cuted. After riding a couple of miles across the level valley we came to the foot of the mountain where it was too steep for horses to ascend. We dismounted and hitched our horses and scrambled up for half a mile over huge rocks and through brush, and then found ourselves in the Indians' stronghold, just under the perpendicular cliff of Table Rock, and surrounded by 700 fierce and well armed hostile savages, in all their georgeous war paint and feathers. Capt. Smith had drawn out his company of dragoons and left them in line on the plain below. It was a bright beautiful morning and the Rogue river valley lay like a panorama at our feet; the exact line of dragoons, sitting statute like upon their horses, with their white belts and burnished scabbards and carbines, looked like they were engraven upon a picture, while a few paces in our rear the huge perpendicular wall of Table Rock towered, frowningly, many hundred feet above us. The business of the treaty commenced at once. Long speeches were made by General Lane and Superintendent Palmer; they had to be translated twice. When an Indian spoke in the Rogue river tongue, it was translated by an Indian interpreter into Chinook or jargon to me, when I translated it into English, when Lane or Palmer spoke the process was reversed, I giving the speech to the Indian interpreter in Chinook, and he translating it to the Indians in their own tongue. This double translation of long speeches made the labor tedious, and it was not until late in the afternoon that the treaty was completed and signed. In the meantime an episode occurred which came near terminating the treaty as well as the representation, of one of the "high contracting parties" in a sudden and tragic manner. About the middle of the afternoon a young Indian came running into camp stark naked with the perspiration streaming from every pore. He made a brief harangue and threw himself upon the ground apparently exhausted. His speech had created a great tumult among his tribe. Gen. Lane told me to inquire of the Indian interpreter the cause of the commotion, the Indian replied that a company of white men came down on Applegate creek and under command of Capt. Owen, had that morning captured an Indian, known as Jim Taylor, and had him tied up to a tree and shot to death. The hubbub and confusion among the Indians at once became intense and murder glared from each savage visage. The Indian interpreter told me that the Indians were threatening to tie us up to trees and serve us as Owen's men had served Jim Taylor. I saw some Indians gathering up lass-ropes while others drew the skin covers from their guns and the wiping sticks from their muzzles. There appeared a strong probability of our party being subject to a sudden volley. I explained as briefly as I could what the interpreter had communicated to me, and in order to keep our people from huddling together and thus make a better target for the savages. I used a few English words not likely to be understood by the Indian interpreter, such as "disperse" and "seggregate." In fact we kept so close to the savages and separated from one another that any general firing must have been nearly as fatal to the Indians as to the whites. While I admit that I thought my time had come, and hurriedly thought of wife and children, I noticed nothing but coolness among my companions. Gen. Lane sat upon a log with his arm bandaged in a sling, the lines about his mouth rigidly compressing his lips, while his eyes flashed fire. He asked brief questions and gave me sententious answers to what little the Indians said to us. Capt. A. J. Smith, who was prematurely grey-haired and was afflicted with a nervous snapping of the eyes, leaned upon his cavalry saber and looked anxiously down upon his well formed line of dragoons in the valley below. His eyes snapped more vigorously than usual and muttered words escaped from under the old Dragoon's white mustache that did not sound like prayers. His squadron looked beautiful, but alas! they could render us no service. I sat down on a log close to old chief Joe, and having a sharp hunting knife under my hunting shirt, kept my hand near its handle, determined that there would be one Indian made "good" about the time the firing commenced. In a few moments Gen. Lane stood up and commenced to speak slowly but very distinctly. He said Owens, who has violated the armistice and killed Jim Taylor, is a bad man. He is not one of my soldiers, when I catch him he shall be punished. I promised in good faith to come into your camp with ten other unarmed men to secure peace. Myself and men are placed in your power; I do not believe that you are such cowardly dogs as to take advantge of our unarmed condition. I know that you have the power to murder us and can do so as quickly as you please, but what good will our blood do you? Our murder will exasperate our friends and your tribe will be hunted from the face of the earth. Let us proceed with the treaty, and instead of war have a lasting peace. Much more was said in this strain by the General, all rather defiant, and nothing of a begging character. The excitement gradually subsided after Lane promised to give a fair compensation for the defunct Jim Taylor in shirts and blankets.

The treaty of the 10th of September, 1853, was completed and signed, and peace restored for the next two years. Our party wended their way among the rocks down to where our horses were tied and mounted. Old A. J. Smith galloped up to his squadron and gave a brief order. The bugle sounded a note or two and the squadron wheeled and trotted off to camp. As Gen. Lane and party rode back across the valley we looked back and saw the rays of the setting sun gilding the summit of Table Rock. I drew a long breath and remarked to the old General that the next time he wanted to go unarmed into a hostile camp he must hunt up some one besides myself to act as interpreter. With a benignant smile he replied, "God bless you, luck is better than science."

I never hear the fate of Gen. Canby, at the Modoc camp, referred to, that I do not think of our narrow escape of a similar fate at Table Rock.

THE RUMSELLER.

Every individual in society is expected to contribute something to its advancement and interest. We remember to have read, many years ago, of a company of tradesmen who united themselves into a mutual benefit society, and each one had to relate what he could contribute to its support.

First the blacksmith came forward and said:

"Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of your association."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Oh! I can iron your carriages, shoe your horses, and make all kind of implements."

"Very well, come in Mr. Blacksmith."

"The mason applied for admission into the society.

"And what can you do, sir?"

I can build your barns, houses, stables, and bridges."

"Very well, come in, we cannot do without you."

Along comes the shoemaker and says: "I wish to become a member of your society." "What can you do?"

"I can make boots and shoes for you."

"Come in, Mr. Shoemaker. We must have you."

In turn, all the different trades and professions applied, till at last an individul came in who wanted to be a member.

"And what are you?" "I am a rumseller." "A rumseller! What can you do?" "I can build jails and prisons and poorhouses." "And is that all?"

"No. I can fill them. I can fill your jails with criminals, your prisons with convicts, and your poorhouses with paupers."

"And what else can you do?"

"I can bring the grey-hairs of the aged to the grave with sorrow. I can break the heart of the wife, and blast the prospect of the friends of talent, and fill the land with more than the plagues of Egypt."

"Is that all you can do?"

"Good heavens, cried the rumseller, is not that enough?"