

other tribes, and never killed unless they were forced to do so, for they had never forgotten the lessons of Pe-uch-ano in the old, old times, and they were beloved by Wahno-no-pem, the Great Spirit.

Ever since I was as small as the little *koh-la* playing at thy feet, I remember the "Ad-sals," the white men, for they were already among our people in the valley where I was born. The young men and the young maidens of my father were as thick as the leaves in the *sha-pome* above our heads, and they all loved the old chief very much. By and by the Ad-sals told him that they wanted him to leave his dear old home; that the red and the white could not live together, and that he and his tribe must go and look for another home in another land. And the heart of my father became very sad, and he did not know what to do; but he told his people to be very good to the whites, and that perhaps the Ad-sals would learn to like them too, and go down in the *kaka-ne-comes* and trust in Wahno-no-pem. But by and by again the whites—some were very good and some were very bad—began to say that the Con-cows were killing the *shu-mim*, the stock, and that we should have to leave our dear old valley or the Ad-sals would kill us.

No, White Chief, no! We did not kill the *shu-mim*, but if the hawk or the fox stole the chickens at night, or if an ox or a cow strayed away in the mountains and never came again, it was always the Con-Cows that did it, and the days became very dark for my father's children. One day, many white braves—volunteers they were called—came to our valley and gathered all our people together, and for many days and nights we traveled over the mountains until we came to a place on the shores of the Heli-mo-mox, the great waters, called Mendocino, where the Ad-sals had made a corral for us which was called a Reservation, and we were told to stay there. And the times became very hard, for often we were very hungry, and did not know where to get enough to eat, and the Con-Cows began to die very fast.

We had been there one year, and the little sapling had grown into a young tree, when

the chief, my father, having grown very old, sent for me and said: "My son, my old eyes have grown dim, and the rush of the great river is in my ears; my days in the land are numbered, and I will never look upon dear Wel-lu-da again. But the sap in thy veins is flowing strong and fast, and the green leaves will remain upon thy head for many moons to come—take thou the name of thy father, and be the leader of my children, while I rest my old limbs until the black spirit calls for me to go." And from that day I was called Tome-ya-nem, the *Yeh-po-na* of the *Lauk-ome*, or the chief of the tribe.

One day soon after I went to the headman on the Reservation, and told him that my people were hungry; that we had not ground enough to raise the corn, the potatoes, and the watermelons, and that I wanted to go to some other place where there was more room; and he wrote to Washington, and by and by he told me we could go to Round Valley and live on that Reservation. So I gathered my tribe together, and we started without any white braves with us, only ourselves, and we journeyed toward our new home as Pe-uch-ano did in the old, old times, always making the *kaka-ne-comes* first before we slept at night.

But when we came to Round Valley we were as badly off as before; there was even less to eat, and my people had to work very hard. But the Ad-sals knew that the Con-Cows were good Indians, and they liked Tome-ya-nem very much, and every once in a while they helped us a little, but not much.

One day after we had been there about a year one of the Ad-sals came home and said that the bad Wylackies were killing all the *shu-mim*, and he asked me to come with my braves and help to kill the Wylackies. But I shook my head and said No—that I knew that they were bad Indians, but that they had done no harm either to me or mine. But he said that if they were not punished soon, they would come one day and kill all the Con-Cows as well as the Whites; so I became very anxious and disturbed, and I went to the headman on the Reservation, and asked him what to do. He was a good man

and he did not know what to do either; but the other Ad-sals came to him, and he was prevailed upon, and he asked me to go too. I did not like it, though I said Yes.

So I took many of my warriors and some of the Yukas and Pitt-Rivers, and we started on the war-path with nine of the Ad-sals; we camped that night in an open place where the Wylackies had killed the *shu-mim*, and a great many horse-heads were lying upon the ground all around us smelling very badly. The white men recognized them as having belonged to their stock, and they became very angry. The next morning we came to a creek at a place the Ad-sals now call Horse-Cañon, and the Wylackies were there as thick as leaves, some singing, others dancing, while the *ma-hi-nas* were making the acorn soup, with the little children jumping about and rolling over each other in glee. The trees were full of meat hanging in the sun to dry, and there were so many Indians that the Ad-sals became very anxious and frightened, and did not know whether to go back or fight; and finally, they asked me to be chief during the battle. I said that I would do so, but they must do as I told them, and they promised to mind me. I told my braves to be sure and not to kill the *ma-hi-nas* or the *koh-las*, the women and the little children, and I gave the war-whoop and we charged upon the Wylackies.

Very soon the water in the creek became red, and the Con-Cows and the Pitt-Rivers wild and drunken with blood, and their tomahawks crushed through the brain of the old and the young alike; and none of them remembered that they had had mothers, or that they had been little children once. One of the Ad-sals and myself gathered a great many women and children together, and I told him that we would save them and take them to the Reservation, and he said, "Yes," but just then one of the Yukas came and cried that one of the Ad-sals had been wounded or killed; then the one with me turned around, and pointing to the *ma-hi-nas* and *koh-las* commanded to kill them all and they were killed; but we hid a great many little *koh las* among the rocks, and

perhaps they did not die. I remember one, White Chief, a beautiful brown little girl with eyes as bright and as large as two stars; she was running away and trying to escape with a brave after her; her foot tripped, and as she fell the tomahawk cleft her little head in two.

The dead Wylackies were strewn over the ground like the dead leaves in the fall, and for many days the sky was black with the ravens fattening on the dead; even now, in the summer days, the white bones are bleaching underneath the wild flowers. And Wah-no-no-pem must have frowned upon his bad children, for we became, after that, even more unhappy than before. The Ad-sals were afraid that their Great Father in Washington would keep all the valley for the Indians, and that the whites would have to go to some other home, and they hated us for it very much; often at night, in the spring-time, some of the Ad-sals would steal around our fences and throw them down, and drive their *shu-mim* into the fields, and the young corn and everything green would disappear in one night.

One year there was nothing for us to eat, and I became very anxious for my *Lauk-ome*, for the rains were coming fast with the cold winds from the *Yu-dic-na*, and we would be shut in by the swollen streams, with starvation before and the Ad-sals behind. So I told my people to pull down their lodges and make ready to move; and the *ma-hi-nas* brought all their nice, water-tight baskets and everything that we could not carry, and we piled them up high and we burned them all down. I went to the head man on the Reservation and shook hands with him, and told him that I must go, that I could not remain, that my people were starving and would have to kill the *shu-mim* in the winter to keep from dying of hunger, and that the Ad-sals would kill them if they did. And in a long line, five hundred strong, we turned our faces toward the *Ko-mo*, the East, and travelled onward to Wel-lu-da, our home.

But when we got across the mountains into the valley of the Sacramento, the Ad-sals who lived there came towards us and asked Tome-ya-nem whither he was bound, and I