now we must leave him alone to meet these trials unsupported. It seemed that I was giving him a last farewell, but through the goodness of my Heavenly Father I was permitted to meet him again in my old home after the lapse of twelve years and to renew the associations so readily broken.

When we reached our meeting place, others had arrived before us and others, still, were behind us. Our old friend, Colonel Flournoy, was here with a great number of cattle and mules. The ravages of War had dwindled his vast estate, and driven him from his home. He, like us was seeking a new freedom in the West.

The camp near Nebraska City was in rather cramped quarters, and the pasturage for stock being not good, we decided to cross the river to the grassy plains on the other side in the hope of finding better grazing. As to the better grazing, we found the vast extent of grassy plains literally covered with stock, both horses and cattle, under the care of herders. There were white tents and white covered wagons dotting the plains all around for miles, resembling a great city of miniature white buildings.

There were no settlements on the west side of the river at that time, and its only inhabitants were a few roving bands of Indians seeking to barter beaded work and buckskins to the emigrants.

This great aggregation of people, wagon and livestock was a wonderful sight, and it indicated that there were other states as well as Missouri afflicted with the "Oregon fever". There were wagon trains here from Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska, and perhaps from many other states. It has been estimated that ten thousand wagons crossed the Plains that year!

The spring was late and backward. The weather was cold and wet, There was much discomfort in camp. Fuel of any kind was very scarce. Trains were forming and starting out daily, but it was not considered a good policy to travel while the grass was so short and tender. The discomforts of camp were so great, and the people so impatient to be on their way, that they would remain here no longer than was necessary.

The rest of our train having arrived, a meeting was held and the expedition was organized. Freeman Goodman, who had twice before crossed the Plains,, was elected captain. He was a man of firmness, but smooth and mild-tempered. All liked him and respected him greatly, and willingly submitted to his guidance. Thinking it best not to have too many bosses, the train elected no other officers. Soon we were in readiness to set out on our great adventure, with its attendant dangers and hardships. Our goal was the unknown West!

At the captain's command the wagons were placed in line, forming a long string, nearly a hundred in number, their white tops glistening in the sun. The horse-drawn wagons were placed in the lead; the ox teams behind, for they would travel more slowly and could not be rushed. And the loose cattle more properly speaking, to one side, where they could graze along more slowly, attended by the young men.

And now the captain, on horseback, rides up and down the line, giving it a final inspection. All is in readiness. "Forward, march!" Whips crack, the oxen bend their shoulder to the yoke, and amid hurrahs and cheers the train gets under way! "On to Oregon!" is the battle cry. Families and relatives travel in groups.

At first the order of travel was too compact, but this was quickly remedied by the captain, who told us we would not need to travel so compactly until we reached dangerous Indian country, when it would have to be done for safety. In making the start there was great confusion all around. Other trains were forming and rushing to get ahead of us, as though it were a race to see which would arrive first. But our captain kept a cool head and avoided much confusion and hurry in our train. He said the others would soon wear out their teams, which proved to be correct, for when we passed them two weeks later they were down to orderly traveling.

We were now fairly launched on our journey, traveling over the great Platte River plains. This was a large expanse of treeless country. Here was the summer range of the buffalo, and we cooked with buffalo "chips". When we camped at evening the women and children went out with sacks and gather the chips with which we cooked our meals. Sometimes the men helped in this task, but generally they had to attend first to getting the stock out to feed.

When we first began using this improvised fuel my sisters couldn't eat anything. Their delicate appetites revolted at food prepared in this manner. But before we left the chip country they were only too glad to get food, regardless of how it had been cooked, and they later saw times when they would gladly have cooked with chips had they been able to get them. I had no qualms about such things, and I would gather the chips for fuel, cook with them, eat heartily and poke fun at the girls over their squeamish appetites.

We had expected to be able to provide ourselves with fresh meat from wild game, but so great was the migration ahead of us that the game had been driven from the Trail, and our hunters were able to get but few buffalo or antelope, or any other game. This was a great disappointment to us, and increased the privations of the journey.

We encountered many Indians on the Platte, but none were hostile, and most of them were inclined to be friendly. Often a group of squaws would come and sit around the camp. Once a young squaw came with a two-months old papoose. It was clothed only with a ragged diaper and a little cloth wrapped around its shoulders, and if "cleanliness is next to godliness", this little chap was decidedly ungodly. My sister and I then did a little missionary work. We got hold of the infant and washed it good with a wet rag. We were afraid to give it a real bath, not so much because it would be harmful to the baby, but because it might not fit into the mother's scheme of things. We clothed it with a complete outfit of our little baby's things, excepting shoes and stockings. Whereupon the mother, looking quite pleased, smiled broadly and jabbered to another squaw something which we took to be evidence of her pleasure at the transformation of the infant.

Day after day we journeyed up the Platte, with but few incidents to break the monotony of our travel. At evening we camped in units of relatives and friends. Though we had no wood for making big camp fires to gather around, some of our party had a big tent where we could go and spend a sociable evening. We had some musical instruments, such as the accordion and violin, and some very good musicians and singers. Music and song frequently filled the tent. I saw no card playing, neither was there any carousing, or drunkenness, except on one occasion of which I shall speak later, leaving it to the reader to judge whether or not under the circumstances it might be excusable. Everyone brought along whiskey for emergencies, for it was then thought useful in many ways.

French trading posts along the way served to break the monotony of our travel. We could buy from the trader a few needed supplies, and we enjoyed watching his troop of half-breed children. The trader invariably had Indian wives.

Another colorful diversion which created much excitement in our train was passing of the mail stages. They swept along at high speed with six heavily-armed men at the driver's side and an equal number of armed guards on horseback speeding alongside the coach. Holdups and Indian raids were not infrequent, and often the stage, on arriving at the station, would find it in ashes, and the agent murdered. This was principally the work of marauding bands of Indians, led perhaps, by a White renegade, but in some instances it was done by white men disguised as Indians. The stage always gave us warning if there was any danger from Indians.

Along the Platte we often saw large encampments of emigrants, waiting over from some cause or other, generally to give additional time for their stock to graze, for the grass was still short and pretty well grazed over.

One day we ourselves laid over near one of these large encampments. Some of the boys went over to visit them and incidentally learn where they were from, always an interesting question among strangers. They learned that a Kansas train was also camped nearby. In this train was the wife and family of old John Brown of Ossawatomie, the leader of the Harper's Ferry insurrection; him, or whom it was popularly sung:

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave!"

Knowing that she was in such close proximity to so many Missourians, the lady was trying to keep her identity a secret, fearful of violence at their hands. She had either asked for an escort of federal soldiers to protect her on her way, or she expected to ask for them at first hint of danger. But I know that she had nothing to fear from the

Missourians; they had affairs of greater moment on their minds than molesting a helpless woman and her children.

I never heard whether or not Mrs. Brown got the escort, but I later learned that she had gotten safely through to California where she spent the remainder of her life and raised her family amid peaceful scenes.

While camped one night along the Platte, we experienced a most unusual happening -- a very annoying one, too, while it lasted. Out of it grew a rather amusing incident which afforded some of us quite a bit of merriment.

Just about dark, before we had finished our suppers, we were suddenly overrun by an army of bugs. I never learned of what species they were, or thence they came. In size they were about like beetles. Apparently they were like the grasshoppers of old which plagued Pharaoh in behalf of the Israelites. They came swarming into everything. I never saw so many bugs in my life before, nor since, for that matter. There were bugs everywhere -- in our pots and pans, in our teakettles and coffeepots, in our dishes and water pails, in our food, in our faces, in our hair; yes, and in our mouths. We did not dare to open our mouths to eat or talk.

The lights of our fires seemed to attract them, and they came in such hordes that we decided to put out all lights, and endure the calamity in darkness. We did not even dare light a lantern to see how to get into our beds, but retired in the dark, hoping thus to avoid having them for bed-fellows, feeling that sleeping under such circumstances would be uncomfortable.

After the bug confusion had quieted down somewhat and everyone was trying to sleep, we heard Aunt Lucinda scream out:

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!"

We rushed to her tent, fearful that the baby was having another convulsion. Just as we reached it, she gave another scream, shouting:

"There's a bug down my back! There's a bug down my back!"

We went back to our beds laughing, glad it was nothing worse than a bug down Aunt Lucinda's back!

By midnight all the bugs seemed to have left the camp and next morning we ate our breakfasts in peace.

About this time another incident occurred which was rather tragic. One evening about supper time we saw a commotion in another part of the camp. My sister and I went over to see what caused it. We found two women, sister-in-laws, engaged in a rough and tumble encounter. They were scratching and biting, pulling hair, and trying their best to hurt each other. But neither of them knew very much about scientific fighting, and being pretty evenly matched, they did no real damage to each other.

The tragedy of it was that both their husbands were sitting by, watching the fight, each holding a small child in his arms, tears coursing down their checks as they watched their wives making such a spectacle of themselves.

They were Iowa people who had traveled with us for some time. The men were well liked and highly respected in the train. The women were also well liked. Their difficulty had not originated in the train, but over something that had happened back home.

After the fight, one of the men began to hitch up his team. he said he would have to leave the train so that such a scene would not occur again. But the men urged him not to leave and go alone with his little family. They told him just to drop to the rear of the train, and that would effectually separate the combatants. This he consented to do, and it made them our nearest neighbors, for at that time ours were the hindermost wagons in the train.

We found them delightful people and grew very fond of them. The mother had several small children which needed care, as well as the five-month-old baby which the father had held during the fight. My work not being very arduous, I would go round every evening and get the baby and care for it until the mother finished her work. Sometimes, if it seemed hungry, I would take it to my sister who would let it nurse and put it to sleep in our camp.

Our amicable relations continued throughout the journey across the Plains and until our separation in the Boise Valley. To complete the story: More than twenty years later, after we left Texas, my husband met one of the brothers. He was a resident of the valley engaged in the livestock business, and was a prosperous and highly respected citizen. The other family lived in the Puget Sound country, but were here on a visit when we arrived. Mrs. P. was greatly surprised and much pleased to see me. She exclaimed;

"Belle! Belle! I have often wondered what became of you! I did so hate to leave you in that wild, wild country (The Boise Valley)! I am overjoyed to see you and your good husband and your fine lot of children!" (I had eight at that time.) Then pointing to her daughter standing nearby who was now a young lady, she said;

"That's your baby! You know, you always claimed her and took so much care of her. I have often told her about you."

"Yes" said the daughter, "Mother has never let me forget you."

In our train were quite a number of little boys and girls who loved action. Sometimes for diversion I would gather them up in the morning, form a company of little soldiers and start on ahead of the wagons. Frequently we would travel several miles on ahead before the children would complain of being tired. They had sticks for guns and used anything they could get for swords. Some of the children had brought along horns and Jew'harps, and other musical playthings. One little boy who was considered idiotic had brought along a drum. So, we had lots of noise of a musical nature when we started on our marches in the mornings.

The foolish little boy, Tommy, became a great admirer of mine; and he did so love these marches that no doubt I got up many of them just to please him. He was always the drummer boy, leading the parade proudly to the pounding of his drum.

One morning we took a cut-off path that led us considerable distance from the main traveled road. In fact, we were out of sight of the train. Looking ahead we saw an Indian brave moving toward us full tilt, riding Indian-fashion with his pony on the run. A bow and quiver of arrows hung at his side, and his long, black hair was flying in the wind.

We could do nothing but stand and gaze at him. The children all huddled up close to me, but made no outcry. When the Indian came quite near to us he stopped suddenly, held out his hand toward me, and in a guttural voice said "How!" I shook hands with him. Then he wanted to shake hands with all the children. Some gave him their hands, a little reluctantly, however, and some wouldn't. But little Tommy, the foolish boy, when he saw

that I gave him my hand, walked up prepossessingly and offered the Indian his hand, too. He had the utmost confidence in me.

Using motions for speech, the Indian tried to ask where our train was. I pointed toward the road.

"Ki-yi? he inquired, meaning "way off".

I asked him if there were any more Indians coming.

He shook his head, "No Indian." Then I asked how soon we would come to the road.

"Pretty soon". he replied. All this talking was done mostly by signs.

"Bye-bye, clatawa!" said the Indian, meaning "Must be going", and off he went in the same manner as he came.

By this time the children were over their fright, and we hurried on to overtake the train. When the children told their mothers about the Indian, it was decided that I must never take the children out of sight of the train any more; and I didn't. This ended our marches. We were now entering Indian territory where hostile Indians might be encountered.

Some of the mothers scolded me for taking the children on the cut-off path; others laughed about it, and my brother-in-law said that Tommy and I were much alike, that neither of us knew enough to fear danger.

These cut-off paths were by-paths or footpaths made by people traveling single file on horseback or afoot. They were too narrow for wagon travel. Usually they ran diagonal to the main road and were traveled principally be hunters, prospectors, and Indians; also by the loose people of the train who could be spared from tasks. The paths were nice to walk in, were free from dust, and usually they led to all the nice, little shady nooks along the way. sometimes they skirted little ravines with running water, but seldom did they leave the main road for any distance. There was always danger of meeting Indians -- at least we thought there was -- but the one instance I have mentioned was the only occasion on which we met an Indian in these places.

The cut-off paths really saved quite a distance in a day's walk and I loved to travel them. It was nicer to walk than to ride. Walking broke the monotony of that long drawn-out train of wagons, and it added a charm to the road which otherwise was missing. Rarely could I get any mature people of the train to go with me. Several young girls went occasionally, but their mothers objected, for fear we would meet with danger. There were several young men in the train whose company might have been acceptable, but a rule or code of ethics forbade young couples of opposite sex to leave the train for long walks. And no one seemed to have the temerity or the inclination to break this rule. We had courtships, to be sure among the young folks, and one wedding in route. Two other wedding took place as soon as we reached our destination, but never a whisper of scandal did we ever hear, although we were a jolly crowd of young folks.

One day, further on our journey, we started out from a noon camp near one of these cut-off paths. It descended a little hill toward a green skirt of timber. I was sure a stream of water flowed through the place, and it looked so inviting that I persuaded my sister, the mother of a little babe, and another woman, the wife of our train captain, who also had a nursing babe, to go with me for a walk.

And we surely enough had a walk that afternoon! Very enjoyable it was at first, Our path led us down along a cool trickling stream, flowing between low, mossy banks decked with little star-like flowers, over which hung green boughs of trees which made our pathway a shady bower.

For two or three hours we traveled on and on, feeling no uneasiness. Then we began to notice that the hills were getting higher, and that we were traveling upstream and getting into a deep canyon. The hills closed in at times, then widened out again, but not sufficiently to afford us a perspective of the country through which we were passing. The train was nowhere in sight or hearing, and from the wildness of the country we grew apprehensive that danger might lurk unseen on all sides.

We came to one place of perhaps an acre or so of level ground, thickly covered with quaking-asp bushes. Fortunately for our peace of mind, the trail avoided this place and led around the foot of the hill. By this time we were becoming uneasy and perhaps a little frightened. Slipping along very quietly, we heard a rustling among the bushes, and stopped to listen. We heard the same kind of noise in another place, and then realized that more than one creature was stirring in the thicket near at hand.

We didn't know just what to do. There was no way for us to hide and escape being seen, so we just stood still. The noise continued. It seemed a slow, deliberate moving about, and I judged that it couldn't be Indians, so I decided to take a peek to see what it was. "Oh, don't, Belle!' remonstrated both women, in low voices terse with excitement. But I told them it was best to know what it was.

Creeping up very cautiously, I parted the bushes, and behold! What do you think I saw? A big fat ox! I let the women know what it was, and made bold by my discovery, I slipped back and took another look! I counted six big fine oxen! Some emigrant, doubtless, has lost his team. The oxen, finding excellent pasturage, had grown sleek and fat in this solitude. Their loss must have been a calamity to the owner, who, unless he had some fill-ins, was rendered dependent upon his fellow-travelers. In some cases emigrants brought along extra stock for just such emergencies.

Feeling much relieved, we hurried on, but we traveled quite a distance before the trail took us up and out on the level ground again, where it turned toward the traveled road. It was now growing late in the day, and we were very tired from our long walk and the excitement and uneasiness we had undergone. The two women were becoming uneasy about their babies, and they soon began to look to me as the author of their misfortunes.

"Belle, you are the cause of this", they accused.

And very penitently I replied "Yes, I know I am."

When we at last reached the road, another source of uneasiness confronted us. None of the wagons were in sight, neither ahead nor behind us, and we could see for a considerable distance in either direction. We decided to keep to the cut-off path, thinking we might come in ahead of the train in a short time. But alas! In this we were mistaken, for we traveled on and on, and still could not see the wagons. The sun went down and we knew the train had camped somewhere for the night. We could do nothing but go on.

On reaching higher ground we looked across the country in the direction of the road and saw three campfires about a mile apart. We were sure that these indicated the camps of our train, but the question was, which one was ours? The middle one being the

largest, we decided it must be that of our contingent; so we started for it, going straight across the country.

By this time darkness had covered the plains, and to make matters worse, the country was rough and uneven. Our travel was slow, for we had to select our way with care, and we were, Oh so tired! Finally we saw two lights coming our direction. Feeling sure that someone was hunting for us, we went to meet the light-bearers. They proved to be the husbands of the two women, and very irate husband they were, too! They scolded us and said the babies were making the welkin ring, howling for their suppers, when they left.

"Don't blame us!" I said, "Blame the cut-off. We wanted to get to the train hours ago, but the cut-off wouldn't come to the road."

The men then and there laid down an ultimatum to their wives, that henceforth and forever they were to refrain from leaving the train in this manner. I spoke up:

"You needn't worry on that score. You couldn't hire them to do it again". I told them to scold me, and not their wives, for I was the culprit. We had given the poor men such a fright that I could not blame them for scolding, but it seemed to me to be an occasion more for rejoicing than for harsh words, and when we reached the camp there was, indeed, quite a rejoicing, for everyone was uneasy about us until we reached the campfire.

I told the men of our adventure in finding the six oxen, and tried to get them to go back and butcher one of the fat ones and have a feast for the whole train next day. The idea was hailed by many, but the majority thought it would take too much time, and so it was abandoned.

This ended my by-path walks, and, really, there was an element of danger in separating ourselves from the train in an unknown country. The element of danger, perhaps, was one reason the walks were so attractive to me.

While we were in Omaha preparing for our start across the Plains, a young man accosted one of our party -- old Uncle Caley Purdin -- and asked if he needed help on the trip.

Now, Uncle Caley had several small children too young to be of much help, and a step-daughter not very efficient in driving or caring for a team; so he hired the youth, giving him board and passage for his work. These were the usual terms, and many a young man worked his passage West in that way. For some the change proved good, and for others it didn't. A few found good homes and employment in the West, while others became dissatisfied, homeless wanderers.

I do not know the name the young man gave his employer, but we all knew him by the name of Jimmy. He was very quiet and reserved, and did not mingle much with the rest of the train, seeming to be absorbed in his duties most of the time. He was very good looking, and we girls thought he would be interesting if only he would not pull his hat down over his eyes all the time, and would be more approachable and sociable. These faults, however, we attributed to his bashfulness.

It was arranged that Sally Taylor, the step-daughter, and some of the small brothers and sisters should ride in the wagon Jimmy was to oversee. This arrangement pleased Sally very much at first. She thought it would break the loneliness of the journey to ride with the nice-looking young man.

Her hopes, however, were futile. One day she came to me with her troubles.

"Belle", she said, "I wish you would ride with me this afternoon and see if you can bring Jimmy out of his diffidence. I just can't get him to be friendly at all. All he does is to sit there and nod his head, and answer yes, or no, to all my questions. He keeps his hat pulled down so you can never see his eyes, and won't try to make any conversation at all. It's really quite tiresome to me."

"All right", I said, "I'll come and do my best"-- rather glad of the opportunity to accept the challenge.

And believe me, I did my best, too! First I tried to work on Jimmy's home ties. This, you know, is a splendid point of attack. Was he thinking of home and mother all the time? No, oh no, he wasn't homesick.

"I thought perhaps you were" I said ministeringly. "you seem so quiet and want so much to be alone."

Then changing my attack, I continued.

""Perhaps it is 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' that is occupying your thought so much."

With a flicker of a smile he said "No, I didn't leave any girl behind me!"

Changing my tactic; "How do you like this trip, anyway?" I asked. "We all (meaning the girls, of course) think you devote entirely too much time to your duties. I know Uncle Caley is a crusty old fellow, but he wouldn't expect you to put in all your time working around your wagon and team. We young folks would like to have you join in our fun sometimes."

Then, in my most engaging manner, I added coyly, "I, for one, would be more than glad to have you join us. I have been noticing how lonely you seem to be."

Then I told him some of the funny things that had happened; told him of the jokes we played on one another, and succeeded in getting him to laugh a little, rather disinterestedly.

That evening after supper Sally came to me and asked how I thought I had progressed in making a "mash" on Jimmy. I told her I thought I was a failure. Then she asked me if I would ride with her next day; it had been great fun to see me try.

"No", I said "it's too much trouble. I'll not throw all my blandishments away on Jimmy".

Uncle Caley then spoke up. "You girls just let Jimmy alone. He takes good care of his horses and everything about the wagon, and is always ready to take his part in the night herd".

Thereafter, we gradually gave up trying to interest Jimmy, and just let him sit off by himself. We were always kind to him, but we considered him odd and churlish.

One day at noon the captain brought out a suitcase for the train's inspection. It contained a lot of women's wearing apparel, including several nice dresses. He said Jimmy had requested him to sell the things if he could; some woman in the depot at Omaha had exchanged suitcases with him, and Jimmy had no use for such apparel. The people of the train bought all the things and paid him liberally for them. At the next trading post Jimmy bought himself an outfit of new clothes.

There was a reason for Jimmy's conduct, as the sequel will show.

We had traveled together all the way to the Boise Valley, where I stopped. Many of the others went on to Oregon, including Uncle Caley and Jimmy, who stopped near Portland. Several months later I received a letter from Sally. She wrote:

"Belle, I don't wonder you couldn't make a mash on Jimmy. In a restaurant in Portland the other day my step-father recognized him in the person of one of the waitresses! He asked if she wasn't Jimmy, and she admitted she was. She said she wanted to cross the Plains, and hit upon this plan, but she was always afraid we might discover her sex.

This cleared up the whole matter, and perhaps soothed my wounded vanity. No one in the train ever suspected her. She must have been raised on a farm, to be able to handle horses as she did. I have often thought I would like to have met Jimmy after her transformation. We both could have laughed heartily over my effort to make conquest of her!

At the end of six weeks we had traveled about six or seven hundred miles. We were still on the south side of the Platte River, about forty miles below Julesburg, at which point we expected to cross on the government ferry. (Note Julesburg, Colorado is in the northeast tip of Colorado.)

For a few days we had been having threatening weather, and we heard that it had rained hard in the mountains. We went into camp one night on a little sandy knoll, with low ground or a swale between us and the banks of the river. Our camping place was in reality a low-water island.

We still had our daily tasks of gathering buffalo chip for fuel, but they were now getting scarce as so many were gathering them. occasionally some of the boys found a few sticks of driftwood which helped the fuel situation somewhat. At this camping place we were fortunate to find some large weeds of last year's growth. By constantly replenishing the fires with these weeds, we succeeded in doing our cooking very nicely.

On this particular night it began to rain, and it rained hard. We realized that the June rains, which we had been dreading, were upon us. Next morning everything looked very gloomy, and the little weeds, though wet and few, were the only fuel we had for cooking our breakfasts.

While we were eating, one of the men came rushing up and shouting "Get to moving quickly! The river is rising fast, coming in great waves!" Ah, then there was hurrying to and fro, for the water was running down the swale and we were on an island! Some of the men already having their horses in, used them to take out the wagons, but the horses had to swim with the last wagon and some of the provisions were soaked. We were thankful the discovery was made so soon, otherwise the camp would have been inundated, and the train in a serious situation.

There's an old saying that "It never rains but it pours!" and this day out, troubles began. It rained! And kept on raining! The stage reported rumors of trouble at the ferry. Our captain, on investigation, found that the boat had broken loose some days before, and so much time had been lost in recovering it that it was now three weeks behind with the crossings. Feed was short and the stock were getting thin. Everyone was discouraged. Conditions were bound to be worse up at the ferry, where thousands were congregated.

Thereupon, the men of our train held a conference, and decided that, while it was bad enough where we were, it would be folly to go on up to the ferry. In their perplexity,

someone suggested the feasibility of making boats of the wagon bodies and crossing the river in them. It may have been the captain who suggested it, as it was something none in our train had ever tried before. However, it seemed to give promise of relief, and on deciding to try it, everyone went to work with a will.

Six of the best constructed wagon boxes were selected, one of ours being of the number. These were unloaded and their contents piled into tents. The women, with pitch, and the tar used for axle grease in those days, caulked the seams and soon had the wagon boxes water-tight, or at least the men said they would do. Then, lashing two of them together and fastening one behind in order to balance the craft, they made an improvised scow which they felt would be sufficiently buoyant to carry a wagon across. Two of these queer craft were thus constructed. Some, fearing to attempt crossing in this manner, went on up the river, while others, not caring to try it, dropped behind for a few days to give their loose stock a chance to graze, saying that we had been driving too fast for them, anyway. I do not remember the exact number of wagons that waited to cross on this improvised ferry, but I think it was twenty.

We had now been in camp four days, and every day we had some rain, but so far, no hail. About 10 o'clock on the fourth day it was announced that the boats were ready for loading. The men had planned to take some of the women and children across with every load. Now the question arose -- who should go first? These turbulent waters looked dangerous. The river had spread out of its banks and was full a quarter of a mile wide. None of us had ever seen boats so constructed, and naturally we were apprehensive as to their performance in these turbid waters.

Who, of the women and children, should be the first to make the trial? I reasoned with myself that I could better be spared than anyone else in the train, in case disaster overtook the strange crafts, and I volunteered to go first. To this my sisters strenuously objected. But I said "Yes, I will go. Someone has to be first." When they saw that they could not dissuade me, both said they would go with me, as their husbands were helping with the boats. Then a brave little woman, with two small children, volunteered to go with the other boat. She said if it were God's will, she would drown with her children! Two young girls then came forward to go on the boat with her.

The hands of the men who helped us onto the boats were shaking; their eyes were downcast and their faces pale and drawn! This was a moment for fortitude.

The improvised boats did splendidly, They didn't even make a bobble. Either we had good oarsmen, or the good Lord was helping them, for we were landed safely on the opposite bank of the swollen river. With lighter hearts the men went back for another load. The other women were now ready and eager to go.

On the second trip the men brought bedding and tents sufficient to shelter us, for it looked like rain again. The rest of the day these clumsily constructed barges plied back and forth across the river, bringing their precious cargoes of goods and people. By night, half the women and children had been transferred in safety across the swollen waters.

Next day the rain continued, in showers, but it was not accompanied by heavy winds, and by two o'clock all the women and children had been ferried across in safety. This accomplished, a great strain was lifted from these poor men who had keenly felt the burden of responsibility. That afternoon they were able to bring over several of the wagons with their covers intact, which made shelter for the women and children.

The elements thus far had favored our crossing. The last two days there had been only gentle showers, not sufficient to interfere greatly with the work, and the men had made satisfactory progress in getting the equipment across the river. Many of the wagon and nearly all the livestock were yet to be brought across, however.

This night the rain began in earnest, accompanied by high winds, hail, and lightning. Next day the storm came on in its fury. Lightning struck all around us. One man, standing in the door of his tent, was killed. Two horses nearby were struck down, but being only stunned were soon revived by the rain. About the same hour a baby girl was born in one of the wagon boxes which had been placed on the ground. Its birth was premature, brought on, I presume, by the fright of the mother in the fearful conditions surrounding us. The wonder of it is that the child lived, and traveled with us during the remainder of the journey.

But the poor, stricken man, and his family! This was a sad case. They were from Iowa and had joined our train, from another, only a short time previously. They were in hard circumstances. Their wagon, old and rickety, was in no condition for such a journey. Their team consisted of three yoke of cows, which was fortunate, as the cows gave milk for the small children, of which there were four -- one, however, being a girl of sixteen.

The mother was utterly dazed by the terrible catastrophe, and seemed to be unable to think or to speak. The sixteen-year-old girl was frantic with grief. Her father had scolded her, and had cursed her just as he stepped to the door of the tent where he was killed instantly. In her grief the girl tried to hurl herself into the raging river, screaming; "He cursed me! He cursed me! With his last breath, he cursed me!" We had to hold her from the water. There was little we could do to assuage her grief. The women of the train took the children in charge, and the men dug a grave.

There was nothing from which to make a coffin, but one man in the train had a trunk which he emptied and kindly donated. After removing one end from it, they placed the dead man's head and shoulders in the crude coffin, spread a white handkerchief over his face, wrapped a blanket around the remainder of his body, and lowered him into a very muddy grave, for the rain was still falling. A short prayer was offered, then the grave was filled in, and there they left him to await the Resurrection Morn! All during this sad scene the mother took no notice, still stunned, perhaps mercifully so, but the daughter continued frantic until she became exhausted. We put her to bed, hoping that sleep would relieve her.

I have never forgotten this sad incident and the lesson parents should learn from it -- to correct their children with firmness, but with a gentleness which, should it be the last words to fall from their lips, would leave no heartaches like this poor child suffered, and no fearful remembrance such as she would carry through life, of a parent whose last utterances seared her very soul.

We went back to our camps gloomily, chilled and hungry. We had no fuel for making fires for cooking. We had eaten nothing but the dry bread and crackers which we had brought with us. We had milk for the children, however, as there were several cows giving milk, and they were milked as regularly as possible. How the mothers managed to keep the children warm, I could not say, but I presume they kept the smaller ones in bed, wrapped in blankets. We had put on our heavy, home-made woolen clothes such as we usually wore in winter. We wouldn't have lasted long in the present-day flapper clothes!

Next day the weather was somewhat better, and the men resumed their labor of getting the wagons across. The task was practically finished by night.

Now began the task of getting the livestock across. During the storm they had given the herders no end of trouble. They had stampeded so much during the hail and lightning that some of them were not found for two or three days, and might have been lost altogether had not the French trader from a post about two miles below sent his Indians to hunt them. This was indeed a kindness to us, and the Indians were very reasonable in their charges.

The cattle had been dissatisfied and on the move continually hunting feed, of which they found a very insufficient amount. But the real trouble began when the boys tried to drive them into the river. They were determined not to take to the water. When driven near it, they began milling, and then broke and scattered in all directions. This performance they repeated over and over, until the men went across in the boats to help the boys.

During all this cold, stormy weather, the boys looking after the stock were up night and day in the rain and without sufficient food. As there was no fuel for making fires, either for warming and drying themselves or for cooking, they were allowed some whiskey to keep up their spirits. One of the boys, Benton Hubbard -- "Little Benty", we called him -- took a little too much for his own good, and it made him reckless. Old Buck, the leader of the cattle, was causing all the trouble. After a particularly provoking demonstration, Benty said to the other boys;

"I'll bet I'll make Old Buck take to the water next time!" Just as they got the cattle to the water's edge, Benty jumped from his horse onto Old Buck's back and caught him by the horns. This scared the old fellow out of his wits. His sole thought was to get rid of that thing on his back, and to get away from the yelling, whooping and cracking of whips. Plunging straight into the water, he struck for the farther shore, Benty riding him right through. The others followed, and soon the whole herd was swimming the Platte, headed for our side.

Benty was a great favorite in the camp, and when the women saw that it was he who had done this brave but reckless deed, they gave him a mighty ovation. We did not know at that time that whiskey had bolstered up his courage to the point of such recklessness, but as the end seemed to justify the means, we would have been just as enthusiastic not withstanding, for they had been struggling three days with those cattle, trying to get them across. Benty's method, while novel, was both effective and spectacular, and it was the first exhibition of bulldogging we had ever seen.

When he reached shore we cheered him and praised him highly for the exploit. Benty, being elated over his success and flushed with the praise of the women, forthwith mounted a horse which one of the boys had ridden over, and went right back to help bring the horses across.

The horses gave but little trouble, and their crossing would have been without incident had not Benty's horse, while swimming, tangled his feet with the bridle reins. To relieve him, Benty jumped into the water, and in so doing, released his hold. The horse, thus freed struck out alone, leaving Benty to swim. Already fatigued, Benty soon became so badly chilled that he could not make it, but he managed to reach a little sand bar half way across. Witnessing his struggle, and seeing that Benty was in dire straits, the men on shore launched a boat to hasten to his rescue. Just then a storm of wind, rain and hail came

up with such violence that the boat could not face it. The storm was soon over, however, and the men pulled out. Benty was still alive when they reached him, but was so badly chilled that he was helpless. When we saw the men lift Benty into the boat, we women on the shore thought that brave little Benty was dead, and nearly all of us broke down and cried. His little sweetheart was distraught, and for a time there was much lamentation. Little Benty was an orphan boy and he was very popular, not only with the women, but with the men as well, for he was always energetic and willing to do his part.

As soon as they reached shore, the men wrapped Benty in blankets and put him to bed, first plying him with more whiskey and bathing him with whiskey until blood circulation had again started. There was yet an anxious group of women waiting around the tent to hear how his chances for recovery were, and when it was announced the Benty was out of danger, there was great rejoicing and thanksgiving in the camp.

In the meantime, some of the men had found a small amount of driftwood and brought it to camp. After the storm ceased, they trimmed off the wet outer layers, broke up some empty cracker boxes for kindling, and managed to make a pretty good fire -- the best we had best since the storms caught us. We made some coffee for Benty and the other boys, which was better for them than whiskey. We prepared some warm food for them, the first they had been able to get for several days, which cheered them considerably after all the hardship they had undergone.

After he had fully revived, but while still under the influence of the whiskey, poor Benty was conscience-stricken for being drunk. He wanted to apologize for his unmanly conduct, and to receive some absolution for his sin. falling on his knees before his prospective father-in-law, who happened to be the first person Benty met. He acknowledged his error and pleaded for pardon. His impromptu confessor, however, quickly raised him to his feet and told him there was no apology needed, and that he was proud of Benty's exploit which had so highly benefited the train. Nevertheless, being a strict member of the church himself, he could not condone drunkenness, but considered it a disgrace. In Benty's case, however, the offense was a blessing.

The storm which caught Benty was our last. The skies began to clear, and the next day was warm and sunshiny. Our two weeks' rain was over.

The men now took the stock out to good grass, where they could eat to their heart's content, and the boys stayed in camp to rest, dry their sodden clothing, and fill up, themselves, as they hadn't had a good, square meal for several days. And how the boys did sleep, when they got into beds, warm beds!

More driftwood was found, and now having a little fire, we did some cooking. We worked busily all day, drying and re-packing the supplies and camp equipment, preparatory to starting on our way as early as we could next morning, as everyone was anxious to go.

Considering all the exposure to cold and rain, and the meagreness of our diet during this period, it might be expected that much sickness would result. Strange to say, no one seemed any the worse for the ordeal, and the only sick person in camp was the mother of the storm-born babe, who by now was doing very nicely.

The poor woman whose husband was killed by lightning was yet in a dazed condition, but the daughter was becoming her normal self. The men of the train did the

best they could to put their wagon in shape for travel, and a young man was persuaded to take charge of it, for the family was in no shape to continue the journey otherwise.

Next morning we turned our back to the turbid waters of the Platte, the scene of so much sorrow and discomfort. With renewed courage and greater hope we resumed our journey to the Westward.

With hopeful hearts we started on again, the nightmare of the Platte fading in the light of other scenes and prospective perils. Mile after mile we traveled on with patient slowness, till the trail seemed never-ending, wearing on man and beast. Day after day we continued up the North Platte, but making slow progress in order to give our leg-weary cattle time to feed and rest. The weather was fair, and the grass was lush where it was not grazed too closely. Such streams as we encountered were now at low water and gave us little trouble in crossing. There were few landmarks to blaze our way, and only the wagon ruts and cattle trails to guide us.

Knowing the names of some of the larger and more noted rivers on ahead we were somewhat apprehensive, from past experience, as to their crossing. Those water courses and a few landmarks, such as Chimney Rock, gave us the only idea of the distance to be traveled and of the progress we were making.

We could see Chimney Rock, in Western Nebraska, looming up in the distance ahead of us for some days before we reached it. This noted landmark created much interest, especially among the young folks of the train, and as we drew alongside it, all of them not otherwise engaged, rushed out with their knives to carve their names on the soft rock. This, we had heard was a practice of the Trail. I went with the others, and we all cut our names in the rock. As high as the best climber among us could go, were names of people who had sought a diversion in this pastime, and we found it of much interest to read the names already carved. It was our ambition to put our names above the rest, but having no way to make footsteps, we were unable to reach very high. Although we carved our names laboriously and patiently, with what skill we possessed, I am doubtful that any of them are legible today.

This huge column of rock, shaped somewhat like a chimney, as its name would suggest, was composed of a grayish-white sedimentary substance, scarcely hard enough to be called rock, yet harder than the material which surrounded it. Apparently it had once been a high mound, or a fragment of the white bluffs of the Platte, but it had sloughed off by erosion until there remained only a high slim column resembling a chimney standing out amid the ruins of an old castle.

We stayed here as long as we dared, reading the names of other travelers who, like ourselves, had found diversion in visiting the famous old landmark. Then we pushed on, but we failed to overtake the train until it had camped for the night.

A few more days' travel brought us to Fort Laramie on the plains of Eastern Wyoming. On our arrival we found the fort in a great state of excitement. Indians had attacked a Kansas emigrant train about three days' journey ahead. They had killed three men of the train, wounded another, and captured three women, carrying them off as prisoners. The train had dispatched a runner to the Fort for assistance, and a detachment of soldiers were rushed to the scene of disorder, followed by the army ambulance and other conveyances. The wounded man was brought to the Fort with the arrow still sticking in his back, and the women and children of the train were also brought to the Fort

for safety. While we were here a report came that the soldiers had overtaken the Indians some miles beyond the place of the attack, and that a battle was in progress.

To the train in general, this news caused great anxiety. But to me it was romance, and I picture the gallant array of soldiers dashing over the boundless plains, eager to avenge the slain! I heard, in my mind, the shouts of the boys in blue as they swept down to battle, and the yells of defiance from the dusky warriors as they formed in battle array. Oh, to be a man and to ride to the defense of the helpless!

We remained at the Fort for several hours, hardly knowing what to do. Our captain, on learning the strength of the soldier detachment, felt assured that the victory would be to them, and advised us to move on, for we had to get our stock out to grass. That night, however, we camped but a few miles from the Fort.

Next day we drove on. We met the army ambulance coming in about ten o'clock that morning, with about a dozen soldiers as guards. They were bringing in three badly-wounded soldiers attended by the army surgeon. They told us that in battle the Indians had killed three of the soldiers and wounded three others. The Indians had been routed, and a running fight had followed. How many of the Indians had been killed was unknown, for they always carried their dead away if possible. The women captives had not been recovered, but the the soldiers were still in pursuit, and it was felt that the women would be rescued. We never heard whether or not they were, for our only way of getting news was by runner either afoot or on horseback.

The soldiers informed us that they believed we could proceed on our journey in comparative safety, for the Indians had retreated in a direction divergent from our road, and were now in retreat toward the mountains. With this assurance, we deemed it safe to continue.

The third night brought us to the scene of the attack on the emigrant train, and we had to camp in this gruesome place. Scattered here and there were the partly-burned wagons, with their contents trampled in the dust and ashes. Any provisions worth while had been taken, of course, when the train resumed its journey. Three fresh graves lay side by side , where the soldiers had buried the slain men -- grim reminders of what we too might have met, or for that matter, might still meet before our goal was reached.

We made our usual arrangement for camping, but the nearness of the grim tragedy suppressed the hilarity and fun to which ours camps were accustomed. This night, more sober thoughts held sway, for Death had stalked over this spot. A solemn hush was in the air, and we talked in subdued tones. Guards were stationed around the camp, and we prepared for bed -- some to sleep, but not mothers! As the darkness came on they clasped their babes to their breasts and never closed their eyes in sleep the whole night, thinking of the ruthless murders so recently committed on this very spot, staring wild-eyed when the prairie owls screeched in the night, or leaping to their feet at the wail of the coyote out on the plains. Welcome, indeed, was the daybreak!

The captain, realizing that we now were in dangerous territory, decided to maintain greater vigilance, but as we traveled on and had no more Indian scares, our fears subsided and we regained our usual cheerfulness and hopefulness as we thought of that western goal.

We were following the general course of the Oregon Trail, which wound its way over mountain and plain, its many deviations converging at South Pass, Wyoming, which, in a general way, marked the divide between the Atlantic and Pacific slopes.

In our journey across Wyoming, which we had entered near Fort Laramie, we crossed Chugwater Creek, a rather insignificant little stream, but one of much historic interest in the early settlement of that territory. It is mentioned, incidentally, in Parkman's story of Chief Pontiac, although hundreds of miles from the scenes of his activities. We crossed the renowned Laramie River not far from where it is joined by the North Laramie, only a few miles from the present city of Wheatland which I had the privilege of visiting a few years ago, to visualize old scenes in new guises. Our course took us somewhere near the location of what is now Casper, the oil city of Wyoming; thence across a long, desolate stretch, mile after mile, to the South Pass.

Independence Rock was another landmark by which we measured the distance traveled. Anticipation of reaching this noted spot held our interest, but to us it was less attractive than Chimney Rock in Nebraska had been. The rock itself was composed of much harder substance, and could not easily be cut with a knife, but it bore some names which we concluded were cut with a chisel. We young folks who had left the train to visit the rock did not remain long, and when we caught up with the wagons, were not so tired as we had been that previous occasion.

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Far in the West, there lies a desert land, where the mountains lift, through perpetual snow, their lofty and luminous summits. Down from their jagged, steep ravines, the gorge like a gateway, opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon. Westward the Oregon flows, and the Walla-way and the Owyhee. Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind River mountains, through the Sweetwater Valley, precipitate leaps the Nebraska.

Thus is Longfellow's conception of the country through which we had to pass, and which we are now nearing. South Pass was the "gateway rude" which opened for the wheels of our wagons. Our captain told us that when we passed over this divide, we might consider ourselves in the Western territory. One woman asked how far it was to Oregon now.

"Oh" he answered, "we are a long way off. We are not half way yet."

This information was rather a damper to our spirits, for the trip was becoming somewhat monotonous to many of us. Nevertheless, the young folks found many ways to keep up a degree of interest in our train. Once in a while our hunter would bring in an antelope or a mountain sheep and once a young hunter brought in several turtle doves, but the lady of his camp told him to bring in no more; she couldn't bear to cook them. He said he could find no other game, as the presence of so many people had scared the wild game entirely away from the line of travel.

Progress was now becoming slow and monotonous, with few incidents to create diversion. The hunters, becoming discouraged at finding no game, thought it useless to put the extra work of hunting on their already tired horses. Some of them, more restless than others, or perhaps more energetic, took their guns and went afoot hunting for small game.

One day a young fellow brought in some sort of small animal, one that burrowed in the ground. I presume it was either a groundhog or a badger. Anyway, it was a strange

animal. The question arose "Is it fit to eat?". The question created quite a division in camp and brought out no small amount of animated discussion. Some said they were so hungry for fresh meat they could eat a hyena; others said they would not eat such a looking creature even if they were starving.

The young hunter asked his camp overseer if she wouldn't cook it for him. She refused, saying that she was a Christian and considered it unclean meat, but she added; "You may cook it yourself and eat it, too, if you want it." I spoke up and said " I'll help you cook it, and help you eat it, too!" Then, there was a scramble among the young folks to have a hand in cooking and eating the strange varmint. The animal was skinned and dressed and prepared for cooking. But as this was the noon hour, and we had consumed so much time in discussing its edibility and in daring each other to eat some of it, we had to postpone the cooking until the evening meal.

By supper time, enthusiasm had subsided and the desire to eat the strange and unattractive little beast had left the group entirely. Some of the girls confided that the very thought of it nauseated them, adding "But, no doubt, we would have eaten it at noon in our state of excitement, and thought it good!" In reality, the meat was very palatable. The lady overseer later told me that her husband had insisted that she cook it and make some gravy with it. They had liked it so well, she said, that they asked the young hunter to kill all he could find and bring them in. But even these little animals were scarce in that bare country.

I give this little episode in detail to show how sorely we were in need of diversion -- and fresh meat! -- to relieve the depression which was settling down upon us, more demoralizing and more dejecting than the Indian scare which we had undergone. As for Indians, we had now traveled a long distance without seeing any signs or hearing any news of any sort.

When we reached South Pass we were very much disappointed in the topography of the country. we had expected to find a rough, rugged mountainous district, over which we would pass with difficulty. Instead, we found a long, smooth, gradual climb, seemingly not reaching a very high altitude. Later we became acquainted with real western mountains, and by comparison the terrain of South Pass did not seem like mountains at all.

We next entered the Sweetwater country, a very desolate expanse with brackish water and poor grass, and then on to the Big Sandy. We had no trouble crossing any of these streams as the waters were low. We would soon be approaching the Green River, after which we hoped to have more pleasant traveling, as the reports we had heard of that section of the journey were more favorable.

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The reader will pardon me, I am sure, should I fail to recount in proper sequence the various episodes and reminiscences of our travels, or should I fail to locate exactly each scene or occurrence. Writing the entire account from memory after a lapse of sixty years, as I have done, is a task in which one might reasonably be excused for a margin of error. I feel, too, that I may be permitted reference to myself in narrating of some exploit or accomplishment, without being accused of self-praise; for, when one has reached the age of eight-six years, one looks back on such accomplishments and talks about them, not boastfully, but rather as recounting the deeds of another who has crossed the divide and take a backward look, with no thought of returning.

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Few, if any of the emigrant trains which started across the plains remained intact.

Rather, they divided at various places along the journey, some going to the north to reach the newly discovered mining territory, others branching off for one purpose or another, some finding permanent locations or making enforced stops along the way. We had taken the Sublette cut-off and were not on the main branch. Our train also had divided. No more than half of the wagons we had at the beginning were yet with us. It was necessary to spread out in this manner to obtain stock feed. Often we had to drive the stock two or three miles from camp for pasturage. The inaccessibility of feed necessarily made progress very slow. Eventually all cutoffs and by-ways led back to the main trail.

On the Sublette cut-off my memory does not serve me accurately as to the exact location. We came to a very forbidding country with loose alkaline or mineralized soil. Here we encountered high winds and dusty roads and our hands and faces became roughened and chapped, sometimes to the point of cracking and bleeding.

The first water we came to was a clear, nice looking spring. Without testing it, the first wagoner to arrive, seeing what appeared to be good water, unyoked his oxen, and they rushed to the spring to drink. Before he had gotten his wheel team unyoked, he noticed something wrong with the first team. By this time others had arrived and were unyoking their cattle in order to give them water. Someone happened to find a sign marked "poisonous" which had been trampled in the dust, but the discovery was too late to save the cattle which had already drunk the water. Some of the people also had taken a drink before the warning was found -- I among others. Two of the oxen died, and all of us who had drunk from the spring were ill a few days, but no one died from it effects. The sign informed us that there was good water five miles farther on. This caused us a long drive that day to reach a watering place, and there was much suffering among the sick people before we could make camp. The poor sick oxen, dragging their heavy loads, plodded along in the interminably long five miles to the good water.

Along the route of the Bitter Creek and Sweetwater countries we found travel very disagreeable. Grass and good drinking water were both scarce. We were glad indeed when our captain announced that we would soon leave the Sweetwater country and come to Green River. There remained, however, a twenty four hours' drive with no water for the stock, and only what water we could carry with us for ourselves.

Under the circumstances, the men thought it a good plan for us to lay over during the greater part of the day, and prepare enough food to last us during the long drive, and make a night journey of it. Accordingly, the stock was put out to graze and rest during the day under care of a large detachment of the men. Our best hunters went out to try to get some wild game for fresh meat. We were practically out of the buffalo range, but we were in antelope country and there was other small game some distance back from the trail. Others of the men remained about camp to do chores, grease the wagons, and put them in traveling condition. Everybody about camp was very busy making ready for the night drive.

The water all along this section, as I have mentioned, was very unwholesome, and several head of our stock had died from drinking it. A cow had died the night before, and her carcass was lying behind us about one hundred yards from camp. During the forenoon one of our party chanced to glance in that direction and saw a large group of Indians

gathered around the carcass of the dead cow. We saw at once they were a band of warriors, bedecked in their most hideous war paints and feathers

The sudden, silent appearance of the Indians petrified us. No one screamed. No one moved or made any outcry. We simply stood and looked at them, realizing that we were at the mercy of a band of savages on the war path. Soon several of them approached us, and when quite near, made signs of friendliness. One, who could speak a few words of broken English, made us understand that they had come to ask for the dead cow. Our men tried to tell them that the cow had died from poison and was unfit to eat, but the brave shook his head, saying "Oh, no" All skookem!" Of course, we were glad to give it to them.

The Indian told us they were not fighting the whites, but were a Pawnee tribe fighting the Sioux, and were now out on a raid. He said they were about sixty in number.

Having acquired peaceable possession of the dead cow, most of the Indians bent themselves to the task of removing it for the purpose of eating, I suppose. But about twenty of them hung around our camp, begging for the things we were cooking. You can readily imagine that we were quite liberal with the eatables, under the conditions. We were afraid to deny them. We managed, however, to hide some of it away while the Indians were eating elsewhere, but they pretty well cleaned up the camp before we could get rid of them, and after they had gone we had to do our cooking all over again.

During their visit one ugly old warrior took a fancy to my red hair, which was braided in two strands and hanging down my back. He wanted to strike up a trade for it, and offered me a pony for my hair. I refused. Thereupon he jabbered to me in his unintelligible lingo and gesticulated frantically, making some other sort of proposal, to which I also refused assent. Then, taking a looking glass which was suspended from his neck, and a lot of other trinkets which he had about him, he put them all in a pile and made signs to say that he would trade them all for my hair. I shook my head, and tried to show him that there was no way of removing my hair. He understood, and unsheathing a great big hunting knife, he made motions to show me that he could cut it off with the knife. By motions I protested that he might cut my neck, but he indicated he would put the back of the knife to my neck and cut from me, and thus not hurt me.

My brother-in-law, who was standing by watching the performance, was having a bad case of nerves, and being apprehensive of trouble, said "Belle, perhaps you had better let him cut it off and take it. There's no telling what he may start and you know we are in no position to argue just now." At this point my sister made a strategic move and offered the old brave a dried apple pie which she had hidden away from the Indians. He took it off to himself to eat it, and being so much engrossed in the pie, he forgot all about my hair, I presume. At any rate, he didn't come back any more. That pie had saved my hair!

The Indians left us about noon, having either consumed the dead cow or prepared the meat for carrying with them. Anyway, we were much relieved to see the last of them, so we could resume our cooking.

When the men brought back the stock they were astonished greatly to learn about our visitors, and much relieved to find us all safe. We were thankful that the old cow had died the night before, for we attributed the good humor of the Indians to their finding her carcass. Otherwise, events might have taken a serious turn. Hungry, they might have been ugly customers to deal with, and we were not prepared to deny them.

We all began to hustle now to get ready for the night's drive, At about four o'clock in the afternoon we resumed our journey and traveled all night without incident. Stopping next morning to rest our stock, but not unhitching, we ate a light breakfast and soon were on our way. We reached the Green River country about three o'clock that afternoon. The night's drive had not only saved time, but had relieved the stock. We found good spring water high up on a mountainside, and the camp site, though poorly located so far as our personal comfort was concerned, afforded us good water and plenty of feed for the stock, and that was our greatest concern. Next morning we crossed the divide, and that night we arrived in the Green River Valley where we found plenty of wood and much good feed for the stock. From now on, our traveling would be far more pleasant and comfortable.

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Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.
---- Gray's Elegy

In our train there were a good many lively young folks, both boys and girls, and Cupid, ever alert for a victim, let fly his arrows indiscriminately. On this occasion two hearts had been squarely centered, and the consequence was that we had a wedding on hand.

Shortly after reaching the Green River Valley we camped one night near a large train of Missouri folk who had stopped to rest their stock a few days. Discovering that there was a minister of the gospel in this train, Tom Jones, the love-stricken young man, decided that opportunity should not be lost, and accordingly he made arrangements for the minister to perform the ceremony. The young lady was ready and willing, so he announced that the wedding was to take place early next morning.

At the appointed hour we all gathered near the center of the camp, and there, amid the wilds of nature, heard the simple words "love, honor, and obey" unite two loving hearts "until death do us separate". It was no grand affair, but it was all-important and so impressive to the young couple that as long as they lived they respected their vows. I heard from them years later, and learned they were living in peace and contentment.

No wedding breakfast could be prepared, for the train must soon be under way, but out of respect for the unusual occurrence we made an early stop that afternoon to prepare a wedding supper for the bride and groom.

The wedding supper was no imposing affair, either, but with hearty good will we prepared the best of whatever we had in store. It was not much, for the long journey had taken heavy toll of our provisions. All the dishes (tin, of course) and all the tablecloths in camp were gathered. The table was spread on the ground and made as long as possible. The menu -- the best we had, but scant in variety. The one-course dinner was orderly arranged and the people gathered to the feast. Simple, but *so good*! It tasted the best ever. Everyone was hungry, and the happiness of the occasion contributed to the appetites. We drank to the health of the young couple in water and tea, for these were our only beverages. The blushing bride and the gallant groom were showered with good wishes. In the words of the story book, they "lived happily ever afterward".

Other victims had Dan Cupid in our train, but this was the only wedding enroute. It culminated the Trinity of Life in our journey -- a birth, a wedding, and a death.

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A few more days would bring us to the Green River crossing. The stream, while not very wide, was deep, and the stock would have to swim it and pull the wagons across. Remembering the ordeal of Platte we anticipated this crossing with anxiety, although we did not expect the difficulties to be nearly so great.

When we arrived at the crossing our men began making preparations; first, by cutting green saplings and sawing them into fourteen-inch lengths, four for each wagon. These timbers were placed upright on the bolsters and were fastened as securely as possible to the wagon standards. Then the boxes or wagon beds were set on these uprights, and accordingly raised fourteen inches higher. In this position they were securely lashed with ropes. Thus was planned to bring the supplies across without damage. The water was so deep, however, that it flowed into the elevated wagon boxes wetting the lower layers.

Only the larger and stronger of the horses and oxen were deemed adequate to draw the wagons through the deep water, and the animals were selected for this task. The remainder of the stock, including the other work stock with their harness, were forced to swim the river. This method required crossing and re-crossing for each laden wagon, and consumed much time, bit it seemed the only way in which the crossing could be made. The boys of the train again showed their courage and loyalty, for it was their task to bring the stock across, and they were wet from morning till night. There being no storms to interfere with our progress, such as we had at the Platte, everything finally was brought across in safety.

We women thought it took greater courage to cross in the wagons than it did to cross in the boats. It was terrifying to see the horses and cattle struggling in the water harnessed to the wagons, having to swim the deep, swift-flowing river, and we were thankful when the ordeal was passed.

So much of our goods were wet in crossing that it took us another day to get them dried out. Even some of our provisions got wet in the wagons and we had to take care of it immediately to save it. But as soon as we could, we resumed our journey unfalteringly.

Soon we were in mountainous country where we encountered some pretty steep climbs and equally steep descents. One of these places I remember particularly because of its steepness. We had to double up the teams and put the best wheel oxen to each wagon. At each stop for the winded animals, even with the brakes set to full strength and the men pushing behind the wagons, it was hard to keep them from rolling back down the grade. You may get some idea of the steepness and height of the mountain when I tell you that some of us, walking on ahead, reached the summit and on looking back could see no wagons. Everything below seemed enveloped in fog. When the wagons arrived we noticed that they were all wet, having been caught in a shower of rain while we, who were above the clouds which had been mistaken for fog, had been in sunshine all the while.

We were not on the main trail, as I previously mentioned, having taken a cut-off to avoid the Salt Lake route with its scarcity of grass and water, intending to reach the Bear River Valley by way of Webster Canyon. After a hard journey we finally reached it, and

found it a very interesting place, a small Morman colony having settled in the valley a short time previously.

For several days we traveled down the Webster canyon (as we then knew it), finding the road rough and rugged and not well defined. We zigzagged back and forth across the valley several times, crossing the stream flowing through it. The mountain scenery here was the most beautiful we had encountered.

The stream meandered through grassy stretches, vivid with beautiful flowers of varied hues. There was also considerable shrubbery and numerous large trees over which vines clambered like a network. At one place a cascade of perhaps a dozen rivulets descended from high up on the mountainside and broke over a rocky ledge in a perpendicular fall of perhaps four hundred feet, affording us a beautiful and inspiring view. The rare beauty of this sight, bespeaking the mighty power of God, uplifted our spirits and thrilled us with the magnificence of His handiwork.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills" saith the Psalmist, "from whence cometh my strength."

After a long, rough journey we crossed the divide overlooking the Bear River Valley still following the ill-defined and uneven road which showed but little travel, for it was only a local road used by the few Mormons coming from Salt Lake City to form the new settlement in this valley. The divide itself was not high, but it was negotiated with considerable difficulty. Most of the travel had been that spring when a majority of the colonists had arrived. Forerunners the previous year had occupied the land, bringing their equipment on pack horses and driving their other stock afoot.

This valley was really some distance off our road, and our journey to it was considerably lengthened, but we had been advised to come this way because of the abundance of feed and water to be found on this little used route. For the sake of our thin, tired stock, so badly in need of feed and rest, we deemed it advisable to come this way. Few other trains ever traveled this route, preferring to keep to the main Trail.

Having not heard of the Mormon settlement, we were somewhat disturbed to find them already in possession of the valley. But our fears were soon dissipated when we came into contact with these people, for they treated us kindly and welcomed us to the valley, saying there was plenty of room and feed for our stock.

Before reaching the valley proper we encountered an obstacle which impeded our progress and occasioned us a great deal of trouble. This was the final descent into the valley. A flood from the melting snows had washed out the road ahead of us, leaving a sheer drop of eight or ten feet. There being no way around it. We had to take the wagons down that wall.

The men went to work with such tools as the train possessed, cutting brush and poles to place in the wash and covering them with dirt and gravel. Even this material was hard to get with our crude implements; but they repaired the place as best they could, and at its best the road looked impassable for anything but foot travel. The steep pitch and the uneven surface afforded poor footing for the teams. It seemed that the heavy wagons would crush everything before them as they rolled down the embankment. Employing that rare skill which danger sometimes engenders, the men first unhitched all the horses from the wagons, and in their stead they placed the best wheel oxen of the train. Here Old Buck, the Platte River trouble-maker and his mate came into good play, for they, being big

and strong, were considered the best team to hold back on the load. The wagons were rolled by hand as near to the embankment as was possible with safety. The oxen were yoked to the wagons, and ropes tied to the rear axles were grasped by the men in a mighty tug-of-war. Then began the perilous descent.

The oxen seemed to exercise almost super-intelligence in the way they handled themselves, guided their footsteps, and held back with all their might. The men, holding the ropes, tugged with all their strength to restrain the impetus of the heavy wagons.

In this manner, one by one, they finally succeeded in getting all the wagons down that rocky bank to the level ground below. This difficult task was accomplished without accident, although the slightest miscalculation might have had serious result. One entire day was spent in getting the wagons down, the same team of oxen being used all the time, but they were unhitched occasionally and were allowed to feed and rest.

The boys in charge of the loose stock found a place where the banks were not so badly washed, and they drove the stock down one at a time until all were safely brought into the valley. The women and children managed to scramble down by holding to vines and bushes growing in the crevices of the rocks. Some of them formed a line and passed the babies from hand to hand until the level was reached. No stop was made for the noon meal, lunches being eaten while "on the go". The descent was accomplished in time for us to prepare a good supper -- a meal all were needing.

The next morning we were in readiness to resume our journey, and by two o'clock we arrived at the Mormon settlement, which was indeed a beautiful place. A clear running stream crossed the valley, affording water to irrigate the gardens. The vegetables were just ready for use, and we purchased some at a reasonable price, but many of the people gave us vegetables without charge. It had been months since we had tasted fresh vegetables, and the memory of these crisp, well-flavored fruits of the Mormon gardens lingers with me yet. The kindness and liberality of these people gave us a lasting good impression of the Mormons.

The settlement was compactly built with green fields fronting the dwelling, and flourishing gardens to the rear. The roadway passed between the fields and the houses. The Mormons told us they had built the community on this plan to afford protection from the Indians, for at that time they were enroaching on Indian rights. Sentries were posted and the people kept guard night and day.

The Mormons were not expecting to see emigrant trains through this part of the country, and our coming caused quite a ripple of excitement. Almost at once we were surrounded by a motley crowd, most of them being foreigner of the low, squat Holland type, dressed in old-country style, and stomping around in their flat, wooden shoes. They were as much of a curiosity to us as were to them, and the treat seemed to be mutual. A few of the people were native born Americans and appeared to be quite intelligent. They desired to buy guns and ammunition from us, but these we felt we could not spare, for we were still in a part of the country infested by dangerous Indians.

The Mormon people were so friendly that my sister and I got up courage to go to one of the houses and try to buy some chickens. We addressed our inquiry to a comely young lady.

"I will have to ask the first wife", she replied, and stepped into an adjoining room. An elderly lady appeared and said her chickens were too young to kill.

All the houses were built double, that is, two houses very much alike were built near each other with a passageway between. They were all newly built, mostly of unhewn logs; some had adobe walls, and all had dirt-covered roofs and dirt floors. Timber was plentiful in the nearby mountains, but as yet there were no sawmills. The people were a thrifty, energetic lot, and they doubtless would soon have better homes.

We heard afterward of Indian uprisings against these people, but the settlement was able to protect itself. Its location was very desirable and the colony grew and is now a thrifty, enterprising part of the state.

For three or four hours we remained here talking with the settlers. We considered ourselves fortunate to find a friendly settlement where we could obtain all the nice vegetables we needed. As we left they directed us to a good campsite four or five miles farther on, and told us we were welcome to use it and that there was plenty of water and good feed for the stock, but they warned us to be on the lookout for Indians.

We had no Indian trouble in this part of the country. Grass and water now were plentiful and we traveled steadily along and soon reached the Bear River crossing. The water being low, we crossed without difficulty and continued on our way. Soon we came into a rough, broken country with scant grass and brackish water.

After a few days' travel we reached Soda Springs, our next landmark. Nothing then bespoke its future importance. It was very uninteresting, merely a strong, clear-looking stream emerging from the ground and flowing off in a little brook. But I have seen it in late years, and it has become very attractive, and is now rather a noted place.

Not knowing the qualities of the water, and the day being hot, we rushed thirstily out with our cups to get a good, cool drink of the pretty spring. But, ugh! What a taste it had! The look of disgust on the faces of those who had anticipated a nice, cold drink, was amusing. No one wanted a second cup, nor did we tarry long, but sought a more-inviting place to camp.

While we were traveling through this section of badly alkalized soil and brackish, unwholesome water, a little episode occurred which afforded us some amusement.

Traveling late one day and looking for a suitable place to camp, we came to a cutoff road which seemed to be much traveled, and rightly, we supposed it to be a road leading to water and a camping place. Our captain, being in the lead, directed us to take the road. After traveling perhaps a mile the foremost wagon came to a sudden halt. There appeared to be a commotion of some sort ahead. The train halted and several ran up to see what the trouble was. A very excited stranger was hurriedly trying to get three yoke of oxen hitched to his wagon for a quick departure.

"What's the matter?" we inquired, with foreboding of Indians flashing through our minds.

"Oh, dere's matter enough!" he shouted agitatedly. "I t'ink dot you had better be gittin' avay from here purty dam queek. I t'inks dot hell don't been more dan haf' mile from here! Dot vater is b'ilin' hot!'

Our men helped the frantic Dutchman hitch up his teams, and cracking his whip wildly and urging his cattle to greater speed, he departed vociferously from the condemned spot. Surely enough, there was a boiling hot spring, wholly unfit for use, but a notice on a stake nearby gave us the welcome information that there was a nice, cold spring of water about a mile farther on. We hastened, for it was getting late.

Arriving at the spring we found many others ahead of us who had camped for the night; and again had to take our stock quite a distance from the camp to find feed. These little detours for water and feed occurred very often and slowed our progress considerably, but as they were a part of the game, we accepted them philosophically.

Fort Hall was our next point of interest. We reached it without mishap, but had to travel over a long stretch of uninviting country before we arrived. Some of our companions had decided to go on the California and Fort Hall would be our parting place. The family bereaved by tragedy at the Platte were also leaving at this point. The mother had never wholly recovered from the shock, but seemed always sad and depressed and showed no interest in anything around her, not even in the care of her smaller children.

The daughter, however, had become her normal self again. She was very much devoted to her mother and to her small brothers and sisters, and she cared for them all patiently. She had won a great admirer in the person of the young man who drove their wagon, and we all really hoped the interest was mutual and would ripen into a sincere love affair which would lead to their marriage, for these people were so lonely and helpless, and so much in need of someone to protect them and look after their welfare, that the young man's interest seemed a godsend.

He was a nice young man, seemingly very dependable, but we knew nothing of his financial status and of his means for caring for the family. They had nothing, apparently, and their wagon was very unsubstantial. The hubs cracked and spokes loosened in dry weather, and the wagon would now have to be repaired before they could resume their journey. Several times previously some of our men had to fix the wheels and tighten up the hubs in order to make it serviceable. But the wagon carried a light load and the team of cows kept in good shape, so there was nothing more we could do for them. Of course we were sorry to see them go, and had we known what a long, hot, dry desert road they would have to travel down the Humboldt Valley in Nevada, our concern for them would have been much greater in view of their poor equipment. Since they were in the company of others, however, who we felt would look after them, we parted with no great reluctance. I have since been by rail over the route they had to travel, and I have thought of them and wondered if they came through safely, and what was their ultimate fate. But I never heard of them again.

We obtained a few needed supplies at Fort Hall, but saw nothing of much interest. A few soldiers were stationed at the Fort and a number of Indians were lounging around it.

Our next point of interest was the Snake River crossing. This we learned would be somewhere near the mouth of the Blackfoot River. We would cross on a ferry which was operated mainly for the benefit of the soldiers at Fort Hall.

The journey from Fort Hall to the Snake River was uneventful. The country was largely a sagebrush desert, from level to rolling, and gave no promise at that time of ever being worthy of consideration for any purpose. We made an easy crossing of the Snake River on the ferry, and though we were eager to see the noted river, our eagerness to continue our journey prevented any delay, and we contented ourselves with observing it as we crossed. Each mile gained now brought us nearer our destination. It is noticeable that when one had finished the first half of a task, the last part diminishes with observable rapidity. Thus it was with our journey.

A long, tedious strip of desert now lay ahead of us, and the going was rough and tiresome. Beds of burned lava rock cut the feet of the cattle and made them limp. The wagons bumped along noisily and crunched the cinder in the road. The cattle became so lame they could hardly travel. When we reached better ground we had to give them several days' rest before we could proceed.

Water was extremely short all along this desert stretch, and grazing was wholly inadequate for the needs of the stock. When the captain at last informed us that we were now leaving the desert and would strike across a low range of hills to the Lost River country, we were much encouraged. We were eager to make the change. We hoped also to find the scenery less monotonous and more cheerful. The long desert journey had taken toll of our good spirits.

Here, for a moment, let me digress to say that in recent years I have been over this same country, and found it far from being the desert it was when I first saw it. Irrigation, the magic worker of the West, has wrought a wonderful change. Then, we called it the Great Sagebrush Desert. Today it is the Twin Falls and Minidoka tract -- the finest in the West. I beheld it with amazement and wonder. The contrast was unbelievable; for a forbidding desert it had been transformed in a land of inviting homes, rich farm lands, and orchard tracts; the windswept waste has become an imperial domain! This is only one of the many wonderful and unbelievable changes wrought in the country since my coming in 1864.

When we reached Lost River -- I think that was the name of the stream -- we found an agreeable change. We found a clear, running stream, cool and agreeable to drink, with green trees along its banks affording us a pleasant shade -- something we had not seen for many a long, weary mile. Some kind of mineral, yellowish in color and glistening in the sunlight, covered the bed of the stream. Mounds or hillocks of the same material appeared along its banks. We had never seen anything of the kind, and we thought surely it must be gold! A number of us women did, at least. Seizing our cups and pans we rushed to the water, a fortune within our grasp!

But as we dipped it up, the golden treasure floated away in the water. We discovered that mining, especially placer mining, was a more difficult proposition than we had thought. Maybe dry placer would give better results. We shifted our operations to the mounds of yellow metal, but on digging into it we found that the mineral broke up and mingled with the soil so readily that we could not save the gold. We concluded that our methods were at fault.

While we were conducting our first gold operations, two sure-enough prospectors, with pack horses loaded with picks, shovels, camp equipment, and other miscellaneous articles, came along. They stopped and watched us amusedly for awhile , without speaking. We had never seen such an outfit before, and the hairy, uncouth appearance of the men gave us little tremor of fear.

They asked us finally if we were mining for gold, smiling pleasantly as they spoke. Their attitude relieved our nervousness, and we told them we had just about decided it was not gold. They said the shiny stuff was mica. They explained to us the rudiments of placer mining, and the mystery of panning. They said the gold would be left in the bottom of the pans after the soil had all been washed away.

These prospectors did not often meet with their fellow-men, and rarely saw women folks, particularly young girls. They seemed eager for a sociable chat with us, although they appeared somewhat diffident and ill at ease. I have since met many of their kind. I have seen them mine their gold, and I have baked bread in their gold pans. If you ever meet one of the older sort, you will find that the lure of gold has taken complete possession of him. He seems to live, move, and have his being in the hope of finding gold.

When the men came back from putting the stock out to graze, they laughed about our gold mining. They did not know what the stuff was, but they knew enough about gold to know that it didn't float!

This camp was so comfortable, that though we had reached it early in the afternoon, we decided to stay there until morning. This would give us a chance for a good rest, and allow the women to do a little washing, which was their usual custom during the rest periods.

We had by this time lost all fear of being molested by Indians, having not seen any since entering the great desert country. Our hunters said not even jack rabbits could subsist in that country, much less Indians and their ponies. The danger eliminated, more freedom was permitted the stock in grazing, for as yet, because of the immigration ahead of us, our stock had to be taken some distance from the train for feed.

The long rest and relaxation made us feel better, and the delightful change in the topography of the country tended to raise our spirits. Our stock was refreshed and filled up and seemed contented for the first time in weeks. The next morning we started on with lighter hearts.

We were now skirting some high, rough-looking mountains and occasionally had to climb some steep acclivities. We crossed innumerable mountain streams of pure, fresh water, some of them being so large as to be impassable in high water season. But this was low water season and we effected all crossings without much trouble. At times, however, we took the precaution to put the best teams to the wheel in event we came to swimming water. Old Buck, then, because of his sturdy qualities was brought into requisition, he and his mate, faithful old brutes that they were.

The rivers and streams were the landmarks by which we measured distance and estimated our progress, but I have forgotten many of their names. I remember the Wood River and delightful camping spot it afforded us; also the washing and cleanup day we enjoyed there. The regularity and punctuality with which the women kept up their habits of cleanliness on every practicable occasion, was remarkable. We found so many nice, clear streams of soft water that the men complained about so much washing, saying the women were forever wanting to stop and wash. They argued that since we traveled in dust, cooked and ate in dust, slept in dust and dirt, and were in it all the time, why should we go to the trouble of washing and cleaning so often.

Confronted with these facts it did seem futile, and we could give no very poignant reason for so much washing, except that was habit and a desire to see the children clean, and to feel clean ourselves once in awhile. Further, we contended, we were not stopping any too often for the good of the stock. This last argument was a clincher. Our whole dependence was on the stock, and some of them were getting very thin, worn, and weary and much in need of rest.

If some of our modern advocates of cleanliness for health's sake could have seen those hardy, rugged, healthy-looking urchins with us on this trip, they would have lost faith in their theories. Everyone in the train was remarkably healthy despite the dust and dirt we had to eat, particularly on windy days. Our perspiring bodies were begrimed with dust, and opportunities for bathing were exceedingly rare.

Though compelled to travel slowly, we were making fair progress and were now nearing Big Camas Prairie where we hoped to find a plentiful supply of grass for the stock, having heard favorable reports from that part of the country. But alas! The country had been invaded by a horde of crickets which had eaten every blade of grass in sight! The grass had grown rank and tall, but the stems were standing devoid of blades and were covered with dozens of big, brown ugly-looking insects. This would have been a glorious place for Indian Harvest, for they were said to gather these crickets for food; but no Indians were in evidence. There were so many small streams of good water, and so many nice level spots suitable for camping, that had the grass been plentiful we could have found ideal stopping places. But we pushed on as rapidly as possible in order to find good grass. We didn't even stop for noon lunch. After a drive of several miles we found a little stream the crickets had not reached, and here in the midst of good feed for our stock, we made our camp.

We had met several prospectors along the streams, and once had met a small pack train going to Fort Hall for supplies. The mountains, we were informed, were full of prospectors, drawn to this region by the finding of the rich mines at Bannock the year before. Thinking we were making for the mines, our informants advised us not to go there this fall, saying that the snow would soon fall and would get so deep in the winter that no mining could be done.

They were much astonished when we told them we had not heard about the strike, but were on our way to Oregon, for they imagined the news had spread everywhere. They told us all about the great gold rush. The rich discovery had been made late in 1862, but was kept quiet. By 1863, however, it had become pretty well noised around, and a great rush, mostly from the West, had occurred. Many old Forty-niners from California were in the camp. The excitement was so great throughout the West, they said, that they could not understand how we had failed to hear about it. We explained that perhaps the War, which was the absorbing topic where we came from, had overshadowed the news; and anyway, reports had to travel very slowly to reach the East. Our story of the War was nearly as much news to the prospectors as the gold strike was to us. They didn't seem to realize there was a war. At least they were not concerned about it. Their concern was in the gold find. Our concern now was to get to Oregon before the snow caught us on this side of the Cascade Mountains.

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From now on we became conscious of a stir of life and activity in the country. We began to meet people going and coming. Once we overtook an emigrant train of a few wagons. They also had gathered the news of the mines, and of far greater interest to us, of the fine valley we would shortly reach and of the settlement being made there.

One day we met a man with a load of fresh vegetables. He said he was from the Boise Valley about thirty miles farther on. He had raised the vegetables there, he told us, and knowing the emigrants were starving for fresh vegetables he had decided to come out

and meet us with a load. In this he had judged rightly, for we were very, very hungry for the vegetables, having not tasted any since leaving the Bear River Valley several weeks before.

But here we found ourselves in a dilemma. As you know, during the Civil War our government, being at time hard-pressed for money acceptable to foreign countries, had withdrawn from circulation all gold and silver money and had substituted paper money called "greenbacks". For small change less than a dollar it had issued small paper slips commonly called "shinplasters", in denominations ranging in value from five cents up. We were pretty well supplied with "shinplaster". So far we had met with no difficulty in passing them for money. The French-Canadian post traders along the way had accepted them gladly in payment of what purchases we had acquired. Lately, however, having reached the western borders where there was but little intercourse with the East, this small paper money was completely ignored. The people said they could not use them at all. They accepted our "greenback", however at a fifty-percent discount.

Now, we wanted so much to buy some of those luscious vegetables, and the settler wanted just as much to sell them. But all we had to offer him were those little shinplasters, and he said he could not use them at all. He said he would accept our greenbacks down to one dollar denominations, but at a fifty-percent discount. A greenback dollar, at that rate, would not buy many vegetables. Furthermore, our money was so scarce we could not afford to spend it in this manner. Though we were anxious to get rid of our shinplaster, even at a discount, we could buy only with our depreciated greenbacks. Ruinous business, but nevertheless we did buy some of his vegetables, and delicious they tasted!

That night we camped in a nice little ravine, the settler with his vegetables stopping near us. The next morning he let us have the rest of his vegetables very reasonably, for he knew they would soon become stale. We tried again to induce him to accept some of our shinplasters, but he said no, they would do him no good; he couldn't dispose of them. He didn't know that the laws of the country compelled their acceptance as legal tender. The East and the West were so remote, both in distance and in relation, that the national law of legal tender was not recognized in the West. Out of the goodness of his heart the peddler gave vegetables without charge to those who offered him shinplaster, thinking, perhaps, that they had no other money. Then he hurried off ahead of us with his empty wagon.

After traveling a few miles up the canyon we came out on a high plateau of level land covered with the usual growth of sagebrush! We were told that we could find water about fifteen miles farther on, so we traveled that day without nooning and camped earlier in the evening.

The next morning we discovered that a horse belonging to the step-father of my brother-in-law had become lame and was unable to travel. Several members of the train said they would go on to Boise Valley and find a good camping ground and wait for us there. A number of wagons belonging to our party stayed with us. Those who were related made a point of staying together, Our camping place was not so nice and shady as we would have liked it, but it was not a lonely place, for there were occasional passers-by who stopped to chat with us, telling us all about the wonderful mines recently found, and giving us a full account of the settlement in the Boise Valley and all the news relative to it. Another man came by with vegetables and we purchased some, but he, like the others, refused to accept our little paper money in payment.

That night another train came along and camped with us. And as we had many new things to tell them, we had a lively camp. In return they gave us news of some of the members of our train who had been left behind to recover their loose cattle. Among other things they told us the sorrowful news of a little four-year -old who had fallen out of the wagon and had been run over and killed. She was buried by the roadside, and her mother was broken-hearted at having to leave her little darling sleeping in that vast, lonely solitude where even the consolation of visiting her grave was forever denied the grief-stricken mother. We had counted many such graves on that long trail. some were marked by a rock or rude headstone with faded inscription. Often only a stake driven into the ground marked the burial spot.

This recalls a rather singular incident. Once I noticed a grave near the roadside which apparently had been recently opened. There was a headboard with an inscription, and on going over to read it, I saw the roughly cut letter: ANN E. HINKLE. Perhaps in addition to the date of death, another inscription written with a pencil and of comparatively recent date, gave the assurance "Yes, she is here sure".

Then I remembered a little tragedy which happened in our neighborhood when I was a small child. A family named Hinkle had moved into our community. They were of the Mormon faith, and there were several small children, three of whom were by a former wife.

After the family had become established and had resided there for some time the former wife made her appearance. She stayed about the neighborhood for a year or two, "to be near the children", she said. Apparently she was much devoted to them. She said she would willingly be a slave to all the rest of them if they would only let her be near her children. They all addressed her as Ann.

Her own children and the neighbors, too, soon began to fear she was losing her mind. The second wife became afraid of her also. One day Ann showed her a large knife and told her she was keeping it for a purpose.

On a spring day a company of travelers came along and said they were going to cross the Plains to Utah. They persuaded Ann to accompany them, and the former husband paid the expenses of the trip. No word of Ann ever came back to the neighborhood, and we all forgot her existence.

When I discovered this lonely grave by the side of the Trail and read the inscription on the headboard, I was sure that the mortal remains of poor Ann Hinkle rested there. How she had passed away, and whose hands had laid her to rest, I was never to learn. Her sad life had ended far away from her loved ones.

"All was ended now, the hope and the fear,
and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart and restless,
unsatisfied longing!"

We remained in this camp three days, during which time all the horses were newly shod. After the rest and long grazing period they were able to travel better. An early morning start enables us to make it across the Boise River where we camped for the night. The horse's leg was still pretty stiff and sore, but at the end of the day it seemed no worse for the travel.

The next morning we broke camp, traveled down the river five or six miles, and crossed on a ferry boat. Many others of our party kept on down the south side of the river until they reached a place where they could ford it. The water at that time was very low, but even at that there was some danger to be incurred in crossing, for the river was wide and swift. This risk was taken principally because of the low financial condition of the train, and of our reluctance to part with our United States currency at the exorbitant discount in vogue here. This, and the absolute refusal of the settlers to accept our shinplaster, worked a hardship on all of us.

Our reason for crossing on the ferry was to see the little town of Boise, which was just starting up. The men also wanted to verify some of the reports they had heard about the mines.

The town of Boise was a little motley collection of log cabins, tents, and dugouts. There were perhaps two or three rude frame buildings not very symmetrical in appearance, for axes and saws had been the principle tools used in their construction. The timber came from a little sawmill up in the Bannock Mountains. The mill had been brought in with great difficulty on pack horses, over trails too steep for wagons. Timber however, was a necessity for making sluice boxes and flumes for washing the gold from the mines. Bringing the lumber from the mill to town was also very difficult. I believe only three houses in town were built of lumber, these being the main eating houses, dignified by the name "hotel", one small store, and a very pretentious saloon and dance hall.

Crude and primitive as it then was, I little thought it the embryo of one of the prettiest and finest little cities I have ever seen in all my travels, as it appeared to me in 1927, sixty-three years had elapsed since I first saw the little town on September 25, 1864. My pen cannot adequately describe the changes wrought in building up and beautifying the city. Green velvety lawns, beautiful flowers, well-laid parks, lovely homes, fine business edifices, lakes and bathing pools, parks containing wild animals, linking it to olden times, schools, churches, and other improvement too numerous to mention, now bespeak the civic pride of her citizenry -- how different the Boise I first knew!

Could the veil have been lifted to our travel-strained eyes on that September morning in 1864. Could we have been permitted to glimpse the future glory of the then motley little town, the vision to us in this desert land would have been like John's on the Isle of Patmos when he "saw the great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God".

The building up and beautifying of Boise represent to a great extent the inherited pride of the younger generation, for alas! I found only one person -- an old lady -- who was my fellow-traveler on that memorable journey, still living here, although quite a number of my own train stopped here and became residents of Boise.

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I little thought, as we crossed
the ferry that September day and landed
on the Boise side of the river, that my
long journey had reached its end. But
it had, and ten wonderful years of my
life were to be spent in Boise Valley.

How we happened to stay here, and how we built up a home in this new country, is related in pages immediately following.

CHAPTER TWO

While waiting here in Boise our men made some inquiries regarding the surrounding country, and learned that the mines were very far back in the Bannock Mountains -- as they were then called -- sixty or seventy miles from the valley and very difficult to reach because of the poor roads.

A town called Idaho City had been started in the vicinity of the mines. Its promoters wanted to make it the county seat, or at least, the provisional county seat, since the county had not yet been organized. There was much legal work in connection with mining affairs, and whatever place was named the county seat would draw this business. Boise adherents claimed that the logical place for the county seat was Boise. This caused a clash of opinions and considerable political heat over the question, but in the end Boise won out.

The emigrants were advised not to go up to the mines, for more people were there already than could be provided for. They were told that the snow would get so deep it would be impossible to take food there in the winter. The information proved to be correct, and the advice good, as we found before the winter was over.

For some time we lingered in Boise, enjoying the sight of human habitations, for we had not seen a settlement since leaving the Bear River Valley. Everything was new and interesting, and we were learning what it meant to carve out homes and livelihood in the vastness of the West. It was now nearing noon, and we drove down the valley a few miles for our nooning hour. We tried to get some vegetables at the store, but there were none to be had. Only a few of the ranchers had vegetables, we were told, and we would have to go to the ranches for them.

Driving down the valley we passed several log cabin dugouts, many of them unoccupied. They had been built, seemingly to hold the claim or for winter quarters when the owners would return for their summer work at the mines or elsewhere. The road down the valley was hot and dusty, often approaching the river closely, and affording us good views of the clear, rippling stream. Coming to a nice, green, shaded place where there appeared to be sufficient feed for our stock, we decided to camp for the night. The urge to push on had a little relaxed with us since we had seen a town and people, and farms with crops and gardens. But the rest of our train had gone on ahead, and camped about twenty-five miles farther down the valley, and was waiting for us in a good location, so we learned from a man we met. We knew we could not reach it until the next evening. We got an early start next morning, but with our lagging teams it took us all day to reach our people.

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As we neared the camp we passed a place with some improvements on it; a log house, some fencing, and a few acres plowed. Several men were standing around talking, and two were on horseback. I noted particularly one of the horses, a beautiful, spotted pony with very clear white and deep-yellow markings. Never having seen a horse so peculiarly marked, I was at once interested. I have since seen many of its kind -- the celebrated Cayuse-Pinto stock. Of its rider I took no note, but at the horse I looked intently.

I was driving the team; Addie, my sister, and her husband, Tom Jones, with whom I was traveling, were walking, which they often did to lighten the load a little and to give themselves relaxation from the tiresome rides. After we had passed the house, Addie and Tom overtook the wagon, climbed in and lay back on the bed. Soon I heard the clatter of horses feet close by. A man rode up and indicated that he wanted to speak to us. I stopped the team, and he handed me something in a sack.

"Here is the melon I heard the lady inquiring for back there", said the rider. He explained that he had brought it for a lady at the house we had just passed, but finding her not at home, he had brought it to us.

"No, you are mistaken", I replied. there was no lady in this wagon asking for a melon. She must be in some other wagon." Our wagons were scattered all along the road at that time.

He insisted that he was not mistaken. "I am sure this is the wagon", he said.

Addie spoke up. "I was inquiring for a melon back there."

By this time I wanted the melon badly enough myself, but all the money I had in my pocket were those little shinplasters which had been refused so often that I did not want to offer them again. Nevertheless , I took the melon when he again offered it. "I will get you the change", I told him, hoping that Tom would come across with a greenback.

"I don't want any pay for the melon", said the horseman. "Just give me back my sack." This confused me greatly; I had not thought of the sack. It was only a flour sack, anyway. Much later, under different circumstances, he explained to me that sacks were worth something in this country.

He was riding the pretty pony which had so attracted me, and again I noticed the pony more than the rider, and I often told him so afterwards when he would twit me about the sack episode. It was not that he was unattractive, I would explain, but the pony was even more so.

This is how I met my future husband!

I stammered my apologies for keeping the sack, and he left immediately. We felt very kindly toward him for giving us the melon, and perhaps more for his taking so much trouble to bring it to us.

It wasn't a very large melon, so we thought it good policy to consume it before reaching camp. Others would be wanting melon also, and we were so hungry for melon! A little selfish, perhaps, but this was our first sight or taste of melons in many a long, weary day.

We reached camp rather late. The rest of our train had arrived, and most of the people had eaten supper. We were glad to see everybody, and we had a joyful meeting and lots of new things to talk about. Everyone was interested in the new country and we were eager to exchange ideas. The people we had met were some way different from those we were used to back East, and there seemed to be an indefinable characteristic of the country which we could not understand.

Mrs. Galbraith, one of my good friends, said to me: "Oh, Belle! I wish you could have been with us. There have been ever so many old bachelors around inquiring if there were any pretty girls in the train, and you may be sure I have spoken a good word for you! One bachelor is especially nice! He brought so many nice vegetables, and gave them to us, refusing to take any pay at all! Mrs. Godman and I emptied our wagons and had the men

drive us over the river to see his place. It looked mighty good, I tell you, to see so many nice things growing, and we brought over a good mess for all the train. He had a few melons, too, but couldn't find any ripe."

I told her I thought perhaps I had gotten ahead of her on the melons. I suspected they belonged to the man with the spotted pony!

He was to be over that evening, Mrs. Galbraith said, and I must be one of the party! This was Sunday evening. We made it a custom to clean up and tidy our dress and spend Sunday evening visiting. I had reached camp so late that I was unable to primp up much, but after "a lick and a promise" I started over to their camp where a big fire was blazing and a large crowd was sitting around chatting. When I saw among them the rider of the spotted pony and several other strange men, I went back to our wagon and retired for the night.

The thought of that sack affair was too much for me!

Mrs. Galbraith was in a scolding humor next morning. "Why didn't you come over?" she asked reproachfully. "I invited him especially to meet you!"

"Oh I looked so awful, and it was dark and I couldn't clean up", I explained. My alibi, being partly true, mollified her somewhat, but she still thought an opportunity had been lost.

Jim Purdin, my other brother-in-law who happened to be of the party that night, had conversed with the owner of the pony, and they made a dicker to trade wagons. Jimmie's wagon was heavy and well-suited for mountain freighting. The rancher's wagon was light and better suited for travel. He would come over in the morning and examine Jimmie's wagon before the train started.

How little it takes to turn the balance of Fate!

Sure enough, next morning he came over and examined the wagon. Finding it suitable for his needs, he offered Jimmie a liberal difference. Jimmie went back with him on horseback, for it was easier to cross the river in this manner, to see the other wagon. On finding it suitable, they closed the deal. To make the exchange of wagons required some little delay.

While the deal was in progress the rancher, evidently liking Jimmie's appearance, offered to hire him for the winter, or for the year if he preferred. He said he would give Jimmie fifty dollars a month, with board for himself and Angie, she to do the cooking and housekeeping although at the time there was no house to keep. Jimmie said he had his sister-in-law (myself) with him, and that there would have to be some provision made for her board. To this the rancher replied "Oh, we won't discuss that. Likely she won't stay with you long."

But Jimmie could give no decision there. He had to discuss the proposition with Angie, who came near to overruling the whole proceedings. In the first place she didn't want to stop here. And in the second place, under no consideration would she part from her sister, Addie.

As it happened, Tom Jones, my other brother-in-law, had just met a man who made him a similar proposition. (Tom and his wife were the ones who had the little ten-months old baby, and the child was such a favorite with us all that we did not want to separate.) The man who offered to employ Tom lived only two miles away; so, we would be able to see each other quite often.

Since their money was running low, both my brother-in-laws wanted to stop over, although the difference Jimmie had received in the wagon deal would enable us to go on. But there was uncertainty of getting employment at the end of the journey. We knew nothing about conditions in the country to which we were going, whether provisions or work could be obtained or how we would manage when we got there. I agreed with the men that the most practical thing to do was to accept employment here for the time being, but my sisters were bent on going ahead, and they talked pretty "spunky" to the men for wanting them to stay here in a wild, desolate country (there were only three or four other women in this part of the valley). Arguments failing, the men finally said "Belle" we will turn the girls over to you. See what you can do with them"

The train was impatient to move, and the people said they could not wait any longer; so we told them to go ahead, and if we decided to go on we would overtake them somewhere. It was hard for my sisters to see all the rest of the train leaving.

Jimmie had received the "boot" on the wagon trade the day before, in gold dust, weighed out in gold scales which determined the weight of gold from a fraction to several ounces. This was to us about as poor-looking a substitute for money as our little shinplasters were to the people here, and it took us a long time to get used to it.

Well, next morning, as our train was getting ready to start, Mr. Fulton, the man who rode the spotted pony and who offered to give Jimmie employment, came by to learn what we had decided to do. The matter was still unsettled, so he said he would go up to town with a friend of his who was on his way outside, for they had some business to attend to before he left. It would be night, he said, before he could return. He told us if we decided to go on with the train, we could make the exchange of the wagons. His wagon had not been moved from the spot where Jimmie had last seen it.

I had taken no part in the conversation, and was, at the time, some distance away from the wagon discussing the matter with my sisters. After much persuasion they finally decided to stay. The men then hitched up their teams and moved from the camp, first taking Tom's family to the home of his employer, a Mr. Wetzel, who was there waiting for them to come down. While we were there, Mr. Wetzel told my sister that if I wanted to stay with them, my board would cost nothing. But I had other plans which I had not told my sisters. I had learned that I could get employment at the hotel in town at sixty dollars a month, and I planned to take it if we stayed here.

On Jimmie's return, we loaded up our camp equipment, forded the river, and made camp at the home of Mr. Fulton. We spoke of him as "the old bachelor", for we hardly knew his name yet. We had heard his friends call him "Frank".

We were settled in camp and had supper ready that evening when he arrived. He was very friendly and said he was glad we had decided to stay.

Then it was I who had a formal introduction to the man who was someday to become my husband, Mr. Frank Fulton. It was no drawing room affair, this first meeting, such as a romantic young woman of my age might have dreamed of in the introduction of a probable suitor for her hand, although at the time, none of us thought about or even surmised the remotest possibility of such a happening.

I was standing by a table made by driving four stakes into the ground, on which was a platform of rived cottonwood boards, smoothed with a drawing-knife to make the

table. I may have had a butcher knife in my hand at the time, for I recall having used one during the preparation of supper.

We had brought a white tablecloth from our wagon and spread it over the rough boards, We had scoured the tin cups and dishes to make them shine and look as attractive as possible, and had done what little we could to make the camp presentable.

Mr. Fulton had just come from washing in the clear, running brook nearby, having combed his hair and made ready for supper. Jimmie, doing the honors of the occasion, introduced him to Angie and to me.

Jimmie assumed the duties of host and invited Mr. Fulton to be seated at the table. Homemade benches, three legged stools and a box upended which we had brought from the wagon, took the place of dining chairs.

There was a little restraint at first, all being strange to each other, but we did our best to make the meal agreeable and pleasant. Mr. Fulton said it had been so long since he had been in the company of ladies that he had lost all knowledge of manners. Angie and I were not used to entertaining under such crude conditions, but Jimmie was equal to the occasion and soon his apt and funny remarks broke the restraint and put us on easy footing.

We had gone to the garden and gathered some beans and cabbage, and had generously seasoned them with some bacon we still had in the wagon. We also had some dried apples which we stewed, but having no lard for making pies, we had applesauce instead. We had biscuits raised with soda and cream of tartar, and some fat bacon, which we had fried to obtain seasoning for the biscuits. We also had some baked potatoes, but no butter.

We all ate heartily, and the dinner was pronounced very good. Before the meal was finished, all were on easy terms. Mr. Fulton told us that he had a partner who was out on the range looking for some strayed oxen. There would be another man to cook for, he said, turning toward us women inquiringly. We said we would not mind that.

He told us that at first there four of them who went together and took up enough land, as they supposed, to give them one hundred acres each. They held it under "squatters right"; no survey had yet been made. Two of the men, a father and son, had sold their holdings, and in the division the log cabin and other improvements had gone with the land. The purchase had been made by a party of immigrants who had arrived about a month before, and we would have three women for our nearest neighbors. The family consisted of a father and mother, two married sons and their wives, and a daughter about thirteen years of age.

Mr. Fulton informed my brother-in-law that the first work to be done was a job of carpentry, laying the foundation for a house he was preparing to build. He had the logs already hewed and squared up for one and a half story house, and had some boards rived out for a roof. He said we would have to live in camp until he could get the house built. Then he added, "Perhaps you'd better fix up camp a little handier, and go to town one day soon and get what is needed. Our camp is very scant."

Jimmie said we would wait a few days more before going to town, and take a look over things to see what we most needed. Mr. Fulton replied that he was very busy himself, and could not be around camp much. He wanted to make two more trips to the mines, and must start as soon as the oxen were found.

He was hauling to the mines some hay he had baled with a home-made baler, and some oats he had raised and threshed out with oxen trampling out the grain, Biblical style, and separated from the chaff with a hand-operated fanning mill he had rented from someone who had brought it into the valley that fall. The crop had been raised by means of irrigation, and ditches had been made to convey the water from the river to the land.

These commodities were very scarce, and precious, but he received a good price for his hay and oats when he got them to market -- one hundred fifty dollars a ton for the hay, and fifteen cents a pound for the oats. He could have received a fabulous price for his vegetables, but he said he could not spare them, now that he had someone to cook them.

Mr. Fulton told Jimmie to take an inventory of the provisions he had left in the wagon, and he would pay him the going price for them. We had several pounds of good, fat bacon sides, and I think one sack of flour, which at that time was worth seven dollars a sack. Bacon was fifty cents a pound. The smaller quantities of stuff, Jimmie said we would eat in common.

We really needed some camp fixtures, and my sister wanted to do some purchasing, and as Mr. Fulton needed some bolts to repair the wagon brakes, we decided to go to town, a fifteen-mile drive in a heavy wagon, to do a very little bit of buying.

The next morning as we were getting ready to go to town, the "old bachelor", as my sister and I called him by ourselves, came down. (He objected to being called Mr. Fulton, saying the "mister" was too formal and that no one used the term here. I had noticed that they used only the surname. He wanted us to call him Frank, but Addie and I could not bring ourselves to be so familiar. However, Jimmie came to it very easily, and in course of time, we came to it, too. It seemed to please him. He said that was more like friends. He handed me a little sack of gold dust, saying: "Here is ten dollars. I thought you might want to buy something you need."

"Oh, no!", I replied, "I don't want your money."

"I thought you might want to buy something for the camp", he said. Thereupon, I told him I would take it if he would tell me what he wanted me to buy.

"You women will know better than I what you need about camp", he replied.

I knew what I wanted to buy. We had no looking-glass in camp, and Oh, how I did miss one!

When I got to town it was the first thing I began to look for. I found one, about ten by twelve inches, frame and all, and paid three dollars for it! Then I bought a comb and some towels. I begged an empty cigar box for a comb holder, bought a washboard and tub, and found my money about all spent.

It was getting late that evening when we reached home, but I had Jimmie hasten to drive a nail in a tree under which our camp was placed, and nail up the box for the comb. The towel was hung nearby.

"I shall try to make this place more homelike, so you men won't have to go down to the creek and wash in that cold water", I said. Oh yes! I had bought a wash pan also, and we hung it up on the tree. Then we appropriated one of the benches for a washstand.

When Mr. Fulton came to supper, I saw him note the change. He cast his eye on the looking-glass and I saw a broad smile come over his face. I knew he wanted to say something funny, but was a little afraid to do it. When Jimmie came in he soon opened the way. It all turned on a woman's proverbial liking for a looking-glass. Jimmie was a good

match for Mr. Fulton, or rather, Mr. Fulton made a good mate for Jimmie, who was always a great joker. It usually was I who had to bear the brunt of Jimmie's jokes, for his wife wouldn't stand for them.

I let the two men enjoy their jokes and laugh as much as they liked. But after supper I said: "Now, I hope you will digest your dinner better; but I know I will not be the only one who will use that glass. I expect to see someone shaving before many days".

Frank, or rather Mr. Fulton, I should say, had a long, full beard which looked as if it had not known a razor for some time. While it was common for men to wear full beards, usually they shaved off their moustaches when they dressed up for Sunday. Jimmie knew he just had to shave, for his wife made him.

On the road we had used my other sister's little glass, and we all had our combs. The men, I presume, had theirs also, but doubtless they were getting old and needed to be replaced with new ones. However, I evened up with them when they went to use my glass for shaving. I demanded an issuance that their looks would not break it every time they used it.

That first little looking-glass was the source of many good-natured jokes that first winter, and for years afterwards it was a cherished piece of furnishing in our home, long after we were well able to get a better glass. We kept it all the years we lived in the Boise Valley. We took it with us on the long trip to Texas. We kept it during our twelve-year stay there, and brought it along with us on the return trip to Washington. When at last it was broken, my husband did it, and he grieved over it sincerely.

"I would rather have broken any other glass we had in the house than this one!", he said. Then, remembering the old saying, he added: "Mama, do you think it will bring us bad luck?".

"No, indeed! I said. "I do not believe in that superstition".

"Well, it always brought back to us very pleasant memories", he recalled.

"Yes, it did", I replied, "and for that reason I hate to have it broken." Then I added: " We have many other things to bring back pleasant memories, so please don't grieve over it."

"Mama," he persisted, "we did have pleasant times then, didn't we?"

"Yes", I said, "but that was just the beginning of our happiness. Perhaps we will continue to remember the little glass, but we have many other pleasant things to remember, too."

I was trying to draw his mind from the broken glass. He was always a little superstitious, and these old sayings clung in his mind.

Mr. Fulton was not at home when his partner arrived with the strayed oxen, and the partner seemed astonished to find us there, for he knew nothing about our arrangements. naturally. We guessed who he was when we saw the oxen. Jimmie went out to meet him and explain matters, but the stranger didn't come down to camp until Mr. Fulton returned. Then we called them to supper. It was nearly dark and we had to eat by the light of a lantern, using a piece of sperm candle in it for a light. Mr. Fulton introduced the newcomer to us as Mr. Hugh Allen, a very shy young man, several years younger than Mr. Fulton. We did not feel that we were total strangers to him, for we had often heard him spoken of by Mr. Fulton, who had praised him highly for his good qualities and we had already formed a high opinion of him.

The two men had been together for six or seven years, having first met in the gold rush to California, where they had mined as partners. Mr. Allen's home was in Texas. His father was dead, and he was only a boy when he went to California. There he was very homesick for his mother, but he could not return to Texas because of the War. Since their meeting, Mr. Fulton had taken quite an interest in him. Meeting with little success in the California gold fields, they had gone to southern Oregon and worked in a mill. Then they heard reports of the fabulously rich mines of the Bannock Basin of Idaho, and they had gathered up their belongings and had come here seeking gold. They had prospected for a season, but having poor luck, they decided to operate a pack train.

For two seasons they had packed supplies to the mines for the Umatilla Landing, a distance of three hundred miles, over the Blue Mountains of Oregon, through sagebrush deserts, melting snow, slush, and mud. It was a hard life, but they made money at it. Finally, exposure and hard living had brought on rheumatism. Then they decided to come to the Boise Valley and try farming. This, they knew, would be slow at first; seeds as well as farm implements of all kinds were hard to get, and their entire equipment was now a single breaking-plow.

All this Mr. Fulton had told us while waiting around camp the few evenings Hugh Allen was away hunting the oxen. Mr. Fulton had expressed much concern at the delay, but he felt sure it was only because Hugh could not find the oxen.

When at last Hugh arrived with them, there was a hustle and bustle to get off to the mines with the load of supplies. Hugh and Jimmie were left alone to do the best they could with the house construction. They got everything they could in readiness, but said they would not attempt to lay the foundation until Frank came back, since they were not sure just where the house was to be placed. Besides, there was other work to do, and they were kept busy all the time.

On his return from the mines there was no time for laying the foundation, for Mr. Fulton was in a great hurry to make another trip. He had made arrangements, though, to get some lumber for finishing the house. He told Hugh they should have gone ahead and laid the foundation, for the fall rains might set in and find us still in camp without much shelter.

Finally the house was ready to put up, and several men came to help with the raising. We had to cook dinner on a campfire for all of them. Mr. Fulton always relished getting off a joke on me. On the morning they were preparing to lay the foundation for the house, he came down to camp in a great hurry, as though he were after something very important, and said to me: "We are ready to lay the foundation of the house now, and you'd better come and tell us where you want to place it."

I was somewhat taken aback at this proposition, but I replied; "Oh, it's nothing to me where you put your house. Just put it wherever you like."

"I thought you might have a choice later on," he answered.

"No, I think not", I replied.

This gave Jimmie another chance to tease me.

They got the logs all set up that day, and Mr. Frank left the men to cover the house and make the chimney while he made a trip to get lumber for the floor and doors.

The rafters were made of poles smoothed off on one side, and the sheeting was of split poles, notched and made to fit the rafters. The roofing shakes were three feet long.

The lower part of the chimney was made of split poles, built together on the same plan as the house, about five feet square, and with only three sides. The ends of the poles forming the three-sided square, if there be such a figure, were fitted between the logs of the house where a space of about three feet was sawed out in order to attach the chimney to the house. The inside of this framework was faced with mud and cobblestones to a thickness of ten or twelve inches. This facing was called the back and jamb of the chimney.

All of this consumed a lot of time, and the weather was threatening rain, so they hired another man who claimed to be an expert on building chimneys. he said he knew how to shape it so that it would not smoke in the house. Hugh and Jimmie didn't know a thing in the world about building chimneys, and were glad to turn the job over to him. But that chimney was the bane of our lives. When the wind blew from the east it always smoked us out. Being of "stick-and-dirt" construction, it didn't stand the elements very well either, and the mud would crack and fall out occasionally.

A heavy snow storm caught Frank while he was in the mountains after his lumber, and he had a hard time getting back, being three days overdue. At that, he could bring only half of it. The next spring when he went back after the rest he found someone else had taken it. He had traded for two cows from an emigrant going to the mines that fall and tried to bring them home tied behind his wagon. One cow gave out, and the other was so thin and weak when he arrived that we could not feed her up sufficiently to withstand the rigors of the hard winter, and she died.

However, she left a little calf, which was given to me, and this was the nucleus of the nice dairy herd I had when we sold out ten years later to go to Texas. The mother had lived until the calf was about three weeks old and had given a little milk for it. After that we ground corn on a hand mill and made gruel for it. Sometimes we would spare a little of our precious flour for mixing the gruel. And again, I would boil wild hay and make the calf a tea to drink. I was very proud of my ability to save it, and indeed, it was my very own and not a partnership calf! It thrived and grew and became an extra-ordinarily good milk cow.

When he got back with his lumber, Mr. Fulton, or Frank, as we were now calling him, was tired and worn out for want of sleep and floundering around in the snow, unloading and reloading his lumber so often on account of the storm and bad roads, but he was much relieved when he reached the valley to find that we had not had a hard rain.

"Now", he said, "we must hurry up with the house." He thought himself fortunate to get one small window with four panes of glass which someone had ordered but had not been able to pay for. I have forgotten the price he had to pay for it, but it was very high.

The architectural design of the house had not included a window, and this necessitated cutting out a space for it. They also cut a square hole in the door covering it over with white cloth to give additional light when the door had to be closed in cold weather. Most doors stood open when the weather would permit, this being the only means of lighting. Ours would be a window to the good of the other houses in the valley.

Frank said he wanted to make a trip yet this fall to Umatilla Landing to obtain supplies for the winter, and, as the distance was about three hundred miles, he wanted to start as soon as possible, for the snows in the Blue Mountains might get too deep for him to return.

Most of the supplies used in the valley were brought up the Columbia River on boats to Umatilla Landing, and on across the Blue Mountains by pack trains and freight wagons. Freighting in the winter was out of the question, but Frank said he couldn't leave now until the house was ready for occupancy, for the nights were getting pretty cool for camping although our wagon and tent were quite comfortable as sleeping quarters for the women, and the haystack was cozy for the men, unless it rained hard enough to leak through the straw covering.

Frank came to me one day and said: I would like to have a little private talk with you if you will give me a chance."

I did not look up nor answer, but kept my eyes pretty steadily on my potato peeling.

"I presume you know what I want to talk about", he said.

"No, I haven't the least idea", I replied. He knew I was fibbing.

"Well", he said, I can soon tell you if you will give me a chance".

Then I looked up at him and said: "You see we haven't a very convenient chance here."

"If you will come and sit by the campfire this evening, I can soon tell you what I am thinking, and give you a chance to say something."

"All right." I told him, "I will sit awhile with you after supper." He thanked me and went away.

I was quite a bit flustered that night while getting supper ready -- and who wouldn't have been? In my own mind I knew I was not going to reject him. Yet, I knew full well that I was not well enough acquainted with him to marry him and put myself in his keeping. Fortunately for us both, he was very considerate about the matter, soon putting me at ease as we sat by the campfire that night.

"I am not asking you to pledge yourself", he said, "or to give me your answer now. I am only wanting at this time to tell you my desire and give you a chance to think the matter over while I am gone on this trip. You know I need a wife, and I cannot make a home without one. You suit me, and you are just the one I want."

"Why, you don't know me yet. We are not well enough acquainted to know whether we would suit each other."

To this he answered: "No, you have had no chance to know me, and you have the right to feel that way about it. My rough garb, rough manner, and rough surroundings are all against me. For this reason I want to give you time to study over the matter. As for myself", he continued, "I am very willing to take you as I find you. I have observed you more closely than you knew. I have seen you gathering the seeds from the garden and putting them away carefully, and keeping the work done about the camp so nicely, and appearing so willing in every way to do your part. I know you better than you know me!"

I believe a little flattery or praise pleases anyone, but I wanted to be a little perverse, or at least to appear somewhat reluctant and a trifle diffident.

"Well," I replied, "I wanted to do something to pay for my board. You know you and Jimmie wouldn't let me take that job at the hotel which would have paid me sixty dollars a month. It was Jimmie, of course, who did the objecting, but I thought perhaps you were back of him."

Disregarding the suggestion of Jimmie's being the principal, "No", he cried, "I couldn't let you go there! It is too rough a place for any good girl to work."

I told him I thought I was able to take care of myself, but nevertheless, I thanked him for his generous interest in not letting me take the position. Then I added, touching another phase:

"I know you thought I was wasteful when I so freely cooked up all that bacon for which you had paid Jimmie a good price. I know now that it should have lasted twice as long, but I was intent only on seasoning well and making the cooking more tasteful. I have always been accustomed to using plenty of bacon in cooking. Jimmie spoke to me about it. Perhaps you were behind him in that, too!"

"No", he remonstrated, "I did not say anything about that, but --", a little rueful, "I could see that it was going pretty fast."

"Well, I am sorry I was so wasteful, but I will do better next time", I promised.

We sat awhile longer talking about various matters, and ever and anon from the bushes on the farther bank of the little stream, rose and mournful howl of a wild coyote. He sat just across from us, barking and howling -- perhaps in derision of this matter-of-fact courtship. He had grown accustomed to the camp, coming frequently for the scraps of food we threw out, and he seemed to have no fear of us so long as a little distance intervened. We had no cat or dog to eat the scraps.

This was the place and the manner in which I received the proposal of marriage -- not my first, however, I must have you know.

Frank did not get away on his trip for three or four days, and we had several more chats. And always the old coyote was there, howling his objections.

When I told Addie and Jimmie how matters stood, Addie created a little scene, She objected at once. "Oh, you are not well enough acquainted to think of it!" she declared.

Jimmie , however, pleaded Frank's case. I think he is all right", he said," I think he is a just and honorable man, but he <u>does</u> swear awful!" Jimmie was a good Methodist and didn't like swearing.

" I think I can break him of that", I told him with much assurance.

"And I think it will be a hard task", rejoined Jimmie.

And as events turned out, Jimmie was no false prophet. Habits, I found, were stubborn things. A few years later, however, he was converted, and became a Christian, and by the help of Divine Power, he was able to divest himself of the ugly habit.

Frank and Jimmie always had a high regard for each other; and I also had a high regard for, and confidence in, my brother-in-law. He was, therefore, a good ally between us.

At last Frank was ready for his trip to the Umitilla Landing. It was getting so late in the season we were afraid it would be a hazardous journey, and indeed, it proved to be. The evening before he left we had another enjoyable chat beside the campfire. And again the old coyote barked his objections -- to our presence, at least.

Frank told me he wanted to have another talk with me on his return, at which time he hoped we could come to a mutual understanding, and that I would favor his suit. I told him that if it would be any comfort to him on his long, dangerous journey, I could give him a favorable answer now. This, he said, was highly gratifying, but he had something to

tell me about himself, not generally known in the valley, which might change my attitude toward him entirely.

"We must wait until I return", he said, "and after I have explained these matters, if you are still willing, we will arrange to marry soon."

"These matters?" I looked at him inquiringly.

"I cannot tell you now. I see Jimmie and Addie coming to the fire, But", he added "it is no wrong I have done, and nothing I could help." With this explanation I had to be content until he returned. He left very early next morning, and we had no chance for another talk.

The house was now nearing completion, and it was about ready for us to move into. Its furnishing were of the rudest home-made furniture, which was the best we had. We cooked on a fireplace instead of a range, and our cooking utensils were pots and pans, and we ate from tin dishes. My sister was in a delicate condition, and the one chair we possessed was reserved for her. Our table cloth was a piece of oilcloth, worn and soiled from hard usage on the Trail. A ladder led to the room above, where Hugh slept during bad weather. Bed "ticks" filled with wild hay answered for mattresses.

Addie had brought her feather bed along, but there was not room to bring mine. We had brought some pillows, sheets, quilts, and home-made blankets, and the men had a plentiful supply of fine quality Oregon-made wool blankets. Since the downstairs part of the house consisted of only one big room, bedrooms were partitioned off with blankets, and the rest of the space served as a sitting room, dining room, and kitchen combined.

We were now enclosed in our new home. Rough, crude and primitive though it was, it sheltered us from the storms of approaching winter. Jimmie and Hugh busied themselves making stables and shelter for the stock, and providing wood for winter fires.

After a fine rain, the weather turned a little warmer, and they decided to do some plowing. Jimmie hitched up the team and plowed about two acres near the house, which he laughingly told me was for my garden. In this he spoke more truly than he knew, for in reality it became my garden spot the next spring, and I did wonders with that little garden. Plowing was continued until the third day of December, when the temperature took a sudden drop and a cold storm set in. The plow was left frozen in the ground.

The storm caught Frank in the Weiser River Valley on his return trip. Because of the threatening weather he had gone only to the Grand Ronde Valley in Oregon and bought his supplies there, and thus avoided crossing the Blue Mountains. A neighbor, Mr. Schooler, who went with him for supplies, went on to the Umatilla Landing, but on account of the snow, was unable to return until late next spring. We supplied his family from Frank's stock of goods. Had Frank not used better judgment than our neighbor, we all would have suffered for lack of food that winter. As it was, our flour was all consumed before Mr. Schooler arrived in the spring, and we had bought two extra sacks from a packer at fifteen dollars a sack.

Though he cut his trip short by getting his supplies at Grand Ronde, Frank had a hard, difficult journey. The storm had come with heavy winds, then rain which, as it turned colder, turned to snow. He was fortunate, however, in finding sheltered places for camping and plenty of wood for fires. He made the return trip in three weeks. We were all much relieved and rejoiced to see him drive in. He appeared very worn and tired, but

said he had suffered no harm from the exposure, and he had kept well during the journey. His team was badly fagged and run down form the long, hard trip.

I think I gave him great pleasure by welcoming him warmly, and showing him I had not lost faith in him despite what I might have surmised of the news he had reserved to tell me.

In the confusion of getting his load of freight stored away, and the other folks being about us, it was some time before the opportunity arose for our private and confidential talk, which, I presume, was foremost in both our minds, and more to be desired than anything else.

At last the opportunity arose, and it was with some little trepidation that we availed ourselves of it.

I have wondered sometimes whether I ought to make it known. The story was for me alone, and I have treasured it in my heart these many years, but I think he would approve my telling it to our children now "grown tall".

Frank said he had something to tell of his past life which I should know, before he could ask me to become his wife. For this reason he had postponed asking me to give him a final answer until he made these things known to me.

Then he told me his secret, and why he had kept it to himself. He gave me quite an outline of his travels; some of the details were supplied later, but I set it all down here in full, in his own words, as I recall them.

"You know", he said, "everyone around here thinks I am an old bachelor. I have never told anyone I was, but I have let them think so. I have been married before, and I am a widower. I have never told this to anyone but Hugh Allen since coming to the Coast, and he is loyally keeping my secret from you, although I have never asked him to do so.

"But", he continued, "I wouldn't think of asking you to marry me without first telling you. I have no reason for not telling it, except that my wife and children were very sacred to me, and I could not bear to speak of them to unsympathetic ears.

"I was married when quite young", he explained, "not yet twenty-one. My wife was seventeen, the daughter of well-to-do parents. Her father gave us eighty acres of land, but it was unimproved and covered with scrubby oak. It was hard to get into production, but I worked hard, and we lived savingly. We were very happy together.

"When our first child was born, a little girl, we were very proud of her, and she gave us much comfort. But my wife failed to rally and recover her strength as she ought to have done. However, we had not thought of anything serious. We still worked, and saved, and had our hopes and pleasures.

"In due time another baby, a little boy, was born, and we named him after my wife's father. He was a fine little fellow, and we built our hopes high for him. I was so proud of my boy! The mother was very slow in recovering from this ordeal, and for some time was unable to do her housework and care for the two children, so we employed a girl to help. Finally she seemed well again, and we were much encouraged.

"In the meanwhile I was working hard, raising crops and improving the place, only occasionally having to hire help.

"But after a time she began to decline. She lost energy and strength and when the next baby came. She was unable to get up and around except for short periods. Finally,

she became unable to leave her bed, and the doctor told me she would never rally again. She was in the last stages of consumption.

"She passed away when little Elizabeth was only ten months old, leaving me desolate and helpless with my little children. One of my sisters took the two smaller children, and my wife's brother took our little Janie. I was left on the little farm alone. I could not stand the loneliness of it. It was my nature to crave companionship, and I enjoyed the company of friends. I would go to see my children as often as I could, and when I had to leave them they would cry and want to come home with me. I could not take them and it was too hard for me to bear. I decided to sell the place and go West, as so many were doing. My friends advised against it, but I told them I could not stand the life I was living.

"I sold the place at a fair price, and since my wife's father had passed away before my wife did, I appointed her oldest brother guardian for my children, until I returned. I gave him the money I had received for the farm and instructed him to use part of it to buy some Kansas land, in reserve for taxes and the care of the children in case of sickness. I kept out enough to pay my expenses to Omaha.

"Then bidding good-bye to my babes and friends, I became a wanderer, seeking to ease my mind and heartache. At Omaha, I took the first job offered me, which was driving a freight team for Majors & Butterfield, hauling supplies for the soldiers stationed in Utah to suppress any Mormon troubles, which at the time were threatening.

"The trip was a long journey with many hardships and much hard work. Each driver was expected to care for his team of six yoke of oxen and his wagon, and each man took his turn at night herding the stock. The hard work, strange surroundings, and wildness of the country diverted my mind from my brooding sorrow, and helped me forget.

"We were delayed by various causes, especially rains, muddy roads, and high waters, and we were very late in reaching the end of our journey. We had been guaranteed our return to Omaha, but the season was so late our wagon master was afraid to make the return trip, knowing that storms on the open plains would be encountered in which we might all perish. He said that if we wished to go on to California, instead, he would pay our expenses there. Nine of us accepted the California trip.

We were told that there might be some hardships and danger of Indians, but there would be no danger of storms and cold weather on the route.

"After paying us our wages, and promised dues, the wagon master gave us instructions how to arrange for the trip. The West being new to us all, and his instructions seeming wise, we accordingly acted on them. Pooling our resources, we bought two strong, sturdy ponies and a light, but strongly built, spring wagon, and loaded all our equipment into the wagon. Each man took a gun and holster pistols at his side, and a goodly supply of ammunition.

"After receiving many instructions as to how to proceed, and admonitions from our solicitous friend, the wagon master, to watch for danger, we began our rather perilous but interesting journey. The program was that all the men, except the driver, should walk, carry their guns with them, and not get out of sight of the wagon. This was to avoid surprise Indian attacks. We drove in turns, which gave each man a day's rest every nine

days, and we had three shifts for the night guard. We carried as much feed with us as possible, in order to keep the horses in good traveling condition.

"Only once in our nine hundred mile trip were we in any way molested by Indians. Seeing them at a distance one evening, and their signal fires that night, we hitched up about midnight and drove quietly on, making no stop except for a cold breakfast, until the afternoon. In this manner we escaped the Indians. This was our first and only Indian scare. Being so late in the fall, there was no emigrant travel, nor game, so there was but little if any inducement for the Indians to be along our route.

"After six weeks we reached the foothills of the Sierras. Stopping at a stage station here to make inquiries, we were told that four or five day's travel by stage road would bring us to California, but a foot-trail over the mountains would take us there in two days. Deciding to take the short route, we disposed of our wagon and team and, after resting one day, proceeded on our journey. On the advice of the agent, we carried very light loads, taking provisions for three meals only, as he assured us we could find a place to procure food the next evening. There was a cabin about half-way where we could stop the first night.

"We started before daylight, and had not gone far when it began snowing -- one of those heavy, wet snows common in these mountains. It made travel very hard, but we kept on, and as the day advanced the storm became blustery. The trail was almost obliterated, and the telegraph poles, which we had been told to follow as markers, could not be seen from one to the other. We managed to reach the cabin just before dark, and made a fire. Melting some snow in a coffeepot which someone had thoughtfully brought along, we had hot coffee with our cold lunch.

"We spent the night here. The next morning it was still snowing. We ate our breakfasts, and as the coffee pot was now useless, we left it at the cabin, but took what food we had left along with us. A difference of opinion arose as to whether we should push on or go back to the station. We finally decided to go on.

"We were somewhat bewildered by the storm and were uncertain of our direction. After traveling all day, just before dark we found ourselves back at the cabin from which we had started that morning, tired, hungry, and thirsty.

"Fuel was difficult to obtain, but we managed to get some brush, one large stump, and a sapling which required the combined strength of the party to break down. A fire was kindled with great difficulty, one man finally using a spare shirt to get it started. In our hunger, exhaustion, and discouragement, we passed a very uncomfortable night.

"The next morning was bright and clear, and a breakfast consisting of a drink of hot water from our discarded coffee pot, we decided to return to the station. Since the trail was unbroken, our plan of travel was for each to take turns of one-half hour breaking the road. After several hours of buffeting the snow, some of the men began to weaken, having lost courage and nerve. In their exhausted condition they said they could go no farther. Realizing that we were traveling too fast, we adopted the plan of taking a short rest every half-hour. This worked better for a time, but after a time the men again became discouraged.

"One of the men, before we first started, had bought a pair of buckskin pantaloons, thinking himself a real westerner. In dry weather they were good, but in the snow they soon got wet and heavy. They stretched and draggled so badly that he could hardly walk.

Finally, he gave out and said he would have to stop. We boosted him along in every way we knew, and at last cut off his pantaloons near his knees. This was a help, and he got along better.

"Soon others began to drag behind and fail to take their turns at road breaking. It was now late in the afternoon, and not a trace of a living thing had we seen. There was nothing in sight but the vast extent of unbroken snow. We had no way of knowing how far off the station was. Having lost so much time with the dispirited men, we feared night would overtake us before we could reach it. Harsh measures had to be taken.

"One of the men threatened to beat up the next man who insisted on lagging behind, saying that we were not going to be held back on account of such foolishness, and linger around until dark overtook us. This seemed to bring them to their senses. Realizing their danger, they stepped out in more lively manner. The man with the buckskin pantaloons pleaded to be allowed to lie down for a little sleep, saying he would soon overtake us. We knew that if he slept, he would never again waken.

"The man who had threatened violence to the worn-out men, now assumed command, ordering the stronger men to go on ahead to the station, and if possible, to send back relief. He selected two of us to remain with the exhausted man, and charged us under no circumstances to allow him to sleep. He told me to beat him if we had to, 'but keep him awake!' Then he said to me: 'I must take the lead, or those fellows on ahead will give up and quit.'

"He braced up the sick man somewhat by saying, 'Now you just keep on going and don't give up. We will soon have help and food for you.' His hopes being revived, he got along better for a time but soon he began to beg us to let him lie down. We had to treat him roughly at times.

"It was now getting nearly dark, and we were all very cold, and I myself was feeling pretty blue. We were actually reeling when the man ahead called out:

" 'I see a light!'

" 'Where is it?' we inquired, hope rising immediately.

" 'Just on ahead!' Whereupon we all felt better, and the fatigued man, instantly revived, set out to travel bravely.

"Soon we were met by a rescue party of three men from the station. They had brought along a flask of whiskey and some bread and meat, also a bottle of water. They said the station was only about two miles away.

"Refreshing ourselves with the food and drink, we started on. The exhausted man actually sprang ahead of us and took the lead, reaching the station first!

"The station manager had us a good warm supper, with plenty of coffee, but he watched our eating very carefully, and stopped us before we were half through. He had put the others to bed, and had beds ready for us. He said he would feed us again at midnight, if we wanted it. But once asleep, we did not wake until morning.

"We rested all the next day and decided to take the stage, as there would be no more travel over the trail until spring. The stage came by about midnight. It was already partly full, and only a few of our crowd could ride. The rest of us went on foot intending to take the next stage that came along. But we kept ahead of the stage and walked all the way to California, arriving the next day at a place called "Hangtown". It had acquired this gruesome name from the numerous hangings under vigilante rule before there were any

laws in the country. Robberies and murders were so frequent in those early days, that the better element of the community in self protection organized themselves into committees known as 'Vigilantes', for the purpose of maintaining order.

"I arrived late in November. Our party never got together again, as the men who had taken the stage went on to Sacramento. I found a job of mining, with a view of engaging in it on my own. I stayed with the job for some time, although it was very hard work. When production began to fail, the operator laid off most of his men, and I began prospecting for myself, but had no luck locating pay ground.

"In my roaming around the gold fields, I met a very homesick young man who had come from Texas with an older sister and her husband. He had lost his father, but his mother was still living. She must have been a very fine woman, for he talked of her so much. We took a liking to each other immediately. I presume we must have felt a bond of sympathy and fellow-feeling for each other in our homesickness. He is the Hugh Allen you already know, and we have been together since our first meeting in the gold fields of California.

"His brother-in-law and family had gone on up the Rogue River Valley in Oregon. Since we were not very successful in our mining (although at times we did find some gold), we decided to go up there. We provided ourselves with packing outfits and prospected on the way.

"Rogue River was a farming country, but I hired to a man named Naylor, who operated a sawmill. I stayed with him three years. His wife was an excellent woman and treated me very kindly.

"They had several children, the two youngest being twins, a boy and a girl, just beginning to walk. The mother had her hands full, so I began to take care of the little boy. He grew very fond of me, and slept with me from the time he was a little fellow until I left there.

"During my wanderings I received but few letters from home. While here I received a letter telling me that my two younger babes had passed away. They had died of diphtheria, only a few days apart. This was sorrowful news to me, yet, situated as I was, I did not have much hope of ever seeing the others again. One could manage to get out West, but he rarely ever returned. They wrote that my little Janie was well and growing nicely; that she remembered me, and spoke of me often! How I yearned to see her!

"I stayed with this good family until it seemed like home to me. But in 1862, the exaggerated reports of the rich gold strikes in the Bannock Basin excited our cupidity and gave us the gold fever again. So, in the spring, as early as we could cross the mountains, we started for the new Eldorado with high hopes of striking it rich. Our party included Hugh Allen, Doc Callaway, his brother-in-law, and myself, together with a number of others.

"Again we were doomed to disappointment. We could not find a good mine for ourselves. We could make good wages working for others but this was not to our liking.

"When Hugh and I had saved up enough money, we bought ponies for a pretty good-sized pack train, and started packing. We did well at this work, but the exposure and all extremes of weather was more than we could stand. Bringing our ponies down to the Boise Valley to winter, we conceived the idea of taking up land for farming. The land was unsurveyed, and we could hold it only by 'squatter rights'.

"We traded our pack train for a wagon and three yoke of oxen. We have a team of good horses besides, and I think we can do well in farming, as there will be good prices for all we can raise.

"Now", he concluded, "I have told you all about myself. I thought it right that you should know before you make your decision!"

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This was the story he had to tell me. His sense of honor would not allow him to go on without informing me fully who he was and what his life had been. To me, he had disclosed a page of his life too sacred for common eyes to see! To me, he had bared the secret sorrow in his heart too pure for vulgar ears to hear! This, he had told to none save his loyal friend, Hugh. He led me that night into the inner shrine of his devotion! I tell it now with some misgivings as to whether or not others should know it, but I feel that he would like his lineage to know it.

As you may imagine, there was much more in our conversation that night of tender sentiment which I will leave untold.

When he first told me he had been married before, I was not so sure of my feelings toward him. He seemed then, another person, one I had not known. But when he gave the pathetic story of his bereavement, his loneliness, sorrows and heartaches, my heart went out to him. I wanted to have the right to console him and comfort him in his loneliness. Nothing he could have said would have won me over more quickly and completely. I told him I would gladly become his wife.

I wanted to share his trials, sorrows, and disappointments. I wanted to help build up a home filled with joy and love. To share his privations and successes. To be a comforter in sorrow, and "an helpmate" withal.

And this I did. In after years when sickness and death came into our family. He came to me for comfort and consolation. He could not bear up under such trouble, and said to me often: "Mama, I could not bear this if it wasn't for you. You are such a help to me!"

After we had plighted our vows, there was not much rational talk for awhile.

Then, "I cannot promise you an easy life", he said. We are in a new country, opening up a new farm, and there will be much hard work and many privations to endure, but I will do the best I can."

I replied, "I won't mind the hard work, and I am willing to do my part. I want only kindness and appreciation."

"I will always try to give you that," he promised, "but at times I may fail, for I have rather a hasty and uncertain temper."

I told him I would risk it, and that I, too, had some faults, as he would find out later.

By this time the night was pretty well spent, but we had come to an understanding, and were now ready to take on the practical side of affairs. I told Addie and Jimmie that we planned to get married inside of two weeks, if we could find the preacher who had performed the ceremony for my two friends, Mary and Lucy Dryden, earlier in the fall, and who, we hoped, still lived down the canyon about thirty-five miles. Otherwise we would have to trust to the Justice of the Peace, or some other qualified officer.

Fortunately, we found the preacher.

When I told them Frank had been married before, my sister did not like it very well. She thought he had deceived us in allowing us to think of him as a "bachelor". But Jimmie, taking a man's viewpoint, made plenty of excuses for him. He had a very high regard for Frank, and was quite in favor of the marriage.

There was not much to do towards getting ready, as I did not intend to get a wedding trousseau for the occasion, but to wear a dress I had brought with me. But Frank thought he must have a new suit. He had been working around the mines and packing so long that he was entirely out of good clothes, save the rougher kind. He and Hugh had both lost their best coats when a pack horse fell off the mountain trail into the river and was drowned.

Another matter bothered Frank. He said, "I cannot bear to have you eat our wedding dinner off tin plates. I must get you a few dishes, although I can't get many."

So, the day before the wedding, Frank and Hugh Allen went up town, a fifteen-mile drive in a heavy lumber wagon, to get the few necessary supplies.

It was late when they returned, and as some of the neighbors had dropped in for a chat, Frank, to keep down any suspicion, took the purchases into the tent where the men slept. Next morning he brought the dishes in for our inspection. They were of heavy white variety commonly used in restaurants. There were six plates, about breakfast size, and two larger ones suitable for bread or meat; one round bowl; one sugar bowl; one cream pitcher; one small platter, and six cups and saucers. This was the extent of my wedding dishes. They had cost only twelve dollars, but I was very glad to get them.

The wedding dinner was a very plain affair. We had no eggs nor was there any butter to be had, except the firkin butter made in New York and carried by ships around the Horn and on up the Pacific Coast to San Francisco or Portland, thence by pack train to the mines. It was by no means delicate when it arrived. The long ocean voyage had given it strength! The miners had become accustomed to it, but we tenderfeet didn't relish it. We still had a few pumpkins from the garden, but no other ingredients for making pies. We made some pies, however, from the dried apples Frank had brought in with the winter supplies during the big storm. We also had rice, which in those days was considered a delicacy. For sweetening we had only brown sugar. We had some nice lard, so we made cookies instead of cake for the wedding. We managed to get a nice roast of mutton from a man who had brought in some for the mines.

Our pies and cookies were baked in the Dutch ovens used on the Trail, and in skillets set on live coals drawn from the hearth. A hot iron lid cover with live coals was placed over the baking. We could make good pies and cakes in this manner, but it was much more trouble than cooking on a stove. We also baked good salt-rising light bread in this way. Yeast was not available.

The next morning Jimmie went into the tent with Frank and did some barbering for him, and also for Hugh, and that was the last we saw of them that morning. My sister and I busied ourselves getting the dinner ready and finishing other details. We expected the minister about twelve o'clock, and we wanted to have everything in readiness.

In due time the preacher arrived, and the men came into the house. This was the first time I had ever seen the man I was to marry, shaved and neatly trimmed, and wearing a dress suit!

I was thrilled with pride! He was a fine-looking man, and his new suit fitted him admirably, setting off his well-made form to good advantage. Hitherto, I had always seen him in work clothes, which as such things go, were neat enough. I had never thought much about his appearance, admiring him for for his fine character and generous heart than for his good looks.

In discussing him with my sister, I would say, "He is good-looking enough." to which she would usually respond, "Oh, yes, he looks well enough."

Now I had a new admiration for him. My jewel in the rough had become a very beautiful gem! These thoughts had so engrossed me that I was completely absorbed in my admiration for him, and when they asked me if I was ready for the ceremony, it was so far removed from my mind that I was abashed, but I soon rallied from my abstraction and answered, "Yes, I am ready!"

Frank then took my hand and led me before the minister, and there we took the solemn vows that made us one, for better or for worse, with no thought other than to remain in the wedded state "till death do us part".

And this we did.

When the ceremony was over we received the congratulations of my sister, my brother-in-law, and Hugh Allen. Hugh looked fine in his new suit, too. It was the first time I had seen him dressed up. The three signed their names to the Marriage Certificate, and the preacher said he would have it recorded if he ever got to a place where he could have it done. But I doubt that he ever did.

We then hastened with the dinner, for the preacher had a long way to return home that afternoon. The white tablecloth and the white dishes made the table look very attractive. The preacher said it was the best dinner he had eaten for a long time. You may know that we in this snowbound valley were living on the barest necessities. But withal these crude surroundings, that was the happiest day of my life.

It was my first romance -- or at least, the first in which my heart was concerned.

I had now given up my name -- that of my father and my family -- a name in which I had always taken a high and conscious pride, the name of Clemens. I have never heard of anyone of my family name ever conducting himself or herself in a manner to detract from its respectability. Now I had taken another name for which I had high regard, and I was proud and happy to bear the name with him. I am still proud of the name, and I have taught my children to be proud of it. I am happy to say that, as yet, I have never known of any of my large family of children and grandchildren disgracing the name, or breaking the laws of this country, or the moral law.

Of this I am justly proud!

After the dinner was over and the preacher gone, Frank and I took a little walk and had a heart-to-heart talk. He was older than I, and more experienced in life and its hard realities. He tried to prepare me for some of its disillusionment's and disappointments. But I had a different viewpoint.

"We will just keep these thing away from us, and not let them come to us," I said. "I think life is pretty much what we make it, or rather what we let it make us." Then I changed the talk to happier channels.

"I would much prefer to tell you what a thrill you gave me when I saw you dressed up in your new suit. I actually fell in love with you then, and it rattled me so I hardly

realized what I was doing." I told him I believed he did it on purpose. "Yes", he replied "I knew that well-fitting clothes would make a difference in my appearance, but, as I didn't know how my money would hold out, I thought the clothes had better come last."

I said that was right. I saw that I had led his mind into more pleasant channels. I knew his thought had reverted to his first marriage with its disappointments and sorrows; and that he feared something of the kind would be repeated. I realized that my role through life was to be comforter and counselor, but somehow, it gave me pleasure. It was a sweet privilege to comfort him!

And this it proved to be throughout our married life. I was his comfort and stay in sickness and sorrow.

Before we retired, he said'

"Tomorrow we will take up our journey of life together. It will be a hard struggle to make a success on this new land, without proper tools for farming, and it will be hard for you with so many things lacking about the house to make your work easier. I am sure you will do your part, but I am afraid I will fall short in mine".

And I answered, "No, I don't think I will do my part any better than you will do yours. I am willing, and shall do all I can. But I'll lack judgment in managing, and perhaps will make many mistakes. You will have to be very patient with me."

"Yes," he said "but that is one of my worst faults -- I lack patience. Well, we shall try to adjust things as they come."

It was the twenty-fourth day of November, 1864.

The weather had moderated a little, and the men went to work to make the stables warm and cozy for the horses. They also built a shelter for the poor old cow which Frank had brought down from the mountains when he went after the lumber, We knew she would soon freshen, and we hoped to save the calf. We also wanted milk badly. We had two other cows Frank had bought from an immigrant who was unable to feed them and would rather sell than to see them starve. These would not freshen until spring, but shelter had to be provided for them also.

Soon winter set in in earnest, with a storm lasting several days. The men killed the beef steer Frank had bought from his friend, Mr. Naylor, who had driven up a bunch of steers from Southern Oregon for the mines. He had the animal before we came, but had delayed butchering it till cold weather, in order to keep the meat frozen. We let our neighbors, the Schoolers, have one quarter. All the fat and tallow we saved very carefully for cooking purposes. I can say truthfully that I got very tired of beef and tallow that winter, and yet we were fortunate, and thankful to have even this, for so many of our neighbors had none.

After the weather turned so cold I was unable any longer to make my salt-rising bread, and I had to learn the bachelor method of making sourdough biscuits. Having to turn them in beef tallow instead of lard made me lose my relish for them before many weeks had passed. We had buried some cabbages, rutabagas, and turnips in a pit to keep them from freezing, and these we considered a God-send. A few potatoes had also been "holed up"' but were kept religiously for spring planting. Frank had raised all these in his garden that summer.

Seeds of all kinds were scarce. I had scrupulously gathered every seed I could from the garden that fall, and I saved them carefully. No seeds were to be had from the

stores, and none were sent through the mail. Indeed, we had no certain mail, then. Mrs. Naylor, in Southern Oregon, had sent Frank most of the seeds he had planted in his garden, when Mr. Naylor had come over with the beef herd.

Once, while packing freight over the Blue Mountains, Frank had found a little pile of white beans, apparently spilled from a hole in a sack. These he had carefully picked up and planted in his garden. When our train arrived the beans were just right for cooking, and being tender and meaty were most delicious. We named them the "Blue Mountain Bean". I kept these seeds in my family for many years, and when any of my children married and started homes of their own, I always gave them a planting of the Blue Mountain Beans, together with their history.

Frank had often expressed a desire for some corn bread, for I did not relish biscuits with vegetables. So, Frank, on one of his trips for supplies that fall, happened to find a little hand grinder, such as the Hudson Bay Company shipped in for sale to the Indians, and he purchased it. When he gave it to me, he said laughingly that he had bought it instead of a wedding ring. I thanked him for it and told him I thought it would be the more useful of the two, and so it proved to be before that long, cold and dreary winter ended.

I mentioned a band of sheep which had been brought in for the miners. Some had been sold for mutton, but the owner still had about three hundred on hand when winter set in. One night a very severe snow storm came up and completely covered the sheep as they stood bunched up or lay huddled together. Before spring more than half the remaining sheep died for lack of feed. This was a calamity, not only for the owner, but for the settlers as well, for the flock would have provided mutton for a large number of them, and the owner would in time have been remunerated for his sheep. The miners and the bachelors who had settled here the previous year had money to buy the sheep, had they survived the storm. So the loss was mutual.

Let me here speak a good word for these bachelors and miners. Notwithstanding their faults and rough exteriors, they were a noble lot, with hearts of gold. They aided the stranded emigrants all they could, especially the women and little children. They gave up their homes to them, divided their rations with them, and helped them in every way possible. So many of the emigrants, delayed on their journey, became fearful that they could not make it over the Blue Mountains, and so stopped here for the winter. They had horses and cattle to be cared for, but the snow was too deep for range feeding. However, if the stock could be taken to the white sage range down on the Snake River, they might survive. The Indians, when the snows were not too deep, wintered their stock in this manner. With the assistance of the bachelors the stock was taken to the range, and many were saved. Some of the earlier arrivals had tried cutting wild hay, but lacking tools, they failed to put up much feed.

Most of the wild game had been killed off or driven away by the emigrants. Some fish could be taken from the river, but the run this season was mostly what is called "dog salmon", a very poor species, unfit for food. Yet, one of our neighbors, an earlier arrival, had packed a barrel of it in salt, and in the lack of other food, said they found it very good eating. This neighbor had also bought a few sacks of corn, and made corn meal with a big coffee-mill. Next spring, in telling us how his family managed to survive, he said:

"We have five children, but I managed to keep them from starving or getting very hungry. They have worn out their shoes, but still they have stockings. My wife makes

them moccasins out of old sacks, or anything she has. My two cows gave mild till the snow set in. I had managed to put up a little hay which kept them from starving."

This was in the spring, but snow and ice were still on the ground when we met them. The children were running about in their moccasined feet, seemingly healthy and happy. This man was more fore-sighted and better fitted to meet emergencies than may of the others. He said they had a large side of bacon when they stopped here, which had helped them tide over the winter. He had brought all the way from Iowa, six hens and one rooster, and these he had fed through the winter, dividing with them his scanty food supply.

The chickens were of good stock, one hen being an English Dorking, a very large, long-bodied bird with five toes on each foot. He lost one of the hens during the winter, and the next summer, through poor judgment, he lost the fine Dorking. He forced her to hatch three sittings without an intermission, and without proper feed to keep her nourished during the strain of long-continued sitting. This was a cruel loss to them as well as to others, for there were so few chickens in the valley. Of this family, the Smiths, I will have something to say later.

As the winter progressed and the suffering around us became more acute, I became better acquainted with my husband. I found him to be a great-hearted, generous man, ready to respond to the cry of need, especially where women and little children were in want. Though he did have a quick temper, his fine qualities quite overshadowed this fault. A family of ten -- father, mother, and eight children -- came from Missouri, from a neighborhood lying north of my former home. We had often heard them spoken of as a highly-respected family in their home town. In our travel with them all the way across the plains we found them to be very fine people.

One of their daughters was the little sweetheart of Benty Hubbard, whom I mentioned in connection with the Platte crossing. The family left the train about fifteen miles farther down the valley, and began making preparations for the winter, providing as best they could for their livestock and laying in a supply of food for the family. But there was not enough for the long winter. Soon they were out of bread stuff. However the eldest daughter had married the owner of the herd of sheep, and was able to supply the family with meat as long as the sheep were in condition. But withal, they were in hard circumstances.

My husband, on hearing of their condition, took them a sack of flour, and brought the father and the largest boy back with him to shell corn, and grind meal for the family. My little hand-grinder here did yeoman service. Being not very busy ourselves, we helped them until they had enough meal to last ten days. Frank told them to come back for more when that was gone, and to help themselves freely so long as the corn lasted. Many a time this was all that kept those poor children from hunger.

Then I told Frank that my grinder was better than a wedding ring. I never cared much for a wedding ring, anyway. In my earlier life, my mind was too full of other things, but since my husband passed away I have often wished that I had one as a reminder of those happy days. But I know it is only sentiment, for no two lives could have ever been knit together more closely than ours, notwithstanding the lack of the ring.

I have given some of the details of the harrowing, unforgettable winter, but I couldn't begin to tell it all. Many people were too proud to let their wants be known, and

kept their sufferings and privations to themselves. However, this was our last winter of scarcity and suffering. When spring came, all who could manage to get seeds planted gardens, and soon we had plenty of vegetables. Several of the cows survived the winter, and butter and milk also became more plentiful, but hogs and chickens were scarce for several years.

On the twenty-third day of January of this long, tedious winter, on the anniversary of my twenty-first birthday, a little babe was born to my sister. There were no doctors available, so we sent for our friend, Mr. Dryden, the father of the eight children. We knew he was not a doctor, but he had a doctor brother, and we thought he might have assimilated some medical knowledge. Moreover, his experience with his own family had doubtless given him some wisdom for this sort of emergency. A nearby neighbor woman, quite elderly, was asked to come over and assist him. She said she could not see well enough to take care of the child at its birth, but could tell me what to do. I readily assented, and we got along all right.

As I look back on that event now, I think what simple, trusting folks we were. We deemed such matters a process of future, never dreaming of the danger and suffering it might entail. Since then I have learned that every mother passes through the valley of the shadow of death for each of her children.

I think Frank's anxiety in this crisis was the greatest of all. He quietly sent Hugh Allen off to friends on a two-week's visit. Then he said to me, "I am going to bring Mr. Dryden up now. It is better for him to be here a week ahead, than not on time." He made a long, cold ride on horseback to fetch Mr. Dryden. His solicitude for her welfare made my sister become very fond of Frank ever after.

The baby suffered from colic, and was cross for some time, apparently worse at nights. But he grew and thrived. Having no cradle or rocking chair, he was not spoiled by excessive rocking, but rather he got many shakings and much patting on the back during his ailing periods. I walked the floor with him many a night. I told Frank I just had to do it, as Jimmie looked so awkward trying to take care of him.

The baby kept us up so much at night that we finally decided he was crying for the light, poor as it was. When we lighted the lamp and took him up he would quit crying immediately and go to playing. But the minute the light was extinguished he would start howling. Our suspicions being confirmed, Jimmie planned to beat him at the game. He said we would just let him "cry it out"! But in this matter he had my sister to reckon with. When the baby was well launched on a terrific crying spell, she would say to Jimmie:

"You just get up! I know there must be something hurting him awfully!"

Jimmie would say, "Oh no! Let him cry it out!"

"But I just can't stand to hear him crying too hard!" she would exclaim.

Then poor Jimmie would have to get up, light the lamp, and build the fire. Whereupon the baby would become quiet, and the terrible thing that was hurting him would stop. Colic all gone! Everything nice and quiet. Then when the lights would go out, the whole procedure would be repeated. The battle became quite amusing, father against son, with mother making the decisions. To Frank it was a source of constant amusement, and we had many a joke about it at Jimmie's expense. I took the baby's part and defended him in these performances, saying the baby was a blessing after all -- we now had no dull

nights at our house. We are enjoying some sort of lively commotion and being entertained every night!

Babe's tantrums finally ceased, and he grew into a fine active little fellow, and at eight months he could walk across the floor alone. The little fellow thrived and grew despite the scant preparations for his arrival. The mother, too, came through the ordeal and regained her strength quickly. It is amazing the good health we mothers had, and the strong, healthy children we raised in those primitive times and adverse conditions. But, as I am a strong believer in an all-wise God, I am glad to believe that it was His kindly oversight and care for His children in their helplessness and need that brought us through the dangers and hardships in opening up this vast new country, and making it habitable for the generations to come.

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Spring is advancing. Days are getting longer and warmer. Snow is going fast. Baby is beginning to play and croon now, making joy for the whole household, and also letting his Daddy sleep at night.

After many hardships, and one mishap -- a packhorse with his load fell into the river and drowned -- the first pack train has arrived in the valley, coming over the Blue Mountains from the Umatilla Landing, bringing supplies to relieve the immediate needs of the people; also, bringing the cheering news that another pack train would soon arrive.

The manager told the people that if they would give him orders for what seed they needed, he would try to supply them in time for spring planting. This was a happy thought, and to many a great boon, But alas! Many had not the money to send for the seed. Their only hope was to get rations enough to last until the roads were open for travel, then leave the country.

Some expected to go with the empty freight wagons going to the Landing for supplies as soon as the roads were passable, The freighters would charge but little for their passage, and nothing if they were unable to pay, but they must provide their own rations for the trip. Many did leave that spring, anathematizing the valley and saying that they hoped they would never see it again. Had they seen it sixty years later, as I have done, they would see the finest land the sun ever shone upon. I am glad I helped open it up!

My two brothers-in-law, Jimmie and Tom, planned to go on to Oregon as soon as the roads opened up, their contract of employment now being finished. But Frank advised Jimmy to stay and raise a crop first, and go on to Oregon after the harvest, offering him, rent free, as much land as he could break up and get seeded. Jimmie's horses being good and strong, he accepted the offer.

Now that they had decided to stay, we had to make a different arrangement of our household. A cabin with dirt roof and dirt floors -- a not uncommon thing in those days -- was built for Jimmie's family and on its completion they moved into it and they kept house for themselves. Addie stretched the wagon canvas over the floor for sake of the baby.

We bought another cow, and soon had milk and butter for us all. Frank hired a man for the season and they all worked with might and main to get as much land seeded as possible., In all, they managed to get in about fifty acres of wheat and oats, not counting Jimmie's land. We had several more acres planted to corn, potatoes, and garden stuff.

After the crops were all in, Frank took the two teams and the hired man, and went over the mountains to get two loads of freight, expecting to make enough on the freight to

buy provisions to last through the harvest, as we would then have extra help to feed. But when he arrived at the landing, there were so many teams ahead of him that he found there was little chance of getting a load. The water was so high that the boats had great difficulty getting up the Columbia, and they were far behind schedule. Frank remained three week, waiting for a chance to get a load. In the meantime, he took the oxen out to good grazing and left them in care of the hired man while he watched for the incoming freight.

Frank returned home after six weeks, a very much disheartened man. He had been unable to get a full load of supplies, and he was afraid he would not have money to carry him through the harvest. He had been very saving with what money he had, and at a great reduction from the price of flour in the valley, he had bought enough flour to run us through. Also, he had saved the cost of freight by bringing it in his own wagons.

Being unable to ford the river near the house with the wagons, he sent them on up to the toll bridge, fifteen miles farther on, with the hired man, and he himself swam the river and came across the field to the house. He could see that the grain looked fine, but would not be ready to cut for two or three weeks.

Frank was glad to get home, but I saw a shade of disappointment in his face. "What is the matter?" I asked "Don't the crops look good to you?"

"Oh, yes, he replied, "they couldn't look better, and everything looks good; but you see, I had to come back empty. I couldn't get the things we need. I managed to get two new cradles for reaping, and perhaps enough flour to run us through the harvest."

"I can supply the rest of the things we need" I said.

"You? How?", he exclaimed in astonishment.

"Well", I began, talking very rapidly, "you know that little garden spot Jimmie broke up last fall, and you and he had so much fun over it at my expense? Well, Hugh harrowed it up good for me this spring, and that garden will supply our needs! Already I have fifty dollars on hand, and there will be a peddler here next week for another load. You know, I put that ground just full of seed, and they have done so well! And I planted ever so many of those little white beans that I saved for seed last fall, thinking they would make good winter beans if we had more than we needed. This peddler pays me ten cents a pound for them and says he will take all I have to spare, as well as other vegetables from my garden. So, now, I want you to straighten up your face and get a smile on it!"

I had talked so fast I think it took his breath away. Presently he said, "That's better than I could have done myself! But I don't want to take your money away from you."

"You are not taking it", I replied. "I am very willingly giving it to you."

We talked on, and he asked how I had happened to meet the peddler.

"Oh, he just came along looking for things, and I happened to have the things he wanted to buy", I told him.

We kept account of the proceeds from the little garden that summer, and it amounted to three hundred dollars. We also had a larger garden, planted a little later, and counting our potatoes, we sold more than a thousand dollars worth of garden stuff that year. My garden, with its early vegetables, helped us out of a difficult position, and Frank did not have to go after freight again.

My other brother-in-law, Tom, had not been so lucky as Jimmie in selecting an employer, so far as a permanent position was concerned. The man was kind and pleasant,

and treated Tom and his family nicely, but in the spring he was unable to carry on his farming operations because of lack of seed, and he himself would have to go to the mines for employment. This left Tom and his family with no place to go. There was plenty of work to be done, but no money for hiring help. Tom's wife, being in a delicate condition, could not go on to Oregon in the freight wagons as many others were doing.

Generous Frank, seeing their predicament, told Tom to move over to our place and put up a long cabin to live in. There is plenty of room for all of us on the place", he said. "I cannot give you steady work, but you can find a job now and then, and you had better put in a little garden for yourselves."

Frank's suggestion greatly relieved Tom and my sister, and they voted him a grand, good fellow. Tom was a good worker and handy with tools, and with Jimmie's help soon built a nice little cabin.

I was glad to have my sister with me, for I had not seen her during the winter, since the ice came on the river, and I had not realized her condition. She was happier now, and more content with her surroundings.

One day while Tom was making the garden, I gave him a bucketful of potato peeling, and told him to plant them. I had left the eyes pretty deep and had been saving them for that purpose. Sister Addie spoke up and said she had some, too. Frank had put the idea into our heads to save potato peels. I was peeling potatoes one day and throwing away the peels. Frank said: "Don't do that. It's a sin to throw away even one potato eye, because, if you plant it, it might raise half a dozen potatoes." I told my sister what he had said. We thought there might be something to it, so we decided to save all our potato peels thereafter.

Tom planted the peels, and when he dug his potatoes that fall he sold one hundred fifty dollars worth -- all grown from peels which ordinarily would have been thrown away.

Before Frank started for the Landing, which trip I have previously mentioned, he told Tom where he expected to cut hay for his own use, but said not to bother about cutting it while he was away unless Hugh thought it should be cut. He said, however, that there were many nooks and corners he would not cut, and these Tom could have for the cutting. From these places Tom cut his hay and sold it in the stack for two hundred fifty dollars.

About the middle of June their little babe, and second child, was born. We employed Mr. Dryden again, and I assisted him. No serious trouble, and in about two weeks my sister was up and about, doing her own work. The baby was one of those healthy, quiet little fellows that just wanted to sleep and eat, and to be let alone all the time. He gave us no trouble, and he was always very sweet and cunning. But the little brother, now eighteen or nineteen months old, was a different character. He was full of energy and curiosity; into everything, high and low; and if he was still a minute we knew he was up to some mischief. He rambled about so much that he was hard to keep up with, especially in the two weeks his mother was unable to look after him. Some of his pranks brought me grief.

I was anxious to get some chickens, but there were so few in the valley as to make them almost unobtainable. Mr. Schooler, whom I mentioned getting snowbound that winter on his trip to Umatilla Landing, had brought back with him a dozen hens which he had bought at Walla Walla. His wife kept six for herself, and gave the other six to her

mother-in-law and sister-in-law. By dint of much persuasion and cajolery I finally induced her to let me have six chicks from the first brood. I paid her seventy-five cents each for them -- a steep price for day-old chicks! I was very proud of my little brood, and I took especially good care of them. One day I caught little Jimmie trying to pull the head off one of my precious chicks. It was dead. I don't know whether he killed it or found it dead, but I knew now that I must be doubly watchful of the little rascal!

On another occasion I had a two-gallon bucket of cream ready to churn. I had set it on the doorstep in the sun to warm, it was too cool for the butter to gather good, and I busied myself for a time with other duties. On my return to the cream, I found that little Jimmie had been there ahead of me. He had taken the lid off the cream and put the little kitten in the bucket, and was closing the lid again! I had arrived just in time to save the kitten, but my nice churning was spoiled! The loss of the cream was almost tragic. Butter, at the time, was worth one dollar a pound! We felt keenly the loss of this fine churning. And Jimmie, the little scamp, received a good spanking! But even this did not break him of his pranks. The men thought such things extremely funny, but to his mother and myself they were very annoying.

Jimmie, long since grown to manhood, did not become the outlaw leader which his early tendencies seemed to indicate. He was just a boy, and most boys, I have learned, are young desperadoes.

On Frank's return from his fruitless journey to the Landing, all hands were put to work getting ready for the grain harvest, which would be long and tedious for the grain would have to be cut with scythes and cradles. Hugh had already put up some of the hay, and Tom had his cut and most of it in the stack. This permitted them all to work on Frank's hay, and they managed to get up a nice lot of hay which sold the next winter at a good price.

About the middle of August, Tom found a chance to go to Umatilla with one of the freight wagons at no cost for conveyance, and thought it best to avail himself of the opportunity and move on. His wife had regained her health and was feeling quite strong. He had already dug his potatoes and sold them at a good price. His hay had also been disposed of at a profitable figure, and he was highly pleased with the proceeds of his summer's work. He said that he had never done so well in so short a time. I could not help adding: "Perhaps you will never do so well again if you leave here." I had been trying to get them all to settle here in the valley with us. "This is too wild and new a country to live in", they said. They wanted Jimmie and his family to go along, too, but Jimmie still had so many things to dispose of that he could not get ready till late in the fall. Tom did not like to wait so long, fearing that the snow in the Blue Mountains would interfere with their passage.

We bade them good-bye, and they went on their way, but within five years they were back and renting land from my husband. Thus was manifest the error of their leaving, for, had they remained with us, Tom could have had land of his own. At that time there was plenty of good land to be taken under "squatter's rights".

Jimmie intended to follow Tom as soon as he could harvest and market his crops, but the harvesting was a slow process. The grain had to be cut by hand with a cradle, hauled to the threshing floor, and trampled out by driving horses and cattle over it; after which it was separated from the chaff by running it through a small hand-operated fanning

mill. This was a slow, tedious process, but at that it was faster and easier than the old way of beating it out with a flail, as I had often seen done and had helped to do in my childhood days.

During the heavy, wearing labor of the harvest, I tried to keep up the strength and spirit of the harvesters by taking them a pitcher of fresh buttermilk every morning about ten o'clock. In the afternoon, about four o'clock, I would take them something to eat, sometimes a dried apple pie. We still had no delicacies of any king, not even eggs.

My sister was doing the same for Jimmie and his outfit, who were working in another part of the field.

Maybe you think pioneering and ranching is those days was easy on the women folk, with little housekeeping to do, and no club work or society affairs to attend. If you do, you have another guess coming! All our cooking was done on the fireplace, and we were short of cooking utensils, besides. We had to get along with the few things we had brought in our wagons across the Plains the previous year. Cook stoves, such as we had back home, were not to be had, and cooking on the fire was very inconvenient. But withal, we kept our cabins neat and clean, and took the same pride in our personal appearance as we did back in the old homes, trying always to dress neatly and cleanly. The long trip across the Plains, the dirty camping places, and the long stretches where we were unable to wash and keep ourselves clean, had not increased our liking for dirt, and here in our homes, we did love to make our surroundings clean and pleasant, that our husbands might enjoy them when they came in all tired out from their hard labors in the field, or from their long journeys to the mines, or after supplies.

I have had more experience in pioneering than usually falls to the lot of one person, and my observation is that the women and children were the main factors in up building the country, civilizing, humanizing, and Christianizing it. Their presence softened the roughness of the camps and brought the best elements of man's nature to the surface. Beneath the rough exterior of these hardened men there was a chivalry and a gentleness for woman. They regarded her, not as "a rag, a bone, and a hank o' hair", but as something superior whose gentle influence would elevate their somber existence. I am afraid that woman in these later days has lost much in her desire to be co-equal with man. Then, she looked to man as her protector, and he regarded her with awe and reverence. Today -- but I am digressing!

The women were not alone in the use of primitive methods and tools, for the men folk, too, had to do their work in an untoward way. Imagine the inconvenient manner of threshing their grain. After it was harvested in the most difficult, yet the only way possible, it was taken to the threshing floor. For this purpose, a big, round space was selected, perhaps fifty feet in diameter. It was leveled and made as smooth as possible, first by scraping and dragging it until it was nearly level; then the surface was wet down and trampled to make it hard. This process was repeated time after time, after which it was allowed to dry and harden. A low pole fence was then built around it to keep the straw from spreading under the feet of the oxen.

Jimmie was allowed to thresh his grain first and this would save stacking it. Stacked grain must go through about two-weeks sweat before it was in shape for threshing. A wagon load of grain was brought in and spread over the threshing floor; then four yoke of oxen were tied together and driven into the enclosure -- unmuzzled, of

course, for Jimmie was a good Methodist -- and put to milling around. At first it was necessary to have a driver for the oxen, but they soon learned their steps and patiently continues their work without the need of a driver. After the oxen had thoroughly trampled the straw, the men would stir it and shake it with their forks, and carefully throw it to one side to separate it from the grain. When the grain was trampled out as cleanly as possible, it was shoveled onto a canvas in the middle of the ring, and the floor was swept clean with brush brooms made of willow twigs tied together. (Our house brooms were too precious to be used so roughly!) It required about half a day to thresh one filling of enclosure, if the weather was dry. Then another load was spread out and the process was repeated.The load for morning threshing had to be brought in from the field the night before, for the dew made the straw damp and tough.

After about two days of threshing the men stopped to try out the fanning mill. This, too, was slow, hard work, but the men took turns and kept it going rather steadily. When it was clean, the grain was sacked in bags imported from the Hawaiian Islands (then called the Kanaka Islands). The sacks were of good quality, but high in price.

It took nearly three weeks to finish threshing and sacking Jimmie's grain. Then his crew helped Frank and Hugh. The latter had part of their grain stacked, thinking they would not be able to get it threshed before the fall rains set in.

The boys decided to catch up a bunch of riding ponies and use them for this work, so as to give the oxen a rest. They said they got more fun than real work out of the ponies. Anyway, they finished threshing all the grain except what was stacked, before the rains came. A nice stack of oats was left to feed in the bundle.

Jimmie now began to haul his grain to market, a big job in itself. I do not recall how many bushels he had, but he told me he sold over eight hundred dollars worth. The government was keeping a full company of cavalry horses and several freight teams at the Fort, and this provided a good market for all the grain.

Next, Jimmie must dig and market his potatoes, after which he would be ready for their journey. He cleared about a thousand dollars by staying over that summer. My sister felt, however, that they must delay their journey somewhat, due to a coming event of importance in my household. This would make them late getting over the mountains, but she just would not go until it was over, and everything was all right.

For this interesting event I had made all the arrangements I could but they were small enough at best. We could not even get Mr. Dryden, who had helped my two sisters in their accouterments, but had to depend on a neighbor woman, She was rather young for that sort of work, and had no experience, but she was a mother herself. She seemed to have perfect confidence in her ability as a midwife, and went about it in a most business-like manner. In my case, "Ignorance was bliss". I had no idea of the ordeal through which I was to pass, so I had no doubts or qualms, deeming all would be well. Was it not one of the provisions of Nature? Had not an all-wise God so ordered it?

I was not one of those fortunate ones who pass through it lightly, but when it was over and I looked upon the face of my first-born, all the pain and suffering was forgotten in the joy and wonderment of the little living thing placed in my arms! None but the Father of Love can fathom the heights and depths of a mother's love when she sees her newborn babe! To me, it seems an affront to the Creator for man even to try to solve the mystery of Life after witnessing the miracle of a living birth!

In ten days I was up and feeling quite strong, and my sister now thought she could leave me, there being nothing further to hinder. "I will not hate to leave you so badly", she said, "now that you have the baby for company. But we must name him before we leave." I told her that Frank and I had talked it over, and that he wanted to name the baby Joseph, after his own father, and that I wanted to call him Lee. "You know I am from the South, and I admire General Lee". I told her.

"We will call Frank in", Jimmie interposed, "and if he is willing, we will name the baby Joseph Lee." To this Frank readily assented, saying; "All right, that suits me." That settled the matter. My sister said: Jimmie is bound to take up for Frank." She had named her boy Hugh, after Hugh Allen. He was now eight months old, a sprightly little fellow whom I would have missed greatly had I not been so completely absorbed in my own babe.

My brother-in-law and I were always good pals, and when he bade me good-bye, he said: "Belle, I hate to leave you in this wild, new country, but I know I will leave you in good hands."

Thus we parted. When we met again, her babe was nearly nineteen years of age, and my then precious, squirming bundle was just eighteen!

After my sister left, my worst problem was to get the washing done. I was not strong enough to do it alone, and we could get no woman to help. Frank thought he could do it, but of this I had my doubts. Baby clothes were too fragile for a man's rough strength, but there was no other way to get it done; so I let him try it. I was to sit near by, overseeing the job, and instructing him what to do. He bungled along so awkwardly, the perspiration rolling off his face and the skin wearing off his knuckles, that I finally told him to put the clothes in the boiler and boil them and get me a tub of rinsing water and I would finish the wash myself.

"I am afraid you will wear them out if you keep up those hard licks like that", I said.

Well," he agreed, "it's the hardest wash I ever tried, and if I can get a woman inside of twenty miles around here, I won't try another."

I laughed as I looked at his hot, sweaty face, and said: "If you can wash your own and the men's shirts, and the heavier things a few times more, I think I can wash the baby's clothes from now on, and you won't have to go any twenty miles for a wash-woman."

"Oh, I can do that easily", he replied. "It's the baby's things that are so hard to wash." I told him he made it hard by thinking it so. We finally got through the wash, but a day's hard work in the fields would have tired Frank less. After that I managed my baby's wash by doing a few pieces every day, and the heavier wash being such a task for Frank, before long I was doing that, too. It was more than I should have done, but that was the lot of the pioneer woman.

My babe, being born in September before the short days and long nights, was never spoiled by lamplight, as was my sister's babe. He gave little trouble at night, slept well, and grew plump and sweet. Every moment of time I could spare from work was devoted to him. I held him to my bosom and sang to him. I thrilled to the touch of his little hands on the breast from whence came his sustenance; crooned to him from the depth of my mother's love. I handled him all the time I could spare, and was glad when Sunday

came that I had the whole day for my babe! On Mondays I often had a crying babe as a result, but he soon got over it.

But the love I bore for my child was not so selfish as to exclude my husband. I often told him I loved him more because of the child. When the other children were born I always wanted him near. I often said to him: "Dear, this is one more link in the chain of our affection!" With their increase he would sometimes say: "Mama, our chain is getting pretty long, isn't it?" "Yes", I would reply, "but I expect it to be longer still."

"I do not mind the children, but I hate to see you suffer so!" he would say.

"Yes", I would reply, "it is pretty hard, but I will soon forget it!"

The last two children were, if possible, more precious than the rest.They came at the time of his long illness, and the two little girls were so much help and comfort to him. There were ten links in our chain of so much help and comfort to him. There were ten links in our chain of happiness; and it was not too long, for not one ever caused us heartaches.

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The fall days were passing, and there was much to do to prepare for winter. We had no fruit to can, although canning fruit was not then in vogue in our community; but we dried corn, put up pickles, and made sauerkraut. I saved the garden seeds for next summer's planting, gathering them while baby was asleep. The men built granaries for their grain, and more barn room for their hay and livestock.

Recalling our experience with the smoking fireplace, I began to demand a rebuilding of the chimney. I could not have baby's eyes smoked out! But among that whole group of men, there was not one with the mechanical cunning sufficient to cope with that pestiferous chimney. Finding it hopeless, I decided to move into the cabin Jimmie had vacated. Frank said he hated to have me live on a dirt floor, but I told him I would rather do that than to have the baby's eyes sore from smoke. We remedied the situation somewhat by covering the floor with a big wagon sheet, drawing it tightly and spiking it down at the corner and sides, thereby adding warmth and comfort to the cabin.

I had four men to cook for, including Frank and Hughl We had one hired man working for us, and one man who just stayed -- not because we had any use for him, but because Frank's sympathetic heart would not allow him to turn him away. He was an old "forty-niner", who for the last fifteen years had followed up all the new discoveries, but had never made a worth-while strike. He always thought he would strike it rich "next time". He was only a passing acquaintance, having stopped to work for us a few days. Now, he wanted to spend the winter with us, doing what little he could for his board, or would pay for it when he made a rich strike. He was sixty-five years old, and was not able to rough it as he once did. Frank could not tell him "no". I will have more to say about Billy Canada -- for such was his name.

When the stormy weather set in, and the men could not do much out of doors, I began to hint about a cradle for the baby. He was getting too old to keep in bed all the time, and I had no place to keep him. None of the men were carpenters, and none of them had the least idea how to make a cradle.

Billy Canada, scratching his old gray head reminiscently, thought he could remember something about his mother's old cradle at home. Frank, unlimbering his train of thought, was certain there had been one in his childhood home, too, but he couldn't

remember anything about how it was made. Hugh Allen and the other man couldn't remember whether they had ever seen a baby cradle. This, I thought, was only a subterfuge to enable them to keep out of the controversy. I told them to get their heads together and try to make something that would hold the baby and would rock to and fro!

After much deliberation they one day hitched up the horses and drove fifteen miles to town to get material for making the cradle. On reaching town, I presume, they consulted with someone there who knew more about making cradles than they did. Anyway, they brought back the material, already cut to dimension, of the finest, widest, and best planking they could find. And what a whopper of a cradle they made! Four feet long, two feet wide, and eighteen inches deep!

I was not very profuse in my praise of their creation, and my criticism was veiled so as not to hurt their feelings. I knew they had done their best. The rockers were well proportioned, and the cradle was well balanced; and it rocked nicely. It so happened that it just fitted snugly into one corner of the room near the fireplace, occupying nearly the whole corner. But the surface of the dirt floor, being uneven, caused the cradle to gallop rather madly. Billy Canada remedied this defect, however, by procuring two planks and adjusting them evenly under the rockers, securing them firmly in place.

The men viewed their work with great satisfaction, and not to make them feel badly, I, too, simulated considerable pleasure and satisfaction.

From some flour sacks I made an underticking, filled it with straw, and placed it in the bottom of the cradle. But this lacked nearly a foot of covering the whole extent of the bottom. Taking one of my pillows, I lengthened it with some material which I happened to have, and put it on top of the undertick. Next I made a small pillow for the baby, and filled it with feathers from my own pillow. For blankets I took my softest homemade blanket, which I had brought with me from my old home, and cutting it through the middle, I made two smaller blankets. From the best parts of the men's worn-out woolen shirts I made a top quilt and lined it with one of my old dresses. These, with the shawl he already had, made a nice, snug bed for the baby.

Frank, seeing that I had not made my ticks the length of the cradle, said: "Aren't you going to make your bed as long as the cradle?"

"No," I said "my material wasn't long enough."

Billy Canada always thought they had pleased me entirely when they made that cradle, but Frank had his doubts about it. The "baby house" as I called it, proved to be all right in time. As the baby grew, the over-sized cradle gave him an opportunity to use his limbs. He learned to pull himself up by the side of it, and the cradle being so deep, I could safely leave him alone in it while I busied myself with other duties. In fact, I was almost glad they had built it so large, for the baby had almost learned to walk in the cradle by the time we were ready to move back into the other house where he could play on the floor.

I rocked still another baby in that cradle. But about four years later we employed a carpenter to build a new house. Noticing the ill-proportioned cradle, he said to me: "I am gong to take that cradle apart and make it over. The material is good, and you would have a nice-looking cradle if it had the right proportions."

"All right", I agreed, "I wish you would." And he did, painting it up and making a nice looking piece of furniture of it. Frank was away looking after his cattle at the time.

When he returned, he said: "Why, you have bought a new cradle!" I told him Mr. Brown had made the old one over.

"Well", he said, perhaps a little ruefully, "I never was much of a carpenter, anyway."

I assured him that the cradle had served its purpose all right, and that I couldn't have managed without it.

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One day in late fall, after the rains had set in, Frank and the other men went down to the river to spend the day cutting wood. When they were out of the way, I decided to indulge myself in a cornbread pone. My fondness for this delicacy had more than once been ridiculed by the men, who liked to twit me to embarrassment. Now, I would make one and have it all to myself. I shelled corn and ground it to meal on a hand grinder. I mixed the meal with proper ingredients, just as our old Negro mammas used to do, and put it to bake in the Dutch oven by the fire.

Hardly had I completed this arrangement when two men rode up to see my husband on some business. I told them he was not at home, but the day being chilly, I invited them to come in and sit by the fire to warm. They were owners of a large pack train, they said, which had arrived late with their last load of freight. It had been snowing so steadily in the mountains that they were afraid they couldn't make it back to the Grande Ronde where they had expected to winter their stock. They understood that my husband had some hay, and they wished to buy it. I told them he had some hay to sell, but I did not know the price. It would be late when he returned, and they had better come tomorrow to see him. This they agreed to do.

It was about eleven o'clock when they came, and they sat and talked until I began to grow uneasy, for it was unethical at that time to allow anyone to leave your door hungry. Frank, I knew, would be displeased if I did so in his absence. But so much fun had been poked at me because of my fondness for cornbread and Missouri, that I was ashamed to set this corn pone before strangers... hence, my uneasiness. My vanity and my hospitality were both at stake!

Presently, while I was still divided between two impulses, one of the men said: "We had better be going. It is getting quite late." The other, a great, big, fine looking fellow, answered" "Yes, it is about time for us to move. But", he added, "I thought I smelled cornbread cooking and was in hopes I would be invited to eat some of it!"

"Yes!", I said, with a feeling of great relief, "that very pone of cornbread has kept me from inviting you to have dinner with me. It is all the bread I have cooked, and I thought it would not do to set it before strangers!"

"I am from Missouri!" the big fellow said, "and you couldn't please me more than to set me down to a big pone of cornbread!" The other man, who was an Easterner, said he didn't know much about cornbread, but he though he was hungry enough to eat it today.

So I said: "Well, now, I can soon make a little coffee, for I have hot water in the teakettle." The big man asked if I had any milk.

"Yes, I have fresh buttermilk, just churned this morning. I am from Missouri, myself", I told him, "and I know what a Missourian likes."

I saw that the Easterner was not so enthusiastic about buttermilk, so I made some coffee, too. The big man was very jolly, and full of life, and such extravagant expressions he used in complimenting the dinner! Both ate very heartily, but I noticed they were not so enthusiastic over my fresh butter. They had used the firkin kind so long that they seemed to have lost their relish for fresh butter, as had Frank and Hugh.

They would see Frank tomorrow, they said; and in leaving, the big man called back: "Tell him I will be here for dinner, too!" I told Frank about it, and added: "And I suspect he will want some more cornbread, too, but I don't want to grind the meal!

"Hugh and I will grind it", Frank promised. He always worked Hugh in on the meal grinding, for he did not like grinding it any better than eating it. Next morning Frank took the wagon for a load of wood, and left Hugh to grind the meal.

The big man came alone, and he and Frank soon struck up an acquaintance. They had met before when Hugh and Frank were packing freight, and a jolly good time they had during dinner! The big man said to me: "I was sure you would have cornbread if I told you I would be here for dinner."

I told him I would not have been so reluctant about giving him cornbread the day before, except that Frank made so much fun of it.

"You must stop that", he said to Frank. "Cornbread is good enough to set before a king, anytime!"

I went to take the baby up. It was in need of dinner itself. The big man looked astonished and exclaimed: "Why! You have a baby here! Where was he yesterday? I didn't see any baby!"

I told him the baby was in his bed asleep. "But if you had stayed a few minutes longer you would have known there was a baby here, for he woke up hungry", I added.

Frank sold him the hay for six hundred dollars in the stack, allowing it to be fed out on the place, and gave him use of the extra cabin for his men. There were five of them in all, two owners, two helpers, and a boy cook. The owners, however, would be in town most of the time. They arranged to buy from us what vegetables and fresh meat they would use. During the summer Frank had bought an ox from an emigrant, and fattened it on corn. When he butchered it that fall it made excellent meat.

For us, the bargain with the two men was a good one, but as these men were to come next day, it occasioned a little inconvenience. Some of our men were using the cabin which was promised them.

After things got settled, the winter passed nicely, My worst discomfort was wash day. Since the other men came, the washing had to be done in my room but Frank helped me and we hurried through it in short order.

The later part of February brought a spell of stormy weather which lasted about two weeks. Then it turned warmer and the storm ended in a hard rain. One night we were awakened by a mighty crash, just as if the house were falling down! It proved to be the chimney. There it lay, stick, mud, and slush all over the floor! And the wide place where it had stood was open to the storm! we could do nothing during the remainder of the night but lie abed and think about it, and listen to the storm. Fortunately the rain could not reach as far back as our bed, the driving force of the wind being broken by the chimney jambs which were yet standing.

The storm ceased about daylight, and the men went out to the other cabin and obtained permission from the men occupying it to allow the baby and myself to come in there. They had a good fire going, and the house was warm and comfortable. The wind was from the east, and the old chimney was not smoking!

But these new men were very shy, and hardly knew what to do in the presence of a woman and baby. One of them whispered to the cook that they would go outside, and for him to call them when breakfast was ready. They were thinking of the small, inconvenient table, and wanting us to eat first. The cook, a young lad about sixteen, was not so shy of me as were the others. I had frequently weighed out meat and vegetables for him, and had given him dishes of hominy and pumpkin. But this morning he seemed utterly at loss as to how to proceed with breakfast. His equipment for cooking was the most meager possible, consisting of a few frying pans to cook with, and he seemed embarrassed about starting in.

He cooked bread by putting a small batch of dough in a pan, flattening it out with his hands and holding it over the fire a few minutes until the dough was cooked enough that it would not stick. Then by a dexterous twist of the wrist, he flipped it over in the pan and let it finish cooking by setting the pan slightly tilted to catch the reflection of the heat. He would bake good bread in this way, but it was not to be compared with the bread we baked in the covered ovens.

Seeing the boy's dilemma, I called Frank and told him I must do something with the baby, and help with the breakfast, and I would want him to fetch things for me. He suggested that I lay the baby on the men's bed, but I said "No, it is too rough and hard."

"There isn't room for it. Tell Billy Canada to bring in his chair and hold the baby." Billy had fashioned for himself a sort of chair, made of willow or alder willows, having a folded blanket over the seat for a cushion, making it fairly comfortable -- better than a bench, at least. He always wanted to sit and hold the baby, but this was a pleasure I rarely allowed him. Today, however, things were different. He could hold the baby all day if he wanted to.

Then I had Frank bring in pots, pans, and dishes, for I expected we would have to stay there several days. I had the table brought in; then I called for the tablecloth.

"Don't bother about the tablecloth!, Frank expostulated.

"Yes", I insisted "you bring the tablecloth. You will find it in the box." Then to the boy: "Stant, I think you and I can soon have some breakfast for that bunch of hungry men out there. You peel some potatoes and cut some meat. I will make a big batch of biscuits. And, Frank, you stay around to fetch and carry things for me. I want you to grind and make the coffee."

The boy, seeing that I was going to take charge of things, brightened instantly, and he was really a handy helper.

"Now, Frank, we will have to cook a double portion this morning, especially of biscuits. They will taste good. If the milk isn't ruined, bring in a pan of it, and I will make a lot of milk gravy for the biscuits."

It was an astonished bunch of men we called to breakfast that morning. The clean dishes, filled with hot, appetizing food; the tablecloth; knives and forks laid in order, and the breakfast table presided over by a woman -- a home touch such as these men had not seen for many a weary year. They approached the breakfast a little shyly at first, but their appetites soon overcame their bashfulness, and they forgot their crudeness in their

enjoyment of good food. I relieved Billy Canada of the baby and told him to sit and eat with the others. He demurred a little at first, but I think he was glad to get an even start with that ravenous group of men.

By the time they had eaten their fill, all the biscuits were gone, and Stant said: "Now, what are you going to do? There are no biscuits left for you?"

"I have some light bread in the other house", I replied, "and that will do for me. I am not so hungry for biscuits as the men were."

I was thinking more about getting that chimney fixed than I was about eating. Frank came in just then, and I told him to bring me the light bread, and my little red rocking chair. I have not told you how I got this chair, but I shall later, for it was a cherished article in our household. "And bring some things out of the cradle. Perhaps I can fix baby a little bed in the chair", I added.

While I was eating I said: "Frank, have you thought of any plan for fixing that chimney?" "Yes" he replied with finality, "I am going to sack up some oats today and take them to town tomorrow, and bring you back a new stove.!"

"Oh! Will you, Frank?", I cried joyfully; but I checked my joyfulness with "Perhaps we had better manage some other way. There may be things you will need about the farm worse than I need a stove. Maybe we had better wait awhile longer."

"No" he insisted, "I have the oats and can pay for the stove, and I am going to get it for you. Let it cost what it may. I don't think I have been quite fair with you this winter, letting you cook on that old fireplace for all these men. So you are going to get a new stove!"

Then I asked how we would manage about the wrecked fireplace.

"We will bring a few planks tomorrow and fasten over the opening, and perhaps I can bring enough lumber to put in part of the floor. But having no sleeper, we will have to lay it flat. While High and I are sacking the oats, I will have the other men clean up the place."

When Frank had left, I turned to help Stant clear up the table. "No", he said, "you take care of the baby. I will wash the dishes and straighten things up." But I told him the baby would sleep for awhile, and we would get ready for our dinner. "We had such a late breakfast", I told him, "we won't have dinner until about four. But we must put a big piece of meat to boil; and I must put my sour dough to rising, too, so it will be ready for making the bread. After the meat is cooked you can use a part of it in your vegetable stew and I will use some of it to make dumplings."

"I think I have some sour milk that we can use in making the dumplings", I said, "and Stant, while we are all eating together this way, don't bother to weigh out the vegetables and meat; just go and get them."

Stant was always a silent boy, and I was a little surprised to hear him remark while we were washing the dishes: A woman can always fix things up, can't she?"

"You mean, cooking things?"

"Yes, and other things too. This morning I didn't know what to do."

"You were not to blame for that", I assured him. "No woman would have known what to do either, under the circumstances. In the first place, you didn't have suitable cooking vessels for such a crowd; and besides, I did not want you to cook for us anyway.

We were glad enough to get to the fire. But when I saw the situation, I thought it best to cook our meals together."

"Yes", he insisted, "I know a woman can always fix things right. We men don't know how."

"That's a woman's work", I replied.

After a few minute's silence, he said gently: "I didn't have any mother. She died when I was little. My father is dead, too. He died three years ago."

The sadness of his voice went all through me. I wanted to take him in my arms and tell him of my sympathy, but I knew such a demonstration would not do for this shy boy. Instead, I gasped: "How in the world did you get into this wild country?"

"I came as a waiting boy and cook in a freight train last summer."

"You poor boy!, I exclaimed. "How long were you on the road?"

"Six months", he answered.

"Did you have any friends along?"

"No, they were all strangers when I started."

"Were they good to you?"

"Most of them were."

"Where did you winter?"

"I wintered with the cook at Fort Hall. But he went back, and I didn't want to go; so I came on here."

"How long have you been with this train?

"Four months. They are all good to me, except the Englishman, Bob, but I won't let him run over me."

I knew that English Bob was cross to him; a few days before I had heard high words between them. I had told my husband about it and asked him to go and stop the trouble, but when he got there, the quarrel had subsided, and all appeared serene. It was pathetic, this poor boy alone, without friends, in the company of rough men all the time. I could think of nothing else until I could tell Frank about it that night after he had retired.

"Yes", Frank said, "the boy will hear swearing, and rough words, and see rough manner, but in a company of men there will always be someone to take his part and see that he is not abused. The men he is with now are not bad; they play cards, but I think they never drink much. I never see any evidence of whiskey about."

One of the owners of the outfit told me afterwards that their men had orders to confine their whiskey drinking to town. "I told them there was a woman here", he said, "They are not a drinking bunch. We ourselves never drink and we don't hire drinking men."

After hearing this I felt better about Stant.

I have gone into the matter of Stant and his history at some length: and there is an interesting sequel which I will relate later.

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Now, I must tell about my new cook stove, for, outside of marriages and births, I think it the most important happening of the time.

Frank sold his oats to the government agent at the Fort for fifteen cents a pound. He brought back a NO. 8 Charter Oak stove, made in St. Louis. If travel adds refinement and elegance, as some folks think, this stove could have passed muster in high society. It

had traveled from the factory in St. Louis down the Mississippi on a river boat such as Mark Twain might have piloted; over the blue waters of the Gulf, crossing the procession of equinoxes, rounding the celebrated Cape Horn with its well-known stormy waters, and on the tranquil (if we may judge by name) Pacific Ocean to Portland, Oregon; on the renowned "Oregon" (Columbia) River to Umatilla; thence by wagon freight across the picturesque Blue Mountains, finally reaching its destination, the Boise Valley, and coming as an honored guest into my house -- although I soon put it to earning its keep, and more. It served the double purpose of cook stove and heater.

But after all, it was only a common stove, worth, where I came from about twent-five dollars. Frank paid one hundred twenty-five dollars for it. He also bought the lumber for covering the space where the chimney had stood, and enough to lay that part of the floor where we walked most in doing the housework

Setting up the new stove was no small job, especially cutting a stovepipe hole through the roof, which was composed of mud, hay, sticks, and split poles all lapped together. Finally they decided to cut off the end of the roofing on one corner of the house, and, after putting the pipe through, splice out the space with boards. This solved the problem and worked nicely.

With the new stove, Frank had bought a rather plentiful supply of cooking vessels, and when they were all hung up in a row, I was quite proud of my shining corner. When the owners of the pack train saw my new stove, they insisted that I should board them during the remainder of their stay. They said it was almost imperative for them to be here to supervise the feeding of the stock, and it would suit them exactly if I would board them. They would sleep in the other house and make me as little trouble as possible, they said, and would pay me well for their board.

I asked Frank what he thought about it. "You must decide for yourself", he said. "I will have no say about it."

"It is so hard to deny that big, rollicking Missourian a favor", I said, "that I am inclined to board them."

"Yes, I like to have him about", said Frank. "He is so jolly."

"They offered me one dollar and twenty-five cents a day, each, and they will be here about six weeks. That will about pay for my stove, I figured. "I guess I will keep them. But you will have to get me some more dishes."

"I will get you the dishes", Frank agreed, "but I don't think I want you to pay for the stove."

"All right", I agreed, "but we will need all the money we can get in the spring."

I was now cooking for six men instead of four, but the cooking being plain, it was not so hard to do. Dried apples were all the fruit we had, but there was plenty of vegetables in the cellar. Occasionally I made a squash or pumpkin pie, and every now and then a pudding. However I had milk, but eggs were so high I could not afford to use them. However, I got along nicely with my boarding venture and the men all seemed satisfied.

I had told the men that if we had any cornbread they would have to grind the meal. The big Missourian spoke up quickly and said: "Your biscuits and light bread are so good we can get along without the cornbread. But we will have a mess of it now and then."

By spring I had earned enough to pay for my stove.

Early that fall Frank had bought some chickens from Mr. Smith, the man who had brought the fine Dorking across the Plains. He bought twenty-three pullets and one rooster, paying three dollars each for them. I had raised three pullets that summer by hand, so I had twenty-six hens to start with next season.

The men built a nice, warm chicken house of logs. A small opening was left for a window, over which they securely tacked a piece of white cloth. A wheat stack near the door gave the chickens a handy feeding place, and a little covered place in front afforded a dry scratching pen. We were greatly astonished, when in midwinter our pullets began to lay. Ours were the only eggs in the country, and we could sell them at amazingly high prices; a tavern-keeper paid Frank three dollars a dozen for the first that he took to town. The hotel-keeper offered him two dollars a dozen for all he would bring until spring opened up and the laying season began.

By the middle of March I had sold enough eggs to pay for my chickens, and now began saving eggs for setting; I wanted to raise as many chickens as possible, knowing they would bring a good price on the market. When the snow went off, we opened up the hen-house and let the chickens out during the day, but shut them up securely at night because of the cold and the varmints.

As soon as they were let out, my three pets came running to the house where they had been reared. One of them was a finely-built bird, of the Dominuque variety, having a graceful, stately bearing. Seeing her pass the door one day while we were at dinner, I remarked: That Dominique pullet always makes me think of my Aunt Polly. She had such a grand air about her!" That struck the men as being funny, I presume, for after that the pullet always went by the name of "Aunt Polly".

At the dinner or supper table, I usually told the men all the happenings about the place. Especially, would I tell them all the funny things that the baby had done, never letting interest in him flag at any time. One day I said to them: "Aunt Polly was hunting her a nest in the spring house today, so I took the soup out of the little box and made her a good nest."

Frank, immediately interested, asked "Did you put a nest-egg in it?"

"Yes", I replied, "I picked the smallest and orneriest one I could find."

In due time, I again announced at the table: Aunt Polly is wanting to set today." Frank wanted to know how many eggs she had laid. I told him fifteen. Frank thought she could cover not more than thirteen eggs.

"Oh, yes she can", I told him. "She is in a warm place and in that tight little box."

Be sure to set her on an uneven number", he instructed.

"Why so?", I inquired.

"Because uneven numbers make a round circle, and the hen can cover them better", he explained.

I had never before heard this theory advanced, but I thought it all right. However, when I put the eggs under her, there was the nest egg, looking so snug that I hated to throw it away. So I decided to mark it and leave it under her, for she seemed able to cover them all.

That night Frank asked: Did you set Aunt Polly today?"

"Yes", I said, "I set her."

"How many eggs did you put under her?", he wanted to know.

"I put all of the fifteen she laid, and she seemed to cover them all very well." I told him truthfully, not deeming it necessary to go to the trouble of explaining that I had left the nest egg also.

Indeed, she covered them all right, and in due time she hatched wonderfully well. The temperature and dampness of the spring house seemed just right for good hatching. Not knowing that she had hatched, I went down to the spring house for a pail of water. Hearing a "cheeping", I felt under the hen, and there seemed to be so many little chicks that I brought the box to light where I could see, and lifted the hen off. The box appeared to be full of fluffy little balls. I removed the shells and found that every egg had hatched! I was elated over the excellent hatch. It now occurred to me that I could get even with Frank for some of the jokes and sells he was always getting on me. At the dinner table that day, as soon as we were all seated, I said: "Aunt Polly hatched last night!"

"She did?" exclaimed Frank "How many chickens?"

"Sixteen", I replied.

"Why, that can't be! You didn't count them correctly!"

"I have counted them over two or three times", I said, "and that is what I make it."

"How can that be?" said Frank, a little mystified.

The situation was becoming rather comical, and to further perplex him I said: "I think one egg must have hatched out two chickens."

"Well, I know that can't be", he argued. "You have made a mistake in your count, that's all!"

"Come then, and count for yourself", I invited.

We got up and went to the cellar where I had placed them. He counted them over carefully, and there were exactly sixteen! He was counting them a second time, when here came the men, their curiosity having overcome their appetites. Frank finished the second count, and again got sixteen. There was a perplexed look on his face, mingled with wonder and incredulity. Pretty soon Hugh Allen, who had been doing some figuring, too, shouted with a broad grin on his face; "Oh, I know! You didn't take that nest egg out, and it hatched, too!"

I laughed and said: "Yes, Hugh has solved the riddle!"

Frank, looking a little crestfallen , returned to his dinner without having much to say. The other men, all laughing , went back also. I did not go back just then, but pretended that I had to take care of the chickens. I knew Frank would have to stand some gaffing from the men, and I would not be able to keep my face straight.

Little incidents like this were the high spots in our lives, relieving the tedium and loneliness, and making us happier and more content.

The men of the pack train had left before this incident occurred, having taken their animals over to the Grand Ronde Valley to graze a few days before beginning their work of packing freight. We had only the two hired men now, and they were hurrying to the plowing with the ox teams, for they had decided to let Billy Canada take the good, heavy wagon and four yoke of oxen and go freighting during the summer. This would be profitable work, and it would keep the oxen together for freighting our products to the mines that fall. We thought it was better to let Billy use them than to turn them loose on the range during the summer, for there was a possibility that we might not find them at all when they would be needed later.

We figured that Billy could make three round-trips to the Landing, and be back early enough to make several trips to the mines with our vegetables. The proceeds of the summer freighting were to be divided equally, each party bearing his half of the expenses.

On the day Billy left, I told Frank I would mold my butter and send it along with Billy to Boise, for he had to go there to cross on the ferry. The river being too high to ford. Frank said: "You needn't bother Billy about it" I may be going to town myself, in a few days, with the horse team."

"I objected to this, saying: "But if you sell it, you will spend the money for something, and Billy won't. I want that money for a certain purpose."

"All right", he agreed.

When Billy was ready to start that morning, I called to him: "Here, Billy is three dollars. When you get to Idaho City, I want you to get a pair of shoes and stockings for the baby."

"Why trouble Billy"", Frank again intervened. "He may not see Idaho City until late in the summer. Can't we get them here in town?"

"No, we can't", I informed him. "I saw Libby Schooler yesterday. She said there were no baby shoes in town, and never had been." There were not many babies in the valley, and there had been no calls at the stores for baby shoes. I wanted the shoes because I was preparing to put baby in short dresses.

Billy took my money, also my butter (I sent about thirty pounds, worth a dollar a pound.) and drove off with the four yoke of oxen and the good wagon. That was the last we ever saw of Billy. We heard from him in the fore part of the summer. He had brought a load of freight to Boise City, another to the Osyhee mines, and from there he sent word that he would go back after another load and would take it up to Idaho City. This was according to schedule, and we thought things were all right.

When he was long overdue, and it was getting time to begin freighting our product to the mines, the men began to make inquiries about Billy. One freighter said he had met Billy a few miles out of the Landing, headed our way with a load of freight. This was as should be, but we could not imagine the reason for the long delay, especially since Billy knew we were now needing the teams so badly.

Time went on, and still no Billy. One day, late in the fall, too late for hauling away our produce, Frank received a note from Billy somewhere in the Northwest Territory, stating that he had taken a load of freight to the new mines up there, intending to come back right away; but he had heard such wonderful news about the richness of the strike that he had turned the oxen on the range, and was then just ready to start out prospecting.

"I am sure I will strike it rich this time, and I intend to take you in fifty-fifty on my finding." he wrote.

This solved the mystery of poor Billy's delay. He had sacrificed the property which had been entrusted to his care, as well as his own honor, in his foolish craze to find gold.

Frank and Hugh talked the matter over, and decided that it would cost them more than the wagons and teams were worth to try to recover their property by process of law. I didn't quite agree with them in passing up the matter, and urged them to try to get Billy, anyway.

Frank said: "It would do no good to get Billy. He has spent all he has made by this time, and we could do nothing but put him in the penitentiary. You would not want to put him in the pen, would you?"

"Yes, I would!" I replied with some heat, for I was much put out about it. "Just think how good you were to him, and how he betrayed our confidence! I never even got my baby's shoes!"

"Just like a woman! Frank laughed. Then, as he weighed the situation from a humanitarian point of view, he said reminiscently: If you had seen as many of these old 'forty-niner' prospectors as I have, going the rounds from one mine excitement to another, with their picks and pans and a few eatables on their pack ponies, or afoot, always meeting with disappointment, but ever hopeful, pleading their lonely ways over the mountains and through the deserts, in cold and heat, undernourished, worn out, sick, until they fall by the wayside. Some of them die. Many of them go crazy. And Billy, too, will go crazy in time. He is not naturally dishonest, but the lust for gold had possessed him. No, you would not want to put Billy in the pen."

So the decision stood. But Hugh and Frank lost about two thousand dollars in this dereliction of Billy's.

We had another sad experience, with one of these old men, but of a different kind.

One day in the spring, while the men were out in the field, an old gray-haired, feeble-looking man stopped and asked for a drink of water, and for the privilege of resting awhile. He was afoot and tired. He was neat and clean and had a pack of blankets on his back. While he was resting, he asked me if I thought there would be any chance of getting a few day's work from my husband. I told him I did not know, but that Frank would be in for dinner pretty soon and he could ask.

He told me he was trying to get over to the Owyhee country where he had some friends. This meant he would have to walk across a forty-mile stretch of desert, with no stopping place until he got there. In his enfeebled condition, this was a serious undertaking.

When Frank came to dinner he talked with the old man, and observing his condition, said, "Yes, I can give you a few day's work."

The old man expressed his gratitude at this favor, but added: "I have been indisposed for a few weeks, and I am afraid I shall not be able to do the work I should. However, I hope to feel better in a few days." Frank told him to take it easy until he felt better.

He had been with us two or three weeks, and though he could not do as much work as a strong, young man, Frank said he did his work well.

He seemed to be so nice and gentlemanly that we all liked him very much. Frank said he was sure Bunker (the name he gave us) had seen better days.

One day, while he was with us, my step-sister who lived about thirty miles below us, drove up with some friends, a young man who was driving for her, and a young girl about eighteen -- brother and sister. They stopped to stay overnight with us. Sister was on her way to Boise to make some purchases which would soon be needed. We had never met the young folks accompanying her, but the family were prominent people in the country.

Next morning, as she was preparing to go on, Sister discovered that she had been robbed of all her money! She came to me privately and said: "Belle, do you know all the men you have here?"

"Yes", I replied, a little astonished at her manner. "Why do you ask?"

"All my money has been taken from my purse!" she exclaimed.

We went back into her room and made a thorough search. She showed me the empty purse lying where she had left it. In our search I discovered that my baby's string of coins also was missing. In those days silver coins were scarce, and because of their rarity, I had saved every piece I was able to get hold of. I punched holes in them, and strung the pieces like beads for the baby to play with. In all, I had about two dollars worth, and they had been lying around for months. Not knowing what to do, we called Frank and told him about it. It put him in a great quandary. He didn't know what to do either.

We couldn't possibly suspect any of the men who had been with us so long, and could hardly bring ourselves to suspect the old man, Bunker. Frank consulted with Hugh about the matter, and they finally decided to call the old man in and charge him with the theft. When accused, Mr. Bunker denied the charge vehemently and seemed greatly hurt over it. Yet he acted a man's part and offered to submit to a thorough search.

"No", Frank said, "we will not search you, for I wouldn't expect to find the money on you or in your belongings. But under the circumstances, you know I will not want to keep you any longer. So I will pay you off and let you go."

Mr. Bunker remonstrated against being paid. "No! If you think I took that money, when I tell you I didn't, I am willing for you to give her the money you owe me, and I will leave."

"No, Bunker, said Frank, "I cannot do that. You have honestly earned your wages, and I am not sure you took this money."

Tears came into the old man's eyes as he said: "I am glad; "I am glad you have your doubts, and I hope some day you will find out the truth!"

Frank was near tears himself by this time "Bunker", he said, "you are not well, and I will not send you off afoot. Hugh will saddle a horse for you to ride, and take you half way, or as far as he can and return by night."

At this offer of kindness the old man broke down and cried broken-heartedly. The tears were standing in Frank's eyes, too. When he was ready to leave he offered Frank his hand, saying "Can you have faith enough in me to shake hands with me?"

Frank shook hands with him. Then he offered me his hand, but I would not take it, and he went out.

"It wouldn't have hurt you to shake hands with the old man", Frank said reproachfully. "No", I said, "but I think he is guilty."

I have had many, many regrets over that act of mine, and I still regret it to this day.

After Bunker and Hugh were gone, Frank said to my step-sister, "I am very sorry all this happened. It had made your first visit to us very unpleasant. I will try to replace the money you lost, so that you can go uptown and do your shopping."

"No, Frank!, Jane cried, "I don't want you to do that!"

"Oh, yes, I shall", Frank insisted. "It would not do to let you make that long trip up here and not get the things you need."

When the men were all gone, Jane said to me: Belle, I do believe you have married the best man I have ever met."

"Yes, I answered, "he has a big, generous heart, much more so than I have. I try to be just, but he tempers justice with mercy."

Jane had been with us but little, and had not become well acquainted with Frank. Two years before, she and her husband had stopped with us about a week, after crossing the Plains with my brother and sister. She confided to me that the purchases she contemplated making were for a particular event, due to happen in the fall, and arranged that I should take care of her during her sickness. I did not see her again until she returned just prior to the event, but I had a letter from her in a few weeks.

"Belle", she wrote, "we were all mistaken in that poor old man! It was Kitty McKinney (the girl who came with me) who took my money and the baby's string of coins. It was the coins that gave her away. I saw them. I am so sorry it all happened as it did!"

When I showed Frank the letter, he said sorrowfully: "Now, I do not know where Bunker is. So I cannot ask his forgiveness."

"Bunker has no cause to feel hard toward you", I said. "You were kind and generous to him. I am the one who will feel the pricks of conscience! As you said, it wouldn't have hurt me to shake hands with him, and right now I surely wish I had done so."

We never heard anything more of Bunker; never had a chance to make amends.

But that girl. What kind of conscience did she have? She was present during the time of our dilemma; present while we were accusing the old man. She saw him weeping because he was wrongfully accused, and yet she said nothing.

"What kind of woman is she, anyway!", I said to Frank.

And he answered: "When a woman is mean, she is the meanest thing on earth! But when she is good, she is the best thing on earth!"

I wonder if women are such extreme creatures as all that!

Let me tell you a little more about my chickens.

Aunt Polly hatched my first brood, as you already know, and made a fine little mother, After they were weaned, she again hatched another fine brood before the summer had ended.

Although I could get a dollar and a half a dozen for eggs, I would not sell any, for I was intent on raising as many chickens as I could that season, as I knew they would bring me a fine price on the market. I brought off sixty fine little chicks my first hatch and put them into a box and brought them into the house to keep them from chilling.

Here they met a slight disaster which caused me to lose some of them. First, they became overheated. To relieve them, I turned them out on the floor, and again they met with trouble. I left the room a short time, and when I returned I found the baby sitting in the midst of the chickens, holding one in each hand, squeezed to death. There he sat, putting the head off the first one and then the other in his mouth. I rescued him from the chicks, or rather the chicks from him, and though I hated to lose my precious chicks, I thought it a cute little baby trick. Of course, when the men came to dinner, I had to regale them with an account of it.

I suppose I was a foolish young mother then, telling the men all the things that the baby did. Yet, if I was too busy or didn't happen to have anything to tell them, some one was sure to ask: "Well, what funny thing has baby done today?"

As I look back over my early life I can think of nothing which gave us more pleasure, joy and comradeship than our innocent little babes.

Thereafter, I kept baby away from my chicks, and I had such good luck with them that I soon had between three and four hundred. Nor did I neglect my garden. All our earlier garden truck came from it. It was a source of joy, and I loved it. I often took baby with me, when the weather permitted, and sat him in a tub while I worked in the garden. One day I left him sitting in the tub while I ran to the house to get more seeds. When I returned he was standing on his head outside the tub. The men thought this extremely funny when I told them about it.

My garden flourished to such an extent that when the Owyhee peddler called again, I had a fine lot of vegetables to sell him. That little piece of ground brought us quite a little revenue. I called it my garden, but I didn't do all the work in it. Neither did I receive all the proceeds from it. We held everything in common, Frank, Hugh, and I. We were all striving to improve the farm, and were finding it a very costly venture.

One day the peddler, who was a Dutchman, said to me: I haf' been keeping any eye on your young shicks, und I tinks now dey vill make fryers."

"No, they are not large enough yet", I said

I tinks some of dem vill do", he said "und I vould like 'bout feefty. I vill gif' you vun dollar apiece for dem."

I thought it a good price, but I said I would have to see my husband about it. Frank, however, was not in favor of selling them at that time. "You know when I start hauling this fall, I will get from a dollar and half to two dollars apiece for them", he said.

However, I let the peddler have twenty-five of the largest ones, reserving the rest for the fall trade at the mines. We did not yet know that Billy Canada had played us such a mean trick. It was well that I did let the peddler have them. We would have been better off had I sold them all to him, for soon after, a weasel killed twenty-five of them, and thereafter I had to keep them locked in the hen house at night.

We bought our first hog late that spring. And how do you suppose hogs were brought into the valley? An enterprising resident of the valley went over into southern Oregon and bought a number of sows and stock hogs. He brought them by boat to Umatilla Landing and kept them there until the mountain roads were passable, then drove them afoot all the three hundred miles to the Boise Valley. It was a long, tedious drive, he said and he had many losses on the way, but the venture paid him very well. We paid seventy-five dollars for a six or seven-month old sow. She soon brought us four little pigs, and from this one sow we got our start of hogs. Needless to say, we made money on this purchase, and as we had an abundance of feed, we had no trouble in raising hogs.

And especially to its need, the enterprising resident launched another enterprise which might have made him some money, and also helped the community, had he been able to carry it through. He conceived the idea of bringing in a wagon-load of cats, thinking to sell them at a good price. He went to Oregon and bought several crates of cats, but in crossing the Blue Mountains, he had the misfortune to overturn his wagon, breaking the crates and scattering the cats to the wilds. This was a sure-enough

catastrophe. Mice were bad in the valley, and many of the settlers would have paid him as much as twenty-five dollars for a cat.

I managed to get a kitten from a bachelor-neighbor who had brought the mother cat over the Blue Mountains on one of his pack ponies as he brought over his winter supplies. He said she had ridden alone on the pack, seemingly very contented, the whole distance.

Mice were the worst nuisance we had to contend with. In winter they came in from the fields, and the houses were fairly filled with them. We had no means of protecting our supplies from them, and they occasioned us heavy losses. I have often wondered how we managed to save anything, having no tight boxes and canisters such as we have today.

Another very disagreeable nuisance which threatened to run us out of our homes, was the low-lived bedbug. Where they came from was a puzzle to us for a long time. We were sure we had not brought them across the Plains. We thought we might have gotten them in our bedding at some of the dirty camp places along the way, but this was an unsatisfactory solution. At first I felt too humiliated to mention them, and set myself resolutely to the task of hunting them down and eradicating them. In log cabin this was hard to do. There were so many places for them to crawl into.

One night a man from town came down to see Frank. It was late when they finished their conversations, and Frank invited him to stay overnight inasmuch as we had an extra bed in one of the cabins. He accepted, and when he was ready to retire, Frank said to him: "I am afraid you will be disturbed by bedbugs. We have some, and I can't imagine where we got them. They seem hard to get rid of, but as we don't often use the bed, perhaps they will not bother you much."

"Bedbugs are natural in this country", the man replied. "You can find them out here in the sagebrush sometimes, and they live in certain kinds of pine trees, around the limbs and knots. If you bring timber or lumber from the mountains, you are sure to get bedbugs. We old-timers always sleep out of doors in summer to avoid them."

That explained it! We later examined some of the framing timbers and planks Frank had hauled down to make grain bins, and surely enough we found bedbugs. The discovery relieved me greatly, but it didn't lessen their number. You may imagine how bad they were when I tell you that their fame spread clear to New York! I happened to get a New York paper containing an article on the West, in which the writer referred to the bedbug situation thusly: "In Idaho the natives sleep on their roofs in order to give the bedbugs more room in the house." He was correct about their sleeping on the roofs, but wrong in his deduction as to their reason for so doing. Most of the houses had rather flat roofs, covered with earth, and in summer many used them for sleeping purposes. They made convenient open-air bedrooms.

We had another very annoying pest which lasted only about six weeks in the year. It was a small, black gnat, and while it lasted, it was a terror to man and beast. It made its appearance about three o'clock each afternoon, and made life almost unbearable. It was impossible to work in the garden or to do any other kind of outdoor labor, without first covering the face, neck, hands, and wrists. Its sting was poisonous.

And, of course, we had the omni-present mosquito, and a most pestiferous pest he was, with his buzzing, singing, biting, blood-thirsty proclivities, making outdoor life most uncomfortable, and indoor life nearly as bad. Having no screens for the doors and

windows, we had to fight mosquitoes as best we could. Smudging was our principle weapon, but the smoke was about as bad for us as it was for the mosquitoes, and when it cleared away, in would come a swarm of sleep-disturbing beasties, and the fight would be renewed. It continued until either we were too exhausted to care, or the mosquitoes were too full to bother.

Midsummer came; the vegetable crops were all laid by, and the men were trying to finish up their grain bins. They were finding it a slow job. The bins had to be made tight to hold the loose grain, and the men were trying to rive out "clap-boards", or "shakes", to cover the cracks in the lumber. None of the men had ever used a "froe", and their pile of shakes was not building up very quickly.

While they were engaged in this work, a man came to the door and asked if this was where Frank Fulton and Hugh Allen lived. I told him it was, and he asked where he could find them. I indicated the granary where they were working, and told him he could find them out there. He went over to see them, and in a short time Frank came to the house bringing the stranger with him. He introduced him to me as "Mr. Doc Callaway, brother-in-law of Hugh Allen". Hugh had traveled with him from Texas to California. Frank asked me to prepare a bite of dinner for Mr. Callaway. He had walked from town that afternoon, and might be hungry. I readily consented, for I had plenty of food already cooked. I offered to make him some hot coffee, but Mr. Callaway said he preferred milk, if I had it. I told him I had both sweet milk and buttermilk.

"Oh, give me buttermilk." he exclaimed. "I haven't tasted it for a long time."

He and I had a long, friendly talk, and he expressed great astonishment that the men were so well advanced in their farming.

"Doc", as he was to be known to us thereafter, lived up in the mining basin of Idaho City. He had mined some, and having a good education, had performed some legal work such as making out deeds, recording, and other law matters for the community. When times were flourishing he had made money, but just now, his finances were pretty low, and he had come down to see what opportunities might present themselves. He was pleased with the outlook, and wished to move his family down as soon as possible. This could not be done at once, for our men had the harvesting on hand, but they said they thought Billy Canada would soon be in Idaho City with the freight teams (they did not know yet that we would never see Billy again), with empty wagons, and Doc could come down with him. The arrangement suited him, and he left, well-pleased at the prospect of becoming a member of our community.

The grain was now ripening and ready to cut. We had about fifty acres, and it was a heavy crop. The men worked steadily every day except Sundays, for six weeks, putting up the crop. Frank and Hugh were so exhausted that they took a few day's rest before beginning stacking.

Now, the perplexing problem was how we were going to thresh it. We hoped to devise a better way than the one we had used the previous summer.

"What are you going to do with all that grain?" I said to Frank one day. "You are not going to trample it all out, are you?"

"No", he said, "there is a man named Pence, in the Payette Valley, who has a threshing machine, and he promised to come here as soon as he has finished in the Payette. I am expecting him in two or three weeks."

We had a lot of produce ready to haul as soon as Billy came with the teams, and my crop of roosters was fairly taking over the place. Coyotes were getting some of them, too.

A stack of mowed grain near the lot furnished the roosters a good feeding place, but during the harvest, some of the hands made their beds in this pile of straw. The young roosters were good alarm clocks. Just at daybreak they set up an early morning serenade which awakened the men much too early. Although daylight came about four o'clock, there was no more sleep for the men. The roosters made for the grain stack, and were soon scratching, fighting, and crowing over the sleeping men. And that chorus of young roosters, each trying to out-do the others, intermingled with the profane ejaculations of the drowsy boys, was something to make you stick your fingers in your ears. Finally the older and wiser heads gave up the unequal contest, and took their blankets to the stock yards, some distance away, but two young binders thought to stick it out. One we called Charley, suffered in silence, but the other, Jack Funk, always woke everyone about the place with his shouting and swearing and consigning chickens to the "hot-place". He would throw his hat, boots, socks, and everything he could lay hands on, at the roosters, and finally when called to breakfast, he would come in a rush, leaving, as the men said, a string of oaths from the straw stack to the table. His immoderate outbursts of temper caused the men a great deal of merriment.

But the poor lad -- he was only twenty -two, was having a hard time for one brought up as he had been. He was the son of a wealthy Cincinnati brewer. He had become restless at twenty, and wanted to go West, as so many other were doing at the time. His parents were unwilling for him to go, but he had money of his own, and he ran away from home. He came to Portland by way of the Horn, finally making his way to the Boise Valley. He had found everything so different from what he expected, that he became homesick and wrote his father for money to come home on. His father, instead of sending him the money, wrote him advising him to save his wages and stay here until he earned enough to bring him back, thinking, perhaps, in this way to teach him a lesson. But in his case, I doubt that it was the best way.

I don't know what became of Jack Funk, for I never heard from him after he left us. I doubt that he ever saved enough to take him home. In his recklessness, he may have fallen into evil, as did so many other homesick young lads I have known. The West was a hard place for homeliness young men, Some succeeded, but it was mainly those who first found homes in settled families.

Now that Billy Canada had failed to appear, we let another man have the contract to haul our vegetables and other produce. I got only a dollar apiece for my young roosters, for the freight charges amounted to half their value.

It was now so late in the year that only a few trips could be made to the mines, and because of this we were able to dispose of but little of our produce. Our one remaining team was kept busy on the farm, and could take only an occasional load to market, as we needed table supplies. Others, nearer town, were also engaged in gardening, and with the abundant supply, sales were not so readily made. Chickens, however, were in demand, and the Owyhee peddler could have used most of mine had he been able to make a few more trips, but the lateness of the season and the bad roads made it impossible.

There was a ready sale for our grain at the government fort, but the haulage entailed another team and wagon. Billy had done us much damage by his hare-brained caper. Frank found a team of heavy draft horses which he thought suitable for his needs and bought it for five hundred dollars. But the team really cost him much more than that, for when he went to make the payment, the assay showed that someone had passed him counterfeit gold dust. He lost fifty dollars because of it. This was a large percentage to lose, but having taken the gold in small amounts, here and there, he had no way of determining who had passed him the counterfeit gold.

Counterfeiting had become so common as to be a menace to business. People lost faith in gold dust as a medium of exchange and wished for a better form of money. The government post was about the only source of national money. The government, busy with its own affairs, had taken but little notice of this part of the country. Reconstruction problems were absorbing the Nation's attention, and the need of rushing the railroad construction across the continent was urgent. It would mark an epoch in the history of our country.

But the sage men, the bulwark of the new settlement, decided that something must be done about counterfeiting. Reports of robberies and killing in mining districts aroused public sentiment, and vigilante committees were appointed to remedy these ailments in the civic life of the country. As a result, two men were hanged, and many others were forced to leave the country. One of the men hanged was an ex-sheriff named Updyke, who had been appointed to that office when the county was first organized. Despite the position of trust and honor he had formerly held, the vigilantes deemed him guilty and executed him as the leader of a band of counterfeiters and robbers. For a time, this had a restraining influence on crime.

Billy Canada failed to make his appearance in Idaho City, so Hugh took a two-horse team with a light load of vegetables and some of my roosters, and went after his sister's family, the Doc Callaway's, marketing his load before returning. We had arranged for the Callaways to live in our neighborhood, having bought Mr. Smith's place from them.

Mr. Smith was the man from whom we had bought our first chickens. It was his wife who had cared for me when my baby was born, and I had done her a like favor four months later at the birth of her little girl, whom she named Arabella in my honor. They now had six children in their family, some of whom were old enough to enter school, and they wanted to sell their place and go somewhere to educate the children. Mrs. Smith had been raised an orphan, with no chance for schooling, and she was determined not to raise her children in ignorance. She was a pretty, sprightly, black-eyed woman, and from the way she took hold of affairs when my baby was born, I never would have suspected that she was without an education.

Frank closed the deal for the place, giving the Smith's time to dispose of their personal property before Doc and his family arrived. Mr. Smith was a good carpenter, and had built another house that summer, with a lean-to addition and a half-story above. He made lumber floors, doors, and window frames, and had the neatest little house I had seen in the valley.

When Hugh arrived with his folks, the neat little house was ready for them, and they moved directly into it. They had two boys, one about twelve, a quiet, studious boy, to

whom the mother had gone to great pains to give the rudiments of an education. The other was a boy of five, with frail body and uneven temper. Because of his frailties, none dared interfere with him very much. As a consequence, he was a very spoiled child.

For many years we were closely associated with these people, and because of our esteem for Hugh and his sister, we assumed a sort of brother and sister relationship. The children of both families were taught to say "Uncle" and "Aunt" when speaking of the elders of either family. We lived for years on the most intimate and friendly terms, although Doc Callaway and I frequently "locked horns" over real or fancied differences.

They had brought their household furnishings with them, but they had no stove. This was somewhat offset by the good fireplace Mr. Smith had built of stones cemented together with mud or clay. Frank gave them a cow and a dozen chickens just ready to begin laying. He also gave them one of the four little pigs from our seventy-five dollar sow. I didn't like this very much, and told Frank so. But he said "You know Hugh has an interest in everything, and he will want his sister to have things to start with."

"Yes, I said, I expected to give the chickens, but not the pig."

Nevertheless, the pig went.

There was a pretty good cellar on the place, and we told Doc to come down and get the team, and fill his cellar with vegetables for the winter.

About this time we started threshing, and it took three weeks to finish the job. Breakdowns occasioned some delay, but not all of it. Besides the regular crew with the machine, Frank had to furnish extra help. These he selected from the neighbors who gathered around to see the threshing machine work. The machine certainly looked good to them. The lack of threshing facilities had hindered grain raising in the valley, but now they had both a thresher and a mill. A Mr. More was putting up a grist mill, operated by water power. He sent us word that he would be ready for some grinding before the ice froze that fall. He did some grinding, and he bought all our grain in the spring.

We hadn't counted on the thresher being with us so long, and the woman I had employed to help me could stay but four days. I managed, with the help of little twelve-year Jimmie Callaway, to prepare the meals for the threshers all that time.

After our crop was finished there was only a little oats remaining in the neighborhood to be threshed. When this was done, the threshing was over.

That fall two new families came into the valley and settled near us. One of the men brought a small stock of merchandise with him, and we all flocked to see it as soon as it became known. His stock consisted of pins, needles, buttons, thread, and some knitting yarn. Being badly in need of such articles, we soon bought up his entire stock. I had been in town only once since I was married, and that was to get my little layette. All of our sewing had to be done by hand.

Our other new neighbor, a Mr. Frost, seemed to be a man of means. He brought in teams and stock for farming, and considerable farm equipment, such as mower, rake, and one or two McCormick reapers. And I think he also brought a threshing machine. If not, he went back and got one, for he was operating it the next fall. This was the first farming machinery to be brought to the Boise Valley.

Mr. Frost was a fine, upright man, a good neighbor and citizen, and a leader in up building the community.

Another man, living on the outskirts of the community, was inspired with a happy thought which proved to be of great benefit to our people. He conceived the idea of making a pair of burrs of hard lava rock common to the country, for grinding corn. Everybody was raising a little corn. The burrs proved very effective. This man built a little mill, to run by water power, and although it ground very slowly, it ground "exceedingly well ". Everyone hailed the little contrivance with pleasure, and complimented the inventor on his ingenuity. No doubt he was pleased at these compliments, but he would laugh, and tell the story of the boy who brought grist to mill:

With gaping incredulity and wonder the boy watched the slow grinding for a time. Finally he remarked with a drawl, "Why, I could eat as fast as that thing grinds!"

"Yes" retorted the miller, "but how long could you keep it up?"

"Till I starved to death!" solemnly asserted the boy.

This was a standing joke on the mill, but the enterprise was a great boon to the people, despite its resemblance to the mill of the gods. It perhaps helped many to stay with their homes who might otherwise have been unable to do so, for not all had the means to buy flour.

Before the mill was built, we had to resort to the expediency of boiling the ears of corn to soften the grain, then rubbing them on a gritter to make meal, A gritter was a little contrivance made and operated on the plan of a washboard. It consisted of a heavy piece of tin or heavy sheet iron about a foot square, filled with nail holes all driven from the same side, then bent slightly, and fastened to a strong board, with the rough side out. The ears of corn were then rubbed over it as you would use a washboard.They were very common when I was a child, and one could purchase them from the stores. Before the corn hardened too much in the fall, we would make meal for our mush and corn fritters. This was hard work, but what delicious bread it made! We would take a turn each, and soon make enough bread for the present need.

The little mill was operated two years, but when the More mill was built, it went out of business. On account of my liking for cornbread, I often had the men take a grist to the little mill. I have forgotten the name of the man who made the burrs, but I have not forgotten the service he rendered the community. He was a real benefactor to the struggling settlers, and brought his talent into use at a time when we needed it greatly. I am sorry I cannot do him the honor of giving his name in this story.

When the threshing was finished, and the amount of grain reckoned, it was found that we had nearly three thousand bushels. Had the entire crop been threshed, the total would have exceeded this figure by several hundred bushels. This was a record crop for two cradles to harvest, and the feat was commented on freely in the settlement. The oats had yielded enormously, but the amount to the acre was not determined.

The oats had to be delivered to the government post for cavalry horse feed, and as we had lost all hope of Billy's ever returning with the freight teams, it was necessary to buy another wagon, for two teams would be needed for the hauling. Frank found one which he thought would do, but he said it didn't begin to compare with the one Billy had taken, He always grieved over the loss of his good Suttler Wagon.

When the grain hauling was finished, Frank decided to take the new outfit and go to the Grande Valley to get a load of flour and other supplies. Hugh's sister and family would need winter supplies, and a great deal more would be required than for ourselves;

The saving in freight would be a considerable amount. Leaving Hugh, Doc, and the hired man to finish up the fall work, Frank went on a three-weeks trip to the Grand Ronde. This was a serious loss to us, but we were relieved to learn definitely what had happened to Billy and the teams. I have already told you of Frank's refusal to press a charge against Billy and to bring him to account. I don't know what Hugh would have done about it, if left to himself, but it seemed that he was always in accord with Frank's way of thinking. I have never seen, before or since, such oneness in any two people. Frank was great to plan ahead, and Hugh had unlimited confidence in his judgment.

Frank decided to raise as large a grain crop as before, the greater part of which was to be wheat. The government was withdrawing most of the cavalry horses, so this market for oats would be gone.

"We will not bother with a garden except for our own use", he said. "We will do no more fencing , but will try to break up all the ground now under fence."

"I am going to plan for you to have some rest this coming winter", he said to me. "You have worked pretty hard all year, and now I am going to make it easier for you. We will have no men here for you to cook for, except Hugh and myself."

I told him that I was perfectly willing to do all I could, "But, I am afraid I have neglected the baby since Katie went home. He is not well today, and I am afraid he had a chill this morning, but he seems better now."

" I hope he hasn't malaria", said Frank, anxiously. But such it proved to be, and we had a hard time breaking the chills on him. I gave him such close care that it took nearly all my time. The worry of it all was harder on me than cooking for the men.

However, we did have a very pleasant time that winter. We visited more among our neighbors, and had some little social affairs, crude in their way, of course, but very whole-hearted and friendly. Ours was a very isolated community during the long winters. When we spoke of anyone leaving, we said they were going "outside". We had but little reading matter; only the little weekly paper, and once in a while a copy of the "Oregonian". A mail route had been started from the Umitilla Landing, which gave us pretty good summer service, but in winter our mail was very uncertain. As an illustration of the dearth of our reading matter, the first winter after our marriage, I had come in possession of a copy of an English magazine, the contents of which were mainly fiction. I was always a lover of books, and this absorbing little fiction magazine was intensely interesting to me. One day I became engrossed in my reading and was not paying attention to the folks sitting around. Frank, failing to gain my attention promptly, perhaps felt a little slighted.

"What are you reading?" he asked. I showed him the book.

"That is fiction", he said, and not worth reading."

"It is all I have to read", I answered.

"Why don't you read the Bible?" he rejoined.

"I have no Bible", I said.

"Hugh has a Bible among his things."

Hugh spoke up: "Yes, I have a Bible; I will go and bring it in."

Frank, thinking our reading material was now adequate for all purposes, proposed that we burn the fiction magazine, but I promptly vetoed this suggestion.

"No, we won't burn it! At least not until I finish reading it."

Frank never had any taste for fiction, and did not like for me to read it.

Hugh brought his Bible, a small, pocket edition, and handed it to me, saying: "My mother gave me this when I left home, and she said, "Hugh, always keep this Book with you, and don't fail to read it."

"Yes", said Frank, "Hugh has packed that Bible around with him ever since I have known him, and he reads it. too!"

This may have been the source of Hugh's beautiful character, and his influence over Frank. At that time none of us had made a profession of Christianity, but a few years later we were all baptized into the same church.

That Bible was the only book we had in the house for two or three years. I read it much that winter, and it had its influence on all of us.

A few years later, Frank and I, while out sauntering around, found an old deserted, dugout cabin. We went inside to investigate, and found an old book. It was well-bound, and pretty well preserved. It proved to be John Wesley's COMMENTARIES ON THE BIBLE. It contained the whole of the New Testament, with Wesley's commentaries. It was covered with dust, for the cabin had not been used for several years. I took it home with me and cleaned it up, and we had many an interesting and instructive hour reading and studying it. Wesley's explanations made the Bible a much more understandable book for us. We kept this book in our family for many years, and I think my eldest son now has it in his library.

Thus the Bible, the textbook of Christianity, crept into the wilds of the West, and like the leaven of old, which the woman hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened, its gentle influence softened many a rough life.

The winter passed pleasantly, and spring came. The advent of the mill and of harvesting machinery gave everyone new impetus and new courage. I divided my chickens with my neighbors who had none, and Frank divided his young pigs among those who wished to get a start of hogs.

My, hens, being well cared for, began laying early. At first, eggs were worth one dollar and twenty-five cents a dozen, but they then dropped to one dollar, and later to seventy-five cents a dozen. Chickens were becoming more plentiful now. I would soon have four good milk cows, and hoped to make quite a lot of butter to sell. Butter was still one dollar a pound.

The men carried out their plans for a bigger and better grain crop, and soon it was looking so promising that they felt justified in buying a McCormick reaper. The reaper cost three hundred dollars at the Umatilla Landing and had to be transported by freight team from that place. It cut and bunched the grain, but did not bind it. Five men followed after the machine, binding the grain, tying it into bundles with straw bands. With a large crew, and the machine, our harvesting was finished in much shorter time than it was the previous year.

That spring I helped Frank set out some fruit trees, mostly apples, which we got from a nursery in Walla Walla. This was the first orchard planted in Boise Valley, and the first home-grown apples ever seen in Boise City came from this orchard. A Mr. Packard, who clerked in Jim Stevenson's store, took three of them to town and paraded the streets with them, calling attention to the first apples to be raised in the valley. We also had a fine lot of vegetables, such as melons, cucumbers, and tomatoes, although we made no special

effort at gardening. I put up pickles and preserves and made tomato catch-up for our winter use, but did no canning of fresh fruit and vegetables, for canning was not known to us then.

My step-sister and her family came to stay with us, and we built a little cabin on the lower part of our place for them. Her husband was to work for Frank. They were with us two years. Her husband took up a small tract of land adjoining us, but later gave it up, not considering it worth filing on. He had found a chance to go to Oregon in an empty freight wagon, and they left. We did not see them again for many years, but after we moved from Texas to Washington Territory, and when some of our children were nearly grown, they came to us again and bought a home nearby, and lived neighbors to us for many years.

On March twenty-third, soon after my step-sister had moved into the little cabin and was comfortably settled, my second child, John Hugh -- named after my father and Hugh Allen -- was born, a laughing, lovely babe. This time I passed through "the valley of the shadow". Perhaps I would have gone beyond, but for the natural skill of the physician which Doc Callaway possessed. As it was, I never fully regained my usual strength and endurance.

Doc's wife came up and stayed with me four or five days, after which my step-sister thought she could take care of me, and though she was young and inexperienced, she did well. I repaid Mary Callaway's favor by doing her a like service at the birth of her next child.

Just a week after the birth of my baby, Hugh Allen was married. He selected for his wife a Miss Hannah Schooler, the daughter of one of our near neighbors, a good, quiet, unassuming girl, who made him an excellent wife, and became the mother of a large family of fine children.

Early that summer, trouble had arisen over at the Owyhee mines, temporarily arresting the trade in that part of the country. I never learned the particulars, but it seemed that two of the principal mine owners had followed leads or ore shoot which intersected, and both laid claim to the vein. The disturbance grew so bad that both men hired gunmen to enforce their claims, and instead of mining, they kept up a warfare all summer. The contention was finally settled by compromise, but while it lasted, it worked a hardship on the country.

One day, in Boise, the fall before the birth of little John Hugh, Frank had met a Mr. A.B.Callaway, a brother of Doc's, who asked him to take a Negro boy, about eighteen years of age, and keep him on the farm that winter, letting the boy work for his board. He said that the year before, Will Callaway, another brother, had brought their aged mother across the Plains in a wagon train, and that an old Negro woman servant, a former slave, was so much attached to her old "missus" that she would not part from her, she had come along, bringing also her son, John.

They had wintered in the mining district, but becoming dissatisfied with conditions, were now returning home on the stage. After the fare of the two women was paid, there was not money enough to pay the boy's passage, and they would have to leave him.

The black woman could have remained here also, easily earning her way, but her loyalty to her old "missus" would not allow her to see the old lady take the long journey alone.

Frank hardly knew what to say, but since the old ladies were so anxious to know before they left that the boy would be cared for, he finally agreed to take him. I was greatly astonished, and not a little chagrined, when Frank came bringing the black boy to our home. But when he explained matters, I saw that he had done the right thing. The old lady could not travel alone, and the black woman, because of her loyalty to the helpless old lady, had to part from her son.

The boy had been well recommended. "You will find John a good boy, willing to work and to do what he is told," the old lady told Frank.

After telling me the whole story, much of which I have here omitted, Frank added, as a sort of apology: "You see, Mama, I couldn't very well help bringing him home with me, and I thought he could take lots of hard work off you, since we will have no one else with us this winter."

So, I agreed to take him on a trial. We found him to be all that the old lady had represented him to be, nice and clean personally, well-mannered, and dependable in every way. We grew to like him very much. He had his own bed with him, and plenty of good, warm clothes. As temporary quarters, we gave him a nice, dry root cellar, excavated in a small hillside, thinking that when the other men left, he could sleep upstairs in the house. However, when the time came, he objected to leaving his comfortable lodging, saying that it was so nice and warm, and so handy to the barn, as he fed the stock in the morning.

Before spring, we noticed that John had developed a cough, and I, thinking that sleeping in the cellar might have had something to do with it, spoke to him about it. He said: "Oh, that's nuthin'. Ah allus have a cough in the winter."

John was a typical darkey, with thick lips and flat nose, and he afforded us much amusement. I had been raised with darkeys, and was pretty well acquainted with their idiosyncrasies. I knew how to treat them. I gave him to eat of the same food that we had, but he always ate by himself at a side table.

We had lots of fun at his expense, which he always took good-naturedly. He was afraid of thunder and lightning, and one day when a light thunder shower came up, he came to the house hurriedly.

"John", I said, "are you afraid of getting wet" It's only a light sprinkle."

"No, Mum. I'se not 'fraid o' de rain, but I'se powerful "fraid o' de lightnin'!"

Just for mischief I said, "John , you need never be afraid of lightning."

"Jes' why, Misse Belle?" he inquired naively.

"Wool is a non conductor of lightning", I told him, "and with your woolly head, you need never be afraid of lightning striking you."

"Oh, Misse Belle!" he said deprecatingly, "Yo' is the fus' pusson Ah ever heard call h'ar wool!" His African vanity was touched a little by my remark. He always kept his head clipped close to avoid the woolly appearance, and wore his hat tipped jauntily on one side.

Little John Hugh was only a few days old when Negro John came in to see him. I suppose he had never before seen so small a mite of humanity, and it was amusing to hear his ejaculations of astonishment and delight. Presently he asked me what I had named him. Just for the fun of it, I said "We named him John, after you!" A bright, pleased look came over his black face, and his large, clear eyes opened with delight for a moment, then a shade of depression seemed to come over him as he said: "Oh "Missus Fulton! Perhaps yo' hadn't ought a-done dat! Perhaps yo' folks won't like it!"

"No, John, they won't care", I assured him. It seemed to give him so much pleasure to think the baby had been named for him. I never had the heart to disillusion him. I told Frank what I had done, intimating that perhaps I had done the wrong thing.

"Never mind", said he. "It will do no harm to let him think the baby was named for him, and since it seems to do him so much good, we will just let him continue to think it."

From then on, John seemed to redouble his interest in me. He insisted on washing the clothes, and would not allow me to work, telling me to use all my time in taking care of the baby. Frank would laughingly say: "Mama, you did a lucky thing when you named the baby after John."

We liked John so well that Frank decided to keep him over the summer, not expecting, however, to make a field hand of him, although John insisted that he could plow as well as any. But as spring opened up, we could see that his cough was growing worse, and that he was gradually losing his pep and happy nature, although he made no complaint. He insisted on being allowed to plow, but we soon saw that he was not able. His paroxysms of coughing often left him weak and spent.

Finally, Frank said to him: John, I can get you a job of herding cattle for Mr. Young. I see you are not able to do hard work now."

"Yes, Mista" Frank", he said, "Ah am feelin' purty bad jis' now; but if Ah gets better, can Ah come back ag'in?" Frank told him he could come back any time he wished.

In a month or so, John left his herd on Dry Creek, and came by to see us. It was a cold, chilly day, and John looked drawn and ailing.

"How is your cough, John?" I asked.

"It is very bad at nights", he answered.

After a short time John said: "I mus' be goin' now, but fus', can Ah see de baby?"

At the time, baby was taking a nap, a little longer one than usual. My first impulse was to tell him that baby was asleep and that I didn't like to waken him, but when I looked at John's drawn face, I said: "Yes John, you may see him!"

I laid the covers back lightly, and as John looked at the sleeping babe, a brighter light came into his tired eyes, and he exclaimed gently:

"Oh! he is so sweet and purty!" After admiring him awhile in the cradle, John turned to me and said, "Can Ah kiss him?" And so gentle was the kiss he gave the sleeping babe that it did not disturb him. Then John went away, and that was the last time I ever saw him.

A few weeks later, Frank was in Boise, and heard that a Negro boy was sick at the hospital and wanted to see him. He immediately went to the hospital, and found poor John very low. His one desire was to see the baby. I was unable to take the baby up for John to see just then and when Frank went back again in a few days, John had been laid away. His old Mammy never got to see her boy again, and not knowing her address, we could not write her to tell her the sad news.

But how glad I have always been that I let John kiss the baby!

News reached us from Washington City to the effect that lands in the valley would soon be surveyed. Idaho Territory had been organized. The people here were striving to get the seat of territorial government located at Boise City, and they were successful in the end, although the north county claimed Boise had stolen the capitol. All were glad, however, to see the matter settled, and glad to have their lands surveyed.

The survey created a great many more homes for people; most of the settlers had taken up more land than they were entitled to. Frank and Hugh had previously bought an eighty-acre tract from a neighbor. This made their holdings larger than any one person was entitled to, but not large enough for the two full components allowed each individual head of a family. Where upon, Frank proposed to trade Hugh the home place, with its over-amount of land, for the Smith place, Hugh to pay the difference of sixteen hundred dollars. Doc would move to the lower eighty, Hugh agreed to this offer, and he and Frank settled their land business before the survey came,

This settlement brought about a division in Hugh's and Frank's affairs. The two men, who had been partners for nine years, and who regarded each other as brothers, now separated themselves in business matters, but their warm friendship remained unbroken.

We moved to the upper place late in the fall, in order to hold it when the survey came. This was a busy winter for us, for there had to be a general division of everything and a general moving around. Doc Callaway moved into the house we vacated, as temporary quarters until he could build a house on the eighty he was to hold when the survey came.

When the wheat was sold, Hugh paid Frank the sixteen hundred dollars. Frank came to me and said; "Here is the money Hugh paid. I consider half of it is yours. If you want to take it and go back to Missouri to see your folks, I want you to do so. If your father can find you a good tract of land which can be bought reasonably, I will sell our holdings here and go back there myself." He told me of some friends who were going back soon.

"No,", I said, "I won't try to make the trip with my two babies; and besides, I will not go and leave you. When I leave here, we will go together."

"I thought you might be getting homesick to see your people."

"I would like to see my people", I answered, "but in a short time I would be worse homesick to see you than I am now to see them!"

This ended the discussion.

"What are you going to do with your money?" Frank asked.

"If it is really mine, I said, "I want to buy some cows with it."

"I know where you can buy some cows", said Frank, "but they are very high. Besides, you will soon have all the cows you can handle."

"I don't expect to do the milking myself", I returned. "I will put some of those boys to milking, who love to stay around here so well."

We usually had several young men about us as general help, who, in slack times were not paid wages, but were allowed to make their home with us. They were orphan boys, and needed homes, and we never lost anything by giving them a home.

"All right", Frank agreed. "I will buy the cows if you want them."

"And what will you do with your share of the money? I asked.

"I shall loan it", he answered. "Money is drawing twelve percent."

"Yes", I returned, "and you can lose it, too. You are too big-hearted to loan money." He did loan the money, and my prediction came true. Much of it he never got back, and what he did collect was a long time coming. After this experience he found a better way to invest his money.

We also bought the cows. Our herd now consisted of fourteen head, all good milkers. We kept one hired man that year whose principle duty it was to help with the milking and to look after the cows. This year we sold five hundred dollars worth of fresh butter.

Dairy work was too much for my health, however, and Frank urged me to trade the cows for young stock, and build up a herd of range cattle. He had already quite a number of his own. To this I consented, reserving, however, six of my very best cows.

Frank worked energetically opening up his new farm. Considerable brush and willows had to be cleaned up, but the land was rich and productive.

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With the organization of the county, Frank and Hugh were tendered political honors. Frank was appointed justice of the peace, and Hugh was appointed constable. Both took the matter as a joke, saying they were too busy to go to the county seat to qualify for office. So both offices and the emoluments thereof, were allowed to go by default.

An election for officers of the new county having been called, there were several candidates for the various offices. One day two men rode up to the fence and dismounted. Frank went out to meet them, and brought them to the house. One of them, a large, fine-looking, elderly man, I recognized at once as our old friend and neighbor in Missouri -- Colonel Flournoy! He had crossed the Plains with us, bringing a large band of livestock, but had fallen behind to give his stock time for grazing, and we had lost track of him. I was astonished, and very much pleased to see him again.

Colonel Flournoy had stopped for the winter in Payette Valley, it being too late that year for him to go on to Oregon, and the next spring he decided to remain on the Payette and raise stock. The War had ruined him, financially and politically, as it had many others, and he too had sought a new freedom in the West, hoping to build up again. His friends had persuaded him to run for the office of District Judge, and he was now out making a canvass of the county. He was a jovial, likable man, with plenty of good, hard sense. Frank was highly impressed with him from the start. From my acquaintance with him in my old home community, I could give the best of reports as to his character and worthiness.

In due time he was elected district judge, and moved to Boise City, and we again became the warmest of friends. From that time on we never went to Boise without taking the Flournoys something from our garden or our dairy.

Lumber was now becoming more plentiful in the valley. The sawmill in the mountains had enlarged its capacity of sawing and shingle-making. Many of the settlers were replacing their log cabins with frame houses, not pretentious, but more comfortable than the old ones had been. As the frame buildings became more numerous, so did the bedbugs! In time, we found some remedies which helped to destroy them, but it was continual warfare which held them in check, and "eternal vigilance" was the price of comfort.

There were several children of school age in our community, but as yet we had no school building. The neighbors got together, selected a site on a cool, flowing stream, and planned a structure, having in mind not only the present, but the future need of the

growing community. There was a grassy playground and shady nooks for the children in play time, and the plot selected was a pretty one.

The community was liberal both with work and with money. A carpenter was hired to do the finishing, and to make the seats. The building was large enough not only for the school, but for public gatherings, such as preaching, speaking and social entertainment.

The first term, the attendance consisted of six boys only. But the next year there were four girls. One of our bachelor neighbors had married a widow with five children, four of them girls of school age. Soon another family came to the neighborhood, and two more school children were added. This gave us a fair-sized rural school. But as yet, there had been no preaching or Sunday School in our community, the latter because of lack of children, and the former because of lack of a preacher. In another settlement down the canyon below us, there was both preaching and Sunday School, conducted by a resident minister, the Elder Morrow. The emigrants who had settled there had large families. Elder Morrow lived in the valley for many years, and so far as I know, kept up his ministerial work as long as he lived.

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One day, in the latter part of harvesting, a young man -- or rather a young lad, for he was very small and slender -- came and asked Frank for work. Frank told him that the harvest work was about over for the year, and that he was discharging his crew. But ever sympathetic for those in need, Frank noted the forlorn look in the face of the boy, and asked: "What can you do?"

"I can do almost anything on a farm", the boy replied.

"I am busy now", said Frank, "but go on up to the house and have supper. Stay all night, and in the morning we will see what we can do."

Frank was getting ready to go out on the range for a month or so to help with the cattle. I had asked him not to leave any of the men on the place, as they would not be needed. Bruno, the Indian boy (of whom I will tell you later), was now large enough to bring in the cows and handle the calves for me, and I would need no other help. Besides, I wanted to rest up a bit.

When the boy came to the house he appeared very timid and backward. He said the "master" had told him to come and stay all night. I smiled at the word "master", for it brought back to me remembrances of my girlhood days in the South. I told him where he could find water and towels, and where he could sit and rest till supper was ready.

Before he had completed his ablutions, the two little boys spied him, and soon they had him busy answering questions. Soon they were on the most friendly terms, and ever after they remained great friends. When Frank and I had a chance to talk, I ask him if he was going to hire the boy. "How can I help it?" he replied. "He has just come across the Plains. He has had only one month's work, and has no home for the winter!"

"Well, dearest", I said, "I am not going to oppose you. You took me, too, when I had just crossed the Plains, and gave me a home!.

He was a little touched at this and said gently; "Yes, but I have been repaid many times over for that! No one but myself can ever know what it has meant to me!"

Next morning Frank told the boy he would keep him a month, anyway and perhaps longer. When Frank started to the range, I had him take Bruno with him to bring back five

or six of the best cows for milking. We were then milking five, and as the new boy said he could milk, we would now be able to care for more cows.

"I will turn the new boy over to you, and whatever you see for him to do, put him at it", were Frank's instructions. "There are still more potatoes to dig; and before I return, it may be cold enough to gather in the vegetables, but I hardly think so. Be sure to have him feed the hogs well."

The new boy proved a treasure, and when his month was ended, I would not have thought of giving him up. His pitiful story had so enlisted my sympathy that I felt I would be glad to give him a home the entire winter. He said he was eighteen, but he did not look to be over sixteen. He told me that his mother had died when he was very small, and that an older sister had taken care of him and the other children, keeping them together until his father died. One sister, he said, was married. On the death of his father, the children had become separated. The youngest girl went to live with the married sister.The oldest one had gone out to work. A brother older than he had come West two years ago, but had never been heard from. Now, he himself had come West with a cousin who was also an orphan. Other friends had come with them, but did not have the means to carry them all through the winter. He said his name was Ed Brannin.

Ed had been with us several months, and one day he complained of being lonesome. He said there were no young people and no church or Sunday School to attend. He had always gone to church until the War.

"Yes," I said, "that is one of the worst features of living in the West.

The associations are so rough for the young boys who come here."

Then I told him of the boy Stant who had cooked for the pack train at our place two winters before. I said that I always felt so sorry for Stant, placed as he was, in such an environment. At the mention of the name Stant, Ed made a quick, nervous move.

"What did you say his name was?" he asked.

"We always called him Stant", I replied.

"Describe him, please!" he cried excitedly.

I described him as nearly as I could.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "that must be my brother!"

"I have a little account book he left here", I said, "in which he kept a record of the things he bought from me."

We examined the book and surely enough, we found his name was Stanton Brannin! Ed had found a clue to his long lost brother! But none of us could give him any further information. Frank thought he might run across the packers again, and if he did, he would make inquiries concerning Stant. But nothing was heard of him for several years, until Ed finally received a letter from his sister, saying that Stant had made his way down into the Indian Territory, was married, had a home of his own, and was doing well.

Ed spent the winter with us, and we liked him so well the Frank hired him to work the next year. That summer, while Frank was gathering men for the harvest crew, Ed said: I can find you one good man."

"Bring him on", instructed Frank. Ed found his cousin, working somewhere in the valley, and brought him to work for us. He was older than Ed, and larger and stronger. And like Ed, he was an orphan. He made us a good, reliable man, and from that time on

until we left the valley, the two boys were always with us, or near at hand, and worked for us whenever we needed help, making their home with us most of the time.

My step-sister's husband had built a log cabin on a small tract of land adjoining ours, and he let Frank have it when he went to Oregon. Frank had not taken the trouble to remove the building, and he now told the Brannin boys they might live in it, and that he thought it might be worth their while to file on the tract. The standing timber on it was worth something, and there was some good hay land, but the tract was badly cut up by little streams, and contained several sandbars. The large number of beaver dams on the place caused the streams to overflow and flood the cultivatable lands during high water. The dams could be torn out, but it seemed a shame to do so, for the little animals worked so industriously every fall and winter building them.

Frank advised the Brannin boys to get some traps and set them for beaver and muskrats and other small game. They did some trapping and secured a number of very fine pelts.

Lynx or bobcats, too, were numerous, and often made depredations on our poultry houses. One day, while my step-sister was yet living in the little cabin, I had occasion to go down there late in the afternoon. On nearing the house, I heard a big commotion in the back yard, The dog was running about wildly and barking furiously. When I knocked at the door, Jane came cautiously and opened it. She had it barricaded with the table, chairs, and other heavy pieces of furniture. Letting me inside, she began to re-barricade the door.

"What is the matter?" I asked in wonder.

"Come to the window?, she said, "and see what is out there." In the back yard were two lynxes and the dog. One of the lynxes was on the hen house, digging away at the dirt roof, trying to get in to the chickens, and the other was engaging the dog's attention. The dog would chase the lynx about fifty or sixty feet, then the lynx would turn and chased the dog back to the yard. The dog, seeing Jane at the window urging him on, would then turn and chase the lynx out of the yard, and in turn would be chased back again, leaving the lynx on the hen house to work his way through the roof undisturbed.

Jane said they had been see-sawing back and forth in this manner for ever so long, and that she had fastened the door , fearing that the lynx would rush the dog so closely that he might break the door down trying to get into the house. The brave little fellow was doing his best, however, to guard the premises and oust the enemy. I watched them awhile, then slipped out and ran home to get Ed to shoot them. But when he got there, the lynxes were gone; the little dog had made it too hot for them to carry our their plan of attack successfully.

Later in the winter, while we were at supper table one night, we heard a disturbance out towards our poultry house, and rushed out to see what caused it. We caught a glimpse of our dog rushing after something that was running toward the woodpile. There in the dark a terrific struggle ensued. We heard the angry snarls of some animal, and soon the gasping, labored breathing of something being choked to death.

"Get the lantern and gun quick! The dog is being choked to death!" Frank shouted. I brought them as soon as possible and in the meantime the men were removing the logs to get at the struggling animals. However, they could not shoot, for fear of hitting our dog, and the fighters were locked in a death grip. Finally they got hold of the things hind feet

and pulled it out, our dog clinging to it, his teeth fastened in its throat. Instead of the dog being choked to death, he had choked a big lynx to death.

The men skinned the lynx and hung its carcass up to freeze. The meat looked nice, and they wanted me to cook some of it; but I drew the line here.

Shortly afterward, the men had to go about fifteen miles for a load of hay, and would not be back until late that afternoon. After I had done my usual housework I went out to the root-cellar for some vegetables, I wanted to get something a little out of the ordinary for their supper, for I knew they would be cold and hungry when they returned. Noticing the lynx carcass hanging there, looking so white and tender, I decided I would try cooking some of it. I disjointed the saddle or hams, with a saw and ax, and took them to the cook table. I cut and sawed them into fair-sized pieces, and put on a large pot full to cook. When the meat began to boil it gave off a very agreeable and appetizing odor, as good or better than that of any chicken I had ever cooked.

After it was well cooked and tender I set it aside, still wondering if it was all right to eat it. The children asked for a piece of chicken, and I gave them each a small piece of the meat, and poured some of the broth over their bread. I also ate a dish of it, and liked it.

Later in the evening I decided to make a potpie of it for the men. They were very fond of potpie, whether made of chicken or other meat. I made a big pan full and set it back where it would be warm for their suppers. After they had warmed themselves by the fire, I announced that supper was ready. The first thing Frank saw was that potpie.

"Why Mama! You have a chicken pie!" he exclaimed. "How did you manage to catch the chicken?"

"Oh, I managed it all right", I said.

After they had eaten awhile, Frank said: Mama, this chicken is all breast! I have nothing but white meat."

The hired man then spoke up: “I thought I was getting all the breast. I haven't had anything but white meat, either." Thereupon, he seemed to comprehend the situation, and said: "Oh, I know! She has cooked some of that lynx, and had made a pie of it!"

"Yes", I answered, "that is the joke." Both declared that they would eat the rest of that lynx, and that none of it would go to waste.

During some seasons, black and cinnamon bear would come down to the valley. One day after Bruno had become large enough to look after the cows, perhaps eleven or twelve years of age, I sent him to the Island field, as we called it, to bring them home. This field was nearly surrounded by a small stream, and there was a strip of timber between which shut off the view from the house. Bruno had a little pony of his own, which Frank had given him, and he usually rode after the cows. This time he returned in great excitement without the cows. When excited, he talked in his Indian jargon, and it was some time before he could make me understand what was wrong. I finally interpreted it to be that he had seen a bear eating a dead pony. Someone had staked a pony out and it had fallen and broken its neck.

"Are you sure it was a bear?" I asked. "Maybe it was only a big dog."

He said he was sure it was a bear.

"Did it run when you looked at it" I asked.

"No, me run: me run to house!"

"It wouldn't have hurt you while you were on the pony", I told him.

"Pony, him scared too! Both scared!"

"Now listen", I said "you know the cows will have to be brought in, and there is no one but you to send after them. I am sure the bear can't hurt you if you stay on the pony. If you see it again, just give a big yell, and it will run away. I will go out to the crossing, and if you have to run, run towards me."He went back, but I could see that he was much afraid. I felt that there was no real danger, and that it would not do to let him give way to his fear. He soon returned with the cows, and said the bear had gone. But for some time thereafter he was very fearful when he went after the cows.

Though he was an Indian, little Bruno was a very likable boy. He instinctively liked horses and guns, and took to herding without an effort.

He helped me about the house, and was very clean in his habits. He learned to wash the dishes and to cook. He was always considerate of the children, and when they were out with him, I never had any fears as to their safety. He always objected to any of them being punished.

"Now what you do!" he would say. "You hurt Johnny! You bad!"

He was very jealous for the children, and didn't like to see any outsider made over, or caressed, to the exclusion of Johnny or Lee. Some of his antics afforded me great amusement.

One summer, when I was in poor health, I hired a woman to help me. She was a widow with a little two-year-old girl about the age of my Johnny boy. Bruno took a dislike to the woman, Sally, and he grew very jealous of little Adah. He was always willing to help me about the kitchen but he refused to do anything to help Sally. I did not go about the kitchen much except on wash or ironing days, when Sally would be very busy at this work. Sally was pretty cross with Bruno, and I never required him to be around her much. But he found out that occasionally I washed the dishes for Sally, so he got to coming to ask who would wash the dishes. If I said I would wash them, he would say immediately: "No, me wash 'um. You go back to bed."

If I said: "Sally is to wash them", he would say "All right. Let her wash 'um", and out he would go.

Ed Brannin often occasioned Bruno pangs of jealously, and sometimes of anger. Bruno came rushing into my room one day, excited and angry.

"Mama", he shouted, "Ed he heap likum Sally!"

"Oh, I think not", I said.

"Yes, he do; yes, he do!" he declared excitedly. "What makes you think so!

"Oh, he washum dishes for her! and he bring in de water for her! And he talk and laff with her!" piling up evidence of Ed's villainy. Then to cap the climax, he said angrily: "And he heap likum Adah, too!"

I tried to say that maybe Ed didn't , or something of the sort, but Bruno continued, his anger rising higher: "Oh , yes, he do! He heap likum Adah! He hold her on he lap! And he put her to de table! And he put 'taters on her plate! Oh, he heap likum Adah! Then the fly in the oinment showed up: Ed, he don't likum Johnny! He don' hold Johnny on he lap! He don' feed Johnny! Oh, Ed, he heap bad man! Wish he go 'way!"

That was the root of his grievance. He was jealous of Ed's care of baby Adah, and his apparent neglect of Johnny. I had a good laugh at Ed's expense, but I didn't dare tell the other men, for they would have carried the joke too far.

On another occasion, Ed went over to the Runnell Creek country, looking for a location for a ranch. He was gone about ten days, and on his return the children all ran gleefully to meet him, for they all liked him very much. He handed Bruno a bunch of coarse hair tied with a string. He had picked it up somewhere and had made a brush to fight the flies off his horse.

"What you callum?" Bruno asked.

"Indian scalp", said Ed, in mischief.

"What he do? What he do?" cried Bruno excitedly.

"He stealum my horse", said Ed, using the Indian vernacular in carrying out his joke.

"All right, killum! He steal horse, killum!"

Bruno and the children kept the hair as a plaything for several days, but one day Bruno came running to me, excitedly, and thrust that bunch of hair to my nose.

"Smellum" he shouted. "Smellum! He no Indian! He horse! Ah, Ed, he bad boy! He lie! He ought to go "way! He bad boy!'

The Brannin boys did well in their trapping that winter. Ed learned how to cure and dress the hides to make them nice and pliable. They gave me one or two of the dressed beaver skins which I used to make caps and capes for the little boys.

The next summer was a repetition of the preceding one, with plenty of hard work, but market conditions were not so good. The mines gradually played out, and did not furnish employment for nearly so many men. The government had greatly diminished its cavalry force at the fort. All these things affected our market conditions.

Our hopes, however were set high at the news that the railroad would be built through the country within the next two or three years. Its coming, we thought, would give us a market for our grain and beef. We did not realize the rapidity with which it was being constructed, nor the small demand it would produce for our products. We were so far from market centers that we could not profitably freight our product by wagon train, and the railroad could haul like products much more cheaply. We could not hope to meet the competition. We could drive our livestock, afoot, to market, but this was a costly undertaking, and left but small profits, if any. Hence the transcontinental railroad was not much help to us. In fact, it made our market conditions worse.

A daily stage, operated by the Greathouse Brothers to the nearest railroad point, brought us in touch with the outside world.We heard of great scandals and the grafting in the East. We learned of the strife and bickering; of the accusations and trials of men prominent in the affairs of the nation; of the disgraceful conditions incident to the Reconstruction Period; of the graft in building the Union Pacific -- that dark blot on the pages of the nation's history! It is well for our peace of mind that not all these dark occurrences can be uncovered, for it would appear that no one high in governmental affairs was free from the taint of corruption.

We learned, also, that there were some good and noble-hearted men of the North who were making brave efforts to secure mercy and justice for the fallen South. Most of the actors in this drama of the country's history have long since gone to their reward, and their works will be judged by a Higher Tribunal than that of public sentiment and opinion.

But the evil effects of the War, and the inhuman treatment accorded the supporters of the Lost Cause, proved a blessing to the West. It brought emigrants here by the

thousands. Though many came from the North, the majority came from the war-ridden states. They met hardships and privations here, of course, but the later arrivals never felt the scarcity of food such as the earlier settlers had suffered.

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On the sixth day of September, our third child was born, the very night the thresher pulled into our place for a three-days' stand. As the threshing crew was finishing the last meal, one of the men said to Frank:

"Now Frank, we have heard about the new baby, and we want you to bring it out for us to see." The day was warm, so Frank took the baby to the porch and the men all gathered around to see it. It was a little girl, with lots of hair. I was in the back room and could hear all that was said. Some of the remarks were very amusing.

"Don't it ever cry?" one man asked. "I thought little babies cried all the time."

"I never before saw so small a babe, remarked another. It looks more human than I thought it would!"

The baby's black hair excited many comments. The men were all glad it was a girl, "Girls", they said, "are always the sweetest and the best."

On leaving, one big burly fellow said, "Frank, you are a lucky dog! You have all that makes life worth living!"

Many of these men were rough, unkempt fellows, given to dissipation. Some of them Frank had known when he was in the mines or packing freight. But they all had good hearts and each craved a home. The sight of the babe had touched their better natures.

The next job of threshing was at the home of Mrs. Leggat, and she had to leave me and hurry home to prepare the meal. I had her take everything from my kitchen that she needed, even the bread and pies she had cooked for us. Ed Brannin would stay with me, and I thought he could prepare food for us and the children. But Ed had a sore hand which had become infected and he was not able to do much, so Mrs. Leggat left her little eight-year-old girl with me.

The little boys and Bruno were left playing about in Ed's care, as we supposed, but Ed's hand hurt him so badly that he decided to go down and have Mrs. Leggat dress it. Soon we missed the children. The little girl could not find them. She found their tracks, but on calling for them, could not make them hear. I felt so uneasy that I could not stay in bed any longer, but arose and went out hunting and calling for the children. Pretty soon the girl came running to say that she saw them coming from her mother's. Ed was bringing them back. They had followed after him.

I had a bad setback from the fright and the shock. Next day Mr. Dryden brought his wife up to stay with me a few days, and this relieved matters greatly. I was always glad to have the Dryden's come, as they were old friends of mine and trek-mates crossing the Plains. We lived so far apart that we didn't get to see each other often. We were very grateful to them both for the assistance they had given us, but Mr. Dryden said that he could not pass up the opportunity to do us a favor every chance he got, in return for the many favors that Frank had done them that first unforgettable winter.

In time I regained my usual strength. The baby was well and growing nicely. She soon became the object of much interest to all.

A neighbor man who lived a mile or so from us came to see us quite frequently, and often had Sunday dinner with us. We became much interested in him, partly, I

suppose, from the account Frank had of him from some of the men about town. He was a Mason, they said, and was an extremely fine man, but he was a periodical drunkard. His brother Masons regarded him so highly and were so anxious to keep him straight, that they kept another Mason, in the guise of a hired man, with him all the time. He had a good farm and had need of a hired man on his place, so his brother lodge members saw to it that a Mason stayed with him to keep him from drinking to excess.

After our baby came, he seemed to want to visit us more often, and would sit and rock the baby in its cradle. Baby was old enough to look up at him and smile. One day I came in and found him leaning over the baby, with tears running down his face.

Seeing that I had discovered him, he said, "I once had a wife and baby, but I lost them both. I have not been much of a man since." After that, I felt more charitable towards him, for I had seen into his heart! As the baby grew older, I sometimes put her into his arms, thinking it might be some consolation to him.

"Alas! for us all some fond hope lies,
Deeply hidden from human eyes!"

That fall the old man, whose name was Francis, sold his place and left, and I never learned what became of him.

We named the baby Della, after no one in particular, but because we thought it a pretty name for her. I often laughingly said that I had named her after one of Brigham Young's wives, for that was where I had first heard the name. She was a very sprightly, active child, and at the age of ten months could climb the stake-and- rider fence to its top rail. Her sprightliness gave me no little trouble. Once I found her on the roof of the poultry house. She is now past fifty-nine, but she can still climb pretty tall trees to pick cherries.

Late that fall we had the first preaching services in our neighborhood since the first summer we came. Then a Baptist missionary had preached three sermons for us. Now a preacher named Boli came over form the Walla Walla country on a missionary tour of his own undertaking. He was not sent from any organization, but was financing his own way. He was a Campbellite, a follower of Alexander Campbell who was a noted reformer of that day. As we usually entertained any stranger who came into the country, our place was recommended to him as one at which he might stop. He arrived on horseback, with a pair of saddle bags slung across the saddle. In them he carried a Bible, a dozen or so hymn books and a change of linen. The latter was in need of washing, for he had been on the road a long time, having stopped and preached in the Payette Valley. But it was not linen, as I learned when I washed it. It was mostly woolen such as everybody usually wore for underwear. His wearing apparel was not of very good quality, and was much worn. He had long, unkempt hair and beard. But in those days we never judged a man by his outward appearance. He told my husband his business, and asked for accommodations. Frank told him that we would be glad to keep him a few days, and that we would be glad to have him preach at the schoolhouse.

This was on Friday, and as the preacher had had a long, hard ride that day, it was thought best to make the announcement that the preaching would be held Sunday morning and Sunday night.

Frank sent Ed Brannin to the lower neighborhood to spread the report of the preaching. This was something new in the community and to many it was good news, for

most of the older people had been members of some church back home, and were glad to have the opportunity to attend religious services again.

Sunday morning found most of the people of the settlement gathered at the schoolhouse. Those from a distance had come in lumber wagons or on horseback, and those nearer had come afoot. The back-woodsy look of the preacher may have occasioned some disappointment, but he was a vigorous speaker, and presented his doctrine with a firmness of conviction that aroused the interest of his congregation. Several of the Methodists disagreed with his doctrines, but they had been without Bibles and teachers for so long they were unable to refute his arguments.

After hearing a few of his sermons, I decided to become a Christian; so when the invitation was given, I went forward and gave the preacher my hand, in token of my willingness to be baptized. I did not set the time for this ceremony then, for I hoped that others would follow. When the meeting was dismissed, Jimmie Callaway, Doc Callaway's son, came to me and said, "I am glad you went up and joined the Church tonight."

The next night, at the invitation hour, Jimmie went up and gave the minister his hand. It developed that Jimmie's mother and father had both been members of this church in Texas. Another couple here from Ohio were also members of the Church.

The day for the baptizing was set in late November, and the weather was pretty cold. The little stream was covered with ice which had to be broken. I went down into the cold water and was "buried with my Savior in the watery grave, arising with Him to a newness of life", with the consciousness that my past sins were all forgiven, and a hope of Life Eternal which is promised to all who remain faithful to Christ Jesus.

I have always considered this the most important event in my life. It has helped me to shape my own life and the lives of my family on higher and nobler principles, thereby laying the foundation for happy and useful lives.

A few years later my husband came into the Church, and as our children grew older we saw them, too, gathered into the fold. We found the influence of the Church to be a great help to us in rearing our children. It helped them to overcome unworthy impulses and desires, to build up strong character, and become useful citizens.

As I look back from this chaotic age of skepticism, I feel that I made no mistake in bringing my children up in the Church. All of them who are living are married and have families of their own, and they are all good and dependable citizens. All received a fair education. Some of them are normal school and college graduates, some have become teachers; some ministers, and all are forward-looking men and women. Their general uprightness has always been a great satisfaction to me, and I attribute it to the influence of the Church in their early bringing up.

At this time, Jimmie and I were the only ones baptized. The preacher promised to come back later and hold another meeting about Christmas time, if he could cross the mountains.

At the appointed time he came back and we had a good meeting, with much interest, and splendid results. My sister and her husband had returned from Oregon. While living in Oregon they had united with this Church. Both were good singers and were a great help in our meetings. There were other good singers in attendance, and the song service was especially interesting. The meeting closed with ten candidates for baptism.

The weather had been very cold for some time and the ice on the river was frozen six or eight inches thick. A big hole had to be cut for the baptizing. The novelty of baptizing people through ice brought a large crowd. A newly-married couple living about ten miles down the river from us had come to visit some friends, and while here they had attended the meeting and were converted. The young woman had sent word to her mother that she was to be baptized, and wished for a change of clothes for the occasion. The mother, being a Methodist, did not believe in immersion, and could not see the need of being put under the ice. On the baptismal day she came up hurriedly and remonstrated with her daughter.

Pointing to the hole, she said: "I think it would take a brave soldier to go under that ice!"

"That's the kind we want, mother, the kind we need!" replied the daughter. The mother made no further objections but helped prepare the daughter for the ordeal.

Most of the people had home-made sleighs or bob-sleds for winter travel, and this day there were many such conveyances at the baptizing.

One woman from Boise came down to spend a few days at the meeting. At the baptizing her little five-year-old child went to her, saying: "Oh, Mama, take me home! Take me home, quick! I don't like such parties as this! This was the first gathering of any kind the child had ever attended, except parties.

My irrepressible Johnny boy had some questions to ask me about the baptizing when I got home. "Mama, he said, "What do they do people that way for?"

"What way?" I asked

"Why do they put them in the water?"

"Oh, because they want to be put in", I told him, seeking to avoid further questioning.

"But what do they want to do it for?" he insisted.

"To make them better men and women", I answered. He looked up at me with a rather doubtful expression on his face.

"Well, they baptized you, and it didn't make you any better."

At the end of our two weeks' meeting we organized a little church of about thirty members. Those who belonged to the old home church came into membership here with us, and how glad they were to get back into the fold again! Old Brother Fouts was chosen Elder. He was a good man, and we could safely rely on his guidance. Doc Callaway was appointed as our preacher; he was also the teacher of a class in Sunday School. He was a capable, well-qualified man, and his pastorate was very successful. Everything moved along nicely in the church. The next fall the preacher came again, and this time still more additions were made to the church.

Our church was held in the Pomeroy school house. Here we organized the first church and Sunday School in Boise Valley. And I am pretty sure I was the first person ever baptized in the Boise Valley.

The next church organized was a Baptist organization, down in another neighborhood, under Elder Morrow.

I would be glad if we could today arouse the lively interest in church work that we had in that first little church in this undeveloped country. Members of various

denominations attended, and vigorously upheld the tenets of their faith, and whether right or wrong, they were honest in their convictions

The railroad was completed in the fall of 1869, and Frank decided to make a trip to his old home in Ohio to see his "little Janie", as he always called her. By this time, however, she was a young lady of eighteen, but he couldn't realize it. He wanted to bring her back with him, if she would willingly leave her people and come. He promised to stop over at my old home in Missouri to see my father. My folks all wanted to see him, for they said my accounts of him were very favorable.

"They don't know a woman very well", I told him, "for had my husband been full of faults, they would never have known it from me!"

"Have you never told them of my faults?" he asked.

"No, indeed!" I replied, "I have not."

I have plenty of them", he confessed.

"Yes", I agreed, "but your faults are sacred to me, and I keep them to myself."

Frank wanted to take my father a present, and we had a hard time selecting something suitable. We finally decided to give him a Meerschaum pipe. As a rule, Meerschaum pipes were quite expensive, but we got a very good one for ten dollars. It was in a handsome case and looked very fine with its silver mountings and beautiful amber stem. It was pure white, but Frank explained to my father that the more he smoked it, the finer the color would get, and that the test of a good Meerschaum was its ability to color well. We learned afterwards that father would never be able to smoke it. He said it was too nice to mess up with tobacco. He always kept it inside the case of an old clock on the mantelpiece, and he would take it out of the case occasionally, wipe and polish it carefully, admire it awhile, then carefully put it back. When I visited him eight years later, he still had his pipe in the old clock and had never smoked it. I told my step-mother that I wished we had got him a suit of clothes, as we would have done had we been sure of his size. She said he would have laid them away, just as he had done with the pipe, and would never have worn them, and that the pipe had done just as well as anything.

That winter we had a hired man to do the milking and to take care of the stock. A. E. Callaway, Doc's brother, had come down from the mines, and was staying with us, and he did most of the cooking, so I followed Frank's instructions to take a good rest. The children kept well, and baby Della, being healthy and contented, gave little trouble. In my leisure time I pieced quilt tops.

After Frank had visited with his people for about six weeks, he wrote me that he was returning home, and was bringing Janie with him. He asked me to get some new furniture for the house. This meant that I had to make a fifteen-mile trip to town in midwinter. The days were short, and I had to take the baby with me, so I made arrangements to stay overnight in town with some friends. They helped me make selections of carpets and furnishings, but I didn't use the best of judgment in my choices and my expenditures were far too elaborate for a country home. My sole thought, however, was to make the house seem attractive and home-like to Janie.

I had the hired man meet us with a conveyance. It was only a heavy farm wagon, for as yet, we had no light wagons or buggies. We were all greatly excited and very happy when Frank and Janie arrived. Janie had not hesitated to come home with her father, and Frank was overjoyed at her willingness. She was a beautiful, sprightly, intelligent girl, and

Frank was very proud of her. He had so longed for her, and so wished to see her, and she had so willingly left her friends for him, that he was very happy. We all took her right into our hearts, just as if she had always been with us.

After a week or so, we took her to town to meet some of our friends. I planned to have some of my young lady friends come down for a week-end visit with us, but Janie said "No, I would rather play with the children and get acquainted with the home, first." Of course, we were pleased to hear her say this. I offered to buy her a new dress at the store, but she said "No, I don't need the dress. Father bought me a nice one before we came away." Then she added, "I should like, however, to have some of that nice, bright-colored calico on that shelf -- not much of any one piece, but a little of several different pieces." She wanted to make quilts!

Janie had discovered a roll of those shinplasters we had brought across the Plains with us, and she asked what they were. I told her, and explained to her their worthlessness.

"I'll bet I can get rid of them,", she said.

"You may have them if you can use them. I have not tried to pass them for a year."

Janie had the roll with her in the store when she spoke about the calico, but when she offered them to the storekeeper, he shook his head, saying: "No, we can't use them here. I am sorry."

Then he suggested that she go over to the post office and buy stamps with them, for the post office would have to accept them. While Janie was at the post office, I told the merchant I would pay for the calico.

"No", he said, "I am going to give her that calico." We were friends of as long standing as the town was old, and Frank had always done business with him.

"I didn't think Frank was old enough to have a daughter her age", said the merchant. "We were all surprised."

"The neighbors all knew of it", I told him, "but I think none of the people of the town did."

When Janie came back from the post office, she had spent the shinplasters, and we all laughed about it, but she said, "That's better than letting them lie around on the shelf."

For a few weeks we had a most enjoyable time with our quilt-piecing, and our getting-acquainted chats. Janie seemed to love the baby dearly, and the little boys as well, and I anticipated delight days ahead for us both as our friendship ripened.

It was now getting along toward spring, and Frank was busy getting his cattle out on the range, and was away from home much of the time. One day, to my astonishment, Janie suddenly announced that she and Mr. Callaway were thinking of marrying! I thought she was only joking, but her mind was firmly made up. Frank tried to dissuade her, but she was determined to follow the dictates of her heart. Frank could hardly give her up. through all these years he had longed for his little Janie, and now that he had her, charming, lovely, and doubly dear, it was hard to have to lose her. To him she was still a little girl, and he had all the sensitiveness of a mother to her first-born.

Frank saw her only twice after she left us. When we passed through the Boise Valley thirteen years later, on our way from Texas to Washington Territory, we saw Janie again. Her home was a long way off our road, but she came to our camp and stayed two days with us, bringing her four children. Some of ours, by that time, were nearly grown.

We had a very pleasant visit, and Frank delighted to see the lovely group of grandchildren -- Kenton, Nellie, Kitty, and Frank. To little Frank Callawasy, his namesake, he gave a nice mare. These children have since grown to splendid manhood and womanhood, reputable, creditable citizens of their communities. Frank now operates a big stock ranch in Nevada, and he will tell you that his grandfather Fulton gave him, his start in horses.

Again, in after years, during his long illness, Frank, knew his time in this world was nearing its close, had a great longing to see his little Janie again. He sent for her to come, and once more he found much comfort in her presence.

It was my good fortune a few years ago to spend some time with Janie and her grown children. Her husband and my husband had both passed away years before. They welcomed me so affectionately that my heart's love went out to them, and I regret exceedingly that their grandfather could not have been more intimately acquainted with Janie's children.

Janie had made a success in raising her children -- not children any longer, for most of them have graying hair. I have visited with them often recently, and they have all adopted me as their real grandmother; and, in fact, I am the only grandmother they ever knew.

Frank spent most of the following summer on the range with his cattle. He and Frank Robinson went farther out to a new range, which made long intervals between his visits home. We were always so glad to see him when he came home, and the baby was now so cute and sweet, that he tried to come home as often as possible. The hired men, being old-timers on the place, could go ahead with the farm work very well in his absence. In fact, the next year he rented his farm to them, and devoted all his time to his increasing herd and to preparing feed for their winter use.

Now that the railroad was finished, the Wells Fargo Company established an express service. This, in connection with the rail service, permitted us to get such articles as we needed. Our little families were growing fast, both in size and in numbers. The children were subject to colds, croup, indigestion, eczema, etc., and we expected that whooping cough and measles would follow. In preparation for such exigencies, I bought a copy of DR. GUNN'S MEDICAL ADVISER, a very elaborate and comprehensive treatise on the cause and cure of diseases, especially those of children, and containing simple household remedies for hundreds of ailments. It also contained a supplement which gave instructions in obstetrics. This was a great help to me, not only here, but later, for I have always lived on the frontier where a doctor was not always to be had. All we needed, in connection with Fr. Gunn's book, was to know what the disease was; the remedy was easily found. It served our purpose very well, and was the only doctor we had in our family during the remainder of the time we lived in Idaho.

I wish to tell here of the baby girl born to Doc Callaway and his wife that summer. This little bit of humanity was so small as to weigh scarcely two pounds at birth, and its cry was only a squeak. We had no baby incubators at that time, but we wrapped it in flannels and cared for it on a pillow. It lay so quiet for several days that we could scarcely tell it was living. At times the mother would ask me to hold a looking-glass over its face to ascertain if it was breathing. We fed it from a spoon with a few drops of its mother's milk. Sometimes while feeding it, we could detect its swallowing. No one but the mother had any hope of its living. She said her "Billy boy was , at birth, just another little mite of a

child. To our wonder, it lived, and by the time it was two week's old it was taking nourishment from its mother's breast. It was carried on a pillow until it was three months' old. In time, the babe grew into a strong, healthy child, and at maturity was a woman of average size. She married and became the mother of a family of healthy children. One of her daughters has recently given me valuable aid in putting out this little book. I met the mother a year or so ago for the first time since she was a school girl. She is now about sixty years of age. Her daughter is Mrs. Norton, of Caldwell.

That fall, some of the men of our neighborhood conceived the idea of forming a company to buy a herd of those long-horned Texas cattle, which were then being brought in great droves to the Plains of the Northwest, replacing the herds of buffalo so ruthlessly exterminated during the building of the Union Pacific.

Dick Schooler, Warren Lockman, Hugh Allen and Frank formed the company. The cattle were bought through an agent, and were to be delivered at or near Salt Lake City sometime between the middle of September and the first of October. The men, all rigged up for a two week's drive of cattle, started for Salt Lake the last week of September, to bring the cattle home. When they reached Salt Lake, they learned that it would be three weeks yet before the cattle could be delivered. The season had been very dry, and feed was scarce. The cattle became so thin that they were in no condition to be brought on to Salt Lake. They were now feeding on a good range, and the owners thought it best to hold them on it at least three weeks, to allow them to feed and rest up.

But finally the cattle were delivered, and they started on the long drive home. The good feed and the long rest had done much for the cattle, and they strung out at a lively gait, making much faster time than the men had anticipated.

When they were within two days' travel of home, Frank said: "Now, boys, I am going to leave you and go on in, I will reach home some time tonight. You will have but one night out." "All right" they said, "Go ahead!"

Frank reached home about midnight, very tired and hungry, not having stopped on the way to eat, although he had fed his horse and watered it.

During Frank's absence, Dick and Ed had paid me their board money, and with it I had bought a sewing machine. It was called the Home Shuttle. It clamped on the table or could be fastened to a frame and worked with a treadle. Frank was much interested in the sewing machine.

Four of the cows had come back from the range, but I wouldn't let Bruno take them back so I had kept them and milked them, and made butter to sell. My young chicks are large enough to sell, and the hens were laying so well, I had Tom hitch up the wagon and take a load of butter, eggs, chickens, and other stuff to town. With what I sold, I was able to buy about all we would need for winter wear.

"Well, Mama!" Frank said, when I had told him about it, "You are a wonder! You always do better when I am gone than when I am at home!"

"When you are away, I run things to suit myself", I replied. "I haven't spent any of that twenty-five dollars you left in the bank for me. I haven't needed it."

When the cattle arrived they were driven over to our place for branding, as we had good corrals for holding them. Never having seen Texas long-horns before, we considered them a queer looking lot of cattle. They had heavy heads, short bodies, and slender legs. In disposition they were not far removed from their wild state, their native home being the

Mexican and Brazoz plains. During the War many of the southwestern homes had been broken up and destroyed by Indian depredations, and the livestock left to roam the wilds and subsist as best they could. They had become as wild as they were in their primitive state. Handling these cattle was a fascinating, but perilous undertaking.

There was considerable excitement when it became known in the neighborhood that the cattle had arrived. Nearly everyone turned out to see the cattle and watch the branding. The queer appearance of the stock caused the cattle company to have to stand a lot of jollying, and good-natured criticisms, from the neighbors. Doc Callaway was the loudest in his criticisms, but in time he had to endure some gaffing, too.

No one understood branding cattle Texas style, so they built a chute in which to run the cattle for this operation, but it took much longer to brand them by this means, and three whole days were consumed at this work.

The night they finished branding and got the cattle started for the range, my fourth baby was born. Frank wanted to call her Arabella, for me, but I never liked the name. Then he suggested Isabelle, saying: "We can then call her Belle, as I have always called you." The little boys liked that name, too, so we named the baby Isabelle.

The men who had gone into the cattle deal with Frank, either became disgusted with the looks of the cattle after comparing them with the home product, or the ridicule of the neighbors caused them to become dissatisfied, for first one and then another made Frank an offer to sell out to him. By spring he had the whole herd on his hands. He kept them two years, running them on the range with his other herd, and when he sold all his stock in 1872, their increase made him a handsome profit.

CHAPTER THREE

Before telling of my trip to Texas and of the experiences we had there, I will review some of the incidents which influenced us to go.

Hugh Allen and my husband had been partners and business associates for many years. Their partnership was dissolved when their homesteads were surveyed. Now each had a home and family of his own, but their friendship never waned. The love of David and Johnathan could not have been greater than that of Frank and Hugh. They never seemed to tire of each other's company, and though they lived but a short distance apart, Frank always insisted upon having two or three all-night visits from Hugh and his family during the long winter months.

They had met in California during the gold excitement and had tramped from one strike to another, always with high hopes and high expectations, generally to meet with disappointment and disillusionment in the end. As partners and friends, they had roamed in the low green valleys of California, through its deep mountain gorges, over its rugged heights, in their quest for the elusive gold, until at last they found themselves in the new discoveries of the Bannock mines of Idaho. Here, they became discouraged with mining, and turned to a new industry. Buying a pack train of fifteen mules and horses, they began to pack supplies to the mines from the Umatilla Landing on the Columbia River. For two years they followed this occupation and made some money. But one winter, not being able to cross the mountains, they came down to Boise Valley to winter their stock. Here they conceived the idea of locating ranches.

All this I had gathered from hearing their nightly talks. They told of accidents, of dangers, of privations, of hardships, of disappointments, while I listened spellbound. So many and so varied were their adventures that space and time forbid me to recount them. I was always an interested listener, and I think they both appreciated it. Hugh's wife never appeared to get very much interested in their stories, but I would take my patching or knitting, find a comfortable place near the fire, and listen to the men talk until nearly midnight; then I would lay aside my work and get them a good warm supper. After putting things to rights, I would go to bed, myself, and leave them to finish their talk. Usually they talked until the fire burned out and the room got cold.

Hugh and his brother-in-law, Doc Callaway, were preparing to go back to Texas. Being natives of that state, they had never gotten over their longing to return to it. Hugh wanted Frank to go with them, for he honestly thought Texas a better country than Idaho. He was never over-urgent, but he would say: Frank, I think you would do well there." Doc, too, praised Texas by the hour, portraying its advantages over Idaho. He thought we could make money easier by raising cattle in Texas than we could by farming in Idaho. One day I said to him: "Doc, we are doing very well here."

Rising to his full height, Doc declared: "Frank Fulton could get himself twenty-five old Texas cows, turn them out on the range, lie in the shade of an old oak tree, and make more money than he can off his farm!"

We knew he was only boasting, but I got back at him later on.

Frank really wanted to go to Texas to engage in cattle raising. Our present location was not an ideal place for that purpose. I was not in favor of the move. I had an intuitive

feeling that it would not be best for us. Frank and I had several discussions on the subject, and finally after an almost all-night's talk, we came to a decision . Frank was anxious to go, but held back on account of my lack of enthusiasm.

"I don't want to take you against your will", he said.

"You are not taking me against my will", I assured him. "I am perfectly willing to go, if you wish me to. You are the head of the family, at least when it comes to a momentous decision."

"Mama, you won't say 'I told you so!' if things don't turn out as well as we hope, will you?"

"No", I said, "you will never hear any recriminations from me." At that he seemed relieved.

"We must begin to make preparations soon. We won't have very much time to get ready. The others are almost ready to start."

Frank had for himself many more reproaches than I ever gave him, for the move turned out to be a very disastrous one for us. But the others, going back to their old homes with such fond hopes and high expectations, were more sorely disappointed than we. They had left the country before the War, and could not realize what a change the War had wrought upon the South.

The morning after we had made our decision to go, Frank went down and told his friends we would go with them if they could wait for us to get ready. They said that they would not only wait for us, but would help us all they could in our preparations.

Now began some really busy, anxious, perplexing, and strenuous days. We had considerable property to dispose of. We had two farms to be sold, a good-sized herd of range cattle, and a nice herd of dairy cattle. All of it being very desirable property, Frank sold it readily, but he had to allow time payment on some of it.

We planned to take two wagons on the trip, one with a four-horse team to carry the provisions, horse feed, and bulky articles, and one with two horses, for ourselves and some bedding. A man who had heard of our intended trip offered his services to Frank as driver and assistant, in return for his board and passage to Texas. Frank accepted this offer, and gave him employment. He proved to be very faithful and efficient. The two little boys rode with him most of the time, and he treated them very kindly.

Frank had a hard time planning our wagon. He wanted to make it as handy and comfortable as possible. "I want you to have a good, long rest this summer", he said. He little knew then how much cause for thankfulness that well-planned wagon was to be before our journey ended!

He had a carpenter make a double deck on the wagon, the upper part extending out four inches on each side, thus making the upper deck four feet wide, but allowing it to reach only the wagon seat in front. This was the right length for a set of spiral bed springs. The springs had been sent to a merchant as a sample, and we had bought them some time before. They were the only springs at that time, in the valley and they had come from Ogden by ox team. The merchant sold them to us at cost, which was seven dollars.

The four-inch offset on each side of the wagon box was braced with four heavy iron braces on each side, which prevented any possibility of its breaking loose. A solid floor of smooth plank was put in the upper deck, and the springs placed on it. My new carpet was placed on the springs, and on top of it was placed my feather bed -- we had no

mattresses in those days. It was a good bed, and it proved a blessing to me before the end of our trip.

Wagon sheet stretched on bows covered it and protected us from wind and rain, and we added an inner lining to the cover to break the intensity of the sun's rays. In this lining I made pockets to hold my thimbles and needles, and thread, and other articles. When I got tired of holding the baby, or when she wanted to sleep, I could turn and lay her back on the bed without getting up from my seat. Little three-year-old Della had a nice place there for sleep or play. The wagon sheet was fastened so securely at the sides and end that there was no danger of her falling out. At the back part of the wagon cover we had an apron, which we could remove for letting in fresh air.

I love to dwell on the thought of that comfortable wagon, for it represents to me the loving thoughtfulness of my long-departed loved one. He always told me that he intended to make that trip as comfortable for me as he possibly could, because I had so readily consented to our going when he knew I was doing it against my will and better judgment.

At last the wagons were finished and the teams selected. Our wagon had a big, fine team of black mares. "Now Mama", Frank said, "this outfit is yours, and you may always claim it."

But we shall see how my outfit turned out. Frank wasn't thinking of Indians when he made that promise.

The other wagon had two teams, two large horses for the wheel team, and two lighter ones for leaders.

Our arrangements for the journey were nearing completion, but we had another matter on hand, not so easily disposed of.

About six years before, we had taken a little Indian boy into the family -- the little Bruno, of whom I have previously made mention. His age at the time we got him we guessed to be about seven years. When he came to us, we had but one child. Three others had been born since. Bruno was a good agreeable child, and always kind to the children. They looked on him as their brother. But I was afraid they would pattern after his Indian ways, especially would they speak his jargon, which was awkward and hard to understand. Mixed with their baby English, it made an almost incomprehensible lingo. I thought it best not to take Bruno with us. Frank could hardly bear to leave him, for he had been with us so long, but finally he agreed not to take him. He knew a cattle man who would be glad to take Bruno to look after a little band of cattle he had about his place. Bruno was well-suited for this work.

Frank went to see the man, and told him he had decided to leave Bruno with him if we could devise some means to get him away before we started, so Bruno would not know when we left.

The man lived about twenty-five miles away. He came over and stayed all night with us, and took particular pains to tell all kinds of exciting hunting stories in Bruno's presence. He told about a new boat he had made for fishing in the Snake River. He said he was going on a deer hunt next week, and he was sure to kill some deer, for they were plentiful where he hunted. After this we all went to bed without saying anything to Bruno about going home with the man. The next morning the man said, "Bruno, wouldn't you like to go with me on that hunt?"

Bruno looked at Frank for permission.

"Yes, you can go if you want to". said Frank.

"No getum gun, "Bruno said.

The man had brought along an old gun, to meet this very situation, I suppose. "Here , I will give you this gun", he said. "It is a very good one, but I have a better one which I use."

Bruno was so excited about the gun, that for the moment, he forgot all about our journey, over which he and the children had been very enthusiast, as he had always expected to go with us. He ran to catch his pony -- the one Frank had given him. But when he passed the wagon, he stopped and looked back at Frank, as if to ask a question. Frank, divining his thought, said, "Plenty of time."

Then Bruno saddled his pony and was off!

We stood and looked after him till he disappeared up the road. Frank turned to me, with a very sad look on his face. "Mama, I don't see how we ever could have been so hard-hearted!"

That broke me all up! I knew he would never have let Bruno leave if I had not been so insistent.

Giving up Bruno had always been one of the regrets of my life, and yet, it may have been the best for the boy. We left him in the country in which he had always lived, and to the work for which he was best suited. We heard afterwards that he always stayed with the cattle man, and that he was always very trustworthy. We all missed him. The children, especially, were lonesome for their little dark-skinned playmate. Even after we had been in Texas for some time, little four-year-old Della, seeing a half-breed boy coming toward the house, exclaimed joyfully, in her drawling baby voice, "My brother, Bruno! From Idaho!"

In 1914, just fifty years after we had broken up our home in this valley, I came back to visit old friends, and to note the changes time had wrought. While here I heard of a woman who was a member of a large family with whom I had crossed the Plains in 1864. She was then a little girl. I learned where she lived, and visited her. When I told her who I was, she seemed, for a moment, completely stunned. She said I seemed as one risen from the dead. We had a good long talk of olden times. From her I learned the last of Bruno's life.

She said that after her marriage, she and her husband ran a hotel in the mining and stock raising country of Owyhee. One evening Bruno came to the hotel to spend the night. He complained, at supper, of not feeling well. The next morning, when he failed to get up, her husband called in a doctor who said that Bruno had a severe illness, but that he was unable to determine what it was. A few days later Bruno died. He had some money, she said, enough to defray his funeral expenses, and they gave him a Christian burial. It was more comfort to me to learn of his end, than to be uncertain of his fate.

It was out of the goodness of Frank's heart that we took little Bruno into our home. In the fall of 1867, he and another man went out into the wild, untamed Bruneau River country, the only inhabitants of which were Indians and trappers. Frank was seeking a location suitable for a stock ranch. They found a small band of Indians trying, with little success, to catch fish to dry for winter food. Frank's companion could understand some of the Indian language, and he said they were telling a pitiful story of how the miners had

made the waters of the river so muddy that fish could not live there any more; and that hunters killed off all the game or had run them out of the country. During the previous hard winter, all their horses had died. They had been at war with other tribes, and all their young and able-bodied men had either been killed or captured. There was now nothing left of their tribe but a few old men and women, and some children to be cared for. They could find no food, and they were afraid they would starve the coming winter.

The old man who was telling the story pointed to a little boy, and said: "That boy is an orphan. His mother and father were killed by their enemies, and the boy himself captured and marked."

A piece of his ear had been clipped off as a sign that he belonged to a certain man of the tribe who had taken him captive. The victorious tribe later had become so poor they could not keep the boy, and they had brought him back, and now starvation faced them all. The old man was the boy's grandfather.

Frank's sympathy for the sad plight of the little boy caused him to ask the old man if he was willing to let him take the boy home with him. To this the old man assented, provided Frank would "feed him and not let him starve."

The next morning, when they packed up to start home, they took the little Indian boy and put him on a packsaddle, tying him securely with a rope to keep him from falling off the horse. They gave him bread and meat to eat on the way. They gave the tribe the rest of their provisions, keeping only what they themselves would need before arriving home. That night, when they made camp, Frank's friend took a razor, which he had brought with him, and shaved the boy's hair close to his head, then took him down to the river and gave him a thorough bath. Frank had an extra suit of clean underwear, so he put the red flannel shirt on the boy, tying it around his waist to keep it on him. Thus they brought the boy to our home.

I had no material in the house suitable for making clothes, but I made him a pair of pants from a woolen blanket, and a shirt of one of Frank's old ones.

We named him Bruno, from the Bruneau River county where Frank had found him starving.

There was still another member of the family to be disposed of before we could start. This was our faithful old Brin. He was too old to take with us, but parting with him occasioned us all much sorrow.

On Old Brin also hangs a tale, although his own tail as well as his ears were cut so short as to give him a fierce, ugly look. He was a large bulldog of the fighting kind, with short, fine brindled hair, from which he derived his name.

Old Brin, too, came to us in an unusual and rather pathetic way. One day, while I was alone at the house, this fierce-looking old fellow came to the door. He appeared to be barely able to creep along. He lay down near the house, and when I came to the door, he gave me a wistful look from his blood shot eyes, but his fierce appearance made me afraid to go near him.

When the men came from the field, Frank said, "Where did you get the dog, Mama?"

"He came here about ten o'clock" I replied, "and has been lying there ever since. I wouldn't let the children go near him. I think you had better get some of the men to take him off and shoot him."

"Not until we see what is the matter with him", Frank objected. "Looks like he had been in some sort of accident. Did you give him some water, or anything to eat?"

"No", I replied. "I was afraid to go near him!"

"He can't hurt you in that condition", said Frank.

I then got a pan of water and put it within his reach, and he lapped it up as if he were famished. I gave him more, and then gave him some food. Thereby I won his gratitude, and he became the most faithful friend I ever had. In a week or two he seemed to be entirely recovered, and thereafter, wherever I went, Old Brin was at my side. So great was my confidence in his ability to protect us that thereafter I had no fear of bears, lynxes, or other wild animals, nor even of men. No one could lay a hand on me without Brin's interference.

One day, Frank and I were out walking about the place, Old Brin keeping nearby, when for some reason, Frank suddenly clapped his hand on my shoulder. Old Brin, thinking I was attacked, sprang for Frank's throat, but at my command, "Down, Brin, Down!" he immediately became quiet.

It was Old Brin who killed the big lynx, of which I have previously made mention. When the little boys went to school a mile and a half from home, Old Brin went with them, and I felt perfectly at ease as to their safety, for I knew that only over Brin's dead body could any harm come to them.

Once, when I punished him severely for joining with another dog and chasing calves, he took it without a whimper. He wouldn't have taken it from anyone else.

While we were preparing to leave, Frank sold some property and brought home with him a considerable sum of money. He knew that some rough-looking characters in town had seen him receive it, and as he rode home alone and unarmed that night, the long, lonely road, and the thought of robbers, pretty well unnerved him. What to do with all that money to keep it safely through the night, was the perplexing problem.

Finally I said, "We will put it in the box under the stove, and call Old Brin to sleep in the doorway. Nobody will ever get past him to that money." And with Old Brin on the job, guarding our treasure, we slept peacefully.

After we had had Brin for some months, we got a little clue as to his history, but nothing very definite. We heard that a party of men, coming down the river on a raft, had with them a valuable dog. When they reached our part of the country, the raft, in some manner, broke up and submerged. The men escaped with their lives, but lost everything on board. The dog was caught in the log jam, and as they supposed, was drowned. Brin's appearance at our home about this time, and the stiffened, jammed up condition he was in, led us to believe that he was the valuable dog which had been lost. From his marked condition, I am sure he had been used by his owners as a fighting dog. They had, doubtless, gone about the country giving exhibitions of dog fights. With us he found a home where he was loved and cared for. In return for our kindness, he showed his gratitude by being ready and willing at any moment to protect us with his life!

Everyone in the neighborhood knew Old Brin, and there were many who wanted him, but no one could take him away form us and keep him until we came for him, but I knew he would follow us shortly after we started. If we tied him up, he would lash himself to death trying to get loose and follow us. I was the only one who could handle him with safety; so, on the last night of our stay, I put a chain on him and led him down to one of

our neighbors , and tied him to a post inside a building. I told him not to untie him for several days, but to feed him well and give him water. This was the last we saw of faithful Old Brin!

While we were making preparations for our journey, a man living in another neighborhood came to see my husband and asked if he could send his son along with us as far as the Big Thompson Valley in Colorado, near Denver. He said the boy was partly demented, and that his mother was dead. He had a daughter who was younger than the boy, and another son living in Colorado, and he thought it best to send the demented boy to live with the brother. He thought the boy could earn his way by helping around the camp and looking after the stock, and he assured us he would give us no trouble.

These people were strangers to us, but though Frank did not require more help, owing to their hard-luck story and the forlorn, friendless look of the boy, he consented to take him. The boy proved to be agreeable and easily managed.

In this connection, I cannot refrain from relating a little anecdote about these people. One of our neighbors dropped in to see us, and we mentioned that we were going to take the boy, and what the old man had said about him.

"I know them", said the neighbor, "and the old man is crazier than the boy. He has a bad temper, and treats the children so mean that he makes them what they are." Then, as an afterthought, he added: "But the girl can keep up with him! The old man has a big onion patch and raises onions to sell at the mines. One day after the father had given her quite a round, she slipped out a big package of mustard seed and sowed them all over his onion patch. She said she guessed she would give him something to do!"

This story struck me as being so funny, and the manner of revenge so novel, that I laughed most immoderately. Her act seemed fully to justify the power of "tares", for what could be more pernicious than mustard seed thickly sown in a field of onions? Many times since then, in church, on hearing that text announced, this story would pop into my mind, and I could not refrain from smiling.

After it became generally known that we were planning to go, two other families said they would like to join us. One of them was Mr. More, the man who had erected the first flour mill in the valley. He had sold the mill and wished to find a new location. The other was Mr. Greathouse, the man who operated the stage line from Boise to the railroad at Salt Lake City. He also had recently disposed of his holdings, and intended to leave the valley. He and Frank were old friends. We were glad to have such good friends go with us.

Finally, everything was in readiness. On the morning of April 15, 1972, we started on our journey to seek new homes in a new country. There were six families from our neighborhood, and seven wagons: Doc Callaway and his family; six in number; Hugh Allen and his family, six in number; the old man Schooler and his wife (Hugh Allen's wife's parents); Will Schooler's family of five; and our own family of six. In addition we were taking the simple-minded boy of Mr. Madison to drive our extra wagon, making in all thirty-three people and seven wagons.

We started from our place in a body and joined the others fifteen miles farther on. The rest of the train made up of two families, Mr. More and his wife and one child, together with a hired man to help with their wagon; Mr. Greathouse and his wife and three

children -- two boys in their teens and a girl of twelve. He had two wagons and an extra man to help.

In all, the train consisted of ten wagons and eight families -- forty- three people, counting children. Though small, it made an imposing appearance, everything being new and well-furnished. Only five extra horses were taken, and these were ridden by the boys and extra men. The riders expected to kill game on the way, but in this they were to be disappointed, for game was very scarce.

We had a secret, which at the time none dared to mention. Now, after the lapse of about sixty years, I am free to tell it. I am the only survivor among the grown-ups of that train, although several of the children are yet living. Our secret was that the train carried a considerable amount of money, so much that it would have made a fine haul, indeed, for some of the bandit bands which infested the country. Luckily for us, however, we never happened onto any of them. In our small train of ten wagons I imagine we carried with us a far greater amount of money than we did on the former journey in 1864, in which more than one hundred wagons crossed the Plains.

Carrying our money with us was necessary because there was no banking exchange between the different sections of the country. There was a bank in Boise City, but it was merely a local institution. Gold dust could be here exchanged for greenbacks or government bonds, or, the bank would buy the gold dust, pay for it in greenbacks or currency, and send it to the mint in San Francisco to be coined into money. Since the government was trying to hold all the gold for foreign exchange, not much of it ever got back into circulation. The government was trying to make greenbacks legal tender of the country, a move which was much resented by the people of the West.

So, the people of our train had to carry their money with them. My husband, however, did not take with him any considerable amount. He had accepted notes in payment of many of his sales, and most of these he had left with the bank for collection, the money to be remitted later by government money orders.

Mr. Greathouse told me that they had fifty thousand dollars with them. After they reached Texas they had a trying time to find a secure hiding place for the money. Fearful of robbers, they hid it first one place and then another, and it caused them so much worry and uneasiness that it made her almost wish they had no money to lose.

The train was well equipped for travel, and we started out with high hopes of a pleasant and prosperous journey. The second day out we met the stage. The driver told us to keep out a watch, for, at the station the night before, he had heard rumors of Indian troubles. He understood that the women and children from the outside settlements were being brought to the station for safety. He added, however, that he thought there was but little truth in the rumor, and that everything seemed quiet on the main line as he came over. The news gave some of the more timid ones considerable fright, but I told them we would get used to such rumors before we got through. When we reached the station we learned that the trouble was only a private difficulty between a white man and an Indian. The white man had been scared out and had brought his family in to the station.

This was the last of our Indian scares until after we passed Denver and reached the Comanche country. The Indians of the Northwest had been thoroughly subdued during the outbreaks of '66, '67' and '68 and were now giving little, if any trouble. The cupidity and greed of white men gave us more trouble and annoyance on our journey, than dozens of

Indian rumors would have done. In the wake of the railroad, had come all sorts of men. Some of them conceiving the idea of living off the public travel, had fenced up the watering places, thinking to force travelers to buy water; or had built bridges across easily fordable streams, in order to charge a toll for crossing. In most instances they had obstructed the approach to the stream in such a manner as to compel crossing on the bridge. If one tried to remove the obstructions and ford the stream, he would be threatened with the law, under penalty of trespass. The toll fees were nearly always exorbitant.

Once we came to one of these little streams across which a few rough logs had been thrown in imitation of a bridge. A wagon was standing nearby, and a comely young squaw was seated near the bridge. A few poles were placed as a kind of obstruction to herd traffic toward the make-believe bridge. The owner of the bridge had left his squaw to collect toll. The forward wagons stopped and we cast aside the obstructions and crossed the stream. The squaw howled about it and motioned to indicate that her man would come and stop us, but we disregarded her and crossed over.

There were places, however, where some of these bridges were really accommodations, and we were glad to find them. The larger streams, which had given us so much trouble in 1864, had ferry boats on which to cross, affording a safe and easy crossing. While it required more money to travel now than it did on my first journey, yet these conveniences saved time, and eliminated danger.

On the first lap of our journey we found fairly good grass for the horses, but we fed them grain once a day. The road, too, were in good condition. Ogden was a distributing point for wagon freighters to the various settlements, and the roads radiated from Ogden to the different parts of the country.

After traveling several days through the sagebrush desert of Idaho, we came to the Snake River, which we crossed by ferry. Learning here that we were within twelve miles of the Great American of the Snake, we decided to visit this natural phenomenon while we had the opportunity.

We found a camping place on a little steam putting into the Snake, and went into camp. We unloaded one wagon, and in it we drove over the rough country, making our own road as we went, winding here and there to avoid defiles and gullies, until at last we were in sight of the Falls. We stopped on an imminence which afforded us a fine view of the scene, but most of the men and boys went afoot down near the water.

An old eagle had built her nest on top of a pinnacle of rocks in the middle of the steam, and the boys tried to disturb her by throwing at her, but the distance was so great that she was safe from the hand of man. We had heard of her before, in connection with the Falls. Miners said she had occupied that same nest for years, raising her brood in security.

We ate our lunch in sight of the Falls, and returned to camp worn out and tired, but feeling well repaid for our trouble.

I have crossed the Great Snake River Desert three times, at varying intervals, in covered wagons, and we always deemed it one of the worst strips of our journey. Those who had once been over it, always dreaded this part of the road. It afforded no grass except for a short time following the spring rains. It was about one hundred miles across, but the route we traveled, together with detours to obtain water, made the distance much

greater. Part of the way led over solid beds of lava, which made travel difficult and wore the horses' feet.

Nearly all this desert country was covered with sagebrush. The grass which grew from the early spring rains soon dried up, but it retained its nutrients so well that stock not only lived on it, but kept up their strength fairly well.

I have often heard my fellow-travelers say, disgustedly: This is the worst country I ever saw. Not even a jack-rabbit could live here!"

And true, it seemed to have no life save lizards and horned toads. In 1913, it was my good fortune to see it again. Irrigation had made an unbelievable change. Now, thousands of acres of the very finest of land, are producing wonderful crops. This erstwhile desert is covered with fine farms, houses, and barns, orchard and gardens, and produce the most prolific crops of wheat, alfalfa, potatoes, and such like, that I have ever seen in the West. One can hardly conceive of the wonderful transformation that water and the hand of man can accomplish.

The day after we had visited the Falls, we resumed our journey. We were on the road traveled by freighters. It deviated and followed the ravines to the water holes and streams along the way. It was early spring, and the little short grass was still green. Crossing the desert this time was not nearly so bad as we had thought. For several weeks we traveled steadily on, without delay or mishap, and now we were approaching a section of our road which was noted for its brackish water and poisonous springs.

I dreaded this part of the trip, for it would require several days for us to cross it. I recalled our experience of 1864 when a number of our train had drunk from a nice, clear-looking spring and had been poisoned. None of them had died, but we lost two of the oxen. I planned to avoid a repetition of the occurrence on this trip, and accordingly we filled our jugs and demijohn with good water, and planned to be very careful about our drinking.

One day we came to a nice, shady place, which was covered with soft green grass, making it ideal for our nooning, and we stopped for lunch.

Doc Callaway found a clear, cool spring of water, which was boxed up tight, with close-fitting planks for a covering. He opened the lid, and from the smell of the water, decided it was a sulfur spring. Getting a cup to take a drink, he called to the others: "Here! I have found a sulfur spring. All of you come and take a drink of it. It is the very thing you need!"

Some were busy with their work, and didn't go, but several took their cups and went to get a drink. When they got a whiff of the water, it smelled so badly that not many of them drank it. My husband wouldn't drink it, nor would he let the children drink. I did not go to the spring, for I was busy caring for the baby.

When Frank came back, I said, "Did you bring me a drink?"

"No", he said, "the water smells so bad, I am afraid of it."

"Sulfur water always smells bad", I told him. "I will take a drink from the jug, but perhaps we had better make tea with the spring water, for our drinking water is getting low."

We made the tea, but it, too, had such a bad odor that my husband and the children would not drink it, and I drank but little. Our helper, Mr. Madison, did not drink it, but the "crazy" boy drank a large quantity.

"Emmett", I remonstrated, "you had better not drink so much; it might make you sick."

He insisted on drinking it, however, saying it was a shame to waste all that tea. The consequence was that all who drank any of the water became very sick. Doc Callaway was so nauseated that he vomited the entire contents of his stomach, which, in all probability, saved his life.

We had brought with us some medicines, some of which were antidotes for poison. After Doc was relieved of his own suffering, he went to work to relieve the suffering of others.

It was late in the afternoon before we were able to move camp, and then we went just far enough to get away from the odor of Doc's "Sulfur Well", as some of the folks dubbed it.

We decided that someone who had cattle grazing about, had closed up the spring to keep them from drinking it. At this time, large bands of cattle were being driven across the Plains from Texas and the Southwest to the Northwest Territory.

The next morning I was feeling very badly, and by noon had a high temperature and feeling of nausea. On examination, Doc said he feared I was in a very serious condition, that I had absorbed the poison into my system, and he could not say what the consequences might be. He thought, however, that we had better move on, and as soon as we reached a suitable camping place, we would stop, and he would see what he could do. Late in the afternoon we found a good place to camp, and immediately Doc began to try to alleviate my suffering.

We laid over at this place for three days before Doc said I was any better, but he wouldn't pronounce me out of danger yet.

"We will go on", I said. "I think I can stand the travel."

Three other mother in the crowd had nursing babies, and amongst them they supplied my six-months-old babe with nourishment. There was no milk to be had otherwise, not even condensed milk, for, as yet, it had not come into use. I shall never forget the kindness and faithfulness those dear neighbors of mine displayed in their care for me and my family on that memorable journey.

My husband was almost beside himself when he found that I was in such critical condition. He was filled with remorse and regretted that he had urged me to come. Then Mary Callaway, the good, motherly soul that she was, took him in hand and cheered him up. She told him she was sure I would get well, but that he must not let me see him worrying so much.

After several days, Doc said the crisis had passed. If we could get some suitable food, he thought I would recover. But it was hard to get the proper food. My stomach was so excessively tender from the severe inflammation that I could take nothing solid. The boys hunted diligently for game, but could find only some small birds, and occasionally a rabbit. The women made me soups from whatever foods we had with us, but our stock consisted principally of dried fruit and rice. We drove steadily along, my burning stomach craved its coolness. Jimmie Callaway and one of the Greathouse boys, knowing of my craving, made a long ride one day and brought me some snow in their hats. But Doc, fearful of the consequences, forbade me to eat any of it.

Now we were coming into a country where the water was more plentiful and the grass was more luxuriant. There was also a little game. Soon we would reach some of the outlying Mormon settlements, where we hoped to be able to obtain milk, butter, and eggs; and perhaps some early vegetables. I still had butter, packed in stone jars, which I had brought from home, bit it tasted a little strong. We also had some old potatoes left, but we had no milk to make soup of them.

When we got proper foods I began to recover rapidly. Just three weeks after I was taken sick, they lifted me out of my bed in the wagon and placed me in my little rocking chair by the fire. It was a time of rejoicing for my husband and children when they saw me out among them once more. The women brought my babe to me and put it into my arms, advising me, however, to give it the breast for a short time only, at first. From now on I mended rapidly, and in a week's time I was able to get out of the wagon by myself, and to resume the care of the baby. But as I could not give it the full amount of nourishment it required, the women still had to help me for a time.

We were approaching a more interesting country. Soon we reached the noted Soda Springs and camped one night. Here was a nice cold spring from which we used water, though not twenty feet from it was one which was so boiling hot we could cook eggs in it. Soda Springs did not interest us much. Few of the people of the train would even taste its water. And I doubt seriously that Doc Callaway did, although he said he had.

The train now decided to go by Salt Lake City to see the sights of the noted place, so we hurried on, wishing to reach it as quickly as possible.

Arriving there, we spent one whole day in and about the city. We saw the Beehive House, where Brigham Young domiciled thirty-three of his wives. We drove all around it and observed the four beehives on the cornices at each of the four sides, signifying that all in the house were kept busy. It was a large building. Each wife was allowed two rooms for herself and family, and no two wives were required to live together.

Brigham's first wife, whom he married before he became a Mormon, never lived in the Beehive, but occupied a large, nice-looking white farmhouse, built on the hillside a mile or so away, but in plain view of the Beehive, overlooking the city and surrounded by a forty-acre farm. A Mormon guide pointed it out to us. He said that the farm was the dower of Brigham's first wife.

A few years before, Frank had spent three weeks in Salt Lake City, while waiting for the delivery of a herd of Texas cattle, and had become familiar with all the places of interest. He took me to the Temple which was then being constructed "without sound of saw or hammer", according to King Solomon's plan. To see it the better we got out of the wagon and walked about it. The basement was finished to about three feet above the level of the ground. I will not attempt to describe it. It is really above my power. It had then been in process of construction for twenty years, and it was thought that twenty years more would be required to finish the building.

We found a nice place to camp, down on the shore of the Great Salt Lake, near a street on which there were very good-looking houses. Most of them were made of lumber and were painted white. The appearance of the homes indicated that their owners had prospered, for these were the second set of buildings.The first set invariably were made of logs or adobe. Some of the new houses were made of logs, also, but they were nicely hewn and plastered with lime. Each house had its acre lot, planted to orchard and gardens.

The orchards, however were mostly seedling peaches. I presume that planting the seeds was the easiest way to get an orchard, for as yet all commodities had to be hauled a long way. The people had plenty of berries of all kinds. One lady gave me a half gallon of gooseberries. After my recent illness, what a treat they were! They were just what I wanted. When I offered to pay her, she refused to accept anything, saying that it was one of the tenets of her religion to be "hospitable and liberal to the stranger without." They were just as liberal with their vegetables.

During our stay here we had a feast of good things, and we took with us as many as we could use while they remained fresh.

While in camp I had several pleasant chats with the Mormon women. They all had full faith in Brother Brigham, as they called him, and they thought him an inspired prophet of God. They thought it was the inspiration of God which had led him to this desert land where he had built up such a wonderful, self-supporting community! But it would take whole books to tell of their sufferings and hardships, of their toiling and sacrifices, of their patience and endurance for the sake of conscience! It seems to me that it was their own spirit, as well as that of their leader, that made the conquest of the desert. And it was faith in their religion, and in their God, that gave them strength and courage to carry on.

We left this camp refreshed and encouraged, with a general good feeling toward the Mormons.

Denver was our next objective. We made good time, arriving there without hindrance. When we reached the Big Thompson Valley near Denver, Emmett, the foolish boy, came to me and pointed to a house down the valley, saying: "Yonder is the house where my brother lives, and I guess I will have to leave you." But he appeared very loath to go. We stopped, while he got his few belongings together and packed them on his pony. With tears in his eyes he bade us good-bye, and started off down the trail. This is the last we ever saw of Emmett and his little white pony. I hope his brother gave him a kind welcome and a better home than he ever had with his cross, old father.

Our train had planned to turn south when we reached Denver, and go on to Texas by way of the Wichita Cattle Trail. But in Denver we heard some very disquieting news about Indian troubles. The Comanche tribe, becoming incensed at the cattle drives, were threatening vengeance. Being unprepared for hostilities, we decided to go east for a distance, then down through the plains of western Kansas. This decision pleased some of the members of the train who wanted to go to Arkansas anyhow, but it added five hundred miles more to our journey and required two weeks longer travel. From Denver we traveled eastward for a few days, then took a southerly direction.

One evening, about camp time, very dark and ominous looking clouds suddenly arose to the northeast of us. The storm was rolling up fast and furious, with vivid streaks of lightning zigzagging across the sky. We hurriedly made camp and put things in order. Knowing that there would be heavy winds, some of the men took the precaution to throw ropes across their wagons and lash them down to stakes which they drove into the ground. Some of the men staked their horses out, while others tied theirs to the wagon wheels.

It became suddenly dark, and the storm broke on us in all its fury. The force of the wind was tremendous. Thunder reverberated incessantly. The sky was lighted with the rapid flashes of lightning. The rain fell in torrents, accompanied by hail.

As the darkness settled on us, I put the children in my bed, placing them in a row at the head. I told them to lie very still so they would not wake the baby, who was sleeping soundly at the foot of the bed. Noticing that Frank had not returned to the wagon, I set out to find him. After much shouting I discovered that he was sitting under the wagon, holding to the halter ropes of the two black mares. The wind suddenly veered to the south. This brought the full force of the storm against the front of the wagon, where the covering was weakest, and I feared that the fastenings of the apron flaps would break loose and expose us to the elements. Bearing the full weight of my body against the canvas, I held the loosened pieces with my hands.

While the storm was still raging, the children began to wriggle about and to make a disturbance. I called to them to lie still and be quiet, lest they wake the baby.

"There is water in the bed!" cried Johnny.

"That can't be helped now", I told him, "there is water everywhere. You must lie still and keep quiet. I can't possibly leave here now."

I heard no more from the children. The storm passed as suddenly as it came.

As soon as I could leave my cramped position, I lit the lantern and went to see about the children. I found them lying in a veritable pool of water. The rope thrown over the top of the wagon had stretched so tightly that it caused the canvas top to sag, and the water had leaked through in a stream. It had soaked through the top covering of the bed, but the feather tick held it, in consequence of which the children were lying in a pool. Their warm little bodies had heated the water to a like temperature, and they were not suffering from the cold. Fortunately, the water had not reached the baby, and she had slept through all the turmoil of the storm.

Frank tied the horses to the wagon wheel and came inside. Seeing the situation we were in, he said: "Now, what is to be done?"

"First, see how the other wagon is ", I ordered, "and bring back some blankets."

When he returned with the blankets he said the other wagon was in better shape, The hired man had not tied it down and it had not leaked so badly. Furthermore, he had taken the precaution to cover the bedding with empty sacks which had protected it from the rain. The children's bed was comparatively dry. Frank then took the little boys and put them into their own bed.

By this time the baby had awakened. Frank took the covers off our bed and shook the water from them as best he could. Then he took the feather bed to the front of the wagon and poured out the water it held. On turning the bed over, he found that the underside was not wet. Two blanket which were folded beneath the feather bed were fairly dry. Little three-year-old Della was wrapped in one of the blankets, and with the other I wrapped myself and the baby, who, it seemed, had occupied the only dry place in the wagon, and being wrapped in a little woolen shawl, had slept snugly and warmly. But we all slept in rather moist bedding that night.

After seeing to our family, Frank went the rounds to see how the others had fared in the storm. Some of them had suffered worse than we, others not so badly. The covers had nearly been torn off two of the wagons, and it was only by might and main that the occupants held it sufficiently to shelter their little ones. None of the wagons had been blown over; no one had been hurt, and all felt thankful that the damage was no worse.

Most of the horses had broken loose when the storm was at its worst, and had gone on a wild stampede. How many were gone could not be determined until morning.

The next morning only seven horses could be found in camp. three of them were ours, the two mares Frank had held during the storm, and one horse which the hired man managed to hold. As soon as they had eaten their breakfast, Frank and three other went to seek the run-aways. The trail was soon found, and the horses were easily traced on account of their number. About ten miles from the camp they had separated into small bands of three or four each, and were found grazing about in several different places.

It was nearly dark when the horses finally were rounded up, and the men had to make their journey back to camp after night. That they might the more easily find camp, we lighted lanterns and kept the campfires burning brightly. This, the men said, proved a great help, for they saw the light from a ridge overlooking the valley in which we were camped, shortly after they got started, and on determining their course, they made straight across the country, the shortest way. Their route took them over some very rough, hilly country, where there was no trail to follow, but after much difficulty they reached camp about eleven o'clock at night. They had eaten nothing since early morning, and, of course, were hungry, and very tired. We had used all the fuel we had on hand in keeping the beacon lights burning to guide the men to camp, and we saw no way of collecting more fuel in the darkness to make fires for cooking supper for the men, who. probably would have gone to bed supperless, as well as dinnerless, had it not been for the foresight of Mr. Madison, the hired man. He had diligently collected fuel all day. But having in mind some such contingency, he had held back a supply sufficient for this purpose, unknown to us. This enabled us to get the men a good, warm supper.

While the men had been hunting the horses, the women and others left in camp had not been idle. We had stretched ropes from the wheels of one wagon to another, to serve as clotheslines, and had dried out all the wet bedding and clothes. We also did some extra cooking, which helped us next morning in preparing breakfast. Having but little fuel for cooking breakfast, we all used the same fire to make coffee and tea, and thus we got an early start.

Although we had resumed our journey in good time that morning, we did not travel far, because of the horses being so stiff and sore from their wild stampede during the storm. We camped early in the day.

At this point my sister and her family were to leave us. As I previously mentioned, they were on their way back to Missouri. Now, we had come to the parting of our way. They would have a six hundred mile journey before reaching the old home, which they would have to travel alone. They planned to go directly to the line of the Union Pacific and follow it all the rest of the way to the Missouri River. Aside from the loneliness of the journey, there was nothing in particular to be feared. The country was now entirely free from Indians, and we apprehended not trouble from that source.

That night Frank asked me if I wanted to go with them. He said that if I desired to go, he, too, was willing, and that we would go to Missouri instead of Texas.

"No, we will go to Texas", I said. I knew that his heart's desire was to go to Texas to raise cattle, yet for my sake he was willing to make the sacrifice.

On that morning the wagon train waited until my sister and her family got ready to start, and we all watched them as they pulled away -- one solitary white topped wagon,

going its lonely way into the vastness of the open Plains. I looked after them till they were out of sight, thinking sorrowfully of their long, lonely journey; thinking, too, that I might never again see my sister. But four years later, when I visited my old home in Missouri, we met again. Thrice did we part, never expecting to meet again, and yet a fourth time, many years later, we met in my home in Washington.

From the point where my sister left us, we traveled in a more southerly direction, intending to cross the high, western plains of Kansas, diagonally, taking a course that would bring us to the western part of the Indian Territory. We knew, or had been told, that both wood and water were scarce along this route, but this way would shorten our journey at least a week.

The country was covered with a short buffalo grass, or mesquite, which was very nutritious and afforded good horse feed. While at Denver we had replenished our horse feed with Indian corn. This being a feed to which our horses were accustomed not at all. They at first refused to eat it, but Frank, wise to the weaknesses of horses, hit upon a plan to make them eat it. Putting some of the corn in their food bags and dampening it with water, he sprinkled it over freely with flour. Before they realized what they were doing, the horses ate the grain. Soon they began to relish it. In a short time the horses were eating their corn without its having to be disguised.

We found the water supply not only very scarce, but of a very poor quality. There were but few running streams, and what water we found was mostly little ponds, or "buffalo wallows". I had seen many of them in the Missouri in the early days. These depressions filled with water during the spring rains. Having no outlet, the water remained until it was evaporated. In its last stages it became very foul and unhealthful. We often saw snakes, lizards, and frogs of all sizes and descriptions, scuttling away as we approached these water holes. Yet, it was from such places that we obtained our water supply for many days of our journey, and the effects of using this impure water soon began to tell on us.

Fuel was so very scarce that for many days we traveled without so much as seeing a stick of timber of any kind. Not a bush or tree grew anywhere. Even the buffalo chips, which we had used so freely in 1864, were very scarce along this route. From the extremity to which we were put to obtain fuel arose a little incident which gave us not a few troubled hours, but in the end it proved amusing.

Early one morning we passed a pile of cedar posts, cut from what seemed to be a very stunted growth of cedar. Evidently they had been hauled there from a long distance. Here was something we could use for fuel, and accordingly the men took some of the posts. Frank cautioned them not to take too many, saying that if the owner missed them he might follow us and make us trouble. Since conscience make cowards of us all, the stolen posts were carefully hidden in the various wagons. The post we took was covered up in the wagon our hired man drove. We drove on at a lively gait until noon time, but we made no fires, contenting ourselves with a cold meal. As yet, no one had followed us to demand restitution of the purloined property, so we felt pretty safe, and were just hitching up to start again when we saw two men on horseback coming across the country at a lively gait. From their dress we knew they were cowboys, and we had a sort of guilty feeling that they might be the owners of the posts. They rode up and greeted us in friendly fashion and made inquiries as to where we were from, and where we were going. They said they were

holding a band of cattle on the range, back beyond the ridge, where there was a little stream of water. They had seen our train, and had come down to have a talk with us.

By now, most of the train had hitched up their teams and were ready to go. Mrs. Greathouse, young and inexperienced in the ways of the world, and I were listening to the men talk. It flashed into her head that the cowboys were the owner of the posts. She thought it only right and proper that her husband should pay for them, so she spoke up quickly and said: "Henry, hadn't you better pay these men for their posts?"

He gave her a frowning look, and Frank gave me a shake of the head, whereupon, I moved toward the wagon, and said quite loudly, "We must be moving! All the rest are waiting for us!"

The cowboys had not observed our confusion. They were loath to have us leave, for they met with so few people to talk with.

After we got started, Frank said to me, "Mrs. Greathouse did a very foolish thing. She might have caused us all to be held here several days. You know we are entire strangers here, and don't know anything about local customs."

"You evidently thought I was going to say something, too" I said.

"No, I just wanted you to make a move", he answered.

That evening, after camping, I found Mrs. Greathouse sitting out alone behind their wagon. Perceiving that she was in high dudgeon, I said to her: "What's wrong?"

"I am just mad all over!" she answered.

"Not at me, I hope?"

"No", she replied, "It's Henry! He called me a fool, and now, they will get no supper until he apologizes!"

"That's too bad", I remarked, rather lamely, knowing this was no time to say more.

The next morning Mrs. Greathouse appeared as serene as usual. When I got the chance, I asked her how they had settled it.

"Oh, I was wrong, of course. Henry didn't exactly call me a fool. He just said: 'Are you a fool?"

"He left you to answer the question for yourself", I suggested.

"Yes, she answered. "I know I did wrong, but I thought they ought to pay for that stolen wood."

"So they would", I assured her, "had they found the owner. But it wasn't a proper time to hunt for him; and, besides, the men don't call it stealing. They call it 'appropriating'."

"What makes the difference?" she inquired.

"The time, place and occasion", I told her. Then we laughed at our little quibble. We both had pangs of conscience about 'appropriating' that wood. I told my husband I was glad when it was all burned up.

But, in a few days, we would soon be at the end of our troubles, so far as wood and water were concerned. We were now well across the Kansas plains. We had followed no well-defined road, and had made many crooks and turns to avoid rough, hard places. A man on horseback went ahead of us most of the time to select the route we were to follow. Our general direction was southeasterly, bring us to the Kansas line bordering the Indian Territory.

One bright morning, just as we were getting ready to start, a man suddenly shouted: "Oh look!" At the same time he pointed in an easterly direction to a long, dark line on the horizon, not distinctly visible.

"That must be a line of timber, skirting a stream of water!" he continued.

After some moments of careful scrutiny, we all agreed that it was timber. One man, more enthusiastic than the others, threw his hat into the air, and shouted "Hurrah! We are coming into God's country once more!"

We all shared of his enthusiasm, and we started on with revived spirits and the hope that we would soon leave this vast, empty, monotonous plain, and reach a country through which it would be more interesting to travel. The trip, so far, had been very disappointing to the young men and the boys of the train. They had equipped themselves for hunting, and hoped to find buffalo and antelope. But in all this vast expanse of country, not a buffalo was to be seen. The few antelope and deer they saw were wild, and always kept far out of shooting distance. The mad Hegira of 1867-68,, while the Union Pacific was building across the Plains, had, in its indiscriminate slaughter of buffalo and other game, completely denuded the Plains of wild life.

The Indians, who once roved these plains in great numbers, were now either in the reservations or driven to other haunts. The only buffalo to be found were now in the Staked Plains of Texas, far to the southwest.

Now, those vast plains lay ready for the civilizing influence of the plow and harrow; awaited the softening of women and children, the uplifting power of schools and churches -- the only factors that have ever succeeded in building up a commonwealth. Nor would it respond to man alone, Trapper and hunter never built a community. A few years in the wilds, plying their trade, and they seemed imbued with the same wildness and primitive habits which characterized their companions, the Indians. Women and children could bring out the best in man, With them, and for them, he did wonderful things in his conquest of the West.

Events had shaped the land for settlement. With the extermination of the buffalo, the Indian had been forced to seek other domains. In his warfare, he had been subjugated and forced into retirement. The railroad through the country had opened it for settlement.

At the time we saw it, the vast herds of buffalo were being replaced with great herds of cattle. These, at first, were driven farther north for shipment to eastern markets, or for replenishing the buffalo range. Many were taken as far north as Montana and the Dakotas. We met fifty thousand cattle under one management, being driven north in four herds, widely separated to relieve food conditions.

These long-horned, smooth-faced, short-bodied cattle were now replacing the short-horned, shaggy headed, large-shouldered, lumbering-bodied buffalo, which had been so ruthlessly destroyed.

The imported cattle were nearly as wild as the buffalo, but they were not so hard to handle. At first, only droves of steers were brought in, to be used for meat during the construction of the railroad. Later, mixed herds came, and as the industry flourished, blooded sires were brought from the East to better the strain of the cattle. Slowly the barren wastes of the Plains evolved into habitable lands, and the foundation was laid for one of the great commonwealths of the nation.

It has been my peculiar privilege to note these changes. In the year of 1864, I crossed the Plains farther to the north. In 1872, I was one of the very few to cross the Plains in wagon train, going from the Northwest to the South. In fact, I have never known of another train making this journey. It was common for trains to travel from the East to the West, but ours was the only one, so far as I know, to go from the western Kansas to the Indian Territory, thence to Texas. Again I crossed the Plains, going north in 1883, following their more westerly route of the Wichita Cattle Trail.

"On my first trip, I saw the country in its primitive picturesqueness, the Plains full of wild life; friend and foe alike on guard for their lives. In 1872 I saw it in its utter desolation, all its wild life gone. In 1883 I found it teeming with life and civilization; cattle ranches and settlements; permanent homes, schools, churches, cities and railroads. How different now are these great Plains from the time when

"Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk,
and the roebuck;
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of
riderless horses."

In their stead are heard the sounds of industry and the laugh of happy children.

We drove several miles before reaching that green strip of timber land. Then we came to a beautiful, clear stream of water, skirted on either side for perhaps a quarter of a mile in width with a luxuriant green growth, interspersed with fine large trees of walnut, hickory, elm, oak, and many other varieties of timber and an abundance of shrubbery, grass, and flowers. It was a sight to gladden the eyes and cheer the hearts of us wayworn travelers, for we had not seen anything like it since we left our old homes in the East.

It was early in the afternoon when we arrived, and as we had not stopped for lunch that day. We were all very hungry. There was plenty of wood and good water, and we forthwith began preparations for a good, square meal. We would have good hot baked biscuits instead of the dry crackers we had been forced, for a long time, to use as bread.

After we had eaten a good dinner, the men went out to bathe and to fish and hunt. The women took this opportunity to clean up things, do a little washing, and some more cooking. We even made some dried fruit pies. A good camping place, with plenty of wood and water, meant a busy time for the women. We all took great pride in keeping the camping equipment in good shape, and on such occasions we not only cooked, but we scrubbed up all the cooking vessels and washed our clothes and bedding.

In the hunt, Frank succeeded in bagging two nice, large timber squirrels. With one of them I made us a very savory dish which afforded us an excellent feast next day. We reached here about the first of September, and although the nights were still warm, we built up huge bonfires. We had not had wood for so long that we now reveled in its plentifulness. We gathered in groups around the bonfires, and enjoyed ourselves until bedtime. We had met with but few people on our journey, but in some way we learned that the stream was called Walnut Creek.

The next day we saw our first cotton field. Dick Schooler, who was ahead, saw it first and called out" "Look, what a field of cockle-burrs!" What in the world did that man mean by letting such a field as that grow!" Most of us deemed its owner a shiftless sort of man, or at any rate a very lax farmer; but when Doc Callaway drove up, he informed us

that it was a field of cotton, and a very fine one at that. Dick had to stand some gaffing over his "cockle-burr patch". This field was in southern Kansas.

We traveled through this part of the country for several days until we reached Coffeeville, Kansas, where, as I recall it, we crossed the Arkansas River. After crossing the river, the train divided. A part, including Dick Schooler and his parents, Hugh Allen and Doc Callaway, going to Arkansas and the rest to Texas. Those going to Arkansas did not expect to remain there, but went to visit old friends and relatives. Their people were former Texans who still owned their old homes, but had left them during the War, and had gone up into Arkansas, to escape the depredations of the Indians. After their visit, they expected to rejoin us in Texas. Hugh gave Frank minute instructions as to how to find the old home place where we were to stop until they came, and we bade them good-bye for a short time, and parted.

We traveled on as fast as circumstances would allow, but our horses were getting so leg-weary that we had to give them some rest.

It was somewhere in this part of the country that we saw something very interesting to all of us, especially to the children. We camped one evening on a little hillside, overlooking the green, swampy place of perhaps a quarter of an acre in extent. Just as we were preparing to go to bed, some one exclaimed: "Look over there! What can that be?"

We made haste to look, and we beheld a very unusual sight, and a puzzling sight, too, to most of us. There seemed to be thousands of little lighted candles hopping up out of the ground, and dancing around about each other in a movement resembling children playing tag. Most of us ran down to the edge of the bog to investigate, but we found nothing tangible. The flames would leap up and expire so suddenly, leaving nothing but vacancy, as to appear uncanny.

It was the "Jack-o-lanterns' at play. Some of us had heard of this phenomenon, but none of us had seen it before. Mr. Greathouse, the sage of the train, explained to us that the lights were caused by the spontaneous combustion of swamp gases. This explanation satisfied the older members of the train, who, after a time, went back to bed, but it failed to lessen the children's interest in the fairy dance, and they lingered around the place until late in the evening, enjoying the weird spectacle.

We traveled several days further without incident, until we came to a crossing of one of the larger rivers. Before we reached the crossing, we discovered that the woods on both sides of the river were literally alive with armed Indians, hideous in their war paint! The sight of them dismayed us. We stopped the wagons some distance back from them, in a quandary as to what to do, and fearful of being attacked at any moment. Our situation, indeed, was anything but pleasant. We could not hope to escape by flight, nor could we hope to cope with them in battle. For some minutes we could do nothing but gaze at them. The Indians, however, appeared to take no notice of us. Shortly, an Indian came toward us and spoke in a friendly manner. He spoke good English. He appeared to be past middle age, and was doubtless one of the older heads of the tribe. He inquired where we were going, and after telling him we asked what the trouble was on ahead.

He said that a lot of the young hot-heads of his tribe wanted to fight, and that the older ones were trying to prevent a battle. The quarrel had arisen over the election of a new chief to take the place of one who had recently died. There were two political parties

in the tribe, one opposing the newly-elected chief, and the other supporting him. The contention had become so hot that the young people had gone on the warpath and were seeking to stir up a war within the tribe. They had not yet come to a clash of arms, but the opposing forces were drawn up on either side of the river, ready for battle. A report of the trouble had been sent to the Government at Washington, the old man informed us, and it was hoped that the contention might yet be settled without a battle. Something like an armed truce existed at this time, with "watchful waiting" on both sides. We asked him if it would be all right for us to cross the river.

"Oh, yes", he said, "you will not be interfered with at all."

When we had crossed over, the Indians on the farther side seemed to take no notice of us, either, but we put as much territory as possible between them and our camping place that night.

We never learned how they settled the trouble, but it appears to me that these "older heads", as he called them, used much better judgment than some of our "older heads" in governmental affairs do now under similar conditions. But, of course, the Indian was a savage, and we cannot expect so much from him as we can from our own highly-trained statesmen and diplomats.

One evening we found a very desirable camping place, near a large, well-kept farm. We noted the well-appointed farm buildings, corrals, and outbuilding, and especially the big, fine white house. There were also a number of Indian teepees clustered about. In the pastures were well kept cattle and horses. Everything about the place had the appearance of prosperity. We conjectured that it was the holding of some fortunate white man who had early secured this excellent location and with the coming industry had built it up into a very fine ranch.

Frank went to seek the owner to ask permission to camp nearby for the night. He was met by an Indian who assured him it would be all right, and showed him where to find good grass on which to stake the horses for feeding.

We camped here and prepared supper. Not long after we had eaten, we were visited by a very large, finely-built Indian, with a pompous air, wearing a white shirt and wearing good clothes. Quite impressively he introduced himself to us as "Johnny Pancakes", monarch of all we surveyed! These vast possessions which we saw about us, he said, were his, and that he had "much more land, and many, many more cattle out on the range!" In fact, he said, he was "very, very rich," and had "money in the bank."

In giving all this information, he had a personal motive, probably a two-fold one. Finally, after many "very, very's", all calculated to show his importance, he led up to the purpose of his visit. He said he had a son going to college in the East, who would soon graduate. He was educating the son to live as a white man, and he wanted him to marry a white girl.

"If a white girl will marry my son, I will make her very, very rich", he said. "I will give her many, many cattle, and much land, and she shall have money in the bank!"

He discussed, very logically, his ideas or conceptions as to how to elevate his race. As among other things, he said, "White men who marry Indian squaws are no good! They are lazy and indolent. They won't work. They don't care for their children. They care only for the money they can get from their Indian wives." He summed up the situation about as I have observed: A "squaw man" is one of the lowest products of the West.

Johnny said that some free Negroes had come to the community, among whom were some young Negro women, but he did not want any of his young men to marry Negro women.

"It would lower the national standard down, down!" he exclaimed, "down to the very earth!"

In his judgment, the best way to elevate his race was for his young men to marry good white girls. And this was the purpose of his visit, to see if there were any white girls among us who might be willing to give Johnny's theories a trial!

We told him that there were no white girls of marriageable age in our train, but we gave him what consolation we might by saying that he would perhaps find a good white girl sometime who would marry his son.

Before he left that night, he told us that we could have all the milk, butter and eggs we needed without charge. Despite his dignified pomposity, he was very liberal and hospitable. He made no mention of the Indian trouble we had encountered a few day before. It may have been no concern of his, or its possible that he was the chief of his own tribe.

I have often wondered if he ever found a white wife for his son.

This part of the Indian Territory later became Oklahoma, and years afterward, by treaty with the Indians, the government opened it up to white settlement. It became the scene of the "Boomer" invasion, still remembered by those who took part in it.

We came to the Red River, after crossing which, we would be on Texas soil. The river was low and easily fordable, so far as depth was concerned, but we had to be careful to avoid quicksand. The river was well and appropriately named, for its water was red and thick with red mud and sand.

Crossing to the Texas side we found the topography of the country not at all disappointing. The bottom lands were of rich alluvial soil, covered with a fine growth of timber, and the prairies were high rolling lands affording excellent grazing.

There remained but one more day's travel until our train would again divide. The Mores planned to go on to the more populous counties farther south; the Greathouses were going as far as Dallas or Fort Worth to seek a suitable location for establishing a bank, and we were going on west to hunt a good location for a cattle ranch.

The last night we had a rather prolonged social visit around our campfire. The men talked over their hopes and aspirations in the new country; the women, mostly over the friendly, sociable times we had enjoyed together, and their regrets at parting. Although the Mores had never entered freely into our social life, Mrs. More seemed to regret our parting very keenly. We never heard from them after we parted, but we met the Greathouses again a few years later.

About ten o'clock next morning we came to the parting, the Mores and the Greathouses going due south, and we turning to the west. After a hasty good-bye and a hearty handshake all around, wishing each other success in whatever undertaking we might engage, we went our ways.

We reached our destination within three days, without any difficulty, except that once we lost our way, which added ten miles to our journey.

Our destination was the old Allen homestead, situated on Bear Creek in Wise County, Texas, nine miles from the little town of Decatur. We arrived about two in the afternoon, on a Friday, tired, hungry, and dusty, not having stopped at noon for lunch.

I had had a chill that morning, and was having a little fever when we stopped. We made camp in the back yard, under some spreading elm trees, which afforded us good shade. Near at hand was a well of good water. A young married couple recently from Arkansas, were now occupying the house. They were poorly equipped for entertaining company, yet they were hospitable and offered us freely of all they had.

What we most needed was milk and butter. The lady offered to divide with me what milk she had, but she had no butter, She said they had no cows of their own, but had "put up three cows belonging to Hale, the cattle magnate of that part of the country. These were giving only a small quantity of milk, but she said she would "put up some more of Hale's cows".

This was a new thing to me. "Does he allow you to do that?" I asked, with some astonishment.

"He doesn't know it", she replied, "but he won't say anything, for it is the custom of the country. Of course, he won't like for us to starve the calves, and I try not to do that. But they are large now, and the cows, not having much pasture, are not giving much now."

Our coming into this settlement, unannounced, from so far away, caused no small ripple of excitement among the natives. Soon the people of the neighborhood flocked in to see us, mainly from curiosity, I suppose. Never having seen people from the far West, they had formed preposterous ideas of Westerners. One woman said she always thought she would be afraid of them, as she imagined they would be about as savage as an Indian, and about as uncivilized. She was not to be blamed for her opinion. There was no intercourse between the two remote sections of the country, and she had no opportunity to know the people.

As we got better acquainted with the country and heard the people talk, we began to have some unfavorable impressions of it.

My intermittent fever lasted another week before we could check it. My appetite was poor, and I needed a change of diet. I could get no vegetables or eggs in the market. In fact, there was no market in town for such things. We bought a bushel of corn meal, and a gallon of home-made syrup, thinking the children would like it. But it was so poorly made that they could not eat it.

The neighbors brought us all the fresh beef we could use. They refused payment for it, saying that they were trying to kill off all the wild cattle. These had accumulated during the War, being the offspring of the cattle left when the owners fled from the country on account of Indian raids. Nobody owned them now, and they had become a menace to stock raising, for the tame cattle would follow them off and become wild also. It was several years after we came that the country was entirely rid of them.

It was not the fault of the country that it was barren of the necessities of life. The people had left their homes during the War, and were only now returning to them. Most of them had not been back long enough to raise crops. Only a few of them had any means.The others were having very hard times. They had found everything in a bad state of repair. Fences were down; fields grown up wild; houses in need of repair. On some of

the places the houses had been burned and new ones would have to be built. It was like going into the wilds and starting everything all over again.

Some who had remained and braved the danger of the War were now in better circumstances than their neighbors. These generally were large cattle owners, who, during the dangerous period, had maintained a force of cowboys sufficient to protect their property. Others who stayed had lost nearly all their livestock. They were fortunate if they retained even a mule or two for farming. The Indians did not care particularly for mules, but they would take them occasionally. About all these people had left were a yoke of oxen, with which to do their plowing, a cow or two, and some hogs which they let fatten on the land.

We learned that the Indians were still making their monthly raids "on moonlight nights". We were given the assurance, however, that no more raids were expected before spring, when the leaves would be grown large enough on the timber to afford the Indians safer skulking. In the spring, also, the grass was good, and horses on the range would be congregated in larger bunches, and the Indians could make bigger hauls. Our neighbors tried to add further to our peace of mind by informing us that "the Indians had not stolen any children from the settlement for several years", and that the captives had all been returned, excepting one boy who was still held for ransom.

"But the parents had to pay a pretty heavy ransom to get their children back", I was informed.

And I with four little ones! Ugh!

Later I saw three of these ransomed children. When I met them they were nearly grown. The boy who was still a captive, was recovered several years after we went to Texas. His parents lived only twelve miles from us. I never met them, but one of their neighbors told me that the boy was never satisfied at home after his return, but always wanted to go back to the Indians. Judging from this, their treatment at the hands of the Indians must have been mild. White children were captured and held mainly for ransom.

We had been in Texas about a week, when a man came to see my husband, and asked to have a private talk with him, suggesting that as there were so many about, they would walk down the road a little way. After their talk, Frank returned appearing very sorry for the man. He said the man had told him that he had been given notice by a "vigilante committee" to settle up his affairs and leave the country within ten days. He wanted to sell Frank his cattle. He had brought them from one of the lower counties, and he said they were a better grade of milk stock than the local cattle. Frank looked at the cattle, and finding that the man had not misrepresented them and that the price was reasonable, he bought the herd.

The man told Frank that he was charged with stealing cattle, but that he was not the only cattle thief in the country. "There are others who will steal cattle also", he said, "and they are the ones who are now driving me out of the country."

He said he had never stolen cattle as a business, but only to keep even with those who stole from him.

"You will be able to keep the cows you have bought from me around the place. Do not let them out to range. Some of the calves and yearlings are from these cows, and I would keep them all about the place; but you may not be able to hold the others in, and in

consequence, when spring comes, you will not find all of them. But I am selling them so cheaply that you can afford to lose a few."

The milk varied our menu to advantage. Our diet of cornbread and fresh beef was not good for us, and the children were beginning to feel its ill effects. Oh, how I wished for butter to go with our cornbread! In my weakened condition, the strong foods were not good for me, although I always liked cornbread. Frank could hardly eat it, but the children enjoyed it although it was new to them. They called it "cake", probably because it was baked in a round pone. We had plenty of sweet crackers and sweet biscuits, but the children had become so tired of them while on our journey that they refused to eat them. They grew so fond of milk and cornbread that they quit eating meat altogether. Having no way to save cream, I could not yet make any butter.

Frank was out most of the time looking the country over, trying to find a suitable location for us. One day he said to me: "If you feel able to ride a short distance, I want you to look at a place I can buy, if it pleases you."

I said I could go, and he saddled a horse for me to ride, and I went with him.

The place was in better condition than most of the surrounding farms, for the owner had stayed with it during the Indian scare, but it was far from being what I would have liked. There was a big rambling, poorly furnished dwelling house, set in the midst of a peach orchard; a good sized barn, and some outbuildings. The pleasing feature, to me was a fine spring of cold, soft water, and the nice, clear stream flowing from it to the barn and cow lots. Frank was also attracted by the spring. He said it, and the stream were worth the price we were asked for the place. I made no objection to his buying it, for it was getting so late in the fall that we needed to be under shelter. He closed the deal, and we became owners of a home in Texas.

With the place, Frank got a crib full of corn and a stack of oats, and I bought a few chickens from Mrs. Caddell, the wife of the man we bought out. From her I heard another disconcerting story.

"I couldn't raise any chickens last summer, at all", she said, "on account of the snakes robbing their nests."

"Snakes!" I ejaculated. "What do you mean? I never heard of that before. What kind of snakes?"

"Oh, didn't you know?" she said, "we call them chicken snakes. They are long, big fellows, and almost black. They seem to make a business of robbing hens' nests. They wait until the hen is just ready to hatch, then swallow every egg under the hen at one feed. They robbed more than a dozen hens from me last summer."

"Good land!" I thought to myself, "what next? Poverty, Indians, cattle thieves, snakes! What kind of a country have we struck?"

After making some improvements on our house, we had a very acceptable home. We had shelter for the family, and some cows and chickens, but we still lacked many of the comforts we should have had. Not being able to get them in Decatur, Frank decided to make a trip to Dallas, sixty miles distant.

Still feeling anguish, and fearing a return of the malady, I was continually dosing myself with quinine. Baby was not well, either, so I hired a young widow with two children to stay with me while Frank went to Dallas. Her baby was in a worse condition

than mine, and we doctored it with such remedies as we had on hand, but she was so negligent of it, that I threatened to send her away if she didn't do better.

When Frank started to Dallas, I charged him particularly to bring me a churn and some milk vessels. I warned him that I was bound to have some butter, or I wouldn't stay in that country. The fact that no one had butter, I laid to mismanagement. Later, I learned that many of the farm women managed to have butter most of the time.

Frank not only bought me the churn and milk pans, but he also bought a cook stove, a bedstead or two, a table, and a looking glass, as well as a quantity of flour, sugar, coffee, tea, syrup, some dried apples, and other staple groceries. Although he brought back a big wagon load, he had bought rather conservatively, for he realized that his money was going pretty fast, and that it would be some time before we would have any income.

Because of the poverty of the neighborhood, he disliked to make known the extent of his purchases, but the young widow was here when he returned, and it was soon noised about the country, and the prodigality of his purchases were greatly exaggerated. Before the winter and spring had passed our little stock of supplies had helped tide over many of our neighbors in their want and sicknesses, and we were happy to feel that we had even this little to divide with them.

Soon we had our first churning of butter. I had been saving cream while Frank was away, hoping to have a churning on his return, What a treat was that butter and that churn of buttermilk! Frank and the hired girl had to have hot biscuits and butter. The children and I wanted cornbread. Both orders had to be filled. I had a few eggs, and I would also have made a cake, but Frank said "Since the children like cornbread so well, and it is better for them than cake, you had better not start them on cake again."

Six weeks after we had established ourselves for the winter, the two Schooler families pulled in, accompanied by two other families from Arkansas. They arrived in the midst of a cold storm, but we had room and shelter for them all.

Because of an accident on the road, Hugh Allen and his party were detained another three weeks. Hugh's mother and his step-father were coming with him. His mother, an old lady about sixty-five, had fallen while getting out of the wagon, and had dislocated her hip. Hugh had to make camp and wait there until she was able to travel. His step-father was a permanent cripple from a broken hip. Hugh's sister and her husband were also of the party. The Schoolers and their kin were at a loss as to what to do, and sought Frank's advice. This, Frank was loath to give, knowing that if things went badly, he might be blamed. He advised them, however, to try to find shelter for the winter, and to get feed for their horses. Since feed was scarce here, he thought it likely that they would have to go to some of the lower counties to get it. He advised them not to try putting their horses on the range during the winter in their travel-worn condition, as they were not used to ranging, and probably would not live through.

Poor old Mother Schooler was a chronic grumbler. She spent most of her time anathematizing the country, and everybody in it. She told Frank she thought he "had better sense than to pull up and take that long, wild-goose chase and stop in a country like this."

"What about you?" he answered.

"I just came because the rest of you did". she retorted.

At this point, I spoke up. "I could have stopped Frank with a word, but I did not choose to take the responsibility."

"Then you are to blame", she came back at me.

"Yes, partly, for Frank's coming', I told her, "but not for the others."

Frank was very sorry for the old people. They were along in years, and the old man was very deaf. I tried to inspire a little jocularity into the subject.

"You ought to be glad I got here first", I said. "When I came, there wasn't a bit of butter in the whole country. Now I have three pounds waiting for you. which do you prefer, hot biscuits or cornbread with your butter?"

"Oh", she expostulated, "I don't want any cornbread! I had enough of it in Arkansas to last the rest of my life!"

Frank helped the Schoolers find a place with a house large enough to shelter both families. Although it was badly run down, by making some improvements they would have a very good place. It was cheaper to buy one of these run-down places than it was to rent.

The house was soon put into condition to live in, but the old lady was never satisfied there for a minute, and she lived an unhappy life as long as they stayed on the place.

Frank was sorry for Hugh. This stroke of hard luck on the road, and the disappointment he would have when he got here, would make it doubly hard. Weather conditions looked pretty bad, and the old-timers were predicting a hard winter for the stock.

Hugh and his party arrived within the three weeks' time prescribed. The party included the families of Doc Callaway, Hugh's brother, Tom Allen, their sister, Mrs. Eades and family, and the old crippled pair, neither of whom ever again were able to walk. They had four wagons, eight head of horses, and I think, some milk cows. The Schoolers were related to Hugh by marriage, and all the folks who came with them were cousins of Hugh's.

Tom Allen, having a better knowledge of conditions, and being shrewd in a business way, at once sent four or five of the wagons to the lower counties to buy corn. Although we had enough for our own need, Frank felt that he should help finance the deal, especially on behalf of the Schoolers, whose financial condition was not as good as the others.

Hugh and Tom moved into the old home place, taking their crippled mother and step-father with them. Tom, although married, had no children, and always cared for the old people. Doc Callaway bought a place nearby, and later in the spring Hugh bought a place for himself. The neighborhood was now a compact body of friends and kinfolk.

Because of the scarcity of feed and range conditions, cattle were being offered for sale very cheap. Frank, keeping in mind the advice of the vigilante victim, refused to buy. He advised the others not to buy, either. But Doc, thinking he had found a bargain, bought a hundred head. By this time he had spent most of his money, reserving barely enough to last them through the winter.

"I can lose half of them, and they will still be cheap", he insisted.

Doc had so much confidence in the range that he wouldn't buy corn for his horses, but Hugh and Tom saw that he had corn for them.

Frank hired a man and began to repair fences, burn brush and weeds, and prepare for next year's crop. Always foresighted, he first laid in a generous supply for winter. About the first of December it set in stormy. Cold, chilling rains, alternating with sleet. Kept up all through the winter months, and made it very disagreeable for the unsheltered stock. This winter was the hardest and longest that the old timers could remember. To us from the North, who expected to find Elysian weather. It was discouraging. It began to tell on the stock. The cattle and horses on the range, already in poor condition due to the lack of nutriments in the grass, began to gather around the barns and corrals, hoping to get a mouthful of feed occasionally. The cold, sleety storms chilled them to the very marrow of their bones. They sought shelter in the fence corners or woods, and stood humped up day and night against the storms, not even going out to seek food. Their moaning and bawling was pitiful. they seemed to belong to no one in particular, or at least to no one who could care for them. We had little enough feed for our own stock, and could not spare a morsel of our precious hay and grain for those starving cattle congregated about our place. We had ten head of cows and heifers which we were anxious to save, three of them with sucking calves. I quit trying to make butter, and let the calves have most of the milk. But I could hardly bear to feed our own cows, and see so many others standing around starving.

After particularly stormy nights we would find numbers of them lying dead, their emaciated bodies stiff and stark, but their sufferings at an end. When spring came, they were lying about by the hundreds, and had to be removed.

The loss fell principally on such big stock owners as Mr. Hale. Yet the people accustomed to milking his cattle would also feel their loss very keenly. The system of letting people take up cows to milk did not result in much good to the cows, for they were deprived of the opportunity of fattening on the summer range, and when winter came, they were turned out in a weakened condition to rustle as best they could. It further engendered a lazy, shiftless habit among the people, for some of them had followed that practice for years, and had lost the ambition to get some cows of their own. But this winter changed the custom, as there were so few cows left for "putting up", and the newcomers objected to their stock being so subjected. I, for one, became much incensed over it when it came home to me later in the spring.

Winter broke about the middle of February, and soon signs of spring made their appearance. The men began to clear away the dead cattle, and get ready for spring seeding.

Because of the bad weather, and my ill health, I had not been able to see much of my fellow-travelers, and it was not very comforting to meet even the ones I did, for they were all thoroughly sick of the country.

The old lady Schooler made it a point to come over and "discuss the country" with me, as she said, but I know she came because she was lonesome. She seemed to blame me, in a measure, for their coming here, and I once said to her: "Don't you remember, you were all ready to go before Frank decided to come, and you waited two weeks for us to get ready? Don't you remember, our first winter in Idaho, how long and cold it was, and that your son Dick went over the mountains for a supply of food, and was snowbound and couldn't get home all winter? Don't you remember that Frank stopped at the Grand Ronde Valley and bought his supplies, and just managed to make it over the mountains before the

snow got too deep to cross at all, and that he got back with enough provisions to keep all of us through that long, hard winter, until Dick got back in the spring? You remember all that, don't you?"

"Oh, yes" she replied, "I remember all that."

"Well", I assured her, "we outlived the hard times there, and perhaps we can outlive them here. I think it is best to give the country a fair trial. You know, we can't control the weather in any country, and the weather here has been our worst inconvenience so far. We may just as well possess our soul with patience and bear it. Spring, you know, will soon be here." Had I then known it, I might have quoted from Shelley:

If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

This talk cheered the old lady up considerably, she said, and she went home feeling better.

But I held a little grudge against Doc Callaway for over-estimating things, to get Frank to come here. Although I think Doc himself was the most disappointed of all, and suffered more on account of it than Frank did, I couldn't resist saying something when I got the opportunity one day during the winter. Doc rode up to our gate one cold, drizzly morning, wearing an old cloth cap pulled down over his head, and an old overcoat and mittens to protect him from the rain and cold. With a whip in his hand he looked a pretty fair imitation of a winter-time cowboy, minus the high-heeled boots and jingling spurs. I heard him ask the children if they had seen any of his cattle around. The situation was so incongruous and so different from the picture he had drawn of Texas, that in a spirit of mischief, I called to him:

"Oh, Doc! Why aren't you lying under the shade of that old oak tree?"

This "riled" him a little, and he replied, rather testily, "I don't want to hear anything about that now!"

As he rode away, Frank said reproachfully, "Why, Mama! How could you!"

"The chance to remind him of what he had said was so good that I couldn't help it". I said.

Doc tried bravely to save his cattle, but in the final count he had only twenty of the original one hundred left. This heavy loss in his first venture so crippled him financially that he was never able to get a range herd again, and his disappointment was so great that he never liked the county after this first hard winter.

This spring an epidemic of dysentery of "bloody-flux" broke out in the community, caused, no doubt, by lack of proper diet. Luckily my own family kept well. This I attribute to the fact that they were better nourished than the others of the neighborhood, and given a more balanced ration. Having no yeast for bread-making, I used a process called "salt-rising", which caused the dough to ferment in itself, and made a more wholesome bread than did yeast.

Now my little hoard of luxuries came into good use among the sick folks. I baked much light bread for them for the sick people could not eat the cornbread at all. Eggs were very scarce in the community, and while I was getting a few, I wanted to save them for setting, but Frank said, "No, Mama, you must take them to the sick folks."

Everyone was liberal, and kind, giving freely of whatever they had and taking on the burden of other households. The nearest doctor was ten miles distant, but in some of

the worst cases he was called to administer medical treatment to the sufferers. The worse cases were women and children.

What a boon to those sick folks that sack of rice proved to be! I had brought it all the way across the Plains from Idaho on my journey. We got so tired of it on the way that none of us would eat it, and I was sorry I had brought so much. Now I was glad. And the tea Frank had brought from Dallas for me, how the women relished it! Their own poor fare had not included such dainties as rice and tea.

Noticing how fast my supply was dwindling, I said to Frank: "My tea will soon all be gone if I spare any more."

"You must spare it", he said. "I will get you some more."

Sixty miles was a long way to go for a package of tea, and I was sure there was none in the little town. No one ever bought anything there but coffee and tobacco.

In due time the malady abated, without loss of life in the community, and with the coming of spring the people began to recover and prepare for work. By the first of March the weather was nice and warm. The grass on the range was so good that we turned our stock out to graze. We had not sustained losses among the stock we had put up to feed, and I think we found few of those that lived on the range during the winter.

Now that Nature smiled again, everyone assumed a more cheerful attitude. The winter had not really been a long one, such as we had in the North, but it was so different from what we had expected, that it seemed long indeed to us.

The hired man now began plowing, and I began planning for my garden. We had been told that only early gardens could be raised in this country, and that they never planted Irish potatoes because they would not keep through the summer. However, I resolved to try it. I had saved about a bushel of potatoes which Frank had brought from Dallas, and also some sweet potatoes which I expected to plant. We had brought with us from Idaho a flour sack full of garden seeds.

I insisted on getting my garden in as soon as possible, but Frank wanted first to sow his wheat. After a few discussions, we compromised the matter by letting him have his way. He intended to sow only a small acreage of wheat, anyway. He had meant to sow his wheat in December, but the ground was too wet. He had but little faith in the spring variety, but it made good hay.

We planted a good, big garden. It was rather amusing to hear the comments of people who happened in while we were making the garden. Most of them thought we were only wasting our seeds. Some of the women said they would also like to plant a garden, but had no seed, so I gave many of them seeds.

The Irish potatoes yielded well, but as we had been told, we found that they would not keep in the ground all summer. The heat caused them to rot. However, we dug them early and put them in a shaded place and had potatoes all summer. My garden exceeded all expectations of the neighborhood.

After that, many others began raising gardens, and before we left that country, everybody raised gardens. The reason they had not tried it before was that the little store at Decatur did not handle seeds.

Our peach orchard bore wonderfully this year, and to those of us who had not tasted a fresh peach for so many years, they were a treat. Before we left Idaho we had put out a young orchard of peach trees, but it had not come into bearing at the time we left.

I bought a few more chickens and got ready to set some hens. About this time the lady's chicken-snake story was brought forcibly to my mind. An old lady, a relative of the man from whom we had bought our place, came to see me, and in our talk, something was said about the snakes on this place. She use to live here herself, and knew something about the matter. I asked her about the snakes eating the eggs.

"Yes, they did", she said, "but Mart (her son) was too lazy to get up at night and kill the snakes, like I used to do, and they just took the place."

She said the snakes nearly always came at night to rob the nests.

"But not always", she said. "I had a hen settin' in the woodpile; an' one day I heard a noise, and I knowed the hen was bein' disturbed. I went out barefooted to see what was the matter. While I was a-climin' round over the woodpile, the firs' thing I knowed that old snake had me by the heel! I jumped off the woodpile and let out a yell, but the old snake hung onto my heel!"

Horrified at this recital, I explained: "Didn't the snake-bite nearly kill you? Wasn't it a poisonous snake?"

"Oh, no", she said, "these snakes ain't very pisen, nor they ain't very vicious, either. But my heel got awful sore. The old snake was a big one, and his teeth had an awful hold, and when I jumped, his weight tore my heel awful bad. But we put some antidotes or something on it, and it soon got well."

"Set the hens as near the house as you can", she admonished, "so that you kin hear the noise. I 'most always set my hens under the floor, or put 'em in boxes in the house."

I was fortunate in getting competent help that summer and we rid the place of snakes.

Frank sold a span of his best horses and bought a team of oxen for breaking new ground and hauling rails out of the woods. We kept the team of black mares, and one of them brought a nice little colt, but the mother sickened and died of the "Texas fever".

When the leaves put out in the spring people began to feel uneasy about Indian raids. Every light of the moon, reports would come that an Indian or so had been seen lurking in the bushes. Nothing came of these reports. Our representative stockmen and officials assured us that the government was keeping a strict watch on the Indians, and that at the first outbreak they would be put on the reservation. This had been the instruction given by General Sherman on his tour of inspection. The State also had a company of sixty rangers on the frontier, and there was a company of voluntary rangers under Captain George Stevens which could be called at anytime. So, with all these assurances of protection, our uneasiness was finally assuaged, and we went about with a sense of security.

Nevertheless , we shortly heard the most startling news of the worst Indian outbreak the country had known for some time. The Indians, about four hundred strong, had come in from an unguarded way, making a long circuit, gathering up horses. The State rangers followed them until their horses gave out, then the Volunteers took up the chase. They overtook the Indians and made an attack. The Volunteers were outnumbered, and doubtless would have been wiped off the earth, had not one of the men escaped and brought reinforcements from Fort Richardson, twelve miles away.

The effect of this maneuver was dismaying, for we knew that the Indians, emboldened by their success, would return again. Captain Stevens was wounded, two of

his men were killed, and sixteen of his horses were lost. The raid had not reached our neighborhood, as it had been diverted by the action of the Rangers. Otherwise, we might have been in the midst of it. The Indians were driven far back, but we felt that we might expect them again the next spring when the leaves afforded them good hiding places.

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There was one man in our neighborhood whom I heartily disliked. He had a good opinion of himself, and didn't hesitate to show it. He was also boastful of the deeds he had done during the War, some of which would have been better left untold. He was a frequent visitor at our house during the winter, and he always made it a point to stay for dinner, saying that he had been having such a delightful time with us he had not noticed how late it was, and had meant to spend only a few minutes with us. But he always stayed to eat.

Frank, hospitable and courteous as he was, sometimes got pretty nervous during these visits, especially of they were made during good weather when he could be out working instead of entertaining a visitor.

We thought that when spring came, his visits would stop, but they didn't. One day, I saw him coming, and I said to Frank: "Yonder is our visitor again. There will be no dinner here today until he leaves."

"The hired man will want his dinner", Frank said.

"The hired man can wait", I said decisively.

I knew that the hired man would enjoy the joke. He had heard me threaten to do all sorts of things about that visitor. I went out to work in the garden, and Frank invited the man to go with him to attend something he had to do. I worked in the garden all morning until the hired man came to dinner. Seeing no move being made towards preparation of dinner, the visitor took the hint and excused himself, saying he had some important work to do that morning.

We all laughed about it after he was gone, and hired man said he would be willing to go without his dinner entirely just to see that man outwitted.

"That man", I told them, "has a wife and little children at home, almost starving; and here he is, out bumming his meals! I am sure his wife is trying to make a garden right now! You better try to get rid of him, for he is going to get no more dinners here unless he happens in unawares."

He didn't come so often after that.

I met his wife, and she appeared to be a nice, refined lady. I had even been in her home, and I saw that it was nice and clean, and well-kept, but barren of furnishings. She well knew her husband's shortcomings, and woman-like, she tried to hide it from others, saying that "he isn't very well". I thought I would make a different diagnosis, but I didn't tell her so.

A few weeks later, I had another cause for grievance against him. One of the best cows we had was due to freshen soon. One day I said to Frank; "You must go and see about our new cow. She may have a calf by this time."

Frank returned without the cow. "Did you find her?, I asked.

"Yes, I found her."

"Then, she hasn't a calf yet?"

"Yes, she had a nice little heifer calf." "Well, why didn't you bring her home?" I saw that Frank was hesitating about something.

"Well", he said reluctantly, "our visitor has her up in his cow lot and is milking her. He said his children were nigh on to starving, and they had not had milk all winter and spring. He told me he had always been able to get cows off the range before, but last winter so many had died that he could not find any other cow."

This was the situation, indeed!

"You know, Mama", Frank added, "I couldn't take the milk from those little starving children."

"No", I agreed, "and I wouldn't ask you to do it; but I would just like to have the hiring out of that lazy man to a good master! I have no charity at all for a lazy man, with a wife and starving children!"

Then I thought of the calf. One cow can not furnish enough milk for such a large family and the calf, too. But there seemed to be nothing to do but let him keep the cow and milk her all summer. And this he did.

We kept a watch on the next cow to freshen, and brought her home before somebody "put her up".

The new settlers didn't take to this custom, and as the people were able, they got cows of their own and abandoned the annoying custom.

One day, late in April of the first year we were in Texas, two gentlemen rode up and asked for my husband. It was nearly noon, and Frank invited them to stay for dinner. I had not made much preparation for dinner that day, and I was reluctant to set them down to the meager fare.

The younger man was a doctor, recently graduated from a medical college in Kentucky. His home was in Denton, and his name was Inge. Having heard of our new settlement, he thought it might be a good place for a county practice through the summer and fall, after which he would return to college to take a course in surgery. He asked if we could give him room and board for the summer. Frank told him I would be the one to decide, for on me would fall the additional work.

Remembering the recent epidemic, I thought it might prove a blessing to the community to have a doctor at hand, but I also felt that the extra work was more than I should undertake, and that my table fare, while suitable for hard-working people with good appetites, might not meet the doctor's requirements. After thinking the matter over, I finally left it to the doctor himself to make the decision. I told him to look at the room and decide whether or not it would be acceptable, and that the dinner we had today would be a fair sample of most of our meals.

"I find it very hard to get much of a variety of food in this country", I said.

The doctor said he would risk the food, for he was sure he could eat whatever we did. Seemingly pleased with the arrangement, the doctor left, with the understanding that he would be back next Monday.

I made the room as comfortable and handy for him as I could, covering the puncheon floor with the nice carpet I had brought from Idaho. I hung white sheets over the walls in one corner where he was to have his office and medicines. Quilt-making being one of my favorite diversions, I had plenty of bedding for him. I had already improvised a dresser of a dry goods box over which to hang a looking glass, and this I put in his room,

keeping for our own use the one small mirror I had bought in Idaho that first year. I gave him the use of my new bedstead, and had everything arranged as best I could when he returned.

When he saw that we had deprived ourselves of the large looking glass, he insisted that I take it back, saying that he had with him his shaving glass and would not need the large one.

Some of my hens were sitting when the young doctor came to stay with us, and one day I remarked in his presence, that my hens would soon begin to hatch, and that we must look out for snakes.

"What can we do about them?" asked Frank.

"Have your guns ready to shoot them", I told him.

Then the doctor spoke up. "I will help you kill the snakes. I am used to that kind of work. I always killed the snakes where I lived, but here I have no gun."

"Use one of mine", said Frank. "I have plenty of guns."

One night, soon afterward, I heard a disturbance under the floor where some of the hens were sitting. I arose quickly and lighted a lamp. Raising a floor board, I put the lamp under, and surely enough, there was a big, black snake, looking at me with his beady eyes, a partly-swallowed egg in his mouth. The doctor came and shot him, but he had already swallowed ten of the eggs. When the next disturbance arose, the doctor was on hand and killed the snakes before they destroyed many eggs. We killed thirteen robber snakes that summer. I was sitting in the entryway one Sunday morning when I heard a slight noise behind me. Turning, I saw a big snake crawling up the log walls of the pantry. The walls were unchinked, and the snake had threaded himself in and around each log until his full length was intertwined. I called Frank, who was reading nearby, to get the butcher knife and come quickly. Then seizing that snake firmly by the tail with both hands, I held him until Frank whacked off its head. It took all my strength pulling against that snake to hold him in that position.

I suffered innumerable losses that first summer from the snakes; nevertheless, I managed to raise about a hundred chickens. Other people in the neighborhood were waging war on snakes, too. Some had dogs trained to hunt and kill them. In time they ceased to be a pest, and we raised our chickens without further annoyance.

Many snakes in that country were deadly poisonous. There were also tarantulas and centipedes, whose sting or bite often proved to be fatal. We had many unpleasant things to contend with, but the most annoying and obnoxious were the seed-ticks and chiggers. There was no ridding of them. Every blade of grass and every small bush seemed to be the home of vast numbers of the vile little pests. To us, the North, where such thing were unknown, they were very annoying, and gave us further cause for disliking this country.

The "norther", those extremely hard storms coming so suddenly and frequently, caused us much anxiety and inconvenience.

"The Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
in the dead of night, or the blaze of noon!"

The young doctor stayed with us all summer, or about six months, all told. He was so agreeable, and fitted in so nicely that he seemed like one of the family. At first he did not get many calls. As he expressed it, "The country seems to be wretchedly healthy!"

Later, however, calls began to come, and wherever he went he was very successful, and soon became much liked in the community. Shortly after he came, he had a call to one of the older settlements, seven or eight miles out, to see an old lady who was at the point of death. He relieved her, and inasmuch as she was the mother or grandmother of nearly everybody in that community, her cure was a great boost for him, and thereafter they would have no other doctor but him. Many whom he attended were too poor to pay him for his services, and to such people he never even presented a bill. He said doctors always had bills of that kind, and that they had to make it up off those who were better able to pay it.

That fall we had to lose our good doctor. He was going back to college. Now that he was leaving, he wanted to know what our charges would be for his board and room during the past summer. We told him there were no charges.

"I can't let it go that way", he demurred. "Why, you even have done my laundry work, too!"

"Yes, doctor", I said, "but you know, Belle (the baby) had a very severe case of cholera infinitum, and I might have lost her had you not been here. You nursed her through all her sickness."

"Oh, I can't make any charge for Belle!' he exclaimed. "She and I are such good pals!"

I saw that the tears were starting in his eyes, and to make the situation more pleasant, I said, "I know you can't, Doctor, but I am going to call it even on account of the snakes you killed. See the nice bunch of chickens you saved for me. I never could have gotten Papa out of bed to kill the snakes, as I did you!"

At this we all laughed, remembering how we had killed the snakes.

"Then I will leave you all my medicines", he said, "and will tell you as nearly as I can how to use them. They may save you some expense later. I will have no further need of them. I am gong back to college to study surgery."

We bade him good-bye, and urged him to come back to see us when he had finished his course, which he promised to do.

After finishing his college course, he came to see us again, as he had promised. But at the time, my baby Frank was only ten days old, and I was not able to enjoy the nice visit I would have had otherwise. He told me of his college work; of winning the class prize -- a fifty-dollar surgical set, for his scholarship, which was presented to him at his graduation; how bouquets had been thrown at him from the audience until the stage was covered with flowers; how he had been congratulated and given so many handshakes. When he bade us good-bye this time, we did not see him again for many years. He later became a prominent doctor and made a name for himself in the medical world.

The people living about here when we came were addicted to the use of tobacco. Not only the men, but the women and children used it in some form. Taking snuff and pipe-smoking was common among the women. None of the women of our train ever used tobacco, but here we found everyone using it. The girls said it preserved their teeth.

We began a campaign against tobacco, and waged it so vigorously that in time we almost completely stopped its use, especially among the younger people. Our efforts, however, were confined to the women folk and the children. We knew it was hopeless to try to do anything with the men. One woman who had come from Illinois before the War,

said that when she first came to Texas she felt much as I did about tobacco using; but when the War came on and everything appeared so hopeless, and the people could see nothing but despair ahead of us, "in our despondency, we just took to using tobacco."

"Not long ago", she continued, "I told my husband that it was a sin to spend the earnings of our little boy, who works at the shingle mill, for tobacco when he needs clothes and shoes. My husband said, 'If you will quit tobacco, I will quit it. But I know you won't quit.' " he said.

"God helping me", I told him, "I will hold out! I won't commit that sin any more! And I have sent for you, Mrs. Fulton, to tell you that I am with you in this fight, and I will do all I can to help you to put a stop to all this tobacco-using among the women and children. My children are young yet, and they have not begun its use, and I don't want them to get into the habit."

This lady and I were strangers at the time of our conversation, but we later became warm friends, and we lived neighbors for many years. She passed away only recently, at the age of eighty-five, faithful during all these years to the vow she there made, never to use tobacco again.

Her husband held out faithfully for some time, but man-like, he finally fell from grace and got to using it again.

Another young married woman told me she quit tobacco because she was ashamed to use it after knowing what we thought of the habit.

In this manner we gradually broke up the use of tobacco among the women and young folks.

Along about this time a neighbor woman, in delicate state of health, came to me and asked if I would help her in her extremity, I said I would be glad to help. She said that the old midwife was too old to practice, and "we don't have the money to pay a doctor".

"If you will help me", she continued, "we will pay you as soon as we can."

I told her that if she was willing to trust me, I would do the best I could, and charge her nothing. I did this work only to help my suffering sisters in their troubles.

When the time came, I went down to help her. Everything went off smoothly, as Nature intended, and she got along fine. But this gave me publicity I had not bargained for, and my services were frequently in demand, This worked a hardship on my husband, who in my absences, had to care for the children, when he had other work that should be done. But he never objected to my going.

Their living quarters were the crudest. Short of bedding; short of wearing apparel; only coarse, home-made clothes for the little babes. I have often wondered how these pioneer women ever survived. Could you but see what I have seen in these pioneer homes, you would wonder how it could be. But the mighty part those suffering mothers bore, in the up building of this great country, none but the Recording Angel can ever tell.

That first summer several of our neighbor women put in small patches of cotton, I had never grown any, but I wanted to try it. So I "swapped" some of my garden seeds for cotton seeds, and planted a small lot in my garden. It yielded well, and when picking time came, Frank said: "What are you going to do with your cotton?"

"I am going to do just whatever the other women do with theirs", I replied. But I had no idea what to do with it.

Late that fall I went over to one of my neighbors. There was a great heap of cotton warming before the fire, and all hands were busy picking out the seeds. The woman was carding the lint into rolls. She said she made thread from which to knit socks and stockings for the family. It was a slow process, she said, but by keeping steadily at it, they would soon have enough for two pairs each for all of them. She had six or eight children, all but one large enough to pick cotton seeds. She had a loom and a spinning wheel which she had brought from Arkansas, and she wanted to weave a web of cloth in the spring, provided she could get a bunch of warp thread from Dallas. She expected to spin all winter, and by spring she would have enough for weaving the web. I told her that Frank planned to go to Dallas that fall, and that if he had enough money, he could bring her the thread.

She seemed to me a truly Bible mother:

"She lay her hand to the spindle and distaff;
she worketh diligently with her hands.
Her household is clothed with fine
linen and purple"

but with substantial new cotton clothes of her own weaving and making. She wove her web of cloth, forth yards of it! Some of it was checkered yellow and purple, and was suitable for dresses and aprons.

I was so much interested in her work that she offered to card and spin enough yarn for me to knit my husband two pairs of socks. After Frank once wore the cotton socks, he would have no other kind. Now I had a job on hand. I had to knit for the children too. I hired a widow to help me with the knitting, but she seemed unable to get two socks of the same size. Frank insisted that she be told that his feet were both of the same length, but I could not risk hurting her feelings.

Soap making that first spring was a problem. The people made a soft soap of lye and fat. But this year the hogs had not fattened sufficiently to produce soap grease. Frank had brought me a supply of soap from Dallas, but it was getting very low. Finally one of the neighbor women solved the problem of getting soap grease. She gathered up dry bones, put them in a big kettle and concentrated lye, and after a prolonged boiling, secured a quantity of good, clean grease. By using more lye with this grease, she made good soap. We all had ash hoppers for making wood ash lye. These were large V-shaped boxes, raised off the ground a few inches, and filled with ashes. By pouring water over the ashes and letting it seep through into pans, we obtained lye for soap making. I knew how to make home-made soap from such lye and fats, but I had never heard of collecting fat from dried bones.

Frank demurred at the idea of gathering up bones for such a purpose, and said that he would buy our soap in town. But he learned that there was no soap to be bought.

After much persuasion, we induced the men to gather up a large quantity of bones. These were broken into pieces with an ax and placed in a large iron kettle. Adding the lye, we boiled the mixture for several hours, and on allowing it to cool, we obtained a quantity of grease. This process we repeated until we had enough grease for soap making.

Others in the neighborhood adopted this method, and thereafter all had a plentiful supply of soap. Those poor cattle that had so miserably perished during the hard winter, had not died in vain!

In the spring, after this first winter, the people decided to have a short term of school. A building, which had been constructed for school and church before the War, was still standing, but in need of repairs. After repairing the building, we secured the services of a good man teacher from one of the lower counties.

The fear of Indians on moonlight nights was still prevalent and as some of the children had been taken in the daytime also, some of the parents were fearful of letting their children attend the school, but as time passed and nothing happened, these fears gradually subsided.

Then we organized a Sunday School and Bible study. Though not all of the people in the neighborhood were church members, yet they thought it right to have a church and Sunday School. They believed in God as the ruler and Creator of the universe, and though some of them were wicked and swore viciously, I never heard a single one deny that God was his creator. Many of them hoped for the time when God would bring peace into their lives, as He had to so many others who acknowledged Christ as their Savior. Most of the women were members of a church somewhere. So, when we began to have regular meetings nearly everybody attended, even some of the wickedest men of the neighborhood. I have this to say in their favor, none of them were drunkards! There were no saloons in our little town at that time, and during the twelve years I lived in Texas, I never saw a drunken man!

The second winter passed uneventfully. As spring approached, we began to feel insecure again. Soon the leaves would be out, and we might look for Indian raids on moonlight nights. But as time passed, and we heard nothing of any raid, we began to feel secure once more.

One hot, sultry night in July, I moved my bed out on the porch for a cooler place to sleep. Toward morning I woke from a most disturbing dream. I arose immediately and dressed. Finding that Frank was awake, I told him of my dream.

"I dreamed of horses. I thought I heard them running and nickering. I heard bells ringing and whips cracking. I saw horses kicking and plunging. I heard their screams. I saw Daisy Jane, our black mare, fall down, and roll over and over down a steep hillside. There seemed to be sounds of guns. Everything was in confusion, and it was so vivid that I can't get it out of my mind."

Scarcely had I finished telling Frank of my dream, when one of our neighbors, Tom Allen, rode up to the gate. "Did you have your horses in last night?" he called.

"No, they were all out", said Frank.

"Then, I guess they are gone!" said Tom. "The Indians were in last night, and have driven off a large herd. We are forming a company to follow them, and want you to go with us."

"I will go", said Frank, "if I can get a horse to ride!"

"I think we can spare you one", said Tom. "Come on over as soon as you can, for we want to hurry after them."

Just then an old, stiffened plow horse of ours came to the gate and whinnied. This gave us hope that not all of our horses had been taken.

"I shall not stop to investigate now", Frank said, "for I want to go with the men."

"While you are getting ready", I told him, "I will get you some breakfast and make you a cup of coffee."

"I don't think I want any breakfast", he said.

"Yes", I insisted, "you must eat. You may be gone all day. Be sure to get your guns in shape." He was getting his guns down and loading them, both rifle and pistols.

The company was forming when he arrived, and soon they were in pursuit of the Indians. Twelve of them started out from Tom's place, but their number was shortly increased to twenty. It was estimated that the Indians numbered around fifty, and that they had stolen over a hundred head of horses.

Following their trail to Brushy Creek, a little stream about twelve miles from our home, the men here met a sight to make their blood run cold. A newly made house, unfinished and unchinked, stood in a pretty little grassy glade. It was directly in the line of travel taken by the Indians, and seeing the unprotected condition of its occupants, they had ruthlessly murdered the mother and her two grown daughters. The father, hearing the Indians coming, had run to a neighbors for a gun, and before he could return, his wife and daughters were murdered. One of the daughters had been scalped for her beautiful hair, but the bodies of the mother and the other daughter were not mutilated.

By the time our men arrived the father had become wildly insane, and tried to kill himself. It required several strong men to hold him and take him from the scene of violence.

Following the trail, they came to where the Indians had divided, a part going into the deeply wooded bottom lands of the creek, and following a hidden trail. The men held a council and decided it was better to divide themselves into two groups, and to watch the various outlets of the woods to see if the Indians would reappear and to await the coming of reinforcements. A runner had been dispatched to Ranger headquarters, about twenty-five miles away, and help was expected at any time.

On their arrival, the Rangers selected a number of the men of the posse to go on with them, and hurried after the Indians on the main trail. The others were instructed to cover the outlets of the woods and to watch the back trail for stragglers, so as to prevent any rear attack on the Rangers. Frank and his companions, left to this work, kept close watch over these points all day, but saw no Indians. When night came, and it grew too dark to see, they decided to return home. It was nearly midnight when Frank got in, tired and nerve-wracked. He had eaten nothing since the early breakfast, but he was so wrought up over the sight of those poor, murdered women, especially the girl that had been scalped, that eating and sleeping were far from his thoughts.

The Rangers finally overtook the Indians. In the fight they killed nearly all of the band, and recovered about fifty head of mules and horses. But none were ours, excepting one black colt.

About ten o'clock that morning, after Frank had gone, one of our neighbors came over, and said he had been out on the trail to see what he could find. Not a horse did he find alive, but he said he thought he had seen our big, black mare, Jane, dead up near the trail. The hired man and I borrowed his horse and went up to see if it were Jane, but it was not. We found a big fine sorrel mare shot in the forehead. I must have heard that shot in my sleep! She wore a bell, and in their raids, the Indians generally killed the bell mares. I suppose that was the reason for the confusion of the herd. The loss of our horses was a hard blow for us, but I told Frank that it wasn't so bad as having the family murdered, and that we had much to be thankful for.

Later in the fall, Captain McKenzie of the government troops followed the Indians to the foot of the mountains near the Staked Plains, and surprised them in the Tulsa Canyon, capturing all their horses and equipment. Taking their horses out in plain view of the Indians, he deliberately shot them down, and threatened the Indians a like treatment unless they agreed at once to go to the reservation and stay. The Indians surrendered unconditionally, and thereafter gave no more trouble. But it was several months before any of us felt safe to visit our neighbors on moonlight nights, or even to let the children play in the yard. We from Idaho, came from an Indian country and were not easily frightened by Indian rumors, but now we were facing the real thing, and a warfare different from any we ever knew. Stealing our horses, capturing our children, murdering our women, such thought drove sleep from our pillows, and made us shudder! There was an ugly rumor to the effect that the Indians were aided and abetted by unprincipled white men who lived near the reservations and profited from the Indian raids. There was also a suspicion that the soldiers and officers of the fort, as an excuse for putting the Indians on the reservation, may have incited some of the raids for the purpose of stirring up public sentiment. Some such charges were made at the time General Sherman investigated the Salt Creek massacre, but I never learned whether or not they were ever substantiated.

This was the last raid in our country, but disquieting rumors were yet heard occasionally.

That fall, Frank put in twenty acres of winter wheat which came up and got a good start before cold weather. Several others also put in wheat, and the acreage, though not large, was enough that Hugh and Tom Allen felt justified in buying a threshing machine.

The wheat ripened about the last of May, which to us from the north, seemed an early time for harvest. Frank's crop had done exceptionally well, and all who saw it pronounced it an extra good crop. Frank disliked cornbread, and kept telling me, "After harvest, we will live on flour bread for a change."

When it was cut and shocked, Tom said they would thresh our crop first, taking it directly from the field. But the machine was delayed, and when they were at last ready to thresh, rains had set in, and it rained for two weeks. The weather was very warm; the wheat sprouted in shocks, and soon they were a green mass. Thus, our fine wheat crop was a total failure. Frank regarded it ruefully, saying: "Well, Mama, we will still have to eat cornbread."

The other wheat growers suffered a similar loss, and the threshing machine investment being a loss to Tom and Hugh, they sold it and the next year bought a cotton gin.

Despite the rains, we had a good crop of corn, oats, and millet hay. We also raised some sugar cane from which one of our neighbors made sorghum on the shares. It was very good, and we enjoyed it during the winter.

The next spring, Tom Allen told the farmers that if they would plant cotton , he would set up a cotton gin in the community. This pleased them all very much, and everybody went to work with a hearty good will preparing the cotton fields. Frank used ten acres of his land for cotton raising.

Fear of Indians now being a thing of the past, the people seemed to take a new grasp on life. Many settlers were coming into the country. The railroad had advanced as

far as Fort Worth, only about forty miles distant, and promised to build on to Decatur as soon as conditions justified it.

Nature had been prodigal in her gifts to this part of Texas. She had given it many fine little springs of clear, cold water, affording plenty of good stock water the year round. Timber of all kinds was plentiful, and nuts grew abundantly. A fine grove of pecan trees on our place brought us considerable revenue as the market developed. The bottom lands were rich and loamy, and when cleared of their timber growths, yielded bountifully. But there was one great hindrance to the development of the country. These rich bottom and timber lands were held in old Spanish grants, and therefore were not available to settlers.

The matter of clearing up the titles had been in the courts of Texas for some time before the War, but in the confusion of that period, had been overlooked. Now, after a number of years, it was finally announced that the State could give title to these lands. Families had lived on them, but being unable to get title, had done nothing in the way of improvements, save to build little cabins and clear a few acres for corn patches.

Frank had long had his eye on one particularly fine tract of land lying near our home, and when the word came that these lands were for sale, he arranged to buy it. Three families were living on it, but Frank went to them and asked if they expected to buy the place. They told him they could not buy it, and that they had received notice from the State that the land was for sale, and that the State agent would remunerate them for their improvements.

After Frank bought the land and received his title from the State, one of these people refused to leave. After some little difficulty, they compromised the matter, Frank paying the man more than his improvements were worth. He bought a place near us, got some cattle, and when we came to Washington, this erstwhile stubborn neighbor sold out and came with us. We lived near these neighbors thereafter as long as they lived.

In 1875 we had another short crop. Corn was especially poor, and the mast, or acorn crop on which the hogs fattened, was not good either. This brought the community face to face with a scarcity of bread and meat.

Some time in the following February the men of the community arranged to go on a buffalo hunt. In order to get buffalo or other wild game they would have to go some distance toward the West. Thus far, few had ventured far from home, except in numbers, as there was always danger of meeting hostile Indians. Frank had made preparation to go with them and take his own team and wagon. On the morning they started, I took the baby in my arms, and with little Della following, went to the wagon to say good-bye.

As Frank drove away, I took the children and went to the cow lot to turn out the cow with a young calf. I had milked her the previous summer and I always considered her perfectly gentle. She passed through the gate quietly enough, and I was turning to leave, when Della, who had climbed on the fence to better see the calf, cried out: "Don't leave me Mama! Reddy is going to hook me!"

Seeing the cow shaking her head, I turned back and took Della off the fence. Holding a child in each arm I started to walk away, not looking back. Suddenly, I was given a hard blow on the back which felled me to the ground. I regained my feet, still holding the children, and the cow struck me again with such force as to knock me loose from my hold on the children. Seeing Della helpless on the ground, the cow turned on her and tried to gore her with those long, sharp horns. Failing in this, she trampled the child

and broke one of her legs. The little boys at the house, hearing the commotion, called the dog and sicked him on the cow. I tried to gather the children in my arms to escape when the cow again turned on me. She pinned me against the fence, striking me with her head and horns, breaking my shoulder and knocking out one of my teeth.

Frank had not got out of hearing distance, and the disturbance of the dog barking, and the cow bellowing, attracted his attention. Stopping his team, he ran to my assistance. Picking up a stone as he ran, he gave her such a blow that she turned and left.

I was bleeding freely from the mouth, and the baby was lying prone on the ground, apparently lifeless. Little Della tried to get up, but with her broken leg, was unable to stand. I could stand on my feet, but I was nearly choked with blood. The little boys had run to the neighbors for help, and soon several of them came running to offer their assistance. The hired man, who had started horseback on the hunt, came to see what was detaining Frank, and finding us all in a serious condition, went for a doctor immediately. Frank instructed him not to spare the horse, which instructions he took literally, for he broke the horse's wind, and ruined him as a riding animal for all time.

The excitement had somewhat abated by the time the doctor arrived. The baby had aroused from her swoon, but I was still bleeding at the mouth. After a thorough examination, the doctor thought none of us was seriously injured, but he was puzzled at my bleeding. He suggested that I should try to eat something in order to determine whether or not I had difficulty in swallowing. In this way I found that my tooth was missing. This solved the mystery of the bleeding.

After setting my shoulder, the doctor said: "You are badly bruised, and will be very sore for awhile, but if no complications set in, you will make it all right."

"The baby", he said "has some bruises on her body but I think she will be all right. The little girl's leg is not a bad break, but it is bruised and will need careful nursing."

Thus, he summed up our injuries. Frank paid him his fee, which was only ten dollars for all that work and the ten mile ride, furnishing his own horse. While I am on this subject, I may as well give you the sequel to the doctor's visit:

His name was York. He had not been in town long at the time we called him. After we had left Texas, and had lived in Washington for some time, I met an old neighbor woman from Texas. In our talk over old times, Dr. York's name was mentioned. She said that she and Dr. York were old friends. He had told her of his coming Texas. When he landed in Decatur he had but one dollar to his name. He said he had been there but a day or two, when he was called by a family, living about ten miles away, who had been injured by a wild cow. For this call, he said he had received ten dollars. It was his first fee after his arrival, and it had come as a God-send , for he was penniless. In order to make the call he had hired a horse from the livery barn, and would not have been able to pay for its hire had not the family paid him on the spot! This call he had always remembered, for it had been a timely one for him.

After she told me the story, I said that I, too, well remembered, that it was for me and the children that he made the call, and Frank was the man who had paid the doctor his fee. She thought the coincidence quite remarkable, and so it seems to me.

Frank sent the men word that he would not be able to go on the hunt with them, and for them to go on without him. They went, but finding so many signs of Indians, they

didn't go far enough to get into the buffalo country, and in a few days they returned empty-handed.

My good neighbor, Mrs. Hinds, took little Della home with her and cared for her so effectively that soon she was out of danger of infection, and her leg was healing nicely. She kept her until she was able to walk. Another neighbor, a sister in the church, came and stayed with me three weeks, after which time I was able to be out of bed again. All this kindness was done without charge, as a loving service only.

The next morning after the accident, Frank came to me and said, "What are we going to do about Reddy?"

"What about Reddy?" I asked.

"I thought maybe you wanted me to kill her."

"No, I don't want her killed, I said. "She is the best butter cow I have. You know she was gentle last summer when we milked her. I am to blame. I should not have taken the children with me. How does she act now?"

"She seems to be all right", he said, "but the hired man is afraid of her."

"Tell him to keep away from her, and milk her yourself", I advised. "I have no intention of having her killed. She will be all right when her calf gets a little older."

A few days later Frank came in and said: "I guess I will have to kill Reddy."

Why? Has she done anything else?"

"No, but the neighbors seem to demand it."

"Well, you will not kill her unless she does something", I commanded.

"Some of the neighbors' children passed by her the other day, and she looked at them", Frank explained, "and they ran home scared to death. You know, that doesn't suit their parents."

"But many of the other cows look at children when they pass", I said. "You will not kill her yet."

One day, not long after, a young woman I had engaged to wash for me, came rushing in all out of breath from running. "As I came by, Old Reddy took after me!" she said breathlessly, her eyes dilated with fear.

"Are you sure she took after you?" I quizzed.

"Well", she hesitated, she looked up at me as I passed, and I started to run. I didn't look, but I am sure she came after me a little way."

"Did you come by the path, or by the road?" I inquired.

"By the path".

"That's right through Reddy's pasture", I told her. "Next time, come by the road. I am not going to have her killed until I give her a fair trial. I was to blame for taking the children out where the calf was."

So by much effort I managed to save Old Reddy from slaughter.

My wounded shoulder mended very slowly, and I had the misfortune to hurt it over again, so it was some time before I could do any milking. By the time I was able to try it again, Old Reddy was so gentle that my little eight-year-old boy was milking her.

About this time , or perhaps a few months later, Frank came home from the town with some good news. He had met our old friend Mr. Greathouse in town, and had a good, long talk with him. Mr. Greathouse, you will remember, had gone on south to seek out a location for a bank. He told Frank that after having looked the field over pretty

carefully, he had decided that Decatur was the most suitable place he could find. As yet, no bank had been established in the town. He has investigated conditions, and felt certain that the government would soon have the Indians well in hand. The officers at Fort Richardson had assured him that the frontier would be protected at all costs, and that if he desired to make any investments, it was the right time to do so. He said he had bought a nice little place out from town about a half-mile, to make his home, and was now refitting the house and improving the grounds. He said that he had sent east for a carriage, and that when it arrived, he and Mrs. Greathouse would drive out and stay all night with us. His children were away at school, the two boys learning the banking business.

This was good news. We rejoiced to know that our old friends would be with us again. And Mr. Greathouse being a very conservative man, not given to injudicious advice, we felt that what he said would be dependable. Now that they would visit us shortly, I began to worry over my scant table fare. Frank could see no occasion for worry on this score. He said, "You have milk, butter, eggs, and chickens. What more do you want?"

"I want pies and a cake", I said.

"Make some vinegar pies", he advised. "They are good."

This was a new kind of pie I had learned to make, using vinegar instead of fruit. Frank and the young doctor liked this kind of pie very much.

"All right, I agree, "maybe it will be new to them."

And surely enough, when they came, they liked my vinegar pies so well that Mrs. Greathouse wanted the recipe for making them. She said that she, too, found it hard to supply the table with sauces and desserts. Even vegetables, she said, were hard to obtain. We had a most delightful visit, going over old times and recounting our experiences here in this new country. Her experiences had not been so harrowing as mine. They had spent most of the time in the older settlements where dangers were not imminent and where foodstuff was more plentiful.

As they drove away in their fine, costly carriage, gay with its robes and trappings, and drawn by a splendidly matched team, my little Johnny boy, about ten or eleven, watched them until they turned the corner. Then, turning to me he said soberly, "Mr. Greathouse is a very rich man, but he will never get to heaven."

"What makes you think so", I asked astonished by his remark.

"You know, the Bible says it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than it is for a rich man to get to heaven; and you know a camel can't get through the eye of a needle. So, you see, Mr. Greathouse will never get to heaven." Johnny, you see, had been attending Sunday School and had remembered the lesson!

Thinking it a joke, I later told Mrs. Greathouse about it. She thought it was so good that she had to tell her husband, but she said he didn't take it as a joke at all. He didn't laugh, as she expected him to do, but took it very soberly. Johnny was a great favorite of his, and he had hoped for a better opinion of himself from Johnny. "I'm glad I told him", said Mrs. Greathouse. "It may set him to thinking."

For some time Frank had been thinking of buying more cattle, but the Indian raid on horses made him feel that he would not be able to keep cow ponies. After his talk with Mr. Greathouse, he decided to invest. He already had a small herd on the range, but there was plenty of room for more cattle. Since the hard winter the range was rather barren of livestock.

Frank went down into one of the lower counties where the grade of cattle was better, and bought fifty head of range cows mixed with Roan Durhams. They were a fine-looking lot of cattle. He wanted to keep most of them about the place, and be selective, to get together a lot of good milkers, for milk cows were in demand.

The next spring, selecting ten of the best-looking cows with calves, he put them in the lot to break. Then the fun began!

At this time, my sister and her husband and two children, from Missouri, were living with us. One of my younger brothers and another boy about seventeen had come to make their home with us. They all helped to break those cows. There was considerable danger attached to the work, but it also offered us a lot of fun. When those half-wild cows got to milling around, bellowing and charging in the lot, you may well imagine that

"melee of hoofs and horns, and heads,
that wars, and wrangles,
and scatters, and spreads"

was really no pink tea affair. Even Frank, seasoned cowman that he was, said, humorously, that he never claimed any high degree of valor when afoot in a pen of wild cattle. But my brother-in-law was the one who afforded us most amusement. He had been a soldier in the War, and I had often heard him boast of his fearlessness in facing the guns of the enemy, but now, if an old cow so much as shook her head at him, he would break and run for the fence. After such precipitate retreats, my sister would twit him ridiculously. The fence was an eight-railed , double stack-and-rider affair, so high and strong that no cow could get over it or through it. It made a capital place for a retreat -- at least, my brother-in-law thought so.

The two boys were young enough to be venturesome, and while not experienced in roping cattle, they would stand their ground and finally come out victoriously. There was a snubbing post in the middle of the corral, and when the boys roped a cow, they would take a hitch around this post with the rope, and take up the slack until the cow's head was secure against it. Then they would tie her legs and my sister or I would do the milking.

When we began breaking the cows, my sister said to me: "Belle, I don't see how you can have the nerve to go into that lot among those wild cows again, when it has been only about two years since you had the fight with the mad cow!"

"When I am among cows", I replied, "I never allow myself to think about that incident. I believe that human beings have a certain mastery over brutes if rightly exercised, but fear must never be shown."

Not long after this, we had another short crop, and the mast failing again, caused a shortage of meat in the neighborhood. That winter the men planned another hunt. This time they expected to go out to the real buffalo range, which would take about three weeks. Captain McKenzie had made his last capture of hostile Indians and had them all settled on the reservation, so there was no danger to be apprehended from this source.

My brother Cliff, and the other young man from Missouri, Mason Thurlow, were both eager to go on a buffalo hunt. I insisted on Frank's taking them along, telling him that if they would prepare plenty of wood for me, I could get along nicely with the help of the little boys.

The party consisted of twelve men, They took two wagons to haul back their kill, and some riding and pack horses to get the game out of inaccessible places. When they

started the weather was nice and warm, and it continued so for about two weeks. They went far out into the hunting grounds, and were successful in finding plenty of game. They killed several buffaloes, a number of deer and antelope, and about fifty wild turkeys. Because of the dry season, the meat was not as good as they had hoped to get. The buffaloes were rather poor in flesh; and they were unable to get any two-year-olds, which were always considered the best meat.

The men made camp near a small stream, and in a place somewhat protected by a little rising ground. Having killed all the game they desired, they sent the wagons out to gather up the meat. The weather had been very good during their hunt, but on this particular day, they noted a dark rim of clouds rising in the north, which the old-timers recognized as the harbinger of a "norther"!

They hurried to gather up the meat and get into camp as quickly as possible, for to be caught in that dreaded storm unprotected at this time of the year was a serious thing. There was but little fuel to be had, but they were thoughtful enough to gather up all the dry mesquite they could and throw it on the wagons and bring it to their camp.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the storm broke on them furiously. Frank said the wind was the hardest and coldest he had ever experienced. All the men but one had reached the camp before the storm set in. Frank's wagon, driven by young Mason Thurlow, was still out on the plains, and this occasioned much anxiety in the camp. Darkness settled down over the country almost as soon as the storm struck. They tried to keep the fire burning, but the force of the wind was so great that it blew out the flames. They had one lantern, but could hardly keep it going. In their anxiety as to the fate of Mason Thurlow, several of the men went out from the camp in the direction from which they expected him, and called, but their voices were drowned in the storm. For more than an hour they peered through the darkness, shouting, and trying to keep the light going as a signal to the boy. Finally they heard him coming with the horses. he told them he had not been lost, but that when he came to the stream, he was not able to cross it, and had left the horses and wagon and gone down to find a better crossing. Not finding any place to cross, he unhitched the horses, mounted one of them, and by much urging, forced them into the stream. Knowing that he would freeze if he continued to ride, he dismounted and walked in the lee of the horses, who led him instinctively into camp.

Mason was badly chilled, anyway, and the men wrapped him in blankets and managed to get him some hot coffee. After his chill wore off, he ate some supper, which was the first food he had eaten since early morning.

Frank said they all might have frozen that night had they tried to sleep in their usual way. They had brought to camp two large, fresh buffalo hides which they had skinned that day. They put their beds down, with great difficulty on account of the wind, then spread the buffalo hides, with the hairy side down, over them and held them in position until they froze stiff, after which the wind could not blow them away; thus they protected the beds. The men all huddled together under these two buffalo hides and slept comparatively warm, but the storm did not abate the whole night long.

About ten o'clock the next day they went to get the wagon. The ice on the stream had frozen so thick that it easily bore up the team and wagon with its two-thousand-pound load of meat. The storm still continued to rage, and for two days more they remained in camp, knowing that they would find no shelter in the exposed prairie on their way home.

Having but little shelter for the horses, they experienced much difficulty holding them during the storm.

In the meantime, we women of the neighborhood were greatly worried about our men folk. The storm had come up so suddenly that we feared it had caught them in an unsheltered place, and we knew they could hardly survive.

The storm came on a Friday afternoon when the children were in school, but the teacher saw it coming and sent them home early. We hurried around and did our chores as quickly as possible. I milked my two cows, and we brought in an extra amount of wood, and filled all the buckets with water.

My kitchen was on the north side of the house, and received the full force of the storm. there was no way to heat it except by the cook stove, and everything froze solidly in a short time. I brought the eatables into the front room where we had a fireplace, and prepared our supper on it. But so furious was the storm that it seemed to penetrate every crack and crevice in the house, and despite our big fire, we were far from comfortable and we all retired early. But there was no sleep for me.

"all night I lay in agony from weary chime to chime"

In the morning I arose as early as I could see, and built up the fires. The storm was still raging, but the wind was not quite so strong. The cold, however, was intense. Everything in the house was frozen; the milk, meat, water, and even the teakettle and bucket of water I had left by the fire!

I thawed things out a little, and made corn-dodgers for breakfast. I fried some meat, which I had to chop from a shoulder of pork with a hatchet, and after the house had warmed up a little, I called the children to breakfast. but it was so cold at the table they could hardly eat. Finally I put the meal before the fire with their plates in their laps and let them eat "Indian fashion", as we called it.

The water was frozen so hard, I did not try to use it, but thawed the bucket well enough to pour out the ice, and then wrapping little Lee as warmly as I could, I sent him to the spring to get a pail of water. He said the spring was not frozen over, but that it was covered with an icy spray all around it. I then fed my chickens and cows and calves, but did not attempt to milk.

We carried in more wood and made ready for the night. Toward evening the wind had somewhat abated, and it was not so disagreeable, but it was still very cold.

The next morning Hugh Allen came over to see how we were getting along, and to get us more wood, if we needed it. I told him I was thinking of going over to see him about getting up a posse to go out and see if they could learn anything about the men.

"No, we must give them more time.", he said. He was sure they would not travel during the storm. He said there were plenty of men along with horses, and that if anything was wrong with any of them, someone would come in on horseback. "You know", he added, Frank always uses good judgment in selecting a place to camp, and he always provided plenty of wood and water. But, if they don't come in on time, we will send someone out to see about them"

This cheered me up considerably, and the storm having quieted down, I was able to get some sleep that night.

In due time, as Hugh expected, the men arrived. Those with the pack horses got in about noon and reported that the wagons would be here by night. Frank was coming with

the wagons. This was good news, and the children and I did our chores as soon as we could. We brought in the wood and had good, hot fires going when the men came. Although the weather had moderated considerably, it was still pretty cold. I built a fire in the cook stove early in the afternoon, and had a hot supper for them when they came. They had eaten nothing since an early breakfast, and they were a tired, hungry lot.

"In fact", said my brother, "we have not had a good, square meal since the storm set in."

I presume that you Missouri boys have had all the buffalo hunting you will want for awhile, I said banteringly,.

"Yes, for awhile", they agreed. "We shall want to forget this one first!"

I told them that the chores were all done, and that they could go right to bed if they liked. "I believe you would sleep better if you took a good wash-up, I added.

"Oh, Belle!" expostulated brother, "Let's wait till morning."

" We will sleep all right without any trouble", said Mason.

"Then be sure to take off your boots and outer clothing", I jollied them.

"We won't forget to do that", they assured me. They were so tired and worn out that they could have slept standing.

"Now, Papa", I said to Frank, "you go to bed right now, and have a good sleep. You have found everything all right, and there is nothing to hinder you from sleep. You can tell me tomorrow all about your trip."

Although the men got all the meat they wanted, it was not of very good quality, and the freezing did it more harm than good, for when it thawed out, the juices escaped, making it less savory than before. We used the bones for soap making, and they were much better than the dry bones we had used before. This was the last organized hunting trip in our neighborhood, the men not caring to risk another "norther" out on the open plains.

Conditions were now improving in our community. The coming of the cotton gin was an incentive to greater effort, and while the price of cotton was not high, neither were the commodities we had to purchase. People were becoming more hopeful, and happier, and more contented to work.

When the cotton gin first began its operations, the value of cotton seed as a cattle feed was not known, and at first the seeds were burned to keep the lint from killing hogs which gathered around and ate them. But after we learned their food value for cattle and how to prepare them, everyone built pens or cribs in which to store the seed, and brought them home for feed. Soon they were considered a valuable by-product of the cotton industry. They were fed to the cows in the winter, and as a result, everyone had milk and butter; but as yet, the process of pressing the seeds into a cake and extracting their oil was not known. From our necessities, we learned much.

After Frank had bought the fine tract of land, he seemed to take a new interest in life as he planned out his ideal farm. Our losses and disappointments the first few years had been so great as to cause him to lose heart. Now, his old dash and spirit was returning. The purchase price of land was not high, but it required an additional ten dollars an acre to get it into cultivation. Yet within a few years he had put more than one hundred acres under the plow. Two years later we moved to this place and rented the home place

to a good tenant who farmed it as long as we remained in Texas, and bought it from us when we left.

The Indian troubles now appeared to be really ended, and the men thought it would be safe to take stock out on the western range about a hundred and fifty miles away. Accordingly, they formed a company of stock men, consisting of Frank, Hugh, Tom Allen, and H.G. Bedford, and bought a thousand head of cattle. They also sent East and bought a purebred Shorthorn bull and two purebred cows in order to build up the grade of their stock. Mr. Bedford, being a first-class stock man, was selected to purchase the cattle. He bought them from a herd which had been bred up and improved from the long-horned breeds.

Brother Bedford was an elder in our church, a minister of the gospel, and a man of excellent character. He had been here but three years, and was improving a farm on Black Creek, about five miles from our place where he had built the first stone house in the country. He had some literary talent, and afterward wrote a book, "The Indian Outrages in Texas".

After the company had gotten the cattle all together and branded them, there was a question as to who should look after them out on the range. Hugh Allen was not able to arrange his affairs at home, so that he could leave. Tom Allen, then a candidate for sheriff, could not leave his political interests at the time, and he also had the cotton gin which was paying him a good profit; so the two brothers then proposed selling their interest to Frank and Mr. Bedford. Frank didn't like to involve himself so deeply in the venture, but they finally made the deal. Hugh then sold his home place and bought Brother Bedford's place on Black Creek, and left our community.

Frank then arranged for Brother Bedford to take full charge of the cattle out on the range, and he bore his share of the expenses. They had a ranch established out west which they used as headquarters for the employed. This arrangement permitted Frank to continue to look after his home interest, and in this manner the partnership continued as long as we lived in Texas. When we decided to leave, Mr. Bedford and others bought our interest in the cattle.

Brother Bedford was a very pleasant man, one who commanded the respect of his associates and employees. His cowboys used to make the good-natured complaint that on Sunday mornings, the weather permitting, he would make them all gather under a large tree, where they had to sit and listen while he read a chapter from the Bible, and then preached a sermon.

Our community was rapidly advancing. Times were better and crops fairly good. The people were able to live on their individual labors, and were willing to let others live.

There was a period every year of about six weeks between the laying by and the gathering of crops. During this period of relaxation, a protracted meeting was held in some one of the three different communities of our part of the country. These communities represented three different denominations. Over across Black Creek were the Baptists; to the north of us were the Methodists; and our own immediate community was made up of Christians.

The meetings were well-attended. Even the cowboys attended, and when they came, the women who had control of affairs saw to it that the cowboys were well-treated, and well-fed at the community dinners. Their behavior was always respectful, and their

manner circumspect, and many of them became Christians. Everybody at that time seemed to have the fear of God in their hearts, and never doubted the certainty of future punishment for misdeeds.

During one of these protracted meetings, an old gentleman from one of the lower counties came to attend, and we invited him to our home to stay during the meetings. He had rather a venerable appearance, and seemed to be a man of intelligence. The preacher was also staying at our house at the time. In their conversations we learned that the old gentleman was a doctor. He was formerly from Kentucky, but lived in Texas for several years. His wife was dead, and he lived with his son, who was also a doctor. The old gentleman made no attempt to practice in their community, as his son was able to take care of all the calls.

He learned that we had no doctor in our community, and that there had been considerable sickness; so he said that if he could find a place to stay, he would like to come to our neighborhood and practice his profession for awhile. He also desired the fellowship of the Church, a privilege which he had been denied where he lived, there being no church in the place. We told him he was welcome to stay with us; so, again we had a doctor in our community. He stayed with us until we moved to our new home.

We all liked him very much, and it was well that we had him with us, for we had considerable sickness in our family during the time. The whole community liked him, and he was very successful in his practice, but he was really too old and feeble to ride horseback so much, and when we moved to the other farm, he returned to his son. Not long after he left, another doctor and his family moved into our neighborhood and became our nearest neighbors. This was Doctor German. We soon became very fond of the newcomers, and they continued to be our neighbors as long as they lived. One of his sons in now my son-in-law.

The community grew rapidly, and it soon became evident that the old school site should be more centrally located. Matters were precipitated one day by a smoking chimney in the building, which made it nearly impossible for the children to stay in and study their lessons. The teacher sent the children home and threw up his job.

A number of people in the district didn't want to go to the expense of building a new schoolhouse, and though at that time the women had no vote on such matters, we did have some influence over our men folk, and finally succeeded in getting them to call a meeting to see what could be done. The meeting disclosed the fact that we could not get together on the matter. So, we of the upper part of the district decided to hold a school of our own in a little cabin owned and donated for this purpose by one of our neighbors.

Under the law, if we could hold a three-months term, we were entitled to form a new district. We could hold only a subscription school, the parents having to raise the money among themselves to pay the salary of the teacher. With some it was pretty hard to do, but we hired a young lady to teach. The more we worked at the matter of making a school, the more enthusiastic and interested we became. Five of our children attended the first school.

In order to stimulate interest in our school, I told the teacher that if she would announce a spelling match to be held every Thursday night, I would come and help her. To this she agreed, and I came every Thursday night bringing with me our five children, and walking a mile and a half to the school house. Often on Friday afternoons also I went

down and took part in the spelling matches with the children. The children chose me to spell against the teacher, and they seemed to derive much pleasure and benefit from these spelling matches. We kept the Thursday night spelling going the whole of the term, and after the school closed, I told the children that if they would attend, I would still keep the spelling matches going.

By this time, all the young folks of the neighborhood were attending, and also some of the men and women. All who came were required to spell. Some of the older folk demurred to this at first, but when they saw how it pleased the children to beat them spelling, they were glad to take part. Some of their spelling was so awkward that it furnished the children much amusement.

While the school was yet going, the child of a very poor widow of the neighborhood was not in attendance. She was about fifteen, healthy, bright and active, and I felt that she should go to school. I spoke to the mother about sending her, and she said, "I would love to send her, but I have no money, and can't get any until cotton picking time."

"I was raised an orphan", she continued, "and never went to school a day in my life."

"Well", I said, "Tec' must go to school." her name was Texarkana, but we always called her Tec. I spoke to the teacher about the matter, and she said: "You tell her to come to school, and it won't cost her a cent."

Afterward, the teacher told me, "I am so glad that you had Tec come to school. She is so bright in all her studies, and she and your boy (about the same age) can stand on the floor and spell without missing a word, until I tire of pronouncing for them."

Late that fall, before school began, a family originally from Georgia came up from Collin County. They stopped at our spring and asked permission to camp and pick up some wood for fires. While in Collin County, they had contracted malaria, and someone had told them the best way to get rid of it was to travel. They had one child and were accompanied by a black woman, who had been raised by the wife's people and who refused to be parted from "Misse Anna".

The next morning, seeing no signs of life about the camp, and recalling what the man had said about being sick, Frank went over to see what was wrong. Surely enough, they were sick. The black woman was doing all she could for them, but the wind was blowing so hard they could have no fire. Frank returned and told me how he had found them.

"We will just have to bring them in to the fire", he said.

"I don't see how we can take care of them, at all", I told him.

"We must do it somehow", he insisted.

So, we changed things around and made room for them. Then Frank brought them over in their wagon and put up their horses and fed them. The next day they were better, but it was too cold for them to go back to camp, and they remained a while longer. They appeared to be very fine people, but they lacked practical knowledge, and their means were very short.

Mr. Puryear, as his name proved to be, wanted to rent a place and go to work. Frank was in need of a man, so he arranged to rent him some land, and gave him a job of

clearing. We had some lumber on hand, and Frank put up a cabin for them to live in. Mr. Puryear proved to be a good worker, and they were with us two years.

During the winter, while we were having the spelling contests, Mr. Puryear attended, and although he was a college graduate, he couldn't spell anything. However, he was good-natured, and when his turn came to spell, he went out and did his best. His blunders created much fun for the children, and they could easily spell him down.

One night he changed the form of entertainment, by giving us a program of Shakespeare readings, and also some scenes from Milton. In one of his selections he represented Satan bound in chains, and so realistic and vivid were his representations, that he scared some of the smaller children almost to death. Though a poor speller, he was a good actor, and this talent came into good play a few years later. After he left us, he bought a small place near Decatur and learned to make taffy candy, which he sold on the street. The manner of his selling his candy brought his theatrical talent into play. He dressed up as a clown, and paraded the streets, performing all sorts of clownish antics, which afforded the townspeople much amusement. He soon attracted much attention and made money very rapidly.

Another incident in which he figured also gave him considerable notoriety. Their second child was born while they lived on our place, and they named the boy Frank, in honor of my husband. Their next addition came while he was in the candy business in Decatur, and this time his wife presented him with triplets -- two boys and one girl. Rising to the occasion, he named the children after the President's wife, Frances, Fulsom, and Cleveland. He notified the President what he had done, and it must have pleased Mr. Cleveland to be thus honored, for immediately he sent each child one hundred dollars in cash, and Mrs. Cleveland and her mother made each of the little babes a nice payette of three suits each.

At the same time we started the school, with the aid of three or four grown girls in the district, and several of the women, we also started a Sunday School. A young man who had become enamored of one of the girls offered his assistance as a singing teacher, and he soon formed a class of excellent singers, which was of much help to us.

There were three or four boys in the neighborhood who had no homes. They worked here and there and stayed anywhere they could get a job. They ranged in age from twelve to fifteen, and occasionally they came to the Sunday School. I wanted particularly to get them interested, so for their benefit, I one day announced that if all the children attended for six Sundays without missing, we would have a "picnic dinner" on the sixth Sunday.

This seemed to be a new term to them, for I heard one boy whisper: "A picnic dinner! What kind of dinner is that?"

I made no explanation, for I saw that I had given a new name to an old custom, and as others, too, were somewhat mystified over the term, I let their curiosity spur them on. Soon the mothers came to me and wanted to know what they could do to help.

"Oh, that will be a long time off", I said, "and by then our gardens will be coming, and we will also have plenty of cream and butter, and young chickens. I am sure we will have plenty for the dinner."

"My husband promised to get me some flour and sugar", one woman said. "I am awfully glad to see him take an interest. He has never taken an interest in anything since we came here."

The picnic dinner was beginning to assume larger proportions than I had expected. I saw that there would be some expense attached to it, and I began to fear that I had gone beyond my depth. However, I had an ally in whom I had not figured. Frank, over-magnanimous and liberal, came to my rescue.

"Mama, I think that dinner is going to be a bigger and costlier affair than you anticipated. We had better begin to make preparations for it. I am going to town tomorrow, and you make out a list of the things you need. Include a few extras for some of the neighbors who won't be able to get things."

Frank's kindly thoughtfulness for others endeared him to the poor around him wherever he went.

One bright moonlight night as I was coming from the spelling school, I selected the place where we should have the dinner. It was on a fine, grassy flat, under some big elm and oak trees, about a quarter of a mile from the schoolhouse. I told Frank about it, and he hauled lumber to make seats and tables. I was so busy that I could not find time to do my own cooking, and Mrs. Puryear and her black Mary, kindly took charge. Mr. Puryear and the hired man helped Frank make the seats and tables.

My plan for the day was that the people would attend Sunday School as usual, while some of the women arranged the table and spread the dinner. From the school house, I planned that the children should march in couples, the leader carrying a banner with the words: inscribed in big, black letters, and as they marched they were to sing

"Children of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing!"

After the tables were spread, I left three or four of the women in charge and I went to the schoolhouse to start the procession. And what a crowd I found! Many of them were entire strangers to us, and had come from some distance-- whole families of them!

Following the program I had planned, the procession marched out in fine order, with much interest, all behaving themselves nicely. When we came to the big tables, I stopped them, and spoke to the crowd:

"This dinner was promised the children for their faithful attendance at Sunday School, and I think it but right that they could be seated first, for they have been faithful in their attendance, and the dinner is theirs by right."

Of course, there were many young people present who were not entitled to the dinner, but we made no distinction. All the stranger families brought food. They said they had heard of the picnic, and just wanted to have a good time.

"I am sure there is plenty for all", I said, "and if you have plates, you can stand and eat."

Then the boys began to jump up, saying, "Take my seat. I can stand and eat!"

In time the dinner was over. There was plenty for everyone, and there was much left over. The men then went off to themselves to smoke and talk over school matters. They made it a sort of informal meeting, and appointed a committee of three to select the site for the new school house. Frank, as one of the committee, was in favor of selecting a central location for the school building, so as not to divide the district, but those of the

lower district were not in favor of so doing. At this meeting, they took up a subscription to see how much money they would be able to raise for the new building. The amount received was astonishing. All that was needed to go ahead was just such an awakening as we had given them.

So, our new school building was launched. Some of the men who offered donations were carpenters, and they were given the contract for the building. Compared to schoolhouses of today, it was very ordinary, but in those times, it was a real achievement.

I want to tell you more about my spelling class. After I had drilled them six months they were hard to beat. I, too, had acquired something of a reputation as as a speller, and once I was challenged by a teacher in another district to spell against him from Webster's old Blue Back Speller. I had not seen a copy of this book for so long that I was afraid he would beat me in it, but the teacher urged me to try it.

"You have beaten me so much, that I am sure you can easily beat him", she said.

I sent word that I would match my class of six against any six he chose. But he would not accept my challenge, and the contest was called off.

I was often invited to bring my spellers to outlying districts for spelling matches. One teacher sent me word to come down and help them, for they had been challenged by the town high school, and the contest was the following Friday night. I took my class and went to his assistance. There was one boy from the town school whom they thought unbeatable. He and my boy stood up long after the others had been spelled down, but finally my boy, who was two years younger than the high school boy, won out. This gave my class much prestige, and it also helped us to secure a better class of teacher for our school when the new building was ready for occupancy next term.

This was the last winter that I was able to take my class out among the other districts. Other duties demanded my time. But I have never regretted that I helped to get a good school started in our neighborhood. In fact, I am rather proud of it, otherwise I would not have gone to the trouble of relating it here.

New settlers were constantly coming , and some of the first settlers were leaving, making changes in the community very rapidly. Hugh Allen had gone to another neighborhood, and Tom Allen, having been elected sheriff, had moved his family to town. Many of his kindred had moved away, and it was about this time that Doc Callaway left the country. He had never become reconciled to conditions as he found them. The heavy loss he had suffered that first hard winter nearly broke him. He disposed of his holdings, and again crossed the Plains on his way to Idaho. He got only as far as Colorado the first year, but later pushed on to the Boise Valley, where he spent the remainder of his life.

Jimmie Callaway, the oldest boy, was married, but he returned with the family. He later came back to Texas for a short time, then went to St. Louis to study medicine.

The two Schooler families, never having been satisfied in Texas either, also went west. Their train consisted of only four wagon, but the journey had long since ceased to be dangerous.

We never saw these good people again. I learned that Mary Callaway died within a few years after returning to Idaho, but Doc lived to a ripe old age, and was active in the affairs of the state for many years.

Most of the newcomers were from the South, having come here to get away from the hard times and troubles following in the wake of the War, and hoping to make a new

start in life in this new country. They were hard-working people, honest in their dealings, good neighbors, and generally had deep religious convictions, principally of the Baptist faith.

Their recital of the injuries they had suffered during the War, their losses both of property and of friends and relatives, the hardships they had undergone, and their oppressions, awoke our sympathy. But withal, they seemed to hold no rancor against the government. All they wanted was a chance to get a new start in life.

One of these families rented a place from us, and papered one of the walls of their bedroom with Confederate money.

"That's where our wealth went", said the lady, "and it is the reason we are now so poor." She had more than three thousand dollars pasted on the bedroom walls.

In this connection, I am reminded of the losses I and other members of my family suffered on account of this Confederate money.

My grandfather Turner, of Boone County, Missouri, was very wealthy. Some time before the War he decided to go to Texas to secure large land holdings for his sons. He disposed of his holdings in Missouri, and took over large properties in Texas. He died during the War, and when the estate was settled, the heirs were all paid their share in Confederate money, which was a total loss to all of us.

Mention of these people brings to my mind a happy incident. After I left Missouri, I lost all track of these people. I knew they had come to Texas, but when we came I never made any effort to find them. I was greatly surprised, one day, after we had been here a few years, to see my step-mother and one of my uncles and my aunt drive to our gate, and inquire if a Mr. Fulton lived here. Grandmother said she had learned, though letters from Missouri, that I was in Texas, so she set about to get my address, and on finding it she came immediately to see me. She scolded me roundly for not letting her know where I was.

She told me all about their losses, and about the hard times she and the boys had undergone during the War when Grandfather died. One of the boys had died in the War, too.

She was a very sweet old lady, and we all enjoyed her visit. Aunt Allie, my black mammy, of whom I have already told, had made no objection to my grandfather's marriage with this lady, for her "blessed chillum" were all nearly grown at the time.

They were so urgent for a return visit that Frank promised to make a way for us to go to see them. After they left, I said to Frank: "How in the world do you expect us to make that visit?"

"I expect you and the children to take the team and go. The hired man and I will stay at home and take care of things."

"Why, it will take two days for us to make the journey", I remonstrated, "and we will have to camp out over night. You know there are no houses on the way."

"Well, you can camp out, can't you?"

"If you think I can, I suppose I can", I told him.

About a month from that time we got ready to make the visit. I took the five children, one of whom was a baby, and the oldest boy only about eleven, and started on a two-day's journey with the wagon and team.

"You expect me to do a crazy thing", I said to Frank, on leaving, "going away like this with all these children."

"No", he said, "I expect you to have a good visit."

I was a little dubious about starting, but we made the trip all right, and we had such a nice visit that I was sorry I had not sooner let them know where I lived. In addition to my grandmother, there were two uncles and aunts, all of whom had several children, some being nearly grown. It was really a happy family reunion. My grandmother told me so many interesting things about the War, and about their life during that trying time, and after, that I seemed to get an insight into their lives that helped to bridge the gap of the years I had been separated from them. Although they had lost all their property and their large holdings due to the War, they had accumulated considerable wealth at this time, and appeared to be doing very well.

And this reminds me of another memorable visit I made to relatives while I lived in Texas. We had been here about four years when Frank, always thoughtful and sympathetic, and realizing that my father was now becoming a very old man, proposed that I should go to Missouri on a visit to my old home, My brother, who had been with us a year, was returning home, and I could have his company and assistance on the trip.

The nearest railroad point for the north was at Sherman, sixty miles away. This first lap of the journey had to be made in a covered wagon, and it required three days and three nights' camping out to make it. The journey by rail seemed to me more perplexing and troublesome than the one to Sherman in the wagon had been.

When I reached my old home, I could hardly realize the momentous changes that had occurred. The children, who were small when I had left, twelve years before, were now all grown and married and had families of their own. Only two of my brothers were single, My step-mother was in good health, and my father still had the Meerschaum pipe which Frank had given him. They were all very nice and kind to me, and did everything possible to make my visit happy. But the strangeness of everything was hard to overcome. It didn't seem like the old home any more. So many of the older people had passed away, and so many of the younger ones had left the country, that nothing appeared as it once was. Then I learned form John Burroughs, that

"One may go back to the place of his birth,
But he cannot return to his youth!"

After a few days, my father seemed to assume his old time appearance, and we both had much comfort in our visit. I was glad one more time to see my people, yet my thoughts were over drawn to my dear ones in Texas. I had arranged for the hired man to write me if anything went wrong, knowing that Frank would not do anything of the kind, for fear of spoiling my visit. Finally I received a letter saying that Frank had a very painful rising on his hand. Frank never knew he had written until he received my letter telling him to meet me in Sherman on a certain day. News did not travel very fast in those days, and it took them as long to reach Sherman overland, as it did for me to come by rail, but we made connections all right. Frank's hand was better, and he was able to come and meet me.

Like Farmer John, I found that "the best of the journey is getting home!"

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Frank was now getting his farm opened up and was finding a fine class of renters for his land, the families from the South usually making the best tenants. As we were getting along better financially, we added to the comforts of our home proportionately. We bought the first Singer Sewing Machine ever brought into the community, also our first buggy. Always living on the frontier, we seemed to be just ahead of these comforts. The buggy was a one-seated affair with a covered top.Two seated carriages had not then come into use. The rig being too small for the whole family, Frank bought saddles for the boys and girls, who were old enough to ride horseback alone. Our church was about five miles away, and, with our family of seven children attending, we made about as brave a retinue on Sunday mornings as did the Vicar of Wakefield, and his family on similar occasions.

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Thus far I had not seen any home canning of fruit, but one day Frank brought home two dozen tin cans, the first ever brought into Decatur, and I tried my hand at canning. I made an awkward job of it, but I managed to get the cans sealed sufficiently well that the fruit all kept. I considered this an achievement, for it was the first time I had ever tried to can any fruit.

I was accustomed to making preserves and fruit butter, however, using cane syrup or molasses for sweetening. There was an especially fine patch of wild plums in our field, from which I made plum butter as follows: A vat of cane juice was first boiled down until it began to thicken. To the syrupy mixture we added the plums, and kept the whole thing boiling constantly for hours, stirring it continuously with a hoe-like paddle to keep it from scorching, until it cooked to the required thickness. Then it was lifted off the fire and was allowed to cool. One vat generally made half a barrel of butter, which usually was sufficient for our winter use.

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There was a very objectionable and discouraging condition in this country, over which we had no control, and this was malaria, or chill and fever, which came in the fall of the year.

Another dreaded disease was contagious sore eyes. We usually had an epidemic of it once or twice a year, and whenever it struck our family, I was always subject to it. It was on account of sore eyes in the family that my little girl, Della, was snake-bitten. It happened at a time when one of the boys was abed with a bad boil on his hip, and another had a broken leg. The weather being very hot, and the children requiring constant care, I was about worn out, when an epidemic of sore eyes struck the family. Frank had me send for one of the neighbor girls to come over and help me. Little Della, going after the girl, was bitten by a poisonous snake. We applied all the antidotes we had, and as we always kept whiskey for such exigencies, we made her drink freely of it. We bound tobacco on the wound, and finally overcame the poison, but it was three weeks before she could walk on the injured leg.

Once before, we had saved a neighbor boy who had been bitten by a rattlesnake. We gave him whiskey, applied tobacco to the wound, and used all the remedies we could

think of. Either the combined remedies or the single right one, overcame the effect of the snake bite. But we were never sure just which one it was that proved effective!

So many accidents, and so much sickness and suffering in our family this particular summer, caused Frank to have another spell of being dissatisfied and discouraged with the country. I, too, began to think that we could not do a good part by the children, and raise them to be healthy, robust men and women, in a country with so much sickness during their growing period. Neither could we give them the schooling we should, because of the frequent recurrence of sore eyes.

Two or three years previously, a man named Garrison had come into our neighborhood, bringing a nice drove of horses and cattle. He selected a shady grove near our house for a camping place, and asked permission to get water from our well for household purposes.

He claimed to be a stock man, and had brought this band of livestock to trade to the farmers in the community. He had with him his wife and one son about fifteen. They stayed here about three months, not seeming to be in any particular hurry to dispose of the stock, and during their stay we became pretty well acquainted with them, especially with Mrs. Garrison. She often came over to my house, and as she had recently lost her little girl who was about the same age as my little two-year-old girl, she would sometimes take my child in her arms and cry over her, and ask me to let her go over to their camp for her son John to play with, to help asuage his grief over the loss of his little sister.

Mr. Garrison disposed of his stock very readily, especially his milk cows and good horses, taking in trade younger stock from the farmers. He said he liked the community so well that if he could find a suitable place here he would buy it. Frank showed him a very fine piece of bottom land, much overgrown with bramble briars and dense woods. There was a house and outbuildings on it, and some cleared land. Garrison said that while the place suited him fine, he felt that it would take too much work to make a farm of it. It was state land, but he left without doing anything about making its purchase.

When they left, we felt a little sorry to see them go, and we felt especially sorry for Mrs. Garrison, for she grieved so much over the loss of her little girl, and appeared to take consolation in being with my little child. Garrison hired two orphan boys to herd for him during the summer, and when he left, he took the boys with him. We heard nothing more of them for nearly a year. One day we heard that they had quietly moved into the neighborhood, and were living on the place Frank had shown them.

Not long after this, Frank returned from rounding up his range cattle, and said that more of his cattle were missing than usual, and he thought someone was stealing them and re-branding them. He said that the consensus among the stock men was that thieves were at work on the range. The situation was arousing the stock men to talk of taking some action.

A few weeks later Frank returned from a later roundup, and asked me if I had seen any of the Garrisons.

"None but John", I replied. "He came up to borrow the harrow, and said he was going to sow some wheat. I presume they are busy getting the place fixed up."

"While I was on the roundup", said Frank, "I met a man from Denton County. He said he had seen some officers from one of the lower counties who asked him if he knew a

man named Garrison who lived somewhere up this way. He told them he knew of no one of that name living up here."

"It can't be these people", I said to Frank, "You know, they haven't really settled here yet."

Later in the fall, the sheriff accosted Frank on the street: "Say, do you know anything about that new neighbor of yours?"

"No", said Frank, "I have not seen any of them since they moved in, but when they were here before, he seemed to be all right. I took him for a good business man, a good man for the community."

"I hope so", said the sheriff, "but I have been getting some letters and telegrams lately relative to him, and there have been two posses of officers from the lower counties who seem to think something is wrong. They say they can track stolen horses to the Black Creek road back of his place, but can't follow them any farther. I wish you men would keep a watch on the road and report to me any suspicious tracks you see."

The roads that Frank was asked to watch followed along the bank of a creek for five or six miles, through a deep, dense woods so overhung with vines and bramble briars, one could scarcely see daylight through the growth, and the road itself was nearly closed overhead. It was a hidden road, deeply shaded in the daytime, a gloomy road to travel. It was not used as a public road, but only by wood haulers, or cattle hunters, and from its isolation it might well be called a "hidden road".

It was this road that my two little boys, Lee and Johnny, rode five or six miles one day in company of the famous Sam Bass gang, noted robbers. A few days before, the Bass gang had robbed a train down about Denton, and was fleeing from the law. Lee and Johnny were riding through this woods hunting for cattle when they were overtaken by the robber band, six in number, all heavily-armed. They rode along with the boys, asking all kinds of questions about the country, such as where the different roads led to, what the boys were doing on the road, and whether or not they had met any armed men that morning.

The boys gave them all the information they could, then they asked the men what they were doing. They said they were also hunting for cattle.

"You carry a big lot of guns for cattle hunters", Johnny remarked.

"We thought we might find a panther or two in these wood", said one of the men.

But it seemed a lame excuse to the boys and Johnny said, "We are in these wood nearly every day, and we never see any panthers."

When they left the boys one of the robbers said, "If we see any of your cattle we will let you know."

The next day, the band was overtaken by a posse of officers, and in the fight, two of their number were wounded and captured.

It was to this road that the Garrisons drove their stolen stock, bringing them within a comparatively short distance of the rear of their place, then, as we later discovered, they were diverted from the road through a cleverly concealed by-path and brought to the barns and corrals which were hidden among the thick undergrowth. This practice had been continued for several years before it was discovered how the stock were concealed.

After Frank's talk with the sheriff, nothing happened to cause any suspicion of the Garrisons for some time, but one morning in January Frank discovered that one of his

riding ponies was stolen, also his saddle, bridle, and some light harness which was hanging on a peg in the stable. He tracked the horse down to the Garrison place. There was no one at home but John, who was just getting out of bed in the early morning. Frank told him what had happened, and broadly hinted that John must know something about the matter. John denied having any hand in the stealing of the horse, and when his father came back a short time later, the old man Garrison came up to see Frank about it.

He expressed himself as being very sorry that such a thing had happened, and offered to pay the full value for the stolen property if Frank would agree to drop the matter. Frank told Garrison that for lack of evidence he was not going to push the case just now, but that he thought it only fair to the neighborhood not to drop the matter, and refused to compromise on any terms.

We later learned that at the time the horse was stolen, Garrison himself was under arrest in one of the lower counties and was being tried for horse stealing, but as he always very cleverly covered his tracks, he had come clear. His solicitude in the matter of Frank's stolen horse was in his own interest. He was not yet ready to bring any notoriety to his hideout.

Later in the summer, other posses of officers came from the lower counties, trailing stolen stock. Some of them stayed overnight at our place, and we learned the history of Garrison's operations. It was suspected that Garrison was at the head of a well-regulated and strongly organized band of horse thieves, which operated all the way from Louisiana to the Canadian border. He was so shrewd that when arrested, he always managed to come clear for lack of evidence.

We afterwards learned that in one case, the state depended on a boy of about eighteen for the evidence which would certainly convict Garrison, but when the trial came up, the boy could not be found. The last that was seen of him, he was with Garrison one night at the place near us, but no trace of him was ever found. The hired man on Garrison's place formerly worked for us, and he told us that he had seen Garrison bring the boy there one night, but owing to the fact that his bunkhouse was some distance removed from the main building, he had no way of knowing what happened.

With the posses coming from the South on the trail of Garrison, times were getting pretty warm for him, and since his hideout had become known to the neighborhood and the officers, he could no longer keep up the guise of an innocent stock man. John and some of his associates, not feeling the need of further restraint, now began to show their true colors.

When school started in the fall, the boys in attendance decided to organize a library and debating society and to meet at the schoolhouse every Saturday night to give a program. The first night of their meeting, the teacher could not be present because of having to return home that day, but he told the boys to go ahead and organize the society, and he would be with them most of the time thereafter.

Scarcely had they begun that night, when in came John Garrison, now a young man of about twenty-three, accompanied by two others of his ilk, John Hodges, a man of about twenty-eight, and Jim Galbreath, his nephew, a boy about twenty. The trio of ruffians began at once to create a disturbance, bullying the boys, and telling them there would be no organizing of their society that night. They finally wound up by pulling their pistols and shooting into the ceiling. This frightened the boys, and they all went home.

You can imagine that there were some irate parents in the neighborhood when the news became known that the boys had been abused by members of the Garrison band, and when we met for our Sunday School lessons next day, all we did was to talk about the outrage. I was angry because the boys had not defended themselves with clubs, for I knew the ruffians were only terrorizing them, but the sight of the guns was too much for the school children. Some of the parents made threats of what they were going to do, but Frank, saying nothing of his intentions, went to the sheriff and made a complaint about the outrage, and had himself deputized as a peace officer for the neighborhood. He also obtained authority to deputize as many assistants as he thought he would need. When the next meeting came, he and two others took their guns and went to the school house to protect the boys.

And again, here came the three ruffians. They entered the building in a blustering manner, but subsided somewhat on seeing the three men there with their guns. Frank arose and addressed the meeting, informing the boys and all present of his intention to see that order was maintained. Soon the trio arose and quietly left the building. The boys were never afterward disturbed, but the men saw to it that every meeting night one of their number was present and armed, until everything seemed to quiet down.

A few months later, John Garrison was caught with a stolen horse, and the animal was taken away from him, but for lack of proof that he had done the stealing, no charges were preferred at the time. Later, a warrant for his arrest was placed in the hands of the sheriff, and a posse watched the place several nights trying effect his capture. But the house was so well protected by the dense growth of brambles, it could be approached only from the front, making an arrest hard to accomplish. The splendid location for their nefarious business, which Frank had so unwittingly helped them select, afforded them every opportunity to come and go unseen, and made it very hard for the officers to detect them. None but the Garrisons knew at that time of the hidden bridle path leading from the back of their buildings to the dark road at the rear of their place, through which they always made their escape.

After much watching, the officers finally managed to catch John at home one night. They rushed into the house and demanded his surrender. He began shooting and wounded one of the officers slightly. The sheriff returned the fire and probably would have killed him, had not his mother rushed in between the shooting men and placed her own body directly in the line of fire, protecting him until he backed out the door and made his escape on a horse already bridled and saddled, which the posse failed to see. Then the mother turned like a tigress fighting for her young, threatening to shoot the men if they did not leave immediately. Their sense of chivalry protected the woman, and they returned, a crest-fallen lot of men.

John never showed himself openly in the community again. In the battle he was wounded in the foot, and the mother was away for about three months, presumably taking care of him in some hideout.

A few months later, the band, led by the old man Garrison himself, rode by our place at high speed, and as soon as they came opposite the house they pulled their guns and fired several rounds into the air, presumably for the purpose of intimidating us. Frank and one of our neighbors were in the house at the time, but had not observed the approach

of the Garrison outfit. On hearing their shots Frank jumped for his gun, but I made him stay out of sight, for I knew the whole thing was only a bluff.

The citizens organized a vigilante committee to assist the law in suppressing the band. Guards were put out along the roads leading to the Garrison place, and spies were placed about in order to try to get evidence that would justify the arrest of the outfit. But the vigilantes were made up of law-abiding citizens, and would not take extreme measures. They were so slow, and made such little progress, that I said to Frank: "If it were a committee of women, we would have had old man Garrison hanged long ago."

"Yes", he replied, "you would pitch in and do something you would be sorry for."

"We would never be sorry to hang old Garrison", I told him, "and we would proceed to do it right off."

"Your hearts would fail when it came to the test", he said.

"Mine never would", I retorted, "for that old man has done more mischief than a dozen lives are worth, and he will never stop as long as he lives."

A few months after this, Frank was riding home from town one night, alone and unarmed, when he was attacked by two men of the gang. They drew their guns and shot a hole through his hat, and beat him over the head with a gun. Evidently they had no thought of killing him, but intended only to intimidate him and make him stop activities against their operations. They threatened what they would do next time if he did not cease interfering with their affairs.

I was boiling mad when he came home and showed me his wounds, for I knew that it was that big, old red-whiskered Garrison who was at the bottom of the whole thing. I could see they did not intend to kill Frank, but I told him I did not want him to go out alone any more.

"If I do, I will go armed", he said.

The next day he went to town and swore out a warrant for the arrest of the men. But they had fled the country. One of them was later arrested at Sherman, sixty miles away, but the others never came back to the neighborhood, so far as we know.

This cowardly attack on my husband greatly incensed the community, and there was talk of meting out swift justice to the band, and in fact, an attempt was made to do so, but none of the outfit could be found around the place. Nothing further was heard of the Garrisons until Christmas time. There was a community Christmas tree at the school house and a program was given by the school. Frank did not attend it, because Hugh Allen and his family had come over to spend the night with us. Hugh's wife and I went to the Christmas tree, taking all the children but the very youngest ones, and leaving Frank and Hugh to have another of their all-night heart talks.

After the program was ended and the people were leaving the building, several men on horseback circled the crowd and began to fire their pistols. They kept so far out in the darkness that we could not recognize any of the band, but we knew immediately that it was the Garrison outfit. The crowd, though badly frightened, dispersed as soon as possible and went home. several of them going our way. The riders kept circling us as we went down the road, firing their pistols and trying to scare us. I soon realized what it meant, and made no pretense of fear. However, I was glad that Frank and Hugh were safe at home, for I felt that the demonstration was for Frank's benefit, principally, although there were others in the neighborhood fully as active as he in the effort to uproot the Garrisons.

Frank and Hugh, hearing the shooting came out to investigate and met us returning home, but by this time the riders had ceased annoying us and had gone. Again, the disturbance was reported to the officers, but no arrests could be made, for none of their outfit were ever to be found at home.

Not long afterward, we learned that the old man Garrison was in jail in Greenville, Tarrant County, awaiting trial for horse stealing. Before the trial came up, he was taken from the jail by a vigilante committee and was hanged. He was told that there would be no more chances for him to evade the law.

When the committee was breaking into the jail, Garrison thinking it some of his own crowd trying to rescue him from jail, shouted encouragement to them saying: "That's right, boys! tear the d---- thing down!" He walked right into the arms of his executioners before he realized what was being done.

This broke up the band in our neighborhood, but John, venturing back to the place with his mother, was arrested and put under a fifteen-hundred dollar cash bond. His mother, having sold the place a short time before, put up the money and secured his release. John jumped bail, and disappeared from the country. His mother tried to get back the money, claiming some technicality, but she was unsuccessful. Some of the members of the band were arrested and sent to the penitentiary but most of them scattered and were not to be found.

A few years later, while clearing up some land, the man who bought the place from Mrs. Garrison found the skeleton of a young man hidden in the brambles not far from the house. There was no means of identification, but evidence pointed to the fact that this was the boy whose testimony would have convicted Garrison in the trial previously mentioned, and whose disappearance had never been accounted for.

How many other dark deeds this man had committed, we never knew, but sure the noose was never applied more deservingly.

"The way of the transgressor is hard",
and "The wages of sin is death".

An amusing sequel to the Garrison tale occurred several years later while we were living in Washington. A young lady friend of my eldest daughter said to her one day:

"I have a new grandmother! Grandfather in Oregon, wrote that he was married again, and sent me a picture of his wife."

On seeing the picture, Della exclaimed: Why, that's old lady Garrison!"

Not long after this , the old gentleman himself came to our county. He told a sad story of his matrimonial shipwreck. He said the old lady had run him off his homestead, at the point of a pistol, and had taken possession of his home. He was never able to get his home again.

There were now getting to be so many little bands of cattle on the home range that Frank decided to sell his local herd to his associates on the western range. He had suffered heavy losses from cattle thieves, and the number of different owners made it difficult to round up and separate the cattle.

When he returned from taking them to the western range, he said: "Now we will lay this money aside to build you the new house you have so long wanted.

"Just put the money in the bank", I said. We won't think of building this winter, and now that the cattle are off your hands, we will take life a little easier."

I suspected, however, that we would never build that house, for the children were having their usual course of malaria, and I was beginning to feel that it was about time to think of selling out and going to a more healthful country.

My brother-in-law, Jimmie Purdin, who went to Oregon while we were in the Boise Valley, had left there and gone to Washington. He was now living in a newly settled little valley off from the Simco Indian Reservation in the west-central part of Washington Territory. We had received several letter from him, telling us about the wonderful opportunities in that part of the world, and I had known for some time that Frank wanted to go back North. But I also knew he would never again ask me to cross the Plains and take chances on that bad water.

Some time after he had sold the cattle, I said to him: If you can sell your property for what you think it is worth, and if you wish to do so, we will make another move. I know that you have wanted for some time to go North, and now is a good time to do so; for if I should get a new house, I don't think I could ever leave it. I think it is best that we should go to a more healthful climate."

"Are you willing to chance that bad water again?" he asked.

"Yes", I said, "we will have to, if we cross the Plains again."

"I think I have a chance to sell", he said, "but I won't get a big price for the place. Land is very cheap here now."

"Land may not be very high here for several years", I told him.

So, we decided to sell our holdings and leave Texas. We allowed ourselves about six months to get ready. That would take us to the middle of April, a time when the grass should be good for grazing. It was hard to think of leaving the home to which I had become so attached. We had many good friends and neighbors with whom we hated to part; we were sorry to leave our church and the school we had worked so hard to get; and the thought of that long, wearisome journey across the Plains had no appeal for me.

"Well, Mama", said Frank when he returned home one evening, "I have sold the place. I didn't get as much for it as it is worth, but I hardly expected to do that. Now, what do you think about it? Do you think you will regret it?"

"No", I said heartily, "I am glad you have sold it. That is the biggest job off our hands already. I don't think we will have so much trouble disposing of our other effects."

There were many things to be disposed of, but we thought best not to make a public sale. My household furnishings, not being very valuable, I thought could be disposed of among the neighbors. Frank had several cow ponies which he thought he could trade for horses more suitable for the trip.

We decided to outfit four wagons, three for our own family and one for my brother-in-law and his children. My sister had died two years before, and her husband, though a good man, did not seem to have the ability to provide for his children as he should. His wife sensing this, had sent for Frank, and on her death bed, while yet conscious, had him promise to see that her children should not come to want. To Frank, this was a sacred obligation, and he felt that he must arrange to take them with us. Their father could drive the wagon and care for them on the journey, but he could not finance the trip.

Altogether, there was much to be done before we would be ready to start. Frank had to dispose of his cow ponies and get horses suitable for making the journey; our nice

herd of milk stock had to be disposed of; the wagons had to be properly equipped, and I had much sewing to do before we would be ready to go. But I had a good sewing machine, a luxury enjoyed by only a few in those days, and I put it into action with a will. However, it could not do all our sewing; the canvas wagon tops had to be sewed by hand, and there was a large sheet of canvas required as a shade, which also had to be hand-made. This sewing I gave to my two little girls, and although it was a long, tedious job, they kept at it patiently until it was completed.

The news that we were selling out and going to the Northwest Territory created much interest, and we had so many callers that it was impossible for me to do anything but entertain them. Many, coming from a long distance, would spend the night with us. A few called on business matters, but most of them came to seek information regarding the new country to which we were going, having themselves caught the fever to go, and desirous to sell out and go with us. Frank felt rather badly to think that our going had occasioned so much interest, and as many of these people had good homes, he was reluctant to encourage them to break up and go to a new country just because we were going. He had never seen it himself, and all we knew about the country was what we had learned from my brother-in-law's letters. These we read to our visitors, but the information they contained was rather meager. We were afraid that if these people went with us on the journey, they would be disappointed, for the new county was so utterly different from what they were accustomed to. As time went on, the excitement continued to grow. Some, who could not get ready, made us promise to write them all about it when we got to the new country.

Having so many visitors greatly handicapped me with my preparations. My eldest daughter, who was my principle helper, was having chills every other day, and my little four-month baby boy, puny from his birth, was seemingly growing worse. We discovered that the glands on either side of his neck were badly swollen, We called our old friend, Dr. German, to see him, and he had to lance the baby's neck on both sides. The child got very low, and for a long while we feared we should lose him. He required so much care that it was impossible for me to do anything about my sewing, but my good neighbors came to my assistance. Dear old Grandma German came over every day to care for the baby. So gentle was she and so tenderly did she care for him, that he began to notice her, and when she came in he seemed to want her to take him. Her care of the baby gave me a chance to turn my attention to the cutting and fitting of the children's clothes, and my good neighbor women took the garments home and sewed them for me, and came back for more. They would take no charge for their work, saying they did it for friendship's sake only, but knowing their need of household furnishings, I insisted on exchanging mine for their help. In this manner, I had my affairs in shape by the time set for our departure. Nothing hindered now but the baby's condition. The lanced places showed no signs of healing, and his neck was very sore and stiff. His little body became so emaciated that I felt very uneasy. Dr. German assured me, however, that the child was improving.

Frank had put men to work getting the wagons ready, adding all the conveniences he could think of to make the journey comfortable. My wagon, as he called it, was equipped similar to the one he had built for our journey from Idaho. The wagon was further provided with a pair of heavy springs, which added much to its comfort in traveling

over rough roads. It was, indeed, a model of comfort, and although it cost considerable money, its convenience enabled me better to care for the sick child.

The other wagons, though strong and durable, were not so comfortably equipped. They were prepared so that the men could sleep in them, but the beds had to be made down at night and rolled up next morning. This, we thought, was better than to bring tents and make the beds down on the ground.

My wagon was pretty heavily loaded with boxes and trunks which were placed in the compartment under the bed, for we did not have to get them out very often.

Many people came during these preparations to take notes on how to arrange their wagons, for few of them had ever gone on long wagon journeys before.

The weather was warm and spring-like, and the grass was springing up nicely, but Frank, knowing that our travel would be to the north, feared that by starting too early we would get ahead of the good grazing, just as Frank had predicted we might.

The time was near at hand, and my little babe was mending, but Oh! so slowly! I was still doubtful that he would live. I hated to start with him in that condition. But the train was ready, and I felt that I should not detain it. Two days before starting our friend, Dr. German, came again to see the baby. He saw some improvement in the child's condition, he said, and the sore places on his neck were beginning to heal. He thought that with good care the baby would survive.

"But Doctor", I asked, "how can I give him good care on the trip?"

"The way you are fixed for traveling", he said, "his chances for recovery are just as good on the road as they are in the house, and perhaps better, for he will be out of doors all the time."

"Oh, Doctor!, I said, "I don't want to bury my little babe by the side of the road. I have seen so many of these little graves on my two journeys across the Plains!"

"If your little boy does not live", he replied, "he will pass away before you get out of the settlements. But I think he is going to pull through!"

With this assurance I had to be content.

Only two days until starting time. All was hurry and confusion. But dear old Grandma German still came regularly to care for the baby, and she was so much help to me.

The next day Frank received word that all the wagons would be ready to start tomorrow, April 15, 1883, and that they would meet at a designated place three miles beyond Decatur.

The morning we left, our good neighbors, know we were to start, came over early to see us off and to bid us God speed. We had a sorrowful parting that morning. It was so hard to say good-bye to them; they had all become very dear to me, and proved themselves neighbors indeed. Finally I said: "My good neighbors, you are making our parting very hard. You make me feel that I am going to my own funeral! I don't feel that I am saying farewell forever! I feel that we will all meet again." This last I added more by way of consolation than that I really thought it true, But it proved a true prophecy, for in less than three years, every one of those friends whom we left weeping on our porch that morning, came to Washington and again became my near neighbors. But only one family, that of Dr. Germans's came by wagon. The others went by rail to San Francisco, thence by

boat up to the Dalles, where they were met by friends who transported them by wagons to our community.

When I was seated in my wagon, Grandma German brought the baby to me, and before placing him in my arms, she kissed him and broke down weeping, saying: "Poor little fellow! I know I shall never again see him in this world!"

But in this she was mistaken, for she saw him again when he was about two years old, and a strong, lusty little fellow.

We left our old home and weeping friends about ten o'clock that morning, and started to the meeting place, having in our unit four well-equipped wagons, twelve head of horses, and sixteen people. As we drove away, I turned and took a last look at our old home and waved farewell to my old friends and neighbors who stood looking after us with tear-dimmed eyes. But being to wearied with the strain of getting ready for the journey, and so worried over my sick baby, I felt none of the keen regrets that I might have suffered otherwise, and was conscious only of one great desire, just to rest, rest, rest! My sick babe seemed a little better, a bit brighter, and he took his food a little bit easier, but he cried a little when the wagon jolted too much.

When we arrived at the meeting place about two o'clock in the afternoon, many of the others had not yet come. We had prepared at home for our first meal out, and Frank begged me not to get out of the wagon to help with the dinner, but to stay with the baby, which I was very willing to do. My daughter Della, who was a very competent little housewife, could, in a measure, take my place, but this was the first time she was ever about a camp fire.

At first, there was much noise and confusion about the camp, especially among the horses, all being strange to each other, but after they were taken away and picketed out to graze, things became more quiet. Soon the others began to arrive, and now began the preparations for the meal which would have to serve for both dinner and supper, for few had stopped to lunch. By sundown everybody had eaten, and the bustle and hurry about camp was over. Tonight the horses would have to be closely guarded, not only to prevent them from pulling loose and straying away, but to keep them from becoming injured in the ropes, for many of them had never before been picketed out. The boys readily assented to be the guards.

Everyone had to get acquainted, and the women went about visiting throughout the camp, hunting up the stranger families and putting them on a neighborly, social basis. Despite the usually accepted opinions relative to the character of Texans, most of the members of our train belonged to a Church, and the majority of the train belonged to the Christian Church, on Bear Creek, Wise County, Texas. They were of the most substantial people of the community, and would be a wholesome addition to any commonwealth in which they might choose to settle.

Wholly unexpected to us, just after sundown, friends, neighbors, and residents of the town, some in buggies, some on horseback, and some in farm wagons, came out to bid us good-bye and God speed. Some came, perhaps, out of curiosity to see the unusual spectacle of so many wagons, horses, and people gathered in one encampment; and to them it must have been a novel and impressive sight.

Among these visitors were some of our fellow-travelers on our journey from I Idaho in 1872. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Greathouse and their family came. Hugh Allen, too,

came a long distance, to bid us good-bye. This bosom friend and companion to Frank for so many years could not leave his aged and infirm parents to go with us. This was a parting which wrung the hearts of these two men. After all these years of pleasant companionship and brotherly relations, they here parted broken-heartedly, forever.

It was estimated that more than six hundred people came that night to tell us good-by.

The evening was spent mostly in friendly leave-taking, and the singing of cheerful Christian hymns. A short sermon was preached, followed by a prayer importuning the protection and blessing of Almighty God on all who were now starting on this venturous journey. About eleven o'clock the crowd began to disperse, and by midnight comparative quiet reigned in the camp.

Early the next morning the people of the camp began to stir about, and soon everything was hustle and bustle. Many, I suppose, had not slept much this first night.

Frank had the fire burning brightly, and as the baby was sleeping, I slipped quietly out of bed and went to help prepare breakfast. I made some biscuits, and baked up a good lot of bread for later use. We used skillets and dutch ovens for our baking. We also had a folding table around which we could seat six people on the light chairs and camp stools we had with us. I brought my little rocking chair on the trip, and it came in handy, too. When we reached Gainsbobo we bought a light cook stove on which I did most of my cooking thereafter.

After breakfast the horses were brought in, and while they were being harnessed and hitched to the wagons, the older people of the train held a sort of council and elected Brother Jacob Filer as captain. He had had much experience in freighting supplies from Mexico during the War, and although we anticipated no dangers from Indians, yet it was deemed necessary to have a captain to oversee the train and to provide for the safety of the train in emergencies.

Everything was in readiness at about ten o'clock and the train lined up in travel formation. Those new wagons with their clean, white covers, and the fresh, high spirited horses, all strung out in a line fully half a mile long, made and imposing array. Added to this were the happy, animated faces of the young people all eager for adventure. From a nearby cow camp came a great cavalcade of cowboys to see us start. They lined up their horses and stood watching us off.

The captain and his assistants then took an enumeration of the train. In all, there were twenty-four wagons, a hundred and fifteen horses, and eighty-eight people, representing seventeen families and four bachelors.

After the inspection came the order to move! The foremost wagon started and the others followed in close formation about ten feet apart. We were launched on our long journey, seeking new homes in the North! At first the loose horses had to be driven, but in a short time they learned to follow of their own accord.

Having no fear of Indian trouble this time, we chose the inner and shorter route, the cattle trail through the grassy country to Fort Dodge. Although we all knew there would be a scarcity of fuel along this route, we thought that by providing kindling we could manage.

Knowing that from our starting place we would have a full week's travel before we reached the main, or Chisholm Trail, and wishing to avoid loss of time hunting roads, we

employed a guide to pilot the train to the Trail. When we reached the Trail there was no further need of a guide. In fact, it would have required a pilot to get us out of the road. The thousands upon thousands of cattle which had been driven this way had cut deep paths, cris-crossing the road, which made travel very unpleasant. We soon found that the close order of formation could not be kept on the Trail. The hard, bumpy road was very trying on both the drivers and the teams. The former soon developed nerves, and the later developed sore necks and shoulders.

Fuel for cooking was a big problem; also the grass for horse feed was pretty scanty, for we had traveled north faster than the season. Good camping places were not plentiful. On the whole, the Chisholm Trail, like Jordan, "was a hard road to travel". But like all things earthly, it had an end. Dodge City, the railroad terminus and distribution point for the vast herds of southern cattle, was the end of the Trail.

At the time we reached it, Dodge City was still in the heyday of its wild existence, and it looked the part. It had long borne the name of being the toughest town in the West, and doubtless it deserved the reputation it had. A few years before, in 1876 to be exact, Wyatt Earp had been called to the town as marshal, and he had managed, after a fashion, to establish law and order in this godless place. Although he had done much to stop the lawless killings and murders for which it was noted, yet the germs of iniquity still remained, and it was still a tough place. Tough towns marked the reign of the cattle barons, and the graveyards were filled with men who had met violent deaths.

Our long train, passing through Dodge City, occasioned considerable interest, and many came out to see the unusual sight. We stopped on the main street while some of the men made a few purchases and the loungers and rough-looking customers gave us careful scrutiny, but aside from casual questions, we were in no way molested. We did not remain in the town any longer than was necessary.

In recent years the Chisholm Train has been memorialized in song and story, but when we traveled over it, we were not inspired to lift our voices in poetic ardor, for its hard jolts and bumps brought forth from the drivers occasional outburst of language hardly befitting good church members, and adding nothing to the glory of the Trail.

After we left Dodge City we found better roads. The cattle trails had branched out in various directions to different ranges, and left the road fairly smooth for our travel.

Now we turned toward Denver, and the route selected failed to afford good grazing for the horses, which necessitated feeding more grain. It was decided to limit our travel to fifteen miles a day instead of twenty which we had been making. This allowed more time for the horses to graze and rest up from their travel.

Wherever our route crossed the line of the Union Pacific, we saw boxcar after boxcar filled with the dried bones of slaughtered buffalo, and piles of bones lying at the side of the track ready to be loaded on the train and shipped East to soap factories. I reminded Frank of his objections to gathering bones that spring in Texas for me to make soap. "You see, there are bigger men than you and Mr. Hines engaged in the industry of gathering up bones.!"

By this time we had all become well aquatinted in the wagon train, and were on the most intimate and friendly basis. Most of the older people being church members, we kept the Sabbath regularly, and, except when we had to travel to find wood and water or good grazing, we camped for the day. Brother Filer had with him a tent large enough to hold a

goodly company of people, and on Sunday afternoons we usually gathered in the tent and held Christian services, singing and giving praise to our Heavenly Father for his tender mercies and watchful care over us as we journeyed on our way.

Sometimes our lay-overs from various causes became monotonous, and in such cases the men beguiled themselves in some harmless amusement. On one such occasion, while gathered in the big tent, the women out visiting or strolling about camp, and the boys off on a hunt, one of the men proposed that all of the men cut off their beards. It was then the custom to wear full beards, but this freakish notion must have struck them all in the same spot, for they all agreed to it. There being no one present to deny them this privilege, they took occasion of this unguarded opportunity to divest themselves of all facial hirsute adornments. When they came out of the tent and stood before their wives, they presented an amazing spectacle! Equally amazing and fully as indescribable was the look of incredulity and wonder on the faces of the wives, as probably for the first time in their lives they looked their husbands squarely in the face! Sweet Charity, in her benignity, covers a multitude of sins; but a full growth of whiskers does still more for the faces of some men, Finally convinced that these bare-faced apparitions were indeed their husbands, the women forthwith proceeded to get down to cases. They soon regained possession of *"the only edged tool which grows sharper with constant use"*, and therewith they prodded and lashed these bare-faced men ingeniously, putting them through the gauntlet of scorn, ridicule, and invective; finding resemblance's to apes, monkeys, baboons, and what-not in a manner to delight the heart of an evolutionist! I had seen my husband's face on a previous occasion, and at that time had begged him not to cut off his beard again; so, at this time I was not so much astonished as the other women, and I could, in a measure enjoy the show.

The children, attracted by the loud talk and laughter, came running to see what had happened. But on seeing a group of strange faces they fled to their mothers' aprons for protection. Hearing their fathers' voices, they would run towards the men, only to stare a moment at the unusual spectacle, then fly to their mothers, crying: "That's not my papa! That's not my papa!'

The men could have enjoyed their wives' discomfiture, but have their children turn from them was something they had not bargained for, and the joke was not so amusing as they first thought it would be. It was several days before the younger ones would acknowledge their fathers, and you can be assured that this part of the play was regretted. The men were severely punished for their little caper.

But this wasn't all. Mother Nature now took a hand in their castigation. The next morning a cold north wind was blowing, and these un-whiskered men had to face it, sans coverage. They were soon sorry and the women, in their goodness of heart, sought something for the men to wear around their throats for protection. I found a hank of yarn for Frank to wear. Some of the other men appropriated their wives' aprons to wrap their faces in, and still others took whatever happened to be at hand, not hesitating even to rob the baby of some of its wearing apparel. Conspicuous about the necks of some of the revelers were large, white squares of cotton flannel.

Up to this time, the horses had not given us much trouble at night, usually grazing contentedly around the camp; but one night something frightened them and they all stampeded; even the hobbled horses ran away, leaving only three riding ponys in the camp.

When morning came, three of the boys went after the runaways. When night came, they had not returned, and all night we watched and waited anxiously. Dawn came, and still no sign of them. Then the men went out afoot to try to find some clue as to what had happened, but they returned about three o'clock in the afternoon, having failed to sight the boys. Later in the afternoon a great shout arose in the camp, and we beheld the boys coming over a divide with the horses. They had found them the night before, but being unable to round them up in the darkness, they kept with them all night, and when daylight came they rounded them up and started for camp.

Unless one has been utterly dependent on horses for traveling, one can hardly realize the feeling of helplessness we experienced, camped out there in the wilds and the horses gone, nor the joy we felt when they were safely back again.

In Denver we learned that the railroad had been completed to Shoshone, Idaho, and that we could ship everything intact from Denver to Shoshone by rail. Although the cost of shipping would be a considerable amount, yet it would save much time and a great many hardships, but there were many in the train who could not afford the outlay of money, and others who preferred the overland travel anyway. Frank said that he had started out to spend summer traveling for the benefit of his family's health, and he considered traveling over the mountains the most beneficial part of the journey, so we continued to travel by wagon.

But a number of the train did ship to Shoshone, among them Brother Filer, Brother Manning, Brother Bennett, Mr. Stalling, Charley Dibble, and a friend of his.

My eldest daughter, Della, will always remember Denver, for it was here that I bought her a pair of shoes, many sizes too large, having forgotten the size of her shoe. She was always a little vain about her small feet, and now having to wear the big, sloppy shoes, and also having to endure the jibes of the boys in the train, she felt that her dignity was outraged. I imagine that even at this late date she will get a little "het up" about this affair when she is reminded of it.

I shall remember Denver from the fact that it was here we obtained our first "baker's bread". How we enjoyed it after having eaten the rather poorly baked bread of our trip for so many weeks!

When we left Denver our train consisted of but eleven wagons, five of them being ours. There were with us now, Mr. Harris and his family; Jake Bingham and his family; Jewett Davis and his family' Brother Thornhill and his family; Mason Thurlow, the Missouri boy who was with us in Texas, but now with a family of his own; and my brother-in-law, John Hartle and his family of children.

The roads were much better, and the settlements thicker than when we were here in 1872. Few of the people of our train had ever seen the mountains, and we were now traveling in a mountainous country which afforded much interest to the plainsmen. We noted that most of these mountain settlements consisted of foreigners, who probably were from a cold country, and did not seem to mind the cold climate.

We realized, too, that the wild life of the West was fast disappearing, and that farms and ranches were supplanting the buffalo and Indian. The boys who had started with

such high hopes of killing buffalo were sorely disappointed, for they never so much as saw a live buffalo, and perhaps the nearest they came to it was the decayed carcass of some old-timer dying out on the plains. They saw few antelope, and these shy creatures never came within gun shot.

Again we were annoyed by toll bridges which were not at all indispensable, and we found many of the good watering places fenced up, and their owner greedily charging exorbitant prices for the privilege of watering the stock.

While crossing the Wyoming plains we encountered a very heavy snow storm in midsummer, which occasioned us much trouble for one whole day. The snow fell to a depth of twelve inches, and having no tent, we were hard put to cook our meals.

In due time we again crossed the famous South Pass and came to the Pacific slope. We traveled on the main emigrant trail, but the road was badly rutted with the passage of so many wagons and so much stock that it was hard to go over. I have often wondered since, if those deep ruts and trails would not always remain as a monument to the long and arduous journeys of the pioneers. I had seen them three times, and they were still deep as when they were first made. It was my good fortune some forty years later to see them again in the Fort Laramie country, and although they were somewhat overgrown with grass, they were still deeply cut and plainly visible, marking the trail of the pioneers.

When we went to Texas in 1872 we met thousand on thousands of cattle being driven to the North, but on our return we found sheep by the thousands, as many as fifty thousand in a single drove. They were certainly a nuisance to wagon travelers. Not only were they hard to drive through, but they ruined the grass for miles on either side of the trail. Horses simply would not graze where sheep had pastured.

One day while we were slowly driving through one of these large bands of sheep, Jake Bingham's little four-month-old baby girl jolted out of the wagon and fell in the road among the sheep. My boy Lee, who was driving just behind Binghamn's wagon, saw the baby fall, and stopping his team, got out and rescued the baby. She was so well wrapped that the fall had not hurt her much, and the sheep had not trampled her. Lee called the Bingham's and informed them what had happened. They were terribly excited, fearing that the baby had been killed or smothered in the dust from the sheep. The train all stopped, and finally got things calmed down, but the sheep had gotten ahead of us by the time we started, and we had to drive through the band again.

Let me take time here to give you the sequel to this story: About thirty-five years after this, my son Lee went to California, near Corning, to live. One day he met a lady who told him that she was born in Texas, but had left there while she was too small to know anything about it. In fact, she was only a few months old when her family left Texas. It developed that she was the baby Lee had rescued in the band of sheep!

We managed to avoid the bad water which had occasioned us so much discomfort on our former journey. The Union Pacific having built through the country, we were able to obtain a supply of water from its watering places as we journeyed along the line.

We camped one night in a nice little valley where there was good grass and plenty of wood and water. There were some settlers scattered around about a small trading post nearby. The next morning we discovered that two of our best horses were missing. This we deemed strange, for they were grain fed horses, and had always kept near camp. After hunting all day and not getting any trace of them, we concluded they had been stolen.

Frank offer a hundred dollars reward for the horses, and bought a team of mules in the settlement with which to continue our journey. When we reached Blackfoot, Idaho where we were to cross the Snake River, he received a telegram that the horses had been found. It was a team that he had paid a big price for in Texas, and he hated to lose them. The distance back could be made most of the way by rail, so Frank decide to return for them.

Leaving instructions for the train to proceed to a designated place, he went back for his horses. We drove on without him, and as we camped that night, we encountered the worst sand storm I ever experience. It was under very trying circumstances that we made camp. We drove all the next night through a hot, dry stretch of country, before reaching a camping place. Another day's travel brought us to the place Frank had designated, and here we were met by such a fierce onslaught of mosquitoes that we had to drive on fifteen miles farther to await Frank's coming. When he finally overtook us, he was very much worn out from the hard trip he had made, and his horses were badly jaded, not so much from the return trip as from the hard drive the thieves had given them before returning them for the reward. They were never much good after that. It was a costly matter for us and a terrible hardship for Frank.

We were nearing our old home territory, and our journey continued without incident to the Boise Valley, our old home. Here we met some of our old friends, and Janie with her four children. We were importuned to stay and visit among our old acquaintances, but we felt that we must not delay the train, so we continued our journey. The younger folk reveled in the beauty of the Blue Mountains. When we reached Pendleton, in the Oregon country, we passed a grain ranch and one of the boys recognized a spotted pony belonging to Brother Filer. On making inquiry, we learned that he and the others who had accompanied him, were stopping for the summer in the grain country. We had a joyous reunion with these old friends, who very much desired us to stop with them, but we felt that we must go on. Here an accident happened to one of Mason Thurlow's mules, causing him to have to stop, and as he had been offered a good lay-out with one of his uncles, he decided to accept it. We went on, leaving Mason and Brother Filer at Pendleton: the rest of the train accompanied us to the Washington Territory. We were especially grieved to part from Mason, for he had been with us since he was a mere lad, and he seemed to us like a son. But we met again a few years later, and have lived neighbors to him ever since.

There were now thirteen wagons in our train. We intended to go to the Umitilla Landing and cross the Columbia at that place, but we were told that a new route leading down Willow Creek would shorten our distance, and that we could cross on a ferry at its mouth. We took the short way, but we regretted it sorely before we reached the Columbia. A new railroad was being built along the route, and we had to cross the track on very poorly constructed crossings so many times that this part alone would preclude our recommending the route. Further, the road was so badly rutted and cut up that travel was exceedingly difficult. To add our disgust, we found the ferry as poorly equipped for crossing as the road had been for travel.

Only one wagon could cross at a time, and that with much danger, for the wind was blowing a gale and ferry was poorly manned. So poorly was the ferry operated that it required three days for the thirteen wagons to cross, and so badly were things managed

that one night all the wagons and provisions were across the river and the families were on the other side side. Imagine camping under such conditions!

Finally we all got across. But what we thought and said about the man who had recommended this route to us is better left unsaid. Nor was that the end of our troubles, for we had a steep, hard climb to reach the level country on top of the river bluffs.

When we had crossed the treacherous river, and pulled up the steep, sandy heights, we found both good roads and good grass for the stock. In a few days we reached what is now Yakima City. Our train occasioned considerable interest, and we were interviewed by newspaper reporter! Think of it! "The old order changeth, giving place to the new!" I told him not to forget to mention the dog, He had walked all the way from Texas!

We drove over to the Natches River and found a very good camping place. Only one day more and our journey would be ended! We could hardly realize it. We had been on the road so long that our one compelling thought had been to drive on! There was not much sleep for me that night. New scenes and new thoughts crowded sleep from my brain. The thought of meeting my sister and brother-in-law, and the happy time we would have together; the thought that here we would make our home; alluring plans for the future swept through my mind, driving sleep away.

We had told Jimmie and Addie of our intended trip, but had not informed them that we were on our way. Our coming would be a complete surprise to them. The last time we had seen them was in Idaho, I with my one babe and she with hers. Now I had eight! About one o'clock the next day we reached my sister's home. It had been so long since she had seen any of her people that she could scarcely credit her eyes when she saw us drive up. Being of an excitable temperament, she could not bring herself down to anything rational for some time, but Jimmie, a more matter-of-fact person, immediately set about to find a place for our wagons and pasture for the horses. He found a camping place for the rest of the train, and took charge of affairs in general. For us, he had a house which could soon be made comfortable to live in during the winter. He had built a new house near the road, and was operating a country store and post office.

We came very near not getting any dinner that day, Addie and I had so much to tell each other, but finally some of the older children took a hand, and we finally managed to get a meal. Addie had a family of eight boys, two of them being twins about four years old. Not having any girls, my sister wanted to take charge of her two little nieces.

After the excitement quieted down a little, the other members of our train started looking the country over with a view of locating. Brother Manning bought a home in the Wenas country and became one of the permanent residents of the Yakima Valley. The others went over to the Kittatas Valley and bought homes.

We had left Texas with the intention of spending the winter in the Selah Valley of the Yakima country, and taking plenty of time to look for a suitable location. Frank wanted to find a place where he could engage in the cattle business.

So we made the house ready for occupancy, built shelter for the horses, and began making plans for the winter. Wood was brought down from the mountains for fuel, and Lee went over to the Dalles to get our winter supply of provisions and wearing apparel. We were within a short distance of a good school, where we sent the smaller children.

We now reckoned up our expenditures and found that we had spent far more money than we planned to spend on the trip. We realized that our mode of travel was very

expensive, and that it would not be followed long after the railroads had been constructed through the country. In fact, there was only one more train that crossed overland, so far as I know, that of Dr., German, two years after we came. But the journey had accomplished one desirable thing for us -- it had restored the family to good health. The children now seemed to be entirely recovered from all effects of malaria, and were strong and vigorous, and my baby, now nearly a year old, was a happy, healthy little fellow. All in all, our journey of four and half months well repaid us for the time and money spent.

The winter was a busy one for us all, and it passed very quickly. The children liked the school very much. Their teacher was a young man from Kentucky, whose name was Fred Parker. He said he had come West to make his fortune, and I presume he succeeded, for he later became a noted lawyer of Yakima.

Frank found a farm in the Moxie Valley which suited him nicely, but he saw one of the children sick with malaria and did not buy. He made a trip up to Wenatchee country, but lack of range and shortage of water led him to decide against locating there. He looked over the Kittitas country, but the soil and the climate didn't exactly suit him. The Big Bend country was far too dry and desolate.

Finally, I tried my hand at finding a location. I went with some Texas friends to the Kititas country and found two places either of which suited me nicely. Then Frank went up and selected the one nearest the mountains in order to have a good range for the stock.

The place we bought lay just twelve miles northeast of Ellensburg, and was irrigated from Coleman Creek. It was in a protected part of the valley, and the land proved to be rich and good. With the boys to help, we soon built up a fine stock farm. Frank sent to Kentucky for blooded sires for his horses, and improved his stock with a proficiency that soon made him one of the leading stock men of the valley. I had an excellent garden spot, and soon had many chickens of good breed, and a fine dairy herd. It was not long until we had a lovely home and once more were doing well.

Our Texas friends kept coming and settling near us, until most of them had followed us to this new country.

Ellensburg, which when we came to the Kittitas Valley bore the opprobrious name of "Robbers' Roost", soon became a thriving little city. It was named for Ellen Shoudy, the daughter of one of the first merchants in the town. Not long after Washington became a state, one of the state normal schools was located in Ellensburg, and several of my children attended. A few years ago it was said by one of the Normal instructors that the name of Fulton had appeared on the enrollment records every year since the Normal started.

It was only natural, with numerous friends throughout the valley, that Frank should take a lively interest in political matters, and while he himself was never a candidate for office, he acquired no little political importance in the country.

Our children were now becoming men and women, and son Lee, the child of my heart, found a lovely girl for his wife. They went to live in the Methow Valley of the Okanogan country, on a good homestead which Frank helped him select. Della, my sturdy helper, was claimed by a very worthy young man of the neighborhood. Belle, her father's pride, was taken from us by a brother of Della's husband. A few years later, Nellie, who had finished her Normal course and was teaching in the Methow country, was claimed by

a fine young man. Frank, the standby on the farm, found himself a good woman for a wife. Our family was rapidly being depleted.

But this mild sorrow at the departing of our fledglings, was from time to time ameliorated with the advent of our grandchildren, for, as the wise man saith,

"Children's' children are the crown of old men,
and the glory of children are their fathers."

But dark sorrows began to lower over us. From Texas came the sad news of the death of Hugh Allen. The bosom friend of my husband was no more. Dear, gentle, lovable Hugh would never again ride the range with Frank. Their all-night heart talks were at an end. This was indeed sad news to all of us, for Hugh seemed as one of the family.

Then, the Grim Reaper came into our household, taking from us our beloved Johnny in the prime of his young manhood. His loss left an aching void in our hearts which time has never effaced.

Next, our beautiful seventeen-year-old Nettie passed away in the glory of her girlhood, and we drank deeply of the cup of bitterness.

Again, the call came for darling Belle, in her young motherhood.

These terrible trials were hard to bear. Frank, who had always held out his hand to others in their sorrow, now bowed his head in grief. He was becoming infirm. The terrible hardship which he had endured in his pioneer life had taken a heavy toll on his vitality. A lingering illness settled on him, and he realized that the end was not far distant.

And now he reaped the kindness he had sown, Sympathizing friends came by the hundreds to see him and sought to aid him in every way possible. He took much comfort in their visits, but at last, he, too, passed away.

He was buried from the Christian Church in Ellensburg, to which he had contributed generously in its building. The Masonic and Odd Fellow lodges of which he was a member memorialized his death and performed the ritual of their services at his funeral. A concourse of friends and neighbors estimated to be three miles in length, followed his body to the churchyard, and with tear-dimmed eyes, saw his mortal remains laid to rest. Even the Indians on the nearby reservation observed a period of mourning for his departure, and the women told how they all gathered in their wigwams and "clied and clied", when they had heard he was no more, for he had always showed them kindness

"And now, as I travel the sunset road
'mid the twilight soft and deep,
While my empty arms are starving
for the forms once hushed to sleep,
My Father, in love, bends over me,
and there's hope instead of sorrow,
As He says: "Your dear ones are safe with Me!
You may have them again, tomorrow!"

And now I shall bring to its conclusion my story of sunshine and shadow, as I see it from the vantage point of eighty-six years. The small part that we played in the great melodrama of the West, in building it up and making it habitable, should, perhaps, excuse my bringing it forth. But the joy of living it all over again as I write it, is a recompense for my labor, and to you, my children, I leave this record.

Caldwell, Idaho
December, 1930

ARABELLA CLEMENS FULTON
passed away July 29, 1934 at the home
of her daughter, Della, near the old
Fulton place at Ellensburg, Washington.

She was laid to rest in the family
plot in the Ellensburg cemetery, beside
her loved ones who preceded her in
His keeping.

CHAPTER FOUR

METHOW VALLEY 1886 THROUGH 1910
TOLD BY A PIONEER

This addendum... BOOK FOUR has been added to Arabella (Belle) Fulton's three books called TALES OF THE TRAIL under one binding.

by J. Lee. Fulton who was Belle Fulton's oldest son.

Written in 1940

Now I shall attempt to give a brief account of the early settlement of the Methow Valley.

FIRST TRAILS INTO METHOW VALLEY

At one time Okanogan County extended from the Canadian line to the Wenatchee River, and a large part of it belonged to the Nespelem Indian reservation. Early in 1886, that part of the reservation lying between the Okanogan and Wenatchee rivers was thrown open to settlement and soon many seeking free homesteads were surveying the possibilities for home sites along the Methow River and its many tributaries. At the time of this opening (1886) the only access to the valley was by existing Indian trails. The first of three main trails, known as the Bald Knob Trail, left the Columbia River just above the mouth of the Methow River and bore off in a northwesterly direction to what became known as Cheval Creek, up over Bald Knob Mountain, down Texas Creek to within about three or four miles of its mouth; there leaving the creek to the south it climbed over a system of low hills and finally reached the river about three miles below the mouth of

Beaver Creek. This was the trail by which myself and party reached the Methow Valley early in the fall of 1888. More about that trip later.

The second trail followed the general course of the Methow River. While on this trail, there was not so much climbing but it was longer, with difficult places to pass over.

The third trail left the Okanogan River at the Chiliwhist Creek following the general course of the creek up to what became known as Mason Flat, then up over Chiliwhist Mountain, down to Benson Creek; thence down the creek, finally reaching the Methow about two miles below Beaver Creek. It was over a portion of this trail the first wagons to reach the Methow Valley made their way.

There was another trail entering the valley from higher up the Okanogan River, by the way of Loop Loop and Frazer Creeks. This trail did not see the extensive use as did the other three mentioned..

Entering the Valley by either of these trails, especially the late spring or early summer, the traveler was thrilled by the luxurious growth of "bunch grass" that greeted his sight on every side. This grass made the valley famous because of the very prime beef it produced and sent to surrounding markets during the first quarter of a century of its development.

HOMESTEAD SEEKING

Early in September, 1888, a number of young men from eastern part of the Kittitas Valley, hearing such favorable reports from the new valley, decided to get some first hand information. The party consisted of Ed Huss, his father, Harvey Huss- the only married man along- Harrison Houser, Rufus Cooke, Will German, P.L. Filer, and myself. Our only means of transportation was by saddle horses with pack
horses to carry our bedding and provisions.

En-route we passed through the now famous Wenatchee Valley. At that time there was only one store in the valley, put in by a Mr. McPherson from Ellensburg. The Wenatchee Post Office was in the farm home of one Sam Miller, a pioneer of the valley. About two miles farther on we came to the Wenatchee River, which we had to ford. having done so, we left behind us our wagon road and all signs of civilization. Ahead lay 75 miles of (rougher than we knew) Indian trails. Soon our trail led along a ledge, not wide enough to be inviting, with the Columbia River 100 feet below us and perpendicular stone above us. Next we came to the Entiat, where we found some signs of life in the form of a few Indians around a small log hut.

About five miles farther we came to the famous Kokshut (Broken-off) mountain. Here the Indians claimed, some 20 years before the whole end of the mountain had broken off and slipped into the river and really dammed the river up for two or three days until the river washed around it. Here we found a quite dangerous trail to pass over. Large, broken rocks had to be climbed over where there was danger of our horses getting their feet in the openings and cracks between the rocks. Sometimes we would walk and lead our horses to give them a better chance to pick their way across the bad places.

At Knapps we found the first white man we had seen since we left Wenatchee. His name was Charles NaVarre, whom some of us had slightly known at Ellensburg. He had located a claim at the foot of the hill, and with his wife was holding it down. I've often wondered why the hill was not named for him as he was the first to hold the place there.

At Chelan River we again had to ford the stream and all there was there was an unoccupied small log cabin on the south bank of the river, about 100 yards below the outlet to the lake. We thought Lake Chelan quite beautiful but the country around about did not appeal to us as a farming country, so we passed on.

Upon reaching the Methow, we again crossed the river by fording, and then soon left the Columbia River for the Methow Valley proper: over trails subsequently known as the Bald Knob trails. At the end of six days journey we arrived at the camp of a friend who had preceded us a month or so. At that time there were probably less than a dozen men scattered over the valley, but to remind us we were now in wild country, just the day before we arrived at our friends, two white men and an Indian got into a little altercation, and one of the white men, "Chiekamum" Stone by name, shot the Indian through the shoulder. Fortunately, it was a superficial wound and the Indian women doctored it up and it soon got well and nothing further came of it.

After looking over the valley two or three days, five of the seven of us selected our claims as follows, P. L. Filer selected a claim east of the Mason Thurlow place, Harrison Houser the old Henry Plummer place, Ed Huss the Herstine or J.C. Garrett place, Will German the Ras Garrett place, and I the present Dick Miller place. After doing some work on our claims we returned to our former homes... some to get married and others to try to. We also make preparations to return to our newly acquired claims.

EARLY MIGRATION

During the winter of 1888- 1889, several neighbors in the eastern part of Kittitas Valley were making preparations to trek to our new homes. On March 9, 1889, the writer, with a number of others, all with four-horse teams, started out. At that time only one road crossed the Wenatchee mountains lying east of the valley. That was over the Kolockum Pass. Considerable snow was encountered crossing the mountains but we made fairly good time.

To reach our destination it was necessary to cross the Columbia River twice, first ferrying the river at the mouth of Moses Coulee. Then our course led us up the Coulee for about 12 miles to the mouth of Sutherlin Canyon, thence up Sutherlin Canyon to the Big Bend tablelands west of Badger Mountain. Here we had some difficulty from soft terrain. At least one wagon mired down in the soft earth, requiring considerable effort to extricate it. From here our road led over Badger Mountain down onto Douglas Creek. At the head of this creek we came to the village of Douglas. I think this was the first town started in the Big Bend country, at least the western portion of it. However, the first Okanogan City was laid out some four or five miles north and east of Douglas City, but as far as I ever knew no buildings were ever erected on the site. In fact, the scheme had been abandoned about the time of which I write. At this time Waterville had sprung up about three miles northwest of Douglas and was fast crowding Douglas off the map.

From Douglas it was a long drive of 17 miles across bleak plains to the head of Foster Creek, thence down Foster Creek to the confluence with the Columbia River. About three miles down the river we came to Tetter's Ferry, where we crossed over onto the Indian reservation. Our next point of interest, was Lumsden's store, located on the Okanogan River, two miles above its mouth. Here we forded the Okanogan, getting back on "our side" of the river.

A mile or two down the Columbia a small creek came out of the mountains and along this creek were two or three Settlers. Up this creek we followed a dim road that finally ended on Mason's Flat on a small body of fairly level land on the north slope of Chiliwhist Mountain. Here our road ended entirely with the Chiliwhist Mountain between us and our desired destination. Up to this time not more than four wagons had reached the Methow Valley. The first wagon to enter the valley belonged to N. Stone who settled on the flat just below Heckendorn. It was plotted by N. Stone, Harvey. Nickell, John Hartle, and Tony Cogswell. The second wagon was that of Harvey H. Nickell. While I think there were two other wagons that had gone in the fall before, that is, 1888, I do not remember whose they were at this time.

While the old Chiliwhist Indian trails crossed over the mountain from near this point, it was impossible for wagons to follow the trails, so a new pass had to be sought out. This was accomplished by our predecessors, but to follow tracks made by the wagons the fall before was quite a task. We finally succeeded and ended our journey after about an eight-day trip.

As you can see this was a very round-about way to reach the Methow from the Ellensburg country and was soon shortened somewhat.

Considerable interest was being shown in the mining industry in the northwest portion of Okanogan County. Some development had started that required machinery. This called for shorter and better transportation facilities. The first step to meet this need, and which meant much to the Methow Valley, was the installation of a ferry by one John Lowry about two miles below what is now known as the town of Brewster. This began operation in late April or early May, 1889. The keen competition between Ellensburg and Spokane had caused capitalists in Ellensburg to get together and build a steamer to operate between Moses Coulee and up-river points. This steamer, known as the City of Ellensburg, began operations about 1887, and until the coming of the railroad to Wenatchee in 1893 its cargoes were transported by wagons over the Wenatchee mountains to the docks at Moses Coulee, there loaded onto the steamer for up-river points. When the railroad reached Wenatchee in 1893, this was all changed and Ellensburg lost its up-river trade. Soon after this the name of the steamer was changed to Selkirk, the name of its first captain. Under this name it plied the upper Columbia for many years, contributing greatly in the up building of that part of the Columbia Valley basin. Just here I may add that shipping point from which the Methow Valley received its freight during its earlier years was Virginia City, located just above what is now the approach to the Brewster bridge. The agent and small store keeper was "Old Virginia Bill." If he didn't have what you wanted, he had "plenty of it coming up on the boat."

With the opening of the Central ferry and the building of a wagon road up Paisley Canyon, considerable distance was saved, especially for those coming from the Ellensburg country desiring to reach the new Mecca.

Probably the first ranch location in the Methow was made by one Joe White from Okanogan, but a very late frost in 1887 killing and doing much damage so completely discouraged him that he was ready to sell his claim to the first man to come along, and Mr. Thurlow was that man, making the deal in the late summer or early fall of that year.

FIRST SETTLERS

In the summer of 1887 several home seekers visited the valley and a number of locations were made and some cabins were build other than the one previously spoken of, on Beaver Creek, built by Mr. White and purchased by Mason Thurlow. This cabin I will have occasion to refer to later.

Among those I will mention was B.F. Pearrygin on Pearrygin Lake, Charles Randall on upper Beaver Creek, Joe Frazer at mouth of Frazer Creek, Dan Bamber on Bamber Flat, George L. Thompson near Twin Lakes, and John Hartle, an uncle by marriage, on Bear Creek. A companion of Hartle's, Tony Cogswell by name, had located a claim at the mouth of Pipestone Canyon, but did not get his cabin built, so he and Hartle decided to winter together in the Hartle cabin on Bear Creek. These two men were among the first white men to take up winter quarters in the Methow Valley. It is possible that Randall, Frazer, and Bamber, on Beaver Creek and Thompson and Pearrygin, in the upper valley wintered there this same winter; that is, 1887-88. Of this I cannot be sure.

In the late spring of 1888, Hartle and Cogswell returned to Kittitas Valley for harvest, bringing a very flattering report of the Valley and the fine winter they had spent there.

This report brought about the stampede of which I was a part, as reported in the beginning of this story. The men had prepared feed for their saddle and pack horses but they reported the feed was fine and the weather so mild their horses seldom came in for feed. This interested a large number of people in the Kittitas Valley.

In the early summer of 1889, Harvey H. Nickell from Kittitas Valley moved his family, consisting of his wife and four children, into the valley. This was accomplished by pack train... Mrs. Nickell being the first white woman to enter the valley. A little later they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Rans Moore, also from Kittitas.

I have spoken of the early migration to the new country in 1889 largely coming from Kittitas Valley.

This influx continued all summer and when winter sat in there were nearly 150 people within the confines of the valley. Possibly 80 percent of them had come from the Ellensburg district. More than 50 percent of them had been neighbors and friends in Texas, coming to the Territory of Washington in 1883-1884. The Stones, Nickells, Germans, Fultons, Filers, Jewettes, Davises, Prewittts, Thurlows, Sumpters, and Hartles all coming from Wise County, Texas.

FIRST LOG CABINS

Naturally, coming into a new country as was the Methow at that time, all the material for preparing for winter was standing in the forest, the ax froe and broad-ax had to be called into action. Logs were hewn for the body of the house and only dirt was used for roofing. First, small poles were laid from side wall to ridge pole. These were covered with a thick layer of hay, preferably wild rye grass, then a thick layer of dirt. Such was the first cabin built by Uncle John Hartle on his Bear Creek claim in 1887.

It had a fireplace built of cobblestone across one corner with a stick chimney plaster with mud extending up above the roof a short distance. The lumber, three boards 1x2, 6 ft. long for the door to this cabin, was carried on a pack horse from Malott on the Okanogan River. During the fall of 1889, Uncle Hartle built a nicer cabin near this old one. It was provided with a "shake" roof and floor of boards 4 feet long, split "bastard fashion" from pine logs. These strips also provided casing for small windows. Uncle,

having vacated the old cabin, offered it to me for the winter, and late in October I moved in with my wife and 2 1/2 months old baby, and during the long, cold winter that was to follow the only floor and hearthstone we were to have was a large oxhide stretched across the corner of the room in front of the fireplace. This oxhide, before the long winter was over, became the playground for our little girl and made a very good substitute for a hardwood floor. it could be swept and kept cleaner than the average soft wood floor.

WINTERS IN METHOW

As far as possible, I shall try to relate the early incidents of which I write as nearly in chronological order as I can after so long a lapse of time. No doubt, however, some of the early settlers who read this may not agree with me.

In the spring of 1889, some grain was sown but it was all late and as there was very little late rains it made but little hay. The winter of 1888-1889 was also a light winter with but little snow and while the range was very good little grass was found that could be cut for hay; therefore, little preparation could be made for feed for stock for the coming winter.

About 150 head of cattle and 100 head of horses were to start into the winter.

The two mild winters just preceding 1888-1889 had rather lulled the newcomers into a state of false security. Snow commenced falling the first of December. By Christmas it was 18 inches deep. More snow had fallen than during either of the two previous winters. By January 28, 1890, snow was two feet deep or more, according to what part of the valley you were in. On this date a strong wind began to blow. We hoped it would be a Chinook, but in this we were disappointed. While it did soften the snow some, the most good that it did was to blow the snow from some of the higher hills along the valley. Up to this time some horses had been kept up to ride horseback or drive improvised sleds; but at this time hay was practically all gone and horses were all driven to bare hills, thinking, hoping that winter had broken. But, alas! The wind had hardly ceased to blow when it again started snowing and we were to soon realize a second winter had "set in."

From this time on the only means of conveyance was on foot. Few if any, had ever had any experience with skis or snowshoes. Skis seemed to be the most feasible, but again material was lacking and again virgin timber must be resorted to. So quaking asp poles were utilized. Straight grained poles were selected of sufficient size to furnish a 5 or 6 inch face when split in half. The round side then had to be hewn down to a thickness of 1 to 1 1/2 inches and the split side dressed and made smooth as possible. Since green timber split easier and was more available it was generally used, but this had its disadvantages. First, it was heavier and second, snow would stick much worse to a green stick than to one dry and well seasoned.

Our skis worked very well when it was very cold and the snow dry but when the snow was wet it was different. More than once that winter, I would have to take my skiis on my shoulders and flounder through the snow as best I could to reach home. And this was the experience of many, especially when the sun got warm enough to melt the snow.

While the unexpectedly long winter did not cause any very great suffering, it did cause considerable inconvenience and some lines of provisions were short, among which were coffee, bacon, lard or shortening, and tobacco; also jellies and jams.

I saw a young man sprinkle flour over his bread pan to keep his biscuits from sticking to the pan. This same man made his gravy by browning flour, then adding only water and salt. This man was camping in an extra cabin near ours just as spring was opening up, doing a little work. We couldn't help noticing the lack of variety in his meals. We were out of jellies and jams but we had taken in a supply of vinegar and we still had sugar. To a small quantity of this vinegar, my wife would add water, thicken with flour and sweeten.
This would make a very nice sauce. One morning while he was out at work, my wife took a dish of this sauce and left it on his table. After lunch he thanked us and said it was the best sauce he had ever eaten.

Meat was quite plentiful as a beef or two had been killed and deer were in abundance. Coffee became very scarce. Uncle Jimmy Sullivan had been running a huckster wagon in Kittitas valley during the summer and brought a small stock of groceries with him to the valley. Fortunately it largely consisted of about 60 pounds of green coffee. But this and whatever other groceries he brought in were gone before the winter ended. Jim Byrnes had a few groceries at his cabin below the mouth of Beaver Creek. I think his line was largely tobacco. This supply was also early exhausted. Tobacco shortage seemed to be more acute than anything else, and certainly we heard more about it than about other food shortages.

During this winter, 1889 -1890, almost the entire population of the valley was located on each side of the river between Texas Creek and the North Fork, and all travel after February 1st was on skiis, or snowshoes as they were generally called. Here is one George Rader may remember should he read these lines, as the story is accredited to him.

A Bear Creek neighbor, a user of tobacco, and whose supply had become exhausted, decided to do a little cruising in the lower part of the valley, hoping to find some friend whose supply of the weed was not so scant as his own. So, getting aboard his skiis, he headed down the valley and somewhere in the Beaver Creek neighborhood he found encouraging signs that heartened him and made going easier.

First, as he traveled along, he began to notice, at intervals, slight discolorations of a brownish nature on the surface of the pure white snow. Soon these discolorations were more pronounced, demanding more than a casual observation. Then he began a more critical examination, and this conclusion rushed to his mind- "tobacco spit" ... and the race was on. When Beaver Creek was reached, the signs headed up the creek. On and on they went. At Frazer Creek the trail headed up the creek toward the summit; the evidence was getting plainer, the pursuer was gaining.

Finally success crowned his efforts. But, alas; the pursued, he too was out of the coveted weed and was using dried alder bark as a substitute. That accounted for the dark splotches on the snow. I refer you to George Rader for the truthfulness of this story.

However, after the real winter set in following the January thaw, the first man to brave the elements in an effort to reach the outside was a man from the lower valley (name forgotten), who late in March crossed the Loop Loop trails over to Old Ruby City for the express purpose of securing a supply of tobacco.

During this winter there were no communications with the outside world, for 2 1/2 months. No letters were received in the valley. What was done to overcome this unpleasantness will be referred to later.

When spring finally came, settlers were faced with other discouragement's. Naturally, horses that had to spend the last six weeks of winter pawing snow off the grass on the hillsides to secure their food, became very poor and had to be worked very moderately. Seed was scarce and high, seed wheat selling at 4 cents per pound. It had been demonstrated to what extremes a Methow winter could go. and people realized they must prepare food for stock in the winter. Late spring, poor work horses, and scarcity of seed made prospects for hay for another winter rather slim. However, the excessive moisture caused by the heavy snows of the past winter caused a very luxuriant growth of native grasses and made it possible for much "wild hay" to be put up during the season.

FIRST WHITE CHILDREN BORN

I have before spoken of Mr. and Mrs. Rans Moore as being among the early arrivals in the Valley. They located the claim that later became the old Methcalf place. To them was born the first white child in the valley. However, she died at birth and was buried as Mary Methow Moore.

The Moores, like many others, soon became discouraged and did not long remain in the Valley.

The first white child to live, born in the Valley, was Ellen Nickell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Nickell. The mother died soon after her birth, this being the second death to occur in the Valley. She being preceded only a few days by "Bud Nickell, brother of Harvey and Ed Nickell. Another early death was that of Mrs. Cromwell Maxey, a sister of Walter Frisbee, who had located just across the river from Winthrop.

MAIL SERVICE

Naturally, in a new country, efforts are soon made to secure mail service. Pending the location of a mail route, P. L. Filer was employed as our first mail carrier, on a kind of a subscription basis, making one trip a week to Ruby City, delivering the mail to Jim Byrnes' place below Beaver Creek for the sum of $25 per month. Finally, in the late summer a post office was established at John Brynes' place to be known as Silver, with Mr. Byrnes as postmaster, and the route was to run from Malott over the Chillwhist trail to the new post office of Silver. Later, a contract was let and tri-weekly mail service inaugurated, first by Mr. Filer, then he was succeeded by Aaron Johnson, brother of James Johnson, who became the second mail carrier into the Valley.

During the winter of 1890 - 1891, mail for the Valley was received and distributed from Silver. This, of course, was very inconvenient for those of the Upper Valley, as that part of the Valley above the Jim Johnson Mountain as it was known, and agitation for a post office was increasing. Early in 1891, C.M. Look located a claim between my claim- the old John Hartle cabin-- and that of N. Stone. He built a cabin on the river just above the bluff that rises up from the river about a quarter of a mile below where the Frank Bean house is now located. a petition was circulated, asking that a post office be established at Mr. Look's home with Mr. Look as postmaster, and the mail route extended from Silver to the proposed new post office. This petition was finally granted, but for some reason the name proposed in the petition for the new office (I do not remember now what it was), was objectionable to the Post Office Department and Winthrop was substituted instead. But the office did not remain at the Look home for long.

During the summer, Guy Waring, who had been in business over in the north part of the county, came to the Valley to look for a new location, and in short time decided on the location where Winthrop now stands, and at once started building, preparatory to putting in a stock of general merchandise.

As soon as his building was sufficiently enclosed to receive his goods, he opened up for business and asked that the post office be located in his store. He no doubt wished to perpetuate his name, so asked that the name of the office be changed to Waring. This had some objections and the Post Office Department objected because of the necessity of changing the post office records.

However, the location was changed to Mr. Waring's store and Mr. Waring was made postmaster, and thus began your modest little town of Winthrop.

FIRST SCHOOLS

The next important step in the early settlement of the new valley was to provide school facilities for the numerous children arriving in the Valley. One may realize the newness of the whole of Okanogan county when in 1890 all that vast area extending from the Wenatchee River north to British Columbia and west of the Columbia River to the summit of the Cascade Mountains only boasted six school districts. The first school to open in the Valley was held in the homestead cabin of Dan Bamber, on Bamber Flat. The teacher was Miss Ida Malott, from the Okanogan River area. This school was opened in the fall of 1890, and resulted in the forming of School District No. 7.

The 7th district comprised all the territory from Jim Johnson Mountain down the Valley as far as there was any settlement, also, all the Beaver Creek area.

At almost the same time a second district was being formed that composed all the area from the Jim Johnson mountain up the river with all its various tributaries. This district became district No. 8, or the 8th in the county. and to validate the same, school was opened in a little log cabin on Bear Creek, located on the homestead claim of the writer, and the teacher was Mrs. Morrison Bryon, mother of Maurice Bryon, now of Twisp. She had formerly been a teacher in California. During the summer and fall of 1891, these districts each completed buildings to house their schools, one known as the Beaver Creek school house and the other the Fairview school house, located on a bench about 1 1/2 miles below Bear Creek.

As the population increased and spread out over the Valley, new districts were formed in the order named; Lakeview, Rockview, French, Texas Creek, Pipestone, Twisp and Winthrop. Winthrop brought about by a revamping of the old Fairview district. Twisp district came into existence when Twisp began to show signs of becoming a trading center.

SEEDS FOR PLANTING CROPS

At the time the Methow Valley was opened to settlement, alfalfa, as a forage plant, was just being introduced in the southern part of the state. In fact, it had, as yet, not reached the Ellensburg country but was being introduced in the Yakima district.

A cousin by the name of John Worlow came up from Yakima in the fall of 1889, bringing a small quantity of alfalfa seed with him (8 or 9 pounds). In the spring of 1890, he, not having a suitable place, gave it to me, It was sown on about 1/2 acre of ground,

about 100 yards up Bear Creek from the old log cabin and the house where Mr. Hancock now lives.

A fine stand was the result, and it grew so well that my cousin became very enthusiastic over its possibilities, declaring he believed it would grow without irrigation. This proved to be a mistake which took a year or two to discover and caused considerable grief in the next few years to follow.

On the advice of my cousin and because of the favorable showing made by our test plot, I decided to sow more alfalfa the next spring. But how to get the seed? Two neighbors from Beaver Creek, Al O'Brien and Curry Culberson, wished to make a trip to Ellensburg to spend a part of the winter and needed a pack outfit with horses. This I agreed to furnish if they would bring me 100 pounds of alfalfa seed, to be provided for them at Ellensburg. This they did and it became the first planting of any size and from seed packed on a packhorse for 150 miles.

BUT GRIEF FOLLOWS

Thinking the alfalfa would grow without irrigation, the seed was sown without preparing or leveling the land. Those two seasons we proved two things; that alfalfa would NOT grow profitably without irrigation, but that it would grow WITH irrigation. In irrigating grain on an adjoining plot, we found that if water got on to the alfalfa in sufficient quantities and frequently enough, the alfalfa would soon show a more luxuriant growth. But grief was in the offing. Because of the uneven condition of the land, it could not be evenly irrigated. The result was a very rank growth on the low, irrigated portion, and a stunted growth on the higher ground. Between these two extremes a condition developed in the alfalfa plants favorable to a fungus growth known as "Dodder" or "Lovevine". It would start on these semi-irrigated plants and extend into the rank growth and literally mat it together until it was almost impossible to mow and seemed impossible to eradicate, but when the cause was learned the remedy suggested itself. Keep alfalfa growing rank, as the fungus would not start on rank stalks but always on stunted plants.

Some had tried burning straw or hay on affected spots, some hoeing, but all to no avail, and for a time it looked like alfalfa growing was doomed, but uniform irrigation was all that was required.

NEW ROADS

With the opening of Central Ferry and the constant increase of new settlers coming into the valley, a better road was greatly needed.

A new road from the new ferry to Cheval's on Cheval Creek, had been completed by the fall of 1890 and the people of Methow decided to utilize this piece of new road and build a road from Cheval's over Bald Knob mountain and down Texas Creek to where the Indian trails leave the creek, following on to where the river is intercepted at the mouth of Cook Creek.

Bob Prewitt had charge of the work and it was completed or made passable by the late fall of 1890.

The completion of this road brought a sawmill on the Columbia side of the mountains, within 35 miles of the Valley.

It was while working on this road Bob Prewitt received a broken leg from an accident with a road grader.

VALLEY'S FIRST ELECTION

To provide for the General Election in the fall of 1890, the whole of the Methow Valley was declared one voting precinct and the cabin on the Thurlow claim was the designated polling place, hence the first cabin built in the Valley became the first voting place in the Valley. At this election, one question of statewide interest was on the ballot; Should the Capitol of the State be removed from Olympia? About four candidates were in the field. Ellensburg and Yakima were leading candidates on the east side. While Olympia was very unsatisfactory to both East and West, much rivalry in all contending sections prevented uniting on any one candidate and the Capitol was retained by Olympia.

Locally, two contests created considerable interest. First, the contest for Justice of the Peace between J. C. Glover, whose claim lay down the river from the mouth of the Twisp, that later became the property of J.M. Risley, and N. Stone, whose claim lay on the river below the mouth of the North Fork. These candidates were nominated on the day of the election, before the polls were opened, and the contest was enlivened by a speech from Mr. Glover, supporting his candidacy. However, Mr. Stone was elected and became the first Justice of the Peace for the Valley.

This distinction he held for a good many years. When the Twisp precinct was created, J,M. Risley was elected its first Justice of the Peace, becoming the second peace officer of the Valley.

The second contest was for the important office of County Commissioner of the Third District. This district extended from the summit of the mountains between the Methow and the Okanogan rivers, south to the Wenatchee.

The people of the Methow Valley, desiring representation on the county board, decided to nominate a man in each party for the position, Capt. F. M. Wright was nominated by the Republicans and the writer's name was placed on the Democratic ticket.

When the votes were counted, it was found 65 votes had been cast- Mr. Wright 30, and the writer 35. However, leaving the Valley, this lead was soon overcome and Mr. Wright became the first commissioner, also the first county officer elected from the Valley; also, the writer became the first defeated candidate for a county office from the Valley.

EARLY MERCHANDISING

I have already mentioned the opening of the store at Winthrop, but earlier efforts at merchandising had been made in the lower Valley

Mr. Byrnes was carrying a small stock of groceries even before the post office was located at his place. At that time Silver looked promising as a trading center and a number of men with more or less experience were induced to invest and try out its possibilities, a number of whom I shall name, but possibly not in regular order.

There were Messrs. Payne, Goodson, Poertel, and Emons. Emons was sub-deeded by Burke Bros. In 1891, Charlie Randall who had sold his homestead cabin to the Burkes, built a log house on the road at the Red Butte, below the Hoffman place, and put in a stock of goods. Evidently lack of capital prevented putting in a stock large enough to command attention, and he was soon forced to quit.

Before Mr. Waring came to the Valley, Walter Frisbee had put in and was trying to maintain a small stock of merchandise. He was handicapped by lack of finances. He continued for some time after Mr. Waring came, but finally decided to withdraw from the field.

The two winters following 1889 and 1890 were again very mild. Many horses and cattle running out all winter, coming out in good shape. But 1892 - 1893 was another long, cold winter, with deep snow which caused considerable loss of stock.

INDIAN SCARE

During the winter of 1891-1892 the Methow Valley was treated to a real Indian scare. No doubt, real old-timers will remember the circumstances. Early in the winter some questionable characters along the Okanogan River sold a bunch of Indians a supply of liquor and a number of them proceeded to get drunk and in this condition visited the camp of a freighter, camping for the night along the Okanogan River, not far from where Okanogan now stands.

As the result, a row followed and a young, drunken Indian shot and killed the freighter. The young man was soon captured and placed in jail at Conconully to await trial.

Rumors soon began to fly around regarding the atrocity of the crime committed by the young Indian. One was, he "cut" out his heart and hung it up on a pole. Suddenly a mob appeared at the jail, broke down the door, took out the Indian and led him a mile or so east of town and hanged him to the limb of a tree, not far from the roadside. It was generally suspected that the man who led the mob was the man suspected of selling the whiskey to the Indians, and he feared that if the Indian came to trial, he would divulge from whom he had purchased the whiskey.

Naturally, the Indians became very angry because of the hanging, but it is doubtful if they even thought of an uprising, but rumors soon reached the Methow that the Indians of the Okanogan had gone on the war-path and all surrounding districts were in danger, and especially the Methow Valley, and we were advised to make preparations for our defense. A meeting was hurriedly called at Silver. At this meeting it was decided that two places of protection should be prepared and two meeting were called for the next day, one for the lower Valley and one for the upper Valley. Consequently, early next day, neighbors began to gather at the home of the writer on Bear Creek and began to plan a stockade. The plan adopted included the building of a stockade around the house. The north corner extending across the creek, giving access to water. George Bloomfield, who had previously contemplated a business trip to Spokane, was asked to call at the fort at Spokane and inform the proper authorities of the tenseness of the situation.

Just as all was in readiness to begin building the stockade (one had been planned in the lower Valley) word came from Okanogan that the Indians were in a panic of fear, thinking the whites were planning to exterminate them. And so ended the supposed Indian uprising, but the people of the Valley had a scare, just the same.

FIRST BRIDGE LINKING EAST & WEST SIDE OF WINTROP (LASTS 21 DAYS)

From the beginning, intercourse between the East and West side of the river was greatly hampered. During the spring high water, crossing the river was done by means of canoes, located at various places along the river. This was not very inviting as it was more or less dangerous, and fording the river in the winter time had its disadvantages as one incident will suffice to show. Dick Wagley was escorting Miss Emma Herstine home from a party on the East side of the river. Frozen ice had become quite thick along the edge of the water, so in attempting to ford at the German crossing, located in front of the present Ras Garrett home, the jump-off was so steep it pitched them both from the sled onto the doubletrees, and the doubletrees were under water. Such experiences were not only unpleasant, but more or less dangerous.

With true pioneer spirit, the people of the Upper Valley during the winter of 1893-1894 set about to overcome this handicap.

A bridge site was selected about a quarter of a mile below the present home of Frank Bean and timber was hauled from the Upper Beaver Creek section. Timbers long enough for stringers and braces were hewn out, truss spans were made, piers erected and filled with rocks.

The county had agreed to furnish the flooring and the iron needed.

D.J. Herstine had general supervision of construction and by the time snow was gone (or soon after) it was ready for use.

The community had accomplished something and were justly proud of their achievement but not for long.

There was a heavy fall of snow in the mountains and a long warm rain caused it to melt fast and the river rose rapidly and in just 21 days after it was completed, it floated down the river, a total wreck. Other damage was done along the river that spring. A newly constructed store building was threatened to the extent that it had to be torn down to prevent undermining and toppling into the river.

FIRST DEATHS BY DROWNING

It was after the high water began to recede that the first death by drowning occurred in the Methow. Miss Frances Frivwitz, sister-in-law of J.M. Byrnes, in attempting to secure a pail of water. While nobody saw the accident, it was supposed the bank had been undermined and her weight caused the bank to cave off and throw her into the swirling waters. Her body was recovered three weeks later, near the Gaisford place, several miles down the river.

Mr. Gaisford was the second victim of drowning in the river two or three years later. It happened near the place where the first body was found. Mr. Gaisford was trying to force a bunch of horses to swim the swollen river, and somehow, the horse he was riding lost his footing and both fell into the seething waters.

The third victim of drowning was that of little Imogene Filer, which happened several years later. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P.L. Filer. She was caught in the swirling waters of Frazer Creek, and swept to an untimely death.

PRIMITIVE HARVESTING METHODS

Securing seed grain for sowing was rather expensive and money very scarce, so more or less primitive practices were resorted to, especially as to threshing. As for cutting, we had our up-to-date mowers to do that, however, the old cradle was used. I remember I had a piece of very fine oats in 1890, and wished to save them for seed. Somewhere I found an old cradle and decided to cut and hand bind this particular piece of grain. I had learned to bind after a self-raking mower when a boy in Texas but the cradle was beyond me. so Uncle Hartle and a cousin of mine offered to help out.

To thresh, a round space of ground, say 50 feet in diameter, was cleaned off and a rather thick layer of grain - in the straw - was placed on this floor, and a few head of horses were led about over this floor until the grain was all thrashed out. The straw was then carefully lifted off and another layer put on.

Bill German on the Ras Garrett place, cleaned out his round branding corral and placed his grain in that. He then drove in a band of semi-wild horses and chased them over the floor. This was much faster. Fortunately, my father-in-law who sold his farm at Ellensburg in 1889, had a new fanning mill left on his hands which he offered me if I would haul it to the Methow. This I was glad to do. This mill was worn out winnowing chaff out of seed grain up and down the Valley.

When the menace of alfalfa growing was overcome by proper methods of irrigation, the need for seed grain grew less, until the hill ranches began to be taken where irrigation was not possible; then seed from the Big Bend country became available, and ranchers would go there for their seed. Some ranchers would go to the "Bend" farmers, buy wheat, take it to the flour mill at Waterville, and get at least a winter's supply of flour. It was quite common for the early settler of the Methow to so arrange his farming program to be able to "go outside" during summer and fall to work for a winter's "grubstake." Even during the hard times of the early nineties there were no ears of "Uncle Sam" to pour our tales of woe to with any assurance whatever that our pleas would be heard.

The people then, although not prosperous, were independent.

FIRST FENCING

Early fencing in the Valley was all done with poles cut from along the streams, but after cattle began to roam over the Valley, we soon found that these fences were only temporary. This we found so on our claim during the summer of 1890, so that fall we loaded 16 spools of barbed wire on the wagon and hauled it the 150 miles from Ellensburg to the Methow. While this, I think was the first large lot of wire to be hauled into the Valley, Mr. Wright had put in a short piece of wire fence earlier in the summer. Mr. Wright's claim was at the head of the flat above the Jim Johnson place.

As I have stated before, claims were located and held under the term of "squatters rights" and it was the summer of 1896 before the government sent in surveyors to survey out the land.

Of course, it could not be expected that lines would fall where locators had intended, yet as I remember, there were very few cases where adjustments were not quickly made, and at this time I cannot call to mind a single instance of serious disagreement.

INDIAN REACTION

A story of the Valley's early settlement would not be complete without mention of the Indians, or Siwashes, who had used the Valley as a sort of a huntsmen's and fishermen's paradise. As might have been expected, they did not seem to resent the apparent encroachment of the "Boston Man" upon their long-used hunting grounds, but in most cases were quite friendly, Possibly they thought it quite futile to attempt to inhabit the Valley, as their response to questions as to winter conditions was always, "Heap cold, begin snow."

The presence of trails up and down the streams and all through the hills indicated their long occupation of these hunting grounds, and to see them invaded by the Whites, a little resentment would not have been surprising. Perhaps the fact that they were allowed to make their semi-annual hunting and fishing trips helped to reconcile them to their loss as thereby it came on gradually.

During the early years of the Valley's settlement each spring and fall would see various groups of Indians, seemingly with all their earthly possessions on pack horses, headed for various camp grounds throughout the Valley.

One of the favorite camping places was located along the river where Heckendorn (South Winthrop) now stands, not far from the present Heckendorn residence. This camp every spring and fall would become a sort of a sport center for various clans of Siwash visitors, the main reason being horse- racing possibilities.

For the first few years there were no obstructions between this camp and the writer's fence, about one-half mile above Bear Creek. About 100 yards from my fence a pole was set in the ground and made fairly permanent. This indicated the lower end of the race course.

The race, with possibly as many as five or six entries, or even more, would start from camp and each runner was expected to run down to, and around, the pole, and back to the starting point. As the runners were returning, excitement would run high, backers of each horse would mount a fresh one, and start out to meet the on-coming racers. Each man would fall in behind the horse he was supporting, and begin to ply the tired racer with a peculiar lash commonly carried, and the race would end in tumultuous excitement.

The Indian is an inveterate gambler and will bet his last blanket on a horse race. He also considers a gambling debt as debt of honor.

METHOW GEORGE

Of all the Indians that were associated with the early settlement of the Methow, Methow George was only one who signified any special interest in the Valley.

For the first few years he claimed a location on Benson Creek and would spend part of his time while in the Valley camping on his claim but finally gave it up and relinquished it to Joe Lyda.

Methow George and his klooch, Jenny, were very unfortunate in the matter of raising a family. Though they had several children, they would die very young. This was a source of considerable grief to the parents. They and the Metcalfs became very special friends, and hoping that the Metcalfs might be more fortunate than themselves, they prevailed on Mrs. Metcalf to take a little girl and raise her for them, but the same fate seemed to be in store for this child as the others, and she lived for only a short time.

Methow George prided himself on adopting the ways of the "Boston Man", but he carried it too far. Returning one winter's night from a neighboring camp where he had imbibed a little too freely, and trying to cross, or walk down the frozen surface of the Okanogan River, the ice gave way, letting George go down and under the ice, from which he never returned alive.

CULTUS JIM

Another outstanding character was "Cultus Jim." Usually the Indians would only employ English words after they thought it impossible to make one understand Chinook. But "Cultus Jim" was different. He always insisted on using English although he had very poor command of same. He only resorted to Chinook when he found it impossible to make you understand his English. He claimed to be an ex-federal police officer. He had two klooches and never consorted with other Siwashes. While camping at the camp below Winthrop one night, he was visited by a couple of young Boston men from Beaver Creek and during the night the old Siwash received a wound in the leg that was never very satisfactorily explained. The story was that while they were sitting around the campfire, a cartridge got into the fire and exploded, causing the wound. This story, whether true or otherwise, was accepted with considerable reservation. I shall relate an incident that occurred, although a little unsavory. It taught me something about the Indians and also the logic of Cultus Jim. In the late spring of 1894 one of my milk cows sickened and moped around two or three days. One morning I found her in the corral dead. At noon I took the team and hauled her out of the corral and down onto the river bank, some distance from the barn. Along in the afternoon, here came Cultus Jim and his two klooches. This little dialogue followed;

"You got sick cow?"

"No," I said, "she's already dead."

"Where is she?"

Pointing in the direction I had gone, I said "I hauled her down on the river."

"Me, have 'em?"

"Why, yes Jim, but what do you want with her?"

"Me eat 'em"

"Jim she was sick- died - maybe poison, maybe kill you."

"Oh, no! Dog eat 'em, no killum dog, no killum me."

And away they went, following the marks made by the cow. When they went that evening, most of that cow went with them.

But contrast another incident. This didn't happen in the Methow, but on a trip to Wenatchee with a small herd of beef cattle. I had secured the help of Dave Burke. In putting up our food, I failed to pack sufficient flour to last the whole way down. Before we reached the Entiat River, our flour was all gone and we were still a day and a half from our destination. There were no whites living at the mouth of the river then, but one Indian rancherie. I went to the cabin to ask if they would sell us flour, taking an empty flour sack, to more easily make them understand what I wanted. Yes, she would sell us some flour, and to my surprise, instead of having an ordinary or low grade flour, she had a sack of the highest grade of patent flour that could be bought at that time. There was also quite a contrast between that sack of flour and its immediate surroundings.

THE MINING INDUSTRY

In the early settlement of the Valley, the mining industry always claimed some attention. In fact, some of the early settlers were lured into the Valley as prospectors. The area covered by prospectors reached even beyond the summit of the Cascade mountains. In the early Nineties, some promising strikes were made, and in 1895 a mine promoter, Colonel Hart, by name, was interested in the development of some properties located in the Slate Creek district.

During the summers of 1895 and 1896 considerable interest was aroused as efforts were made to develop the mines and improve roads and trails to the mines. The trail up the mountain from Lost River was widened and improvised trucks were made to which two horses could be hitched, tandem fashion, and considerable machinery was hauled into the mines by this method. As I remember, the trail was too crooked to permit more than two to horses to be used advantageously.

A boom town was started near Lost River called Ventura, and during the spring and summer of 1895 showed considerable activity, but it never got beyond the tent stage.

As soon as elaborate test could be made, the ore proved to be low grade and non-free milling, so much so that it could not be worked profitably, and the Hart boom busted.

But no sooner had the Hart boom collapsed than interest in a prospect closer to home began to develop.. Jim Byrmes very early in the development of the Valley had either discovered or had become interested in a mining claim in the hills east of Beaver Creek, known as the Red Shirt.

Through Jack Stewart.. capital was invested to develop this claim and a large mill was erected near the mouth of Frazer Creek. This was completed in 1897, and sufficient ore was mined, delivered and put through the mill to demonstrate it an unprofitable investment, and another mining boom collapsed.

In 1901, the machinery from the Red Shirt mill was removed to the Mazama district, and placed in a mill erected there, and the ore from a promising prospect thoroughly tested out with the same results as in the preceding tests, yet in my visit there last summer (1939), I found old prospectors roaming those hills, as enthusiastic as a half century ago.

ROAD IMPROVEMENTS

By 1898, considerable road building had been accomplished up and down the Methow. As settlers pressed up the river, from the mouth, short lengths of road were built... also down the river from the main valley.

In 1889, the state undertook to complete the road up the river from the mouth to the valley proper by using convict labor. While they were successful in making the road passable, there were three slides that were both uncertain and unsafe, but as it cut out the climbing of the mountain, people would take chances and travel the river road and, of course, this could be of advantage to Pateros.

Brewster, not wanting to lose the Valley trade, located and sponsored another road over the mountain, It was less a climb and better grade, and also shorter than the old Bald Knob road. this proposed new road followed the course of the first road to enter the valley. Leaving the main Valley a mile below Silver, it went across the hills to Benson

Creek, following the creek to its source, taking the East fork over Brewster mountain, and coming out at Brewster instead of the North fork over Chilliwhist Mountain, towards Okanogan.

This new road was completed in the fall of 1899, and soon drew most of the travel from the Bald Knob road.

NEW MAIL SERVICE

As I have already stated our first established mail service was from Malott Post Office, on the Okanogan River, by pack horse over the Chilliwhist trails. This method continued until the spring of 1898, when the Elliott Brothers took a contract to deliver the mail from Brewster over the Bald Knob to the different points up the Valley. Before this time a post office had been established at Twisp. In connection with carrying the mail they decided to put on passenger service. Following this plan, Brewster was named the place to receive the up river mail and Bald Knob the road route over which it should be carried.

Consequently, on July 1, 1898, the carrying of the mail was transferred from pack horse to wheels and the first stage line was started into the Valley. This venture did not prove a success financially, and after about five months was abandoned and pack horses were again used.

This continued until the new Benson Creek-Brewster road was completed, late in 1899. At this time P.L. Filer took over the contract, established the Filer stage station, near the summit of Brewster mountain, and again began to carry mail on wheels, and the mail route was changed to the new road and continued there for some time.

During this time, the state had considered making the up-river road a state highway and did more work on the river road, building the bridge at Carlton and at last putting it in fair condition. But it was not until 1906 that it was thought sufficiently improved to justify routing the mail from Pateros up and over the river road. Before this, Mr. Filer had sold his mail contract to the late Eph Davis, and Mr. Davis became the first man to carry the mail up the river road. Up to 1912, I think, Mr. Davis held the mail contract longer than any other one man.

Just which year Twisp began its existence, I have not been able to determine, but it was about 1896, or soon after government lines were established between the J.C. Glover place and that of Mrs. Burger, J.M. Risley having purchased the Glover claim about this time and Wm. Magee was the first man to operate a store in the new village. Being, apparently, more centrally located, it soon began to outstrip either Silver or Winthrop. Before 1900, the Methow Trading Company- the firm name of Mr. Waring's store- had put us in a branch store with E.F. Johnson as manager. A little later the firm put in another branch store at Pateros.

FIRST BANK

About 1901, The Commercial Bank of Conconully put in a branch bank at Twisp with E.F. Magee as cashier. This step by the bank indicated its faith in the growing community and was of great assistance to the development of the Valley.

It was early discovered in the development of the Valley the water easily obtained for irrigation was insufficient for the needs of the Valley. This became quite a handicap to the Valley's development. While there was plenty of water, it was hard to get and

expensive. The several irrigation ditches up and down the river represented a considerable amount of hard labor.

FIRST NEWSPAPER

In early summer of 1902, a man of the legal profession, Tom Warren by name, appeared on the streets of Twisp, escorting a young-like man, whom he introduced as a Mr. Marble. He said Mr. Marble was looking for a business location. In fact, he had in mind the establishing of a newspaper. And as Twisp had no system of purveying the news up and down and out the Valley except the old-style mouth-to-mouth system. Twisp looked like a very promising field. After a cursory investigation of the possibilities offered,, Mr. Marble decided to cast his bark on the rising tide of popularity enjoyed by the fast-growing town of a rich agricultural section. Soon after, the Methow Valley News began to make weekly visits up and down the Valley and even to "regions beyond."

From the very first, the paper was a great booster for the whole Valley, singing its praises, both loud and long. The writer suspects that to Mr. Marble would get the distinction of having continued longest of any business in the Valley.

A NEW INDUSTRY

About 1903, James Holcomb of Ellensburg visited the Valley and having had some experience in the creamery business was much impressed with the possibilities of butter production in the Valley. With a little effort he succeeded in getting some men with a few cows interested, then enough money to put in a small churn, and he went to making butter on a small scale. Within a short time, Frank Fulton, my brother, became interested in the enterprise and some improvements were made and increase in the output steadily grew. Finally, Frank purchased Mr. Holcomb's interest, put in larger and more improved machinery, secured a first class butter maker and began to turn out a quality product. This was delivered to the boat landing at Brewster for shipment to river points or Seattle, twice a week. Thus began the dairy industry of the Valley. Soon there followed the erection of a creamery at Winthrop, under the management of C.M. Davison. The building and maintaining of these creameries placed dairying on an established basis in the Valley, and insured a steady income for the farmer of the Valley.

A NEW MIS-ADVENTURE

About 1906, a number of "leading Democrats" conceived the idea of starting a new paper in Twisp. The primary object of said paper was to support and uphold the great principles of Jeffersonianism, and incidentally, to help the right men to get into office.

Among the "leading Democrats" were names of the Burkes, the Garretts, C.M. Davison, J. L. Fulton, and others. Jesse Faulkner was made editor, both city and county, The name of the paper I do not recall, as I had ample reason to forget it. (Editor's note;- It was the Independent Democrat, "Devoted to the Up building of the Twisp, Methow and Okanogan Country." We have one single copy of this pioneer publication treasured among our newspaper files. It is one of the very first papers-of the issue of Vol. 1, No. 1 run off on the old Challenge press which we are turning out to clover one of these days. The Democrat was the grandfather of the Methow Valley Journal. Its immediate ancestor have been the Winthrop Eagle. With the exception of our linotype, and some other equipment,

we are still using much of the Democrat's original material. It lived or existed about two years, but never made for itself much of a name.

I called it a mis-adventure for reason that the $50 I put to help start the enterprise. I finally had to charge to profit and LOSS.

DR. COUCHE

Excepting the three years of the Valley's early settlement when Dr. G. F. German and wife live with their son Will German, and a few months in 1897, when the Red Shirt mill was building, the people of the Valley were without a physician and when a physician was needed a long trip to Conconully or Chelan was necessary.

Early in 1901, Dr. Jas, B. Couche made his appearance in the Valley. The doctor was a young man, just out of college, seeking to "hang out his shingle."

The possibilities of the Valley appealed to him and he decided to locate, using Twisp as a base of operations, thereby filling a long felt need. He proved himself not only a good and reliable physician, but a live and energetic citizen, and later he was to prove himself progressive. As long as the horse and carriage was the fastest way to get to and from his patients, Dr. Couche was content to use the same. But time brings changes and it so happened that time brought first the stories of the great speed attained by a mechanical thing called an auto and its ability to get from place to place. These stories interested the Doctor and he mused to himself, "If those things can go places like that, I need one here in my business," and he got it. It was one of those things you not only had to start with a crank but you had to steer it with a crank. It was one of those erratic things you couldn't depend on. In fact it could more nearly be depended upon not to do the thing it was supposed to do. When the Doctor depended on his horse and buggy you could figure on just about the time when the Doctor would arrive, but after he got his auto one would just have to wait and see. At times it would be chugging along nicely and all of a sudden it would stop dead still for no apparent reason whatever. One could imagine it as a dog after having spotted its quarry and proceeded to call its master's attention to the same, remaining in a stationary position, seemingly long beyond and necessary requirements.

About this time another doctor located in Twisp. Lawson, I think, was his name. To compete with Dr. Couche, he thought he would have to have a fast means of locomotion, so he selected a motorcycle. Well, it's persistency in pursuing dilatory tactics seemed, if possible even greater than Dr. Couche's auto-motor, and neither of them would "move like they oughter."

Garages and mechanics were not as plentiful then as they are now, but there was a recent arrival of a party from the outside who had located above Winthrop, who claimed he was familiar with the innards of these sputtering "gas hogs" and for a small fee he would undertake to keep their conveyors of men's avoirdupois in tip-top shape. But, alas! People soon learned that if they expected either of the doctors to arrive on anything like schedule, the safest thing to do was to send an old time horse carriage for them. However, to Dr. Couche should go the distinction of introducing the automobile into the Methow Valley, although its utility was of a minus quality.

THE VALLEY'S FIRST AUTO ACCIDENT

It happened just across the river, east of Twisp. About 1910, a young Methodist minister brought to his pastorate at Twisp a small, red, self-propelling carriage that he called a car. To his work of ministering to the spiritual needs of his flock, he added the pleasant task of providing recreation and entertainment for, at least, some of the younger feminine members of his charge. In pursuing this plan, Miss Loleta Risley for a time seemed to claim a considerable part of his time and attention. While this car was of an entirely different type from the one introduced into the Valley by Dr. Couche, it had a number of the same characteristics. It would do a lot of sputtering if one attempted to get the engine to show signs of life. The engine was killed, hence engine trouble was encountered frequently.

One evening in the early twilight, the young couple were returning from a drive up the east side of the river, and in attempting to negotiate the incline that led to the table just opposite the mouth of the Twisp River, as they neared the top, the engine sputtered, gasped, and apparently "passed out." The brakes held for a short time, long enough for Miss Risley to get out. Almost at once the car with the driver, started backing down the grade, gathering momentum as it went. Half way down the hill, the car and driver went over the grade and down into the underbrush, 75 feet below. The driver was considerably bruised and shaken up, but no bones were broken.

It was my privilege to be one of the first on the scene and help get the injured man up the hill to the road. The car was but little injured, but it was several days before it was extricated from the underbrush and gotten back onto the road and to the repair shop. While the young man was not seriously injured, he was confined to his room for several days. Just here I will add, if my memory serves me right, Lon Risley purchased the first Ford car brought into the Valley.

4TH OF JULY 1891

It was on July 4, 1891, that the first July 4th celebration was attempted in a valley-wide way in the form of a big barbecue. A committee on the selection of suitable ground selected a favorable location along the river and on the flat about half-way between the old Seneff and old Davis places. the literary program and barbecue lunch was to be held near the river and the racing program was to take place out near the road.

Father donated a two-year old beef and a Mr. Tony Wittekamp, whose claim lay on the west side of the river between what are now the Ras Garrett and Dick Miller places and finally became the old George Barnhart place, offered to be the main cook to prepare and barbecue the same, and this was done in a very satisfactory manner.

By the time the program was ready to open almost the entire populace of the Valley was in attendance. The program did not start off with band flare of martial music, but only by singing a number of patriotic songs, followed by the reading of the Declaration of Independence and closed with a patriotic address by George L. Thompson, who located on what was to become the old E. F. Banker place.

Mr. Thompson was rather an unusual man with rather above ordinary intelligence. born and reared in Canada. Early in manhood he became a traveling salesman for a large hardware firm and became very successful. His travels brought him into contact with the United States and convinced of its possibilities, he decided to become one of its citizens.

The subject of Mr. Thompson's address on this particular 4th of July could very properly have been, "The Land of My Adoption." While everyone knew George L. had quite a "gift of gab," everyone was surprised at his ability to stir up the patriotic emotions of his hearers, and one and all pronounced it fine.

The was nothing unusual about the lunch that followed. Mr. Wittekamp had "done himself proud as a chef," and all went well.

After lunch the usual racing sports followed including boys' races, girls' races, women's races and men's races. The results of which I have forgotten, excepting the men's race which was won by a young Mr.; McManus from Entiat, who had just finished teaching the spring term at Beaver Creek school house.

Then followed the horse racing, consisting of the entry of several saddle horses. The results are again immaterial. The crowning event is to follow... the slow horse race. Several old "plugs" were entered, and the idea was for the last entry to pass under the rope to have the prize. To prevent jockeying, no one was permitted to ride his own entry, but each was to ride his neighbor's horse, insuring that everyone would get their mount through as fast as possible. No one would be inclined to hold their mount back, but there was another possibility that hadn't been thought of, except possibly by one man in the crowd.

All were ready and at the command to go, the SLOW race was on. Each rider seemed to be working hard to get all possible speed out of his mount. On they came. Suddenly, one rider was seen to swerve his horse across in front of his own entry, with the intent, of course, to hold his entry back, so it would pass under the rope last. It so happened that a little bad blood existed between these two particular riders and the efforts of the one to obstruct the progress of the other heightened this ill feeling and brought forth expressions that were highly objectionable to the rider in front, who responded in like manner. Results... both dismounted in the middle of the race and began to stage a performance not advertised on the program. But this performance was interfered with by Judge Stone, who ran down near the combatants and shouted, " I command peace in the name of the law!" So ended the slow race, likewise the day's celebration. I could give the names of parties interested, but refrain.

In closing this narrative, I wish to acknowledge the helpful suggestions and data offered by Mr. and Mrs. P.L. Filer, Mrs. Flora (Filer) Jones, David Nickell, and possibly others.

I hope the reading of this narrative will bring many pleasant recollections to those who had an active part in the development of the wonderful little spot known as the Methow Valley.

by J.LEE. FULTON

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