

toward the Klamath river at full speed, while the news that the Indians had killed a man spread like wildfire along the creek. Men swarmed out of their claims, seized their weapons, and prepared for revenge. Two companies were organized, and started that night for the rancheria, on the Klamath, to capture the murderer and bring him back for punishment. The next morning they came upon the Indians on the opposite bank of the stream, a narrow but deep, rocky and turgid torrent. All overtures to the savages to send over a canoe were refused, and, finally, a noted Indian fighter, who rejoiced in the name of Greasy John, sprang into the stream and swam over, covered by the rifles of his companions. He secured the canoes, brought them back, and the men crossed over, had a talk, and took Tyee John and two young bucks prisoners, leaving the wounded one, as he was expected to die in a few hours. While going up the divide between Little and Big Humbug, the captives took off most of their clothing, innocently remarking, "Too muchee hot," an opinion perfectly in accord with that held by a majority of the party. Suddenly, at a preconcerted signal, they made a leap for liberty, plunging down the mountain side with leaps and springs such as a man running down a steep declivity only can make. One of them was seized and secured before he had taken six steps, but Tyee John and the other escaped, followed first by a few scattering shots, and then a rattling volley of harmless bullets. The remaining prisoner was taken to Humbug City, and the unusual course of a regular trial was followed. Justice McGowd discharged him and sent him back the next morning under guard.

The return of Tyee John and his companion to the rancheria was the signal for a general massacre. That

night they passed down the Klamath, and thirteen men met their death in the darkness and silence of night. When the men in charge of the returning prisoner reached the Klamath the next morning, and learned of the cruel work of death its banks had just witnessed, they promptly shot the young buck, threw his body into the stream, and returned to Humbug with the horrible news. If the miners had been excited before, they were now doubly so. Men were sent out in all directions to warn the miners to be on their guard, as there was no telling where the blow would fall next. An Indian was captured on the creek and taken to Cody's trading post, where he was shot and tumbled into a "coyote hole." Two Shasta Indians were caught the same afternoon in Yreka, and put in jail on suspicion. The next morning Dave Colton, the sheriff, since famed in railroad circles of California, let them out into the hands of a mob, and they were quickly strung up to the limb of a convenient pine tree. This was done in a most heartless and barbarous manner. Men crawled out on the limb and raised and lowered the strangling men by the rope about their necks. The mob then made a raid on the negro quarters, claiming it was there that Indians procured whisky and ammunition. Here they were overawed by the determination of one man, and the better element of the town soon suppressed them. The same day the people of Deadwood thought them of a friendly Indian who was working in a claim on McAdam's creek. He did not belong to the tribe that committed the massacre, and had not even heard of it; but that made no difference—he was an Indian, and that was crime enough. They took him into custody and sent him with an escort to Yreka, where they well knew he would take his place with the others on the