

THE LOG OF A SEA-GOING PIONEER

By

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Chapter I

My grandfather was one of the wealthiest landowners of Dorking, in the County of Surrey, England. He was also a great gambler, and at the time of his death he had lost everything but his wife and four children. Grandmother's maiden name was Ann Bennet, sister of the then Earl of Tankerville, of Chillingham castle, Nottinghamshire. The House of Tankerville was created by King Henry V in 1418. At the time of Queen Elizabeth, Sir John Bennet's son was raised to the peerage of Lord Ossulston, and his son, having married Lady Mary Grey, only child of the Grey Earl of Tankerville, became heir to the title. My father always claimed that he was the rightful heir to the title, but the connection brought no emolument to the family.

The Castle of Chillingham, with its ancient park of 25,000 acres, came to the Bennet lords through the Tankerville marriage, and is one of the oldest country seats of England, having already been known as ancient in 1418, when the Grey earldom was created. The famous herds of white cattle, wild and fierce, have roamed under the trees of Chillingham Forest from time immemorial, having been described as of unknown antiquity in the days of William the Conqueror. The late King Edward had a narrow escape from death while engaged in shooting the king of his herd, and the head and horns now adorn the walls of Sandringham.

On the death of my grandfather, my father and his family moved to Cheshire, where he became the steward of Cholmondeley Castle, the home of the Marquis and Marchioness. There I was born on October 11, 1855. At an early stage in my existence I attended the village school with my brother and sisters, until some change occurred in my father's fortunes and we moved to Exeter, where he invested his capital in the White Lion Hotel. The business prospered until the time of the Ascot races, when he lost his investments in an unlucky venture. Father was known at the time as one of the world's greatest cricket players and the man who taught King Edward of England, then Prince of Wales, and the late Czar of Russia the great English game. To recoup his fortunes he became Stewart of the properties of Prince Dhuleep Singh, an Indian Rajah, resigning this position to become manager of Rossie Priory, the Scottish estate of Lord Kinnaird.

After the Exeter collapse, Mother had taken the children to London, and I was growing to be a big boy of seven years. Word came to her one day from Father that I should be shipped post haste to Dundee, Scotland. As mother was in poor health, my Aunt Betsy was delegated to accompany me to the steamer, which was lying at anchor in the Thames, off the West India docks.

The boat that took us to the steamer was one of the small wherrys that ply on the river for two pence a trip. It was manned by a one-eyed boatman just from the country, who had invested his capital in the rowboat and was about to try out his new investment on us. He shoved off and the boat swung out with the tide. By the time he got settled in his seat and the oars shipped, we were well up the river and nearing Lambeth Bridge. The water was choppy, with a fresh wind blowing up from the sheerness banks, and the spray was coming over the boat. Our Charon was pulling against the tide with all his might when one of the oars "caught a crab" and we all but capsized. My aunt nearly collapsed with fright, but I, who knew something about rowing, seized one of the oars and she was soon herself again, whereupon she devoted herself to giving the boatman a dressing down in language that must have been a revelation to the Yorkshire yokel. After an hour's hard pull we reached the Scottish liner, and the boatman caught a line that was thrown from the deck and made it fast to a ringbolt in the bow. A Jacob's ladder was lowered

from the gangway. The old lady stood up in the boat while I kissed her goodbye, and she helped me to catch the steps. Just as I got a good hold a heavy swell came up with the rising tide, the boat rolled toward the ship, the ladder swung out, and I bumped my aunt full in her ample composure. As she slumped down between the thwarts she gasped: "oh, you bad boy!" while I clambered the rest of the way to the deck. When I looked out, the boat was well on its way to the shore, and Auntie in the stern sheets was shaking her umbrella at the man at the oars, as if urging him to greater efforts.

I was given a berth in the cabin with a Scotsman who was returning to Perth after a successful sale of a shipment of sheep. His trip had been a profitable one, and he was in a hilarious frame of mind. Producing a bottle of Jamaica rum, he regaled me not only with the rum but also with tales of Bonnie Scotland and what he did to London on his visit, until we dropped off to sleep. I knew no more until two days later I was roused out of my bunk by the roar of the cable as the steamer dropped anchor in Dundee harbor.

Evidently my arrival on the dock at Dundee had not been heralded in trumpet tones, for beyond the fishermen who were cleaning skats for the market and probably thought I was a likely customer, there was no one to welcome me. As I gazed over the prospect, I felt like Japhet in search of his father. Suddenly my luck turned, for my fellow-passenger, the Scotchman, just then coming over the dock, guessed my predicament and offered to take me with him as far as Inchtute, a village about two miles from the Kinniard estate. Arriving there my friend of the boat bade me farewell and went on his way to Perth, while I was driven to the castle in a light phaeton behind a spirited pair of ponies that had been waiting.

Rossie Priory reminded me strongly of my birthplace, Cholmondeley Castle in Cheshire. It was surrounded by a high stone wall, pierced by an entrance gate large enough for a troop of soldiers to march through ten abreast. Outside the wall was a deep moat spanned by a drawbridge with a gateman in charge, who with his family lived in a pretty thatched cottage just inside the gate. As the pony carriage drew up to the drawbridge, the gateman lowered the bridge and touched his hat as the spirited ponies darted across, along the graveled roadway bordered by flowers and carefully landscaped gardens for a distance of one hundred yards, and up to the portico of the great stone castle of the Lord and Lady. On each corner of the castle round turrets rose twenty feet higher than the roof, from which peered small windows, and along the cornice of the roof were battlements for the shelter of the men-at-arms who formerly protected the castle. English ivy climbed profusely over the building, and luxuriant trees shaded the lawns on that summer morning.

As the door of the castle opened, my small figure passed between two footmen with chins high in the air, clad in gorgeous livery of purple velvet, lace-trimmed coats and tight-fitting knee breeches, pink silk stockings and slippers. Their hair was plastered down with a substance that looked like white plaster. Had not my father appeared to take me in charge at that moment, I would have been overwhelmed with bashfulness at such magnificence.

The entrance hall was a scene of beauty. The ceiling was high, and the walls were hung with great paintings of Scottish chiefs and rural scenes. The floor was covered with carpet that must have cost a fortune. From the entrance hall we entered the cloister, a great hall running the full length of the building. Huge oak beams supported the ceiling. Along the sides stood figures of men in armor, and on the walls were crossed swords, crossbows and bows and arrows, ar-

ranged between great paintings of the ancestors of the House of Kinniard. A thick rug covered the floor. Into this cloister opened the dining rooms, ballrooms, and drawing rooms. At one end of the cloister was a great staircase leading to the bedrooms. The kitchen and servants' dining room were in the basement.

My father, through some misunderstanding, had thought that I was to be billed through to Inchtute, and did not appear to be particularly enthusiastic over my coming. He conducted me upstairs to the housekeeper's room, where the motherly old lady took me in charge, and my palate still yearns for the supper of tea and sponge cake.

Next morning Lady Kinniard sent for me, and I was taken to meet her. Her ladyship was a kind and loveable person, and did not inspire me with as much awe as did the pompous footman at the door. She tested my voice, and, finding that satisfactory, duly enrolled me in the Chapel choir. There were rehearsals during the week for the Sunday class, attended by eight or ten other small boys, children of the tenants of the estate. For the choir I was equipped with a white surplice with a wide black ribbon. Father also sent for some new clothes for me from Dundee, and the following Sunday I appeared in a smart black Eton jacket, white shirt and collar, with a neat bow tie and a little black silk plug hat.

For a month my life at the castle was a symposium of bliss, until my father returned from a sudden trip to Dundee and coolly informed me that my holiday was over and I was going to work.

Easton and Sons was the cognomen of a dry goods store in Westport, Dundee. It was called the linen draper's shop, although it sold no linen that I could see, and was in no sense the department store that it developed into today. It is still in business and has become the largest store of its kind in Dundee. There I received my first lesson in salesmanship. With my little scissors fastened to the front of my Eton jacket, I would take down bolts of cloth from the shelves and cut off pieces for the lady customers, or sell them paisley shawls.

Before I could graduate as a floorwalker, my watchful parents apprenticed me for two years to a stonecutter in the city, and I was soon in a far way to become proficient in the art of making tombstones. The owner of the monument yard took me into the bosom of his family, and, aside from the regular diet of porridge, fish, and cheese for breakfast, it was a fairly good home for me. The family was piously inclined and as rigid in their religious customs as the most fanatical Puritan that landed on Plymouth Rock. Every Sunday morning a bawbee was pressed into my hand as a contribution to the Almighty, who was supposed to need a tithe from little boys to defray the expense of making the wheels of the Universe go round. The services at the Kirk began at eleven o'clock and lasted well into the afternoon. Drowsiness overcame me long before the preacher reached his "ninthly," and I was jarred back into consciousness by sundry pokes in the ribs from the umbrella of my employer.

As I became more expert in smoothing down slabs of granite, I was allowed to try my hand at lettering. Under the tutelage of an old and grizzled mechanic I fast grew to be quite an artistic stonecutter and completed several jobs, the last one of which, I gathered, was a tribute to the capacity of a fellow townsman:

"Here lies Tom Bales, who lived at South Bell, A man who carried his can to his mouth well. He carried so much and he carried so fast, He could carry no more so was carried last. The liquor he drank being too much for one, He could not carry off, so now he's carrion."

Three months before the expiration of my apprenticeship to the monument works I returned to Rossie Priory because of another change in the family fortunes. By this time Mother and the other children, who had arrived in Scotland, were ready to fly south again, and Father, whose fame as a cricketer had spread all over the United Kingdom, was persuaded to return to London by the "All England Eleven," a great cricket club, and a place was created for him on the staff of Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister.

Chapter II

London in 1865 was not particularly fascinating to a boy of ten after the free and wild life in the Scottish mountains. True, the great Exhibition was in full blast, the city was humming with life over the opening of the underground railroad, and the throngs on Piccadilly and the Strand were spotted with Oriental costumes gathered from the four corners of the earth. Although the Exposition was within a couple of miles of domicile, I never saw it. The intricacies of the “underground” remained a mystery to me, and I was more interested in the proud privilege of being selected to carry the bass drum in the Royal Band of Grenadiers at the “Trailing of the Colors” then in all the fantastical costumes from Afghanistan to Zanzibar.

Our home had been established in a court running from Piccadilly near the Marble Arch, and a job was provided for me in a coffee shop across the way, where from six in the morning to seven at night I sliced bread and butter and brewed strong coffee at the munificent salary of eighteen pence a week. Like a dutiful son I handed over my wages to Mother every Saturday night and received in return a penny for pocket money. On Sundays in company with several other boys of equally affluent circumstances, we would tramp to the other end of London to invest our pennies in hatful of damaged fruit, and then with our provender we would trail over to the East India docks, on the Thames, where our visions of far-off ports were inspired by watching the ships from all over the world unloading their cargoes. We would arrive home in time for church, where as a reward for our piety we were given a ticket for the next Sunday School excursion.

Promotion was slow in the coffee shop, and when I found a job in a chemist’s establishment in the Edgeware Road at three shillings a week and my tea, I felt that my financial future was assured. The hours were from six in the morning to nine at night. The family had then moved to Crick Elwood, one of the suburbs of London, and I could usually catch a ride for the three miles to the chemist’s shop on the rear spring of a four-wheeler. Often precariously when someone would shout, “Put the whip behind!” I was learning how to mix pills for ailing people when a millinery shop proprietor discovered me and offered me a raise of sixpence a week, which I promptly accepted.

Still my ambition was not appeased. I was making weekly visits to the docks now, and I longed for the sea. In my spare time I used to read the exploits of Dick Turpin and Black Bess, his wonderful mare, and I wanted to emulate his hold-ups on the King’s highway of rich magnates and beautiful ladies. I was getting more pocket money with my high wages, so with the three other youngsters, all yearning to be Robin Hoods, we purchased a horse pistol which had a barrel as large a modern shotgun. One morning before daylight we crept out of our homes, met at a crossroads armed with the pistol and a goodly supply of powder and ball, and struck out for Epsom Downs. When about four miles from London and we could no longer hear the tolling of Big Ben, the clock in the tower of Westminster Abbey, we held a council of war and decided it was time to load the gun and make ready to waylay the first victims. Then an argument rose as to who should have the honor of firing the first shot. The choice fell to Darby Kelly. I ran down three fingers of the powder and poured in the lead. A cap was poised on the nipple and the trigger pulled back to full cock. We all ran as Darby raised the pistol, pointed it in the air, shut his eyes, and – bang! The explosion was terrific, Darby was thrown to the ground by the recoil; his hand

was bleeding and his eyes raining tears. The pistol was blown to bits and we found no trace of it. Thus ended our escapade into banditry, and it was late at night when we reached our homes, tired, hungry, and our martial spirits in the discard.

My millinery career soon came to an end through the death of Madame's husband, who was a sort of Mr. Mantalini, a well-known character in Nicholas Nickleby, and the consequent removal of the establishment to Burlington Arcade. There, relieved of the incubus of a liability, which had been absorbing the profits, the concern burst forth into immediate success.

Since I was out of a job, it behooved me to get busy, so I purchased a birch broom and joined the ranks of crossing sweepers on the multitudinous muddy crossing of London. Having located by virtue of discovery a street crossing on Fleet Street where the traffic was thickest, I soon had the mud swept aside and the grateful public rewarding me with the pennies of the realm. Those unfortunates who either could not or would not pay toll no doubt regretted the oversight, for either by accident or design my broom, by some peculiar twist of the wrist, was wont to fly up and a gentle spray of soft mud sprinkled the back of the delinquent. Then I usually had to fly! In the long run my public service was not a success. The Bobbies vicariously watched the character of service I was rendering, and one day a burly copper pulled his truncheon and gave chase. I darted along Fleet Street, under the old Temple Bar, past the Bank, and finally ran among the crowd filing into "Dirty Dick's" near the Thames embankment. I had eluded the policeman, but lost my broom and my job was thereafter taboo.

I was then approaching thirteen and was becoming more self-reliant every day. My mother seldom saw me in daylight, but she made strenuous efforts to regain control of me. The rest of the children were more tractable, but I was obstinate, willful, and possessed of a devil-may-care disposition that boded ill for my future. On a Sunday morning she wore herself out imploring me to go to church. Finally she called in a policeman and then gave him a shilling to go away again, after he had somewhat frightened me with the enormity of my offense and vowed he would send me to Botany Bay if I did not obey my mother. For the rest of the day I was subdued and penitent. That night my father came home and I got a licking that has not yet been effaced from my memory.

Thompson's Hotel in Berkley Square next availed itself of my youthful services. From my earnings with the broom in the city, I had had sense enough to purchase a suit of clothes that made me presentable when I appeared at the hotel office soon after the broom episode. With five shillings a week as my emolument and a tight-fitting black suit with three rows of bright buttons, a cute little cap with a cockade sitting over my left ear, I felt I was not only an ornament but a real acquisition to that far-famed hostelry. At that time the King of -----, several other notables, and all their retinue, were stopping at the hotel, and I think if I had been endowed with a contentment for a life of servitude, a fortune would soon have been in my grasp. Thompson's was not a large hotel, but it was exclusive and enjoyed a clientele, which embraced all the crowned heads of Europe, dukes with their duchesses, earls and their countesses, and millionaires from America. It was a revelation to me, and the half-crowns, half sovereigns and shillings which poured into the silver salver that I carried were a constant delight to the crowd of servants below with whom I had to divide. At times, when I had ushered a beautiful lady into the presence of King -----, he would slip a half sovereign into my hand and chuck her under the chin as I looked

the other way. I was “innocence abroad” for a fact, and was yet to learn that there was low life above stairs as well as high life below stairs.

Chapter III

In my leisure hours I was absorbed in the “Boys of England” and “Young Men of Great Britain,” periodicals of that day replete with historical romances of Walter Raleigh, Frances Drake, the Spanish Armada and freebooters of the bounding main. My longing for life on the ocean grew, until one spring morning in 1869 I appeared at the naval office with my Uncle Ephraim and was accepted as a prospective admiral on Her Majesty’s seventy-four gun ship, the “Boscawen.” My age was a trifle over thirteen, but I was a well-developed lad for that age and I underwent all the tests without question.

The arrival of a package at the home of my parents containing my civilian clothes, accompanied by a short note of farewell, was the first intimation my family had of my departure, but the loss of one out of a flock of ten was regarded more in the light of a lucky break than a misfortune. The die was cast anyway, and there was nothing to do but make the best of it. For myself, I entered upon my new life with enthusiasm, a determination to learn the ropes and perhaps ere long to become a post-captain; for although I had come aboard through the hawse pipe, I proposed that when I left it would be through the cabin window.

Along with fifty other boys, we were taken aboard a government steamer to Portland, where lay the “Boscawen,” an old line of battleship, veteran of the Napoleonic wars and now a training ship for boys entering Her Majesty’s service. The arrival of the new recruits on the “Boscawen” created no excitement as we filed into line on the quarterdeck. The ship had a compliment of over six hundred boys in addition to the officers and men, and our class of fifty merely replaced the group that had been transferred to the “Excellent” for their gunnery course.

We were served our allotment of “slops” consisting of the naval uniform, brush, comb, knife, towel, and a sewing kit. No shoes or hose were worn aboard ship, in order more easily to climb the ratlines aloft. We were then treated to a dissertation on the “articles of war,” rules and regulations of the ship, and marched down to the bathroom. Six bathtubs large enough to hold a dozen boys each contained twelve inches of fresh water, and two other tubs were nearly full of seawater. The boys were ordered into the fresh water to lather off the dirt, and the rinsing took place in the other tubs. By the time the lads were through the first installment, the residue was about the consistency of bean puree. As we came out of shivering from the icy cold concoction we were lined up so the master at arms with a short cane could poke under our arms, around our necks and ears, and if any lines of demarcation were found, back went the culprit for another dowsing, with an added slip of the cane to accelerate the circulation.

Rigged in the “slops” we were now full-fledged sailors, with the name “H.M.S. Boscawen” in gold letters on our caps. We were at liberty to go below to our mess, and our supper consisted of hard tack and tea. The pipe of the boatswain’s mate “Stand at Hammocks” was made to chime in with eight bells. That night I fell out of the hammock twice and was let down once again by the neighbors, who slipped the rope of my bed without any warning. The other newcomers fared no better, for the yells and curses lasted throughout the night.

At four bells we were roused out to lash up and stow our hammocks, scrub and holystone the decks, using a squeegee to dry them just as the squeegee is used nowadays to clean windows. By the time the brass-work was cleaned, prayers read by the chaplain, and the bugle sounded for breakfast, our appetites were keen for the regulation bowl of cocoa and hard tack. During the day

there were more inspections, with more poking about the ears, legs, and feet for dirt. The unlucky Wight that was not absolutely pure was taken to the tubs and there rubbed with sand and canvas until he was the color of a ripe raspberry.

The boys were also taught to tie knots, splice ropes and sew the sails. They made all plain sail at least once a day, ran the rigging, climbed over the futtock shrouds, and reeved the ropes.

There were swimming lessons, and some of the boys learned to swim, but I never could by the method used. A canvas band with a cord through it was put around my chest, and I was told to jump off the gangway. I did so, but as soon as I struck the water I would claw at the side of the ship and the instructor would raise me out of the water with the cord and then let go. The more he ducked me the more frightened I became, and finally he would tow me to the ladder.

In the evening the boys would run up the rigging on one side and down the other, and it was during this pastime that I encountered my first punishment. Climbing up to the fore royal truck, I unscrewed the lightning conductor, which slipped from my hands and narrowly missed a boy on deck. The royal truck was a thick disk of wood six inches in diameter, and formed the top of the mast. On this I sprawled and went through the motions of swimming. The officer of the deck, who had been watching my antics, suddenly cried out; "Down from aloft!" When I reached the fo'castle a boatswain's mate escorted me to the quarterdeck and I was entered on the report. Next morning I was summoned before the Commander, who read the docket and without asking my version of the affair sentenced me to two-dozen strokes with the cane.

It was not the punishment that threw me into a blue funk for the next few hours, but the fact that I was to be made a spectacle of before the whole ship's company. Promptly at four bells in the afternoon the boatswain's pipe "All hands witness punishment" brought a solid mass of boys to the quarterdeck, with the officers ranged about the capstan. I was in the limelight facing the Commander, who without more ado read the record and wound up with "Seize him up!" The master at arms, who was a big, pompous brute, jerked me over the arm of the bitts and pulled my shirt up from my pants, while a quartermaster with a rope stopper around my legs, reeved it through an eyebolt and held on to the end, thus between them clamping me into a vise in which movement was out of the question, and leaving only the rear part of my anatomy visible. On this section another quartermaster rained twenty-four blows with a long cane, the end of which had been wound with waxed whipcord. The fact that I was boiling with rage at the indignity of the ordeal and the manifest injustice of such punishment for my trivial act helped to mitigate the pain, and it was soon over. I felt myself being released; the burly master-at-arms raised himself from my neck and shoulders, and I was free to drag my sore limbs to the lower deck and nurse my wounds.

There was not much rest for the boys of the "Boscawen." When we were not holystoning the decks and polishing the brass work, we drilled the guns, washed our clothes and scrubbed our hammocks, everything being done consistent with the strict discipline of the ship. Even the hammocks were inspected after being scrubbed, and on one washday my hammock still showed the tar stain from the lash rope after I had washed it, so the officer of the watch, whose breakfast had probably disagreed with him that morning, ordered me to scrub it again and carry it on a pole until it was dry. Thursday afternoon was "Rope yarn Sunday," which time was given up to mending clothes and putting kits in order. Most of the boys learned to sew and do fancy stunts with the

needle, and even my black silk handkerchief was hemmed with a strand from a young lady's locks.

After nine months of this life, I passed my examination and was drafted as midshipman to "H.M.S. Excellent" in Portsmouth Harbor. The "Excellent" was a gunnery ship of the British Navy, and on this floating fortress I was taught, in addition to the feature of manipulation of the big guns, the manufacture of ammunition, shells, shot and fuses, the construction of torpedoes, and finished with a course in diving.

During our tuition, officers and men formed the classes together, and I found in my class the Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Edinburgh. When my turn came to tell what I knew of the instruments of war, I was quite bossy to the two dukes as to the men before the mast. The Duke of Clarence was then the heir apparent to the throne. He was a studious boy and he advanced quickly, but his health was frail and it was evident that he was guarded with great care. Edinburgh was a wild, intractable youth who was as full of tricks as a dog is of fleas. He would break his leave with impunity, perpetrate jokes, and was most of the time undergoing some mild form of punishment. One dark night, after being refused permission to go ashore, he broke out of the ship by stripping off his clothes and crawling out of one of the gun ports. As he held on to the ship's cable I lowered his bundle to him, and the last I saw of him he was striking out for shore with one hand while with the other he held his clothes out of the water. The late King George was the younger brother of the Duke of Clarence and Queen Mary was then the Princess May and engaged to the latter. On the death of the Duke of Clarence, Prince George became heir to the throne and also to the affections of the lovely Princess.

While on the gunnery ship "Excellent" in Portsmouth Harbor, a tragic incident occurred. My chum Jim Furbridge and I were then in the small arms class, which included cutlass and bayonet drill, and it was Jimmie's call to take part in "loose play." This meant that Jim, armed with a cutlass, and Bill Heming, his antagonist, with a rifle and bayonet, were to cut loose and decide the merits of the two weapons. The cutlass was the regulation side weapon and the bayonet was a flat blade with a spring cushion, so there was little danger of the contestants hurting themselves under ordinary condition. On the point of the bayonet was a metallic button as a further protection. Both the young men wore pads and helmets, similar to those of the umpires at baseball games nowadays. However, there was a bitter enmity between the two, for they were rivals for a certain "Black-eyed Susan" who lived near the docks.

The class formed a ring around the contestants, and the instructor gave the word, "Ready!" Jim brought his cutlass to the guard and awaited the onslaught of Heming, who dropped his snider rifle to the hip with the tip of the bayonet well inside Jim's guard. "Advance!" roared the instructor, and both took a creeping step forward. Bill made a lunge at Jim's breast, but this was safe from attack. His only vulnerable part was the place where the helmet and padded jacket met at the neck. Jim caught the bayonet with his second guard, and in doing so the stabber went well over his shoulder. They were then at close quarters, and Jim was beating his opponent over the head with his cutlass, the edge of which made a nasty dent just below Bill's shoulder. The bayonet was useless against Jim's cutlass until Heming jumped back, threw his rifle to the "point," parried and thrust at the padded figure before him. It was rapidly becoming a fight in earnest, and the silence of the class was intense. I was near Jim's elbow and was watching Bill for signs of foul play, for I knew well that there was no love lost between them. Once

Heming thrust his bayonet between Jim's legs, but he recovered and countered with a smashing blow on Bill's head that staggered him.

Suddenly I caught a flash of Bill's eyes, and saw "murder" written there. The button from the tip of the bayonet was gone, and Bill was shortening his hold on the rifle and advancing on Jim, who was wielding his cutlass like a flail. It was then that I called out, "Look out! He will stick you in the neck!" But the warning came too late. Jim Furbridge made a slight turn, there was a sharp thrust, and the blade of the sword passed clear through the side of his neck. Jim gave a sharp scream, Heming jerked the bayonet back, and my chum dropped into my arms mortally hurt.

There is little more to tell. The funeral was attended by the whole ship's company, about eleven hundred men, who followed the coffin to the grave in Portland cemetery. Bill Heming was put under arrest at once and confined in the ship's "brig" to await a general court martial. His trial and conviction followed in due course, and the verdict read that "owing to extenuating circumstances" he was sentenced to only five years in the convict settlement at Portland Bill.

Chapter IV

About the time I completed my course in the "Excellent," in the spring of 1870, there was waiting to be commissioned for service a new battleship of novel construction, the "H.M.S. Captain." I was in the draft that comprised her first compliment, which was a crew of six hundred and thirty-seven officers and men. She was flat bottomed, carried the turret guns which were just coming into vogue, and the whole ship was considered in the light of an experiment. Almost as soon as she put to sea the word went around that she was top heavy.

We joined the channel fleet, and for six weeks cruised about the coast of Spain, calling at many points in the Mediterranean. The weather was fine and the ship acted splendidly. While ploughing our way through the Bay of Biscay in fan formation, the Admiral of the fleet signaled an invitation to the various captains to dinner on the flagship, which included the designer of the "Captain," whom we had aboard. The sea was calm when the boats put off, and a gentle breeze was coming from the east. At eight bells that evening the party dispersed to their ships in a stiffening wind that was brewing in the southwest, and the captains' galleys had to pull hard to reach their ships.

All through the first watch the gale increased in violence; the ships began to separate; and it was every one for himself. The "Captain" was a full rigged ship, and we were under double-reefed topsails and unreefed courses. The propeller having been unshipped and hoisted, she was breaking through mountainous seas with the wind before the beam. At six bells we cast the log, but the line was snapped off before we could count the knots. The loss of the log, while not serious, threw our course into dead reckoning and we were running wild. This continued until eight bells (midnight), which was the time to change watches.

The rule was to call the watch below from their hammocks on the stroke of the bell, and muster them five minutes later by calling their names as they passed around the captain, the first watch remaining on duty until the middle had been mustered. It was this fateful five minutes that caused the loss of the "Captain," her designer, and all but nineteen of her crew. The toll of the midnight bell had hardly ceased when a heavy gust of wind struck her. The order from the bridge "Watch up course!" was taken up by the boatswain's mate and resounded through the ship, but there was no one to obey it. The first watch was rushing down the Hatchways to their hammocks while the watch just called was declaring they were not on duty until they were mustered. In this way both watches were below with the ship heeling over and the water pouring down the hatches. Again the cry from the officer of the watch, "All hands save ship!" rang through the lower deck, but the panic stricken crew could go neither up nor down, and the ship was nearly on her beams ends in the trough of the sea with the fore and mainsail full of water holding her down. As officer of the fo'castle, I clung to the upper works along with a few stragglers who did not get below, and endeavored to unlace the canvas cover from one of the launches that were carried in the waist of the ship. None of the men had a knife to cut the rope, but I found a small penknife in one of my pockets and this saved our lives. The cover was ripped off and all of us clambered into the boat as a sudden lurch lifted it out of the crutches and we were afloat. The oars were shipped and we pulled frantically from the suction of the sinking ship as she gradually rolled more and more until she was bottom up. We lost sight of her in this position, but it could

not have been more than a few minutes before she took her final plunge, carrying with her more than six hundred lives.

The launch was equipped with sails as well as oars, but the wind was so fierce that the men could not step in the mast. With the oars we kept her head to the wind until morning, when we sighted land. We stepped out on the shore of Cape Finnisterre and found shelter in some fisherman's homes.

Chapter V

Three days later we were back on the receiving ship "Excellent" in Portsmouth with a new outfit of clothes, and I was drafted to the "Glasgow," bound for the East Indies. Her Majesty's Ship "Glasgow" was a wooden frigate with twenty-eight guns, full-rigged, with steam of 600 h.p., and her screw could be disconnected at will and hoisted out of the water. Her captain was Theodore Morton Jones, and Francis Hope was her commander. The crew numbered five hundred and twenty-eight officers and men.

On leaving England, our first port on the way to the tropics was Funchel, a picturesque town on the Madeiras. After a few days in that beautiful harbor, the ship headed for the Cape Verdes, and then for thirteen weeks we wallowed in the doldrums, the monotony being broken only by the unique ceremony of crossing the line.

The night before we reached the equator, preparations were made for the coming of King Neptune by stretching the fire hose into the fore and main tops and manning the pumps. All hands were then piped on deck, and soon the lord of Davy Jones Locker was seen coming over the bow of the ship rigged out with white flowing robes, his spiked crown and trident shining with glitter of gold leaf and his long white hair flowing to the breeze. He was asked the reason of his visit, and Neptune replied that he had heard that there were many novices on board, and if so they would have to be baptized or they would not be permitted to pass through his dominions. The announcement that he would be prepared to accept their allegiance on the morrow appeared to be the signal for the turning on the water, for a torrent was sprayed over everybody from the tops, and the ceremony for that day was over.

Next morning an immense tank was constructed on the quarterdeck from a mainsail, and four feet of seawater was pumped in. Close to it a platform and throne were rigged up, with a slide leading into the tank. Promptly after the morning exercises, six husky old sea dogs took their places in the water of the tank. King Neptune seated himself on the "throne" at the far of the platform and called for the first victim. A tub of whitewash had been provided, with a brush and a piece of iron hoop, which was to be the official razor. An impromptu barber's chair had been improvised, and the committee was combing the ship for the young sailors who had not crossed the line before. There was no lack of candidates, and as fast as one could be blindfolded and seated before him, Neptune would ask him his name, but as he opened his mouth to answer, the high priest would jauntily fill it with a wave of the whitewash brush. After a number of questions concerning his nativity and what he had eaten for breakfast, receiving a dab of whitewash every time he tried to reply, his face was scraped with the "razor" and he was led to the slide where he was seated backwards. A gentle push was given him, the blinders were snatched from his eyes, and he was in the arms of the "bears," who passed him along, mostly underwater, to the end of the tank where he was allowed to climb to safety.

Soon after the equator we ran into the southeast trade winds, and our speed began to pick up. In the evenings the yards of the mainmast would be squared and she would put on the appearance of a ship in stays. Having been brought to a standstill, the end of a lower studding sail boom would be lowered into the water and all hands piped to bathe. Although I had taken many swimming lessons on the training ship I had never learned to swim, so when the bathing call went out I did my best to hide until the exercise was over. But I was soon detected, and the cap-

tain made it plain to me that when the hands were piped to bathe it meant just what it said. As I slid down on of the “lizards” I had the “all gone” feeling that culprits are supposed to have when they are about to be hung. The “lizards” or ropes were about fifteen feet apart along the boom. It was now a case of sink or swim. On reaching the water I called to a swimmer who was holding on to the next rope to look out for me. I then let go and struck out, making an exhibition of my self in that fifteen feet of distance, but I finally reached the rope and looked around for my friend, who had vanished. My lungs were full of seawater, but a sudden feeling of confidence had come over me, and it was a new-born exhilaration that I swam back to the rope I had left and knew that I could swim. That part of the ocean where the ship was floating was nearly two miles deep, yet when the hands were called to bathe the next evening I was the first one overboard and swam as far ahead of the ship as anybody.

Chapter VI

We arrived at Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, in the middle watch. In the glory of a full moon one night in the fall of 1870. The "Glasgow" entered the harbor under steam power, having lowered her propeller and taken in and furled her sails the day before. "H.M.S. Rattlesnake," which had the record of having captured some of the most bloody pirates of the age, was calmly lying at anchor near the wharves. As the "Glasgow" steamed into the harbor in the moonlight, we poked our jib boom over the waist of the "Rattlesnake" and her crew was given the fright of their lives. Only a miracle saved this crack corvette. A timely reversal of our engines prevented a catastrophe, as we backed away to a more comfortable berth with no injury save the loss of our dolphin striker, dropped our anchor, and called it a day.

After such a prolonged voyage it was customary to grant the crew a three days' general leave. The privilege included both officers and men, and the following afternoon the men began trickling to the shore. The three midshipmen, Lord George Hay, the Hon. Augustus Brown, and myself, aged fourteen and thereabouts, held a consultation which resulted in pooling our finances, consisting of a penny and a postage stamp from his lordship, three shillings and sixpence from Brown, and eighteen pence from myself – total, five shillings, two pence, and the stamp. This was thought ample to take us to Capetown, thirty-five miles away, and from thence to the diamond diggers some four hundred short miles inland, after which we need not bother ourselves any longer, as we would then all be millionaires! It was all very simple.

We hastily hid about our persons what food we could pilfer from the captain's gallery, passed the scrutiny of the officer of the watch, entered one of our boats, and reached shore. Knowing the signalman on the poop would be following our movements with his glass, we disported ourselves on the silvery sands of the beach by playing leapfrog until the opportune moment arrived to disappear from the view of the ship. Slipping through the town, we located the highway and began our hike to the capital city of South Africa. The road led through a country seemingly fertile with here and there a farmhouse. Whenever we thought we had about reached the jumping-off-place, a village would heave in sight. Here we would straighten up and march through as if we were carrying a commission of major importance.

We had come about eight miles from Simonstown, and the unusual strain put upon our sea legs had left us tired but with undiminished enthusiasm. Daylight was departing and it was with a feeling of gladness that we espied a farmhouse in the distance. The farmer was a dour and sullen Dutchman who would have us be gone, but his wife, seeing three middies in uniform appealing for shelter and having in mind a boy of her own, thrust the man aside, took me by the arm, led us into the house, and gave us supper and a bed for the night. Although I was the youngest of the three, my battle with the world had already taught me the fallacy of trusting a man with a face like that of our host, and I whispered my suspicions under the blanket to my companions. They had more faith in human nature than I, and were convinced that my fears were groundless. Soon we were lost in dreaming of the wonderful Kohinoors that awaited us at the diggings. Had we been more observant, however, we would have seen a horseman leave the farm about daylight and quietly move in the direction of Simon's Bay.

The farmer's wife aroused us early, gave us a hearty breakfast for which she would accept no pay, and presented each of us with an apple for lunch. We started the morning by running

the first mile. The rest of the day was uneventful. We met with no further hospitality and had to draw on our capital for bread, with a bed on top of a haystack.

Next day a man passed us on horseback and took what we thought was more notice of us than the situation justified, but we put it down to be mere curiosity. It was on the third afternoon of our journey that we saw the spires of Capetown among the trees ahead, and putting a spur to our movements we were approaching the town limits when a cart met us and a constable jumped down, read our names from a paper, and ordered us to get into the cart. Realizing now that we were the victims of a trap set by the farmer at our first night's stopping place, we saw our hope of diamonds and mythical millions vanish, as back we went. The horse was whipped into a smart trot, and on the morning of the following day we were delivered to the ship. The constable got his five pounds reward, and all three of us were placed under arrest for the heinous offense of breaking our leave.

The day following this debacle, the hands were called to "Up anchor," and the ship moved slowly out of the harbor amid a salve of cheers from the "Rattlesnake," which had man-nered her yards to bid us farewell. As the mere matter of putting the ship to sea was simply routine business, being handled by the commander and the navigating officer, the captain was free to attend to the truants, and he lost no time in informing us as to what was coming to us. "Captain Jones," said Lord Hay, "I will have you know that I have a title!" "Oh yes," returned our skipper, "so you have my lord! Go to the foretopmast head and stay there till I tell you to come down!" Hon. Augustus Brown was sent to the mizzenmast, while I was selected to adorn the head of the main topmast. "And you will stay there until I tell each of you to come down," he added in a particularly malevolent tone of voice.

We were under topsails and courses as we left the bay and the ship pointed out to sea. A gale was coming from the southwest, which expended its force on the starboard quarter. We climbed to our perches on the topsail yards between the tie blocks, and reeved an arm around each tie. Presently the ship wore away from the wind and the gale was dead astern. Running like a wild thing over the tremendous swells, the frigate, with double lashed guns and lifelines strung along the upper deck, was rolling her yard-arms under and shipping seas over her taffrail. With the tops of the masts describing an arc of eighty degrees, we youngsters had to hang on for dear life as we were "rocked in the cradle of the deep" to such an extent that nothing short of a cast-iron stomach would stand such treatment. To soil the deck with the contents of my innards was unthinkable, as it would have brought additional punishment. To avoid that, I climbed up to the crosstrees above me and abstracted a handful of rope yarns that had been secreted between the head of the topmast and the heel of the to'gallantmast. With this I returned to my nest on the top-sail yard and picked the yarns into oakum as my nausea became more acute. My stomach was then relieved and the package was tossed overboard, but the swing of the mast all through that night of terror made an impression on my youthful mind that will be fresh to my dying day. That a man possessing such a small trace of milk of human kindness could be so callous as to send boys, hardly in their teens, to such a perilous punishment, keeping them in a state of terror for eighteen hours, is almost unbelievable, but such was the character of the discipline exercised in the British Navy of sixty years ago.

The gale subsided as daylight broke, and with a shifting of the wind to the beam the ship held on an even keel. At seven bells we were ordered down from aloft, piped to breakfast, and were again on duty.

On mixing again with my fellowmen I soon learned that we were not the only ones who played truant at the Cape. Three seamen, who had transgressed the law of the ship and the articles of war, were then in the brig under sentence of four dozen with the cat for breaking their leave and coming on board in a state of inebriation. At four bells in the morning watch I heard, for the second time in my naval career, with a sickening feeling in my heart, the pipe of the boatswain's mate:

“All hands witness punishment!”

There was the usual rush from below as the men fell in line on the quarterdeck. Every man was in his place according to his number, the even numbers on the port side and the odd on the starboard, so that the crew formed the regulation hollow square, the officers gathered about the capstan, with the captain in the open. A space had been left in front of the main rigging on the starboard side, where two capstan bars stood upright, three feet apart, with their upper ends lashed to the shrouds. Across there were laid the wooden gratings taken from a hatchway and securely fastened. Four quartermasters, each armed with a cat o'nine tails stood in line near the gratings. The prisoners in irons and under a guard of marines faced the mainmast, while the master-at-arms with his “Doomsday Book” held it as the captain read the sentence, at the end of which the usual word was given to “Seize him up!”

At this order the first victim was stripped to the waist and a band canvas was strapped around his body to take care of the lashes that were too low. He was then spread-eagled against the gratings and fastened by his wrists and ankles. A leaden bullet had been slipped to him by a friend to grind his teeth upon and help to alleviate the pain. A quartermaster then toyed with the cat, straightened out the tails, and came down upon the wretched man's back with all his force. The blow would land on the right lobe of his back muscles, but the real sting was inflicted around and under the armpit where the catgut whipping on the end of each tail would cut into the flesh so that the ribs resembled a layer of chopped meat. Before the last dozen were given the man fainted, but was revived by the ship's surgeon, and after testing his pulse the flogging was resumed. This man when released had to be carried to the sick bay, and he stayed there until his wounds were healed.

The other two culprits received the same treatment, a different quartermaster for each dozen strokes, but these last two men were of stouter constitution and nerve. They cursed the Navy, the ship and the captain, and promised to kill him at the first opportunity, but to no purpose. At the finish of the brutal exhibition the deck around the gratings presented a gory sight, the tails of the cats having flicked the blood in every direction.

This was near the end of that form of punishment, for an order was shortly afterward issued by the Admiralty abolishing flogging in the British Navy.

Chapter VII

After leaving the Cape of Good Hope, the "Glasgow" laid her course for Zanzibar, the first port of call on the east coast of Africa, included in the East Indian Station of the British Navy and under the protection of Great Britain. ~~Sir~~ Henry Morton Stanley had not yet arrived on his search for Dr. Livingstone, which was later to give the place the worldwide notoriety it later achieved.

When we dropped anchor in this never-to-be-forgotten port, Zanzibar presented only a replica of the typical Arab town, with its alley of bazaars, its squalid and mud-built dens of filth and iniquity, its market place and slave auction block – all dominated by the palace of the Sultan, which was built on higher ground and commanded a view of the ocean.

We had no sooner anchored in the roadstead when Sate, Bucket & Company reached the ship with their bumboat loaded with a supply of fresh bread, meat, and sweet potatoes for ship account, and for the men, plantains, bananas, oranges, mangoes, and "sudden jerk," a concoction of boiled rice, sugar, and native ingredients that gave it a dark brown color and a diabolical flavor. There was also a stew that was popular with the crew, and designated by the suggestive name of "curried snake." Everything but the bread, meat, and spuds was bought with the men's own money, and if coin was scarce the postage stamps they found in their letters from home passed current at par.

The bumboat was operated by two Arabs. Sate was tall and lean while Bucket was short and fat – a perfect Mutt and Jeff. If Mr. Fisher had ever been in Zanzibar I would certainly suspect that it was from this place that he got his idea. These worthies, who pretended to be honest traders, in reality were the ringleaders of the gang that controlled the slave trade of the African coast.

Zanzibar in 1870 was the great clearing port and market for an immense territory, and the traffic in slaves went on unrestricted by law. It was perfectly legitimate for a band of Arab cut-throats to raid a village, put iron collars on the necks of the whole marketable population, lock them to a single chain, and then march them for days to the Zanzibar market, where they were sold to the highest bidder. From there they had been shipped to America previous to the Civil War, and to other places. The Sultan, old Tippoo Tib, received a tribute or royalty of fifteen pounds on each transaction, and as this constituted the entire revenue of the throne, the trade was wide open. The native villages in each direction from Zanzibar contributed to these raids, and it was because of the ease with which the slaves could be transported by coastwise dhows that the bulk of the trade followed the sea route.

The arrival of a British man-of-war, followed by a proclamation by its captain that thereafter the slave traffic in these waters was contraband and that any dhow with slaves on board would be subject to capture, carried consternation to the Arab headquarters. The Sultan responded by inviting all the officers of Glasgow to a banquet at the palace. All accepted with the exception of Captain Jones, and the next afternoon the commander, lieutenants, midshipmen, and officers of the marines, in full dress, were presented to Tippoo Tib, the Sultan of the Dominion of Zanzibar.

Tippoo Tib was a powerfully built Arab of about sixty years. He was dark and swarthy, his face partly hidden by a heavy gray beard and his head covered by a high turban. He wore the

usual white robe of Arab sheiks, but I saw no jewelry on his person save a heavy diamond ring on his left forefinger. I looked around for his crown and scepter, but not being in sight I concluded they were kept in the royal treasury for a more portentous occasion. The Sultan was squatted on the throne of lion and leopard skins, surrounded by a villainous a looking mob of bandits as ever slit a throat. Over all, a punkah embroidered richly in gold and silver stretched across the room, waving gently over the guests. Arab eyes bulged in admiration of our uniforms, some of which were resplendent with medals and gold lace.

An interpreter conveyed in English the pious protestations of fealty and obedience from His Majesty to Queen Victoria, and our commander replied in diplomatic fashion, so that everything was serene. Tippoo then rose from his skins and led the way to the chamber adjoining.

The banquet hall almost took my breath away with its wonderful adornments. The walls were hung with tapestries, oil paintings, gold ornaments, figures of men in armor, and firearms from the date of their invention – a collection that would be priceless in any museum. In the center of the room a long, low table, just off the floor, was loaded with the most luscious fruits in the land, candied fruits, nuts, dates, all in dishes of chased gold; cigars in ebony boxes; wines, rum, and arrack in delicate containers of cut glass near every guest. The Sultan seated himself cross-legged at the head of the layout, with our crowd on each side of the royal person, the aforesaid “courtiers” occupying the rest of space about the board.

For an hour we ate sweetmeats, fruits, and other delicious morsels, drank the wine, and smoked Tippoo’s cigars, and when the old Sultan thought his guests properly primed, he ordered in his harem of concubines, ranged the beauties in a line, and invited us (through the interpreter) to take our choice. At this interesting moment Commander Hope suddenly thought of an important commission that could be accomplished only by the immediate return to the ship of his three midshipmen, where further instructions would be forthcoming. An escort was detailed to conduct us to the boat, and after expressing our regards through the interpreter to the old reprobate on the throne of skins and casting a lingering glance at the loveliness lined up against the wall, we made our exit. Being young and unsophisticated we never suspected the commander of any duplicity until we reached the ship and found our “commission” was a hoax.

As the days wore on a new interest was aroused by the arrival early in January 1871 of Henry M. Stanley, who had been sent out by James Gordon Bennett, publisher of the New York Herald, to locate David Livingstone, an itinerant missionary who was somewhere in the interior of Africa uplifting the savage tribes. Stanley proposed to organize his safari at Zanzibar.

My spirit of adventure had not been suppressed by the collapse of my diamond expedition, and as soon as I could get the ear of the New York newspaperman I poured into it such a tale of my accomplishments that he promised to take me along if the consent of Captain Jones could be gained. The latter at first gave Stanley faint encouragement, frankly telling him that I was wild kid, and while he was more than willing to lose me it would entail a vacancy on his staff, which might occasion some explaining at the Admiralty. A party or two at Stanley’s, however, disposed of the captain’s objections, and I was given indefinite leave.

The safari got under way on the morning of March 21, 1871 and formed a line of carriers, mostly slaves, half a mile long, each black having a package of supplies on his head. Stanley, with his guide and interpreter, was in the lead. Fred De Gama, who knew Livingstone, and I moved from end to end to assist in any breakdown and get the line going again. The journey into

the interior was at a snails pace, through the usual open veldt or desert, mostly sand and some patches of timber, with little game.

After few days of travel I became sick, having shortness of breath, dizziness, and headache. Stanley, who knew something about medicine and had a box of drugs, diagnosed my case as liver compliant and without more ado ordered me back to the ship. On a light cot slung on a pole resting on the shoulders of two of the carriers, with a headman in charge who carried our supplies, I was taken back to the "Glasgow," where in the sick bay I hovered between life and death for several weeks.

During my absence the ship had been refitted, painted, and a couple of divers had scraped the barnacles from the bottom of the vessel, so that she looked as if she had just come from dry dock. The crew had been given their shore leave and was restive for action. Through my convalescence the ship was active in running down slave dhows, and had put the fear of the British Navy in the Arab conscience to such an extent that extraordinary exertions were put forth to gain information as to the movements of the ship's boats, which had begun to patrol the coast.

Sate and Bucket, the two inseparables, too frequently appeared with their bumboats, and while it was being unloaded they would circulate among the crew, giving packages of dates, bottle of rum and curios where they would do the most good. Little attention was given to their spying activities until it reached the ears of the commander that the movements of the boats was known on shore, and that the business of Sate and Bucket was not confined to supplying the Glasgow with beef. Investigation substantiated the suspicions, and a trap was set, with the result that one morning the two Arabs were invited below ostensibly to settle their account. While occupied, the anchor was raised and we quietly steamed out to sea. On reaching the three-miles limit, the navigating officer announced that we were on the high seas. In the meantime the gratings were rigged and the quartermasters stroked out their cat o'nine tails. Sate and Bucket were brought up from below and to their unfeigned astonishment were unceremoniously disrobed, tied up to the gratings, and given four dozen lashes with a vim, regardless of their screams and curses in Arabic. This done, the ship returned to its anchorage, Sate and Bucket were bundled into a boat, and that was the last seen of those worthies.

Chapter VIII

On being discharged from the sick list, my leave was abrogated and I was returned to duty. During one afternoon watch I was notified to hold myself in readiness for special duty at eight bells, and word was passed to me that the special duty consisted of taking a ten-oared cutter on patrol under secret orders. Promptly at the last tap of the bell the boat was at the gangway, fully manned with ten seamen and victual led with a keg of rum, a sack of hard tack, a bucket of salt pork, two kegs of fresh water and a washtub half full of sand in which to build a fire for cooking. The men were armed with Colt double-action revolvers and the regulation cutlass; the interpreter was unarmed, and I wore a midshipman's dirk. In the bow of the boat was a nine-pounder, segment shell, and breach loader. The men each had a blanket, but the nights were warm and we needed little bedding. At the gangway I received an official envelope under seal, with the superscription "Not to be opened within eight hours of departure."

The boat was shoved off, the oars were shipped, the sail hoisted, and I gave a course of SE by S to the coxswain as we moved away in a gentle breeze from the west. Our supper consisted of hard tack, a tot of rum, and all the water the men wanted to drink. The crew whiled away the hours by singing songs, one of which had a chorus declaring the songster to be "the Demon of the sea." The boys had a good time anyway, and when their throats gave out the blankets were spread on the bottom of the boat, and soon no one could be seen from the outside but the man at the tiller.

When I awoke the following morning, the sun was already sizzling the pork in the bucket, and when I looked at my watch I found it was long after the eight-hour limit, so I piped the men to breakfast while I gingerly broke the seals of the envelope. The contents were brief:

"Proceed coastwise in southerly direction for 250 miles and return. Search all inlets; keep lookout without lights; capture or destroy all dhows engaged in slave trade and send slaves to Zanzibar. Francis Hope, Commander"

The day dragged along its course with our crew straining their eyes over the horizon for the sail that did not appear. We were close in shore and turned in an inlet that looked like a hide-out. We found nothing there, but picked a place near the entrance and dropped our kedge while dinner was prepared, the stove being the tub of sand and faggots of wood furnishing the heat. We had not long to wait. Before we had finished the meal, a small dhow was seen to pass the mouth of the inlet not more than five miles away, and we immediately pulled up the kedge and gave chase.

The dhow kept her course and distance, and we followed her steadily through the night. At daylight we added the oars to the sail, and in an hour were near enough to hail her to heave to, which the dhow obeyed. Stepping on board with the interpreter I demanded the ship's papers, and while the captain was getting them from his cabin my men went below and found two slaves. When the captain returned he said he could not find his credentials, but that the slaves we had found were lawful passengers, and demanded his release, which I refused. Leaving three of my men on board we took the dhow in tow, and with the assistance of sails on both crafts soon had

her in shore near a native settlement. The headman of the village said he knew the tribe to which the slaves belonged and agreed to turn them over to the British consul at Zanzibar.

An inspection of the cargo showed an assortment of rice, sugar, arrowroot, and spice, which I sold to an Arab trader for four hundred American gold dollars. When this had been removed we exchanged our mast for that of the dhow, which was a setter stick, and it was stepped in our boat. Then I made a bomb from our ammunition, towed the prize out to deep water, lit the fuse of the bomb, and lowered it into the hold, left her to her fate. The explosion blew off her upper works and also opened her planking, so that she sank while we looked on.

After the dhow had disappeared under a swirling whirlpool, I ran the cutter on the beach, called the crew ashore, and made an impromptu camp. Eight of the men went foraging for food, returning with enough provender to last us a week. There were a dozen chickens, baskets of sweet potatoes, a suckling pig, yams, oranges, mangoes, and other fruits. The crew had a feast that evening that they talked about for a month.

The next morning the men were roused from their slumber at an early hour, and after the morning meal the boat was manned and we pulled out to open water. A fresh wind from the southwest was coming up so we shipped the oars and hoisted the sail. Our course was still southerly, and estimating that we had lost thirty miles in overhauling the dhow, there still remained 150 knots to be covered before turning homeward.

It was about five bells in the afternoon when the lookout called, "Sail on the port bow, sir," and there, almost hull down, appeared a dhow with a spread of canvas as big as the "Glasgow's" mainsail, and whose bulk I estimated to be in excess of 400 tons. She was evidently keeping a sharp lookout, for she changed her course to SW by W, hoisted another sail at the stern, and was making a run for it with a bone in her teeth. All we could do was to tighten our halyards, bring the cutter a little closer to the wind, and help along with the lee oars.

A lull came and the breeze died down, allowing us to gain on her temporarily with the oars, during which we bombarded the fugitive with our nine-pounder. We could see the Arabs along her taffrail as they dodged when the gun was fired, but when they discovered they were out of range their thumbs went to their noses in derision. The wind again freshened and the slaver had no difficulty in maintaining her distance. It was a stern chase sure enough, and we prayed for a more favorable breeze as night came on. As we were using only the starboard oars I put the men on two-hour watches, and in the moonlight we were able to keep the big dhow in sight.

Daybreak showed us to be in the same position as the night before, and with the rising sun the wind died down for an hour, which enabled us to creep a little closer to our prey but not enough to get the gun within range. So far as our speed was concerned, it was apparent we were evenly matched, but my men were playing out for the loss of sleep. I was just about to give up the chase when a black object appeared on the horizon, and through the glass I made out the outlines of our ship's pinnace, bowling towards us under a stern wind. Twilight was coming on, and I kept the cutter on the course just the same, as I knew that the pinnace was a faster boat and would quickly overhaul us, as it did shortly.

Sub-lieutenant Treloar was in command of the pinnace, and our consultation was brief. His boat immediately mounted her rocket tube on the gunwale, shipped a Hale's rocket into place, primed it with a friction tube, and pulled the cord. With the roar of a dozen elevated railroad trains the projectile, which combined three separate charges, described a brilliant arc of fire

from the boats to the dhow, lighting up the slave ship so that we could see the panic aboard. The sails dropped with a crash; she lost way, and was drifting to leeward when we came up. We saw that the Arabs were going to make a fight for it, and Treloar shouted to me that he was going to board her on the starboard quarter and for me to take the port bow. The Arabs were rushing about the deck, battening down the hatches, and all of them were armed with the long, flintlock rifles of long ago. Our men had Colt six-shooters and cutlasses that were sharp enough to shave with. The Arabs had the chance of their lives to rake us fore and aft, but for some reason they withheld their fire.

Quickly our oars were stopped and with a line the boat was lashed to the dhow. Then our men with drawn cutlasses slung to their wrist, and I with my dirk in my teeth, swung onto the deck. As I cleared the rail an Arab brought his rifle down in line with my ear only three paces away, but before he could get the spark a member of my crew made a leap throwing the gun out of line, so that it exploded in the air, and made a slashing cut with his cutlass at the Arab. As the blade was descending, a slave boy, running around in terror, slipped between us, and the sword dropped on his rear anatomy. The boy gave a blood-curdling yell and leaped into the sea. We both jumped on the Arab, who tried to use the butt of his gun as a club, but we bore him to the deck and tied him up with one of the loose ropes.

On looking around I saw that the men from the pinnace had cleared up the after part of the ship and had the enemy bound to the bits. Leaving a guard to watch, we opened the hatchway to see what was below. The clearance between the two decks was not more than four feet, and when we waited a few minutes for the fresh air to dissipate the stench that was wafted up through the hatch, the commander of the pinnace, myself, and the interpreter went below. The lanterns we had found above cast a sickly light over a scene that was horrifying in the extreme. Ranged in rows, sitting each one between the other's legs, we counted three hundred and fifteen wretched slave or captives. Some were dead, others in the last throes of some dreadful disease, and all wallowing in an accumulation of filth that was indescribable. On the deck below that living mass of horror was stored the dhow's cargo of rice, arrowroot, dates, and sundries.

No more captives were found, and after a consultation we decided to put a prize crew on board and send her to the hip as quickly as possible. Two men and the coxswain were selected from my cutter and four men from the pinnace, this being deemed sufficient as three of the Arab crew were dead and only four were left to take care of. The prize crew were given instructions to throw the dead overboard, feed the living, and guard the four Arab prisoners, after which they were ordered to proceed to the ship at Zanzibar without delay. As both the pinnace and the cutter were still under patrol orders we left for our stations after seeing the dhow under way. That was the last ever seen of our prize or her human cargo. It was believed that the Arabs scuttled her during the night and escaped in the only boat she had, leaving the white crew and slaves to drown.

We saw no more dhows during the rest of our patrol duty, and we returned to the ship only to learn that the Customs court at Zanzibar had declared our first capture to be a lawful trader, with five hundred pounds damage against the "Glasgow," and no tidings had been received of the big show or its prize crew. Thus faded our visions of prize money, and brought forth a reprimand from the naval board at Whitehall.

Chapter IX

There is always something doing on a warship at a foreign station. After the arrival of Sir Bartle Frere's slave commission and its installation on shore, we got up steam and headed for the island of Johanna, a tiny speck of land in the Indian Ocean five hundred miles southeast of Zanzibar, near Madagascar. On our way out we passed the island of Pembla, considerably larger than Johanna, but it was said that the anchorage was poor and we did not stop.

The island of Johanna, although only a few square miles in area, is one of the beauty spots of the South Seas. It has a splendid harbor on one side and a long inlet on the other, both protected by steep slopes and high promontories that afford a panorama of rare scenic splendor. Waterfalls drop from the cliffs into pools clear as crystal, and tropical fruits, tobacco, and yams are abundant. Here I saw the flying foxes of which I had read. The animals were equipped with wings similar to those of a bat, had reddish fur, and were as large as the small-sized fox of America. They made their homes in the tree and joined with the monkeys in raising a continuous chatter on the approach of strangers.

The island was governed by a Sultan, and the day following our arrival in the harbor he sent an ambassador to inform the captain of the "Glasgow" that he was about to honor the ship with a visit. We therefore prepared for his coming by changing into No. 1 uniform, polishing the brass work, squaring the yards, and when the royal party hove in sight, about seven bells in the forenoon watch, the yards were manned and a twenty-one gun salute boomed forth his honor. The procession was seen coming through the gates of the royal enclosure, yeleft the palace the "place." There were no conveyances, and the entire party was on foot, preceded by four punka holders. These were followed by the Sultan arrayed in spotless white robes with trimmings of tiger skins. He wore on his head a red silk turban with a dazzling ruby in front. His feet were protected by sandals. Around his ample waist was a broad sash which protruded a curved scimitar. He was closely attended by a number of courtiers and followed by about a hundred of his subjects, and his every movement was accompanied by the weird ceremonies surrounding an Oriental potentate.

He came aboard with a white man at his side who acted as interpreter. The latter was an American castaway from a wreck of years before, who had settled down among the natives and had cultivated a sugar plantation, learning the language and customs of the people. Later that day I visited his "sugar works," which consisted of a large tub in which was installed a set of upright rollers, from the top ends of which extended a long pole. At the end of the pole a water buffalo was harnessed, and as the cow moved around the circle, a couple of natives fed the sugar cane between the roller and the juice fell into the tub below. I secured some of the product, but found it plentifully adulterated with sand.

To return to my story, the Sultan expressed his astonishment to the captain at the appointment of the warship, and gazed with awe at the mechanism of the guns between the decks. A modern rifle was loaded and fired in quick succession, and he dodged behind the captain while his courtiers raised their hands in fright. His Majesty's nervousness was soon allayed, however, and he was bowed and kaytowed into the captain's cabin, where I presumed he sampled that officer's stock of liquors, for on emerging he was in a quite convivial mood and he waved his farewell to the entire crew as he stepped over the gangway into the royal barge.

Previous to our arrival, no ship had anchored there for several years, and the excitement of the natives was great when the men were given leave to go ashore. As there was no rum on the island there was no danger of the men getting drunk, and as the currency of the Suzerain consisted of an assortment of buttons, with which commodity all of our men were equipped, they were well supplied with "money." This I found to my cost when I inspected my dress coat and found all of the brass buttons missing.

One of the most interesting things about Johanna was the fact that it had been used as the headquarters of many of the pirates who swarmed those waters for three centuries past. On one of the high promontories overlooking the harbor is perched a fortress, which we were told had been built by Captain Kidd. History relates that Captain Kidd did spend some time at Johanna. Captain Mission, another prosperous pirate, settle down to make his home on the island of Johanna, there to enjoy in peace the fruits of his spoils. Johanna was one of the ports to which Black Jeffreys frequently retired when his victims objected and made matters too hot for him. The fact that these pirates made such substantial and extensive preparations for their security by building the stronghold makes it reasonable to suppose that the wealth of some of them will some day be found on the island, perhaps in the vicinity of the old fort.

On the island side, the fort is reached by a long flight of steps, over which stone arches are placed at intervals of about one hundred feet. Up these steps several of us climbed until we reached the circular structure of masonry surmounting the crest of the peak, above a sheer drop of two hundred feet to the sea. Inside the fort the walls are about three feet thick, pierced by many portholes through which the guns were fired. Brass Howitzers, probably twelve pounders, point their muzzles from each port, but they have been spiked at the vent so that they are perfectly harmless. An ancient flagpole rose from the roof, from which the skull and crossbones were wont to fly during the palmy days of the bloodthirsty pirates. I made an effort to climb the pole, but an ominous crack warned me of the danger and I gave up the effort. The roof of the fort affords a view of the entire island and an obstructed vision of the Indian Ocean for many miles.

Many were the tales of pirates and their adventures which were told to us by the white castaway. The story of Black Jeffreys still clings to my memory, so I will tell it to you as it was told to us. The capture of Black Jeffreys was brought about by his chase of a clipper ship from Melbourne on her way around the Cape of Good Hope to England with a valuable cargo. After sighting her, the chase lasted several days, and the pirate would undoubtedly have overhauled the clipper if the bark's foretop hamper had not given way under the strain. Night was falling, and before the spare rigging could replace the damage aloft the pirate ship, the clipper got away in the darkness, and changing her course ran into Simon's Bay, where the "Rattlesnake" lay at anchor. There the master of the clipper told his story to the commander of the gunboat and gave the position of the pirate ship.

Meanwhile, Jeffrey's, whose ship already had a fair cargo of loot taken from an East Indiaman, had given up the chase and headed for Johanna. There the cargo was unloaded and stored in some hiding place back in the woods. The reserve force that had been left at the fort was then taken on board and Jeffreys immediately put to sea. The second day out, the lookout at the masthead reported a sail on the starboard bow, and Jeffreys, thinking that another prize was in his grasp, pointed his ship for the stranger while all the ship's telescopes were trying to identify it. They were not kept long in suspense. Quickly the faint speck on the horizon grew, its out-

line became bolder, and a column of smoke was seen coming from its funnel. Then consternation and fear spread among the crew, for it could be none other than the dreaded "Rattlesnake" that was racing toward them under steam and sail. The captain roared out to the helmsman to put the helm down, and the sails were trimmed as the ship started to run for dear life before the stiff wind with all sails set, studdin' sails on both sides bellying out to the breeze. The crew were huddled in the stern, which raised her bow almost out of the water, and the pirate tore along at fifteen knots.

Had the conditions been equal, she would have escaped her Nemesis. The "Rattlesnake," however, with every inch of canvas she could carry, aided by her steam power, was rapidly closing the gap between them, and soon her bow chaser was throwing shot clear over the pirate as a signal to heave to and shorten sail.

The pirate's crew had not been idle following the discovery of the character of her pursuer. They scurried around to clear her decks of all traces of her bloody business and to try to put on the appearance of an honest merchantman endeavoring to escape from a suspicious character. They knew that they were no match for the man of war, so they masked the guns, stowed away the firearms, cutlasses, and pikes.

A second shot went through her main topsail and cut away the port stun' sail boom. This dropped the big canvas into the sea and it became a drag that almost stopped the ship. By this time the corvette was abeam, her ensign flying at the masthead. A shout came from her bridge "What ship is that? Heave to! I am about to board you!" Black Jeffreys, realizing that it was useless to put up a fight and that he had a better chance of bluffing innocence, ordered his ship hove to. The "Rattlesnake" also stopped, her decks cleared for action. Lowering a boat manned with an armed crew, a lieutenant in charge pulled over to the bark. With the guns of the "Rattlesnake" trained on the pirate ship and other boatloads of armed seamen and marines on the way, the first boat's crew clambered over the side of the captive vessel. The lieutenant covered Black Jeffreys with his revolver and called on him to surrender; and that worthy stepped forward with his hands down. By this time the other boats had arrived alongside and their crews were climbing aboard. The first lieutenant beckoned to a rifle of marines and they took positions on either side of Jeffrey's. His first and second mates were next singled out from the crowd and put under arrest, and the pirate's crew ordered below. Those cutthroats, realizing that with their own arms hidden away resistance was out of the question, then slunk down the ladders; the gratings were closed over them and locked; while a guard of marines paraded the deck.

Jeffreys, with his two officers, trying to fabricate a story which was innocent of any piratical activities but being unable to make it hold water, was taken to the "Rattlesnake" and confined in the brig for safe keeping. A prize crew was placed on the bark, and both ships laid their course for Simons Bay. From there the prisoners were sent to England. Jeffreys and his mates were tried and hung. The crews were sentenced to penal servitude for life and were sent to the Botany Bay penitentiary.

The "Rattlesnake," after delivering the pirate ship and prisoners at Simon's Bay, resumed her patrol, and stepping at Johanna two years afterward discovered the fort. The guns were put out of commission by filling the bores with cobblestones and a spike driven into the vent of each. From all appearances, at the time of the visit of the "Glasgow" no damage had been done to the fort itself, and beyond the ravages of sixty years' time, it is probably in about the same condition

today. A search was made for the treasure and other booty that had been left hidden by the pirates, but no trace of it was found. It is still there.

Chapter X

We had passed Pembla on our way back to Zanzibar when smoke was discovered issuing from one of the coalbunker chutes. The sounding of the fire alarm brought every man to his station. On investigation it was found that spontaneous combustion had ignited the 700 tons of coal stored in the bunkers. The fire hose was turned on it and we pumped a heavy stream of water into the bunker by hand power. The blaze continued to gain headway, and the order went forth to jet-tison the coal. All night the fuel was hoisted from the depths of the ship, and when the fire was found to be burning into the wooden sides of the old frigate, all the boats were lowered, provisioned, and towed at the stern. At one time it was proposed to open the sea cocks of the vessel, which would have flooded the "Glasgow" and put her in more danger from the water than the fire. With all hands working at the pumps and hoisting coal, half being thrown overboard, the fire was at last subdued. The water was pumped out again and repairs were started on the ship's sides, which were almost burned through. The crew had plenty to do until we anchored in a cove or estuary of the Mozambique Channel.

The Mozambique Channel is a shark-infested strip of water between the island of Madagascar and the mainland. It literally swarms with these tigers of the sea. There are hammer-headed sharks, blind sharks, ground sharks, shovel-nosed sharks, and many other breeds of the beasts. The blind sharks are always accompanied by two pilot fish, about the size of a grayling, whose function seems to be to lead them to the bait and then leave them. I have fished for these sharks with a four pound piece of salt pork as an enticer, and watched their movements in the clear still water as the fish moved slowly towards the meat. When nearing the hook the two pilots, one on each side of his nose, would move in closer and then each one would touch the big fellow as if to kiss him goodbye and wheel away into the depths.

One day an American bark, the "Susan" from Bangor, Maine, dropped her anchor in the same bay with us, and it was not long before one of her boats came alongside and a mate and some of her men came aboard. The bark had a cargo to jute for Cardiff, and in the run from Chinese ports had been blown out of her course. She had run short of hard tack and water, of which she hoped to obtain enough from us to carry her to Aden.

While the mate was below dickering with the steward, the rest of the crew were getting acquainted with our men. The conversation drifted into an argument over the number of sharks in those waters, and how long a man could survive should he fall among them. One American sailor said no shark will touch a man so long as he is moving in the water. Others said it depended on the breed, and the discussion was getting warm when one of our men offered to bet a sack of flour, some sugar and raisins that no one could swim around the ship three times without being attacked. The bet was accepted by a tall, raw-boned Yankee, who was introduced as Pete Kendrick, quartermaster of the "Susan." Pete was a likable fellow, and his winning smile told us he was popular with the bark's crew. He looked seriously over the ship's side and guessed that he would take a chance. I explained the condition to the commander and obtained permission to make the test.

The exhibition took place the following evening when the sun was low, the sea smooth as a lake, and at a time when the sharks gathered about the ship to fight for the garbage from the cook's galley. The entire crew of the "Susan" came over in two of their boats to witness the

show. Our men were out in full force, filling the hammock nettings, the riggings, and the yard-arms, and an international air was given the occasion by both ships dressing their yards with strings of signal flags, the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes flying from their mastheads. A whip had been rigged on the main yard, well beyond the earring of the mainsail, one end of the whip with a loop lowered to the water; the other being run through a block on deck and manned by many volunteers, so that he could be snaked out of the water quickly at the finish.

The Yankee seaman came on board accompanied by the master of his ship. The latter was invited to the bridge, where the officers of the "Glasgow" were gathered in an exciting discussion of Pete's chances of coming through alive. The master had an air of confidence and made several bets, and it was evident that he would wager his ship and all her cargo if he could have found a taker. Meanwhile the betting among the men below had been fast and furious, so that by the time everything was in readiness the excitement was shared by all men on board.

The gangway was then cleared, the American sailor was stripped, and a belt harboring a wicked-looking sheaf knife was buckled around his waist. He shook hands with those near him, and then with a grin on his face he stepped to the gangway, glanced at the rope hanging from the main yard, and dived into the sea. The water was so clear that we could see every movement as he made his graceful curve just under the surface, while a dozen sharks, darted from nowhere, closed in near the ship and like black demons started the pursuit. Before Pete's head returned to the surface, the commotion occasioned by the rush of the sharks lashed the sea into foam, and the race was on.

The Yankee struck out hand over hand for the ship's head and nothing had yet happened to him. He passed the cable and churned up the water with the sharks as he made the rush to the Glasgow's stern on the first lap. Coming along the starboard side as he passed the gangway he was cheered to the echo by six hundred throats, and had hardly turned across the bow of the ship when a big hammerhead made a vicious rush at the swimmer. Pete saw the brute coming, and shipping out his knife he missed a stroke. For a moment the weapon flashed in the air, and as the shark turned over to make his bite, it was buried to the hilt in his belly.

Without troubling to withdraw the knife, Pete, who showed that he was at home in the water, quickly dashed away. The hoard coming from behind closed in on the wounded monster and tore him to pieces. For a few minutes the sailor was getting a respite as he easily swung around the stern for the third lap. The feast was soon over, and the other sharks, smelling blood from afar, were now coming, so that Bedlam reigned in the water as the terrible pursuit was resumed. They climbed over one another, bunched themselves against the side of the ship, and fought like devils to get in front, and still did not touch their prey.

Pete, now having his second wind, was coming up to the starting point on his last lap, but it seemed impossible that he could escape the hundred of fangs that were reaching for him. He was making his last spurt, and my heart stood still as he shot into the loop with a yell and swung into the air. The sharks, seeing their quarry escaping, leaped their lengths out of the water. Peter was laughing when he was pulled on to the deck, and in that moment of rescue he was cheered until everybody was hoarse, but I never heard of anybody offering to duplicate the act.

Chapter XI

Tamatave, the capital of Madagascar, was our next anchorage, and there we found the harbor well sprinkled with ships from all over the globe. At that time the Queen of this island territory had not been deposed by the French, and she was then at the zenith of her power. She felt honored by the presence of a British man-of-war in her dominions and was profuse in her endeavor to ingratiate herself in the favor of our commander. She invited all of our officers to the palace, which proved to be a reception on a lavish scale.

The palace was a large building in the center of houses of smaller dimensions. A series of stone steps led up to the entrance, and on the whole I thought the building was much more modern than I expected to see, but still was typical of the Orient. At the entrance we were met by a sort of bodyguard composed of soldiers, tall as the Sikhs of Calcutta, armed with short swords and lances, who formed a line on both sides of the hall. A sort of royal chamberlain conducted us to the audience chamber, where the Queen and her attendants were waiting.

I thought I had never seen such a beautiful woman as she sat on a throne under a dais of gold and silk. She wore a tiara of precious stones on her head instead of the crown she was entitled to, and she probably looked more beautiful without it. Her skin was dark, as were her eyes; her hair curling over her shoulders in wavy abundance. As she rose to greet us she showed an outline of her perfect symmetry, with gestures that were imperious and queenly. She was tall, agile, flexible, and her movements were adorable. We judged her age to be about thirty-five years. She held a short conversation with our captain through an interpreter, and then led the way to another sumptuously furnished room, where we were served tea and biscuits. It was a pleasurable entertainment.

On our departure from Tamatave, the bosen borrowed one of the sheets from my bunk, and the Queen's ensign, a milk-white flag, was hoisted as we left the harbor thundering a farewell salute of twenty-one guns.

Bombay was our ultimate destination, but on our way we crossed over the Seychelles Islands, a British dependency where a school was maintained by England's government for the education of the indigent wards of the country. Where we anchored, the floor of the ocean could be plainly seen to a depth of fifteen fathoms, and the fairy dell of shell and marine vegetation was a never-ceasing topic interest. After two days' stop at this interesting port, and a call at Manila in the Philippines, we left for Trincomalee, our home station on the island of Ceylon.

Trincomalee is one of the world's most beautiful harbors, large enough to accommodate all the navies of the world, completely landlocked and speckled with islands that accentuate its beauty. It has a country behind it that is self-sustaining by its wonderful plantations of tea, spices, coconuts, tropical fruits, vegetables, etc. Here, on a small island inside the harbor, was established a rest house for the use of the officers, with a small for a landing place. The dock afforded a good jumping-off platform when we wanted to bathe. The sharks, though plentiful, were arrant cowards and never bothered when three or four of us were in the water together. One evening a big shovel-nosed shark paraded in front of the dock with only his fin showing. We waited for him to leave until our patience was exhausted, and then three of us lined up abreast, took a running dive from the dock, which gave the shark such a scare that we saw his fin scurrying for open water for minutes afterward.

We reached Bombay after an uneventful trip, and picked our moorings off the Bund. Parsees with their queer hats and Brahmins with caste marks on their foreheads were there in an endless procession, while the humble Hindoos did the digging, the carrying, and the sweeping of the big city. During our leave from the ship we prowled through the bazaars and found plenty to interest us in the Armenian quarter where the girls sat in the doorways with tattoo marks extending from their necks to a point below their navels. Beggars annoyed us all along the line with their display of mutilated limbs, disease in the stages of corruption; and naked children would rub their bellies with one hand, hold out the other and treble, "Rice! Give it rice!"

We were returning through the darkness of the evening when we were attracted by a bright red glow coming from a courtyard just off one of the principal streets of Bombay. On drawing nearer we saw that the courtyard was surrounded by four-story building, the occupants of which were sitting in the windows with their legs dangling outside, while the yard below was crowded with people, their faces illuminated by the blaze of a bonfire set against a building. We were at a loss to know what the gathering meant until one of the crowd explained to us it was a "suttee," or the burning of the widow with the corpse of her dead husband.

Squeezing through the crowd to get a better view of the proceedings, we saw that a pile of wood had been built up, like a rectangle, with at intervals around it that were stuffed with inflammable kindling. Two men with jars of cocoanut oil were sprinkling it over the mass, and when all was ready a procession filed from one of the houses, led by priests, followed by the corpse on a litter and the child wife. The girl was weeping, and was supported by some old hags who were probably relatives. The corpse was laid on the pyre, and then the wife tried to make a break for freedom, but she was frustrated by the priests, who tied her hands and feet with a cord and tossed her bodily on to the blaze with the corpse. The woman's screams were drowned in the loud incantations of the priests as the fire mounted in a roar of flame. Suddenly all was silence, as a priest spoke some final benediction. The fire died down, the crowd dispersed, and the suttee rites were over.

There is now a law prohibiting the suttee, but is still observed in some parts of India.

From Bombay we laid our course for Kalicut, then to Aden, where our crew invested their spare cash in ostrich feathers. In another month we were back at Tricomalee to refit and take on supplies.

One bad feature of Ceylon is the snake population. They exist in every variety of species and cussedness. There is always some of the villagers laid up with a snakebite, and a few of them recover. On one hot, sultry day I joined a party for a hike into the country. We were swinging along the road when someone spotted a python in the timber nearby. He had evidently just finished a meal, for his body had a big bulge, which prevented him from moving very swiftly. One of our party had a rifle and started to shoot at him. The first shot missed, while the big snake tried to reach a tree. Another shot struck him 'midships and that made him angry, for he made a turn, tried to coil, and began reaching and spitting at us. The third shot caught him just behind the jaw and he laid down. It took two more shot to give the reptile his final quietus. He was the longest snake I ever saw, measuring eleven paces (about thirty feet), and beautifully marked.

To make the scene more realistic, we spent an hour draping the python along the bushes, and no doubt the sight created some consternation to travelers passing along that road.

Chapter XII

We left the harbor of Trincomalee on Christmas Day, 1871, with the ship decorated above and below with greenery of the country. The men had been provided with mess money so that they could purchase Christmas delicacies, and an extra tot of rum was issued, so that a seasonable spirit was abroad regardless of the insufferable heat. Our destination was Calcutta. As there was no wind to speak of, we used steam power for the entire voyage.

We had reached the mouth of the Hugli River, and were proceeding up that stream under full steam, as the current was strong. The men were furling the sails, and I was out on the jib boom with the men stowing the jib. Suddenly I slipped and fell into the water under the ship's bow. As I fell I had sense enough to know that the danger was not in having the ship run over me, but from the propeller, and I struck out madly to get away from the suction that was drawing me in. How I cleared it is a mystery, but there I was in the backwash. A lifeboat dropped from the davits soon had me on board again.

Our arrival at Calcutta was signaled by a cloud of pigeons rising from the King of Oudhe's palace, darkening the sky with their immense numbers. The ship's company was given its usual leave while lying in the Hugli, and I visited the site of the famous Black Hole, where in 1756 one hundred and forty-five wretches were seized by the tyrannic violence of Siráju 'd daulah of Bengal and crowded into tiny rooms where all but twenty-three were suffocated and their bodies thrown the succeeding morning into the ditch of the Ravelin. Another interesting sight was the wonderful zoological collection at Jumsagee Jebadehoy's palace, a few miles out of Calcutta, near 'Alípúr. At the estate of this Indian nabob is gathered one of the world's most complete aggregation of wild animals in existence. The zoo is in the form of an amphitheatre, with great pools in the center which contained fish so tame that they eat out of your hand. Coolies at the top of the steps leading to the water sell a sort of dough which is kneaded in the hand to the right consistency and held just below the surface of the water. In a few minutes you will feel the delicate and pleasurable sensation of a fish nibbling, and there will be half a dozen trout waiting their turn to get at the food.

The Hugli, as well as the Ganges, is one of the sacred rivers of India, and the Mohammedans consider it an honor to be drowned in its waters. So sure are they that it is the "open sesame" to Paradise that the sick are brought down to the beach at low tide, and if it is decreed by the River God that they should recover, they are given strength to crawl above the high tide mark. While we lay at anchor in the river, scarcely a day passed that a corpse did not lie athwart the ship's mooring cable. In addition to this, our marine corps almost every morning lost a man from the deadly miasma that swept down from the channel, and it was found necessary to abolish night sentry duty while at Calcutta.

The errand of the "Glasgow" to Calcutta was for the purpose of taking Lord Mayo, the Viceroy of India, on a trip of inspection to the penal settlement on Andaman Island. He came to the Bund with Lady Mayo and their retinue, escorted by the crack squadrons of cavalry for which the Indian army is famed, and were cheered to the limit by the dense crowds that filled the streets as far as the eye could see. Lord Mayo was a typical Irish earl, as democratic as Parnell,

and an all-round good fellow. While on board the "Glasgow" the Lord and Lady and their party occupied the cabins of our Admiral, who had not yet transferred his flag to our ship.

We got under way without delay, and by nightfall the "Glasgow" was well out of the Hugli. For the first few days the voyage was uneventful, and then things began to happen. It was one of those typical hot days of the tropics. The ship was under all plain sail, but there was a little wind, and deck awnings had been spread fore and aft. It was afternoon, and everyone was hunting for shade to escape the infernal heat. Suddenly a lookout called the attention of the officer of the watch to a gray cloud that was coming along with the wind. The navigating officer recognized it as a white squall close in, and ordered in the upper sails. It was too late however, for the squall struck us with a terrific force, and before the royals and to'gallantsails could be taken in, they were blown to ribbons. The ship was almost thrown on her beams ends, and the boatswain's shrill whistle was drowned in the screech of the gale as he called, "All hands on deck!" To make matters worse, the awnings obscured the ships hamper from view, and in the excitement the men ripped the lacing from the ridge ropes and tossed the canvas amidships.

Then the dreaded calm, the precursor of another squall, dropped upon us like a pail, and still not a drop of rain had fallen. Soon, with a peculiar whistling roar, the wind changed to dead ahead, bringing to us an entirely different storm as it struck the ship with a blinding force, and the to'gallantmasts went flying through the air accompanied by their yards and sails as if they were matchwood. Then came the downpour. It rained as if a miniature Niagara Falls were descending upon us, and all we could do was to cling to a rope and try to breathe.

With the ship gathering sternway, the topsails and courses aback, it looked extremely critical for the old "Glasgow," but with a display of seamanship seldom encountered, the vessel's head wore away from the gale and we were safe. The end of the storm was not yet in sight, however, for instead of subsiding the wind increased, and it was with difficulty that the remnants of the top spars were cut away and the flying ropes and blocks made fast until the storm should subside. The ship was heeling over to the blast, and wave after wave swept over the deck, washing everything that was loose into the lee scuppers. The men, watching the combers, would leave the lifeline at the quarterdeck and make a run for their lives to catch the rope around the fore hatchway. Sometimes they would make it. If not, they flung themselves on the deck and held on to a ringbolt. The guns were lashed to the open ports with their muzzles dipping into the sea with the roll of the ship. The danger was too great to move them so the ports could be closed. The main deck was awash, but all below was sealed tight and the old frigate rode like a cork. Though the vessel was under close-reefed topsails and staysail only, she was tearing through the mountainous sea at an eighteen-knot gait, and all a seaman could do was to hold a lifeline with one hand and cover his mouth with the other so that he could breathe

It was now time to heave the log, and I, with the paraphernalia under my arm, leaving my hold on the fo'castle steps, started for the run aft. I was either too soon or too late in reaching the open deck, for I had barely passed the foremast when a tremendous sea boarded us; my feet slipped from under me; and I was slammed against the hammock nettings. Then the receding wave carried me across the deck, only to meet another comber that went completely over, carrying me with it, half conscious. Only for a moment, however, was I in the open sea, for a returning wave washed back against the ship and I found myself wedged in between an open gun port and the muzzle of one of the guns, to which I clung. Before the next wave could carry me out

again, I was inside the ship and clear of the port, making a break for safety. The log, reel, and glass were lost.

The following days were given over to clearing away the wreck above. Fortunately we carried spare spars, so that all the top hamper was replaced, and when we steamed into Andaman harbor we looked spic and span with all new gear aloft.

Andaman Island is to India what Devil's Island is to France and Botany Bay to England. There were incarcerated malefactors ranging from nana Sahib's followers in the Indian Mutiny (the real leaders were blown from the guns) to the rebel chiefs of the Kybeel Pass in the Afghan War. One of these Afghans was Shere Ali, an exceptional character of personified villainy. Being a lifer, he had no other ambition and purpose than to wreak vengeance on the powers that were, which at that time were vested in the person of the Viceroy.

Lord Mayo, who was a genial, benevolent, sympathetic, and typical old Irish gentleman, was loth to visit this penal settlement. He hated rules of high office that required him to inspect an institution that touched his heart as he gazed at the abject misery and despair that was depicted on the faces of the wretches behind the walls. He wore a look of palpable distress as he and his lady stepped over the gangway and were taken in the Admiral's barge to the landing dock. Carriages for the party awaited their arrival, and a troop of cavalry was drawn up facing them. The warden and his staff were to offer a welcome, and the procession set out for the great institution.

Night had fallen before the inspection was completed, the clearance signed, and the vice regal party, dispensing with the carriages for the short distance to the dock, were walking amidst their escort by torch light. Suddenly there was a stir among the crowd, a rush, and Shere Ali, who by some means had eluded the vigilance of his keepers, broke through, knife in hand, and flinging himself on Lord Mayo stabbed him first in the back, and then as his victim fell backward, stabbed him again in the chest. Death came quickly, and the body was rushed to the ship.

Shere Ali was instantly captured and also taken to our ship. As the Afghan was dragged up the steps to the gangway he was bumped unmercifully by the seaman who had him by the hands and feet, and he yelled for mercy as he was dropped on the quarterdeck. The assassin was taken ashore again the next day, tried, and hung within forty-eight hours.

The "Glasgow," under both steam and sail, made for Bombay, where the body of Lord Mayo lay in state for several days. The ship was then commissioned to take the remains to Suez, enroute to England, and the body, preserved in a casket filled with rum, was placed amidships on the upper deck.

Chapter XIII

We left Bombay under forced draft and headed for Aden, at the mouth of the Red Sea. There we took on supplies and mail from one of the P. & O. boats, and continued to Suez.

The Straits of Babel Mandeb were passed in the evening with all sail set and a spanking breeze. I was called for the middle watch, and on reaching deck noticed that the wind was strengthening. At four bells the boatswain's mate pipe:

"In royals and mizzen t' gallant sail!"

Under such an order my station was in the mizzen top, and on reaching the crosstree I saw that one man was missing from the lee side. Without waiting for him to appear, I swung out on the yard and prepared to furl the sail. The yard had not been pointed to the wind, and as the jackstay had been nailed down so that I could not get my fingers under, I leaned over, using my elbow for a brace. Before I could bring up the slack of the sails, a vicious gust of wind caught it from below, bellied out the canvas, threw my arm off the yard, and I dropped, yelling "Man overboard!" as I fell into the sea.

The lifebuoys of the Glasgow hung at the stern. They were released by a bell-like arrangement, and as they fell a cord would snap a friction tube, which in turn would ignite a port fire laid on a plate over the center of the buoy, in order to light up the sea and show up the man overboard to the rescuers. In this case the ignition was out of order, and when the sentry on duty pulled the bell, neither of the two struck a fire, and I saw nothing of them.

The lifeboats' crew had already been called, and as I rose to the surface I saw a cutter drop from the davits with a crash that almost swamped it. A second lifeboat was called, and in the distance, as the ship sailed away from, I heard the order to shorten sail and "Bout ship!" as more boats were lowered for my rescue. I lay on my back paddling, making no attempt to swim but reserving my strength for the time when a boat should come near. The first cutter started to make a wide sweep around where I lay, and I counted seven more that were launched, but none of them came within hailing distance. The inky darkness made the illuminated ship stand out in bold relief, and I could hear some of the orders from the quarterdeck as they wafted to me by the gale. The upper sails were being taken in as the ship was being brought into the wind.

All this had taken place in less time than it takes to write it, and the frigate was not more than a quarter of a mile away. Her head was slowly passing the eye of the wind, and the sails were beginning to backfill when the order came:

"Raise tacks and sheets; let go to' gallant bowlines!"

The lower corners of the course were raised so that they would clear the hammock nettings.

"Haul well taut the main brace!"

"Mainsail haul!"

With four hundred men on the ropes double-banked, running head long in different directions, the great fabric of timber and canvas was swung around as if on a pivot, and the ship was now hove to and drifting back on her wake. Meantime, one by one the boats were working back to the ship and were hoisted on board, while I, still paddling myself over the combers, was reviewing my past life and wondering if this was the spot where the Egyptians met their Waterloo

when chasing Moses and his Israelites into the Land of Canaan. I also wondered whether sharks went to sleep at night.

At last all the boats had trailed back to the ship except the first cutter, which had made a wider sweep than the other and was also turning to go in, leaving me to my fate. As it came on I calculated when it should be nearest to me as it made for home, and then it was that I began to fight for life and strike out with all my strength. Rising on a high wave I gave forth a blood-curdling yell, and was rewarded by hearing "Give way starboard! Back port!"

At that moment I knew my voice had been heard, and I fought my way towards the boat with every cause of strength. The cutter was pointed directly for me, and as I slipped under the oars the lieutenant in charge caught me by the hair and towed me to the stern, where strong arms pulled me into the lifeboat.

In the cutter was one of the life buoys, but the other was lost and they came near losing me. We closed in on the ship and I was hoisted on board, put into my bunk with dry clothes, and given a tot of rum. The next day I was running around the ship relating my adventure.

Arriving at Suez, the Viceroy's casket was transferred to the "Enchantress," the paddle-wheel yacht of Queen Victoria, which had been waiting for us at the canal entrance, and this done the "Glasgow" started on her return to our station.

We had then been over two years in India waters, and for the following twelve months we flitted from one port to another, mostly to isolated places that had known the presence of a warship for years, finally winding up at Trincomalee to refit for the home voyage and await the coming of our relief ship, the "Undaunted."

The land-locked structure of Trincomalee harbor gives it acoustic qualities of high order, so that when the "Undaunted" arrived and made her anchorage half a mile away, we had concerts at night in which every sound on board one ship could be heard by the other. As both ships had instrumental music, the effect of the singing of song on one ship, with the chorus by the other, gave us an entertainment not equaled by our present-day radio.

The day at last came to leave for England, and the route was to be through the Suez Canal. The two ships were dressed for the occasion with flags from stem to stern, with the addition of a homeward bound streamer that reached far into our wake from the main royal. As we steamed out of the harbor our yards were manned in honor of the Admiral we were leaving behind, and I, with a signal flag in each hand, was standing on the main royal truck with the lightening conductor between my legs for a brace, waving the flags. No one noticed this freak of mine, but the vibration of the propeller gave me all I could do to keep in balance.

We were nearing the bar at the mouth of the harbor, which at high tide we would not have noticed, but now it was only half tide, and although it was a sandy bottom it gave the ship such a jolt that I was left without a foothold, and dropped like a plummet into the maze of ropes around the topmast. Instinctively my hands grasped one of them, which checked my fall and at the same time burned a channel across the palm of my hand, the scar of which I carry to this day. For this monkey trick of mine I had to do double duty for three days.

On the fourth day out we passed through one of those rare sights that occur in the Indian Ocean, known as "milky sea." In the daylight the water had a grayish hue, but after nightfall it was white as milk. No one on board had heard of such a phenomenon before, and the thought that we had run into an area of submarine disturbance and shoal water gave us a scare. Drawing a

bucket of it revealed phosphorescence in exaggerated form, and stirring the water made it resemble a bucket of disintegrated flame. We ran out of it before midnight.

The next day we called at Aden, and a week later dropped our anchor at Suez. Passing through the canal, we called at Malta, Gibraltar, and Vigo, having completed the circling of the continent of Africa during our absence.

The “homeward bound” feeling on board was quite different from the atmosphere on our way out. Then the men, while not despondent, had a resigned look as if they regarded the coming four years at a foreign station as one of the breaks in the game; but going home instilled in them a hilarity that did not wear off, and they made the skies ring with the song:

“When we arrive in the Portsmouth docks,
The pretty girls come down in flocks.
And one to another you’ll hear them say:
‘Here comes Jack with his four years’ pay,
‘Hurrah! He’s homeward bound!’”

Our ship reached home at last and docked at Portsmouth harbor. The men were paid off and given six weeks leave. My longing to see my family could not be satisfied in England however, as they had gone to America during my absence, and therefore I made application for my discharge from the British Navy, which was granted.

Chapter XIV

During my absence in the South Seas my father had taken the family to the United States, and I determined to join them. As soon as I had secured my discharge from the Navy, I lost no time in saying farewell to my relatives in London, purchased a ticket for New York, and took the train for Liverpool, where I boarded the S.S. Atlas, then about to sail for Boston.

After years of discipline on board a man-of-war, the passage on the Atlantic liner was one of luxurious contentment. Although we were thirteen days in crossing and had a gale in our teeth all the way. At Boston I was transferred to a Fall River boat, and eventually landed in the metropolis of the new world in the fall of 1875.

New York had nothing to hold me, and I continued my journey westward. At that time the gold excitement of the Black Hills of Dakota was in full swing. The train on which I came west was crowded to suffocation with the Argonauts, all armed to the teeth. The locomotive was a wood burner, and at intervals the passengers got out and helped to load the cordwood that was stacked along the track. On the plains, herds of bison would graze along the railroad, and the passengers were called upon to help drive them out of the train. On the Colorado Central, between Cheyenne and Denver, we had more trouble with the thousands of antelope that infested that region, and a few miles north of Greeley we lost an hour shooing them off the track. Some of the passengers took shots at them through the coach windows as we passed.

While I was in India, my father had contracted to establish a hotel at Colorado City, and soon after his arrival had discovered the soda water springs at Manitou. Father was in the throes of a lawsuit, which contested his right to the homestead, and its ramifications led to its being included in the fight instituted against President Grant in his candidacy for the third term. The house where the family lived was a wooden building on the top of a hill overlooking the road to Ute Pass at the foot Pike's Peak. Directly below us flowed a creek, and Father had located the four springs at the water's edge, each one having a different chemical content. The largest of the four was almost pure soda water. We invariably used a pitcher full of it at the midday meal, and its effervescence lasted to the last drop. Father took great pride in segregating the four springs from each other, and if his plans had not been disrupted by the lawsuit, these springs would eventually have proved to be a mine of wealth to him, as they have since to others.

Sometime before my arrival in Colorado, my brother Harry, being practical minded, had gone to Pueblo, where he was filling the position of foreman on a newspaper called the "Chieftain." Later in the year I developed a desire to see my brother, and incidentally to get to work if I intended to realize my ambition to make a fortune in the new country, so I took the narrow gauge to Pueblo. Harry had already inveigled Captain Lambert to give me a job on his newspaper as generalissimo of the hellbox, otherwise known as the "devil." It was there that I received my first lesson in the art of typesetting when not actuating the various presses of the plant.

Independence Day, 1876, was Pueblo's time for rejoicing. The town was not only celebrating the Fourth of July, but also the entrance of Colorado into statehood and the advent of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad. A small howitzer had been secured for the occasion, and I was given the honor of loading and firing the salutes that were continuous throughout the day. The howitzer, captured in the Mexican War, had been trundled to the summit of the hill just north of Sante Fall Avenue, and contributed to the din of the celebration. Gus Withers, who is still the

editor of the Chieftain, led the parade on a beautiful white stallion and looked every inch the general that he was, while the ladies in their best bib and tucker lined the streets and gazed with the admiration as he pranced along in advance of the band.

That night I found myself in a hic-hic-hilarious condition in the old Troubadour Saloon, where a large and motley crowd of celebrants had gathered for the occasion. Perhaps I should not relate this incident, but since this story is the plain, unvarnished truth concerning my life, I have not set out to picture myself with a pair of wings. Two barrels of beer had been contributed by the local brewer, which was free, but with whiskey at five cents a drink it was not long before several first-class fights were instituted between the discordant elements. And then the crowd broke into song, which ranged from Hersygovinian ditties to "Donnybrooke Fair." Someone called on me for a song, and that was where I made my mistake! With a muddled brain that placed me back on the old "Boscawen," I led off with:

"The sea is England's glory.
Her wealth the mighty main.
She is the world's defender.
The feeble to sustain.
In war the first, the fearless,
Her banner leads the brave.
In peace she reigns as peerless,
The Empress of the waves!"

"Not by a damn sight!" yelled a voice, and pandemonium reigned. Everybody was on their feet and making a mad rush for me. Jake Palmer, a Pueblo contractor, and Ed Stone, a bricklayer, both fellow boarders with me, hustled me out of the door and shouted "Run like Hell!" I tore down the street and never stopped running until I reached the old Santa Fe bridge and hid under its sheltering abutment. My ardor for patriotism was very much dampened!

The following spring was a notable one in the history of Colorado, for it brought to the notice of the country the great potential wealth in metal mining throughout the western part of the state. Two great prospecting fields were open. California Gulch, in which is located the town of Leadville, Colorado, was at the height of its glory as a producer of the yellow metal. Tabor's prospectors had just discovered the Little Pittsburgh on Fryer Hill, which changed the gulch from a gold placer into a silver camp and founded Leadville, which later was to become the scene of the greatest mining boom of modern times. Also, in the southwestern corner of the state there was a rush to the San Juan, where gold, silver, and lead were being found in vast true fissure veins.

My spirit of adventure had never been dulled since my fiasco of the diamond fields, and I watched for the chance to join some party going to the San Juan. In those days this was not merely a matter of buying a ticket and boarding a train, or driving at ease over a beautiful highway. It was necessary to cross several high mountain passes through country having a vertical topography equal to the Swiss Alps, heavily timbered, and with scarcely a road or trail to guide the way. My brother Harry, who has always been my best friend and helper, had married a lovely girl of Colorado Springs and was not willing to risk his bride's home comforts for the hardships

of a mining camp. This brought us to a parting of our ways, Harry going to Los Angeles to make a fortune as a publisher, while I, with a party of seven, in a covered wagon drawn by two mangy horses, with "San Juan or Bust!" painted on the head in Flamboyant letters, started from Pueblo on the long trail and became one of the pioneers.

We reached Lake City in the month of June, 1877, after a trek over roadless mountains and through swampy valleys, during which we pushed the wagon uphill because our horse power worked only on one cylinder, and pulled back going downhill for the reason that we had no brakes. Our "team" was composed of an old stallion and a sickly-looking mare, both of which we had acquired in consideration of their "keep." We carried no feed for the horses, and it was necessary every night to find not only a suitable camp for ourselves but also pasture for the stock. As this was not always obtainable, the horses would wander through the night, and we would scour the country the next day for hours before they were found. In this way we more than earned our transportation for fourteen days, at the end of which we drew up before Olds House in Lake City and presented the contraption to the city, for we never saw it again.

Lake City was a lively town, and discoveries of rich ores were being made every day. The Ute and Ulay Mines were producing a great tonnage of lead and silver ores; the Crocke Brothers of New York had a smelter under construction; and the place was filled with prospectors, mine buyers, gamblers, and town lot speculators.

I secured a job on the "Silver World" as a compositor, but gave that up to join a bridge-building gang who were constructing a wagon road up Henson Creek, as I thought that would be a logical way to reach Silverton in Baker's Park, which was on the side of the Continental Range of the Rockies. When the road crew reached Rose's cabin at the head of Henson Creek, I shouldered my roll of blankets, took to the trail, and that night made my bed on a billiard table in the Old Lot Saloon in Animas Forks, five miles away.

The next day was the Fourth of July, and in company with three other pilgrims, we worked our way down the trail to the valley, at the end of which lies Howardsville. The snow slides of the previous winter still blocked the passage of wagons, but the season was opening up and the trail was lined with pack trains loaded with supplies for the surrounding mines.

Silverton was a camp of 2000 population at that time. It is situated in an open park at an altitude of 9300 feet, surrounded by mountains divided by four canyons, through the largest of which the Animas River flows, carrying with it the waters of Cement and Mineral Creeks. The camp appealed to me as one of the great possibilities, but I decided to push on and see the town of Ouray, which formed another corner of San Juan's triangle.

My route lay up Cement Creek, as the Mineral Creek trail was not passable and the Red Mountain territory was as yet unexplored. Gladstone, a small camp on Cement Creek, was an active village where an English company was building a reduction plant for the treatment of the ores coming from the head of the creek. The trail over the range to the Uncompahgre was a mere track along the rocks, and every footstep was fraught with danger. A foot-log was the only bridge over the Bear Creek Falls, and one had to be a tightrope walker to negotiate the chasm where the water disappeared into smoke long before it reached the rive below.

Ouray, named after the Ute Chief who lived a few miles below the town, was then a village just aborning. It is situated in a most delightful spot, nestled in a small pocket surrounded by perpendicular walls of beautiful red sandstone and granite which rise in towering peaks on all

sides, the rugged cliffs softened by the delicate green of the quaking aspens and deep forests of spruce. From the everlasting snow banks among the cliffs which tower above and the alpine lakes which are caught in pockets on the upper slopes, tumble sparkling streams, pure and cold from the melting snow, which cascade over the high walls surrounding the town. One of the greatest joys to a person coming from the hazy and diffused atmosphere of the sea coast is the clear and brilliant blue of the mountain skies, as blue which is as deep as a Chinese rug, through which float on summer days the billowy cumulus clouds like huge piles of whipped cream. Through the clear atmosphere the distant peaks stand out in sharp-cut beauty, as far as the eye can see.

The young town was very interesting. It was peopled by a few of the hardest pioneers who could stand the buffetings of Nature in the primeval. A grocery, hardware, clothing store, and seven saloons were doing business on the main street. The Ouray Sentinel, edited by Doc McKinney, shouted the news from the hills in its columns. As Doc was editor, manager, printer, and devil, the arrival of an expert compositor, of at least two months' experience at the case, was welcomed by a column write-up and credit at the boarding house for a full week.

The railroad was about three hundred miles away from us at Alamosa, and we had a bi-monthly mail with a tri monthly shipment of food supplies from the outside. The arrival of one of those prairie schooners with double trailers, hauled by ten yoke oxen, as it pulled up to Alling's store, was the occasion for an outpouring of the populace, who formed a line for blocks waiting their turn to buy flour at \$50.00 a sack and bacon for \$1.50 a pound. Everybody seemed to have money, as the rich discoveries then being made were readily snapped up by Eastern investors, who had only to be shown a specimen of ruby silver or gray copper to reach for their check books, and the deal was made.

This condition of affairs soon attracted the attention of the banking fraternity, and a gentleman who sported the name of Fogg conceived the idea of starting the Bank of Ouray. Fogg was not long in sizing up the opportunities presented in such a speculative community. In 1877 the fractional currency of the country was represented by shinplasters, slips the size of the present-day cigar coupons, good for five, ten, twenty-five, and fifty cents. Ouray was shy of small change, having little use for it at the stores, but the banker was on to his job and soon inaugurated a fractional currency of his own to cover the shortage. To keep the new money in circulation, he printed on the bills: "Redeemable in amounts not less than twenty dollars." Ouray found these plasters very convenient until one morning the bank did not open, and it was found that \$80,000 of the fractional "money" was in circulation. The gentleman is till at large, so far as I know.

Chapter XV

With the coming of October I conceived the idea of returning to Lake City to “hole in” there for the winter. The distance was only about twenty-three miles by the Bear Creek trail, across the mountains and I felt that I could easily reach Rose’s cabin before dark, where I could either pass the night or complete my journey by the new wagon road.

To Theron Stevens, the blacksmith, I confided my intentions, and he collected all the mail available for me to post at Lake City. The mere detail of food I considered unimportant. I wore a light summer suit, and was well up Bear Creek when I discovered that I had neither matches nor a knife. I was only a tenderfoot, however, and did not attach much importance to this discrepancy.

As I turned up from the Uncompahgre River the trail became steeper, my progress slower, and soon I had to rest about every hundred yards. Night was coming on, clouds were gathering, and snow flurries began to tingle my cheeks. At last I reached the summit, and looking around I endeavored to recognize the peaks I had seen on my way from Silverton, but they all looked alike to me. The snow commenced falling so fast that I could not even see the trail behind me. Darkness came swiftly, and found me on the summit of the Continental Divide, hungry, without a match or knife, and shivering with the cold. I crept into some brush, and by beating my hands and kicking around with my feet I succeeded in keeping my blood in circulation until the grey of morning came sweeping over the mountaintops. It was still storming, and a foot of new snow covered the wind-swept flat where I found myself. I looked around, but saw nothing that offered a solution to my whereabouts. I was plainly lost.

In the absence of a trail I searched for water, and finding a small rivulet I followed it. The stream soon grew to a fair-sized creek, and began dropping in cascades as it cut through the rugged formation of a ravine. At times I was in the creek, then on the bank, and when it passed through a narrow canyon overlooking a fall of a hundred feet, I had to shinny along the side of a cliff where one slip from the ledge I was following meant certain death.

Down again in the creek I passed a deer sheltered from the storm by a shelving rock, and by reaching out I could touch its horns. I was hungry as a bear by this time, and bitterly regretted coming on such a journey without preparation. The storm was subsiding, and since I was on an unknown creek, I determined that afternoon to turn up from the bank in what I thought was the direction of Lake City. The range of mountains followed the water shed, but once over the top I could reach my destination. I climbed to the summit, looked over, and saw another range confronting me, but with the varicolored rock I had seen around Capital City on Henson Creek. When I reached the bottom of the valley I expected to find the Henson Creek road, but there was no trace of travel and no creek.

I had now been thirty-six hours without food and was getting weak. I searched the brush for berries and found a few dried ones, but they gave me no relief. When night came I gathered leaves, and filling my hat I stuffed them around my feet, but by morning they were solidly numbed by the cold. Realizing now that I was getting nowhere by crossing the ranges, I determined to retrace my course and get back to the top of the Divide, but I was too weak to make much progress. I now began to smell the order of food cooking, and the aroma of coffee and sizzling beefsteaks almost maddened me. In my rational moments I knew that these sensations were

indications of delirium, and that the party of men with their guns pointed at me from the cliffs was only a mirage.

The third night I camped as usual in the brush on the slope over the river I had left two days before, and in the morning, almost too weak and cramped with the cold to stand upright. I continued my weary way down the long slope. Suddenly, when looking on the far side of the river, I saw the white outlines of a tent, but attributed it to another mirage like those I had been seeing, and pushed on towards the creek. Again in the distance I saw the tent, and getting closer, a wagon wheel burst into view. This apparition seemed to give me new strength, and I ran the remaining distance to the river. Although it was in flood, cold as ice, and running like a mill-race, I plunged into it, was swept off my feet, but regained my footing by embracing a boulder, and then, grasping an overhanging snag that hung from the bank, I clambered onto the floor of the valley.

From the river I staggered to the flap of the tent, and, flinging it open, I saw a man sitting up in the blankets with a rifle at full cock pointed at my head.

“Hold up your hands!”

In obeying the command I lurched forward and fell headlong into the tent. Throwing down the gun the man sprang up from the bed, and taking me in his arms he drew me over and laid me on the blankets. I must have been a pitiable sight. My face and hands were scratched and bleeding, my pants ripped into streamers, while my coat with the mail in its pockets had been lost in the river.

The man, without speaking a word, left the tent and returned in a few minutes with a pan full of meat and bread, which he put into my lap. I fell upon it like a ravenous wolf, but after a few mouthfuls he took it away from me. Then I told him my story, to which he listened as if enormously interested, after which he advised me to go to sleep.

It was towards evening when I awoke. My host was outside the tent making a fire, and I smelled hot coffee. He gave me more of the meat and bread and plenty of the coffee. He then said he was one of a party of five who were on a prospecting trip and had been out for many moons. His partners were off in the woods and had already shot seven bears, but had failed to kill any of them. The trail I had seen coming into camp was the Horsethief Trail, and we were on Cow Creek. He had never been in Ouray, and his name was Alfred Packer.

Packer impressed upon me the fact that I could not stay there that night, as he had no extra blankets, but said he would show me how to reach the Uncompahgre Indian Agency, which was only nine miles below Ouray. I thought it singular that none of his partners put in an appearance while I was there; neither did I see any preparations on Packer's part for their arrival.

It was a bright moonlight night when I got ready to leave. I thanked him for his hospitality, and he showed me in the distance the gap in the mountains through which I should go, and said: “It is only ten miles to the Agency. You can make it in four hours easily from this creek.”

It was after midnight when I roused the Indian agent from his bed. After he got over his astonishment at seeing the apparition at the door and I had a chance to explain, he went back into the house and brought out a buffalo robe, which he handed to me, and told me to go in an adjoining tent. The tent was empty, so I spread the robe on the ground, rolled into it, and was soon dead to the world.

When I awoke it was afternoon, and after a hasty meal I resumed my hike back to Ouray, where I was thankful to arrive after nightfall. I had been absent five days, during which I had circumnavigated the town, never more than twenty miles distant, traveled over a hundred miles, and eaten three meals. The Sentinel in its following issue, said it was only by a miracle that I had escaped from attack by one of the wounded bears, but as events turned out my escape from the camp of Alfred Packer was considered far more wonderful, when it became known that Packer had murdered and eaten his five partners!

Sometime previous to this event, Packer had been employed to act as guide to a party of twenty-one men starting from Bingham Canon, Utah, to the San Juan country, Colorado. At that time he was known to be entirely broke. The party separated at Ouray, and five men, with Packer still acting as guide, left camp, going in the direction of the Los Pinos agency. The next spring Packer turned up alone in Saguache with a great deal of money, which he displayed in a saloon, and told so many conflicting stories that he aroused suspicion. He said that his party had almost starved and frozen to death during the winter, and yet he looked to be in very good condition. He was arrested for murder and a search made to discover the missing men, but no trace of them could be found, so he was released. He disappeared soon after, and during the following summer a hunter discovered the five bodies lying side by side, as though they had gone to bed and been murdered in their sleep. No money or valuables were found on or near them. Wild animals had partly devoured them. Nine years passed before he was discovered and arrested at Fort Fetterman, Wyoming, and it was during the time that he was at large that I enjoyed his hospitality.

He was brought to Lake City, Colorado, for trial before Judge M. B. Gerry. He claimed that he did not kill the five men, but had eaten them to keep from starving to death. Witnesses testified that wild game had been abundant in that region during that winter, which was not severe. Packer was a tall man with long, dark, curling hair, dark mustache and goatee, and deep-set dark gray eyes. He looked more like some professor than a murderer.

One of the principal witnesses at the trial was James (Larry) Dolan, an Irish wag of rare and sometimes profane or vulgar wit, who had met and associated with the prisoner at Saguache. It was said that Dolan had developed a grudge against Packer and had threatened to kill him should he be acquitted of the charge of murder. The Silver World said that Larry was the first man up town from the courthouse after the verdict was in and sentenced passed.

“Well, boys, ut’s all over; Packer’s t’ hang!” Pressed for particulars by the habitués of the Saloon (for of course this was a saloon), Larry took an appropriate attitude before his motley audience and delivered himself thus: “The judge says, says he, ‘Stan’ up y’ man-atin’ ---iv a---! STAND UP!’ Thin, p’intin’ his tremblin’ finger at Packer, so ragin’ mad, he was: ‘They was siven Dimmycrats in Hinsdale County an’ ye ate five iv them, G—d---ye! I sintins ye t’ be hanged be th’ neck ontill ye’re dead, dead, DEAD! As a warnin’ agin’ reducin’ th’ Dimmycratic popyalashun iv th’ state!’”

Judge Gerry was, it may be readily understood, an ardent Democrat. Therein lies the refined, subtle humor of this story.

But Packer did not hang. Because of a technicality in his trial his sentence was afterwards changed at a new trial to forty years in the penitentiary at Cañon City, Colorado. He was paroled in January 1901, and died several years later near Littleton, Colorado.

Chapter XVI

Soon after my return to Ouray I abandoned the printing business and acquired a prospecting partner, Charley Morris. Together we built a log cabin near the river for my future home, as Charley lived with his wife in the upper part of Ouray's main street.

Our first venture into mining as partners was a lease on the dump of the old Fisherman mine, at the mouth of Canyon Creek, almost adjoining the town of Ouray. Establishing ourselves on the dump at the entrance of the mine, we sorted out twelve hundred pounds of grey copper ore, which we took to the mud smelter below Ouray and Old Man Paquin paid us \$1200 for it. We did not try to operate the mine itself, and so far as I know it has never been operated since, probably on account of the hot water in the mine, which made it difficult to operate. The whole San Juan Basin is sprinkled with springs of hot mineral water, and the proximity of many other hot springs at Ouray may have caused the suspicion that the Fisherman vein is the source of all the hot water at that point. It is a pity, however, that a mine, which should produce such rich ore, should be abandoned and the workings allowed to go back to nature.

After we paid our debts we still had \$200, and with this as a backlog we started out to locate a mine for ourselves. Together we climbed the hills for a week, until we found a vein of lead ore running along a cliff that hardly afforded standing room. Charley was for passing it by, but I suggested that we take out a ton of the galena and then I would go down to Paquin and ask him to buy it. Our only tools were a gad, hammer, and pick, with which we dug out of the cliff a quantity of the ore. I took some of it down to the smelter, and after the old man had examined the ore he said: "I'll give you twenty dollars a ton for it on the dump." I replied, "All right; we will have a load for you tomorrow." The next afternoon Paquin was there with his burros. We had twenty sacks filled, and he handed me twenty silver dollars.

After a few days of gadding the ore, the gutter from which we were getting the lead was becoming too tight to make further progress without using powder, so we decided to abandon the ground. We learned afterwards that the ore assayed 80% lead and 20 ounces of Silver to the ton. In after years this property became the Grizzly Bear Mine, which for a long time paid large profits to the owners.

One evening, while I was standing in the doorway of my cabin, an elderly man, with a bundle tied in a red bandana handkerchief, came along and asked if I could accommodate him for the night, as there were no hotels in the town. I told him I would be glad to, and invited him into my cabin. As he entered, he lowered the bundle from his shoulder and tossed it under my bunk. When it rolled over on the floor something peculiarity about it attracted my attention, and I asked him what was in it. He replied: "There is fourteen thousand dollars and some change in there." I gasped at this, for I had never been in such close proximity to such a fortune before. He then explained that he was an Illinois doctor, had sold his practice, and had come to the San Juan to buy a mine.

The next morning the doctor, having absorbed all the information I could impart about the mining district of Mt. Sneffels, especially regarding a prospect called the Virginius, which I advised him to buy if he could get it at a reasonable price, took his stick and bundle and disappeared up the Canyon Creek trail.

Fours days later the doctor, minus his bundle, stepped into my cabin and laid a slab of grey copper ore on the table. "Well," said he, "I bought that mine! Jim rubbed his name off the stake and put mine on. That was all there was to the transaction."

"How much did you pay for it?" I asked.

"I gave him an even fourteen thousand dollars."

That transaction marked the beginning of the Virginus Mine. The ore he had brought down assayed 1740 ounces in silver to the ton, and silver was then worth \$1.12 an ounce. The doctor took out \$3,500,000 before his death, and the mine went to Diamond Joe Reynolds.

My partner Charley Morris was the owner of the Silver Point Mine, high up on Uncomphgre Mountain, and had leased the mine to a party of Swedes. At intervals he would make the leasers a visit, and on his next trip I determined to go with him. I was just recovering from an attack of mountain fever, and my friends told me the climb would do me good.

The snowfall in the winter of '77 was particularly heavy. We traveled on snowshoes, and bucked snow all the way to timberline, where we had to cross the path of the Riverside slide. The sluice or draw down which the big slide rushes when it makes its run – an occurrence that takes place several times every winter – was less than one hundred feet wide where we had to cross. The run starts far above timberline, and when it moves it strikes terror to every thing for miles around. Just below the sluice, which it has cut out for itself, at the point where we had to cross, the avalanche leaps over a precipice twelve hundred feet deep and then cascades to the river two thousand feet below. At the bottom the mass spreads out to fifteen hundred feet and packs into solid form along the highway sixty feet deep. In the spring the mass was tunneled, so that the coaches could pass under instead of over the blockade.

A heavy snow had fallen earlier in the month, and weeks of fine weather had formed a hard crust. The next snowfall, therefore, was resting on the glassy surface and was ready to slip at any moment. My partner, who was an experienced mountaineer, saw the danger and directed me to wait on the bank until he reached a large tree stump that stood in the center of the draw, which I did. There he waited for me and I joined him. The rest of the crossing was made in the same manner.

We reached the Silver Point for dinner, and I waited while my partner inspected the workings. Then we started back, crossing to the halfway stump as before. I watched for him to reach the farther bank, and he shouted to step lightly. I minced across, and was reaching for Charley's hand when – C-r-a-c-k!! went the snow above us, and the whole mass slipped with a monstrous rush, bringing with it great boulders and huge trees in splinters. Over the precipice it went in a great volume of smoke, while we watched the awesome sight and congratulated ourselves that we were not in it. When I entered my cabin that night my mountain fever was gone.

It was a hard winter in Ouray and supplies came slowly. I had been down to the Indian Agency, where they had butchered an antiquated work ox, and I was able to secure a fore quarter, which still had the shoe on. This I hung up outside the cabin and it kept me in meat until spring, it was that tough! I also found that a little of it went a long way when scientifically connected to a pot of beans.

Thanksgiving passed and Christmas was coming on without a ripple of change from the daily routine. My partner said that if I intended to become a mine owner I would have to take out my citizenship papers. I had just turned twenty-two, so I got Jim Vance, the Clerk of the Court, to

make them out for me, and he said I could now locate claims and hold property. My first location was made on the hill south of Ouray, over which the wagon road to Poughkeepsie Gulch was being built. I called it the Black Eagle, and some surface specimens from it assayed \$18,000 in silver and gold to the ton, but when my shaft was fifteen feet deep the average value was only \$24.00. The following spring the road builders filled up my poor little mine, and I forgot it.

As Christmas approached I determined to celebrate the day with a big English plum pudding, such as Mother used to make. There were no turkeys or other poultry in town, and very little meat of any kind. Eggs were fifty cents apiece and butter \$1.50 a pound, but I sailed in and if – but I am anticipating!

Mother's pudding must have been a large one, because she used to bring out a big piece of it as late as the middle of July, carefully wrapped in a white cloth; and that was the kind I wanted. I procured four pounds of beef suet, and froze it until the blows of a hammer it fell apart like crackers under a rolling pin. This I mixed with some flour in a washtub. I had four pounds of raisins, four of current, two of citron, four of sugar (and four pounds of salt in the same kind of bag). After mixing everything else I put in the sugar, adding a pint of brandy to give it a zest, then giving it another stirring I tied it up in a cloth and boiled it until Christmas morning, when it looked as fine and plump a pudding as ever graced a boiler!

I had invited a few hungry friends, who had otherwise expected to eat their Christmas dinner out of the conventional bean pot, to partake of my feast, and when a big hunk of my fore quarter beef, which I had succeeded in separating from the shank with an ax, was placed on the table and the plum pudding was on the bunk ready to fall apart with its puffiness, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. With the assistance of a saw and cleaver I had already carved the joint, so the guests lost no time in attacking the roast. They did not seem to have much success with the meat, which I attributed to the desire on their part to save their appetites for the English plum pudding. Their jaws must have ached from the exercise they got from the beef, for they gave grunts of relief when the table was cleared and the big pudding was set down in their midst.

My partner was the first to be served, so I gave him a chunk big enough to choke an alligator, with a generous portion of the brandy sauce. The guests had the politeness to wait until all were served, and meantime expressed their admiration of my culinary skill. At the psychological moment the boys fell to. The first mouthful seemed to be plenty, for they rose from the table as one man and made for the door. I was aghast with consternation, and hastily took a spoonful of the pudding. Fish warts and whales blubber! Instead of the sugar I had dumped in the four pounds of salt! I felt like sinking through the floor with mortification and disappointment, but my guest had gone and I was left alone to mourn over the results of my misplaced confidence.

Chapter XVII

Seven miles south of Ouray the canyon opens into a wide valley and then closes abruptly to form the saddle, which divides the waters of the continent. The valley between is known as Red Mountain Park. Hay was in great demand at Ouray, and the fertility of the little flat near timberline had enticed a young lad, George West, the son of a wealthy Eastern Merchant, to locate a ranch there. He used to bring the hay down on the backs of burros to the Ouray market. George needed a grindstone and he purchased one from Alling's store on credit, but because he could not pay for it when the bill became due, Alling threatened to have him arrested. This action frightened the boy, and in spite of the fact that the trail was closed for the winter, he started for his ranch to bring back the grindstone.

After waiting a week for his return, his friends became apprehensive as to his safety, and I made up a party to search for him. With rope, axes, and shovels, we took up the trail. The day was intensely cold but clear, there was a hard crust on the snow; and for a mile or more we had to chop holes in the surface for a foothold. At the forks of the Uncompahgre, where one branch becomes Poughkeepsie Creek and the other Red Mountain Creek, we found one of his shoes and followed the tracks leading to the right-hand stream. Evidently the lad had a frozen foot, had cut off the shoe, and tried to reach the creek to thaw it out. There were several small waterfalls along the stream, and at the foot of one, with the water spraying all over him, we found the body of the poor boy encased in the ice. The mass was frozen to the rocks and we had to chop the body loose so that we could roll it, ice and all, up the bank. Once on the hard snow above, the ice was chipped away so that we could carry the body on a pole, two ax men going ahead to cut foot holes along the steep cliffs. Progress was painfully slow, the burden was heavy, and the trail, which overhung the deep canyon below, was a constant danger, as one slip would have precipitated the whole party, roped together, into eternity.

We plodded into town with our ghastly burden, and that night was given up to thawing out the body, which was later shipped east to his parents. So ended another episode of the many tragedies of the early days of the San Juan.

The Mount Sneffels district was then growing in reputation as the richest on the Western Slope. The ores were high grade, and many of the prospects gave evidence of becoming valuable mines, as the later discoveries of the Smuggler, Sheridan, Camp Bird, and other mines began to disgorge their treasures of silver and gold. There were also many disappointments in claims, whose croppings showed rich ores only to change with development into low-grade sulphide.

One very high-grade prospect was the York State. Here was a vein three feet wide, and at the time of my visit the entire breast of the tunnel was gleaming with ruby silver. I suggested that they sell it while it was looking good, but the owners thought \$250,000 was the most they could probably get for it, and it was worth a million. I said, "All right, but if it were mine, I would not put another shot into it for \$10,000!" They went ahead however, and took out a burro trainload of ore, which they packed to the Lake City smelter and sold for \$1.65 a pound. Three tons of ore at \$1.65 a pound meant quite a little money, and when the pack train returned to the mine it was loaded with winter supplies which included table luxuries, wines, and cigars, and a suite of furniture de luxe with which the boys were going to make themselves comfortable during the cold months.

The York State continued to yield rich ore for several more weeks, and then came the finale. The men in the drift suddenly encountered a smooth wall of barren rock extending across the face of the tunnel, and the fault showed no indication of the direction the vein had been thrown. The owners worked day and night to recover the lode. They started new tunnels, crosscut both ways, continued the drift through the fault, and sank winzes, but all to no purpose. The vein was gone. So they stoped out what ore there was above the level, packed up their tools, their suite of furniture de luxe, and abandoned the claim. The last time I walked over this ground the tunnel had fallen in, the house was in ruin, and the mine was well on its way back to nature.

I had been prospecting on Mt. Sneffels one day in the spring of '78, and was loaded down with a sack of samples from a location I had made, when I heard a blast and then a cry for help. Throwing down my ore, I raced up the hill to the place where I had heard the shot. The dump had been hidden in the trees, and when I scrambled up to it I saw a house and a tunnel into the mountain, with a sign over the portal: "Millionaire Mine." On the dump lay what appeared to be a man, and approaching closer I saw that his arm had been blown off and the stump was bleeding into a pool by his side. The man was moaning but not unconscious. I looked around for something to be used as a torque, but could find only a coil of fuse, which I wrapped tightly around what was left of his arm. Going into the cabin, I discovered a bottle of whiskey and some cold coffee in a pot, so I gave him a stiff drink and followed it with the coffee.

The distance to Ouray was more than five miles, and I wondered whether I could carry him that far. The man was of slight build, and I judged that if he did not weigh more than one hundred and forty pounds I could make it. He begged me not to leave him, of which I had no intention and without more ado I got his good arm over my shoulder, boosted him to a balance, and started down the trail. My load was soon unconscious and a dead weight, and when I had proceeded about a mile I sat down to rest. Luckily, two miners coming down from the Wheel of Fortune arrived on the scene, and realizing the trouble helped me with my burden and we forged ahead. The stump of his arm had stopped bleeding, and between us we reached Ouray with our man still alive.

He proved to be Frank Spinola, a Spanish-American, and the owner of the Millionaire Mine. Later he told me that he had been drilling in a missed hole loaded with black powder, which had been tamped down too hard. His drill had created a spark and it went off, carrying his arm with it. He recovered eventually and worked the property for several years afterward, selling out for a large sum of money.

Lake City still had its attraction, and a job was offered me in the Croke Smelter. Starting out on foot, I took the Uncompahgre route via the Lake Fork of the Gunnison, and arrived at the mining town near Lake Cristobal without mishap.

The next night I was drawing slag from the blast furnace, and resting the moulds on the dump to cool so that the matte on the bottom could be separated and taken back to the furnace. Below the dump a large pool of water had been collected. My jinx was still with me, for on one unlucky night, after I had drawn off a pot of the molten rock and disengaged it from the truck, it slipped over and ran into the pool. With a bang that sounded like an explosion, the contents of the pot went into the air, and hot slag rained down all about me. Balls of fire lodged in my woolen clothing, and in a twinkling burned through to my back. I leaped into the pool and rolled over in the water, welling with pain. The roar of the explosion brought men running, and they

dragged me out. I was rushed to the hospital, where I lingered for weeks before I was able to walk about.

Being fed up with the smelting business, I returned to Ouray. My partner had sold the Silver Point and moved to Ogden, Utah, so I joined a party of five prospectors headed for the Salt Mountains near the Utah line. After a week's march, we camped at an old Mormon fort, an outpost of Brigham Young days, a time when every Gentile was an enemy. From there we made excursions into the Wasatch range of mountains, finding plenty of native copper in the sandstone formation, but we made no locations.

Bill Long, an expert ore sorter, who could tell the assay value within a few ounces by looking at a piece of ore, was my companion one morning, and in following up a small gulch we espied a small white streak running through what appeared to be a contact between the sandstone and lime. Bill pronounced it a white carbonate and proposed that we fill a sack, which we had with us. He said it was rich, so we filled the sack, taking turns to carry it back to the camp. Next day we broke camp, loaded our wagon, and began our return, expecting to pick up the Ophir Trail.

Camping at the head of Ophir Creek. Bill Long and I took a shovel and a pick, with the intention of prospecting the streams in search of placer. Our scent for gravel led us to the flat where the town of Rico, Colorado, is now established, and taking a pan of dirt from near the surface we washed it at the creek and got nearly one hundred colors. Back we went to the spot and began digging a hole with a vim, as if we had located a ground hog when there was no meat in the house and the preacher was coming for dinner. We made the shaft big enough for both of us to work, and were down about seven feet and on our knees scanning the gravel for colors, when we heard a step above us and a shadow fell across us. Looking up we saw a Navajo Indian in full war paint and a scowl on his face that meant real deviltry. Unslinging the gun from his shoulder he pointed it to the north and uttered one word in a harsh, guttural tone that sent our hearts thumping against our ribs: "Git!"

We forgot our tools in our alacrity to leap out of the hole, and when we reached the top we saw a huddle of redskins with their ponies, awaiting orders from their chief. The Indian still had his arm outstretched pointing to the timber, and we got away with a flying start, which continued until we were out of sight. We built no fire that night, and gradually circled back to our camp, from which our party lost no time in getting back to God's Country.

Chapter XVIII

Our little company of five was still intact at Ouray when news of the Leadville mining boom began to filter into the San Juan, and the urge to follow the stampede grew more insistent as reports were brought in of fortunes made over night. At last we hitched up our wagon, threw in our dunnage and supplies, together with the sack of ore we had brought from the Wasatch Mountains, and hit the trail to join the throng of pilgrims that were headed for the carbonate camp from all points of the compass.

We laid our course up the Gunnison River to the Powderhorn; then over the Cochetopa Pass to Saguache, at the head of San Luis Valley. Driving along the base of the mountains a flock of hundreds of wild turkey paraded ahead of the wagon as we approached the watershed of the Arkansas River, but we had no guns and when we ran after them and attempted to capture them with clubs they took to the air with an angry gobble.

Arriving at Cleora, some of our party got cold feet, and we changed our course for Denver. There we took the sack of ore to the smelter, and our hilarity was unrestrained when a check for \$1047 was handed to me. There were five of us and in a wide open town like Denver was in those days, \$200 apiece did not last long. I managed, however, to salvage enough to pay my stage fare part way, so one night I boarded the blind baggage on the narrow gauge and got a free ride to Canon City, where I took a seat by the driver on one of the Barlow & Sanderson coaches for Leadville.

In the fall of '78 the Leadville boom was well under way, and I joined the crowd that created the wildest stampede that ever flocked into a mining camp. While two railroads were fighting for the right of way through the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas, fourteen Barlow & Sanderson six horse stagecoaches, loaded to the guards with passengers and followed by two fast coaches carrying the express, were every day racing pell mell into the carbonate camp.

I was sitting on the extreme edge of the driver's seat with my legs dangling over into space. While the coach swung around the curves in the road. About three miles from the village of Cleora, I espied an object hanging from a tree over the roadway. As the coach drew nearer, I saw that it was a man hanging by the neck in his red flannel under-clothes, while under the same tree were the man's blankets where he had evidently been sleeping. The driver of the coach said to me in a low tone: "push that damn stiff off." As the body was coming straight for me and nearly knocked me off my seat. I had to use good judgment in pushing the thing away from the coach, but I cleared it, and the body bumped against the side of the vehicle as we rolled along. At Cleora we learned that the man had murdered his partner the day before and the vigilantes had gone down the road that night and promptly hung him up.

It was Thanksgiving Day, '78, when I pulled into Leadville. Horace A.W. Tabor's prospectors, Rische and Hook, had found the Little Pittsburgh, and the country storekeeper was already a millionaire. That night saw the opening of the Theatre Comique, and the whole town was on a jamboree. Seats were at a big premium, but I managed to squeeze in among the jam in the aisles. Tabor had the only box in the house, and he was carrying a bag of silver dollars, which he tossed on to the stage by the handful. Everyone else seemed to have a load of the coins, which rained on the stage after each skit. At intervals a super would gather them with a fire shovel, and it was safe to say that \$2500 to \$3000 was divided among the actors that night.

As I had learned to set type on the Pueblo Chieftain and other papers, I had no difficulty in getting a case on the Leadville Reveille. This paper was engaged in guerrilla warfare with one of the town cliques, which was so serious in character that the newspaper office kept the doors barred and each compositor had a rifle standing against his case, while Dick Allen, the editor, was armed with six-shooters. Either the enemy had no relish for a fight or the daily spectacle of a lynching be proved sufficiently deterrent, for beyond the nightly threats that were handed in on paper, nothing happened. The Reveille was making money and the printers got good wages for those times. I was always broke, however, for every Saturday night I deposited my wages in a bank run by a man named "Faro." Shades of my paternal ancestors!

But the lure of gold was upon me, and getting tired of slinging type I started for the hills to prospect. Walking down the road by the Little Pittsburgh Mine one day I met Tabor, who had been inspecting the Vulture, a fraction of a claim between the Chrysolite and the Pittsburgh, which he had bought from "Chicken Bill" for \$17,000. We stopped in the road to talk, the upshot of which was that he hired me for \$6.00 a day to do some work on his purchase. I was to get two other men and sink deeper the shaft, then down about sixty feet. We commenced work next morning, having procured a windlass, bucket, and other tools. The first bucket of rock that came up looked strangely familiar to me, and I recognized the ore as having come from the Little Pittsburgh. Climbing into the bucket I was lowered to the bottom. There the ore was, plenty of it, all broken up and easy to dig, just stamped down in the clay and made to look like a new-born bonanza. It would have been, too, had it been "in place", but the evidence of its having been put there by human hands was all too plain, Chicken Bill had dumped several wagon loads into the shaft, and Tabor, who knew practically nothing about mining, had not gone down the shaft, so that Chicken Bill was able to hide the deception long enough to get his money.

My business then was to inform Tabor of our discovery, which I did without loss of time, and told him that the Vulture had been salted. He took the news complacently, and told me to clean out the salted ore and stop work. I thought that was a poor decision and told him so. I said the claim was in a good location with mines surrounding it, and that it would be good business to put the shaft down deeper with the idea of striking the same contact that undoubtedly extended from the Chrysolite to the Pittsburgh. Moreover, unless the shaft were put down to mineral the claim would be open to location by anyone who came along. A discovery of mineral was essential before even a location could be made and recorded. Tabor said, "All right, go ahead."

The second day after the discovery that the Vulture had been salted, we had the shaft cleaned out and were digging in virgin ground. We sank two feet a day, and on the twelfth day the shaft broke through into the contact and we were on top of as pretty a body of silver-bearing sand carbonate as ever greeted the eyes of a miner! The sand had the dark grey color of sulphuret, and imbedded in the ore were boulders of galena. The day was freezing cold, and we had no building over the shaft, but a big log fire on the dump kept us warm, and it was interesting to watch the silver bubble out of the ore, which was close to the blaze. Anyone could see that the ore was rich, and I determined to give Tabor a surprise by making a shipment to the smelter and handing him the returns.

Leaving the two men to continue hoisting the ore, I went down to Leadville and hired an ore wagon with four horses, which I drove back to the mine. There we loaded four tons of the mineral; I mounted to the seat, gathered the lines, whipped up the horses, and headed for town.

When I arrived it was too late to get admission to the smelter, so I parked the load of ore at the curb, unhitched the team, fed them their grain, and then went around to find a bed and get my supper.

It was near midnight when I got away from the "keno" game and went around to the place where I had left the wagon and team. It was gone! And I spent the rest of the night searching the town for my ore. At daylight I found the outfit in the yard of the city jail, where it had been impounded for being abandoned on the city streets. I was not locked up, but passed the time until the court opened under the surveillance of the night watchman. Before the Court convened, however, he pocketed my \$5.00 and told me to "Scoot!"

That afternoon I received \$3890 for the wagonload of ore, and Tabor was delighted. The news of the strike reached Chicken Bill, and that worthy immediately claimed that he had been bilked out of his mine, but he subsided when he realized that the game was up, and we thought he was lucky to get out of town without being punished for stealing the Little Pittsburgh ore. The Vulture developed into one of the big mines of Leadville, and Tabor turned it over to its neighbor, the Chrysolite, for \$2,800,000.

Leadville in 1879 was a wild yet orderly town. It was only natural that a city of forty thousand population suddenly thrown together in the excitement of the stampede for riches should require stern measures for the control of its inhabitants. Therefore, it was upon the protection of the Vigilant Committee that the city depended for the capture and punishment of the footpads and other malefactors. This committee was extraordinarily prompt and efficient in dealing out justice, and it was not unusual to see three or four culprits hanging in the jail when daylight began to appear. Gambling was wide open, great halls being crowded with the devotees of faro, and the yell of "Keno!" followed by the cry of "Oh, Hell!" from the disgusted players, resounded far into the night.

Fortunes were made in real estate in a few hours, and lots bought for a song changed hands for thousands before the ink on the deeds was dry. Everybody seemed to be well-provided with funds, and immense sums of outside money were available for investment in the mines. Prospects and just locations did not lack for buyers. All deals were consummated for cash on the dump, and a prospector with a few specimens of ore could obtain all the money he wanted, even in the Eastern cities. I have known a sale to be made in New York for \$200,000, the only tangible evidence of the existence of the mine being a lump of rich silver ore.

Chapter XIX

When I left the Vulture in the early spring, I took with me Joe Whitaker, one of the young miners, full of vigor, vim and enterprise. Together we got a camping outfit, some tools, and started up Big Evans Gulch, finally pitching our camp on a timber flat between Big Evans and Little Evans. The snow was four feet deep in the drifts, but had a hard crust on it, so that we had no trouble in getting around and did not have to use our snowshoes. After shoveling out a place for the tent we had a wall of snow around us that we could not see over, but as there was plenty of timber, a roaring fire soon dried out the ground, and we were fairly comfortable.

We then set about to locate our mine. By tracing out the stakes of the adjoining mines we settled on a vacant spot and began sinking our shaft one morning. By the following Sunday we had a hole twelve feet deep, neatly timbered with split poles, windlass, bucket and everything, and at the bottom of the hole was a bed of clay of variegated colors which looked as if we had struck the contact. As it did not appear on closer examination to contain any values, however, we began to lose our enthusiasm over the claim, and when a German prospector came to us with an offer of \$100, we looked wistfully across to the south slopes of Big Evans, with its bare ground with green grass and sunshine, took the \$100, and handed the stake to the German with our names deleted and Hans Wolfe written thereon.

Next day we rounded up some burros and moved across the gulch, where on the sunniest spot we could find, we made our camping place. No stakes being in sight, we located the Wheel of Fortune group of four claims. On them we sank a shaft eighty feet deep, and at the bottom was a bed of grey sand that assayed twelve ounces in silver.

Promoters were frequent visitors, and one of them, after looking at the dump, offered me \$7000 for my interest. I said: No, I want \$50,000 or nothing. Then it will be nothing, said the man, and he walked away. Sure enough it was nothing, for after sinking two more shafts and running a long tunnel without results, we were broke and sold out all our holdings for \$150 to the Kent Mining Company, which spent \$100,000 on the property and developed it into a ten million dollar concern.

The \$150.00 just squared our debts for supplies used on Big Evans, so Joe and I secured a contract at a mine some distance away to sink an eighty-foot shaft fifty feet deeper for \$12.00 a foot. The rock was tight and broke short, which means that an ordinary shot did not dislodge much. We were short of tools, and our big hammer had been left at the bottom of the Wheel of Fortune shaft, under fourteen feet of water.

We returned to the old claim one afternoon, and after looking disconsolately down the shaft I said: Joe, we must have that hammer. You man the windlass and I will go down after it. With that decision made I stripped off everything but my overalls, put my foot in the loop, and swung off into the middle of the shaft. Joe slipped the toggle, holding the windlass from the up-right, and lowered me into the icy bath until I struck bottom. I knew exactly where the hammer was located, and found it without difficulty standing against the timbers. The water was so cold that I had to work quickly, and with my numbed fingers grasping the handle I gave it a wrench that loosened it from the clay that had gathered around it, and then gave the signal to hoist. My lungs were almost bursting from the effort of holding my breath when I was pulled to the surface of the water, and my partner had all he could do to pull me out of the shaft with the windlass, for

I was about exhausted and a dead weight on the rope. However, we had the hammer, as with other tools we had forged, were ready for work on the contract.

The shaft drew just enough water to be mean, so I had to stop drilling every hour or so to fill the bucket, and in this way I was treated to sundry shower baths as the bucket swung against the sides of the shaft. In those days there were no such thing as jack-hammers to do the drilling or batteries to fire the shots. The drilling was by single-jacking, holding the drill with one hand and striking with the other, and the firing was done by building up little rock piles above the level of the water and putting a snuff of the candle under the fuse, which under ordinary circumstances allowed one time to get out of the shaft before the flame burned through the fuse to the powder. I did the drilling, while my partner on top hoisted the rock, sharpened the steel, and framed the timbers. He was not a big as myself, but he was strong and wiry, and never seemed to have any trouble in windlassing a heavy bucket of rock or in pulling me out of the shaft.

One day, however, I had five holes ready to shoot. Joe lowered the powder and fuse, and before loading I sent up all the water I could dip up. My partner then unhooked the bucket from the rope and sent the end of the rope down to me. As soon as the holes were loaded, I lit the candles; Joe signaled that he was ready to pull me up; I put my foot in the loop, slipped the five snuffs under their fuses; and gave the word to hoist.

Half way up the ninety-foot shaft I heard the fuse begin to spit, but as the powder had to run along the length of the fuse before it reached the cap, I felt that I had plenty of time to get out of the shaft.

Suddenly I felt myself ascending slower and slower, until when still forty feet from the top the windlass stopped and Joe called out that he could pull no more. I had to think quickly, as the first explosion would soon be due.

The shaft was cribbed up solidly with split timbers, the flat side in and round side to the rock, laid horizontally, with room between in which I was able to stick my toes. Swinging to the wall, I grasp at a crack, shook my feet clear of the rope, and climbed for my life. I had just reached the collar of the shaft and Joe was straining at my arms when the first shot went off with a terrific bang and filled the hole with flying rock. As I was still wriggling to get over the collar, a flat piece of stone caught me fair and boosted me over, unhurt. Had the piece struck me with its edge, it would almost have cut me in two. Our excitement over the first shot was so great that the rocks that filled the air from the other four shots passed unnoticed.

This experience made it necessary to put on another man, and we finished the contract as we had expected in the red.

Coming down off the hill to the Leadville road on our way to town one day for groceries, I saw a man moving towards the city, swinging his arms and singing at the top of his lungs. It proved to be our old friend, Hans Wolfe, who had bought our Lowland Chief claim on Little Evans for \$100. Joe, thinking to have a little fun with the Dutchman, said: I'll give you \$500 for the claim back, Hans! Wouldn't take \$5000, replied Wolfe. Then we learned to our dismay that we had relinquished the substance for the shadow, and that the claim we had carelessly given away for a few dollars was now a shipping mine; that Hans had sent his wife in Germany \$2000 to come to America; and six months later the property was paying a dividend of \$100,000 a month!

Chapter XX

The fact that Lady Luck continued to frown upon us did not discourage either my partner or myself, and after a few days of "good time" in Leadville we were again out in the surrounding hills. This time we followed the trail up White Horse Gulch for several miles and stopped for lunch on the dump of the Glass Pendery shaft on Carbonate Hill. The claim had been abandoned, but at once we decided that this was as promising a location as any, and in a few hours we had the old shack cleaned up. My partner then went to town, where he hired some burros, and was back before sunset with our camp outfit and tools.

The shaft was full of water, and judging from the size of the dump it was about seventy-five feet deep. An old horse whim had been left intact, and a torpedo bucket with a moveable bottom was borrowed from an adjoining claim. A mule, looking terribly old and decrepit, was rented to us for a dollar a day, and the water was lowered so quickly to within twenty feet of the bottom that we thought we could easily keep it under control. Our disappointment was great, therefore, when next morning we found the shaft full again. This meant a night shift if we were to get to the bottom, and our efforts were rewarded by the addition of two more men, whom we had inveigled into the enterprise by persuasion and promises of big reward when we got down to mineral. Working day and night it took us eleven days to get the water out, and even then the big torpedo had to be going constantly. I was encased in hip boots and rubber coat, but there was never a minute that I was not soaked to the skin. The bottom of the shaft was still in the "wash," and it was a feat to get more than six shovels fulls of gravel into the water bucket before it was hoisted away.

It looked as though we were sinking in an underground river, and it was not to be wondered at that we were fast losing our courage as day after day passed without any progress. At last it began to dawn upon us why the claim, in such a desirable location, on a hill overlooking the city and with a known contact running through it, should have been abandoned. We finally had to look the facts in the face, and one morning we fired our extra men, returned the mule to his pasture, and mournfully moved away.

With our ambition to achieve riches still unassuaged, my indefatigable partner was for giving our luck another test, and then if the jinx was still with us, to dissolve partnership and go it alone. This time we intended to look for a piece of high ground where we would be unlikely to strike water at less than one hundred feet. We were both fairly acquainted with the mines of the district, and our object was to trace out the lines of the different claims and discover any fractional odds and ends that were frequently left in locating the hodge-podge of mining claims in all western mining camps.

After several days' tramp over Fryer and Carbonate Hills, we stumbled upon an unlocated fraction of a claim that we thought contained about seven acres, surrounded by producing mines. It took some nerve for a couple of irresponsible prospectors to plank down their outfit among the towering gallows frames of the opulent shippers of that section, but we paid no attention to the neighbors and went about our work in a non-chalant way that disarmed any suspicion of our intentions for the time being. After getting our tools on the ground, we selected a site on a mound that gave us a dump without having to build up our shaft collar too high.

In the days of the Leadville excitement, the mining laws were obeyed to the letter, and there was no such gobbling of claims as is practiced in modern times. In order to effect a legal location it was necessary to make an actual discovery of mineral in place before a prospector could even put up a stake, but that once accomplished by the find-of ore, the discoverer was entitled to record his claim under the rule, "First to mineral, first survey." Under such conditions it was not unusual to see three or four prospect shafts going down on the same claim, and each party had a saddle horse tied to a nearby stump ready to race to the Granite recording office, twenty miles away.

It was therefore with great trepidation that we saw two other outfits begin to sink shafts close by, within a hundred feet of each other. One called itself the Star of the East, the other dubbed itself the Robert E. Lee, while our location had the honorable name of the Blue Jay. Visions of the power of wealth rose before us as a bogy to keep us awake at nights, when we learned that Jerome B. Chaffee, a millionaire United States Senator, owned the Robert E. Lee. The Star of the East boys also seemed to have plenty of money. However, my partner and I cajoled and coaxed the boys we had had with us on the water shaft to give us another chance, promising them a substantial interest in the mine if we won, so they joined us once more and the race was on! Four six-hour shifts were put on the Robert E. Lee, three shifts on the Star of the East, while we could afford only two shifts, but we worked the full twelve hours each and sank the shaft as fast as either of our rivals.

Each day vituperous discussions would occur between the miners of the different shafts on top, several fist fights occurred, and every night there would be thrown on the air a shout that ore had been found. Replying epithets in derision drew crowds from the neighboring mines to see the entertainment.

The ore veins in the Leadville district lie horizontally in the earth like coal, rising and falling in an undulating manner, so that in the case of three shafts going down at about the same rate of speed, it was a pure gamble as to which should be the lucky one and catch the top of the wave. By some fortuitous circumstance, however, the ore rose somewhat higher under the Robert E. Lee shaft, and daybreak on that fateful morning sounded both the discomforture of the Star of the East and the Blue Jay, when a miner from the Robert E. Lee leaped on his horse carrying the certificate of location to Granite. All three shafts were down the same depth, but only one showed ore.

That forenoon an engineer surveyed in all the ground, and put out the stakes, while Joe and I loaded our tools and windlass in an express wagon and called it a day. We stayed around, watching the buckets of beautiful horn silver as they came from the Robert E. Lee shaft. The ore was put into new canvas sacks for shipment to the smelter, and the foreman later announced that the first day's output was \$112,000!

But we had yet another bitter pill to swallow when we reached town, where we learned that another party had continued the work in the Glass Pendery shaft after we quit, and the papers told the rest of the story in glaring headlines: "Strike \$12,000 Ore on Carbonate Hill!"

Chapter XXI

Apparently I was no relation to Midas, and seemed to be an expert in bringing luck to everyone in Leadville except myself. Thereupon I decided to let the town shift for itself and return to the San Juan, provided I could get work for a few days to finance the trip. I had found another partner, Byrd Wilson, nephew of Adair Wilson, a San Juan lawyer, who was also keen to get back to Silverton, so we took a contract with a mining promoter to do assessment work on a claim near Red Cliff. My new partner was as green a hombre as I had ever met, but as beggars could not be choosers, I made the best of it.

We purchased ten pounds of dynamite, a couple of drills, and other essential tools, which when added to our blankets made quit a load to be carried on our backs. Leaving Leadville with our packs on our shoulders, we traveled on skies across the valleys, reaching that deadfall known as Chalk Ranch that night, and found beds in a tent doing double at \$1.00 per, meals ditto. We left there early, still on skis, and found the camp where we were to work early in the afternoon. The snow was about three feet deep, and it kept us busy until dark shoveling out a place to camp and preparing for work the next morning. We soon had a rousing fire to dry out the ground, after which the tent was put up and we rolled up in our blankets.

The next morning I woke up to find that Byrd had the fire going, but when I looked closer I had to gasp. He had taken out the forty sticks of giant and ranged them in a row close to the fire! I yelled to him to run, and he leaped over the bank of snow and I saw him no more for an hour. Now ordinarily dynamite will burn like a port fire, and I have seen boxes of high content nitro burn itself out without any explosion. Then again a stick of the stuff will explode seemingly without any reason whatever. There is always a chance of there being a defective stick in the box, and therein lies the danger. In this case I had to consider the long trip to replace the powder, and the chance of saving part of it by throwing it out on the snow. I chose the latter and won. Several of the sticks had already ignited, but I picked up the whole ones and tossed them far out on the snow and not one of them exploded. I saved enough to do the work on the claim.

We completed the assessment work on the property, signed the affidavit, collected the \$100, and struck out for Alpine Pass. With only our blankets to carry, and stopping at farms and mine boarding houses for meals, we moved rapidly on our skis. The Alpine tunnel was entered and left behind us, so we were well on the way to Ruby Camp.

We were slipping along on the snow through the heavy timber, when about a hundred yards ahead of us we were astonished to see a man coming up out of the snow. He came toward us, and I called to him: "How far is it to Irwin?" You can imagine my surprise when he replied: "You're right on the main street. That hole I came out of is the post office." We looked around then and saw other holes, and later found they were connected underneath by snow tunnels. We descended to the post office, and the postmaster, as a great favor, showed us how to find a boarding house where we could put up for the night.

Next day was long to be remembered in Irwin. A newspaper was to make its bow to the enterprising town. An auction of the first one hundred copies off the presses was arranged, and Dick Irwin, the father of the budding city, bid in the first copy for \$145.00. The bids for the succeeding copies ranged from \$1.00 up to \$100.00, and the editor realized enough from his hundred copies to more than pay for his printing outfit.

While the auction was going on, my partner and I secured a contract to furnish logs for a cabin at \$19.00 a log, and we made more money in the next month than we made all the time I had been in Leadville. Unfortunately, there were three gambling institutions in addition to the side issues in the saloons, so that our pile was kept down to our modest requirements of \$4.00 a day through the machinations of our old friend "Fare."

Spring came and the snow disappeared rapidly, exposing a mining camp with two grocery stores, a hardware-clothing-and-drug store, seven saloons, and plans for a church. Here my partner decided to stay.

One fine morning I took a trail for Gunnison. On the way I met a man with one arm. His face looked quite familiar to me, and when he called me by name I knew he was Frank Spinola, the man I had brought down from the Millionaire Mine. He was on his way to Ruby Camp, and I told him I was on my way back to Silverton. In saying goodbye he put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a handful of silver, saying, "You will need this on the way!"

I stopped at Gunnison for dinner, then pushed onto to Ouray, where I put up for the night. In the morning, with my roll of blankets, I took the Uncompahgre trail, which was being changed into a wagon road, and turned up Poughkeepsie Gulch. At the top of the hill I paused at the Alaska Mine, another of H.A.W. Tabor's investments. They were sinking a shaft and were evidently taking out high-grade ore, for a large block of bismuth silver was leaning against the steps of the shaft house. The foreman said it would run 2000 ounces in silver to the ton. I pushed on past the Canandaigua, the Columbia, Queen Anne, and Tribune mines, and took the road for Gladstone. The whole district seemed alive with prospectors and miners, in sharp contrast to the other side of the range. At Gladstone I was still eight miles from Silverton, but I reached the "gem of the Rockies" at dusk and prepared to settle down.

In the spring of 1880, San Juan County, although the smallest county of the state, far outstripped in activity any other mining camp in the San Juan Triangle. No less than six thousand miners were employed in the hundred or so mines, some of which produced small tonnages of rich surface rock, but most of them were in the various stages of development. The big producers of the present day, with their modern plants, their ball mills and flotation cells, had not even been dreamed of. The railroad had not yet crossed the Conejos Range, and the town site of Durango had only just been located. However, with trains of ox-wagons trundling daily into Silverton from the end of the track in the San Luis Valley, there was no lack of supplies. The Greene smelter at the mouth of Cement Creek was turning out a steady stream of bullion, and an ore-buying sampling works that paid cash for the richer ores furnished return freight for the teamsters, which put plenty of money into circulation.

The hills were swarming with prospectors, all of whom had locations to be recorded, making the county officials rich with their fees. Pack trains of mules and burros provided the transportation between the town and the mines, and strings of a hundred animals loaded with lumber, rail, coal, and other supplies, lined the trails in constant procession. The small sturdy burros, with their shaggy coats, long ears, and stubborn dispositions, deserve a great deal of credit for their help in developing these pioneer communities, as on their strong backs were brought the necessities of life to the mining camps isolated high on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. They are still used in packing supplies to mines where they alone are able to cling to the narrow trails, and returning with bags of heavy ore, which bring riches to their owners.

It was not to be wondered at, with all this excitement around me, that I was again fired with the prospecting fever, and it was only a question of hours before I found a partner to furnish me with a grubstake. Bill Aley, a wagon maker in Mickey Maguire's blacksmith shop, was my backer, and Bill Long, my old time companion in the Wasatch, went along to prospect on his own account.

The headwaters of Cement Creek offered the most promising field, so with a few burros to pack the outfit, we put up at the abandoned boarding house of the Columbia Mine. The first night we slept there we were visited by a swarm of mice. We had laid our blankets on the floor, and we must have been directly in the path of an army that was about to assault the citadel of our pile of grub, which we had stacked up in one corner of the building. They got under and tramped over the covers of our bed, while another squadron directed a vicious attack on my feet and Bill's baldpate. Bill was a sound sleeper, and it was only when the vermin began to take bites at his face that he woke up and realized that it was no dream. I got up and made my bed on two long stools joined together, but the mice did not mind the climb, and I brushed them off as they scurried over my body. Lighting a candle had no terrors for the little devils, and there seemed to be no limit to the reinforcements coming up from below, every square foot of the floor having its quota. Arming ourselves with rubber bootlegs, we passed the rest of the night in wholesale slaughter. Not being willing to experience another night in such lively company, we put up a tent in the open and thereafter slept in peace.

Bill took up his trail for riches by climbing Brown Mountain, while I decided to cast my lot on Hurricane Peak. I had good luck from the start, for in a steep draw between the Columbia and Pony Mines, I uncovered a boulder of mineral that shone with antimonial silver. The rock had the appearance of having broken off a ledge above, and weighed five or six tons. As a matter of fact, I later sold four tons of it that yielded a profit of \$1,670. Returning to camp for my drills, I put in a shot that split the boulder, and taking two of the largest pieces I could carry, I took them to Silverton and later sent them to the Denver exposition. Returning to find the vein, which was easy, for not a dozen yards above the boulder I found the lode, I made preparations at once for its development. On the footwall ran a streak of galena, and between that and the side of my drift, the rich ore appeared in pockets, at intervals of seven to ten feet.

Antimonial silver is a beautiful combination of the white metal, sulphur, and antimony. The mineral stands out in the quartz-like rays of the sun with points of brilliance not exhibited by any other silver ore. Miners who came to view my strike stood at the mouth of the tunnel and said it looked like a jeweler's window. One especially attractive specimen I conveyed down to my partner's workshop. It weighed ninety pounds, and it occupied the key position on his bench as he expounded his enthusiasm to the visitor. Mickey Maguire used to say that Aley said his prayers to it, and there is no question that my partner idolized the chunk of silver in terms of reverence.

But Bill, while he worshipped the specimen as a thing of beauty, thought more of it as a symbol of the almighty dollar than an ornament, and it was not long before he began to get action, for among the crowd that daily came into the shop was a man by the name of Leach, a lumberman of Kansas City. The large boulder of shining metal attracted the attention of the old gentleman, for its refulgence cast a ray of brightness over the dingy shop, and his interrogations led Aley into an enthusiastic description of the mine. Leach was much interested, and asked the

wagon maker how much he asked for the property. “A hundred thousand dollars, and there’s millions in it,” replied Bill, without a flicker of an eyelid.

Leached walked out of the shop, made a couple of turns around the block, and came back. “I will take that mine if we can agree on the terms. I will pay fourteen thousand dollars in cash, and the balance in good bankable paper.” This offer my partner promptly accepted, and sent a man for me with a spare saddle horse.

With visions of wealth engaging my attention, that ten-mile ride to Silverton seemed but a few moments, for we came on a dead run along Cement Creek and wound up with a wild rush down Greene Street until we reached the shop, into which I burst with a “Hurray!”

Bill was in tears. “The buyer,” he said, “after the price and terms were agreed upon and it was arranged that you should be manager and I secretary of the company, went to the bank to make a draft for the first payment and told the cashier what he wanted it for. Werkheiser said he should be very careful, as all this high grade ore was pockety.” This undoubtedly frightened Leach, and after telling my partner he could not take the mine, boarded the train for Durango. While we were discussing the matter, a telegram was handed to Aley, which said:

“Wm. B. Aley

Silverton, Colorado

I have a good mind to take that property yet.

George F. Leach.”

But he never did.

I was not discouraged at the collapse of this deal, knowing that we had a good thing and we would eventually win out in spite of all the knockers in Silverton, so I returned to Hurricane Peak and pushed my drift with more vigor than before.

On the point of Hurricane Peak was a claim called the “Pony.” It adjoined Alexandria, which was the name of my property, and was owned by an itinerant miner called “Limber Bill.” This worthy came on my dump one day and offered me \$800 for a sixth interest. I refused, saying that I did not want to split up the mine anymore, but would entertain an offer for the whole. This did not seem to satisfy Bill, as I found him the next following morning digging under my dump. Each time I brought out a load of waste I would empty it into the hole he was digging, which brought out threats, and finally he appeared on the scene with a pistol one morning, and accompanied by another man.

Without giving any attention to this new development, I calmly dumped my next load as usual, and this seemed to inflame the enemy, for he promised explicitly to “bore a hole through my hide if I did it again.” When I wheeled out my next load I set it down without dumping. Limber Bill dared me to spill the rock, and pointed the gun in my direction. At this demonstration I reached down and picked up a piece of the quartz. Turning it around in my hand, without any idea that I could make a bulls eye, I let it fly. It struck his pistol on the back of his fingers. The gun went off, and with a howl of pain he put his hand to his mouth, cursing me to the finish, as he and his helper disappeared in the direction of his cabin. Bill Aley, who had now recovered from his disappointment, was as optimistic as ever. He got me a Savage rifle, and on my return to the camp I amused myself by popping off the groundhogs that made a playground of the Pony dump. I never saw Limber Bill again.

After mining the ore I carefully sorted it and put it into sacks, which I stacked up against the galena streak on the footwall. There were probably fourteen tons of it ready for shipment, but I did not send it to the smelter, as I figured that it looked much better at the mine than on an ore-buyer's blank. Inquiries had begun to come in respecting the discovery, and one from people connected with the Denver Fire Clay Company looked particularly attractive. The result of this correspondence was the dispatch of Ernest Waters, a noted engineer, to make an examination.

A heavy snowstorm had covered the country in the meantime, and we had to use snowshoes on our trip to the mine. Arriving there, we found that someone had been there before us and made a tunnel through the snow to the drift. Every sack of ore was gone, and a shot had dislodged all the mineral that had been showing in the face. I made my peace with the engineer the best I could, and the deal was cancelled.

Adjoining the upper sideline of the Alexandria, near the summit of the mountain, were two abandoned prospects owned by the Weinschenk Brothers of Chicago. It is presumed that these men, having heard of the rich find in their vicinity, suddenly conceived the idea of patenting their claims, and by swinging their survey from the original course, ran their lines in such a manner as to cover my tunnel with their claim. At a cost to us of \$1000, we brought an adverse claim against their application for a patent, but the Weinschenks were given judgment against Aley and myself, not only for the ground, but \$1800 besides. I afterwards settled the damage claim by giving the Chicago men a deed for the ground. Two years afterwards negotiations were instituted whereby I was offered any sum necessary to develop the mine, and although the offer was several times renewed under the plea that I was the only one who knew how to uncover the ore. I declined the offer with thanks. This rich vein has never had a pick stuck in it since I left it, the tunnel has been covered with slide, and a mine of great potential value is well on its way back to its original condition.

Chapter XXII

The winter of '80 – '81 was a dangerous one for miners, and in no less than three instances I was within a hair's breadth of crossing the Great Divide. I was mining at the Belcher on Sultan Mountain, and between the mine and the boarding house was a draw that was a constant menace from snow slides during the winter season. One morning we were crossing this draw on our way to work when a slide started. All but one of our crew of seven were buried in the snow. Two were killed; three were able to scramble out. I was covered entirely except one hand, which was out of the snow about six inches. The rest of my body was packed in what seemed to be a mould of concrete. My hand however, was seen in time, and I was quickly rescued. The La Plata Miner had a headline that week, "Saved by a Handout!" The two men killed were not found until the following spring.

My second escape was with Rasmus Hansen, while carrying the mail on skis from Mineral Point across Lake Como to the Alaska Mine. Lake Como is an ancient crater, the sides or rim of which rise abruptly to a height of a thousand feet or more, and the lake itself is of unknown depth. It seems to have had some influence on the deposition of mineral in that locality, for great veins cross and criss-cross the lake. The "Bonanza" lode alone measures 304 feet in width, and the "Seven-thirty," "Red Rogers," "Saxon," and numerous others indicated mineral deposits of gigantic proportions. Many years ago dragnets were used to salvage the rich ore that had crumbled from the immense outcrop, but no real effort has been made to drain the lake with a tunnel. In the winter, many slides run from the heights above the lake, and if one is caught in the path of one of these avalanches, there is no escape except by running before it, and unless the lake is frozen over, there is no possible way to avoid death by drowning. Once a slide has started and one is on it, there is no escape. Everything is moving, and there is no stepping aside to reach terra firma. A leap to one side or in any direction is fatal, for in the churning mass any movement at all will involve one, and he will become part of the slide. I have found there is only one way to save oneself in a snow slide, and that is to drop at once and spread-eagle on the surface. In nine times out of ten one will float along to safety, if they are lucky enough not to be dropped over a precipice.

On this particular day, Rasmus Hansen and I had begun to coast down the hillside to the lake when we heard the snow break above us. There was an ominous crack, succeeded by a sudden sinking of the snow under our feet. Instantly we swung our ski poles between our legs as a brake to control our speed down the slope and give us better balance, as we were racing like lightning over what seemed to be a mass of jelly, the like of which resembled the feeling one has in an earthquake. The entire mountainside was on the move, and we were flying over it with a rush that sucked the very air from our lungs so that we could hardly breathe. Without our poles it would have been impossible to maintain equilibrium, and even with them the slightest obstruction in our path meant death. Down that terrible half-mile slope we rushed, beating the slide by a hair as we reached the ice of the lake, our momentum skimming us over the then surface of ice as feathers wafted in the wind. We had reached the opposite side as the snow behind us swept down like a tidal wave, crashing through the ice and losing itself in the blue waters below.

My third experience with slides that winter was at Red Mountain, while taking a pack train of forty-five mules along the hill under the Genesee Mine. It was the most innocent-looking

place in the world, being only a gentle slope from the mine to the trail, and no one suspected that a slide would run there. Yet the whole mountainside slid with a swiftness that enveloped the entire pack train, which was loaded with supplies. I went down with the mules, but the body of one of the animals protected me from suffocation. We lost thirty-five mules in that slide.

That winter Bill Long and I made another excursion to the Salt Mountains to try to locate the white ribbon of ore that had paid us so well at Denver, but although we spent two months in the search we were unable to find either the gulch or the vein.

During one of my prospecting trips around Silverton I had found a fine outcropping of ore near the summit of Storm Peak, at an altitude of 13,000 feet. The ore was a grey copper, and a specimen from the vein croppings assayed 1002 ounces in silver. The height of the find and the lateness of the season made the cost of working the assessment prohibitive at that time, so I covered it up, intending to make the location early in the spring.

It was late in April 1881, when I returned from my quest in search of the lost mine in the Salt Mountains. The spring in the San Juan was opening up with fine promise. The snow was already disappearing from the flats, and in the higher reaches the hot sun in the middle of the day, followed by the frosty nights, had put on a crust that would hold up a man no matter how deep the snow. On the steep sides of the saddles, the snow had melted into ruffles so that the slopes resembled a natural staircase, until softened by the two o'clock sun.

To take advantage of this condition, on the evening of April 20 I went up to timberline, where I built a fire, and with my back against a tree I waited for the break of day. During the night a few coyotes came and snarled at the fire. Then a huge porcupine, which I first thought was a bear, lumbered by and mounted into the next tree, but soon all was still as I sat there and watched the brilliant display of spring stars. A person who has never been on a mountain peak at night, lying on his back and looking up at the heavens through the clear atmosphere, has no idea of the brilliance of a spring sky in the Rockies. The stars seem so close that you can almost reach up and touch them. The whole transparent sapphire dome is ablaze like a billion diamonds, sending off flashes of blue, green, red, and gold. Each tiny star is separate and distinct as it sparkles and glitters along the Milky Way, so well named by the Chinese as the "River of Light." There is a feeling of exaltation of which comes in knowing that you are a part of it all, and yet a realization of what an infinitesimal speck you are in such a universe, where neither time nor space is important. The wind blows over you, clean and fresh from the everlasting snow, bringing the scent of the pines and mountain flowers, and peace from the petty affairs of men.

When the first streak of day appeared and the sun began to gild the tips of the peaks above me, I gathered up my pack and started for my goal. My course lay up the Uncle Sam Basin, which derives its name from the big Uncle Sam vein that fringes the foot of Storm Peak. Then mounting the staircase of the steep slope to the saddle, I rested. Down the other side of the saddle was a corresponding bank of snow to the floor of the adjoining basin, on the far slope of which lay my discovery.

Using a shovel as a sled, I let go, fairly flying over the icy surface, spinning around and around and only touching the bumps, but by spreading out and keeping a firm grip on the handle of the shovel, I maintained my equilibrium while the mountain carried across the floor of the basin and up the opposite slope. Leaving the shovel stuck in the snow and using the location stake as a staff, I reached my discovery of the previous fall. The winds of winter had kept the outcrop

bare, so I had no difficulty in breaking off pieces of the vein for a monument around my stake to prove my discovery. I named the claim the "Ariadne," the name of a ship I once knew which bore the name of the wife of Bacchus.

With my errand accomplished, I slid down the slope on my feet. As I retrieved my shovel, I saw two men emerge from the timber, evidently bound for the same place I had been. I continued on my way, however, in the same direction I had come, and arrived in town in time for breakfast.

Chapter XXIII

My room in Silverton was in the second story of a ramshackle building in which the town's only newspaper was published. The editor owned not only the paper but also the building in which it was housed, which in those hectic days was an outstanding accomplishment for a country newspaperman. To divide my room expense, I had a pal by the name of Will Graf, who was rapidly acquiring a fortune by carrying supplies to the mines with his burro trains. Will was a strong, virile, and capable young fellow from Canton, Ohio, generous to a fault and true blue in friendships. Therefore, it was not surprising that, after an intimation from the editor that he wanted to sell the Miner, I should ask Will to finance me to the tune of \$50.00, which was to constitute the first month's rent, with which he readily complied. The balance of the purchase money was in the form of notes, amounting to \$1800.00. I then became the editor and proprietor of the La Plata Miner, a nine-column weekly newspaper.

By working day and night, as editor, compositor, pressman, and devil, I made the paper go, much to my astonishment and that of my friends, and with the profits I sent miners to do the assessment work on the Ariadne. In doing this they took up a carload of ore that yielded silver, gold, and lead. This I sold to the Sweet Sampling Works at a loss, for the working charge, added to the transportation and mining, brought me out of debt. When my first note came due, however, I had the \$500.00 ready for it, and also an account at the bank.

The town was wide open, with the lawless element running amuck and the miners from the hills on a continual spree. The problem of maintaining law and order was becoming serious. Sentiment was about equally divided, and I took the reform side by delivering a weekly broadside of vitriolic remarks that called for belligerent preparations before going to press. The sheriff, whose political hide I had punctured on divers occasions, was particularly vindictive, and one morning, when it was presumed his digestive organs were on strike, he suggested a duel. I had a dark room adjoining the office, and proposed that we lock the door from the inside and fight it out with knives. The sheriff said that as soon as he had served an important warrant he would call me down, but Will Graf stepped in as intermediary, and the trouble died of inanition.

On another occasion, a stranger entered the editorial sanctum when I was engaged in writing a column of locals, and reaching over the desk he grasped a monkey wrench that had been left there by a foreman, and in a threatening tone of voice asked: "Are you the editor?"

I gave one glance at the monkey wrench and gulped: "no, he has just gone over to the bank!" The answer probably saved me from a nasty indentation on my cranium, and after that the orders were strict to leave no more tools on the editorial desk.

An exasperated subscriber, after depicting some mythical visit to the Miner Office, wrote: "You bowed me out of your office with the air of a Chesterfield, but nevertheless I shall take it upon myself to shoot you on sight!"

Even Bill Long had grievances, either because he was disgruntled because I had abandoned his wigwam or because it was now open season on editors. When I stepped out of the office one morning he was waiting for me, and kept step with me on the sidewalk for a block, then leaping suddenly to the roadway he pulled a Colt 45 and roared: "Now I've got you, you --- -- ---!" But I gave him no time to carry out his intentions or pull the trigger, for I sprang on top of

him and bore him to the ground, took away the gun, gave him a stiff clip over the ear with the butt, and his martial air was gone.

In the following years, Silverton was a hotbed of lawlessness. Twenty-one saloons, four of which were dance-halls with full equipment of the gambling, fraternity, made night hideous and daylight a time for repentance. Cowboys from the lower country made their forays, and troops of mounted rowdies raced along Greene Street, shooting their guns into the air, to the consternation of the law-abiding element of the town. So bad did the situation become that a Vigilante Committee was organized, and for a time quiet reigned. Then one night a bunch of cowboys galloped into camp, put up their horses, and began to paint the town. They were known as the Eskridge Gang.

At the "Sage Hen" dance-hall two of the daughters of prosperity, known as "Long Annie" and "Timberline," ran foul of "Roughhouse Nell," who wanted the cowmen ejected. The town marshal took a hand and cleared the place. Later in the night, when dancing had been resumed under the marshal's surveillance, the stockmen gathered around the "Sage Hen's" corner and began shooting at the building. One bullet went between the logs and killed the marshal. The cowboys mounted their horses and fled down the Animas Valley.

San Juan County offered a reward of \$5000 for the capture of the murderer, dead or alive, and a mounted posse scoured the mountains around Durango for a week. Bert Wilkinson, a wild but weak-minded youth, whose only ambition was to have a good time, was picked as the killer, although it was never proven, and his capture was effected through Ike Stockton of another gang of cowboys, who betrayed the boy's hiding place to the posse.

Bert was brought to Silverton sitting on the front seat of a spring wagon with the driver, one foot on the dashboard, and smoking a cigarette. The wagon was surrounded by the posse as he was hurried to the jail. The next night the Vigilantes secured the keys of the prison and questioned Wilkinson as to his guilt. "I don't know who fired the shot that hit the marshal," said he. "I fired with the others."

A rope was thrown over a bar of the cage, a loop put over his head, and he was told to get up on a chair. The rope was made fast, and with an "Adios, gentlemen," the chair was kicked away and he swung into eternity. Stockton drew his \$5000 blood money, went back to Durango, and was shot dead a short time afterwards.

The need for moral uplift and spiritual guidance in this pioneering community was a source of great worry to the conscientious ministers, who labored long and hard to bring about a more righteous state of affairs. Our sister town of Durango had a young and enthusiastic Episcopal minister who embraced every opportunity to warn the people that they were headed straight for Perdition if they did not mend their ways, not only in his Sunday sermons, but at every gathering where he could corner a few people to listen to him. At the funeral of a young girl he discouraged at great length concerning the ungodly condition of her parents, which of course made the mourning parents very wrathful. A short time after that, one of our Silverton gamblers went down to Durango to get himself buried, on account of being caught with too many aces up his sleeve. Most of the citizens of Silverton turned out to attend the services, and with the many Durango friends of the deceased, the crowd was so large that the Episcopal Church, which had a bell to toll, was selected for the funeral. The minister was given due warning that he had better not repeat the type of sermon he had given before or there would be trouble. However, he could

not pass up the beautiful opportunity to reach the ears of some of the Lost Souls with whom the church was packed, and so he launched into a tirade against Sin and all its terrible consequences, and waxed eloquent in showing its relationship to the case at hand. The atmosphere of the church became intense, and outside of the fervid words of the minister booming from the pulpit, you could hear a pin drop, as the congregation waited breathlessly for the fireworks to begin. Just then a girl who was seated near the family and keeping an eye out for trouble, as she watched the brother of the deceased get red and redder in the face, saw him fumble for his pocket. Instantly she signaled to her sister, a soprano in the choir, who sprang to her feet and began to sing at the top of her voice, drowning out the words of the minister. The organ and the rest of the choir chimed in, and the funeral was carried off very successfully.

The minister would arrange musical programs for his church in order to attract a congregation and bring in visitors from the surrounding towns. He would send me a copy of the programs for his services, and I would publish it in the Miner under the heading "Tailings from the Gospel Mill." This made him very angry, and one Sunday he preached a sermon about me that was red hot. After my friends had returned from the services, there was a rush for my Miner office, and the circulation of the paper took a big jump that day.

Those were happy days for me. My newspaper was so prosperous that, in addition to paying off all indebtedness, I had purchased the plant of a competitor, as well as the new corner building, which it occupied, and was issuing a morning daily.

While these events were taking place I had another level run on the Ariadne. Five feet of mineral had been cut and we were again sacking ore for shipment. The first car from the new strike yielded silver, gold, copper, and lead. On this I had a profit of \$48.00 a ton over costs, and the mine was now making money.

One day Gus Stoiber, the owner of the sampling works that had been buying my ore, with a stranger from Chicago, accompanied me to the Ariadne. The miners were bringing out the ore in a wheelbarrow, and it made a fine showing. The Chicago man went into the crosscut where they were breaking down the mineral and carefully examined the vein. Returning to the dump he conferred with Mr. Stoiber, the ore buyer. Another visit to the face of the tunnel. Returning to the outside again, he said to me in a low voice: "Would you take seventy-five thousand dollars for your mine?" I thanked him for the offer, but refused, remarking that I considered the mine a bank from which I could draw money at my pleasure.