

CONTINUATION OF MRS. EVA EMERY DYE'S CHRONICLE

At Sutter's Fort.

HERE are my friends, the chiefs of Eastern Oregon," said Captain Sutter, taking the hands of his red guests. "I have invited them to trade in cattle."

The packhorses were driven into the fort and the beautiful peltries unrolled. The spotted Cayuse racers tried their paws on the green. The long-horned Spanish cattle were inspected, and the trade consummated to the satisfaction of all concerned.

California was still in its primeval beauty. The forests of Spanish civilization were scattered here and there. Whole valleys and mountain flanks and forests were sacred to the Indian, the beaver and the elk.

"In our country," said Elijah, "six nations are on terms of friendship. If any one of these nations steals a horse, the tribe is responsible. But if our enemies, the Crows or the Blackfeet, steal a horse, it is lost beyond recovery."

"Will you?" said Elijah, glancing at a tree and passing into the lodge pitched close at hand. He came out in a moment with a loaded gun. "Go now and take your share," he said.

"I hope you are not going to kill me," quavered the American.

"You? No, I am going to shoot the eagle perched on your oak."

old Indian woman peering in at the window, was crying and sipping in his verandas. The Indians were plowing the Spanish gardens, after the fashion of old Mexico in the days of Cortez.

With the fading of Mendocino, the fandangos, boleros and barcos of old Spain faded from the lips of Eloise McLoughlin, but not the face of him who was buried in the little graveyard at Yerba Buena—It lived again in her infant son.

They whispered with Fremont. Scarcely had the little "Cadboro" disappeared through the Golden Gate, and Fremont's colonization of the Indians was captured at daylight in his house at Sonoma, along with nine brass cannon, 200 stands of arms and tons of copper shingles.

"I am not a fanatic," said the man in the uniform. "I am a patriot, and I am a patriot because I believe in the proper and reasonable use of a thing because others abuse it."

There are only 40 men, but a courier flies to Sutter's Fort. Breathless he passes the Indians. A thousand Walla Wallas are marching from Oregon to avenge the death of their young chief!

"The anxious Spaniards beheld a cloud of dust roll beyond the city. From behind their grated windows the timid women beheld the long and mounted men of Yerba Buena to the street with Fremont at their head, shaking the ground with the tread of conquest.

General Castro retreated to the South. Fremont followed on his trail and marched into the mountains. Menwille, Pio-pio-mox, whose numbers have been so greatly exaggerated, is delving down the canyon with vengeance in his heart.

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They were now all together, and the infant Leo in distress had taken some favorite pulp to Fort Vancouver for treatment—in vain. At this juncture some ran away, and the rest were withered by their superstitious parents.

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