

the little strings of dried fish hanging about, one would not have known the cabin was the abode of Indians.

Many times Dick came for advice about agriculture and other problems as they arose, and finally reported that white people had settled in his vicinity—that did not show a friendly spirit; and finally that they were trying to frighten him away, telling him that he and Jim could not hold land and that they were wasting their time and means.

Dick was counseled to go on with his work, to pay little heed to the conduct of his neighbors, and not allow himself to become so provoked as to resent their aggressions. These aggressions grew more serious, however, Dick reporting from time to time, and yet he was patient and forbearing.

Our people thought that the Indians were being taunted in hopes they would leave voluntarily to escape persecution, but no one thought the people would go further.

One day as Dick was chopping wood in front of his house, eight men rode up and shot him down. He fell dead across the stick he was cutting without raising a hand in defense. His father ran out of the house and they shot him also. The women came out and they struck them with their guns, but the women fled to the woods. Klickitat Jim was returning from the mill when he heard the shooting and saw the mounted men in front of Dick's house. His own cabin was a few hundred yards away from Dick's. He succeeded in reaching it before the mob could get him. He sprang through a window that was covered with cloth and seizing his rifle, prepared for defense. The mob fearing for their lives put spurs to their horses and galloped away.

The women succeeded in reaching the settlement of our people that night and there was great excitement when the news was told. About 40 men went to the scene of the murder the next morning. They made coffins and buried the dead. The people's blood was up and there was talk of descending upon the murderers and giving them a dose of their own medicine, but while the leaders were stern men and used to serious things, they knew the danger and the council was: "Boys, we have a law for these things now, let us try it."

They tried. Eight men were indicted and brought to trial. The young prosecutor was able and earnest and made a strong appeal for the enforcement of the homicide law without regard to the fact that the victims were "only Indians." He was afterward Governor of our state and his son sits with honor upon the supreme bench of the State of Washington. But the accused went free. The result of the trial perhaps could not have been different in that day of hostility between the races. The widow of Dick Johnson lived in a cabin on the Lindsay Applegate farm until Spring, when she was taken to the reservation.