

"Well, boys, getting ready, are you?"

"Bet your life."

"Well, I am not."

"What's the matter?"

"I've been thinking this thing all over, and have come to the conclusion not to let my men go into it."

"Why not?"

"Well, we take a pretty big contract when we undertake to whip the United States government, and those of us who don't get killed will most probably spend the remainder of our days in Alcatraz. The view from there is lovely, I know, but I am inclined to the opinion that it would soon become monotonous—too much of the same thing, you understand."

It was wonderful how quickly the opinion gained favor among the others. The belligerent volunteers became as harmless as doves. They were at once reminded that their claims were lying idle, and that they had started without a supply of provisions or sufficient clothing, and that the nights on the mountains were cold. Back they hastened to the familiar haunts of Humbug, to delve again for the shining ore, and tell what they would have done to the army if the whisky had not gone back on them. California and Oregon are full of men sitting around and telling what they would have done, or how rich they might have been, if something had not happened, while their meat and grocery bills steadily increase.

In the following September was commenced that great Indian war that devastated Southern Oregon from the head of Rogue river valley to the ocean, and from Port Orford to Crescent City, in California. Scores of whites and Indians were killed, and the smoke of burning cabins filled the air. When this was over and peace was restored, the two Indians implicated in the Klamath massacre were surrendered by Captain Smith, to the sheriff of Siskiyou county, and lodged in jail in Yreka. The grand jury met, but failed to find evidence sufficient to bring an indictment against them. This made no difference, for their death was as certain as if the sheriff had the warrant for their execution. Friends of the murdered men were about town awaiting developments. Sheriff Colton released the prisoners, but he had taken pains to let these men know when it would be done. The irons were stricken from the Indians' limbs, the door was opened, and they were told to go, that they were free. They went, but some men walked up, locked arms with them, and led them just south of town, where they were shot and thrown into an old mining shaft, where their bones lie to the present day. One of the most absurd features of this whole affair is, that the volunteer companies which besieged Fort Lane have actually been paid for their services by the government.

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