

coarse gold, and our claim promised to furnish us with occupation at those wages for some months.

One day when we went up to dinner we found that all our provisions of every kind, amounting to about 100 pounds in all, had been stolen from our tent. The theft was a very bold one, for our tent was not more than one hundred yards from where we were at work, and we could easily see it when standing erect in our claim. The loss was a very severe one to us, pecuniarily, and as we thought over it on empty stomachs, we vowed vengeance on the thieves if we should catch them. Bill went out with rifle, with the hope of discovering the offenders or getting some game, while I went off to Ben Wright's camp to borrow some flour and pork for supper. Thus we lost all that afternoon. The next day I borrowed one of Ben Wright's horses and went over to the Springs and bought about \$150 worth of flour, pork, sugar, beans and rice. These I packed upon the horse, they did not form a heavy load for him either, and started home. I attempted to take a straight road, but soon found myself on a very high and rugged peak, the descent from which was extremely crooked and difficult, and it was only by very great exertion that I managed to reach home that night. In my anxiety I overworked myself and the next day I was "taken down" with the ague and could do nothing. The day was a beautiful one; I made my bed out under a large live oak tree, and lay there while Bill rocked the cradle. At noon he came up, made dinner, and then lay down to take a little nap. About one o'clock I awoke from a short sleep and found that by the motion of the sun I was no longer in the shade; and I raised myself upon my elbow intending to get up and place my bed in the shade. As I raised, I heard a rustle behind me, and looking back I saw a naked Indian jump from behind a

buckeye bush, some twenty steps distant, and run down towards the cañon.

I shouted, "Bill! Bill! Indians! Indians!" Bill rushed out of the tent, and with popping eye and flying hair, demanded "where? where?" while he jumped up about six feet perpendicularly looking down the cañon in the direction I pointed. The next moment he was making ten feet strides after the Indian; and I rose and limped to the tent for Bill's rifle, knowing that he had started without any arms save the butcher knife which he always carried at his side, supposing that the Indian might return.

Still I hurried to follow them, so that if I had a chance I might assist my partner, or perhaps pick off the red-skin as he might ascend the rocks on the other side of the cañon. However, I had not gone more than forty steps, before I saw Bill come out from among the rocks and bushes leading Mr. "Ingun," a young fellow, apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, by the hand. I was so much excited that I drew up the rifle for the purpose of shooting him in Bill's hand; but Bill protested, and as the distance was about fifty yards, it would not have been a very safe experiment for a man with the ague. So I dropped the rifle and Bill came up. The Indian was perfectly naked and savage in appearance. What to do with him? That he must die we were both agreed. It was plain that he had robbed us the other day, and that he had come intending to rob us again. We presumed that he had accomplices in the vicinity. We must make it a matter of life and death. Bill proposed that the prisoner should be given to Ben Wright's Wallawallas, who hate the ignoble Diggers, and would have delighted in killing this one. I objected, that the Indian if entrusted to third persons might escape, and that if he had accomplices watching us, we ought to give them a proof of how soon we could

execute fatal judgment, and that if the Wallawallas should kill him they would probably use wanton and revolting cruelty. Said I, "Bill, that Indian must be shot here and now, and if you don't want to do it, I'll spare you the trouble."

"No," replied he, "if it must be done, I'll do it myself: you had better go and lie down."

I neglected his advice, however, and examined his rifle for him to see that it was in order; and finding it was, gave it to him.

He led the Indian away to a spot about two hundred yards from the tent, to a little clear knoll, which could be seen from all the surrounding hills and mountains. When he arrived at the place of sacrifice he pushed the savage down. When the intended victim saw what was to be his fate, he curled his face as if to cry like a child, but it was only for a

moment. He then put on a stiff upper lip, looked bravely at Bill's stalwart form and at my drawn pistol, concluded that escape was hopeless, spoke a few words in his native tongue—to the effect, as is supposed, that he had not stolen from us, but that another tribe beyond the Clear Creek Mountains were the offenders—and seeing that his pleadings would be of no avail, he lay down, crossed his arms, doubled up his legs as Indians sleep, and shut his eyes as though he were content to have seen the last of earth. The next moment a bullet from Bill's rifle pierced his brain.

I shall only add that we made no secret of what we had done, and our conduct was universally approved. Had we allowed our prisoner to escape, we should have exposed ourselves to the ill will of most of the miners in our vicinity.

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## THE HOME AND TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. E. S. CONNER.

The philosopher, the scholar, the student, or the votary of pleasure, alike derive manifold gratifications from foreign travel, but among them there is no circumstance so pleasing, so heart-warming to an American, as the universal admiration, even reverence, everywhere felt and expressed for the name, the character of Washington. "If I ever visit America, the first spot I shall seek will be Mount Vernon!" How often this sentiment has been uttered by foreigners, every American who has traveled abroad can tell. Yet we, at home, inhaling every hour the moral vitality which his virtues, wisdom, patriotism, and toils, have infused into our daily life throughout the land, from

the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the ice-bound North to the climate of "the orange and the myrtle," for years supinely suffered that household shrine to fall gradually to decay. To the honor of American ladies, be it said, they have arisen to efface this blot upon our national gratitude. The "Southern Matron," a lady as eminent for her private worth as for her social position, enrolled under her banner associates equally worthy of honor, for a purpose truly feminine and noble: To make a free gift to the American people of the Home and Tomb of Washington! From a small band the association has, like the grain of mustard-seed, increased to a legion. The fire that burned in the