

I wonder how many of that old party are now able to swing a leg over a saddle and take that sixty mile ride without rest. They proceeded at once to Meadow Valley and demanded of the Mormons the whereabouts of Rogers. The Mormons denied all knowledge of Rogers which statement the miners did not believe. It is uncertain how the matter would have turned out but at this junction it was discovered that a certain Indian whom Rodgers had kept through the winter and who had started with him from Hiko had on the way treacherously shot him in the back and after robbing the body had put a large pile of stones upon it. The Indian had also killed Rogers horse and with the assistance of brother savages had eaten it. A general Indian hunt was inaugurated and in two days eighteen Indians were killed. The assassin of Rodgers was taken to the place where he had done the deed and there slain. The Hiko party after erecting this monument on the scene of the murder returned home. The extreme lonesomeness of poor Rodgers burial place used to bring to my mind the following lines from "The graves of a house-hold:"

"One midst the forest of the west  
"By a dark stream is laid  
"The Indian knows his place of rest  
"Far in the cedars shade."

One of the characters of the early days of Pioche was a half breed Cherokee, named Jones, a fine looking man physically, but his moral training had been sadly neglected, in fact, I don't think he had any moral training at all. He would steal, gamble, on the square if he was obliged to, get drunk, fight, etc. In fact he had all the vices you could well crowd into one man. His redeeming qualities were pluck and sticking to his promise. If he gave you his word you would bet on it every time and he would work very well occasionally. Jones managed for a time to escape the clutches of the law, but he was finally arrested for horse stealing, was convicted and sentenced to the Penitentiary at Carson, 300