

ran. Brown kept firing in rapid succession, till the fourth shot caught Jack in the back of the head, coming out *through his lip*; he fell on his hands and knees and died in that position: Brown standing over him ready to send another bullet through him if he moved. He then took the cylinder of his pistol and turning round chased the Dutchmen nearly into camp. The miners were so incensed at the cowardly conduct of these men, that had they not hid, they stood a good chance of getting a hole through their useless hides.

About twenty men were out at the scene directly, and there was poor Jack, on his hands and knees, quite dead. To follow Brown was the wish of all present; but a party could not be got up at once; they wanted horses. We knew Brown could not be far away; probably hiding in the nearest thicket.

Early next morning all the horses had riders and three of us went on foot, and tracked him to a thicket about two miles off. It was ticklish work; we knew Brown had twelve shots at his command and one of us was pretty sure to bite the dust if we found him; but soon news came that the horse-men had found his tracks ten or twelve miles up the river; he had made a raft, and gone down the river. We now held a council, and four parties were made up, two to go down the river, one up the river, and a party out on the trail.

In our hurry to get away down far enough that night so as to be below him on the river, we got the fit-out badly mixed and we found when we got down about thirty miles that we had some flour and a little bacon, but that the other party had all the beans, tea, etc., and all the pans, there was not so much as a pannikin in the party. However, we mixed up some flour in the macheas of a saddle, and one hat in the crowd was found whole enough to carry water up the bank, so after wetting the flour and drawing it out into snake-like pieces we twisted them round sticks and turned them round before the fire. But the fire had to be put out directly. Two watched the river, gun in hand, one on the trail, while the others slept. Our man not putting in an appearance on the fifth day we moved north again with a good healthy appetite; five days of that kind of fare had made us ravenous. No news of Brown from any of the parties, and we were afraid he had got off. That night a packer came in and told us that Brown had presented himself at his camp on Joseph's Prairie and demanded food, and after being supplied, had backed out keeping him (the packer) covered with his pistol till he was some distance, and then he turned and ran. Two men were off on his track next morning and went down as far as the third crossing of the Mouille, (Mozay) without seeing anything of him. One of the two had gone down the river to look for any signs, when the

man left in charge of the horses caught a glimpse of him, and Brown saw *him* at the same instant, and took to the woods. These two men then—strange as it may seem—came back to the creek, 50 miles, and next day four men started out. We knew now that he was trying to get out by the Walla Walla trail. The road below where they had seen Brown was so rocky that a man could make better time than a horse, so the party were near Bonner's Ferry before they found they had overhauled their man. He had taken a cut to strike the river about three miles down, and come out about four or five miles on the other side of the river. They now left their horses at Bonner's, and putting on moccasins, got on the trail ahead of where Brown would come out, and sat down by a thicket. Presently along came the doomed man, bare-headed and in rags, wet and wild-looking, as ever a man was; striding along for life; his pistol and knife ready; for with all the rivers he had swum, he had managed to keep his cylinders dry. One of the party put a bullet through his right arm, but with an oath he changed his pistol to the left and fired; it was his last; the next minute he lay low. What passed between the doomed man and the avengers is not known; he knew what he was killed for. They scratched a grave for him near the spot, about 125 miles from the scene of his late exploit, after about three weeks hunting. Jack and the judge lie side by side on the hill, far from kith or kin, but green in the memories of those friends who knew how to appreciate nature's noblemen.

After the Crimean war an English Colonel was expatiating on the discipline of his men. To exemplify he rang the bell. The man appeared instantly. "Thomas," said the colonel, "go down to the tobaccoist's and get me a pound of tobacco." Thomas touched his hat and withdrew. The Colonel took out his watch and laid it on the table. "Now he's at the foot of the stairs—now he's at the corner—now he's round the block—now he's at the shop—now he's got the tobacco—now he has paid him and got the change—now he's on his way back—now he's at the corner—now he's at the foot of the stairs—now he's at the door. Thomas," shouted the Colonel. "Sir" "Where's the tobacco?" Thomas handed the tobacco. The Turk thought that was very good; but he thought he could tie it, if not beat it. He rang the bell. "Muchtar," Muchtar made his appearance and made his salaam. "Go down to the tobaccoist's and bring me *two* pounds of tobacco." Muchtar withdrew, and the Turkish officer put his watch on the table. "Now he's at the foot of the stairs—now he's at the corner—now the bell is ringing; he kneels down to say his prayers—now he's at the tobaccoist's—now my friend the tobaccoist enquires after my health—now he has met a friend in the street and enquires about his family—now he's at the corner—now he's at the door." "Muchtar," after a pause Muchtar appeared. "Where's the tobacco?" "Oh! I haven't found my shoes yet!"