

## RESCUE OF MRS. BROTHERTON AND CHILDREN

It was the night of the 30th of November, 1872, the second evening after the disastrous attempt on the part of Captain Jackson, with his troop of cavalry, assisted by some dozen citizens, to surround and capture Captain Jack and his band of renegades, that a party of seven citizens under the leadership of Capt. I. D. Applegate, left Linkville to warn the settlers of Upper Lost river, Langell's valley and Clear lake of their danger. Complying with an urgent request of the settlers of Linkville village, endorsed by Superintendent Odental, the officer in command at Ft. Klamath had sent down some twenty or more Spencer carbines, which reached the village about midnight. Some twelve or more citizens had agreed to go on the hazardous expedition, but when all were mounted ready for the start, all but seven found urgent excuses to offer for their failure to respond. Some had become too much stimulated in their efforts to drink enough whiskey to keep up their courage; some had commenced stimulating too soon and their bravery oozed out with the strength of the booze.

However, the following named citizens followed their appointed leader and rode away in the darkness: John Brunetti, Charles Monroe, George Flock, Jack Wright, Joseph Suda and the writer. It was a very cold night. The frozen fog hung over the valley and the wind from the Upper lake seemed to have passed over ice, so chilling was it. Reaching Lost river gap, where Mr. Galbraith had a cabin, we halted and, seeing a light, asked the privilege of warming our frosted fingers. Here we found Mrs. Boddy and her daughter, who had just reached there from their escape through the mountains north of their place on Tule lake, and we there learned for the first time the massacre by the escaping band of Hooka Jim, of the Boddy family. After a short tarry here we proceeded up Lost river until the Horton ranch was reached. Finding no one at home and the door locked, we tied our horses to a haystack for a short while, when we proceeded by a short cut trail through the junipers past the upper river gap, arriving at the Vincent farm (the next house) in time for breakfast. Leaving there, after a short rest, for our horses, we rode to Arthur Langell's, the next place. Here we were joined by Mr. Langell and David Kilgore and rode across and up the valley to the ranch of the brothers, Isaac and Thomas Wilson.

Seeing an unusual crowd of horsemen approaching, all the women and children ran out in front of their log cabins to learn what it all meant, and when informed that it was best for them to gather up their effects as speedily as possible and join the other settlers at some common point where they could be safe from attack, they were truly alarmed and at once began preparations to leave. Above this place there were only two or three bachelors, whom we did not find at home, and proceeding on we reached the Clear lake ranch about sundown. Here were congregated the families of Jesse Applegate, who was in charge of the enterprise for Jesse D. Carr and Richard Hutchinson. Mr. Applegate was very much surprised, but had noticed some unusual signal fires in the direction of Tule lake the evening before. With characteristic energy he put out guards for the night and formulated plans for commencing the building of a stockade the next morning.

The next morning we left two of our party to assist Mr. Applegate in constructing this stockade and, accompanied by Henry Applegate and Charles Putnam, Uncle Jesse's grandson, we pursued our way towards Tule lake, following the old emigrant trail most of the way.

When we came over the ridge overlooking Tule lake about three-fourths of a mile from the Brotherton ranch, we saw two women and a boy, and girl in front of the house who seemed to be regarding our advance apprehensively, as we could distinguish a gun in the hands of one woman. As we drew nearer the woman handed the gun to one of the children and came towards us, wringing her hands and crying. Between her sobs of sobbing we gleaned the story of the killing of her family as far as she knew it.

According to her story, the Indians did not do their murderous work in that locality until the morning of the day after the killing of the Boddy family. Being, doubtless, afraid of pursuit, they had passed the interim in some secluded place overlooking the valley, when, seeing no attempt was made by the troops to follow them up, and that the settlers were unaware of any trouble, they came out of their hiding place and fell on the Brothertons and Henry Miller, who lived a few rods away from the Brothertons across the state line. Some of the men were in the junipers

cutting wood. They were first killed. Next Miller and a 10-year-old son of Mr. Brotherton, who were driving the teams hauling wood. Having killed all this party, they rode rapidly down towards where a German sheep herder named Seever or Soover and another of the Brotherton boys were herding a band of sheep a little more than a quarter of a mile from the cabins, and in plain view. Mr. Seever was mounted, while the boy was on foot. Seeing the Indians rushing towards him with painted faces and brandishing arms, Mr. Seever put spurs to his horse and attempted to get away, circling first one way and then another as the Indians headed him off, firing at him all the while, until finally he fell from his horse. The boy, being some distance nearer the houses, escaped the Indians' vigilance in their eagerness to kill Seever, made a straight run for home, and had covered over half the distance before the Indians noticed his flight, when they turned in pursuit of him. The mother, having witnessed the attack on Seever, had rushed into the cabin, secured a Winchester rifle and revolver, and was running to meet her son. She turned her rifle loose at the advancing savages, checking them so that her son reached her side, when, handing him the revolver, they both began firing, when the cowardly Indians rode out of range to consult. The mother and son immediately returned to the cabin and, fastening the door, began preparing to repel any attack the Indians might make. The cabin being what is known as box house of inch lumber and unlined, would offer but little protection from rifle bullets, so the brave woman, assisted by Mrs. Swann, a squaw, took their flour, of which there was some twenty odd sacks, and piling them around on the floor against the boards soon had a breastwork that would stop the bullets. She then bored quite a number of augur holes through the board walls just above the flour sacks, and by lying down behind the flour sacks and firing through the port holes, she and her son, a lad of twelve, were able to repel the attacks that followed. Getting to leeward of the Miller house, which was but a short distance away, the Indians approached within easy rifle shot and poured several volleys through the Brotherton house, but as the occupants were prone behind their breastworks no one was injured. Alone, twice an Indian came around at the side of the Miller house and attempted to break open the door, when a well-directed shot from the other house brought him down and he hastily crawled behind the house again. At last, greatly to the relief of the besieged, the Indians mounted their ponies and rode away to the south.

This was the day previous to our appearance, and though momentarily expecting a renewal of the attack none came, and after an all-night vigil, and seeing us approaching, Mrs. Brotherton thought we were the band of Indians returning to renew the attack.

We were at a loss to account for there having been no rescue party from the soldier camp ten miles above on the supposition that the Indians were in force somewhere between the two places, but as it was imperatively necessary that the survivors of the massacre be taken to a place of safety, we decided to attempt getting them through to where the soldiers were camped. Accordingly, two of our party dismounted and, finding an old set of harness and the running gears of a wagon, we put on some boards and, loading the clothing and a few provisions aboard, the women and children on the load, and with the horsemen advanced as a skirmish line, we started up the valley. When about five miles away and rounding a small butte, we saw away off to the north near the foothills a party of horsemen who seemed to be headed in our direction. Not knowing whether they were Indians or white men, we sent Kilgore, who seemed to be the better mounted, to reconnoiter, with instructions to signal by waving his hat if they were whites, but in the event they were Indians, to return as fast as his horse could carry him. Anxiously we awaited, until finally we saw the welcome waving of his hat, when we hurried along the road and soon came in behind a wagon preceded by five or six horsemen, who had come from the juniper hills to the north of the valley, intersecting our road near where we first saw them, from whence they turned up the valley and we overtook them just as we reached the soldier camp. In the wagon were the bodies of Mr. Boddy, his eldest son and his son-in-law, Mr. Shirra, with arrows still sticking in them, and other mutilations. Here we left our family and, with our comrades, returned to Clear lake, reaching there after night.

Another chapter will give some account of return and description of first battle as given by several participants, with views thereon.

O. A. S.

## REPLIES TO THE POSTMASTER'S LETTER ON DECEPTIONS

The Judge Will Pursue No Further a Discussion That Leads Very, Very Far.

Editor Republican: Isn't it a pity that a loyal citizen, a faithful public officer and all-around good fellow will even at rare intervals rush into print with a beautifully blended mass of misinformation, coupled with deductions which do not follow even from his false premises? Now, there's my friend, Bob Emmitt. He's one of our best and leading citizens, a man who wants to do the right thing at all times, and yet, first, see how he mused things up in the Evening Herald.

As to whether or not the reclamation officials withdrew his Keno farm from entry as a homestead, I am not advised, but if Mr. Emmitt's information in regard to that matter is no more reliable than the rest of his assertions in his newspaper article, it is of little value.

What he calls "Deception No. 2" is purely a self-deception, for neither California nor Oregon ever ceded any tule or marsh lands to the United States, and never pretended to do so. Hence "Deception No. 2" develops into the figment of a diseased imagination.

"Deception No. 3" is equally wide of the mark. Neither Mr. Briggs nor myself ever advocated or suggested the drainage of Upper Klamath lake, but, upon the representation of the engineers that Tule lake and Lower Klamath lake CAN be drained at comparatively slight cost, and upon their further statement that these lakes ARE to be drained, we made the suggestion that the proceeds of the sales of lands uncovered in the beds of these lakes be applied to reducing the cost of the Klamath project.

We are not engineers, and therefore do not pretend to know anything as to the cost or practicability of their drainage, and therefore we are relying upon the engineering department for our information, rather than upon the postal department.

We want the landowners in the Klamath Basin to get their irrigation system with as little cost as possible, and think every effort should be employed to accomplish this result.

Now, Mr. Editor, this is positively my last appearance.

Very truly yours,  
HENRY L. BENSON.

Mark L. Burns of this city has been appointed general agent for Southern Oregon by the Mutual Life Insurance company and will, as soon as possible, take up his new duties. Mr. Burns will have headquarters at Klamath Falls and intends to take up his residence in that city. Mr. Burns is one of our most enterprising citizens, and Dorris regrets very much the fact that he is to leave. However, he has been offered a good position, and his friends are glad of that fact. He has been very diligent in his duties as local agent for the Mutual Life and this promotion is the outcome. He has in his possession a beautiful gold watch, a present from his company, rewarding him for being their most enterprising local agent. This is quite a distinction, and Mr. Burns is justly proud of it.—Dorris Booster.

Willie O'Brien and Miss Reeda Beck secured a marriage license from the county clerk and were married Friday evening by Justice Miller. This morning they left for Oakland.

## GROWTH OF NORTHERN KLAMATH CALLS FOR LUMBER

Will Double the Capacity of Their Mill to Enable Them to Meet Increased Demand.

W. T. Burns and M. F. Looseley arrived Friday evening from Fort Klamath on their way to San Francisco, where they go to purchase the machinery for doubling the capacity of the Utter & Burns sawmill, located at the head of Wood River valley on Annie creek. Mr. Looseley is superintendent of the mill and has had active charge of it since commencement of operations last July. During this time it has turned out nearly one million feet of merchantable lumber.

The timber for the mill is purchased from the government and is the highest grade yellow pine, and Mr. Looseley states that he finds this source of supply quite satisfactory. The stumpage price is \$3.25.

Contracts have been made for 1,500,000 for delivery next year, and it is for the purpose of increasing the capacity of the mill to such a point as to enable them to fill these orders that the machinery is being purchased. Nearly 400,000 feet of this amount is to go East and will be brought down the Upper lake and loaded on the railroad at the point nearest the lake if the road is completed there in time to admit of doing so. If not it will be brought to Klamath Falls for shipment.

The success of this enterprise has surprised no one so much as Messrs. Utter & Burns. While they had confidence in the future of the territory they were going to open up, they nevertheless believed that it would require time to develop a market that would even consume the output of the present small mill. The phenomenal demand is exceedingly gratifying to them. Much of the success of the enterprise is due to the energy of Mr. Looseley. He left the government employ to take charge of the business, and has worked indefatigably to bring it to its present success.

The capacity of the mill will be doubled. Rough and planed lumber will be turned out, and mouldings. When the improvements are completed fifteen men will be steadily employed at the mill, aside from the yardmen and loggers. This will be a source of considerable revenue for the Ft. Klamath section. The capacity of the new mill will be 25,000 feet a day.

While in California Mr. Looseley will visit the Riverside Stock Farm, where he will inspect its herd of registered Holstein dairy cattle with a view of adding a new sire to his herd of fine cattle.

## DUCK HUNTERS INDIGNANT

Stormy Weather Either Drives Away or Scatters Ducks and Geese.

The local nimrods are highly indignant. The recent stormy weather has created pools and ponds in all the fields, and scattered the few remaining bands of northern ducks in all directions, making it well nigh impossible for one to bring in many ducks in a day. A few geese yet remain in the fields, but the greater part of the ducks and geese which were feeding round the lakes and in the swamps for the first part of the past month have left this section. The hunting, however, bids fair to pick up again when the ducks now feeding in the grain fields through Washington and Southern Oregon are forced to leave as the lakes and

ponds in that section freeze; then they will come to the Klamath Basin to feed in the fields here, and the hunters will again rejoice and, taking their guns, tramp across the fields, returning in the evening with the limit bag.

Since the hunting has proved so poor, a great many are spending time trapping, and every day two or three arrive in town bringing mink, skunk and ring-tailed coon hides with them and occasionally a few marten, though these latter have not as yet really started to get good.

## NAVIGATION STOPS

### ON UPPER LAKE

Cold Snap Puts All Craft Out of Business for a Time.

The sudden drop in temperature of last Friday has had the effect of locking the Upper lake in the grip of ice and putting out of business all of the boats that ply its waters. While some slight inconvenience has been experienced earlier in the season, this is the first time when all the boats have had to tie up. The ice yesterday was so thick in the Odessa creek as to make it impossible for the launch Curlew to navigate its waters.

The launch Curlew returned last evening from its daily trip to the northern end of the lake and when she was tied to her dock it completed a run of over 15,000 miles made during last season. The record of the Curlew is one that is seldom equalled by craft of its character. It entered the field last April and has run every day since. It has left on schedule time and has never been one hour late in reaching its destination. Capt. Calkins is naturally proud of his boat, and hopes that next season will see repeated the same experience.

The suspension of the Curlew's travels means the return of the stage on the Ft. Klamath line, the first one of which left for the Fort this morning. Should the weather moderate and the ice break up, the Curlew will again make its daily trips until stopped by the weather conditions.

## CHRISTMAS TIME

Beautiful toys in glad array are presented to the view as you stand before the windows of the Boston Store. The display is a work of art, as you may know if you pause there on the corner and listen to the children as they stop and gaze with open mouth at all the lovely dollies and marvelous mechanical toys. Real trains running on real tracks, glorious dolls' houses, splendid men and horses which move when you wind them up and walk with stiff-legged motions round and round in endless circles. The spirit of Christmas, now that it is really snowing, has fallen upon the town, and the store windows are but a further assurance that the holiday season is approaching.

The fact that the Southern Pacific railroad company are building a 25,000-gallon steel water tank and making other improvements and innovations at the local yards would seem to indicate that they intend placing their shops here, moving those now at Dunsuir to Klamath Falls. This is the natural half-way point between Sacramento and Portland, and it seems highly probable that in the near future this city will become the railroad center of Southern Oregon and Northern California.

An exchange notes that the reason some women talk through their hats is that the hats are too big to talk round.

Raises the dough and complies with all pure food laws.



CRESCENT MFG. CO.  
Makers of MAPLE SYRUP  
Better than Maple.

## MARKET CHANGES HANDS

J. Konop, formerly employed by the City meat market, has purchased the Ludtke market, and beginning tomorrow will preside over the destinies of that establishment. Mr. Konop needs no introduction to the housekeepers of the city, as he has established for himself a reputation as being one of the best meat men that ever came to this city. He proposes to maintain a strictly high-grade market, where the best in the market can be procured and at prices that will be suitable to the purse. He is to make a specialty of bacon and hams, something for which the City meat market had more than a local reputation. Mr. Konop is possessed of a pleasing personality that is sure to win for him more than his share of the meat and poultry business of the city.

Steamer Hooligan not putting in appearance on schedule time on Tuesday, the steamer Hornet was sent by the mill company to look for her. The Hornet returned in the evening and reported the Hooligan all right on the road with a log raft.

Will Wilson, Mike Taylor and Joe Ball have gone to the lava beds, where they will hunt and trap coyote, mink and bobcat and return in two or three weeks.

## BICYCLES

For an up-to-date wheel, get a Rambler, on sale at the GUN STORE. For sale or rent. Tents to rent. Guns. We carry a full line of sporting goods.

## THE GUN STORE

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## BUY FARM LANDS NOW

And get ground ready for big crop returns next year.

Some good bargains can be had in sagebrush land.

SWAMP LAND in desirable locations will be higher in price soon. BUY NOW.

## FRANK IRA WHITE

Capt. O. C. Applegate,  
Office Manager  
Fifth St., Near Main.

**H**AS your boy or girl got a bank account with the First Trust and Savings Bank? If not The Republican will start one for nothing