ton is stationed, and where nearly all the Reservation Indians live. Besides the fort, there were in the valley a hotel, table, and sutler's store,—a veritable country store, where everything was kept for sale, from a tooth-pick or gun to the vilest whiskey manufactured.

Drawing up to the hotel we turned over the mules to a hostler, and after arranging our toilet as well as circumstances would allow, we presented ourselves to the officer in command, with letters of introduction. From him we learned that there were nearly five hundred Indians on the Reservation, which is about ten miles square, and that a single company of soldiers was stationed there. The fort was established shortly after the Modoc War, and for quite a time was the scene of considerable trouble with the red men. Now, however, all was peaceful and quiet, the Indians having settled down to civilized ways of living. The pack train was not expected in till late on the morrow, so we spent the morning on a mountain, seven miles from the fort, between which places the soldiers were signaling by means of flags and heliographs. The flags used were large white ones with red centres, various movements of these making up an alphabet. The soldiers took turns at signaling, and at watching by telescope and interpreting the movements of the flag at the fort. After some difficulty the heliograph was set up and regulated, and worked admirably in the end. The instrument consisted of a concave mirror reflecting the sunlight and capable of being aimed. When the two heliographs were regulated so that the flash from each was visible from the other, the light was broken by a movable shade, giving the effect of dot and dash as in telegraphy, the alphabet being the same, I believe, as that used in telegraphing. The view from this point was most enchanting. There lay the level oval valley, stretching out for three miles, green with grain and fruit-trees; the swift Trinity, with its yellow waters, winding through the centre; the quaint Indian dwellings, collected in villages among groups of sturdy oaks; the fort, with its glistening white; and around on all sides the formidable mountains, rugged and inaccessible, with Trinity Summit on the north, lifting its snow-covered peak above all its neighbors. We took a photograph from this point a few days later, but good as it was, it could only give an idea, for the effects of color were lost in it. On our return to the valley we found the pack train already arrived and unpacked, with our outfit uninjured.

Two views were taken before dark, and the evening was spent socially with the doctor's family. The company was mustered in for dress parade next morning, and I was forcibly reminded of my martial experience as a Freshman. The clouds that had veiled the mountains all the morning darkened toward noon, and soon the rain came down in torrents, driving all humans to the store, where we also spent our time making friends with the Indians. Next morning we visited them at their homes, and looked about their little farms. We were surprised to find how well their houses and barns were built, and the quantity and quality of their grain and fruit would have done honor to many a white farmer. Under the direction of the government farmer, a bright young Swede, the Indians have made great progress in the peaceful arts. Besides working on their farms they ran a saw-mill, that is supplied with power by the swift current of the Trinity. The bucks were all intelligent and industrious, the majority of them working on their farms, though many of the young men find occupation as packers on the various pack-trains. The squaws were a comely lot, and did much of the hard work; all the washing for the fort was done by them. Though somewhat afraid of our camera, the Indians, with their families, were induced to let us photograph them, with very good results. The afternoon was spent in taking portraits—an undertaking that proved rather difficult, as they had to be taken in some shady spot in the open air. Another day we tarried in this delightful vale, riding the proverbial government mule, taking views, and shooting at a target; and only too sorry were we when the next day dawned and we made our exit, as we had arrived, on the hurricane decks of our mules.