

the ferry. One day in 1856, after an absence of a week or more in the mountains, the Indian returned to the house and gave to Jewett the specimen. Jewett had never seen any similar, and didn't know what it was. Yet, as it was a curious looking rock, he put it among some other specimens and "flushed" he had gathered, and these were all on a shelf in the room usually assigned to wayfarers who stopped there for meals or for a night's lodging. Early in July, 1860, a gentleman on his way from San Francisco to Portland, overland, riding horseback from Jacksonville—some one had to do in those days, for the stage line had not then been put on—stopped for dinner and to have his horse fed, at the ferry. Awaiting the meal, he took a look at Jewett's collection of curiosities and specimens. The piece of ethereal especially attracted his attention. He knew what it was, and, naturally enough, supposed his host, the proprietor of it, also knew its quality. That it was a very rich ore, was apparent from its weight. "Where did this come from?" Jewett had been how it came into his hands—but "What is it?" was his question in turn. And after the guest had told him that that piece of rock was singular or goldiferous ore, and that a mine of that would be a splendid fortune to its owner, Jewett's eyes "bugged out," and the third, for gold, by a specimen of quicksilver, rock violent hold upon him. "Where could that Indian have found this ore?" "Where could that Indian have found this ore?" but there flashed upon him this other quite as important—"What's become of the Indian?" This last inquiry was in a short time satisfied—he was on the Silver Reservation, whether he had been taken with others of his tribe. Jewett had then broken the specimen in halves and taken one piece to town to show it to me and have me send it to San Francisco "in some safe man" by express. But I was already in San Francisco, and so he entrusted the ore to my friend to forward it to town. And when I returned with the certificate of its exceeding richness, and told him what I had said and wished in reference to the matter, each of us three, who as yet exclusively possessed the secret, had then made a joint and co-partnership affair of it, became equally alive to the importance of getting back the Indian and having him tell us how he came by it, or where he got it, or to lead us to the spot in case he knew just where it was found.

#### GETTING DEEPER INTERESTED.

The Rev. F. R. Gentry, now of Lane county, was then Superintendent of Indian Affairs, with his office in Portland. I was on friendly relations with him, and accordingly it was determined among us—the three joint owners of the very rich quicksilver mine in prospect—that I should write to Mr. Gentry a request that the particular Indian (his name has slipped my memory) should be allowed to return to Jackson county under the charge of the trusty messenger to whose hands the letter was confined. This was done, and that no mistake as to the particular Indian should be made, Mr. Jewett himself started on the mission, taking with him a horse for the fellow to ride on the home trip. Mr. Gentry very generously acceded to the request; Jewett repaired to the reservation with his authority; the Indian was readily found; he was glad to have the opportunity once more to return to his own *hohoc*, and in due time he was safely lodged at the ferry.

#### HOW WE GOT THE INDIAN.

Jewett had thought it polite on the way not to let the Indian know what particular service was expected or wanted of him. He knew the hook, and also knew how to honor or manage him. Once again under his own roof, with the fellow to himself, he could by adroit questioning and so as not to arouse either his enmity or his suspicions draw from him all that it was essential in the case. So, in two or three days, he picked out from his collection, as if without design, the remaining half of the specimen the Indian had given him two years before, and in his presence began to pick it with his knife. The Indian observed him a few minutes with small interest, but when Jewett then put the ore in the fire when dinner was being cooked, he betrayed a good deal of agitation and started to run away as if in great fright. Perplexed at this strange conduct on the part of the Indian, Jewett raked the ore from the fire and showed for the hook to come back. The fellow passed, but declined to approach. Finally Jewett went to him and persuaded him to return to the house, but he obstinately refused to go near the fire or near the kitchen. Jewett saw at once that the Indian had recognized the specimen, broken as it was, and felt sure that there was something in connection with it which had uncommon influence upon him. And now this new and unexpected difficulty interposed, as any who are acquainted with the average Indian character will appreciate. They are very suspicious and to any but their own race they are stonily reticent in all their matters. It was manifest enough that our Indian, on whom we had already spent a long little sum, and from whom we expected so much of information as that fragment of ore—but only when it was placed in the fire, for he had refused to even sit on the outside steps until Jewett brought and showed him the specimen he had raked from the fire ore it was by it affected.

#### HOW THE INDIAN GOT US.

For a whole week subsequently the Indian was mysterious and moody. He refused to sleep under the shed where he had been furnished quarters, and which he had until that day of the ore and the scene thankfully occupied, but insisted upon taking his blankets to go out in a place nearly a mile away on the site of an old ranchario. He was, as every Indian usually is, fond of whiskey, and at this distant period, had of bringing trouble and prosecution upon his keeper at that time for having done it, I am bound to say he had been furnished with enough to pass him through every stage of intoxication from tipsy to dead drunk, in order to worm out of him by fair means or foul the story he was wanted so urgently to tell. But when he was wanted so urgently to be asked or wheedled or extorted from him on the particular subject. We began to despair. There was something in the way, in this alarm and frighten him, and to seal his lips as tightly. What was it? Ah, that was the question, of all others best to that other paramount and most

anxiously wanted, to which we wanted answer. At last it came.

#### THE REVELATION.

One day, after a long spell of illness, our Indian suddenly and of his own accord became communicative to Jewett, who had all the time kept watch and ward over him. As a matter of policy the two of us in Jacksonville had never gone to the ferry since the day after Jewett returned with him; but we were daily and eagerly hoping and waiting for the wished-for word to come that the secret had been confided and that the rich mine could now be easily found and then immediately located. After these preliminary and essentials to our wish had been properly attended to we each felt that we would be "fixed" for life in the roll of the most affluent—provided, however, the confided mine abounded "petrol out." But now to the long-deferred announcement. I give it substantially as Jewett told it.

That day of revelation the Indian called Jewett to the river bank and there told to him the story of the specimen, without suggestion or hint or request. He was then past middle age, anywhere from forty-five to fifty-five years old—for it is difficult to estimate an Indian's age by our rule of looks. When he was a young boy, he said, and long before the whites had trepassed upon their country, he remembered that just before the time their tribe had set for a raid upon some of the Klamaths, with whom they were on hostile terms, one of their warriors came in from a hunt after an absence of two days, and his face was palated with the strangest red they had ever seen. Questioned about it by the head chief he had told where he found it and how he came by it. Away in the hills, and nearly a day's chase from the ranchario, he had shot a deer and then rested in the shade. Here he found some strange looking red rock, unlike any he had ever seen. Having built him a fire to cook some of the venison he amused himself hammering a piece of the rock on a larger surface of the same. One of the fragments fell into the fire, and after he had cooked and ate of his meal, he observed in the coals the brilliant particles of the burnt and disintegrated rock. He raked them out and as he touched the cooled mass with his fingers he observed that it imparted to them the fire-red which so pleased himself and attracted the notice of his tribe. Accordingly, he set to and painted himself in the manner in which they saw him. He then tried to explain how

#### THE "PAINT-ROCK."

as the Indian term might be interpreted, when in the fire and after he had daubed himself with it, colored a singularly slippery taste in his mouth and peculiar sensations otherwise; but there was very little attention given to that part of his story. The brilliant red paint was the conspicuous object, and how to get plenty of it the leading wish and uppermost thought. With it, how the Rogue River could outline the other neighboring tribes—and Indians have as much of the pride of adornment, barbaric though it be, as the vainest belles of the day or the illiterate of the exclusive order.

#### A FEAST AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

The old Chief was instantly taken with an idea. What a grand thing it would be, before ravaging the enemy, to have his tribe repair to the great "paint-rock" ground, and there have a big feast of feasting and dancing, and last, though not least, in putting on this newly discovered, most gorgeous war paint! It should be done. The tribe were gathered in, commanded what to do, and the next day all started, mounted and on foot upon the grand "paint-rock" feast and frolic, which was to be the prelude to the raid upon and the certain victory over their hostile neighbors, who little suspected exactly what was in store for them. But in this instance, the reader will find, as in many instances where the most enlightened peoples of Indo-European or Caucasian blood were involved, the Red Men proposed, and God disposed, *otherwise*.

The "paint-rock" ground was easily found by the brave who had two days before so accidentally discovered it. The halt was ordered, their horses were let loose to graze or browse, a great fire was kindled, masses of the bright red rock were broken off from the protruding ledge, and when all was ready cast into the bed of living coals. Feasting and dancing and the customary panic-like orgies of the war-bent savages were indulged in until the moon had hidden herself at midnight, when, satiated and exhausted, they all betook themselves to sleep, to await the coming of the morn, when the war-paint would be reapplied, and then upon the war-path sally.

But, very few of them slept that morn. Most of them did not sleep at all. We need not dwell nor dilate upon the reason why. Such an Indian camp as that turned out to be can hardly be described with accuracy; it cannot certainly be described—in print, at least. Everybody knows the peculiar property of mercury on the human system, and it affects animal creation the same, not excepting Indian ponies or swine. It was not the cold that made their teeth to shake and shiver; nor boils that sore afflicted their gums; it was not all, nor grease, nor slippery elm, which caused that sticky and strangely nauseous taste and feeling in their mouths; nor was it the wild music of their chants and grunts which moved them so. With the elevated paint-rock the red war-paint had all brilliantly red-lined and bedewed their faces and their bodies. As they did so their exultingly contemplated how they would, in their vermilion glory and overpowering rash, dash upon and cause their enemies to writhe and suffer. But the Fates had ordered otherwise. It was themselves to whom this magical new paint was most disastrous. It overpowered them, with its irresistible quality. They alone in body and spirit were tormented by the internal torture of the infernal agent they had sought, with which to decorate their bodies as savages never before were decorated. It may as well be added that their horses suffered quite as badly as the braves themselves.

#### THE TABLES TURNED.

Thus, by the inscutable workings of Nature, that which was to have been a source of barbaric pride in personal adornment, and also a means of inspiration to deeds of savage warfare against the foe, was by their own act converted into a painful agent, and, as the sequel will show, the cause of most mortifying disaster. There was

among their number a captive Klamath, held as a slave, to whom had been committed the task of bringing wood to keep up the fire to reduce the paint-rock to the powder-like consistency they thought essential; and having been thus compelled by his harsh masters to labor and to remain further away from the fire-pit, he had been affected only slightly by the roasting ore which had so terribly salivated and sickened the Rogue River braves and their horses as well. The next morning this captive quickly enough took to the situation. He saw that none of the tribe could do much more than move, and that their animals were entirely unfit for service. He lost but little time in making the most of the circumstances. With speed he fled from the camp of his hated captors, and by nightfall he had reached some of his own tribe across the Siskiyou range, to whom he carried the word to be conveyed as fast as they could carry it to their chiefs and warriors. Nothing so accretive an Indian's movements as the information he bore that he has a secret of slaughter and plunder before him, especially when the objects of his savagery and spoliation are his hereditary foes. Therefore the Klamath runners lost not a moment in their fleet journeys, as emissaries, to apprise their brethren of the exceptional opportunity they had to pounce upon their old enemies, the Rogue Rivers, prostrated by the terrible and mysterious malady, and to rout or put them to slaughter. The morning of the second day after the flight of the captive Klamath from the paint-rock feast and mercurial australis witnessed the starting of about a hundred Klamath warriors from their ranchario, in full warlike preparation, intent upon the certain game before them.

Meanwhile the suffering and horrified Rogue Rivers had gathered their animals, and either mounted or had wearily rode or in greater misery trudged their way back to their ranchario near the river's bank. All that day and until nearly the going down of the sun on the day following did the short but painfully tedious journey continue. At last they were upon their own illeth, sick and faint and utterly despaired, helpless almost as infants and with not a spark of the warrior spirit to inspire them. In their miserable agony they groaned; with insufferable pains they writhed. Sleep was not their, nor rest, much less repose. The grey dawn of early morning had barely given the dim light to the face of nature when the stealthy step of the escaped Klamath captive had from safe points carefully taken observation of the condition of the disabled and powerless Rogue Rivers. Their squaws were all busily occupied in doing what they could to aid or comfort the stricken braves, and none suspected danger or attack from their Klamath foe.

#### THE ONSLAUGHT—THE SURPRISE IN TANK.

Having returned from his scouting duty the late captive communicated to his chief the situation. Instantly the word was given to attack. Like snakes crawling through the grass did the Klamaths creep through the woods and brush intent upon the victims of their savage hate and fury. When within a few rods, the frightful war-whoop was sounded, and then they rushed with demonic glee and lust of blood and spoil upon their unprepared enemy of old. It was a massacre unequalled while it continued; but it was not all that the Klamaths had contemplated. While on their march they had been discovered by another branch of the Rogue Rivers who dwelt and roamed further up that stream, and in hot haste they had prepared for an attack upon the raiding trespassers. So quick had been their movements that they arrived upon the scene of slaughter ere half the bloody work the Klamaths had resolved upon was done. That which just before promised to be simply a neat massacre became after all a battle between nearly equally matched tribes. But the upper Rogue Rivers had the best of it, and after an hour's fighting the Klamaths fled from the ground. They took no prisoners; they captured no spoils; they had many fewer scalps than they had at the outset reckoned on; and the number of dead Rogue Rivers was less than the number of the living, who in time recovered partially if not wholly from the terrible physical effects of the cinnabar roasting fumes.

#### A SPECTER OF INDIAN JUSTICE.

Their first act to vindicate their conscience was to deliberately put to death by the most shocking torture the Indian who had discovered and led the tribe to the place of the paint-rock. And such was to be the certain fate of any of the tribe who should ever again venture near the accursed locality. Their superstition inspired them with the belief that it was a place of the Devil's own, forbidden to the approach of mortal under the agonizing penalties themselves had suffered, and that another attempt to visit the spot would end in the most dreaded of deaths to the Indian mind—that which would cut them off from the hope of the happy hunting grounds of the Great Spirit. And from that fearfully memorable day no Indian has ever ventured within miles of the same, nor can any indecent or any threat— even of death itself— coax or force one of the Rogue Rivers to indicate or tell the whereabouts, or to lead the way thither. Its proximate direction from Rogue River, in the mountains, can be inferred or guessed only by carefully watching in what particular course they never rove or hunt, and at what particular point they halt or turn from when in the mountains for game.

#### AN UNSATISFACTORY ENDING.

It is enough to repeat, in conclusion, that neither persuasion nor menace, promise of money or sight else, could prevail upon the Indian we had at so much trouble and expense brought from the Reservation to give us any kind of information whatever as to the locality of the ledge. He had picked the specimen up near where his tribe had come to the river on their mournful return from the big salvation, years after the occurrence, and given it to Jewett, and that it all he would impart in relation to it beyond his narrative of the catastrophe which followed, as I have above presented it. After months spent in the fruitless search for the ledge Jewett abandoned the quest for it. Others have since in vain sought for it. But some day it will be found, and when it shall, it will doubtless be

as a Big Bonanza to Jackson county, a big thing for Oregon, and the biggest prize of all to its lucky discoverer—unless they too, like poor Marshall and the more unfortunate Constock, shall fail to profit by their own finding of immense mineral wealth.

#### THE THUNDER STORM.

BY G. D. P.

I was never a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes either of human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked with an eye of looking. I have stood in the front of battle, when the swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents of the air—I have set on the mountain pinnacle when the whirlwind was rending his oaks from their rocky cliffs and scattering them piece-meal to the clouds. I have seen three things with a swelling soul, quivers, and feet, and necked not of danger—but there is something in the human eye that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness. I have called pride to my aid; I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy—but all in vain: at the first low moaning of the distant cloud, my heart shivers, quivers, and feet within me like my involuntary head of thunder had origin in an incident that occurred when I was a child of ten years. I had a little cousin, a girl of the same age with myself, who was the constant companion of my childhood. Strange that the countenance should be so familiar to me. I can still see that bright young creature, her large eyes like beautiful gems; her free locks streaming as in joy upon the sunrise gale; and her cheek glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's; and, when she sounded over the wooded hill or the fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clapping her hands in the very ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if brooding away like a freed nightingale from the earth and going off where all things are beautiful and happy like her.

It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home on her path lay across the fields, and I gladly became the companion of her walk. I never saw a Summer morning more beautiful and still. Only our little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure, white, and peaceful, as it had been the incense smoke of some burning censer of paradise. The green earth and the blue sea lay abroad in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blossomed them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her sweet voice came ringing on the air as often as she heard the tones of some favorite bird or found some strange and lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquility continued until nearly noon. Then for the first time the indication of an approaching tempest was manifest. Over the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud suddenly became visible, and a hollow rumble came down upon the winds, as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled out like a banner upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm and the leaves as motionless as before, and there was not even a quiver upon the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane.

To escape the tempest was impossible. At the first report, we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall and rugged precipice. There we remained and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds marshaling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent but every burst was so fearful that having creatures who stood bound to shut her eyes convulsively, clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break. A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl silently raised her finger to the precipice that towered above us. As I looked up, an amethystine flame was quivering upon its rocky summit, and the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of the anvil filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown, I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible, I cannot tell, but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the wind was dying in the distant tree-tops, and the deep tones of the clouds were coming in faint and fainter murmurs from the eastern hills.

I arose and looked tremblingly and almost delicately around me. She was here, the dear idol of my infant love, stretched out upon the green wet earth. After a moment of irresolute gaze she looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her bosom told where the pathway of death had been. At first I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed upon her face, almost with a feeling of aimlessness. Her bright disheveled tresses clustered sweetly around her brow; the look of terror had faded from her lips, and an infant smile was pictured beautifully there; the red rose tinge upon her cheek was as lovely as in life; and as I pressed it to my own, the fountain of tears was opened, I wept as if my head were water. I have but a dim recollection of what followed. I only remember that she remained weeping and motionless till the coming of twilight, that I was then taken tenderly by the hand, and led away, where I saw the countenances of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by upon their wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me, at times with terrible distinctness. The old oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead; and its hollow trunk looking upward to the sky as if "calling to the clouds for drink," is an emblem of rapid and noise decay. A year ago I visited the spot where she fell by my side like some beautiful tree of Spring rent up by the whirlwinds in the midst of its blossoming. But I remembered, and oh, there was joy in the memory, that she had gone where no lightning smashes in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the salutary waters are never broken by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.

Unless a Milwaukee girl can take a brick in each hand and make eight feet and four inches at a standing jump, she rarely gets admitted into the best society.

A Minnesota sheriff carried a bullet in his head ten years, and when they removed it the other day he became foolish. They are looking for some one to shoot him again.