

THE MEDFORD MAIL

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A. S. BLITON.

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MAN WAS BORN TO HUSTLE.
He is of few days; but quite a plenty.

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as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Six years ago the railways of the country were carrying thousands of passengers—on freight trains principally—without revenue. Now the traffic is still greater, but most of them ride in coaches and pay their fare. Do you see the point?

The numerous strikes are cited by our Democratic friends as an evidence that the country is not prosperous. Wrong again. Good times and strikes go together. In hard times there is nothing to strike for, unless it is for a soup kitchen, and then you don't always get what you want.

A commercial traveler in San Francisco was annoyed with a cough and bought a bottle of cough medicine and took a dose. The first dose didn't have the desired effect, so he swallowed the contents of the bottle. He is recovering from the resultant poisoning in a hospital now, but he hasn't any more cough.

The eastern farmer is sharing in the general prosperity. Reports come of a Connecticut agriculturist who is building a barn that will cover three acres. It is thus that an interesting New England tradition is more than lived up to. In that part of the Union, the house is regarded as an annex to the barn. But where are the abandoned farms of a few years ago?

The order of the president reducing the effective strength of the army to the minimum provided for in the law passed by congress a year ago must be considerable of a relief to those hysterical gentlemen who have been talking so much about a military despotism. The army is now less than 60,000 strong, less than one soldier to every 1,000 people in the United States, not counting the island possessions, and that proportion shouldn't scare anyone.

They have a girl arrested in San Francisco for masquerading in boy's clothes, in which attire she earned a living as a bell-boy. There is no evidence that she has committed, or contemplated committing, a crime by so attiring herself, simply thought that she was less handicapped in her struggle for an honest existence than in the garments which custom and prejudice, but no really valid, logical reason, has assigned as the proper habiliments of her sex.

The question of whether or not operation can be commenced on the Panama canal within a year depends on the ability of the people of Colombia to quit fighting long enough to hold a session of their legislature and ratify the treaty with the United States. It is exasperating to think that we can't send a few regiments of American soldiers down there to "pacify" those people and give them a vague idea of what real fighting means, while the progress of the world is delayed by the petty squabbles of a little 6x9 South American republic.



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ON TUESDAY next the citizens of forty-two states will elect representatives to the fifty-eighth congress. Three states—Oregon, Vermont and Maine—held their elections in June and September. The campaign has been a quiet one and has attracted less of public attention than usual. It is likely that this lack of interest is due less to apathy on the part of the voter than to the fact that most of the voters have already made up their minds how they will vote, and there is no issue of general interest to be discussed between the parties. Contrary to the hopes and expectations of the Democrats, there has been no disaffection in the Republican ranks, while on the contrary the efforts of the Democrats to "get together" have been failures in most of the states. It seems to be the prevailing opinion among voters that it is better to trust to the party which points to its performances as an earnest of its future action, than to the one which has nothing but promises and the record of bad times to recommend it. The indications for a Republican congress are excellent, and that party will doubtless carry a majority of the states which are most evenly divided on political lines. If the voters cast their ballots for their own best interests, the Republicans will win—and the American voter usually knows what he is doing. He made one mistake in thirty-two years, and he hasn't got done being sorry yet.

THE Eugene Register says eleven people of Lane County signed the petition to the governor for the calling of an extra session, and that that represents the special session sentiment in that county. So far as THE MAIL is concerned, it is unable to perceive any extraordinary reasons why there should be two sessions of the legislature this winter. That body can usually do little enough in forty days, and the longer it is in session the less it does. The whole business might as well be omitted every other time.

HOW ABOUT A BETTER WATER AND SEWERAGE SYSTEM?

The time has come when the people of Medford must begin to figure on ways and means for a water supply for drinking and domestic purposes out side of that furnished by wells, and a system for carrying off of surplus water and sewerage other than that afforded by natural drainage. The town now has 2,500 inhabitants or over and is rapidly growing in population. Situated as it is the gradient toward Bear creek is not sufficient for the water falling during the winter season to drain off readily, nor the character of the soil such as to quickly absorb it. In many places depressions exist which are filled with water by every rain, and this water stands until it disappears by evaporation, a menace to the health of everyone in the vicinity. Nor is this all. The water supply for domestic purposes in this town comes from wells. None of these wells are deep—from twelve to twenty-five feet and consequently are dependent upon surface water to a great extent for their supply. One can imagine the purity of that water when it reaches those dwelling in the lowest parts of town after having filtered through all the barn yards and other premises above them. The prevalence of typhoid fever this fall in Medford is direct proof that this condition of affairs is something which requires attention. Much of it is due to impure water, and a noticeable fact is that the majority of cases have appeared in the thickly settled portion of town east of the S. P. railroad, while the more thinly settled and elevated portions of the city have been comparatively free.

In some way these conditions must be remedied. Some means must be found within the next few years to secure an adequate supply of pure water for domestic use for the city.

THE MAIL has no suggestion to offer at present as to ways and means of securing this water supply, but is ready and willing to do all in its power to secure the success of a feasible scheme to permanently relieve the situation.

Hogs Taken Up.

There has come into my enclosure, in Edon precinct, two hogs; crop in left ear. Owner please call, pay charges and take them away.
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The Medford fruit dryer is now operating and is prepared to receive all kinds of fruit for drying.
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I have for sale a five-acre tract of land in Medford, about three blocks south school house. Write H. D. Fisch, Talent. Will sell cheap.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF THE MODOC WAR

BY W. J. FLYMALE.

Captain Jack and his band, sixty or seventy in number, left the Klamath reservation in 1870 and took up their quarters at Lost river and Tule lake. The leaders of the band were Capt. Jack, John Sconchin, Boston Charley, Black Jim, Scarfaced Charley, Shacknasty Jim, Slolux, Bogus Charley, Hooky Jim and Barneho. These dangerous malcontents were always in a chronic state of dissatisfaction, and once released from the authority and restraint of the reservation, captious and chafing under imaginary wrongs and the certainty that a cordon of civilization was gradually being drawn around them by the settlement of what they claimed to be their country, they became insolent and overbearing, browbeating and defying settlers, terrifying women and children, and placing life and property in constant peril. This state of affairs continued for some time, the Indians growing bolder and more offensive as liberty was construed into license, until complaints were general from residents, concerning their conduct and depredations, and earnest appeals were made to Superintendent Odneal to have them removed to the reservation. The superintendent used every possible means to persuade them to return, but without avail. The Indians gave him to understand that they would resist any effort to compel their return by force. The War Department was advised of the situation, and Col. Otis, commandant of the district of the lakes, with forty men, went to the scene of trouble, and in a measure quieted the Indians for a time, but nothing of a decisive character was accomplished, the Indians still holding their position on Lost river. Finally, the Indians became so aggressive and dangerous, that the commissioner of Indian affairs directed Superintendent Odneal to remove the band to the reservation, peacefully if possible, but forcibly if necessary. All peaceable means to this end proved futile, and the matter of their removal was turned over to the military at Fort Klamath and Major Jackson ordered to remove them. The band was camped at this time near the mouth of Lost river.

November 28, 1872, Major Jackson left Fort Klamath with thirty-five mounted men and reached the Indian camp early next morning, before the Indians were up. He at once placed his men in a position to command the camp and sent Lieut. Boutelle forward to insist on an interview with the leaders. Scarfaced Charley came out with his rifle in hand, and after a conversation lasting perhaps half an hour, during which Scarfaced Charley frequently conferred with his friends in the wick-ups, a peremptory demand was made upon the Indians to return to the reservation. The demand was met by a shot from Charley's rifle at Boutelle, which happily missed its mark, and was returned by Boutelle with his pistol, wounding Charley. The fire then became general on both sides. The battle lasted something more than an hour, when the Indians retreated down the river and took refuge in the tules. The number of Indians killed has been variously stated at from eight to fifteen. The command lost one man killed and three wounded. A number of citizens took part in the fight, and one, immediately upon his arrival, was killed. Major Jackson considered his force too small to pursue the Indians and attack them in the tules, and thus ended the first attempt to force Capt. Jack and his band back to the reservation, and thus commenced the Modoc war.

During the fight, or most likely immediately afterwards, a raid was made on the settlers by six or eight of Jack's band, and sixteen or eighteen citizens were murdered. What further depredations this bloodthirsty gang would have committed had the citizens not been aroused and checked them, can only be conjectured. The whole country was aflame at these highhanded murders, and volunteers were at once enlisted at Jacksonville, Ashland, Yreka, and at other points and dispatched to the scene of trouble, and the Modoc war was on with Capt. Jack and his little band against the military power of the United States.

A severe winter came on, the roads were almost impassable, and it was some time after this fight before a sufficient number of men could be raised and equipped, supplies taken to the front, and suitable preparations made to attack the Indians in their stronghold, the lava beds, whither they had taken refuge.

On the 17th day of January, 1873, everything apparently being in readiness, about 400 men made a general advance into the lava beds, where the Indians were securely entrenched behind rocks, scooped in deep ditches and hidden in subterranean passages, and thus situated the attacking force, acquainted only with the general character of the ground, was unable to accomplish anything of value. A heavy fog had settled over the battleground, so dense that a man could be seen but a few steps away, and the invading army thus handicapped was at a great disadvantage at every forward movement. The battle, though fought with courage on the part of the regulars and volunteers, was barren of any good results. Fourteen regulars and two volunteers were killed, and about twenty men were wounded. It is not known how many Indians, if any, were killed or wounded.

It is not my purpose to follow the varying fortunes of the war and recite how this little band of desperate and misguided Indians, surrounded on all sides, resisted capture for nearly a year with all the force the United States could make available against them. It is enough to say that it is doubtful if there is a parallel in history where so small a number successfully resisted the overwhelming power arrayed against them for such a period of time. The little Spartan band at Thermopylae could not have been braver or more determined than these savages, whose tribal name has come to be the synonyme for all that is courageous and daring.

The government from first to last exhausted every possible means to induce this lawless element to return to the reservation, and did not cease to submit overtures of pacification until after the treacherous murder of the peace commissioners, and the serious wounding of a third, and even then was ready to make peace on the best possible terms for the Indians, but they were

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determined to resist to the last, let the result be what it would. A former commission appointed to confer with the leaders and arrange terms of peace if possible, was unable to effect anything. An agreement was finally arranged with Captain Jack to meet the U. S. peace commissioners on the 11th day of April, 1873, under a flag of truce at a point named in the lava beds, to confer on terms of surrender with a view to terminating the war. The U. S. commissioners appeared at the time and place agreed upon, and were confronted with the following Indians: Captain Jack, John Sconchin, Boston Charley, Black Jim, Scarfaced Charley, Shacknasty Jim, Bogus Charley, Hooky Jim, and three others whose names I never learned. After a short consultation, during which Jack managed to place himself behind Gen. Canby, when, at a given signal, he said in Indian, "all ready," and shot Canby, his confederates at the same time opening fire on the balance of the commissioners. Canby and Thomas were killed and Meacham severely wounded. L. S. Dyer, the Indian agent, escaped unhurt.

When Gen. Jeff C. Davis took command at the front, he drove the Indians from their stronghold with howitzers, and once dislodged, they separated and scattered over a wide extent of country. They were pursued and hunted down by regulars and volunteers, and were soon all captured. Captain Jack was surprised and taken by a detachment of regulars on Clear creek, forty to fifty miles from the lava beds. The murderers were court-martialed and six of them condemned to death, namely: Captain Jack, John Sconchin, Black

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Jim, Boston Charley, Barneho and Slolux. The sentences of Barneho and Slolux were commuted to imprisonment for life at Fort Alcatraz. The commutation reached the Fort the evening before the execution. The other four, Jack, Sconchin, Jim and Charley, were hanged by the military at Fort Klamath on Friday, the 3rd day of October, 1873, at 10:20 a. m. Barneho and Slolux were chained together and placed immediately in front of the scaffold where they would be obliged to witness the ignominious death of their confederates in crime and the terrible penalty they had so fortunately escaped.

The Indians, having been advised of the date of the execution, came from every quarter with one, two and three on a pony, and always as fast as the pony could carry them. Many came in wagons and rickety conveyances of one sort and another, until about 500 had assembled. As fast as they arrived they were required to deposit their arms with a U. S. officer, and the Indians were detained under his control until the time fixed for the execution, when they were marched in a body to the gallows, and given a position in a semicircle fifty or sixty yards west of the scaffold where they could witness every move.

When the drop fell, the most piercing and unearthly screams and lamentations went up from the stockade a short distance away where the relatives and friends of the executed were confined. These doleful exhibitions of grief and sorrow showed how deeply retributive justice was felt by these outlaws who had murdered with a high hand, and spurned every offer of peace and mediation. The pitiful moans and heartfelt walls were continued for hours, and the grim shadow of the gallows no doubt still haunts many a Modoc, and "haunts him to order."

This sketch would not be complete without a recital of a very interesting incident that followed the execution. There were a number of reporters present at the execution, and among them two gentlemen representing large

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