

wilderness and fought the savage denizens for years, and never before been guilty of lying down to sleep in an enemy's country without posting a guard.

Slumber's chains bound the camp, but around it stole the sinuous forms of savage enemies. Nearer and nearer they crept, until they stood among the sleeping men by the fire. The Modocs were ready to claim the first white victims of that band of murdered ones who have fallen in that sterile land.

Even in his slumbers the sensitive ear of Kit Carson caught the sound of the dull thud, as a blow fell upon the head of a sleeping companion. Leaping to his feet he kicked the smoldering embers of the camp-fire, and by the light of the upshooting flame saw the dark forms of the Modocs. Springing to one side to avoid the light of the fire, the bold trapper cried "Indians! Indians!" and in an instant the camp was aroused. Crane, a Delaware Indian, sprang to his feet and endeavored to discharge his gun, which was unfortunately unloaded, and received five arrows in his breast. Remembering that his gun was also unloaded, Carson cast it aside, drew a single-barreled pistol and discharged it at the savage who was slaying his friend, but the brave was dodging about so continually that the bullet missed him and cut the string of his tomahawk. All but this Modoc were now in full retreat, and as he turned to flee two bullets from the now thoroughly aroused camp laid him dead upon the ground. He was the only one of the attacking party who remained long enough to be hurt, and had they all been as bold as he it would have fared badly with that unprotected camp.

With rifle in hand they kept close vigil till morning, but no enemy appeared to molest them. Lajeunesse and Denne, an Iroquois, had been killed in their sleep before the alarm was given, and the brave Crane had died in the struggle. Bearing their inanimate forms the sorrowful party started back along their trail to meet the main body, but after progressing about ten miles decided to bury them among the willows of a small stream. This was Hot Creek, in Siskiyou County, California, discharging into Klamath Lake from the south. Having performed this painful duty, and having driven their horses backwards and forwards across the spot to destroy all traces of the grave, so that the savages would not exhume the bodies, they continued their journey and soon met their friends, and the company, once more united, went into camp for the night, cherishing thoughts of revenge.

On the morrow, when the party commenced its journey towards the south, fifteen men remained concealed near the camp, and were soon rewarded by the appearance of two Modocs, whose scalps were quickly taken. Skirting around the end of the lake, Kit Carson was sent out the next day in the direction of Tule Lake to search for the Indian village, accompanied by ten picked men. They came suddenly upon a rancheria of fifty lodges, and having no time to send for reinforcements, charged boldly upon the astonished Modocs. The Indians fought desperately for a time, but the noise of the guns and the great execution they made were so novel and so terrifying

that they soon fled in a panic, pursued by the avengers, who killed several of them before they disappeared amid the intricacies of the Lava Beds. The deserted wickiups were found to be artistically and beautifully woven of the tules from the lake, but the torch was applied to them, and the whole rancheria, with a large quantity of dried fish, was destroyed.

The main party soon arrived and then the journey was resumed. Twenty men stole back to the burned village to see if the Indians would not return, and though fifty were seen they disappeared before the party was prepared to attack them. In riding into camp one brave was discovered, who was ridden down by Fremont just in time to save Kit Carson's life. They soon passed out of the Modoc country, and though they had a little more trouble with Indians, it is probable that the Modocs were not responsible for it. A few days later they reached the Sacramento Valley, and Fremont began the conquest of California, changing a savage for a civilized foe.

Years later, in speaking of this affair to the Hon. Lindsay Applegate, a Modoc chief said the reason for making this attack upon Fremont was that these were the first white men who had ever come into their country, and they wanted to kill them to prevent others from coming.

On the 4th of July, 1846, but two months after this affair, a party of fourteen men from the Willamette Valley came upon that grave among the willows of Hot Creek. They were exploring an emigrant route from Fort Hall to the southern end of the Willamette Valley, the one since known as the Southern Route to Oregon, the Northern Route to California, or the Applegate Trail. Leading spirits in this party were Jesse and Lindsay Applegate, well known to all old residents of Oregon. They saw pieces of paper and other evidences of the presence of white men, and surmised that some one was buried where the ground was so badly trampled by the horses—a surmise which they verified by probing the ground with poles. The Modocs were much excited and apparently alarmed by this second invasion of their country, and signal smokes arose from the hill tops to apprise all members of the tribe of the presence of an enemy. The cause of all this was explained afterwards, when they learned of the attack upon Fremont and the chastisement he had administered. By keeping careful watch they passed through the hostile country without exposing themselves to attack and reached Fort Hall in safety. Upon their return that fall with a party of emigrants one of these loitered behind the train, near Tule Lake, and fell a victim to the Modocs. That was the first train of emigrants to pass through this inhospitable country, and no more followed them till 1852, that year of death at Bloody Point.

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It was a stranger in Montana who ran away with a Montana man's red-headed wife, and when the Montana man caught up with him he said: "Wimmin is skeerse out here, stranger, derned skeerse; but I'd rather have rest than fun. Gimme yer horse so's to legalize the thing, and take her along."