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A Visit to the Los Pinos Indian Agency in 1874

Extract from the Diary of W. H. Jackson, with an Introduction and Notes by the Original Diarist*

Introduction

The Hayden Survey (U. S. Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, F. V. Hayden in Charge) operated systematically over Colorado during the years 1873-76 inclusive. For field work it was organized in three or more divisions with geologists, topographers and other assistants to the number of six or eight in each party, and assigned certain sections of the country, usually about six or eight thousand square miles, for the season's work. There was also a photographic division—a free lance outfit for working with, or independently of, all others.

I joined the Survey in 1870 and, during the first three years of my occupation with it as photographer, in northern territory that included the Yellowstone and Wind River regions, I was part of the main body of the expedition under the personal direction of Dr. Hayden; but, when the Survey was transferred to Colorado, I was assigned a separate party, made up like the others, of two packers, and a cook. Previously I had had a regularly appointed assistant, but, under the new set-up, one of the packers, or one of the two or three naturalists usually attached to it, acted in the capacity as occasion required.

It may be necessary to mention here, in view of what photography is today, that this rather extensive outfit for picture making was due to employment of the "wet-plate" collodion process. Heavy boxes of glass plates, chemicals and solutions with accompanying apparatus, and a hooded box or small tent

*We are exceptionally fortunate in having "the pioneer photographer of the Rockies" introduce and edit a portion of his own diary, written sixty-four years ago. Mr. Jackson, after service in the Civil War, came to the West in 1866, driving an ox team across the Plains. He continued to the Pacific Coast and, on returning next year, drove a band of horses from California to the Missouri River. His interesting subsequent career we shall not attempt to outline here. For several years past, as Secretary of the Oregon Trail Memorial Association, he has been making paintings of travel, stations, and life on the old Trail, based on his original sketches made seventy years ago. He now lives in New York, but visits Colorado and other sections of the West each year. In his ninety-sixth year, with brilliant mind and agile step, he is taken for a man of seventy. A remarkable character, a wonderful person. —Ed.

as a "dark room" to work in, made up a considerable part of our pack train loads. For every negative that was made a glass plate was prepared, sensitized in a bath of silver nitrate, exposed in the camera, and, while still wet, developed on the spot. Enlarging on bromide papers was still far in the future, and all printing was by contact, so different sizes of plates and cameras were required, ranging, in my experience at various times, from 5x8 to 20x24 inches.

The photographic Division of 1873 included, in addition to its regular staff, Lieut. W. L. Carpenter (on leave of absence), entomologist; J. M. Coulter, botanist; and a young son of Senator Cole of California, as ornithologist. Leaving Denver early in the season, the party first proceeded to Estes Park, then along the Front Range of the Rockies to South Park and over on to the Arkansas. The Sawatch Range was crossed at Lake Creek Pass and the country between the Gunnison and the Grand (Colorado) explored; finishing my season's work with photographing the Mountain of the Holy Cross for the first time.

In 1874 Ernest Ingersoll, naturalist and correspondent for the *New York Tribune,* and two young boys from New York, Anthony and Smart, were added to my party. The season's route, as laid down, included the Middle Park region, the Arkansas Valley to Poncha Pass, and through San Luis Valley to the San Juan region beyond the headwaters of the Rio Grande. It was on this part of the trip, after leaving the Arkansas, that I learned of the great gathering of the Utes, about to take place, at the Los Pinos Agency for the distribution of annuity goods, and as it would be a fine opportunity for Indian photographs, I decided to detour around that way.

The following extract from my diary is the story of what happened:

Sunday, August 16, 1874.

After dinner, Steve, Bob and myself saddled up and rode in [to Saguache, Colorado]. Found my lost voucher book in the mail, that had been forwarded, as I requested, from Fairplay. Made our purchases of sugar, bacon, &c. Saw our man of the mule trade, offered him $15 and he took it, riding into Camp with us and taking our mule back. Saw the whole town, congregated in this store. The town itself consists of about 20 buildings. More than half are Mexican adobies and a portion of the new ones of very presentable log and frame buildings. Travel into the San Juan country, and business with Los Pinos, has given the place a start and may make a permanent place. There are a good many Mexicans among the population and all the adobie buildings look very much Mexicano. At present all

complain of stagnation by the fact that there is no money in the place and all business has to be carried on by exchange. Bishop Randall from Denver was in the place for the purpose of holding service. Business was carried on during the day the same as usual.

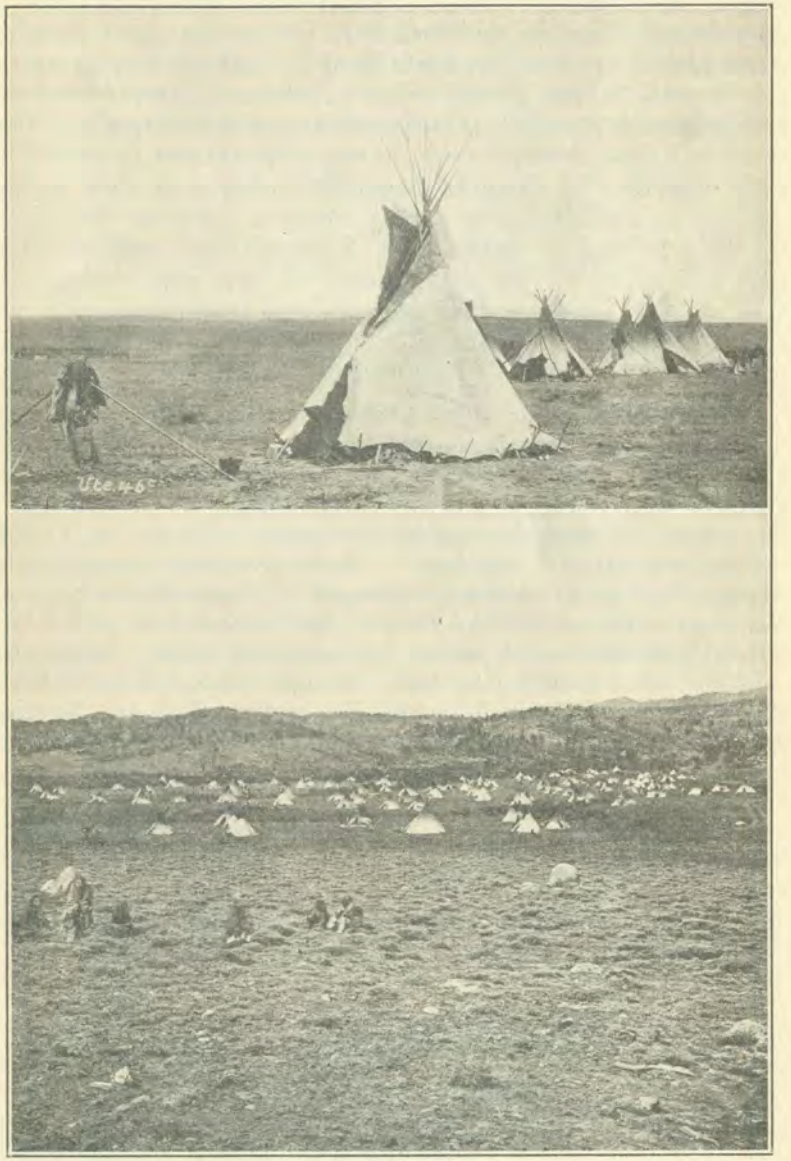
Monday, 17th. Took up our line of travel for the Agency, getting off by 8 o'clock. Passed a number of ranches in the valley, some Mexican and some American, but all looking alike and all having Mexican Senoritas about them. Tried to get some

WILLIAM H. JACKSON
Left: From a tintype made by Chamberlin in Denver just before the 1874 expedition took the field. Right: A recent photograph

new potatoes but no one had any dug, and could not wait. A short distance up we struck up the left and passed for 5 or 6 miles over the basaltic mesas and tables and intervening valleys, down to the Saguache again. On this detour, we passed quite a number of Utes moving from their agency down to Saguache. Our mules were unused to the scene and stampeded all over the side hills, and my own little Dolly was somewhat frightened at the enormous packs surmounted by papooses, and the poles dragging behind. In the little valley tributary to the Saguache, when we struck that stream, were six or eight lodges of Indians with some 200 or 300 ponies, making a very picturesque scene. Soon after getting down into the valley again, with its interesting

palisades of basalt, a thunderstorm came up, accompanied by hail and wind, that was very severe while it lasted, fairly flooding the whole surface of the country and making torrents in every gully. It was cold, raw and disagreeable. It was fairly over when we crossed the Saguache for the last time, 18 miles from Saguache, leaving it on our left, and then struck up a small branch three or four miles and camped in a canon-like valley, walled by these perpendicular palisades of trachyte. Rained just as we got in, and rained some afterwards but not to amount to anything.

Tuesday, 18th. Did not get under way for some little time and made a late start, 9:15. Pursued our way up Creek a little ways and then stopped to cinch up. While waiting, a man from the Agency came along and, from him, learned that it was not much more than 20 miles to Agency and that there were a lot of letters there for us. At this point, or a little below, the trachytes seem to pass into very slightly metamorphosed sandstone or almost pure sandstone, that weathers into curious shapes. Striking out ahead of the train with Ingersoll, we followed the little creek up, crossing occasionally, passing through a canon-like gorge, with a very prominent bluff on our right. As we neared the pass, we rose rapidly through quaking aspen and pine timber, to the divide and passed over a smooth, regular slope. Going down the western slope, we noticed, on a tree, a rude carving, evidently made by Indian hands, and made a drawing of it. Followed down a small stream, opening up gradually into an open valley-like country for some ten miles, and then swung around to the left, leaving a road which went on over to the Gunnison, and soon reached Cochetopa Creek. In the broad valley-like bottom or meadows at the confluence of the Cochetopa with Los Pinos creeks was the encampment of the Utes, some seventy lodges in all, scattered all over the plains, for at least a square mile. In a little while, we got a glimpse of the Agency buildings four or five miles away and hastened on, stopping at the last crossing of the creek to wash and brush up. Riding into the Agency, we found it to consist of about a dozen buildings, with one exception (the Agent's), built of logs, plastered with mud and whitewashed: arranged in a square, with a building, intended as a schoolhouse, occupying the center. The Agent's, a later and better structure than the others, occupied the northern end. Upon inquiry, found the Agent at the workshop and put our question for letters. Went in with him to his house and on the way introduced ourselves and our mission. Was very glad to see us, but I thought seemed more anxious for pictures of themselves and the Agency than the



W. H. JACKSON PHOTOGRAPHS OF 1874
Upper: Tepees of Douglas's Band of Utes near Denver, October 12, 1874
Lower: Ute Encampment at Los Pinos Agency, August, 1874

Indians, although wished very much indeed to get Indians in connection with the Agency. Spent some little time talking about various matters and then went out to hunt up a camping place against the time the outfit came in. All the letters we received were in one package and had been forwardd from La Loma. Marshall's outfit[1] is camped just above the Agency. Went up there to see if Gilpin[2] was in, but he would not be until evening. Decided to camp three-quarters of a mile back of the Agency, on a small stream coming out from the hills. Remained up there to read my letters while Ingersoll went down to intercept and bring up the outfit, which he saw approaching. As it was nearly sunset, we had no more time than necessary to get dinner or supper and make camp in a presentable shape. Gilpin came by and stopped a few moments just as we were eating.

Wednesday, 19th. After getting things in order, went down to the Agency to make arrangements for the views (photographing). Agent took us over to see Ouray, head chief and Interpreter. Was living in a small adobie house on one corner of the square. Found him at home, alone, reclining on a rude couch covered with blankets. Room was very simply, even rudely, furnished, couches or lounges of rough boards forming the beds, a few chairs and a stool; his beaded dress and a few prints from illustrated papers decorated the walls. Gilpin was with us. Had quite a long talk. Became interested in his stock of Navajo Blankets which he had just brought from the Navajos. Bought a couple, not the ones I wished to have got, but nice ones for all that. Paid $20 for a large blanket and $2 for one for the saddle. Decided not to do anything in the forenoon as no one was ready. Went back to camp for lunch and walked back afterwards. Commenced operations on the agent's family, extemporizing a gallery on the porch. Ouray and his squaw came in next and I got negatives of them[3]. A storm then came up and I could do no more, giving up eventually and going back to camp.

[1]Lieut. Wm. L. Marshall, in charge of one of the divisions of the U. S. Geological Surveys West of the 100th Meridian.

[2]Bernard Gilpin, nephew of William Gilpin, first Territorial Governor of Colorado.

[3]Mr. Ingersoll, in his book *Knocking Round the Rockies* (Harper & Brothers, 1883), mentions this incident at some length, having taken part in the first interviews with Agent Bond and Ouray about our purpose to make photographs. To this, as Ingersoll relates, Ouray "acquiesced heartily, promising to sit himself, and have his brother-in-law (I believe it was) also sit, with all their best regimentals on. That afternoon, therefore, there was a large gathering on the veranda of the house of the Agent, the Rev. Mr. Bond, a Unitarian clergyman from Boston.

"Ouray ordinarily wore a civilized dress of black broadcloth, and even boots, though he had never cut off his long hair, which he still bound up in two queues, Indian fashion. But now he came out in buckskin costume of native cut, full and flowing, with long fringes trailing from his arms and shoulders, skirts, and leggings, until they dragged upon the ground. These garments were beaded in the most profuse and expensive manner; and as he gravely strode through the circle of spectators and seated himself in a dignified and proud way, his many medals flashing, he looked every inch a monarch.

"His wife (Chipeta) was that day about the most prepossessing Indian woman I ever saw, and Ouray was immensely proud of her. She evidently had prepared with great care for this event, yet at the last was very timid about taking her place before the camera; but the encouragement of her husband and assistance of Mrs. Bond, soon overcame her scruples, and she sat down as full of dimpling smiles as the veriest bride. The doeskin of which her dress was made was almost as white as cotton, and nearly as soft as silk. From every edge and seam hung thick white fringes, twelve or fifteen inches long, while a pretty trimming of bead work and porcupine-quill embroidery set off a costume which cost Ouray not less than $125.

"The third negative made was that of the brother-in-law, and chief medicine-man of the tribe, whose dress was more resplendent than even his royal brother's, being almost wholly covered with intricate patterns of bead work. He was a tall, straight, broad-shouldered fellow, and had not an unpleasant face, but it was thoroughly painted in vermilion and yellow—a bit of savage full-dress which Ouray and his wife, with liberal taste, had discarded. The most notable thing about this great sorcerer, however, was the evidence of prowess in war. The fringe on his coat, from shoulder to elbow, consisted wholly of locks of human hair—the black, straight hair of Arapahoe and Cheyenne scalps that had fallen to his valorous share in battle. The heart he wore upon his sleeve was a dauntless one.

"We made good pictures of all three of these, singly and in groups, and had much fun out of it; but the consequences were dire."

Thursday, 20th. By the time I had sent down to Agency for my traps and had put everything in the good order that I wanted for a day of photographing in their village, it was 10 o'clock and by the time that Charlie (the cook) and I had reached them it was near noon. The agent and his family had gone down in their carriage and we found them there. Commenced operations by having a sort of talk among the principal men, and soon learned that they had imbibed some sort of prejudice against our photographing and many of them declared openly that they were *no wano.* Shavano, Guerro and one or two others declared openly that they would have nothing to do with them. Stopped in front of Peah's tent and unloaded pack. Got him good natured, Ingersoll buying a Navajo blanket from him, and Anthony one from another one for $12 and $13 respectively. Commenced operations then and made negatives of half a dozen groups when, storms coming up, we had to suspend operations. Took refuge in Peah's tent, and had a long talk with him, in his broken English and Spanish, mixed with Indian. He had his squaw and three papooses, an old man who declared himself "heap lazy," and a young buck. Talk was random and amounted to nothing. After an hour, the rain ceased a little, though the clouds hung low and dark, and we packed up in the interval and started for home. Just as I was getting on my mule, she started and jumped away so fast I could not get into the saddle and had to let her go. Gave us nearly a half-hour's chase before securing her again. Got back in camp in time to just avoid heavy rains which came pouring down, close upon our heels.

Friday, 21st. Were on hand early at the Agency and set up tent in the stocks for ox shoeing. It was ration day and the Indians were to draw beef, sugar, &c. All the village would come up and we expected great times, and much rich material. As they

were slow in coming up and would not be on hand before 11 o'clock or noon, commenced operations on some tepees near-by, securing half a dozen negatives. Some ponies came under my instrument and got good pictures; then, by a little sharp practice, we got a capital negative of Peah's papoose. Tried to get the squaw too, but failed, as Peah came and took her away. Tried then to get a group from the Agency porch, but Peah and some half dozen others came up, protesting vehemently, taking hold of the camera and preventing me from either focusing or making an exposure. Peah kept on exclaiming that the Indians *no sabe* picture, make all Indians *heap sick,* tapping his head at the time. Would listen to no explanation whatever, but reiterated his assertion, that it make Indian heap sick, all die, pony die, papoose die. His idea seemed to be that no harm would result from making a picture of one Indian, or two or three men together, but I must not attempt their village, their squaws or papooses. Defeated in that quarter—for they were persistent and stood all around, watching closely—we went over to the cook house, taking the camera inside the door and intending to get groups outside. Just as I was ready to expose, an Indian rode up on horseback and tried to spur his horse into the doorway, and, failing in that, wheeled himself across it and throwing his blanket over his arm, placed it so that he completely covered the doorway. There was no fooling about him either, and he was well backed up by half a dozen others who seemed to wait upon his movements. Gave it up then, for the usual afternoon storm was coming up and the sky was overcast with dark clouds. For the rest of the afternoon, watched the Indians drawing their rations, and a lively bustling scene it was; squaws, nearly all with papooses, settled about in a semi-circle and taking their turn drawing sugar, &c. The beef is drawn, by apportioning one steer to every six lodges for ten days. The Indians are drawn up in a line, the cattle turned loose, from a corral and then they chase them down with pistol and rifle, as in a buffalo hunt. The scene was very picturesque and somewhat exciting. Indians were scattered all over the valley, groups of eight or ten after each beef and popping away until brought down. Some were too tame to run much and were easily dispatched. Others, more wild, gave them a lively chase, and scattered away a mile or two from the post. The sight was a fine one could it only be caught in the camera, but 'twas no use, it was beyond us[4].

In the evening, just as we had finished our meal, one of the Chiefs, called Billy, came in and we had a long talk with him. Said he came up to see how many there were of us. Wanted to

[4]What a great opportunity it would have been for a movie camera of today.

know how long we were going to stay, when we were going, and what we were doing. They don't recognize the boundary line as laid down on the maps, but claim all the Western Slope for their reservation, including all of Middle Park and all this portion of country up to the Saguache range; and complained very much indeed of the encroachments of the white men, the miners, and the toll road particularly. Found fault also with the hunters, who came in and took away their game.

Nearly nine o'clock, as we were preparing to turn in, we were surprised by a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Bond, agents. They leave for Saguache in the morning and, thinking they would not see us again, made this call; remained only a few minutes.

Saturday, 22d. Spent the whole afternoon in making camp groups in every possible phase. A little after noon, had another call from Billy. Shot at target with our rifle for quite a while and then went away to the camp or village with Bob, Steve, and the two *Kinches.*[5]

Remained in camp and varnished all negatives, tightened up negative boxes and set about strengthening up old negative baths. Had a call from Gilpin during afternoon. Boys did not return until late. By some fooling operation, Bob's horse had fallen with him and hurt his (Bob's) shoulder a good deal.

Sunday, 23d. Remained in camp all day, writing and filtering solutions alternately. Everything very quiet. Finished letters in the evening.

Monday, 24th. All hands up very early, but did not succeed in making a very early start. Bought a Navajo blanket from Harris, just as we left, for $4. Left Ingersoll behind to bring to us any mail that might arrive, being due this evening.[6]

[5]Nickname for the two boys, Anthony and Smart, imposed by the packers.

[6]For additional data on Mr. Jackson's work, see his article "Photographing the Colorado Rockies Fifty Years Ago," in the *Colorado Magazine,* III, 11-22, and Jackson and Driggs, *The Pioneer Photographer* (World Book Company, 1929). Both have illustrations of his photographic work.—Ed.

Reminiscences of the Early West by Charles N. Hart

With an Introduction by Mrs. Richard H. Hart

Charles Nelson Hart was born in Hartford, Connecticut, the 24th of November, 1849, of a long line of New England ancestors. One of the first of these, Deacon Stephen Hart, was born in England in 1606, and came over and lived in Hartford.

Dr. Hart came out to Colorado as a telegrapher with the Union Pacific Railroad, and used to tell of his many experiences

in Denver in the early pioneer days, and of his life even farther west, for his camp was always at the very end of the railroad which was then being built. He was supposed to travel always ahead of the men who were laying the road and to establish a station beyond them. This was in the 1860s.

He then decided to become a physician and went to the Missouri Medical College, from which he graduated in 1875, and later took a degree from the Hahneman College in Chicago, for he was a physician of the Homeopathic school. He came back to Denver with his wife, who was Elizabeth Arms, of Lawrence, Kansas, and their small son, Richard, who was three years old, in 1878. He established offices in the old King Block on Lawrence Street. Later he and Dr. F. F. Smythe built a small office building at Curtis and 17th Streets, and formed a partnership that lasted for a great many years.

Dr. Hart finally gave up the practice of medicine, and retired. After some years he and his wife bought a very old house at Marshfield, Massachusetts, and went there to live. The house was known as the "Resolved White House" because it was the house that had been built by Resolved White, the son of Peregrine White, who was born on the Mayflower on her first voyage to New England. It was there that Mrs. Hart died, in 1912, and there that Dr. Hart died, in 1923.

Dr. Hart was, at one time, president of the state board of medical examiners. He was a member of the University Club, a prominent member of the Scottish Rite of the Masonic order, a member of the old Chess, Checkers and Whist Club, and at one time Governor of the Society of Colonial Wars. He left two children—Richard Huson Hart, an attorney, and Mrs. Sydney Moore, who lives in Florida.

The reminiscences that follow were written by Dr. Hart about ten years before his death.

Some time in the sixties I alighted from Wells Fargo Express Company's stage, early in the morning, at the company's office at F and Holladay Streets (now 15th and Market Streets), Denver, after a night's ride on top of the stage. Although it was August, it had been a cold ride through the Platte Valley; but it was a beautiful, star-lit night—one of those when you seem closer to the stars than usual.

Denver City then had between one and two thousand inhabitants.

I had returned to the West seeking adventure, after a visit to my Eastern home from my work with Leland Stanford of California, to whom I had been an under-secretary. My stop here was merely to see my father, an artist of international reputation; but I became much attached to the city and its people, whom I found to be most generous and cordial.

Though a small place, the people were all "alive." There certainly was something going on all the time.

It was a succession of novelties—the arrival and departure of the stage, the crowd at the post office when the mail came in. Nearly every able-bodied citizen was in line, which reached a long way down Larimer Street; and there was many a fierce fight for place in that line when some "tenderfoot" tried to get in ahead of his rightful position.

About that time there had been some robberies and "rough work" in the city, which resulted in three of the undesirable "ornamenting" the Larimer Street bridge one morning. They were without breath and had ropes around their necks to hold them in place under the bridge. There were no questions asked, but General Dave Cook, Chief of Police, said it was an accident that was for the city's good.

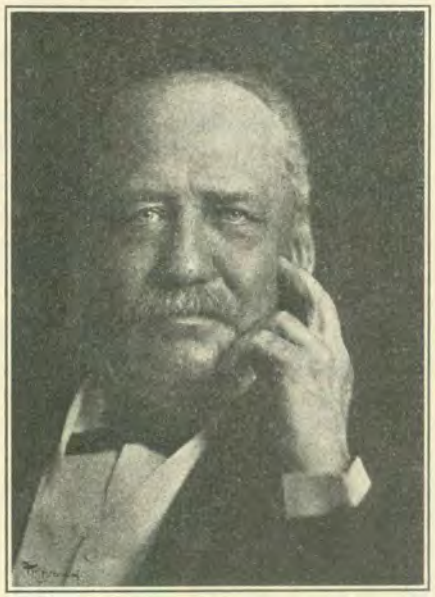
The Elephant and Bull's Head corrals were lively places. Here, and in several smaller stables and yards, the "bull trains" (convoys of ox teams, sometimes twelve or more yokes, and oftentimes twenty or thirty, attached to one double prairie schooner), loaded with merchandise, arrived and departed.

Denver was the distributing point, even in the sixties, for the mining towns in the mountains and for the ranches south, far into New Mexico, though the big trains were broken at Denver, and mostly mule trains and burro pack trains went to the mountains. The traffic in necessities and mining machinery transacted in those days laid the foundation for the largest fortunes now held by the pioneers' grandchildren. Three generations have passed since those days. Time and colleges have produced, as Thackeray declared three generations could, gentlemen. But for kindness of heart and all that goes to make up the essentials of a gentleman, none of the descendants of those pioneers are in any way superior to their progenitors.

The art of those mountaineers (for art it was, as well as science), which enabled them to pack a burro for a mountain trip, was wonderful. The "patient animal" had a pack saddle placed midway on his back, which looked like and was about the size of a saw buck. Articles were tied onto this with a lariat, until one could scarcely see the donkey. It required an expert to do this properly, and if not done *secundum artem* the result was a spill; and this accident on the mountain trails caused the generally reti-

cent drivers to unload language which, though generally Mexican Spanish, was too sulphurous to publish.

I had not been in the city a week before I was asked if I would like to go up to Plum Creek to play for a dance. A Choctaw Indian in the Indian Territory had taught me the rudiments of the guitar. It happened there were then no musicians in Denver. The ranchmen (farmers) some thirty miles up Cherry Creek, to Wild-Plum Creek, were ripe to dance, and would dance;



DR. CHARLES NELSON HART

so they induced the cashier of a bank who could play the piano[1], and a real estate broker who *could* play the violin[2], and sing, as I found out, to come down and play for them. These two very kindly invited me, knowing it would be new and interesting to me. I accepted. The ranchman at whose house the affair was to be, sent a good team and box wagon. It developed at the moment of starting that he had no "piana," but the versatile broker thought of a four-octave melodeon that a young lady, now one of the richest women in the West[3], had brought over the plains in a wagon train. He went to see if he could borrow it.

"Yes, Ed," she said, "and you can have it for twenty dollars."

[1]Charley McClure.
[2]Ed. Reser.
[3]Mary Estabrook.

So we started with the three instruments and some "provisions."

Arriving at sunset that winter evening, we were treated to a supper of ham and eggs, fine cream and coffee, and the usual preserves of the mountain region—wild plum jelly and wild raspberry jam; and whoever has not eaten these has lost much.

The haystack in the corral was full of bottles of refreshment which was used, and not abused.

The dancers, ranchers and their families from miles around, came early and danced until daylight, the only intermission being to eat at midnight.

Our "fiddler" was the hero of the night. All the numbers were quadrilles or contra dances. Here is the style of "calling" a quadrille:

Air: *Nellie Bly.*

"First you give right hands across,
Mind you step in time.
Swing the lady back to place,
And balance in a line.
Hie, Nellie! Ho, Nellie!
All promenade.
Swing the lady half way round,
And all promenade."

The party certainly was enjoyed. In the morning a fine breakfast was served, including some antelope steak.

I had nearly overlooked the church part of this affair—the collection. One of the neighboring ranchmen proposed that the host should not be allowed to pay for the music. We (the music) protested that we were not professionals, and wished no more remuneration than the pleasure we had enjoyed. But the bluff Westerners would not be contented with that, and contributed one hundred and ten dollars! Then the rancher was crazy to have the melodeon. Ed offered to give it to him (as he would take the twenty dollars out of the one hundred and ten). But,

"By gosh! No, I'll give you one hundred"—and he did.

A few days later I went to a jack-rabbit hunt, but as that was somewhat like the wild-horse chase of the next week, I will describe that first.

Thirty of us, all good riders, started down at night for a point some fifty miles below Denver, near the junction of the Cache-la-Poudre and Platte Rivers. We rested our mounts the next day.

At evening we were stationed in squads of five or six for every six or seven miles. The experts were to ride beyond the water hole where the band of wild horses was in the habit of going. When they came to drink they were rushed back up the trail, and at each relay a fresh squad took up the chase. We had used up four relays before we could keep up with them. They were a splendid sight, a big roan stallion leading, often circling them, an old mare and colt often dragging behind and left to the desires of the back (tired-out) riders. Finally, after some fifty miles of intense riding, most of them were driven into a corral. This is, or was in those days, a sort of Robinson Crusoe affair. This particular one was made of tree trunks on end, about ten feet high. It was about forty feet square, with a plank gate. A post, made quite smooth, was firmly planted in the middle of the enclosed square—a "snubbing post." Two expert lariat men threw the stallion first. One got his rawhide noose over the animal's neck, and the other roped one of his front legs. The process seemed cruel, and I will not describe it further, although none of the animals were seriously injured. They were then auctioned to the highest bidder and the money divided among the ranchers. The city men, although all good riders, considered themselves amply repaid by the excitement, the experience, and the good camp meals enjoyed.

These droves of wild horses, some of considerable numbers, were beautiful animals, bred and living as they did in a natural state. The original stock, the Indians told me, came first from the early Spanish explorers, augmented by the horses lost and stolen from the emigrants while crossing the plains from Council Bluffs to Sacramento in the early days. I never saw but one stallion to a drove, no matter how many mares. The Indians told me, also, that this was the survival of the strongest.

Just after sunset, one snappy evening in March, I rode up to a tent on the Humboldt Sink. A "sink" is a sunken river, the water covered by sand. Except during a spring freshet, when the snow on the mountains is melting, one has to dig down a foot or two to get water, but then will find plenty.

I had heard that George W. Irwin, a friend of mine holding a good position with the Central Pacific Railroad, was located there, and I soon had him by the hand. Throwing down my lariat, I let my horse loose. The Pi-Utes of that region were friendly, owing to the humane treatment accorded them by the Mormons, so there was nothing to fear for the horse, which, by the way, was a fine one belonging to Governor Leland Stanford (at that time we called him "Governor," afterwards "Senator"). More than

once, at times of urgent need, I had ridden that thoroughbred over one hundred miles in a day.

At that time the Governor was "fighting the boundary" where the two roads—the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific—were to join, and I had an order from him to take anything I needed (it might as well have read "wanted"), wherever I found it.

Perhaps I should explain what "fighting the boundary" meant. The Central Pacific Railroad and the Union Pacific Railroad were receiving an enormous "subsidy" per mile, and with a pocket telegraph instrument in my saddle bag, I tapped the wire wherever I chose and got in touch with anyone to whom I needed to give information, and my signal took the line from any one—there was only one line across the plains at that time. We had an expert in the Salt Lake office of the Western Union Telegraph Company who certainly kept me informed of what the other fellow was doing, and we beat them out of millions of subsidy. But that is a story of the Credit Mobilier.

But to get back to my story. I had some "eat" and a little talk, and then rolled up in my blankets. Every one carried two blankets of the best quality, or a buffalo robe, if poor. They could be bought then, Indian tanned, for five dollars; today they cost two hundred. If you had neither you had no bed clothes. Your bed was wherever you stopped to sleep, indoors or out. In the daytime a roll was made of the blankets and tied to the back of the saddle by buckskin thongs; or one carried it on his back if he had no pony.

I was tired, young and care-free, and slept soundly. After what I thought was a long time, I was awakened by a loud honking, as of wild geese; but it was dark. I heard a gun, and called George. He replied:

"Get up and bring your gun (pistol) and shoot some geese."

It was ten o'clock, and for nearly an hour it was too dark to see well, for the geese were migrating and were flying very low. We shot an unsportsmanlike number of them. That night we rolled one of the young ones in the clay on the bank of the river until it looked like a fifty-pound chunk of clay. This George threw onto a bed of live coals outside the tent. In the morning he broke open the hard-baked, brick-like mass with an axe, and we had a most delicious meal of tender steamed gosling, not tasting, as I feared, of the "insides," which had not been drawn.

These fires on the desert were built of sage-brush, a wild sage looking like a miniature cedar tree, and of "buffalo chips"—droppings that have been bleached and sun-baked, which made a very hot and lasting fire of red coals. How Providence provides! Coffee, sugar (perhaps), some meal and your gun, and in those days you could live well.

The next day George took me, on foot, about three miles from the river toward the foothills, the first rise of a mountain range. At a rise of a few hundred feet we made a little turn and came upon a "city." It was called Humboldt City. He said it had been a famous mining camp, and one could well believe it; for there were two streets, with frame houses, a store, a blacksmith shop with the tools all in it, just as it had been left years before. The furniture still remained in the offices and houses. It had been brought, at great expense, several hundred miles, and it never would have paid to re-transport it. It was, they said, too old to do so years afterwards when the railway passed near.

That deserted mining town was the loneliest place I was ever in, except once years afterward, when I was camping out on the top of the Great Divide, where the waters (if there are any) part and flow east and west. It is often called the Continental Divide. Here, without a glass, the pilgrim can see nearly, if not quite, one hundred miles; that is, he can see mountain peaks at that distance. The clear atmosphere allows the "tenderfoot" to see small objects at an incredible distance, and an Indian can distinguish a person five miles away.

On this summit of the Great Divide, when I awakened in the morning and looked out over the stupendous vastness, wrapped in profound silence and with nowhere any sign of life, there crept over me a feeling of awe, a sense of my own smallness and insignificance, and of the grandeur of nature, which, for want of a better word, I will call humiliating. It is this sort of experience that gives the Indian *his* religion. This is Nature.

The intelligence of the Indian is wonderful. They invariably, if they can choose, attack at daybreak, when every one sleeps most profoundly. In order to terrify their victims, they make all the horrible noises of which they are capable—and they surely succeed. Their horsemanship, on their trained war ponies, equals that of the Cossacks. But the plainsman often "went them one better."

I remember when the party of preliminary engineers were "striking a line" in Arizona, Howard Spangler, who was in charge, had gotten about a quarter of a mile ahead when, as if out of the ground (he afterward said), a war party of twenty or more came between him and his men. It was a time for quick thinking, and he was equal to it. He wheeled his magnificent horse "Firefly," a thoroughbred that belonged to General Palmer, formerly of the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, and actually startled them by his unexpected charge through their band. He escaped with a ball in the heel of his boot and one in the stock of his carbine, and his men drove the Indians out of that region. That night the General gave him the horse. He brought him to Colorado soon after, where as chief engineer of the Union Pacific

Railroad I worked under him and nearly lost my life and "Firefly" when chased by three Sioux who had strayed (?) a long distance from their reservation and came as suddenly upon me on the bank of the Kiowa. I had a "box relay" tied to the bow of my saddle, and two Colt army revolvers. The first I knew of the Indians, I heard an arrow whiz, and the sagacious horse started. I cut loose the instrument and *rode*. We were on the banks of the creek. It was quicksand, and they had the best of it, with their light ponies. To gain solid ground I had to take a diagonal course, bringing me nearer to them. But it was the only thing to do to be saved, and I did it, and rode into camp, five miles away, the Indians chasing me to the very corrals. The General complimented me for *not trying* to shoot, as their arrows, for war, were always poisoned.

In the early spring of 1868, in the vicinity of Donner's Lake —where the Donner family, snowed in, starved to death (a story too horrible to repeat here), I had a gang of men locating and building telegraph lines. As everything was quiet and friendly, I had no fears and was, probably, a quarter of a mile ahead of my men, when my attention was attracted by the breaking of twigs close behind me. Looking back, I saw a cinnamon bear on the war-path. While the black bear will seldom attack without provocation, the cinnamon is always ready to make trouble, and this one was surely angry. It had been wounded by one of my men, but I had not noticed the shot. I started my best pace, but the bear was gaining on me, running straight on as level a piece of ground as I could pick out, when one of my men, an old plainsman, shouted:

"Go on the steepest part of the side-hill."

I knew he had a reason and did as directed, soon distancing Bruin and giving the men a chance to shoot. Turning his attention to them, he was soon killed.

We were armed with the first of the breech-loaders, the Springfield rifle, altered into a "needle gun," which was not a bad arm. But the single-shot Spencer, breech-loading, was so poor and unreliable that it would not last a season out.

A bear, from its weight and short legs, is almost helpless when trying to run on a side-hill. They often roll down sideways for some distance before regaining their footing. I never forgot that lesson.

Another valuable thing to know is not to camp on the shore of a "creek," especially in the spring or summer; for the melting snow or a sudden water-spout or heavy storm will often bring down an immense volume of water between the banks of these narrow cañons, and escape is impossible. Many are caught in this way to this day, and drown.

My First Trip to Denver

ABNER E. SPRAGUE*

The load of potatoes—40 or 50 hundred pounds—stowed in the high wagon box the night before, stood ready in the yard. My mother had filled the grub-box with enough cooked and uncooked food to last a big growing boy for a week; that with a roll of bedding to keep the lad warm those cool fall nights, and two or three bales of hay for the cattle in case feed should be short on the hills, was stowed on the load and all covered with the old wagon cover, not prairie schooner style, but just spread over the top to protect it from dust, and a possible shower. My father not being able to go, it was up to me to make the trip to Denver, our nearest market, sell my load, buy our winter's supplies and return, all in a week if possible. All being ready I took the yoke for the wheel team on my shoulder, removed the bow, and as the off-wheel ox Tige was always laying down, when he had a minute to rest, I gave him a kick in the side and as he stood up, slipped the bow under his neck and through the yoke, fastening it in place with a key for that purpose. I removed the other bow and lock for Tip; there he stood with his side toward me chewing his cud. Tip was a foxy ox; when he heard the rattle of a yoke he never knew what was going on, and you could yell all you wanted to as long as he was chewing his cud, he would pretend not to hear; but if you waited until he swallowed, then called, "You Tip, come under here," he would look up surprised and walk to his place under the yoke. It did look sometimes as though he was trying to chew slow and wear the cud out so he would have none to swallow.

After Tip and Tige were hitched to the wagon tongue, then would come the swing team. You know, after a lapse of only about 65 years I cannot remember the names of that yoke of oxen for certain; but I am inclined to think it must have been Tom and Jerry, for nearly all teams of more than two yoke had a Tom and Jerry; anyway, they came next. Then Gib and John, the leaders. I never will forget Gib and John. When my Mother and I went for a weekend visit one time, we drove Gib and John, hitched to a heavy wagon, side boards removed from the main box, and a spring seat for comfort and style. A rather foxy rig for those days. When we were enjoying the ride along the prairie road, Gib and John got funny and ran away. They did not care about keeping to the road all the time; there was the whole open country with nothing to run into, and only the dog town holes to

*Mr. Sprague lives in Estes Park today.—Ed.

jolt us. My Mother being short, it kept her busy hanging onto her bonnet with one hand, the side of the seat with the other, and trying to keep her feet braced on the front end-gate of the box, which she could just reach. That is a joy ride I have never forgotten. But this started out to be a story of my first trip to Denver; if I keep branching out on things that this story recalls to mind I never will get there. John, the near ox, was not like Tip, for when he saw the yoke being put on his mate, he came up and was ready to step under—he did not wait to be called. This yoking up was only once a day on the trip for, at noon, I fed them hay without removing the yokes, so will not describe the hitching up again.

All being ready, it was "Gee, Gib and John, you Tip and Tige," and we were off, I, walking alongside the team, snaking a full-size bull whip, the lash of which was as large as a man's wrist at the butt, and twelve or fifteen feet long, tipped with a buckskin popper an inch wide or more, so it would not cut, only sting and scare. The stock, or handle, for such a whip was only about a foot long. After passing out of sight of home, there was no other house for eighteen miles. The first one on the road—which was almost the same route as now traveled from Loveland to Denver—was located on the right-hand side of the road, as you dip down the hill to the railroad tracks in Longmont. It was almost time to camp when we passed this house and entered the lane fencing in the farms on either side of the road across the bottom lands of the St. Vrain, and Lefthand creeks. About all there was to name was the Crossing of the creek, which was called Burlington at that time; who, for, or why, I do not know. I drove to the foot of the hill south of Lefthand creek, and end of the lane; here I made camp and turned the team loose on the open ground. Having made about twenty miles, a long day's drive, which made a tired boy and a weary team. There was a ditch at the foot of the hill. Fire, and water on for coffee; then a place picked for my bed before dark. There had been a west wind that had gathered the Tumble-weeds from the cultivated land—not Russian Thistles—and piled them in the shelter of a post and pole fence beside the road. These weeds I gathered and tramped down until I had something like a combination feather and boxspring mattress; on this I made my bed. I have slept many nights under the stars, but only that night on such a bed in the open. After rolling in, I know that tired boy did not lay awake long to study the stars. Only opened his eyes once, then to be warned that the position of the Constellation Orion, and the Pleiades, showed that day was about to break, and that only a few minutes could be spared for a last snooze. Another long

day, over some sand hills, passing the ranches on Boulder Creek, and the overland stage station on the hill beyond. Noon at or near the ranch house of a German Pioneer, who all us neighbors called Vinegar, as that was the nearest we could come to pronouncing it in English. This family was well known by the bachelors in the country for fifty miles around, as there were two fine looking girls living at home. The second night I stayed at Church's, about two miles south of where Broomfield is now located. Here I kept the oxen in a shed, and I slept in the barn and took my meals in the house which was kept as a hotel for the accommodation of travelers.

I arrived in Denver toward night of the third day. On this last day, I remember meeting a future Governor of the State of Colorado—not Territory. He was driving a large span of horses, hitched to a heavy lumber wagon with a high box and sideboards, one spring seat, high up, on which he and his wife were seated; the future first lady of the State of Colorado, furnishing nourishment to the youngest, and two or three of the older towheads riding on the tent and bedding in the back of the wagon box. They were returning from attending one of the first, if not the first, Territorial fair. The only, or main bridge, over the Platte, I remember at that time was at the foot of Fifteenth Street. There was no part of the town on the west side of the river. Nothing but a cemetery on the top of the hill. The approach to the Fifteenth street bridge was over much the same route as by Federal Boulevard today. There may have been as many people in Denver then as in Longmont now, 1930, but it was not nearly as much of a City. It took me all of the fourth day to dispose of my load, and buy my list of things to take home. I did not gawk around town much, yet I kept my eyes open. I soon learned that a painted face was the trade mark of the women of the street; and a frock coat and silk hat that of the gambler, on both of which the patents have long since run out. One cannot bank on such outward signs today. I stopped at the old Elephant Corral and had my meals at the Washington Hotel, joining. I slept in the wagon box, in the corral, where I could hear the oxen busy with their feed. I made the trip home in a little less than three days. I could herd the cattle toward home on the road and ride in the wagon, which made it a much easier trip back. I think I took a nap now and then as the team needed no driving; they were as anxious to get home as I was. There was much sameness in all the Prairie Dog towns along the road, nothing to keep one awake unless it might be one's thoughts. What my thoughts were on that trip I cannot say, my mind must have worked as I dragged along in the dust beside that team. Of one thing I am certain

I never thought; that was, of some day making that trip over paved roads in a horseless carriage in less than four hours, as I have done many times since. Passing through one of the finest farming sections in the World, and many thriving towns, to visit a sure-enough city, that one can hardly realize, was that little old timber-built town of Denver, in the middle sixties. Then now, a little more than sixty years later, making a one-way trip from my home in Estes Park to Denver, 70 miles by road, in 57 minutes flat, from earth to earth. What next?

My Pioneer Home on the Cache la Poudre

Mrs. J. W. Hanna

How well I remember that autumn afternoon of October 1, 1867, when tired with my four days and four nights of riding across the dusty plains in a lumbering Wells Fargo Coach, drawn by six fine-looking horses, the driver announced our near arrival to Denver by blowing a large tin horn. The noise was seemingly heard at a great distance, for before its echoes died upon our anxious, expectant ears, the rough mountain and plains driver drew rein before the Planters Hotel, best of its kind in Denver.

Alighting with the other passengers and being registered, I was told the best room of the house was at my disposal, for my husband, not being able to meet me on my arrival and not returning until the following day, had made all arrangements for my comfort, such as the hotel offered. Glad of the opportunity to rest and straighten out my weary body, I retired to my room with bright anticipations of the morrow, when I expected to meet, after an absence of four months, my young western husband, whose business then as cattle and stock man had taken him away from me a few weeks after our marriage.

This western trip of mine from Pennsylvania's Quaker City as a bride, to begin life's problems of married life on the plains of Colorado was certainly a new and strange experience to me; and how I made my western home a success with nothing as it were, to begin housekeeping with, will be told in the following pages.

Bright and early I arose the next morning after my arrival, and having enjoyed a good breakfast seated myself at one of the windows of the hotel to await the coming of my husband, all unmindful of sly glances from several strangers sitting around as it became known I was an eastern girl awaiting the arrival of my husband from Fort Collins.

They had not long to wait, however, for before the large clock in the dining room struck ten, a carriage drawn by a handsome pair of bays was driven up to the hotel, and my husband and I greeted each other with genuineness, to say the least. The following day when I departed with him, for my future home in Fort Collins, many were the kind words of advice and good wishes as we started on our long ride across the prairies.

Very anxiously I awaited the first sight of that home I was to share for a few weeks with the wife of my husband's partner. A description of the home was a subject my husband had not dwelt on; but the old adage, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," suited my case exactly that autumn afternoon, as sitting back in our comfortable carriage I enjoyed every mile of my prairie ride. Later on we passed several cowboys on their wiry bronchos who doffed their sombreros, and with a "Hello Captain" (smiling at the same time), turned from us in the direction of the foothills in their search for stray cattle.

Looking back at the retreating figures of the free and go-easy boys, my husband said, "Tomorrow, Anna, you will see them at the ranch, as they are my best cowboys and have awaited my return to brand some young cattle; but don't be frightened," he continued, "you will get used to their rough ways and appearance, for in reality they are a kind set of fellows, and I am sure you will like them." "But here we are at last," he exclaimed, as reining in the horses we stopped before a low sod-roofed cabin whose entrance was concealed by a large corral. Springing from the carriage he assisted me to alight, which at first I was loath to do, saying in a rather subdued tone, "Is this home?", causing a look of disappointment to cross his face as he replied, "Yes, Anna, this is your home for the present." Then turning to a bright mulatto boy who had just made his appearance from behind a large haystack, said, "Well, Rufus, this is your young mistress; think she can manage you," to which the grinning boy replied, "Don't know suh," at the same time giving me such a bright smile that I felt I had secured a friend in him.

Then shaking the dust from my traveling gown I followed my husband into the house I was to occupy, receiving a welcome from a black-eyed woman, wife of my husband's partner, who I remembered eyed me from head to foot, no doubt thinking I was a pretty specimen for that western country, and Captain James was making a great mistake in bringing me out to the frontier.

Then bidding me be seated, she offered to take my wraps, which I removed rather slowly, casting rather curious glances around the room, that to all appearances was a kitchen, my husband having left me for a few moments to give orders to Rufe

concerning the horses. I had an opportunity to be more critical than if he had been present. Then again, an unbidden tear would arise as I surveyed the mud floor, swept clean and in keeping with the roof over my head, but looking very dark and dreary to me that autumn afternoon.

Still, everything in the cabin proved a woman's hand had arranged its furniture to the best advantage; the wooden cupboard, table and chairs bore marks of a recent scouring, while the stove with its new polish equaled in brightness the milk pans on the shelves. Yet this western log cabin was not at all like the cabins I had passed on my way to Colorado, and I felt I could not reconcile myself to these strange surroundings. But remembering the words of my husband, "This is your home, Anna, for the present," as we were to remain with Mrs. Williams' family until a cabin could be located farther up the creek; and trusting my own home would be more inviting in general appearance than my present abode, I proceeded to another room adjoining the kitchen by a high step, where Mrs. Williams said I could put my wraps.

Then, as she left me to prepare supper I surveyed this apartment at my leisure, which from its appearance was the only sleeping room of the family, as it contained two large bedsteads enclosed by calico curtains of an old fashioned pattern, two chairs and a small pine table. The floor of the rough boards was not covered by even a strip of carpet or mat, while the log walls were bare also, not a cheap print or chromo adorning its white-washed surface. The whole room was dimly lighted by a small window through which could be seen an unlimited roll of prairie, the sight of which made me feel homesick, for my surroundings were so different from what I had pictured.

I was only eighteen, married a little over five months, nothing but a school girl unused to the arts of housekeeping, brought up and educated in the City of Brotherly Love, as Philadelphia was often called, the change of environment was certainly a marvelous one to me.

To be sure, Captain James had chosen the West for his future home, leaving me as a bride in the care of eastern friends shortly after our marriage, to prepare the frontier home, well knowing in appearance it would be rough, nothing but a cabin for the present, but with the interior cozily furnished and his girl bride for his mistress he felt and saw in embryo a home in store for us.

Alas, how soon after he bade me goodbye and started on his overland trip for Colorado was this home picture to be destroyed, for while crossing the plains with his sheep, valuable horses and wagons containing our needed articles for housekeeping, together with a fine library of books and several wedding presents money

could not replace, he was suddenly attacked by a large band of Cheyenne Indians, their hideous war whoop ringing out on the still August air like a death knell.

Having passed through many important battles during the Civil War unharmed, and having escaped from Libby prison ere a Southern bullet laid him low, he was again ready with a cool head and trusty rifle to fight fearlessly for his life and the young bride he had left behind.

And well he did his part, suffice it is to say; a running fight was kept up nearly all day, one man falling dead at his feet from an arrow. The Indians having succeeded in driving my husband from his wagon, they surrounded it, and just as soon as the sun sank behind the Rocky Mountains he viewed with dismay a huge bonfire destroying all our needed articles for housekeeping, while over the bluffs could be seen disappearing from view his fine blooded horses, leaving behind them dead and dying sheep in every direction, their plaintive cries ever and anon broken by the whooping and yelling of the noble red man, as dancing around the fast dying embers they scorned in action what a white man prized. He barely escaped with his life, though losing all the articles needed for our little home. But immediately I left my eastern home and hurried to Denver, accompanied by my brother, there to meet my husband, and together we planned a way for the future home nest.

Though prepared for roughing it in a great measure, this sod roof and dirt floor, together with the corral that almost surrounded the cabin was more than I could become accustomed to that memorable afternoon; and standing in the family bedroom realized, as few young girls do at the present day, the true meaning of the words, "For better or worse, for richer or poorer." But I determined to follow out that promise I had made one beautiful May morning to my husband. I checked the homesick feeling, laying aside the long dress I had been wearing, I drew from my trunk a short schoolgirl affair and prepared for my first lesson in housekeeping.

Though my heart was willing, my flesh was weak, and much surprised was I to be awakened the next morning by my husband saying, "Time to get up," as the stars were still shining through the window as I peeped out from behind my calico curtains.

Hastily dressing I proceeded to the kitchen, anxious to show what I could do in the way of helping a typical western woman get breakfast. Rather dreary the dark kitchen looked to me with its one tallow candle standing on the table, while nearby I discovered two men with huge revolvers strapped at their sides and looking generally rough. On being introduced to them I found they were the cowboys we had passed the day before, and knowing

this I felt reconciled to their presence. Then turning to Mrs. Williams for instructions I was told I could grind the coffee, which I tried to do, but on turning the mill in every direction without result, I gave it up, especially as I discovered a smile on the face of one of the cowboys. My husband seeing my flushed face came to my assistance, saying, "Why, Anna, this is green coffee; just a little mistake, try it again," and with the right article in the mill I succeeded in grinding all that was required.

But space will not permit me to tell of my first experiences in housekeeping, the trials and perplexities, all of which I mastered, as my story will show, ever looking forward to the time when we would go to a home of our own, a little log cabin, to be sure, but I would be its first mistress, and near my home I hoped would flow the sparkling Cache la Poudre. So with this in view I waited patiently until Thanksgiving Day, the day set apart for our departure from the Williams home. A dark and dreary one it proved to be, Captain James not arriving at the ranch until late in the afternoon.

But finally all our belongings were stowed away in the wagon, and hiding myself in the soft depths of my feather bed (as it was a cold night) let myself dream as the horses jogged along over the rough prairie. Aroused by a sudden jolt and standstill of the team we found ourselves, to our dismay, in a deep ditch from which our horses could not pull us. In the darkness my husband had driven into one of the irrigating ditches of the country. Finding all efforts to extricate ourselves were useless, Captain James decided to leave me for a short time to secure, from the nearest ranch, the help needed to get us out of our difficulty.

So I waited patiently in the darkness, settling myself deeper in my warm feather bed until the short time seemed merging into hours, for a deathlike stillness surrounded the prairie, broken now and then by the shrill cry of a lonely coyote in search of food or a companion, and to me the sound was dismal. Not a light was to be seen except a flash came now and then from some little cabin at the Fort over a mile from where I was, and to crown all, snow began to fall, making it still more dismal. Very seldom I allowed a homesick feeling to arise, but this was too much and, hiding my face in my hands, I gave way to tears. But my sorrow was of short duration, for looking intently into the darkness I saw white objects moving towards me, and soon to my great relief heard the welcome voice of my husband, accompanied by the tramping of the objects I saw, which proved to be mules (white ones) which he had succeeded in getting at a ranch to help us out of our uncomfortable position.

Right happy was I when with a sudden jerk and flounder of

the horses and mules the wagon was landed safe and sound on a firm foundation, and in a short time I had the satisfaction of stopping before my home, my wee log cabin with its sod roof and broken window panes. Still, in the words of the poet, I could say, "Be it ever so humble there is no place like home." Too tired to notice much of the interior of my home I soon fell asleep on a rough bed hastily arranged for the night, never waking until the morning sun bade me a cheerful welcome through the dilapidated windows of my home. Quickly dressing, I started for the kitchen and with my husband's help prepared my first real breakfast. I hardly knew though where to commence or what to do, so few were the articles I had for housekeeping; for when it came to furniture nothing of importance could be purchased short of Cheyenne, forty miles from where our cabin was located. Still not discouraged by the outlook, I hastily cleared away my breakfast dishes while my husband started for the Fort to see if he could buy some new window panes, leaving me the work of furnishing the house with the aid of Rufe (the colored boy).

Rufe was on hand early in the morning to help beautify my home which could boast of one large room partitioned off in such a manner that I was able to have a cozy bedroom and kitchen outside of the general living room. The kitchen, so essential to young and old housekeepers, I will describe first.

Not having money enough to buy a new stove, Captain James bought the day before my arrival, a dilapidated affair from some campers, together with a little skillet that belonged to the outfit, and having the stove nicely blackened by Rufe, we mounted it on a big wooden box. Nearby stood a table where all the miscellaneous work of the kitchen was to be carried on; and with a small cupboard, its tin perforated door showing inside on snowy white paper my dishes, few in number, to be sure, but costing that morning at the Fort the sum of forty dollars. This constituted my kitchen furniture. At the same time I will not fail to mention the rude shelves nailed to the logs on one side, where in bright array was placed my new tinware. Conspicuous among the pans stood a brandy bottle which I converted into a rolling pin (not being able to find one at the Fort) but before winter was over it turned out more than one flaky crust. Though the following Christmas I received a present of a new wooden one, still, like the old toper, I was attached to the bottle.

Having arranged the kitchen to my satisfaction I proceeded to the sitting room, where the log walls had undergone a heavy coat of white-wash the day before, and with a fireplace that took almost one side of my room I felt my ingenuity would be taxed making this particular room attractive, as nothing presented itself

in the way of furniture except a little pine table, four chairs, three of which were broken, and two empty soap boxes. However, my windows by this time had new glass, and I proceeded to drape them with thin white goods of a pretty pattern, tying them back with red ribbons, giving a pleasing effect to the living room. Then on the log walls I hung several sketches I had made in the Art school of Philadelphia, little thinking then that two of my prize drawings would be pasted on the white-washed walls of a frontier cabin in Colorado. Nevertheless, I was satisfied with my decoration in general, and looking at the cheerful fireplace where Rufe had placed a pitch pine log, I felt we would at least keep warm during the winter.

Next my floor of rough boards, warped and uneven, were anything but attractive to look at; but finding a new tarpaulin or canvas covering, we tacked it over the floor, placing in the center of the room a bright piece of green carpet, for which Rufe had traded a buffalo robe, and very proud was I of my little round table which I covered with a scarlet and black spread, while handsome books and little keepsakes were placed upon it, not forgetting the much used album containing photographs of dear ones left behind, a book also that excited great curiosity among the Indians who frequently visited me later on in my lonely cabin home. That part of my work being over, a change was made in the looks of my room, especially when I turned to my empty soap boxes which I soon converted into pretty stools, covering them with cushions of bright colored flannel, pleating the goods all around in such a manner they made not only an inviting seat but added greatly to my room, as I placed them on each side of the fireplace. Then in one corner we manufactured a comfortable lounge, the foundation of boards being nailed to the wall. It was soon covered by a small mattress, the rough effect hidden from view by a woman's ingenuity, and with a pretty pillow was made to look attractive. Last but not least, the chairs had to undergo changes similar to my boxes. Sticks were substituted for missing legs on two chairs, but soon these defects were also hidden by my never failing dry goods, and the rustic legs so well covered I called them my reception chairs, being careful, however, about the weight of my friends who would sit on them.

Finally I turned with pride to my bedroom, only large enough to hold a bedstead, washstand, and dresser—the last named article made from a dry goods box, placing shelves inside and covering the whole with pretty muslin. The curtains in front were tied back with ribbon, giving a neat appearance. I turned more than once to admire my cozy room and snowy white bed whose fluffy blankets lay concealed by a handsome counterpane. In short, the

home had undergone wonderful changes since my arrival the day before, and though tired with the work I felt well repaid by the look of pleasure and surprise on my husband's face at what his wife had accomplished. He told me to be brave and keep up a good heart for a few years, saying that when he sold his cattle I should go back to my eastern home, and there enjoy all the comforts of this life. With a happy heart I replied, "For better or worse, for richer or poorer," you will always find me at your side; and so we started out into married life with its ups and downs, its strange freaks of prosperity and adversity, and last but not least, its true and false friendships.

Having described the interior of our cabin home, I will mention that from our front door I could view with pleasure the Cache la Poudre River, throwing its sparkling waters over the rocks and boulders that abound in the stream. And many a string of tempting trout did Rufe catch from it and place on the kitchen table with a grin of delight at his success. Across the river could be seen Fort Collins, or what was left of it. Captain James, with the aid of his company had built the Fort, being stationed there during the latter part of the Civil War, long before I thought my future home would be on the western prairies. Now only a few log cabins remained, and these were occupied by my nearest white neighbors, some of them living today, wealthy, influential citizens in that noted agricultural town.

My next neighbors, however, living about a mile and a half from our home, were a large tribe of Arapahoe Indians, whose chief, Friday, was often seen and heard in Washington, D. C., as interpreter. Though inclined to be sociable, I did not like them for neighbors, as they persisted in coming quite often to my cabin, viewing with curiosity and delight the little trinkets and bright ribbons that decorated my sitting room, calling me a white squaw and giving me a pretty Indian name that was quite amusing at the time. Then again, my long braided hair worn down my back (schoolgirl fashion) was an attraction to the male portion of the tribe, as taking it once in their hands they thought, no doubt, what a nice scalp lock for some young warrior's belt. Especially was I attractive to the squaws whenever I visited their camp, mounted on my Indian pony and wearing, as I generally did, a scarlet braided skirt under my riding habit. Their bright eyes would twinkle with delight as, crowding about the pony, they would raise my habit and in a jargon of language, all talking at once, let me know how much they admired that part of my dress, and with many gestures gave me to understand they were ready for a trade whenever it suited me.

My chief pleasure, however, while in that western country

was riding horseback, my first experience, like housekeeping, being rather crude, taking lessons on the back of an old mare who very patiently carried me to and fro from the Fort, but always within sight of home. Becoming brave one afternoon, I started to meet Captain James, being careful to fasten up the little colt that persisted in following. After wandering over the bluffs, I found to my dismay night coming on, with no signs of a human being in sight. Reining in my pony I stopped, looked around, wondering where to go. All was still save now and then the chirp of a prairie dog darting his saucy head from out his mound of dirt and little caring whether I was lost or not.

Thinking my pony would know the way home better than myself, I dropped the reins about her neck and saying in mournful tones, "Oh, take me home," to my surprise the old mare looked around, then putting her nose to the ground commenced taking me in an opposite direction to the one I had chosen; but satisfied that she was right, hurried her along. Looking towards the bluffs, I saw a horseman coming in my direction, and fearing it might be an Indian, as the country was full of stragglers at that time, I was frightened until a nearer view made known the figure of my husband in the twilight. Missing me on his return home, and thinking I had ventured too far on my usual ride, Captain James started after me and then discovered I was a great distance from home. True to the mother instinct, the old mare was taking me in the right direction for home, and the corral had its attraction also. After a few more rides on the back of my old friend, I bade goodbye to her for younger, fleeter horses, roaming the prairies surrounding Fort Collins, fearless of danger, mounted as the occasion would call forth, on a broncho seated in my easy saddle or a rough army one, it mattered not, provided a ride was in store for me. And many homesick feelings I mastered while engaged in the exhilarating pleasure of a horseback ride.

Feeling quite lonely one beautiful afternoon several weeks later, as my husband had been away from home for nearly a week on cattle business, I told Rufe to saddle my riding horse, this time a spirited roan animal whose arched neck and bright eyes betokened intelligence that created quite a sympathy between us. Bounding over the prairie that afternoon he seemed to enjoy the fresh air as well as myself until home and the different ranches were far out of sight. After a while, I tired of my rapid ride and, seeing marks of heavy wagon wheels, indicating a road recently traveled, turned my horse's head in that direction, wandering on and on, forgetting the distance as usual, as my thoughts went back to schoolgirl days.

Suddenly I realized the sun was setting, leaving heavy

shadows to fall across my path from the nearest bluff. Startled by the distance I had gone and the terrible stillness that surrounded me, I touched my horse lightly with the whip, turning back in the direction of home. He bounded forward, never stopping until the bluffs and shadows were far behind, and in the distance could be seen my cabin with a light in the window, welcoming me back. Later on in the evening, the body of a teamster, killed and scalped only a mile from where I had turned my horse's head for home, was found, his wagon wheels no doubt being the ones I had followed until the shadows from the bluffs prevented my going farther. Little did I realize the danger lurking behind the hills in the form of treacherous Indians whose presence around the country for several weeks made it dangerous for me to take my usual rides.

Among the little events that transpired in my western home are a few that helped me in a great measure to break the monotony of everyday life, for household duties kept me busy, even if relieved by my colored boy, who remained with me during the four years of roughing it in Colorado. Captain James was very fortunate in being able to secure the services of such a boy, understanding all manner of work as he did, for hired help was impossible to get at any price short of Denver. Always respectful and neat, Rufe prided himself in being born and "raised" in one of the best Virginia families before the war. He waited on me, never allowing me to do anything he considered hard; and to Rufe I turned for instruction in cooking and housekeeping generally. Though an apt pupil, enjoying the work when not too hard, I made mistakes in cooking, as Mrs. Rorer's recipes and books for young housekeepers were not then on the market.

Considering what I had to work with, my mistakes were not very serious, and soon I was called upon to cook for my neighbors, who felt it a duty to come on a visit, bringing grandmother and children—in fact all of the family—before I felt quite proficient in my cooking. Later on, however, I felt well repaid when my husband remarked, after breaking one of my light biscuits, "Well done little wife, my mother could not do better."

My neighbors visited me quite often, some out of curiosity I thought, while others really sympathized with me in the rough life into which I was drawn. But very few, if anyone, knew the lonely homesick feeling I had in my cabin home, for Captain James was frequently called away, and days would pass without seeing anyone, save the Indians who rode past my cabin door on their way to the mountains for wood, and greeting me in their gutteral language of "How! How!" No one, save those who have lived on the prairies, can realize the solitude and dreariness that surrounds one, as I lived more than a mile from neighbors. The pow-wow of the Indians was often heard on a moonlight night at their camp and later on, when their voices ceased, the snappish bark and howl of the coyotes or prairie wolves could be heard near our cabin as they lingered in search of food.

Still my pride kept me up and, instead of expecting sympathy from my neighbors, I surprised them by adjusting myself to my environment; so when they came to spend the day I listened very attentively to their conversations, which were generally about livestock and farm products. Then I commenced to cook a meal for them on my wee stove soon after their arrival, for it seemed that Rufe was always absent when company came. More than once I looked from my window to see a wagon load of visitors drive up, intent on spending the day. Then shortly after, I would excuse myself to prepare dinner, leaving them to examine my pictures and various trinkets, being careful not to talk much about my eastern home for fear they would think I was showing off. Certainly the work of getting a meal for several strangers gave me a beating heart at times, as I noted how curiously I was watched by my friends as I passed in and out of the room. Setting the table with care, also carrying on a conversation, I hoped would make visitors feel at home; but often, when the time came for their departure, I could not help being thankful the visit was over. Then again others called whose visits I enjoyed, returning them on the back of my favorite pony, which Captain James had given me. These were happy hours for me in my frontier life.

One beautiful morning as Rufe was busy in the kitchen, washing dishes, I concluded to sweep my sitting room, and hurriedly opened the front door to let in the glorious sunshine, but started back in surprise as six burly Indians, horribly painted and befeathered, stood before me. Over six feet tall every one of them, and arrayed in red blankets with tomahawks and scalping knives in their belts, as well as carrying their favorite bow and arrows, they were a style of visitor I was not expecting that morning. How they came there so suddenly and silently we could not tell, but nevertheless there they stood, saying "How! How!" In my surprise I must have stepped back for, without further invitation, they pushed themselves in and with a deep grunt were seated, or rather squatted, on my floor, the six taking up most of the room, making me feel very uncomfortable, as I knew by their dress and actions they were strangers not belonging to Friday's band.

Calling Rufe, I told him to come in and stay with me until they left; also to watch our two guns which were loaded and stood in one corner of the room. Then again, I thought Rufe by signs could find out what tribe they belonged to. In a short time he

found they were Cheyennes on their way to the new reservations, and seeing our ranch concluded to call on us. I eyed them as curiously as they did me, shaking my head at their repeated attempts to talk with me. I certainly was frightened, but decided not to let the Indians see how nervous I was, and commenced dusting my room, but finally stopped as every movement was watched by those horrid faces. Especially were they pleased with my long braided hair. That morning I was wearing a red, or rather magenta, colored dress, this being a schoolgirl affair, for my first long dress was when I stood up to be married. My wedding dress had months ago been locked up in one of my trunks, being sadly out of place in this cabin home.

My Indian friends finally became tired of the floor and, rising, began a close survey of the room, examining every article from my little trinkets and pictures on the wall to my album, which seemed to please them greatly, especially one picture, a photograph Captain James had given me of a noted Indian chief who, like the white man, had pride enough to have his picture taken in full regalia. Over it their language and gestures became so boisterous I was frightened and, reaching out my hand, took the picture away, not, however, until their attention was directed to other photographs in a little card basket lying on the table. Especially were they pleased when a small picture of myself was discovered by one big fellow more curious than all the rest, and a grin spread over his painted face as he looked first at me, then at the picture, saying, "Squaw, squaw," and making an attempt, when he thought I was not looking, to put it under his blanket. Nothing, however, escaped the sharp eyes of Rufe, who said to me in a whisper, "He is taking your photograph, better see to it." On my demanding the picture he heard me with reluctance, denying most emphatically that he had it. On being obliged to give it up, a grunt of displeasure went the rounds of the group, but finally I put them in good spirits my motioning them to sit down and keep quiet while I made a rough sketch of the group, which so pleased them that I told the leader he might have the sketch, hoping by so doing to be relieved of my troublesome guests. But no, they discovered a savory odor from the kitchen that satisfied them too well, and, giving me to understand they would go if we fed them, I told Rufe to give them each a bowl of soup and, hurrying into the kitchen, he soon returned with the soup and crackers, handing a bowl to each Indian, when they again squatted on the floor, receiving their rations with a grunt of pleasure.

Imagine my surprise, however, when one big fellow, with a sullen toss of his head, held up his spoon in disgust, refusing to eat until he had been given one like his companions. Not having

enough silver spoons to go the rounds, I picked up a bright pewter spoon, placing the same in the last dish, never dreaming it would be noticed by his lordship; but, on receiving one like his companions, he was satisfied. Finally, the meal was finished and, with the promise of tobacco, or rather money to buy some at the Fort, they picked themselves up and made for the door, shooting their arrows out on the prairie as they started down the road.

One big fellow that had eyed me more than all the rest stepped back as his companions left the house and, taking my braided hair in his hands commenced slapping his ugly scalping knife, giving me to understand how much he wanted it. I certainly did not wait long to see where they were going after they had left the house, but slammed the door, locking it, and then, from sheer nervousness, sat down and cried, telling Rufe not to leave the house that afternoon, as he was in the habit of doing, going over to the Fort and remaining there until supper time. Then, looking at the clock, I wished the time would arrive when my husband would return from his daily trip looking after cattle, but my timepiece only pointed to three o'clock. Taking up my little sewing basket I commenced to work, when suddenly Rufe called out from the kitchen, "Better hide, Mrs. James, more Indians, I see six fellows coming up the road."

Hastily dropping my sewing, I hurried into the kitchen, where I climbed a ladder we kept in one corner of the room, locking all doors and telling Rufe to stand guard outside, I laid flat on the floor of my small loft, which was so low my position was very uncomfortable. But I could see the Indians (a different set of fellows from those that had visited me in the morning), by peeping through the cracks of the log walls. I could hear their angry voices when they could not see the squaw with the red dress and long hair, a description of me having been given by the men who had visited me in the morning.

Finally, all was still and, hearing no noise, I took courage and ventured from my hiding place, coming slowly down the ladder, only to be discovered by the sharp eyes of one big Indian who had remained standing patiently at the kitchen window, pressing his painted face close to the window glass, making his flat nose look still broader and his whole expression more disagreeable. Spying me coming down the ladder before I discovered him, he uttered a shrill cry to his companions and, on a full run, they returned, looking at me through the window. Knowing they could not get in, as Rufe was standing guard, they finally contented themselves with talking and gesticulating to the colored boy in true Indian style.

Soon horses' hoofs were heard approaching and, to my great relief, Captain James came riding up and, giving the reins to Rufe, took in the situation at once and, turning to their leader, ordered them away to their camp. Seeing the squaw's chief had returned home, they drew their blankets closely around their stalwart figures and, muttering to themselves, started down the road, while I, brave once more, now my husband was home, felt glad the long exciting day was over.

The following day, as my husband was again leaving for the day, I decided to visit some friends, not wishing to be alone, as Rufe was also called away to hunt stray cattle. It was well I did, for, soon after my departure, the twelve Indians that had visited me the day before returned (I was told), tried the doors, looking in at the windows and walking around the house until a bugle call from the Fort warned them to return. When the sun went down that night, their camp was broken up and, under marching orders, they left the white man and his squaw for their new hunting grounds on the Reservation, where the march of civilization was fast driving them.