

PIONEER HOWELL WRITES OF INDIAN FIGHTS DURING EARLY DAYS IN JOSEPHINE COUNTY

(For the Courier by A. J. Howell)

In January 1856 John Spurgeon went hunting on the Althouse divide, killing a large grizzly bear on the head of Elder creek. Returning to camp a party of eight or ten miners was organized and next day went with Spurgeon after the bear meat. Dividing it in packs all hands started with it for camp. Snow was deep and becoming soft in places they broke through badly and soon became so tired that the meat was left in the snow and every man tried for camp. John Spurgeon was a small man and was giving out. One man was left with him to help him in while the rest scrambled onward. Spurgeon soon collapsed and could go no further. His escort seated him by a tree within a mile of camp and went for help. Returning, the relief party found Spurgeon's lifeless body several feet from the tree under which he had sat. He was carried to the creek and rolled in the water and every effort possible was made without avail to resuscitate him. His brother, who was clerking for Pete Peveler on Indian creek, was sent for and attended the funeral. The body lies buried on Althouse.

Prior to his death, while mining near me, Spurgeon buried \$1000 in gold dust in a tin can just below the forks of Althouse, and the gold is, doubtless, there yet.

In 1854 two miners, whose names I can't recall, while mining just below Grassyflat on Althouse, quarreled over a falling dump. One called the other a vile name, implicating his mother, whereupon the insulted man went into his cabin, got a shotgun, and shot the man dead, declaring as he did so that his mother was a good woman. This was the first miner killed on Althouse by a white man. The slayer was not caught.

In October 1855 two brothers named Wiley and a man named Johnson were mining three and a half miles above Browntown. They went to their cabin for dinner. After dinner Johnson got a glimpse of an Indian dodging into the brush on a point of a hill, and he spoke to the two men about it. They passed the matter in a joking way, but took the precaution to take two rifles, two revolvers and a thousand dollars in dust to their workings, laying them down on the ground nearby. The younger Wiley had occasion to go down to the flume. Looking up he saw Indians on the bank and within 30 feet of his companions. He yelled, but too late. The elder Wiley was shot through the back, falling dead. Johnson ran but received a bullet in the hip, which passed through his body, and another through the flesh of his arm. Wiley helped him to a tunnel where he secreted him and then fled down the creek for aid, receiving as he ran a wound in the hand.

Young Wiley soon returned with a relief party, of whom the writer was one, but the Indians had taken the "dust" and the guns, and had robbed and burned the cabin. Johnson was carried to a Mr. Miller's at Browntown. Dr. Watkins attending him. Subsequently he was carried to George E. Briggs', where he died of his wounds. While carrying him from the scene of the shooting he remarked that if the Wiley boys had listened to his warning "this would not have happened."

About this time a man whom the miners dubbed "Shorty" went hunting for meat in the creek bottom between the Althouse and the east fork of the Illinois river. Returning in the evening he said that he got "two fine bucks" that day, meaning Indians. Nothing was said about it and but little was known of it.

In 1853 a man named McCloud was accused by a drinking miner of robbing him of about five hundred dollars. Excitement ran high. McCloud was tied by the hands to an overhanging tree and 50 lashes laid upon his naked body with a rope in the hands of one Jack Driscoll, the writer being a witness. McCloud stoutly maintained innocence. About this time Captain "Bob" Williams rode into camp with his gun across the saddle. At the sight of Williams with a gun McCloud appealed to him, saying: "For God's sake, Bob, shoot me. The whipping over, Williams asked McCloud what it all meant and took him to the bar and treated him. McCloud explained the accusation for which he was flogged. "Bob," replied: "Mc-

Cloud if you are guilty you ought to be hung; if you are innocent you ought to kill the last one of them. McCloud soon convinced Williams of his innocence, who told him to go to his ranch (now known as the Beach & Platter farm).

"But," said McCloud, "they won't let me go."

Go on," replied Williams, "I'll see that they do."

McCloud started, but Driscoll, the rope welder, strode after him and defiantly commanded: "Come back here, we are going to give you thirty more in the morning."

Williams answered him thus: "Driscoll, let that man alone."

Driscoll's answer to Williams was: "You are no better than he is," meaning McCloud.

Williams, now desperate, went for his gun, Driscoll fleeing behind the house. The men present interfered, and to save Driscoll's life they took the gun from Williams. Williams then took McCloud to his ranch to protect him.

Subsequently a miner while groundsluicing a prospect hole in the rear of an old saloon washed out a similar amount of "dust" where it was believed the drinking miner had cached his money and forgetting it he believed McCloud had robbed him.

In the summer of 1857 Williams was in Herman Helms' saloon in Jacksonville, Oregon, when upon returning to the street he saw Driscoll walking down the other side. Williams shot Driscoll dead with a double-barrel shot gun, remarking as he did so: "I have got you at last."

Thomas Pyle, the sheriff, soon lost the trail of Williams and could not find him. I knew Pyle well and "swapped" horses with him at this time.

In the fall of 1855 a packer named Woods and another man were "packing" with fourteen animals from Crescent City to Indian creek. A lady named Daley, and her baby, came from Crescent City with the pack team enroute to her husband on Indian creek. Being sick from her ride she stopped at Waldo, the train going on without her. And it was well she did, for the men were killed and the train captured by Indians on top of the Siskiyou range. The pack train was taken about a half mile east along the main ridge where it was unpacked, the Indians appropriating such as they cared to take and leaving the rest scattered all about. They took syrup, leaving whiskey, miners' tools, nails, etc. They cut open a feather bed belonging to Mrs. Daley and gave the feathers to the wind.

The next day the writer started to cross the mountain from Althouse. When I arrived on the summit and saw the big trail of the Indians I imagined that a lot of miners had gone that way, and I followed the trail until I came to the scattered feathers and merchandise. Instantly I took the hint and dropped down to Indian creek as fast as possible and gave the alarm. A runner was sent to Waldo at once, and a volunteer company organized, among whom was Sam Ogden and S. B. Hendershot. The Waldo men, numbering about thirty, met a similar company from Indian creek on the summit where the men were killed.

Daley was along, full of fire and fight, for until now he had believed his wife and baby were with the packers and were slain by the Indians.

The two companies took the trail of the Indians and followed it along the Siskiyou divide until they came up with the redskins in a secluded basin in the great range lying between the headwaters of the Althouse, Sucker creek, Indian creek and Applegate. Instantly upon seeing the Indians "there was the screaming of the rifles and the flashing of the blade." They killed about thirty of the redskins (so the Indians afterward said) and sent those of them who escaped fleeing from tree to tree to save themselves.

The boys captured some seventy head of horses and mules, which the Indians had taken at Mooney mountain and elsewhere, captured all their camp equipment and put a stop to Indian depredations in that section.

marks the spot where Woods fell, his temple pierced by an Indian bullet. The other man is supposed to have been wounded by them as his bones were found the next summer on the headwaters of the Illinois river.

In 1855 Sam Herd was keeping a greenblind saloon at Browntown. He was a burly, abusive, dictatorial bully, who was prone to pitch any man through the door who did not tally to his liking. Finally, while a poker game was running one night, Herd delivered the drinks to the table and turning his back toward an open window a shot rang out, fired from the outside, ending the life of the bully on the spot. A large bore, unidentified rifle found outside the window was the only evidence ever secured of the deed.

Now with reference to the order of "Chosen Friends" mentioned in my article in The Courier of March 3, I have to say by way of further explanation with regard to the Josephine Hook feature of it, that I was "chief counselor" of the lodge at Crescent City. When in 1884 Crescent City lodge was suspended I transferred by card to Eureka lodge, where as members of it I found my friends Charles Hook and David Kendall, Hook being the father of Josephine Hook, for whom the creek and county were named.

David Kendall, formerly of the mercantile firm of Kendall & Bolt at Kerbyville, was killed a little later in 1884 by a stray bullet fired by a Chinese gunman in a highbinder battle in the streets of Eureka, California, and for which all of the Chinese population of the city, including the merchants and their wares, were driven aboard outgoing vessels and forced to leave the city forever.

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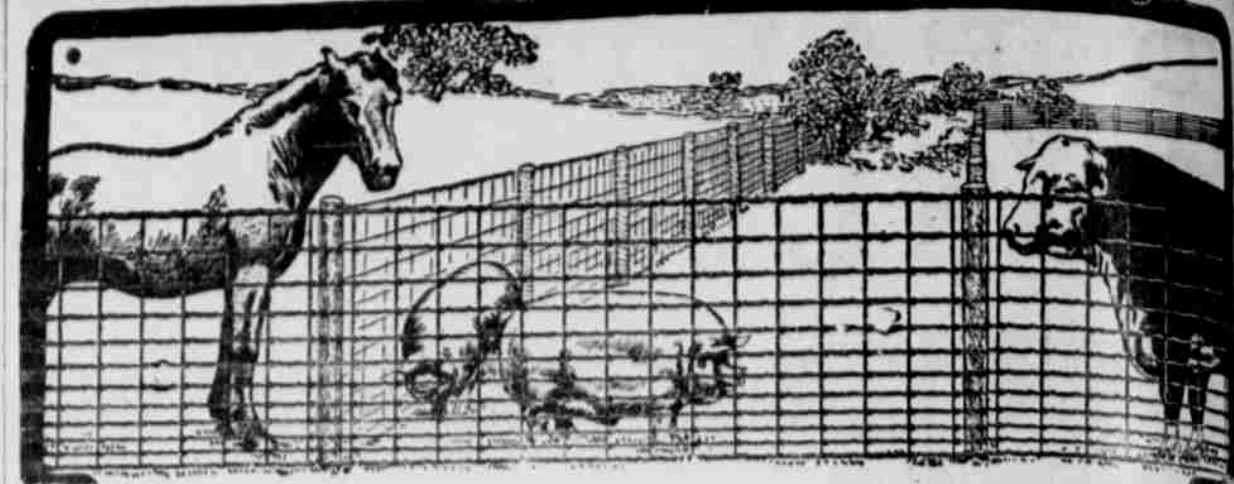
WOMAN IN MEDFORD LOSES \$1642 ON THE STREET.

MEDFORD, March 18.—It cost Mrs. L. L. Nooncheater, a recent arrival, from Vale, Oregon, just \$1642 Sunday to run down the street two blocks and overtake a runaway daughter. During her efforts to overtake the child, the woman lost her pocketbook which contained that amount of money.

Search failed to find the pocketbook. It is believed that some passerby picked it up. A reward of \$500 is offered for its return.

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COMMERCIAL CLUB.

(Continued from Page 1.)

W. Walker for treasurer. Dr. Walker was the incumbent. He arose to decline, with a smile and a shake of his head that he declined the honor again. Then Isaac Best nominated Sam H. Baker. Mr. Baker was pulling himself together to enter an objection when he was cried down and was made to take the job. He was forced to make a speech, and said in part: "I thank you for this distinguished honor, this honor of handling the funds of this organization. I assure you I will be willing to give an ironclad bond. If you require more than one surety company then I will endeavor to rustle two surety companies. I think that is enough speech for this time."

Quinlan Elected Secretary. R. L. Coe nominated Judge H. H. Basler for secretary of the club. The nomination was seconded by George W. Donnell. H. C. Kinney nominated W. P. Quinlan. The nomination found a second in E. L. Churchill. There being no more nominations the club proceeded to ballot. The result was 28 for Judge Basler and 49 for Mr. Quinlan. Judge Basler moved to make it unanimous. It was done.

"Speech!" called the club members. Mr. Quinlan thanked the members for the honor and the office, stated that the success of the club depended largely on the support the membership gave the officials in their work. I hope you will lay aside any prejudice you may have or think you have and give undivided support. Without this support we cannot, as officers, get the best results.

Nominations for trustees were in order, and much levity soon developed, as it seemed almost every member in the room would get a nomination. The balloting resulted in electing the five members as appears at the lead of this article.

The secretary's report showed that the board of directors were called together 31 times during the past calendar year; that excursionists from LeGrande, Portland and Eugene had been entertained; that about 200 members are in good standing, 125 in arrears and about 100 retired as a result of leaving the city and other reasons. The auditing committee report shows the books of retiring Secretary H. L. Andrews in good shape. The secretary shows receipts of \$6284.18 for the past 12 months, with \$612.53 in the treasury. Other assets include furnishings of headquarters estimated at \$926.87, unpaid dues amount to \$1200, about one-half estimated to be collected. The sum of \$1778.50 of subscriptions to advertising fund remains unpaid. The club owes the Sunset Magazine bureau the sum of \$2250. Local debts amount to about \$50.

At the close of the meeting a hearty vote of thanks was extended to all retiring officers for their zealous work during the past year in behalf of the club.

"EAST SIDE SOCIETY IN AN UPROAR.

What Happened When Jitted Swain Sought to Get His "Presents Back."

NEW YORK, March 20.—Social clashes are raging today in the upper east side as a result of David Kidansky breaking his engagement with Sadie Fishel. Kidansky wanted his presents back, but Sadie's father said "no," and the former has taken the case into court. Each faction has a large following, and the east side is in an uproar.

Exhibit A was a letter from Kidansky to Fishel. It read: "Sir: Ye understand your daughter Sadie and me have broken it our engagement. I want the presents what I gave Sadie back."

Fishel replied: "Sir in reply to your request for them present back what you gave Sadie, I write: The dinners I have gave you on lots of times amounts to more than the value of your presents. Sadie can keep them."

RIVERSIDE, Cal., March 20.—

Held on suspicion of having murdered Mrs. Harriet Guyot, 58, of 21 Monteville street, Portland, Or., and Miss Julia Francis, 19, of The Dalles, Or., Frank Baurswaerts is under arrest here today, and deputy sheriffs have been sent to a camp in the Chukwalla mountains where he is alleged to have buried the bodies.

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