

During the mining period referred to, such a camp as I have described stood upon one of the larger tributaries of the Klamath, flowing down the southern slope of the mountains. It occupied an abbreviated flat at a bend in the stream, first known as "Sailor's bend," because "color" was originally found there by two adventurous seamen, who had deserted their vessel to experience the hazards, privations, excitements and golden possibilities that made up the sum of the pioneer miner's existence. Later, when half a dozen brush and shake shanties centered about a larger and more pretentious structure of logs, shakes and canvas, which did duty as a store, saloon, post office, gambling hall and general social rendezvous for the miners along the stream for several miles above and below, it was christened "Betsyville," by some facetious miner, in a moment of witty inspiration, and wore the title proudly until its last occupant deserted it, and left its dilapidated structures a prey to the elements.

Although a night never passed without the exhibition of considerable animation at Betsyville, Saturday night was the "one bright particular star" of its septuary round. It was then the whole population of the neighborhood gathered at the rendezvous, and partook of such good cheer as "Big Johnson" was accustomed to dispense. It was an occasion of much good natured hilarity, merging, upon occasion, into boisterousness, on the part of some of the convivia whose supply of brains was not sufficiently weighty to keep down the cain-raising tendency of Big Johnson's liquor. All such were endured as long as there remained a shred of virtue upon which to hang endurance, and were then summarily quieted by Johnson, to the thankful relief of his less noisy patrons. Cards, jokes, stories, yarns, cigars, pipes, together with frequent indulgences in

whisky straight, supplemented, at times, by the rasping tones of a tortured fiddle, squeaking out its enlivening accompaniment to a reel, hornpipe or a genuine "stag dance," made up the sum of the night's entertainment, which very seldom ended before the brightening of the eastern sky heralded the approach of the Sabbath sun. Sunday was a day of rest, if not devotion. Avaricious indeed was the man who worked in his claim on the Sabbath. This much of the influence of the habits of other days still clung to them. They observed the fourth commandment, so far as to "remember the Sabbath day," but almost to a man they neglected the injunction "to keep it holy." Sunday was a day for doing all sorts of odd jobs—for washing clothes, splitting wood, buying provisions at the store, mending tools and clothing, and, in the afternoon and evening, resuming at Johnson's the thread of enjoyment where it was broken off the night before. Sunday night was very similar to its predecessor, though the zest and freshness that had marked the revelries terminating the week's labor had passed away.

It was in the midst of such a scene as this, late one Saturday night, that a stranger entered the door, which stood hospitably open, though, if the truth be told, Johnson, in opening it, did so less from the promptings of a spirit of hospitality than with a desire to exchange some of the foul, whisky-laden atmosphere of the interior for the clear and uncontaminated air of the mountains. The new comer stood for some minutes quietly watching the hilarious company, attracting but a casual glance from the revelers, for strangers were too common in Betsyville to be objects of curiosity. The mines, at that season, were thronged with men, constantly coming and going, and scarcely a night passed that half a dozen of them did not sample Johnson's