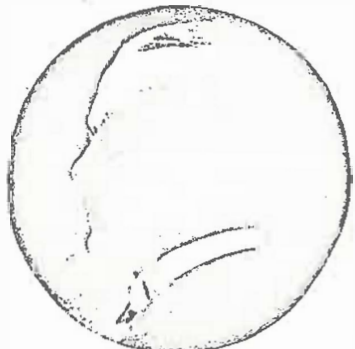


A ROMANCE OF THE PLAINS

By WM. J. VARIEL.



Wm. J. Variel

From notes given by his pioneer mother, the late Mrs. Mary Alexander Variel. Copyright applied for.

"Oh, California, California
Is the land for me,
I'm going to California
With my washbowl on my knee.

When I get to California
I will look all around,
I'll see the great big gold lumps
And pick them off the ground.

Oh, California, California
Is the land for me,
I'm going to California
With my washbowl on my knee."

THE above lines are all that I recall of a song that I heard sung for the first time in New Harmony, Indiana, in 1848. It appears to have been a product of the excitement attending the discovery of gold in California. Some enthusiastic miner with the poetic fervor had in this manner given expression of the faith that was within him, and at the same time had put in concise form a suggestion of the greatest possibilities in the golden State of California for the one seeking fortune. I heard the song a great deal at the time mentioned, and I recall that it made a great impression on me.

It was first sung to my sister and myself, as I stated, in 1848, by a young man by the name of John Wesley Cox, who was enthusiastic to go to California, but who, so far as I know, never realized his golden dream. I was about to be married at this time, and I remember that my intended

husband and myself had many very earnest talks about going out to California after our marriage. I was married on October 21, 1848, to Joshua Hutchings Variel. My husband and I were greatly interested in the inducements that a trip to California offered, and while we frequently discussed the possibilities of such a venture, we were thoroughly alive to and considered fully the toil, danger and uncertainty that would attend it, but countless stories of the boundless gold fields, where we could go out with a basket and pick up a supply of gold nuggets at any time overcame any fears we had entertained, and we concluded to join the first expedition that was organized in our neighborhood.

I might say here that my husband was born in East Minot, Cumberland county, Providence of Maine, in 1816, and he was the eldest of a family of thirteen children. He left home in 1836 and with two or three companions "pioneered" across what was then the wilds of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, traveling in an old barouche drawn by two horses. He was under contract with a man by the name of Grosvenor to buy furs and skins from the Indians. He led this life of a trader for several years and then settled at the little town of New Harmony, Indiana, near where I was born.

The few years he spent as a trader naturally developed a spirit of adventure in him, and the discovery of gold on the far Pacific Coast fired his ambition. As stated, we determined to make the venture, but our plans did not fully develop until three years later. Some of our neighbors, who had been out to California, had brought some gold nuggets which were shown us, and they told the most alluring stories of the great gold diggings, and of the enormous fortunes that had been made, and were being made. Other neighbors had gone to California and had sent back for their wives and children. All of these things greatly excited us and fired our enthusiasm, and we looked about among our neighbors for recruits. By the fall of 1851 a plan had been fully matured for a journey across the plains with ox teams, and orders were at once placed by the heads of families who were interested in the trip for the construction of big, strong ox wagons. While these wagons were being built, the "men folks" were busily engaged in purchasing oxen, "breaking them in," and training them to the yoke, and collecting the necessary tools, implements, and supplies for the journey, while the "women

folks" busied themselves in laying in supplies of medicine, and the many little delicacies and necessities that only a woman would think of, and of which a man would never dream. Each family furnished its own oxen, wagon and supplies, and if any outsider desired to join the expedition he could do so by paying one hundred dollars cash for the privilege, the money to go into a common fund, and he in consideration thereof to have food and shelter and the protection of the rest of the parties, and he in addition to the money paid, was to do his share of the work on the journey in making and breaking camp, driving team, and standing guard at night while we were in the Indian country.

By the latter part of March, 1852, all arrangements had been completed, and the start was actually made about the 11th of April, from New Harmony, Indiana. A portion of our party had gone overland across Illinois to Saint Joe, Missouri, two weeks before, and they were to await our arrival at that point.

It was a bright, beautiful Sunday morning about the 11th of April that that portion of the expedition to go by steamer to Saint Joe started from New Harmony to go to Evansville on the Ohio river. We had three large wagons, each drawn by four "yoke" or eight oxen, and about thirty people made up the party. We arrived at Evansville after two days' travel, and then bought some supplies and without much delay we got all of our effects and ourselves on board steamer—wagons, oxen, supplies, men, women and children—and when the last good-byes were said, and they were sad and tearful ones, our steamer, the "Brooklyn," swung out into the current and then down the broad Ohio, and we were actually on our journey. As I recall it, everybody in our party seemed light-hearted. We expected to be gone only two years, that being the time within which everybody was supposed to pick up gold enough for any use, and then we were to return home. Two years! Home! Fortune! I wonder how many of that band of thirty actually did make his or her fortune in the Golden State? Not one, I believe, and none of the party returned within the time set, and most of them never did return. Vain hopes of youth!

I was quite enthusiastic and quite willing to make the trip, and although I endured many hardships and passed through many dangers, and did not pick up many of the big gold nuggets that the old song suggested might be lying around (although I

Joe," Missouri, where we were to join the rest of our party, who had preceded us overland, and then to go into camp until final arrangements were made for the real start across the desert. Our vessel was a very old side-wheel river steamer, and was commanded by Captain Duff, a gallant young officer who had with him his young wife and their one-year-old child. The captain was kind and considerate, and extended to his passengers every courtesy possible. I wore the badge of a Daughter of Rebecca (Independent Order of Odd Fellows), having become a member of a chapter of that society in New Harmony. The badge consisted of a green, pink and white ribbon worn about the neck, ending in a bow. The captain was a member of the Odd Fellows, and my badge at once attracted his attention, and it no doubt was the means of my children and myself receiving many a little favor that we otherwise would have missed. This I appreciated very much, and if it hadn't been for his kindness I do not know how I should have gotten along. It was rather a serious undertaking on my part to have the care of a little three-year-old son and a six months-old daughter, besides rendering to others assistance when called on to do so.

The trip down the Ohio was a very pleasant outing. We had music and singing, and in the evening two fiddlers furnished music for regular old-time dances, in which most of the passengers indulged. Everyone seemed light-hearted and none appeared to be worrying over, or to realize the dangers, or hardships, or labor in store for us. If we had realized then what was ahead of us, I believe Captain Duff would have been compelled to turn back and return us all to Evansville. I suppose, though, that it was the prize of golden nuggets that were awaiting our baskets that lured us on, for we did not turn back, and never thought of doing so.

Nothing worthy of note happened during our journey down the Ohio, as the river was clear and smooth, and when we turned from the Ohio and steamed up the broad Mississippi we still had pleasant traveling. The great river was comparatively smooth and, as I remember it, the water was fairly clear. We arrived at St. Louis, Mississippi, on a Saturday night after our run from Evansville, but we did not go ashore until the next day. As the boat came to her moorings at the river bank, a dance was in progress, and some men on the shore started to come aboard, but they were prevented from doing so by some of our men calling out: "There is smallpox on this boat." This had the desired effect, for no one attempted to come on board that night, and the dance went on. The next day was Sunday, and we could not buy anything at the stores, they all being closed, and so we had to wait until the next day. The Monday following, our men purchased the supplies that were to furnish us with food during our journey, as no food at all was brought from home except some delicacies in the way of preserves and pickles that I had brought. The buying and loading of supplies was completed by Monday evening, and during the night we once more set out up the Mississippi, turning into the muddy Missouri river when we reached its mouth. Our journey on the steamboat thus far had been without any incident worth relating, but when we reached the Missouri, our troubles commenced. The river was rough and turbulent, and con-

tained many sunken logs, and one day while we were carefully steaming our way up stream, it was our misfortune to run into one of these. I was terrified by feeling the boat give a sudden lurch, and then to hear the pilot's voice ring out: "Everybody on deck! The boat is on a snag!" Everybody rushed out on deck and the little steamer seemed to be fairly standing on her stern. Her bow was up in the air and it was with great difficulty that I was able to stand up on the deck. The pilot stood in the pilot house, his face pale as death. In a few minutes the boat righted herself, and the pilot's cheery cry of "All's clear," quieted our fears and restored our equanimity. It appeared that fortune was with us, for we were told by the Captain that if the accident had occurred in the night time, we would all probably have been lost, but the blessed daylight, enabling the officers to properly handle their boat, saved us. My husband fell on the deck during the confusion and sprained his ankle quite severely, which injury bothered him throughout the journey; in fact, he never did get over it, as he ever after had a weak ankle. A day later we had another accident that might have proven very serious. We were steaming along very close to the shore early in the morning while we were seated at breakfast. I happened to look out of the door towards the stern and saw a big blaze going up from a wagon in that part of the boat. The sight of it filled me with terror. I said nothing, but acted very quickly. I quietly picked up my two little children and walked out of the cabin. By the time I reached the side of the steamer she had stopped and the bell was loudly clanging the fire alarm. Some of the deck hands had hastily thrown out the gang plank to the river bank, and this I lost no time in mounting with my two little children in my arms. As I walked away from the river I could hear the loud voices of men calling out, and the screams of women and children. In a few minutes the fire was put out and quiet restored, and I returned to the boat. It appeared that in some way a feather bed had got on fire and for a few moments it looked very serious for us, but the only effect of it was a terrible fright, and that was so great that the boat remained at her moorings for a couple of hours before proceeding up the river. I was very much frightened, of course, but I kept my nerve, and made up my mind to get to a place of safety as quickly as possible, at least a place that was safe from the fire, and land seemed to me at the time to be about the safest place. It did not occur to me at the time what in the world I should have done there alone in that wilderness with my children, if the boat had burned up.

We proceeded up the river and arrived in due time at Saint Joe, Missouri, after a seventeen days' run from Evansville.

This steamer trip was not as pleasant as it might have been, and possibly the many years gone by have somewhat softened the recollection of the hardships, and perhaps my remembrance is not of the best, but the note which I find my husband made in his diary of the event is as follows: "The best place on the river is Saint Joe. This is a pleasant town (save when the wind blows and then it is disagreeable) of some 2500 inhabitants, and is backed by some of the finest country that I ever saw, and some of it is well cultivated. We arrived here on the last day of April, after the most tedious trip I ever took in any way, for to be cooped up



in an old rotten and filthy boat seventeen days is bad, but to be thus situated and then put on half rations is truly remarkable; but such was our fate."

Personally, my trip on the steamer was not a pleasant one on account of the selfishness of some of the women in our party, and the first night on the boat I had to sleep on the cabin floor, but after that time I was able to share one of the cabins with two other ladies.

Our party lost no time in disembarking with wagons, cattle and supplies, and at once joined the rest of our party who had come overland and had arrived there three days previously. We harnessed our ox-teams, four yoke of oxen to each wagon, loaded on our supplies, and drove our teams to the ferry boat, and were ferried over to the other side of the river, and then drove out about two miles from the river, where our friends had established a camp.

My husband was greatly incensed at the treatment I had received at the hands of the other women. I will quote from his diary describing the landing at Saint Joe: "I am sorry to have to say it, but the Harmony women treated my family in anything but a respectful manner, and oftentimes with open insult. As usual, those upon whom we have the least claims showed us the most kindness, and to crown all, when we landed, I had to check off our freight, and all the other hands had nothing to do but get their things, which they did by pulling up and loading their wagons. This occupied all the forenoon. During all this time my family had to remain on the bank in the hot sun and dirt, and no one offered my wife a place in their wagon, nor even spoke to her, except to quarrel with her for things she could not help, and when they got loaded, I asked Mr. P. to let my family ride out to camp in his wagon, but he had no room, and the other teams drove off under 'J. C.'s' directions and left us standing on the bank of the river, to get out to camp as best we could, but in ingratitude is always punished, and in this case it was instant, for he let 'M. C.'s' team run against his wagon and smashed one hind wheel to atoms, but I did not follow his course towards me. I went and borrowed a wheel and helped him to start, and we finally got out to camp and pitched our tents before dark. This was the first day of May."

The same day, just after we arrived in camp, the pilot of the steamer, whose name I cannot remember, came into camp carrying his "carpet sack," and told us that the steamer had sunk. On returning to the river, there, sure enough, we saw only the pilot house of the old "Brooklyn" above the water. I then for the first time realized what a peril we had passed through on the

gathered a few; somehow I never, either during the journey or since, regretted taking the trip I did.

We were to steam down the Ohio, thence up the Mississippi to the mouth of the Missouri, thence up the Missouri to "Saint trip," as I learned from that pilot that the boat was a rotten old craft, and that she had been greatly overloaded, and that we had really taken great chances in making the voyage in her. Many of us thought at the time that from the fact that the boat was so heavily insured, that she was sunk on purpose to get the insurance—I have been told that that was a common practice in those days.

Everybody was busy now dividing stores and packing wagons. The notes in my husband's diary shed some light on the trials and difficulties attending the few days of our final preparations:

"Today I have determined to have another team or stop at Saint Joe. M. C. and I bought Z. Johnson's half of a team, consisting of a wagon and outfit and two yoke of oxen, and I now have Cuddy for a partner. We moved this team out to the camp and I set up for myself. May 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 were occupied in fitting out, and for me it is very unpleasant, for there is but one who left Harmony who is disposed to see me have a fair chance. Mr. C. has done all that he could, and has acted the man. We have got our team now of four yoke of oxen.

May 8. Today we have divided our stores, and I will say with truth that I never knew the definition of selfish before, but now I can appreciate it in its fullest sense, but cannot tell all the little mean things I saw it do, and would like to forget it. Truly is this the place to try men.

"May 9. Today, Sunday, we broke up camp and moved up to the ferry four miles above Saint Joe, and camped for the night.

"May 10. Today was spent in fixing wagons and in the evening we crossed the river in a hard rain storm, and ascended the bluff, which is a very bad hill of some two hundred feet in height, with a grade of forty degrees. It was so wet that we had to put twelve yoke of oxen (twenty-four animals) to a wagon, and hard work at that. But we got up safely, minus the breaking of a few chains and cracking P's whip stock of hoosier oak. We camped one and a quarter miles from the Missouri, where we found good grass and a good spring of water.

May 11. We are now fairly aloft and our destiny is westward. All well and in good spirits, except Mr. P., who has been unwell with d— for several days, but is too cross to be in any danger."

While in camp we were visited by Indians, who exacted from every man a toll of one dollar for the privilege of going through their country. And we had to pay 25 cents for each wagon every time we crossed a bridge. They were very friendly, were well dressed and could speak very good English, they having lived near the town of Saint Joe. They were the Kickapoo Indians.

When our preparations were all completed and the start was actually made, our "emigrant train," as it was called in those days, was made up of eleven large wagons, or prairie schooners, covered with canvas, each drawn by four yoke, or eight oxen, and our emigrant company consisted of about fifty people, men, women and children, and, of course, a few of man's best friend, our faithful dogs.

I cannot recall the names of the entire party, but those I do remember are the following: J. H. Variel and wife, Mrs. Mary Alexander Variel, and their two children, the one then three years old being the late Hon. R. H. F. Variel of Los Angeles, and the other, a daughter, six months old, who is now Mrs. Bell C. Eaton of Ventura county; Michael Craddock and Jane Craddock, his wife; Henry Hugo, fifteen years old; Mrs. Corbin and Tiny Corbin, her two-year-old daughter, going to join her husband; Daniel Perky, William Galloway, Monis Barbeck, Charles Twigg, Frank McNear, Charles Pritchard, Mrs. James Budden and her three daughters, Kate, Mary, Lily, aged sixteen, nine and seven years (going to join her husband in California who was out there practicing medicine), Burt Kellogg, Cuddy, Frank Durlin, J. Dunn with wife and baby, Henry Hall, John and Mark Delaney, "French Louis" (cook), Thomas Cox and wife, George Grant, wife and sisters, Fidelia Lyon (her husband was in Nevada City, and she was going on to join him), Green Cox, William Davis, wife and baby, William Bradley, Zimmerman McFadden, Racquet, "Sid" —, Henry Ivens, an eleven-year-old boy, and Zark Johnson. When we started we had a fine watch dog, and I got a great deal of comfort by having him, as he was always about watching over my children.



Reproduction of old Daguerrotype of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Variel

(Continued in August Number.)

"The Tender Mercies."

Bishop Joseph F. Berry, during the Methodist conference's recent session in New York, told a story in illustration of the tender mercies of the wicked.

"It is said," he began, "that when the great Spanish marshal, Narvaez, lay dying, his confessor asked him if he had any enemies."

"No," whispered the marshal; "I have none."

"But the priest, reflecting on the stormy life of the dying man, repeated:

"Think, sir! Have you no enemies? None whatever?"

"No," said the marshal, "none."

"And he added tranquilly:

"I have shot them all." —Los Angeles Times.

PATRONIZE THE ADVERTISERS IN THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

CHAS. H. TURNER

Grand Secretary N. S. G. W.

The order of the Native Sons of the Golden West is blessed in possessing many men who are a credit to the organization they represent. Men of undoubted ability



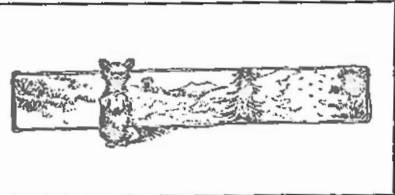
and honesty of purpose, men who are tireless in their efforts to advance the spirit of fraternity, and who leave no stone unturned to promote the general prosperity of the State and its people. Each month of the Grizzly will contain a portrait, together with a short sketch, of the men who are working unselfishly in the upbuilding of Native Sonism. And in this issue we present the likeness of Charles H. Turner, the present Grand Secretary.

Brother Turner has devoted his entire time for the past eighteen years to the order he loves. 'Twas through his individual efforts Calaveras Parlor No. 67 was organized. He was appointed a District Deputy Grand President by Grand President Flint, and organized Union and Copperopolis Parlors. He has traveled extensively throughout the State, and it is claimed that he has earned the proud distinction of visiting a greater number of parlors than any other Grand Officer to date.

When Alcatraz Parlor was instituted Mr. Turner was installed a charter Third Vice-President and successfully passed through all the chairs. He was elected Grand Secretary at the Vallejo Grand Session and has been continuously re-elected and now is entering upon his fourth year.

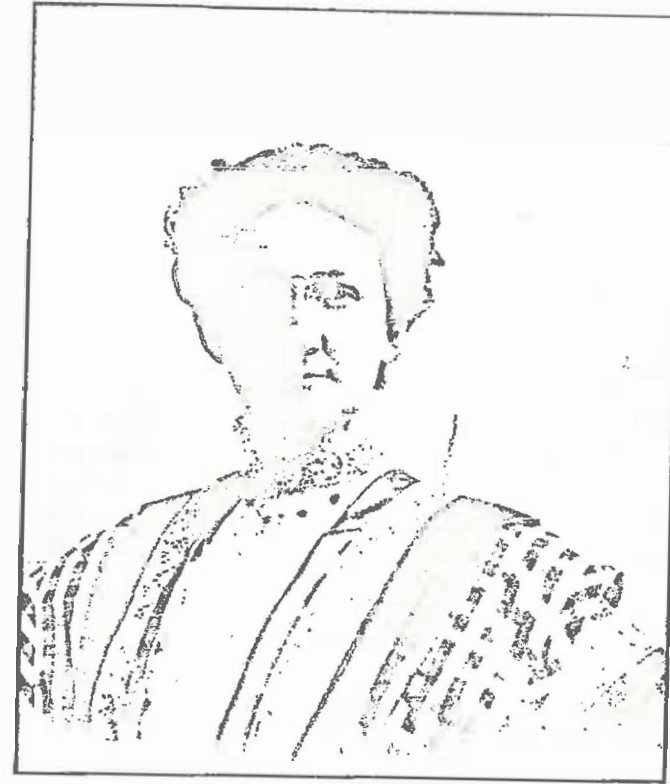
Brother Chas. Turner has also attended every Grand Parlor since the twenty-second session held at Salinas.

The Grizzly Bear has received many favors from our hustling Grand Secretary, and his unselfish efforts in securing special items of interest is greatly appreciated.



EVA T. BUSSENIUS

Grand President of the Native Daughters of the Golden West



There is no better known nor respected officer in the Native Daughters than the present grand president of this splendid fraternity. This worthy lady has been, and is, most active in all affairs concerning the organization she so ably represents, and has spared no pains in assisting any and all progressive efforts beneficial to the State.

Seventeen years ago she entered the ranks of the Native Daughters of the Golden West as a charter member of La Carita Parlor, which disbanded some four or five years from its installation.

About nine years ago Mrs. Busenius was attracted to Los Angeles and upon her arrival became an active member of La Esperanza Parlor No. 24, and has been identified among its most ardent workers.

In 1902 she was selected as a delegate to the Grand Session of that year, at which she was elected as Grand Outside Sentinel. From this time her advancement was rapid, and soon was elected Grand Marshal and served in this office for two years. Mrs. Busenius was then elected Grand Vice-President and at the following grand session was given the highest position within the gift of the Native Daughters of the Golden West.

Mrs. Busenius is the happy possessor of splendid executive ability, together with a most charming personality. Her loyalty to duty and her tireless efforts in behalf of the sisterhood has redounded to the benefit of

the magnificent fraternity that has accomplished so much good for California.

This worthy lady is a most entertaining and capable speaker and is unselfishly devoted to the welfare and prosperity of not only the Native Daughters, but the Native Sons as well. Through her many good qualities she has won the esteem and confidence of all who have the honor of her friendship.

The Order of the Native Daughters of the Golden West

By EVA T. BUSSENIUS

There are not words in the English language to express the emotions which stir the hearts of the women of California as they think upon their home-land and upon those who made it home for them. Nor is it possible to tell of the love which we bear for this glorious commonwealth; nor of the pride with which we look back upon the achievements of those who laid the foundation upon which this marvelous superstructure has been reared—the result of the heroic efforts of our Pioneer fathers and mothers.

Such is the cornerstone of our organization.

Being actuated by a keen love of home, an intense feeling of patriotism, a profound veneration of our forefathers and an observance of all things spiritual, the fraternal life of the Native Daughters of the Golden West is one of the highest ideals. In our relations to one another we take inspiration from the lofty character of our magnificent mountains; from the fertile breadth of our valleys we receive the lessons of generosity and a great kindness; from the majestic flow of our rivers is created the thought of a gracious dignity, and the towering heights of our wonderful peaks teach us to ever look upward and onward.

The Order of Native Daughters of the Golden West is something more than merely beneficiary, directing at all times its best energies toward the betterment of that which pertains to California. Saving the gigantic trees in the Big Basin from the axe of the lumber merchant was due more to the action of the Native Daughters than to any other influence. The order was instrumental in having the Cruiser California named for our state and to which has been presented a gold tablet suitably inscribed. The preservation of many historic and important landmarks has been brought about by the endless, tireless efforts of our members.

The celebration of "Special Days of the Order" binds us even more closely together. March seventh is the date of our official Arbor Day in recognition of the natal day of Luther Burbank, that "wizard of the garden, field and orchard, whose work has shed additional lustre upon California."

Memorial Pioneer—September 9th, Flag, Thanksgiving and Mothers' Days are always faithfully remembered in prayer, song and verse, and the Children's Birthday Party is seldom overlooked.

The Order is in a flourishing condition, the state of membership and finances auguring well for future advancement and prosperity. There are countless strong, capable, brilliant women among the Native Daughters whose well-trained minds have administered affairs of office successfully in the past, and to the unquestioned ability of those representative women of the future we look forward with equal assurance.

Special words of commendation and praise should be accorded the San Francisco Parlors on their undaunted courage which rose supreme over every obstacle and preserved to the Order a most desirable and goodly membership; and these sisters, who have endured so heroically the trials which have befallen their fair city by the sun-down sea, will be thrice blessed in their work of the Pioneer women of the New San Francisco. It is such a spirit of loyalty and devotion to State and Order, animating six thousand Native Daughters, that will voice the sentiment of California as one state, indivisible, now and forever.

Thus it is that the Order of Native Daughters of the Golden West stands unique among the representative women's organizations of the world.

The Wings of Time.

Methuselah was walking in his garden. "My goodness," he exclaimed, suddenly, "there's another flower on that century-plant! Why, it seems but yesterday since I plucked a blossom from it."

He walked slowly toward an oak tree two hundred years old, which he had tenderly raised from an acorn.

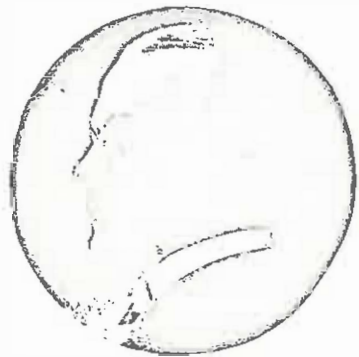
"Ah, me," he mused, "how time flies!"

PATRONIZE THE ADVERTISERS IN THE GRIZZLY BEAR.



A ROMANCE OF THE PLAINS

By WM. J. VARIEL.



Wm. J. Variel

From notes given by his pioneer mother, the late Mrs. Mary Alexander Variel. Copyright applied for.

(Continued from July Issue)

The first Indians we saw, as previously stated, were at our first camp near Saint Joe, they being "tame Indians." They very promptly made demands on us to pay "toll," and of course, we had nothing else to do but pay it, and this put them in a good humor. They had a big camp fire near us and the old chief came over and invited me to go over to their fires and warm my tea, but having a little iron stove for that purpose, I declined his invitation. I gave my little son, Robert, fifty cents to give to the chief, the latter having inspired the child with a very wholesome fear, but he walked up to the old fellow and said, "Here, four bits." The chief took the coin and bowed very low, and again invited us to his camp, but I declined.

In making the final arrangements for our overland trip, we chose one of the men as captain, Mr. M. Craddock, but my husband and another man were chosen lieutenants and had a good deal to say about the conduct of affairs. It was arranged that two men should in rotation stand guard each night and watch our cattle, two staying up until midnight, and two others the balance of the night. We also arranged our mode of travel and making camp. Each wagon took its turn in leading, and when the captain in the evening ordered a halt for camp, the first wagon would take a position (so that it would be the last one to move the next morning) and then the other wagons as they came up, would fall in position, the

wagons when all had halted being in a circle, forming a circular barricade or fort, inside of which we pitched our tents and built our individual camp fires. In the back end of our wagon my husband had built an excellent pantry, which was very tight and in which I kept supplies for immediate use in very good shape. Each wagon had and party had its own supplies, and did its own cooking, there being no community interest in this respect. We had tin plates, tin cups, iron knives and forks, and our eatables consisted of tea, coffee, sugar, crackers, flour, hams, shoulders, smoked bacon and cheese. We had no canned goods, as this was before the era of that very convenient form of food. I had bought two bushels of dried peaches before we started, and this furnished us with what seemed at the time a very delicious dessert during the entire journey. I did all of the cooking for our wagon party, consisting of my husband, two children and myself, and two men, "Cuddy" and "Louis," both Frenchmen. Louis always gathered the fuel, carried water and washed the dishes for me, little favors that were much appreciated by the cook. I boiled water every night after supper, and in the morning before starting filled four big canteens and a little one for Robert, with this cooled, boiled water. By this means our wagon party, at least, always had a good supply of wholesome water, something that some of the others neglected, and to their cost, as will be seen.

We found the road well defined, as it had been marked out and traveled over by the thousands of emigrants who had preceded us on their way to the gold fields. We generally traveled about twenty miles each day, the country for the first hundred miles being quite level. One evening just as we had reached our camping place and had prepared for the night, we learned that John Craddock, brother of our Captain, had been taken quite ill with a complaint something like cholera. This was undoubtedly brought on by his drinking unboiled water. The poor man came to my wagon and told me of his condition for the night, we learned that John Craddock, brother of our captain, had been that he was very sick and that he believed that he had the cholera, and asked me for some "pain killer." I got out our bottle of the patent medicine and handed it to him, telling him to take six drops of it in a tumbler of water, every hour or so. I offered to mix up the medicine for him, but he looked at the bottle a moment, and instead of following my direction, he placed it to his lips and commenced drinking it straight. I cried out, "Don't drink it that way, it will kill

you," but he drank down the entire contents of the bottle, and after smacking his lips, he remarked, "Well, if six drops would help me, I guess the whole bottle will do me more good." He turned and walked to his wagon, and I heard nothing more of him, until about midnight that night, when I was startled from my slumber by his wife crying out to me to let her have some of my brandy. She was terribly excited and scared and said, "I do believe my husband is dying of the cholera, he is all doubled up." I gave her the brandy, but he was too far gone, and died within an hour. It was a cold, dismal night, and the wind blew a fierce gale. They dropped the tent right over his dead body and went to bed, leaving the corpse without watchers.

We laid by the next day and night, and during the day we buried the last mortal remains of the first victim, burying it at the foot of a beautiful granite boulder. This rock had red streaks in it and we called it "Calico Rock." The body was sewed up in a blanket (for a coffin was out of the question) and let down into a grave about four feet deep and was then covered up, no ceremony of any kind being had. It was a mournful affair, and we all felt very much depressed, each one no doubt wondering who would be called next. Our fear of cholera was not ill-founded, for we had just passed another emigrant train that had four bad cases of cholera. After recuperating for the day and night following the death of our comrade, we continued our westward journey.

One morning while I was walking along ahead of the front wagon to escape the dust (for I, in fact, walked most of the way across the plains in this way) I all but stepped on the body of a dead man lying near the road. It was that of a white man, and the body was only half covered with earth. One arm was bare and protruded from the shallow and hastily made grave. The body appeared to have been only recently buried and some of us thought that the poor fellow had been buried alive, as the position of the body would indicate this, for it certainly could not have been buried with one arm sticking out. The suggestion was horrible. He had probably died of cholera. In the cholera scourges many people were buried in such haste that life oftentimes was not extinct. Our men, however, finished the burial, for they took their spades and covered the body.

We traveled on, and two nights after the death of John Calloway, Sarah, John's sister, was taken down sick with cholera. We stopped on account of the sick woman, and

did what we could to alleviate her sufferings. She was a good, kind-hearted woman and my heart went out to her. She had a nine months' old baby and the prospect of this little child being left an orphan was terrible. The poor woman lay sick all day, and I went to her and found her lying on a board in her tent. She was very sick and suffered great pain. She told me she was sure she was going to die, but I spoke to her encouragingly, and set about trying to do something for her. She was very cold, so I got some rocks heated up and put them to her feet and gave her hot pepper tea; she seemed to get better, but she was terribly frightened, and kept crying that she didn't want to die and be buried in a blanket. Her brother's death and burial had terrified her, and I believe that if her courage could have been kept up, she would have recovered. She kept crying that she was going to die, and during the evening became very low, and just about midnight her terrified, troubled soul passed away.

The night, though clear, was very cold, as it had been raining during the day, and a fierce wind was blowing that chilled to the bone. The sky was slightly overcast, and black clouds shifted rapidly across the face of the pale moon. We were all terror-stricken at the death of our friend, and a deep gloom pervaded the camp. Most of the camp were up and about, each one, no doubt, filled with his or her own thoughts of loneliness and sorrow. I walked over to the tent of the dead woman just a few moments after she died, and was about to go into the tent to assist the other ladies in preparing the body for burial, when I was startled and fairly transfixed by a loud, long, unearthly scream issuing from some bushes near by. It sounded like a woman screaming out in agonized terror, and at the same time it had the fierceness and power that betokened some powerful wild animal. It was terrible, and I was frightened half to death. It was so strange and weird, too, at that lonely, midnight hour when death had just claimed a victim, for that panther to be at our camp and give out that terrible cry. I have often wondered about it since. I have never heard a dog howl at night since, that I haven't recalled that panther's scream. It is said that dogs howl when a human soul passes away. What relation was there possibly between the death of our poor friend that dismal night, and the one dreadful scream of that panther? It was evidently a strange coincidence, and such a thing as would be calculated to fill us all with superstitious dread. I know I did not sleep any that night, and I doubt if anybody in camp slept, and a close watch was had at the tent of death.

We laid by another day in order to bury the dead. This solemn duty having been performed, we spent the rest of the day in altering our tents, sunning our clothes and doctoring the sick. After that it was westward again.

A night or two after Sarah died, another of our party, Charles Twigg, was taken sick with cholera. He had been a friend and neighbor at New Harmony, and I felt very kindly towards him, so when I learned that he was sick, I determined to make an effort to save him. He had great confidence in me and begged me to do something for him. I heated a board over the fire and made my husband put it on the sick man's stomach, and ordered it to be kept there hot, and made him drink a quart of hot milk in

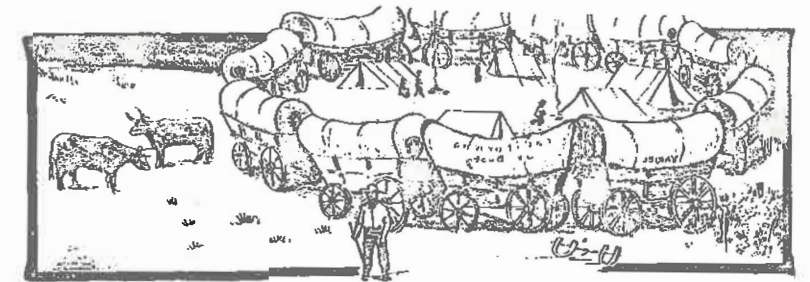
which I had sprinkled a generous quantity of red cayenne pepper. He soon showed marked improvement, he sweat very freely, and the severe pains he had been suffering left him, and he slept all night and the next morning rode in his wagon, and by another day or two he was well. He always said that I saved his life.

The next day still another member of our party, Rall McFadden, was taken ill with the same trouble. Twigg came to me at once and said, "Get your milk and pepper and hot board. Mrs. Variel, McFadden is down sick." I pursued the same course of treatment with him as with Twigg, and in addition gave him some hot brandy and he got well in a couple of days. After this, I was called "Doctor," and I was soon summoned "professionally" to the tent of Charley Pritchard, who a few days later was taken down with the same dread disease. I gave him the same treatment and he got well in a few days, though he, as well as the others, had to ride in a wagon several days while we were traveling, on account of being so weak. Let me remark here, that no man was allowed to ride at any time unless ill, he being compelled to walk all the way across the plains, and we women, too, walked in the aggregate, many hundreds of miles, for we preferred to walk

ferry we met the overland stage, and those who had any letters for home, sent them on.

We reached the Platte River about June 1st; here was Fort Kearney. It was a fine, bright morning when we came in sight of the fort. The soldiers were out parading and it was a very welcome sight, for reports of Indians had made us feel a little nervous. There were three or four frame houses, a few pieces of cannon, and some sixty soldiers, but we saw no American flag. We camped a few miles below the fort for noon. Here one of the men deserted or left our party; he quit because he did not like the idea of working. We wrote some letters and mailed them here at the fort. There were no women here, at least I saw none. We did not remain at the fort, but went on several miles that afternoon before camping for the night.

Soon after leaving Fort Kearney, we came across a newly made grave. It had a small plank for a head board on which was written, "The Lone Grave. A Young Girl 15 Years." Whose body lay buried there, or what the circumstances of her death were, could only be conjectured by us, who had seen the fatal ravages of cholera. This lone grave out there in the boundless desert felled all of us, and it was a long time before we could shake off the overpowering



An Emigrant Train Fortified for the Night

ahead to escape the dust, and it was about as easy to walk as to ride in those big, lumbering, "dead ax" wagons. The treatment I had used I had learned from my mother, and I gave them the benefit of this "home remedy." I insisted, though, that nobody should drink any water that was unboiled, and told them they would all die if they didn't boil their drinking water. This admonition was very scrupulously observed by everyone after that, and we, in fact, had no more serious illness in our party.

We crossed many rivers in our travels, but there was one in particular, some two hundred miles west of Saint Joe, where there was a ferry and we had to pay \$1.50 per wagon to get ferried over. There was, also, a store at this point where we got a few supplies, but were compelled to pay outrageous prices. The man who kept this store, I understood from my husband, dealt largely in whiskey and so-called brandy, and some of our men got a taste of the stuff, and it did not do them any good, either. Our oxen were bothered a great deal by great swarms of black bugs; they were in shape and color like the pinch bugs and annoyed our cattle so much one evening that we had a stampede of our oxen and it took the men over an hour to gather them again.

We had many reports from discouraged, returning travelers whom we met, of very short grass and plenty of Indians ahead. This was not very cheering to us, but we kept on. A few miles further on from the

and depressing impression. It was one of the many and almost constantly recurring reminders that death was always lurking about us.

We had found thus far, plenty of good water and feed for our animals, but fuel became a very serious question for us as long as we were in the prairie region, wood as fuel being out of the question, and for hundreds of miles the only fuel we had and used was buffalo "chips."

As we neared Fort Laramie, we met four young men, driving an eight ox team, coming back from the West. The young men were crying, and we asked them what was the matter, and they replied that they four, with their Captain, who was an older man, had started from Kentucky to go to California; that everything had gone well until the day before we met them, when their "Captain" had been stricken down with cholera, and had died, and they, after burying him, had lost heart and had turned back towards home. They were nearly frantic with grief and disappointment. I spoke to one of them and said Kentucky was my state (my parents had formerly lived in the old blue grass state, and I had a warm place in my heart for any Kentuckian), and asked them to turn back and go on with us, but they were not to be turned from their purpose, and bade us goodbye, and went on towards home. I have often wondered what became of them.

Soon after this, Mrs. Corbin and I, while

one morning walking ahead of the train, came up with an ox team, four yoke as usual. The leader, or Captain, was an old man probably seventy years old, by the name of Ayers, and he was accompanied by two young men, and a young negro woman who did the cooking for the party. Their oxen were standing still, and apparently they had been in trouble of some kind. The old man asked me if there were any Masons in our party, and I replied that I didn't know of any except Charley Twigg; that nearly all of our men folks were Old Fellows. One of the young men, Jim Johnson, came and spoke to me and said that the old man had had trouble with the train of which they were members, and that their former companions refused to allow them to travel in company with them any longer, and they had been compelled to fall behind. Jim begged me very earnestly to allow him to join our train, so we waited until our train came up to see what could be done for the waits. I at once told Charley Twigg that there was a stranger there with the wagon asking for a Mason. Charley talked with the Missourian a while, and the latter, after considerable talk and parleying among our men, was permitted to join our train and to fall in behind and take its turn, and his two young men were to stand watch in turn as our men were doing. Several days went by without any incident, Jim especially making himself very useful and agreeable to us all. Ayers was afraid to go on alone for fear of the Indians, and was especially afraid of going down the Humboldt River in Nevada. This was his one fear, and he had begged so hard that it was decided to take him in, no matter what kind of a man he was.

One morning Ayers' wagon was at the rear, and Jim had just finished milking their cow, and he came to me with a bucket partly filled with milk, and asked me if I had anything to put the milk in so as to save it, saying that everything in their wagon was filled. I replied that the pantry was closed up, and that I couldn't make any use of it, as the wagon had gone on. I always stayed behind when the wagon first started, to see that nothing was left behind. Mr. Ayers was standing chatting with me when Jim came up, and I noticed that Ayers had a long bowie knife in his hand. When I said I had nothing to put the milk in, Jim simply turned it out on the ground, and as quick as a flash old Ayers drew his hand back and struck at Jim, who was near me on the other side, and would have cut him if I had not struck his arm and knocked the knife to the ground. It was all done very quickly, and I believe the old man would have killed Jim if I had not been there. I grabbed up the knife and threw it away as far as I could, and said to the boy, "Jim, take my spade and knock his brains out." Jim picked up the spade and drew it back to strike, but the old man ran to his wagon and got his gun, but the negro girl grabbed the gun from him and told him it was not loaded. Jim implored me to let him go with our wagon, and asked Ayers to give him his clothes, but Ayers told him to go on, that he couldn't have them. I pleaded with the old man to give Jim his things, but the old fiend was obdurate and refused. I said, "Jim, come along. My husband has plenty of clothes, and you can get along some way." Jim told Ayers that he had done a great deal for him, and that he (Jim) had driven his, Ayers' team for two hundred miles in Missouri when the officers were

pursuing him. The old man hushed up after this, and we went away and left him. Just as we were about to leave, the old man threw Jim's "carpet-bag" on the ground. Jim told me afterwards that the old man had stolen the colored girl, who was undoubtedly a slave, and that he had then fled from Missouri. Jim went with me and we finally overtook the train, but Ayers never caught up with us. We afterwards saw him farther on. It appears that he took the Salt Lake Route, and sold his oxen and bought a wagon and horses, and when we saw him he was going along, driving his team of horses and accompanied by the negro girl and dog.

One evening at sundown, a few days before we arrived at Fort Laramie, we had just stopped for the day and were about to camp. Our wagons were arranged in a circle as usual, and most of the men were away from camp driving the cattle away to graze. I had just gotten down from our wagon with my little boy and my little seven-months-old daughter, and was preparing to get our supper. It was just dark and several camp fires had already been lighted. Charley Twigg and Frank McLean were at their wagon next to ours, and they were the only men about camp at the time. Suddenly little Robert spoke up and said, "Here comes circus from Harmony. Where's the old clown? I don't want to see the old clown. I'm afraid of him."

I looked up, and there before me were eight brawny Indians, each mounted on a fine big horse. They had no rifles but may have had other weapons. One of them said, "Here, give me your papoose (baby). I want to see your papoose. I swap papoose with you. My squaw has papoose." I replied that I wanted to keep my own papoose, that every squaw liked her own papoose best. Not wishing to anger him, or show that I was afraid of him, and some way feeling that I had to take some chances in the matter, I handed my little baby daughter up to him, and said, "Here, you hold my baby while I get you some sugar and crackers." He took the child, and I ran to the back of my wagon and brought a cupful of brown sugar and a handful of crackers and came back and gave each Indian a cracker and poured some of the brown sugar into each one's hand. When the spokesman of the party received his cracker and sugar, he said something in Indian tongue to his companions and away they went yelling like demons and running their horses at full speed around the outside of our circle of wagons. I was terribly frightened, as I had heard that the Indians like to get white children, to bring them up, and I anxiously waited for them to return. They stopped after a couple of revolutions about our camp, and the chief stopped by my wagon and handed back my baby, and as he did so, pointed up to the flag that was floating on our wagon and he said, "Heap good flag." It was the flag of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and we always had one on our wagon. The flag seemed to impress him as being a very important thing, and he looked at it a long time. He asked me for gunpowder, but I told him we didn't have any. They waited around a few minutes and then all of a sudden the leader turned his horse, gave a terrible yell, and started away from the camp on the dead run, followed by his seven companions, all yelling like demons. Charley Twigg and McLean had fallen down under their wagon near by, and remained there during the en-

tire colloquy. It did not last more than five minutes, but they were the longest five minutes I ever spent in my life.

Twigg, after the Indians left, very bravely crawled out from under the wagon and asked why I gave up my child. I answered that I thought it was the best thing to do under the circumstances. It appeared to me, and I told him, that he did not show very much valor on his part in remaining under the wagon while I was parleying with the Indians. It certainly was very funny to see those two men disappear under their wagon, leaving a defenseless woman to treat with those savages all alone.

When the men returned from putting the oxen out to graze, and learned what had taken place, our Captain was very angry because I had given my crackers and sugar away, saying that I would need those crackers and sugar before I got across. I replied that I didn't think we would need either if we were all killed by the Indians.

(Continued in September number.)



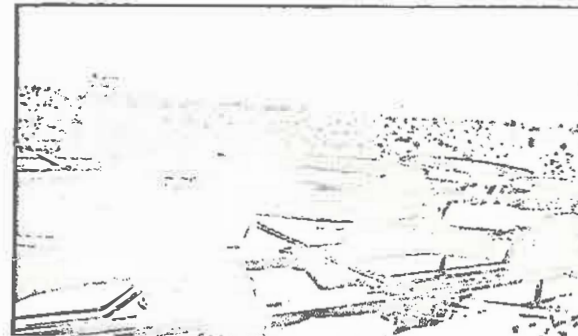
Seize and Capture of Los Angeles

(Continued from page 56)

They arrived at San Pedro without molestation, and four or five days later embarked on the merchant ship Vandalia, which, however, did not at once leave the port. Gillespie in his march was accompanied by a few of the American residents and probably a dozen of the Chinoo prisoners, who had been exchanged for the same number of Californians whom he had held under arrest, most likely as hostages. Gillespie took two cannon with him when he evacuated the city, and left two spiked and broken on Fort Hill. There seems to have been a proviso in the articles of capitulation requiring him to deliver over the guns to Flores on reaching the embarcadero. If there was such a stipulation Gillespie violated it. He spiked the guns, broke off the trunnions and rolled them into the bay. These four guns were probably the same that Stockton reported having found in Castro's abandoned camp. Marshall, of gold discovery fame, claims to have unspiked the guns with a hammer and cold chisel, and upon improvised carriages they were mounted on Fort Hill. The revolt inaugurated by Varela at Los Angeles spread throughout the territory. The American garrisons were driven out of San Diego and Santa Barbara. Monterey and San Jose were placed under martial law, and a number of sanguinary engagements followed before Stockton, Kearney and Fremont regained what Gillespie (through Stockton's blundering) lost in the surrender of Los Angeles.

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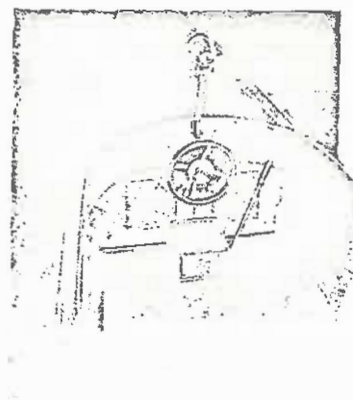


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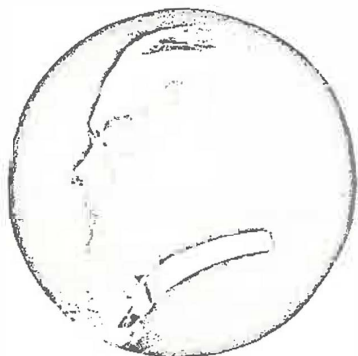
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A ROMANCE OF THE PLAINS

By WM. J. VARIEL.



Wm. J. Variel

From notes given by his pioneer mother, the late Mrs. Mary Alexander Variel. Copyright applied for.

(Continued from August Issue)

It was a lonesome, tedious journey plodding along day after day, and week after week, over a rough, rocky and dusty road, through a country mostly desert and inhabited only by wandering tribes of Indians, and no white people except a few traders scattered here and there along the route of travel. The further west we journeyed, the greater precautions we took for protection against Indians, as returning emigrants whom we met were constantly warning us against them. We met bands of them every few days, and they were always on the lookout for crackers and sugar, and powder and bullets. We dispensed the first two articles as freely as our supplies would permit, but we never had any of the other to give away.

We arrived one fine morning at Fort Laramie, the western-most outpost of "Uncle Sam," and the stars and stripes floating over the block house, and the soldiers parading was a pleasing sight to us. We felt the security afforded by the soldiers, but when we left the fort behind, we felt that the last tie was broken connecting us with civiliza-

tion, and we were strictly dependent on ourselves for protection.

We reached the Platte River, and were compelled to ford it, as it was so broad, though not very deep. We had been advised to provide blocks to raise the wagon beds so as to keep our supplies from becoming wet. My husband had procured the blocks for our wagon, but many of our party were driven to the expedient of using buffalo skulls for blocks. Only women and children were allowed to ride across, the men being compelled to wade. As the water was up to the hubs of the wheels, generally, it was no easy task getting across. My husband's ankle had been bothering him a great deal, from the accident on the steamer, and in wading this river he gave out and was compelled to ask for help. Mr. Calloway went to his assistance and threw out his long ox whip, the end of which my husband caught and was thus assisted through. Our wagon was the last to cross, and just as we were about over, I heard a man calling out in a loud, excited voice for help. I looked back and saw a man, woman and two children in a two-horse, light wagon, following us; one of the horses had just fallen down and was struggling in the water. The man was trying to extricate the animal, and calling loudly for help, saying he would pay well for any assistance rendered. He asked for a yoke of oxen to pull the wagon out of the river. Our captain refused to allow any oxen of our train to be used, saying that we had all we could do to take care of ourselves, and he ordered us all to drive on, and we had to leave the poor, unfortunate travelers to their fate. We never knew what became of them, but the cries of the woman and the children, and the hoarse calling and swearing of the man haunted me for many a day. They must have perished, for the last I saw of them, they were gradually moving down stream with the current.

After getting across the river we had to stop to take the blocks off the wagon. We then came into what they called the Big Meadows. Wild oats were up higher than the backs of the oxen but the grass hoppers were so bad that the poor oxen couldn't eat. These frightful insects fairly covered the cattle, they settled over them in immense swarms and the men were kept busy two or three hours keeping the cattle free of this pest. It was a terrible trial and it seemed strange that the best feed on the trip should have been practically out of the reach of the poor animals by reason of the presence of

these insects that were there in myriads. There were millions, and millions of them. Our cattle had to be beaten at every step to make them move, and if every man had not been at hand the cattle certainly would have broken away and stampeded. I never doubted the stories I read in after years of the devastation of farms out in Kansas and Nebraska by the grasshoppers, and when I read that a farmer's scythe had its edge eaten off by them during the noon hour, I accepted the story as true without question or comment.

Through this country, we had to use the greatest care in the use of water, and I sat up every night until after midnight boiling water for the next day, and popping corn; popcorn was said to be a prevention of scurvy, and as we had been on a salt meat and pork diet for some time, we consumed great quantities of popcorn, and—well, there was no scurvy in our party.

We covered twenty miles a day through this part of the country, and nearly every day young men, carrying their blankets, came to us asking for something to eat. They had left their own trains and had been getting along the best way they could. I never refused to give any of them food, but many of the other members of our party objected, and I was the subject of frequent abuse for doing what I considered to be my duty in relieving the hungry.

We drove near a lone elm tree that had one big branch to it, and about this time two travelers joined us on foot. They proved to be "Old Fellows," and our flag attracted them to our wagon. One of the men said, pointing to the tree, "Many a poor driver has been hung to that tree." They told us of how on many occasions, in various trains, when some driver had offended the rest, that the men would take their tent poles, rig up a scaffold and hang the poor wretch to it, and then dig a grave and bury him. We heard many such stories of violence on the plains, and we could easily believe them, for these were the times when men took the law into their own hands, and when they did it was short shift for the offender, no matter what defense he might have.

We women often walked on far ahead of the wagons, and once while so walking, we came up to where there had recently been a camp. When the wagons came up, one of our men looking about, found a bloody hatchet and a pool of fresh blood. There were many things left there indicating a hasty departure, and we always felt that

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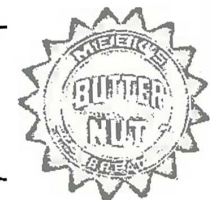
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there had probably been violence and murder, but the desert had the secret, and it was safe.

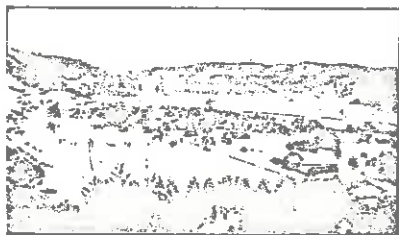
We sustained a loss that I felt very keenly. One of our dogs was detected running after some sheep, and although he was not actually caught killing any, still the owner of the sheep claimed he had lost sheep, and insisted that the dog should be killed, and he had to be sacrificed. My husband, when we reached the mountainous country, used to make long trips off to the side looking for deer, and usually brought home some kind of game which was always acceptable. One evening he returned to camp and reported having had, so he thought, a narrow escape from being killed by Indians. He said that he was going down one side of a ravine on his way to camp and looking across the canyon he saw an Indian suddenly crouch down behind a big rock. He kept on his way, but also kept his eye on that rock as long as he could. He felt that the Indian would probably have shot and scalped him if he hadn't been seen.

As our supplies had diminished, our wagons were really larger than necessary, and my husband sawed off the hind end and shortened up the running gear so that the wagon was only about two-thirds as large as at first and very materially lessened the load for the poor oxen to haul. This shortening up of the wagons became quite general, and very soon every wagon in the train had been cut off. Everybody was anxious to get along as rapidly as possible, and every hundred pounds of weight counted. We passed two large emigrant trains one noon. Death had visited them and they were engaged in performing the last sad rites over their dead. Several mounds of fresh dirt showed that more than one had passed over the great Divide in advance.

We reached the Humboldt River (eastern Nevada) at last, and followed it for some two hundred miles being compelled to ford it several times. The river was quite low and there was not the difficulty experienced as in fording the Platte. It was while going down the Humboldt that we lost "Old Jerry" one of our oxen. He was turned out to graze with the other cattle and the next morning he was missing. He had probably been driven off by cattle thieves. We had been warned about the Humboldt River territory, as that was considered one of the most dangerous portions of the journey, as the great quantity of underbrush and willows growing in the low lands furnished ambush for Indians. We were lucky, though, in losing nothing but the one ox. We were compelled to hitch the mate of "Jerry" with two other oxen, driving them three abreast. As I recall it, we saw no Indians along the Humboldt except an occasional old squaw. They were always begging for crackers and sugar, and several times in giving these little luxuries, I was rewarded by having a dirty old squaw embrace me. The compensation for the gift was very objectionable, but I endured it rather than offend. After leaving the Humboldt, we reached a dry alkali desert; there was neither tree nor shrub nor a drop of water in sight. We did not dare to stop at our usual camping hour, but drove on through the entire night through the desert. We had filled up barrels with water, and during the night trip, we portioned out to each ox a goodly portion of water. If it hadn't been for this, I believe some of the cattle would have dropped in their tracks.

By morning, we reached water again and we felt as though we had been delivered from great danger. We soon came up to some boiling springs. We heard the noise of the boiling water for some distance, and when we arrived at the springs we found that thoughtful travelers before us had left some barrels and these barrels were all filled with good, wholesome water. The water as it came out of the earth was very bad, but on being boiled, we found it to be very palatable. After filling up every receptacle in the train with water, we refilled the barrels in pursuance of the law of the desert that required that travelers should always leave the barrels filled, so that others following might have the benefit of good cool water.

We found some other travelers at this point, they having been delayed on account of a woman in their party having fallen into the hot water and been badly scalded. The woman's husband came to me and asked me to go and see his wife. I found that she had been fearfully scalded and she was in a very critical condition. I felt that I could do



nothing for her, much as I wished to, and had to leave her unattended. She died that night.

About three hundred yards away from this boiling spring, was a fine soda spring and we all enjoyed drinking at this wonderful natural soda fountain. We came through what was called the Rock City. Huge volcanic rocks reared up on all sides and at a short distance looked like a little city. On one of these great rocks we found hundreds of names written.

We came to what was called the Devil's Slide. The road was very steep and rough and the wagons could not be taken down in the usual way. The method pursued was to unhitch all the oxen but one yoke, and then hitch ropes to the rear axle and let the wagons down one at a time, inch by inch. It was a slow process, but the only way that we would ever have gotten along. I left the men to let the wagons down and went down the gorge on foot, carrying my little children. We soon reached the Truckee river and passed out through Truckee Pass into California.

After this we came to a dry sandy desert. The weather was oppressively hot, the wagons sunk deep in the sand and the poor oxen could hardly get along. We had not been going more than half an hour over this hot, sandy stretch, than one of our oxen, old "Tom," fell down, overcome with the heat. We unyoked him and left him and his mate on the side of the road. They walked along after the train, and by night we brought them through. About two oxen to every team in our train gave out in the same way that same day, but they were turned loose and allowed to rest and worry along by themselves and in this way we did not lose an animal.

When our ox fell down, I jumped out of

the wagon with my children, and told the men I was going to walk, and so leaving the elder child in the wagon with a canteen of water and a supply of popcorn, I started on ahead along the road, carrying my baby in my arms, wading through the hot, burning sand that came up to my shoe tops. I kept going until I reached the edge of the desert, and this was three o'clock in the afternoon. The first thing, almost, that I saw on getting across the sand was a stream of fine water flowing along by a grove of beautiful pine trees. How fine it was to get back into the wooded country again! In looking around I saw near the road a large tree loaded down with a purplish red fruit, which, on examination, I found to be wild plums. It seemed strange that the thousands of people who had passed that way should have overlooked that fruit. I suppose it was considered poisonous. I knew the fruit, however, and by the time our train came up in the evening, every plum had been picked. It is needless to say that we camped at this point, and what a time everybody and every animal had getting plenty of good wholesome water to drink! When my camp-fire was started (and we had regular, normal fuel once more) those plums were very soon converted into delicious plum sauce that everybody enjoyed. I have often in after years wondered what became of that plum tree. It was probably twelve feet high and looked like the tame plum trees that we had back home. This camping place was a veritable oasis in the desert and it was with considerable regret that we broke camp the next morning and left for we knew not what. This desert was, I believe, what is now called Sierra Valley, and was our first introduction to California.

When we reached this point, more trouble occurred. Our captain had resigned his office, and the train was without a head—it was now everybody for himself. And then the extra men who had acted as helpers and drivers deserted the train. They claimed that they had been unfairly treated, but I think that they wanted an excuse to start out without further delay to reach the mines. They packed their blankets, took a supply of food, and trudged off, leaving us to get along as best we could, short-handed. We lost two other of the oxen and we had but five left, and no one to drive them but my husband, and we had yet several hundred miles to travel. About this time another of our party, Charley Pritchard, was taken ill with cholera. He had been ailing for several days, but that awful day trudging through the hot desert was too much for him, and that night he took his bunk a very sick man. He sent word to me that he was sick and begged me to look after him: I promptly applied the "hot board" treatment and gave him fresh hot milk with cayenne pepper in it, and soon had him away from the danger point. It nearly burned him up he said, but he got better and was able to travel the next day, though of course too weak to walk. I told him he might ride in my wagon and that I would get out and walk, but Mrs. Budden said he might ride in her wagon with herself and daughters, and there he rode all day, but that night when we halted for camp, the sick man had gotten up and was lying in his blankets under Calloway's wagon, too sick to sit up. Charley Twigg came to me saying, "You are wanted at Calloway's wagon. Go quickly. I'll hold your baby."

(Continued in October issue.)

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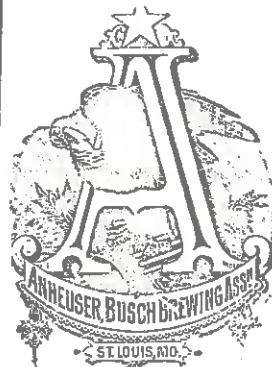
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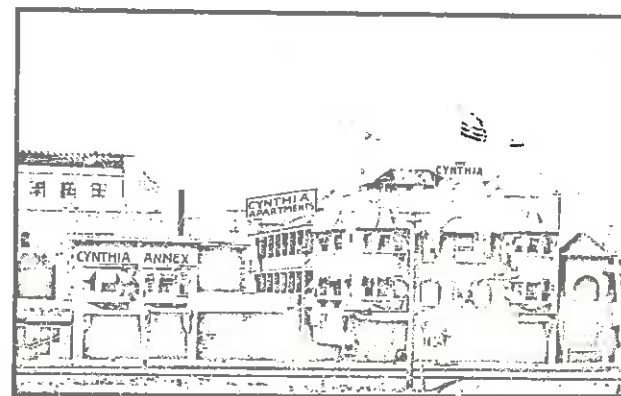


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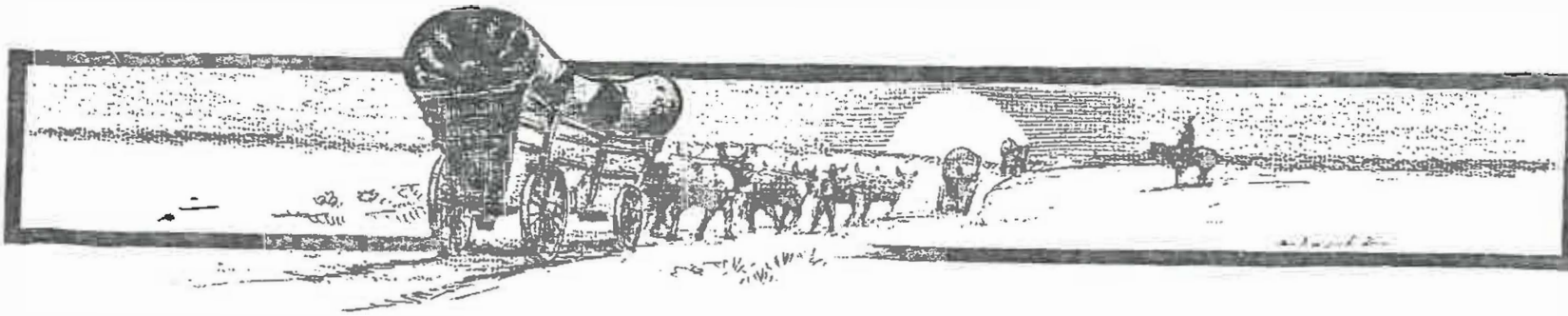
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A ROMANCE OF THE PLAINS

By WM. J. VARIEL.



Wm. J. Variel

From notes given by his pioneer mother, the late Mrs. Mary Alexander Variel. Copy-right applied for.

"Oh, California, California
Is the land for me,
I'm going to California
With my washbowl on my knee.

When I get to California
I will look all around,
I'll see the great big gold lumps
And pick them off the ground.

Oh, California, California
Is the land for me,
I'm going to California
With my washbowl on my knee."

husband and myself had many very earnest talks about going out to California after our marriage. I was married on October 21, 1848, to Joshua Hutchings Variel. My husband and I were greatly interested in the inducements that a trip to California offered, and while we frequently discussed the possibilities of such a venture, we were thoroughly alive to and considered fully the toil, danger and uncertainty that would attend it, but countless stories of the boundless gold fields, where we could go out with a basket and pick up a supply of gold nuggets at any time overcame any fears we had entertained, and we concluded to join the first expedition that was organized in our neighborhood.

I might say here that my husband was born in East Minot, Cumberland county, Providence of Maine, in 1816, and he was the eldest of a family of thirteen children. He left home in 1836 and with two or three companions "pioneered" across what was then the wilds of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, traveling in an old barouche drawn by two horses. He was under contract with a man by the name of Grosvenor to buy furs and skins from the Indians. He led this life of a trader for several years and then settled at the little town of New Harmony, Indiana, near where I was born.

The few years he spent as a trader naturally developed a spirit of adventure in

folks" busied themselves in laying in supplies of medicine, and the many little delicacies and necessities that only a woman would think of, and of which a man would never dream. Each family furnished its own oxen, wagon and supplies, and if any outsider desired to join the expedition he could do so by paying one hundred dollars cash for the privilege, the money to go into a common fund, and he in consideration thereof to have food and shelter and the protection of the rest of the parties, and he in addition to the money paid, was to do his share of the work on the journey in making and breaking camp, driving team, and standing guard at night while we were in the Indian country.

By the latter part of March, 1852, all arrangements had been completed, and the start was actually made about the 11th of April, from New Harmony, Indiana. A portion of our party had gone overland across Illinois to Saint Jo, Missouri, two weeks before, and they were to await our arrival at that point.

It was a bright, beautiful Sunday morning about the 11th of April that that portion of the expedition to go by steamer to Saint Joe started from New Harmony to go to Evansville on the Ohio river. We had three large wagons, each drawn by four "yoke" or eight oxen, and about thirty people made up the party. We arrived at Evansville

Joe," Missouri, where we were to join the rest of our party, who had preceded us overland, and then to go into camp until final arrangements were made for the real start across the desert. Our vessel was a very old side-wheel river steamer, and was commanded by Captain Duff, a gallant young officer who had with him his young wife and their one-year-old child. The captain was kind and considerate, and extended to his passengers every courtesy possible. I wore the badge of a Daughter of Rebecca (Independent Order of Odd Fellows), having become a member of a chapter of that society in New Harmony. The badge consisted of a green, pink and white ribbon worn about the neck, ending in a bow. The captain was a member of the Odd Fellows, and my badge at once attracted his attention, and it no doubt was the means of my children and myself receiving many a little favor that we otherwise would have missed. This I appreciated very much, and if it hadn't been for his kindness I do not know how I should have gotten along. It was rather a serious undertaking on my part to have the care of a little three-year-old son and a six months-old daughter, besides rendering to others assistance when called on to do so.

The trip down the Ohio was a very pleasant outing. We had music and singing, and in the evening two fiddlers furnished music for regular old-time dances, in which most of the passengers indulged. Everyone seemed light-hearted and none appeared to be worrying over, or to realize the dangers, or hardships, or labor in store for us. If we had realized then what was ahead of us, I believe Captain Duff would have been compelled to turn back and return us all to Evansville. I suppose, though, that it was the prize of golden nuggets that were awaiting our baskets that lured us on, for we did not turn back, and never thought of doing so.

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THE above lines are all that I recall of a song that I heard sung for the first time in New Harmony, Indiana, in 1848. It appears to have been a product of the excitement attending the discovery of gold in California. Some enthusiastic miner with the poetic fervor had in this manner given expression of the faith that was within him, and at the same time had put in concise form a suggestion of the greatest possibilities in the golden State of California for the one seeking fortune. I heard the song a great deal at the time mentioned, and I recall that it made a great impression on me.

It was first sung to my sister and myself, as I stated, in 1848, by a young man by the name of John Wesley Cox, who was enthusiastic to go to California, but who, so far as I know, never realized his golden dream. I was about to be married at this time, and I remember that my intended

and we frequently discussed the possibilities of such a venture, we were thoroughly alive to and considered fully the toil, danger and uncertainty that would attend it, but countless stories of the boundless gold fields, where we could go out with a basket and pick up a supply of gold nuggets at any time overcame any fears we had entertained, and we concluded to join the first expedition that was organized in our neighborhood.

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The few years he spent as a trader naturally developed a spirit of adventure in him, and the discovery of gold on the far Pacific Coast fired his ambition. As stated, we determined to make the venture, but our plans did not fully develop until three years later. Some of our neighbors, who had been out to California, had brought some gold nuggets which were shown us, and they told the most alluring stories of the great gold diggings, and of the enormous fortunes that had been made, and were being made. Other neighbors had gone to California and had sent back for their wives and children. All of these things greatly excited us and fired our enthusiasm, and we looked about among our neighbors for recruits. By the fall of 1851 a plan had been fully matured for a journey across the plains with ox teams, and orders were at once placed by the heads of families who were interested in the trip for the construction of big, strong ox wagons. While these wagons were being built, the "men folks" were busily engaged in purchasing oxen, "breaking them in," and training them to the yoke, and collecting the necessary tools, implements, and supplies for the journey, while the "women

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I was quite enthusiastic and quite willing to make the trip, and although I endured many hardships and passed through many dangers, and did not pick up many of the big gold nuggets that the old song suggested might be lying around (although I

did not and a six months-old daughter, nevertheless rendering to others assistance when called on to do so.

The trip down the Ohio was a very pleasant outing. We had music and singing, and in the evening two fiddlers furnished music for regular old-time dances, in which most of the passengers indulged. Everyone seemed light-hearted and none appeared to be worrying over, or to realize the dangers, or hardships, or labor in store for us. If we had realized then what was ahead of us, I believe Captain Duff would have been compelled to turn back and return us all to Evansville. I suppose, though, that it was the prize of golden nuggets that were awaiting our baskets that lured us on, for we did not turn back, and never thought of doing so.

Nothing worthy of note happened during our journey down the Ohio, as the river was clear and smooth, and when we turned from the Ohio and steamed up the broad Mississippi we still had pleasant traveling. The great river was comparatively smooth and, as I remember it, the water was fairly clear. We arrived at St. Louis, Mississippi, on a Saturday night after our run from Evansville, but we did not go ashore until the next day. As the boat came to her moorings at the river bank, a dance was in progress, and some men on the shore started to come aboard, but they were prevented from doing so by some of our men calling out: "There is smallpox on this boat." This had the desired effect, for no one attempted to come on board that night, and the dance went on. The next day was Sunday, and we could not buy anything at the stores, they all being closed, and so we had to wait until the next day. The Monday following, our men purchased the supplies that were to furnish us with food during our journey, as no food at all was brought from home except some delicacies in the way of preserves and pickles that I had brought. The buying and loading of supplies was completed by Monday evening, and during the night we once more set out up the Mississippi, turning into the muddy Missouri river when we reached its mouth. Our journey on the steamboat thus far had been without any incident worth relating, but when we reached the Missouri, our troubles commenced. The river was rough and turbulent, and con-

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tained many sunken logs, and one day while we were carefully steaming our way up stream, it was our misfortune to run into one of these. I was terrified by feeling the boat give a sudden lurch, and then to hear the pilot's voice ring out: "Everybody on deck! The boat is on a snag!" Everybody rushed out on deck and the little steamer seemed to be fairly standing on her stern. Her bow was up in the air and it was with great difficulty that I was able to stand up on the deck. The pilot stood in the pilot house, his face pale as death. In a few minutes the boat righted herself, and the pilot's cheery cry of "All's clear," quieted our fears and restored our equanimity. It appeared that fortune was with us, for we were told by the Captain that if the accident had occurred in the night time, we would all probably have been lost, but the blessed daylight, enabling the officer to properly handle their boat, saved us. My husband fell on the deck during the confusion and sprained his ankle quite severely, which injury bothered him throughout the journey; in fact, he never did get over it, as he ever after had a weak ankle. A day later we had another accident that might have proven very serious. We were steaming along very close to the shore early in the morning while we were seated at breakfast. I happened to look out of the door towards the stern and I saw a big blaze going up from a wagon in that part of the boat. The sight of it filled me with terror. I said nothing, but acted very quickly. I quietly picked up my two little children and walked out of the cabin. By the time I reached the side of the steamer she had stopped and the bell was loudly clanging the fire alarm. Some of the deck hands had hastily thrown out the gang plank to the river bank, and this I lost no time in mounting with my two little children in my arms. As I walked away from the river I could hear the loud voices of men calling out, and the screams of women and children. In a few minutes the fire was put out and quiet restored, and I returned to the boat. It appeared that in some way a feather bed had got on fire and for a few moments it looked very serious for us, but the only effect of it was a terrible fright, and that was so great that the boat remained at her moorings for a couple of hours before proceeding up the river. I was very much frightened, of course, but I kept my nerve.



in an old rotten and filthy boat seventeen days is bad, but to be thus situated and then put on half rations is truly remarkable; but such was our fate."

Personally, my trip on the steamer was not a pleasant one on account of the selfishness of some of the women in our party, and the first night on the boat I had to sleep on the cabin floor, but after that time I was able to share one of the cabins with two other ladies.

Our party lost no time in disembarking with wagons, cattle and supplies, and at once joined the rest of our party who had come overland and had arrived there three days previously. We harnessed our ox-teams, four yoke of oxen to each wagon, loaded on our supplies, and drove our teams to the ferry boat, and were ferried over to the other side of the river, and then drove out about two miles from the river, where our friends had established a camp.

My husband was greatly incensed at the treatment I had received at the hands of the other women. I will quote from his diary describing the landing at Saint Joe: "I am sorry to have to say it, but the Harmony women treated my family in anything but a respectful manner, and oftentimes with open insult. As usual, those upon whom we have the least claims showed us the most kindness, and to crown all, when we landed, I had to check off our freight, and all the other hands had nothing to do but get their things, which they did by pulling up and loading their wagons. This occupied all the forenoon. During all this time my family had to remain on the bank in the hot sun and dirt, and no one offered my wife a place

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plies of medicine, and the many little deli-
cacies and necessities that only a woman
would think of, and of which a man would
never dream. Each family furnished its own
oxen, wagon and supplies, and if any out-
sider desired to join the expedition he could
do so by paying one hundred dollars cash
for the privilege, the money to go into a
common fund, and he in consideration there-
of to have food and shelter and the protec-
tion of the rest of the parties, and he in ad-
dition to the money paid, was to do his share
of the work on the journey in making and
breaking camp, driving team, and standing
guard at night while we were in the Indian
country.

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By the latter part of March, 1852, all ar-
rangements had been completed, and the
start was actually made about the 11th of
April, from New Harmony, Indiana. A por-
tion of our party had gone overland across
Illinois to Saint Jo, Missouri, two weeks be-
fore, and they were to await our arrival at
that point.

It was a bright, beautiful Sunday morn-
ing about the 11th of April that that portion
of the expedition to go by steamer to Saint
Joe started from New Harmony to go to
Evansville on the Ohio river. We had three
large wagons, each drawn by four "yoke"
or eight oxen, and about thirty people made
up the party. We arrived at Evansville
after two days' travel, and then bought some
supplies and without much delay we got all
of our effects and ourselves on board
steamer—wagons, oxen, supplies, men, wo-
men and children—and when the last good-
byes were said, and they were sad and tear-
ful ones, our steamer, the "Brooklyn,"
swung out into the current and then
down the broad Ohio, and we were actually
on our journey. As I recall it, everybody
in our party seemed light-hearted. We ex-
pected to be gone only two years, that be-
ing the time within which everybody was
supposed to pick up gold enough for any
use, and then we were to return home. Two
years! Home! Fortune! I wonder how
many of that band of thirty actually did
make his or her fortune in the Golden State?
Not one, I believe, and none of the party
returned within the time set, and most of
them never did return. Vain hopes of youth!

I was quite enthusiastic and quite willing
to make the trip, and although I endured
many hardships and passed through many
dangers, and did not pick up many of the
big gold nuggets that the old song sug-

and it had been

not know how I should have gotten along.
It was rather a serious undertaking on my
part to have the care of a little three-year-
old son and a six months-old daughter, be-
sides rendering to others assistance when
called on to do so.

The trip down the Ohio was a very pleas-
ant outing. We had music and singing, and
in the evening two fiddlers furnished music
for regular old-time dances, in which most
of the passengers indulged. Everyone
seemed light-hearted and none appeared to
be worrying over, or to realize the dangers,
or hardships, or labor in store for us. If
we had realized then what was ahead of us,
I believe Captain Duff would have been
compelled to turn back and return us all to
Evansville. I suppose, though, that it was
the prize of golden nuggets that were await-
ing our baskets that lured us on, for we did
not turn back, and never thought of doing
so.

Nothing worthy of note happened during
our journey down the Ohio, as the river was
clear and smooth, and when we turned from
the Ohio and steamed up the broad Missis-
sippi we still had pleasant traveling. The
great river was comparatively smooth and,
as I remember it, the water was fairly clear.
We arrived at St. Louis, Mississippi, on a
Saturday night after our run from Evans-
ville, but we did not go ashore until the
next day. As the boat came to her moor-
ings at the river bank, a dance was in pro-
gress, and some men on the shore started to
come aboard, but they were prevented from
doing so by some of our men calling out:
"There is smallpox on this boat." This had
the desired effect, for no one attempted to
come on board that night, and the dance
went on. The next day was Sunday, and we
could not buy anything at the stores, they
all being closed, and so we had to wait until
the next day. The Monday following, our
men purchased the supplies that were to fur-
nish us with food during our journey, as no
food at all was brought from home except
some delicacies in the way of preserves and
pickles that I had brought. The buying and
loading of supplies was completed by Mon-
day evening, and during the night we once
more set out up the Mississippi, turning into
the muddy Missouri river when we reached
its mouth. Our journey on the steamboat
thus far had been without any incident
worth relating, but when we reached the
Missouri, our troubles commenced. The
rough and turbulent and con-

ered him throughout the journey.
never did get over it, as he ever
after had a weak ankle. A day later we had
another accident that might have proven
very serious. We were steaming along very
close to the shore early in the morning
while we were seated at breakfast. I hap-
pened to look out of the door towards the
stern and saw a big blaze going up from a
wagon in that part of the boat. The sight
of it filled me with terror. I said nothing,
but acted very quickly. I quietly picked up
my two little children and walked out of the
cabin. By the time I reached the side of the
steamer she had stopped and the bell was
loudly clanging the fire alarm. Some of the
deck hands had hastily thrown out the gang
plank to the river bank, and this I lost no
time in mounting with my two little chil-
dren in my arms. As I walked away from
the river I could hear the loud voices of men
calling out, and the screams of women and
children. In a few minutes the fire was put
out and quiet restored, and I returned to the
boat. It appeared that in some way a
feather bed had got on fire and for a few
moments it looked very serious for us, but
the only effect of it was a terrible fright, and
that was so great that the boat remained at
her moorings for a couple of hours before
proceeding up the river. I was very much
frightened, of course, but I kept my nerve,
and made up my mind to get to a place of
safety as quickly as possible, at least a place
that was safe from the fire, and land seemed
to me at the time to be about the safest
place. It did not occur to me at the time
what in the world I should have done there
alone in that wilderness with my children,
if the boat had burned up.

We proceeded up the river and arrived in
due time at Saint Joe, Missouri, after a sev-
enteen days' run from Evansville.

This steamer trip was not as pleasant as
it might have been, and possibly the many
years gone by have somewhat softened the
recollection of the hardships, and perhaps
my remembrance is not of the best, but the
note which I find my husband made in his
diary of the event is as follows: "The best
place on the river is Saint Joe. This is a
pleasant town (save when the wind blows
and then it is disagreeable) of some 2500 in-
habitants, and is backed by some of the fin-
est country that I ever saw, and some of it
is well cultivated. We arrived here on the
last day of April, after the most tedious trip
I ever took in any way, for to be cooped up

the best way.

the cabin floor, but after that time I was
able to share one of the cabins with two
other ladies.

Our party lost no time in disembarking
with wagons, cattle and supplies, and at
once joined the rest of our party who had
come overland and had arrived there three
days previously. We harnessed our ox-
teams, four yoke of oxen to each wagon,
loaded on our supplies, and drove our teams
to the ferry boat, and were ferried over to
the other side of the river, and then drove
out about two miles from the river, where
our friends had established a camp.

My husband was greatly incensed at the
treatment I had received at the hands of the
other women. I will quote from his diary
describing the landing at Saint Joe: "I am
sorry to have to say it, but the Harmony
women treated my family in anything but a
respectful manner, and oftentimes with open
insult. As usual, those upon whom we have
the least claims showed us the most kind-
ness, and to crown all, when we landed, I
had to check off our freight, and all the
other hands had nothing to do but get their
things, which they did by pulling up and
loading their wagons. This occupied all the
forenoon. During all this time my family
had to remain on the bank in the hot sun
and dirt, and no one offered my wife a place
in their wagon, nor even spoke to her, ex-
cept to quarrel with her for things she could
not help, and when they got loaded, I asked
Mr. P. to let my family ride out to camp in
his wagon, but he had no room, and the
other teams drove off under "J. C.'s" direc-
tions and left us standing on the bank of the
river, to get out to camp as best we could,
but ingratitude is always punished, and in
this case it was instant, for he let "M. C.'s"
team run against his wagon and smashed
one hind wheel to atoms, but I did not fol-
low his course towards me. I went and
borrowed a wheel and helped him to start,
and we finally got out to camp and pitched
our tents before dark. This was the first
day of May."

The same day, just after we arrived in
camp, the pilot of the steamer, whose name
I cannot remember, came into camp carry-
ing his "carpet sack," and told us that the
steamer had sunk. On returning to the
river, there, sure enough, we saw only the
pilot house of the old "Brooklyn" above the
water. I then for the first time realized
what a peril we had passed through on the

gathered a few) somehow I never, either during the journey or since, regretted taking the trip I did.

We were to steam down the Ohio, thence up the Mississippi to the mouth of the Missouri, thence up the Missouri to "Saint trip," as I learned from that pilot that the boat was a rotten old craft, and that she had been greatly overloaded, and that we had really taken great chances in making the voyage in her. Many of us thought at the time that from the fact that the boat was so heavily insured, that she was sunk on purpose to get the insurance—I have been told that that was a common practice in those days.

Everybody was busy now dividing stores and packing wagons. The notes in my husband's diary shed some light on the trials and difficulties attending the few days of our final preparations:

"Today I have determined to have another team or stop at Saint Joe. M. C. and I bought Z. Johnson's half of a team, consisting of a wagon and outfit and two yoke of oxen, and I now have Cuddy for a partner. We moved this team out to the camp and I set up for myself. May 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 were occupied in fitting out, and for me it is very unpleasant, for there is but one who left Harmony who is disposed to see me have a fair chance. Mr. C. has done all that he could, and has acted the man. We have got our team now of four yoke of oxen.

May 8. Today we have divided our stores, and I will say with truth that I never knew the definition of selfish before, but now I can appreciate it in its fullest sense, but cannot tell all the little mean things I saw it do, and would like to forget it. Truly is this the place to try men.

"May 9. Today, Sunday, we broke up camp and moved up to the ferry four miles above Saint Joe, and camped for the night.

"May 10. Today was spent in fixing wagons and in the evening we crossed the river in a hard rain storm, and ascended the bluff, which is a very bad hill of some two hundred feet in height, with a grade of forty degrees. It was so wet that we had to put twelve yoke of oxen (twenty-four animals) to a wagon, and hard work at that. But we go up safely, minus the breaking of a few chains and cracking P's whip stock of hoosier oak. We camped one and a quarter miles from the Missouri, where we found good grass and a good spring of water.

I cannot recall the names of the entire party, but those I do remember are the following: J. H. Variel and wife, Mrs. Mary Alexander Variel, and their two children, the one then three years old being the late Hon. R. H. F. Variel of Los Angeles, and the other, a daughter, six months old, who is now Mrs. Bell C. Eaton of Ventura county; Michael Craddock and Jane Craddock, his wife; Henry Hugo, fifteen years old; Mrs. Corbin and Tiny Corbin, her two-year-old daughter, going to join her husband; Daniel Perky, William Galloway, Monis Burbeck, Charles Twigg, Frank McNear, Charles Pritchard, Mrs. James Budden and her three daughters, Kate, Mary, Lily, aged sixteen, nine and seven years (going to join her husband in California who was out there practicing medicine), Burt Kellogg, — Cuddy, Frank Durlin, — J. Dunn with wife and baby, Henry Hall, John and Mark Delaney, "French Louis" (cook), Thomas Cox and wife, George Grant, wife and sisters, Fide Lyon (her husband was in Nevada Cit, and she was going on to join him), Green Cox, William Davis, wife and baby, William Bradley, Zummerich McFadden, — Racquet, "Sid" —, Henry Ivens, an eleven-year-old boy, and Zark Johnson. When we started we had a fine watch dog, and I got a great deal of comfort by having him, as he was always about watching over my children.



Reproduction of old Daguerrotype of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Variel

CHAS. H. TURNER

Grand Secretary N. S. G. W.

The order of the Native Sons of the Golden West is blessed in possessing many men who are a credit to the organization they represent. Men of undoubted ability



and honesty of purpose, men who are tireless in their efforts to advance the spirit of fraternity, and who leave no stone unturned to promote the general prosperity of the State and its people. Each month of the Grizzly will contain a portrait, together with a short sketch, of the men who are working unselfishly in the upbuilding of Native Sonism. And in this issue we present the likeness of Charles H. Turner, the present Grand Secretary.

Brother Turner has devoted his entire time for the past eighteen years to the order he loves. 'Twas through his individual efforts Calaveras Parlor No. 67 was organized. He was appointed a District Deputy Grand President by Grand President Flint, and organized Union and Copperopolis Parlors. He has traveled extensively throughout the State, and it is claimed that he has earned the proud distinction of visiting a greater number of parlors than any other

EVA T. BU

Grand President of the Native



There is no better known nor respected officer in the Native Daughters than the present grand president of this splendid fraternity. This worthy lady has been, and is, most active in all affairs concerning the organization she so ably represents, and has spared no pains in assisting any and all progressive officers.

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May 11. We are now fairly afloat and our destiny is westward. All well and in good spirits, except Mr. P., who has been unwell with d— for several days, but is too cross to be in any danger."

While in camp we were visited by Indians, who exacted from every man a toll of one dollar for the privilege of going through their country. And we had to pay 25 cents for each wagon every time we crossed a bridge. They were very friendly, were well dressed and could speak very good English, they having lived near the town of Saint Joe. They were the Kickapoo Indians.

When our preparations were all completed and the start was actually made, our "emigrant train," as it was called in those days, was made up of eleven large wagons, or prairie schooners, covered with canvas, each drawn by four yoke, or eight oxen, and our emigrant company consisted of about

one and baby, Henry Hall, John and Mark Delaney, "French Louis" (cook), Thomas Cox and wife, George Grant, wife and sisters, Fidelia Lyon (her husband was in Nevada City, and she was going on to join him), Green Cox, William Davis, wife and baby, William Bradley, Zummeric McFadden. — Racquet, "Sid" —, Henry Ivens, an eleven-year-old boy, and Zark Johnson. When we started we had a fine watch dog, and I got a great deal of comfort by having him, as he was always about watching over my children.



Reproduction of old Daguerrotype of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Variel

(Continued in August Number.)

"The Tender Mercies."

Bishop Joseph F. Berry, during the Methodist conference's recent session in New York, told a story in illustration of the tender mercies of the wicked.

"It is said," he began, "that when the great Spanish marshal, Narvaez, lay dying, his confessor asked him if he had any enemies.

"No," whispered the marshal: "I have none."

"But the priest, reflecting on the stormy life of the dying man, repeated:

"Think, sir! Have you no enemies? None whatever?"

"No," said the marshal, "I have



and honesty of purpose, men who are tireless in their efforts to advance the spirit of fraternity, and who leave no stone unturned to promote the general prosperity of the State and its people. Each month of the Grizzly will contain a portrait, together with a short sketch, of the men who are working unselfishly in the upbuilding of Native Sonism. And in this issue we present the likeness of Charles H. Turner, the present Grand Secretary.

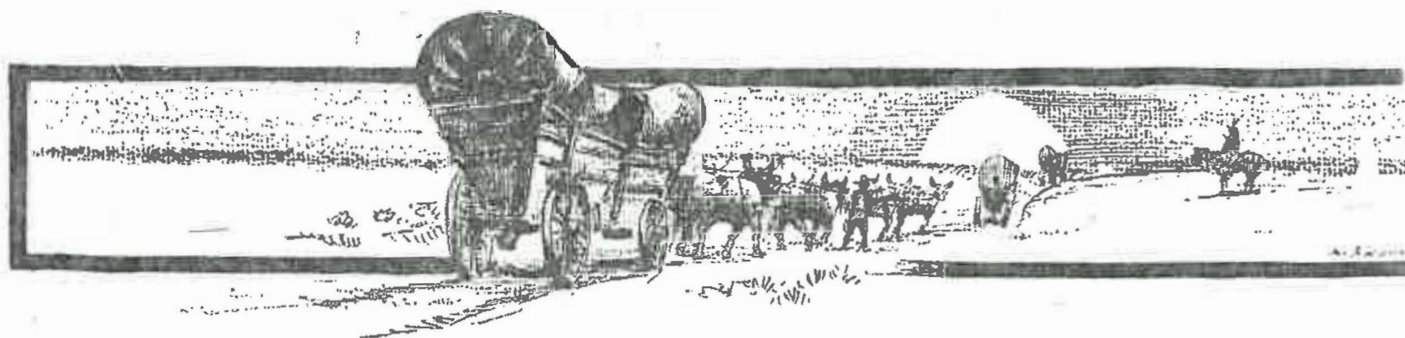
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When Alcatraz Parlor was instituted Mr. Turner was installed a charter Third Vice-President and successfully passed through all the chairs. He was elected Grand Secretary at the Vallejo Grand Session and has been continuously re-elected and now is entering upon his fourth year.

Brother Chas. Turner has also attended every Grand Parlor since the twenty-second session held at Salinas.

The Grizzly Bear has received many favors from our hustling Grand Secretary, and his unselfish efforts in securing special items of interest is greatly appreciated.





A ROMANCE OF THE PLAIN

By WM. J. VARIEL.



Wm. J. Variel

From notes given by his pioneer mother, the late Mrs. Mary Alexander Variel.
Copyright applied for.

(Continued from July Issue)

The first Indians we saw, as previously stated, were at our first camp near Saint Joe, they being "tame Indians." They very promptly made demands on us to pay "toll," and of course, we had nothing else to do but pay it, and this put them in a good humor. They had a big camp fire near us and the old chief came over and invited me to go over to their fires and warm my tea, but having a little iron stove for that purpose, I declined his invitation. I gave my little son, Robert, fifty cents to give to the chief, the latter having inspired the child with a very wholesome fear, but he walked up to the old fellow and said, "Here, four bits." The chief took the coin and bowed very low, and again invited us to his camp, but I declined.

In making the final arrangements for our overland trip, we chose one of the men as captain, Mr. M. Craddock, but my husband and another man were chosen lieutenants and had a good deal to say about the conduct of affairs. It was arranged that two men should in rotation stand guard each night and watch our cattle, two staying up until midnight, and two others the balance of the night. We also arranged our mode of travel and making camp. Each wagon took its turn in leading, and when the captain in the evening ordered a halt for camp, the first wagon would take a position (so that it would be the last one to move the next morning) and then the other wagons as they came up, would fall in position, the

wagons when all had halted being in a circle, forming a circular barricade or fort, inside of which we pitched our tents and built our individual camp fires. In the back end of our wagon my husband had built an excellent pantry, which was very tight and in which I kept supplies for immediate use in very good shape. Each wagon load and party had its own supplies, and did its own cooking, there being no community interest in this respect. We had tin plates, tin cups, iron knives and forks, and our eatables consisted of tea, coffee, sugar, crackers, flour, hams, shoulders, smoked bacon and cheese. We had no canned goods, as this was before the era of that very convenient form of food. I had bought two bushels of dried peaches before we started, and this furnished us with what seemed at the time a very delicious dessert during the entire journey. I did all of the cooking for our wagon party, consisting of my husband, two children and myself, and two men, "Cuddy" and "Louis," both Frenchmen. Louis always gathered the fuel, carried water and washed the dishes for me, little favors that were much appreciated by the cook. I boiled water every night after supper, and in the morning before starting filled four big canteens and a little one for Robert, with this cooled, boiled water. By this means our wagon party, at least, always had a good supply of wholesome water, something that some of the others neglected, and to their cost, as will be seen.

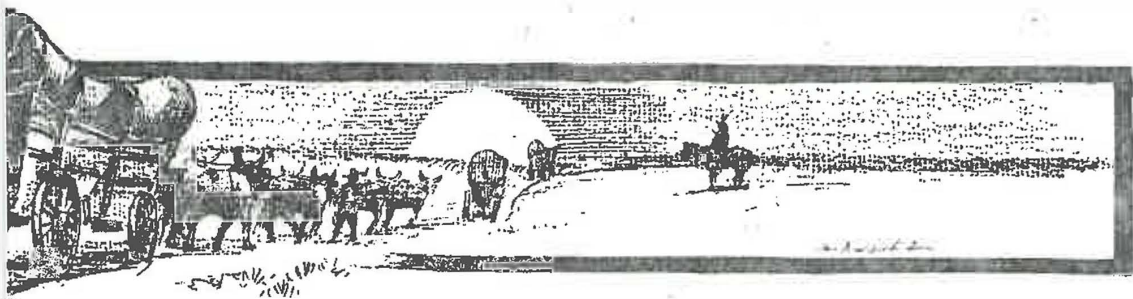
We found the road well defined, as it had been marked out and traveled over by the thousands of emigrants who had preceded us on their way to the gold fields. We generally traveled about twenty miles each day, the country for the first hundred miles being quite level. One evening just as we had reached our camping place and had prepared for the night, we learned that John Craddock, brother of our Captain, had been taken quite ill with a complaint something like cholera. This was undoubtedly brought on by his drinking unboiled water. The poor man came to my wagon and told me. For the night, we learned that John Craddock, brother of our captain, had been that he was very sick and that he believed that he had the cholera, and asked me for some "pain killer." I got out our bottle of the patent medicine and handed it to him, telling him to take six drops of it in a tumbler of water, every hour or so. I offered to mix up the medicine for him, but he looked at the bottle a moment, and instead of following my direction, he placed it to his lips and commenced drinking it straight. I cried out, "Don't drink it that way, it will kill

you," but he drank down of the bottle, and after remarked, "Well, if it does me any good, I guess the whole world is more good." He turned back to his wagon, and I heard no more until about midnight the tent started from my slumbering out to me to let her brandy. She was terrible and said, "I do believe I have the cholera, he is all right, but he died within an hour. I night, and the wind blew dropped the tent right and went to bed, leaving out watchers.

We laid by the next day we had the remains of the first victim of a beautiful granite rock had red streaks in "Calico Rock." The body was in a blanket (for a question) and let down four feet deep and was a ceremony of any kind a mournful affair, and we depressed, each one of us who would be called a cholera was not ill-founded, passed another emigrant had cases of cholera. At the day and night following our comrade, we continued our journey.

One morning while I was ahead of the front wagon (for I, in fact, walked across the plains in the body of the wagon near the road. It was only a few feet from the earth. One arm was sticking out from the shallow and the body appeared to be recently buried and some the poor fellow had been the position of the body for it certainly could not have been with one arm sticking out. He had cholera. In the cholera cases were buried in such times was not extinct. I finished the burial, with spades and covered the

We traveled on, and the death of John Calloway, who was taken down sick and stopped on account of the



NANCE OF THE PLAINS

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wagons when all had halted being in a circle, forming a circular barricade or fort, inside of which we pitched our tents and built our individual camp fires. In the back end of our wagon my husband had built an excellent pantry, which was very tight and in which I kept supplies for immediate use in very good shape. Each wagon load and party had its own supplies, and did its own cooking, there being no community interest in this respect. We had tin plates, tin cups, iron knives and forks, and our eatables consisted of tea, coffee, sugar, crackers, flour, hams, shoulders, smoked bacon and cheese. We had no canned goods, as this was before the era of that very convenient form of food. I had bought two bushels of dried peaches before we started, and this furnished us with what seemed at the time a very delicious dessert during the entire journey. I did all of the cooking for our wagon party, consisting of my husband, two children and myself, and two men, "Cuddy" and "Louis," both Frenchmen. Louis always gathered the fuel, carried water and washed the dishes for me, little favors that were much appreciated by the cook. I boiled water every night after supper, and in the morning before starting filled four big canteens and a little one for Robert, with this cooled, boiled water. By this means our wagon party, at least, always had a good supply of wholesome water, something that some of the others neglected, and to their cost, as will be seen.

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you," but he drank down the entire contents of the bottle, and after smacking his lips, he remarked, "Well, if six drops would help me, I guess the whole bottle will do me more good." He turned and walked to his wagon, and I heard nothing more of him, until about midnight that night, when I was startled from my slumber by his wife crying out to me to let her have some of my brandy. She was terribly excited and scared and said, "I do believe my husband is dying of the cholera, he is all doubled up." I gave her the brandy, but he was too far gone, and died within an hour. It was a cold, dismal night, and the wind blew a fierce gale. They dropped the tent right over his dead body and went to bed, leaving the corpse without watchers.

We laid by the next day and night, and during the day we buried the last mortal remains of the first victim, burying it at the foot of a beautiful granite boulder. This rock had red streaks in it and we called it "Calico Rock." The body was sewed up in a blanket (for a coffin was out of the question) and let down into a grave about four feet deep and was then covered up, no ceremony of any kind being had. It was a mournful affair, and we all felt very much depressed, each one no doubt wondering who would be called next. Our fear of cholera was not ill-founded, for we had just passed another emigrant train that had four bad cases of cholera. After recuperating for the day and night following the death of our comrade, we continued our westward journey.

One morning while I was walking along ahead of the front wagon to escape the dust (for I, in fact, walked most of the way across the plains in this way) I all but stepped on the body of a dead man lying near the road. It was that of a white man, and the body was only half covered with earth. One arm was bare and protruded from the shallow and hastily made grave. The body appeared to have been only recently buried and some of us thought that the poor fellow had been buried alive, as the position of the body would indicate this, for it certainly could not have been buried with one arm sticking out. The suggestion was horrible. He had probably died of cholera. In the cholera scourges many people were buried in such haste that life oftentimes was not extinct. Our men, however, finished the burial, for they took their spades and covered the body.

We traveled on, and two nights after the death of John Calloway, Sarah, John's sister, was taken down sick with cholera. We stopped on account of the sick woman, and

did what we could to alleviate her sufferings. She was a good, kind-hearted woman and my heart went out to her. She had a nine months' old baby and the prospect of this little child being left an orphan was terrible. The poor woman lay sick all day, and I went to her and found her lying on a board in her tent. She was very sick and suffered great pain. She told me she was sure she was going to die, but I spoke to her encouragingly, and set about trying to do something for her. She was very cold, so I got some rocks heated up and put them to her feet and gave her hot pepper tea; she seemed to get better, but she was terribly frightened, and kept crying that she didn't want to die and be buried in a blanket. Her brother's death and burial had terrified her, and I believe that if her courage could have been kept up, she would have recovered. She kept crying that she was going to die, and during the evening became very low, and just about midnight her terrified, troubled soul passed away.

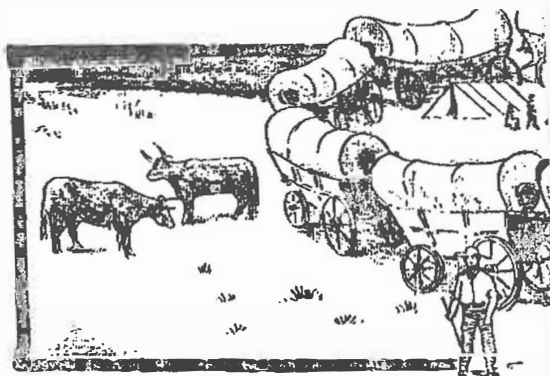
The night, though clear, was very cold, as it had been raining during the day, and a fierce wind was blowing that chilled to the bone. The sky was slightly overcast, and black clouds shifted rapidly across the face of the pale moon. We were all terror-stricken at the death of our friend, and a deep gloom pervaded the camp. Most of the camp were up and about, each one, no doubt, filled with his or her own thoughts of loneliness and sorrow. I walked over to the tent of the dead woman just a few moments after she died, and was about to go into the tent to assist the other ladies in preparing the body for burial, when I was startled and fairly transfixed by a loud, long, unearthly scream issuing from some bushes near by. It sounded like a woman screaming out in agonized terror, and at the same time it had the fierceness and power that betokened some powerful wild animal. It was terrible, and I was frightened half to death. It was so strange and weird, too, at that lonely midnight hour when death had just claimed a victim, for that panther to be at our camp and give out that terrible cry. I have often wondered about it since. I have never heard a dog howl at night since, that I haven't recalled that panther's scream. It is said that dogs howl when a human soul passes away. What relation was there possibly between the death of our poor friend that dismal night, and the one dreadful scream of that panther? It was evidently a strange coincidence, and such a thing as would be calculated to fill us all with superstitious dread. I know I did not sleep any that night, and I doubt if anybody in camp slept, and a close watch was had at the tent of death.

We laid by another day in order to bury the dead. This solemn duty having been performed, we spent the rest of the day in altering our tents, sunning our clothes and doctoring the sick. After that it was westward again.

A night or two after Sarah died, another of our party, Charles Twigg, was taken sick with cholera. He had been a friend and neighbor at New Harmony, and I felt very kindly towards him, so when I learned that he was sick, I determined to make an effort to save him. He had great confidence in me and begged me to do something for him. I heated a board over the fire and made my husband put it on the sick man's stomach, and ordered it to be kept there hot, and made him drink a quart of hot milk in

which I had sprinkled a generous quantity of red cayenne pepper. He soon showed marked improvement, he sweat very freely, and the severe pains he had been suffering left him, and he slept all night and the next morning rode in his wagon, and by another day or two he was well. He always said that I saved his life.

The next day still another member of our party, Rall McFadden, was taken ill with the same trouble. Twigg came to me at once and said, "Get your milk and pepper and hot board, Mrs. Variel, McFadden is down sick." I pursued the same course of treatment with him as with Twigg, and in addition gave him some hot brandy and he got well in a couple of days. After this, I was called "Doctor," and I was soon summoned "professionally" to the tent of Charley Pritchard, who a few days later was taken down with the same dread disease. I gave him the same treatment and he got well in a few days, though he, as well as the others, had to ride in a wagon several days while we were traveling, on account of being so weak. Let me remark here, that no man was allowed to ride at any time unless ill, he being compelled to walk all the way across the plains, and we women, too, walked in the aggregate, many hundreds of miles, for we preferred to walk



An Emigrant Train Fort

ahead to escape the dust, and it was about as easy to walk as to ride in those big, lumbering, "dead ax" wagons. The treatment I had used I had learned from my mother, and I gave them the benefit of this "home remedy." I insisted, though, that nobody should drink any water that was unboiled, and told them they would all die if they didn't boil their drinking water. This admonition was very scrupulously observed by everyone after that, and we, in fact, had no more serious illness in our party.

We crossed many rivers in our travels, but there was one in particular, some two hundred miles west of Saint Joe, where there was a ferry and we had to pay \$1.50 per wagon to get ferried over. There was, also, a store at this point where we got a few supplies, but were compelled to pay outrageous prices. The man who kept this store, I understood from my husband, dealt largely in whiskey and so-called brandy, and some of our men got a taste of the stuff, and it did not do them any good, either. Our oxen were bothered a great deal by great swarms of black bugs; they were in shape and color like the pinch bugs and annoyed our cattle so much one evening that we had a stampede of our oxen and it took the men over an hour to gather them again.

We had many reports from discouraged, returning travelers whom we met, of very short grass and plenty of Indians ahead. This was not very cheering to us, but we kept on. A few miles further on from the

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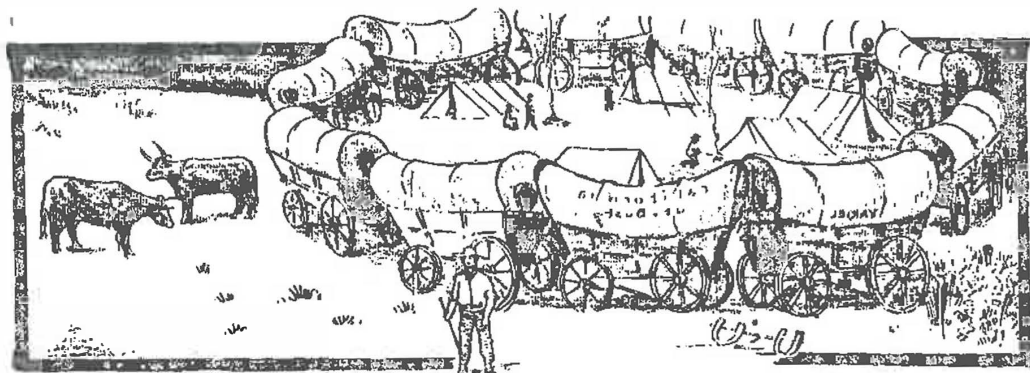
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ferry we met the overland stage, and those who had any letters for home, sent them on.

We reached the Platte River about June 1st; here was Fort Kearney. It was a fine, bright morning when we came in sight of the fort. The soldiers were out parading and it was a very welcome sight, for reports of Indians had made us feel a little nervous. There were three or four frame houses, a few pieces of cannon, and some sixty soldiers, but we saw no American flag. We camped a few miles below the fort for noon. Here one of the men deserted or left our party; he quit because he did not like the idea of working. We wrote some letters and mailed them here at the fort. There were no women here, at least I saw none. We did not remain at the fort, but went on several miles that afternoon before camping for the night.

Soon after leaving Fort Kearney, we came across a newly made grave. It had a small plank for a head board on which was written, "The Lone Grave. A Young Girl 18 Years." Whose body lay buried there, or what the circumstances of her death were, could only be conjectured by us, who had seen the fatal ravages of cholera. This lone grave out there in the boundless desert

Tected all of us, and it was a long time before we could shake off the overpowering



An Emigrant Train Fortified for the Night

ahead to escape the dust, and it was about as easy to walk as to ride in those big, lumbering, "dead ax" wagons. The treatment I had used I had learned from my mother, and I gave them the benefit of this "home remedy." I insisted, though, that nobody should drink any water that was unboiled, and told them they would all die if they didn't boil their drinking water. This admonition was very scrupulously observed by everyone after that, and we, in fact, had no more serious illness in our party.

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and depressing impression. It was one of the many and almost constantly recurring reminders that death was always lurking about us.

We had found thus far, plenty of good water and feed for our animals, but fuel became a very serious question for us as long as we were in the prairie region, wood as fuel being out of the question, and for hundreds of miles the only fuel we had and used was buffalo "chips."

As we neared Fort Laramie, we met four young men, driving an eight ox team, coming back from the West. The young men were crying, and we asked them what was the matter, and they replied that they four, with their Captain, who was an older man, had started from Kentucky to go to California; that everything had gone well until the day before we met them, when their "Captain" had been stricken down with cholera, and had died, and they, after burying him, had lost heart and had turned back towards home. They were nearly frantic with grief and disappointment. I spoke to one of them and said Kentucky was my state (my parents had formerly lived in the old blue grass state, and I had a warm place in my heart for any Kentuckian), and asked them to turn back and go on with us, but they were not to be turned from their purpose, and bade us goodbye, and went on towards home. I have often wondered what became of them.

Soon after this, Mrs. Corbin and I, while

one morning walking ahead of the train, came up with an ox team, four yoke, as usual. The leader, or Captain, was an old man probably seventy years old, by the name of Ayers, and he was accompanied by two young men, and a young negro woman who did the cooking for the party. Their oxen were standing still, and apparently they had been in trouble of some kind. The old man asked me if there were any Masons in our party, and I replied that I didn't know of any except Charley Twigg; that nearly all of our men folks were Odd Fellows. One of the young men, Jim Johnson, came and spoke to me and said that the old man had had trouble with the train of which they were members, and that their former companions refused to allow them to travel in company with them any longer, and they had been compelled to fall behind. Jim begged me very earnestly to allow him to join our train, so we waited until our train came up to see what could be done for the wails. I at once told Charley Twigg that there was a stranger there with the wagon asking for a Mason. Charley talked with the Missourian a while, and the latter, after considerable talk and parleying among our men, was permitted to join our train and to fall in behind and take its turn, and his two young men were to stand watch in turn as our men were doing. Several days went by without any incident, Jim especially making himself very useful and agreeable to us all. Ayers was afraid to go on alone for fear of the Indians, and was especially afraid of going down the Humboldt River in Nevada. This was his one fear, and he had begged so hard that it was decided to take him in, no matter what kind of a man he was.

One morning Ayers' wagon was at the rear, and Jim had just finished milking their cow, and he came to me with a bucket partly filled with milk, and asked me if I had anything to put the milk in so as to save it, saying that everything in their wagon was filled. I replied that the pantry was closed up, and that I couldn't make any use of it, as the wagon had gone on. I always stayed behind when the wagon first started, to see that nothing was left behind. Mr. Ayers was standing chatting with me when Jim came up, and I noticed that Ayers had a long bowie knife in his hand. When I said I had nothing to put the milk in, Jim simply turned it out on the ground, and as quick as a flash old Ayers drew his hand back and struck at Jim, who was near me on the other side, and would have cut him if I had not struck his arm and knocked the knife to the ground. It was all done very quickly, and I believe the old man would have killed Jim if I had not been there. I grabbed up the knife and threw it away as far as I could, and said to the boy, "Jim, take my spade and knock his brains out." Jim picked up the spade and drew it back to strike, but the old man ran to his wagon and got his gun, but the negro girl grabbed the gun from him and told him it was not loaded. Jim implored me to let him go with our wagon, and asked Ayers to give him his clothes, but Ayers told him to go on, that he couldn't have them. I pleaded with the old man to give Jim his things, but the old fiend was obdurate and refused. I said, "Jim, come along. My husband has plenty of clothes, and you can get along some way." Jim told Ayers that he had done a great deal for him, and that he (Jim) had driven his, Ayers' team for two hundred miles in Missouri when the officers were

pursuing him. The old man hushed up after this, and we went away and left him. Just as we were about to leave, the old man threw Jim's "carpet-bag" on the ground. Jim told me afterwards that the old man had stolen the colored girl, who was undoubtedly a slave, and that he had then fled from Missouri. Jim went with me and we finally overtook the train, but Ayres never caught up with us. We afterwards saw him farther on. It appears that he took the Salt Lake Route, and sold his oxen and bought a wagon and horses, and when we saw him he was going along, driving his team of horses and accompanied by the negro girl and dog.

One evening at sundown, a few days before we arrived at Fort Laramie, we had just stopped for the day and were about to camp. Our wagons were arranged in a circle as usual, and most of the men were away from camp driving the cattle away to graze. I had just gotten down from our wagon with my little boy and my little seven-months-old daughter, and was preparing to get our supper. It was just dark and several camp fires had already been lighted. Charley Twigg and Frank McLean were at their wagon next to ours, and they were the only men about camp at the time. Suddenly little Robert spoke up and said, "Here comes circus from Harmony. Where's the old clown? I don't want to see the old clown. I'm afraid of him."

I looked up, and there before me were eight brawny Indians, each mounted on a fine big horse. They had no rifles but may have had other weapons. One of them said, "Here, give me your papoose (baby). I want to see your papoose. I swap papoose with you. My squaw has papoose." I replied that I wanted to keep my own papoose, that every squaw liked her own papoose best. Not wishing to anger him, or show that I was afraid of him, and some way feeling that I had to take some chances in the matter, I handed my little baby daughter up to him, and said, "Here, you hold my baby while I get you some sugar and crackers." He took the child, and I ran to the back of my wagon and brought a cupful of brown sugar and a handful of crackers and came back and gave each Indian a cracker and poured some of the brown sugar into each one's hand. When the spokesman of the party received his cracker and sugar, he said something in Indian tongue to his companions and away they went yelling like demons and running their horses at full speed around the outside of our circle of wagons. I was terribly frightened, as I had heard that the Indians like to get white children, to bring them up, and I anxiously waited for them to return. They stopped after a couple of revolutions about our camp, and the chief stopped by my wagon and handed back my baby, and as he did so, pointed up to the flag that was floating on our wagon and he said, "Heap good flag." It was the flag of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and we always had one on our wagon. The flag seemed to impress him as being a very important thing, and he looked at it a long time. He asked me for gunpowder, but I told him we didn't have any. They waited around a few minutes and then all of a sudden the leader turned his horse, gave a terrible yell, and started away from the camp on the dead run, followed by his seven companions, all yelling like demons. Charley Twigg and McLean had fallen down under their wagon near by, and remained there during the en-

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tire colloquy. It did not last more than five minutes, but they were the longest five minutes I ever spent in my life.

Twigg, after the Indians left, very bravely crawled out from under the wagon and asked why I gave up my child. I answered that I thought it was the best thing to do under the circumstances. It appeared to me, and I told him, that he did not show very much valor on his part in remaining under the wagon while I was parleying with the Indians. It certainly was very funny to see those two men disappear under their wagon, leaving a defenseless woman to treat with those savages all alone.

When the men returned from putting the oxen out to graze, and learned what had taken place, our Captain was very angry because I had given my crackers and sugar away, saying that I would need those crackers and sugar before I got across. I replied that I didn't think we would need either if we were all killed by the Indians.

(Continued in September number.)



Seize and Capture of Los Angeles

(Continued from page 56)

They arrived at San Pedro without molestation, and four or five days later embarked on the merchant ship Vandalia, which, however, did not at once leave the port. Gillespie in his march was accompanied by a few of the American residents and probably a dozen of the Chino prisoners, who had been exchanged for the same number of Californians whom he had held under arrest, most likely as hostages.

Gillespie took two cannon with him when he evacuated the city, and left two spiked and broken on Fort Hill. There seems to have been a proviso in the articles of capitulation requiring him to deliver over the guns to Flores on reaching the embarcadero. If there was such a stipulation Gillespie violated it. He spiked the guns, broke off the trunnions and rolled them into the bay. These four guns were probably the same that Stockton reported having found in Castro's abandoned camp. Marshall, of gold discovery fame, claims to have unspiked the guns with a hammer and cold chisel, and upon improvised carriages they were mounted on Fort Hill.

The revolt inaugurated by Varela at Los Angeles spread throughout the territory. The American garrisons were driven out of San Diego and Santa Barbara. Monterey and San Jose were placed under martial law, and a number of sanguinary engagements followed before Stockton, Kearney and Fremont regained what Gillespie (through Stockton's blundering) lost in the surrender of Los Angeles.