

Chief *Mo-sheel* was at the head of our party. He knew the white man, and he told the other Indians who he was.

The white man said, "Hello, *Mo-sheel*."

I understand but little English, but I know now that was what he said. He had seen *Mo-sheel* at the Willamette school.

Then Chief *Mo-sheel* shook hands with the stranger, and, while the women kept on the trail, all the other men shook hands with him.

The white man was large, not very fleshy, and had reddish beard. He was a strong looking man.

Chief *Mo-sheel* spoke to his people: "This is the man who hanged my uncles and cousins at Wallula." (7) *Mo-sheel* knew him, and was mad.

Then we traveled. Chief *Mo-sheel*, Captain *Wah-pi-wah-pi-lah*, a powerfully strong man, and *So-qiekt* [or *So-kiat*], rode in front with the white man; one and one they rode on the trail. *Nou-yan-nan* [or *Nou-yan-en*], *Stah-kin* [or *Sta-chen*], and I *Su-el-lil*, fell in behind.

While going, *Mo-sheel* and *Wah-pi-wah-pi-lah* wanted to kill the white man, but *Nou-yan-nan* opposed. *Mo-sheel* insisted. He was angry because the white man had hanged his kin. He said, "I am going to kill him the same as he killed my poor people."

We who were behind did not know. We came on fast; it was cold and raining hard. We went on down the trail on *Wahk-shum* mountain [Simcoe mountain] across a little stream running down the mountain. Someone said, "We shall not make fire here. We will make it at the spring below, at *Wahk-shum*."

We went fast and stopped at the spring and made a fire—a big fire, lots of fire, for we were very wet and cold.

The white man unbridled his horse so he could eat, took a lunch rolled and tied to the back of his saddle, and came to the fire. He left his *canteenis*, [saddlebags] and six-shooter in its holster on the saddle. We were all standing about the fire, warming. The white man pulled off his overcoat; he had on an undercoat. He

stood with us, holding his hands to the flames, warming by the big fire.

The women had gone on down the trail; they did not stop. Chief *Mo-sheel's* wife, *Ceates*, was with them. She was a good woman, and died not many years ago. [1905]

Then the white man took his lunch and divided it with the Indians.

*Stah-kin* stepped about twelve feet from the fire. *Wah-pi-wah-pi-lah* now said to his son-in-law, *Stah-kin*, "*Mo-sheel* wants to kill the white man."

*Stah-kin* tried to keep him from it. He told *Nou-yah-nan* of the plot. *Nou-yah-nan* was an old man, and he said:

"No! We will get into trouble. Let him alone. All at headquarters, at *Wal-lo-la* [Wallula] know of this white man. Do not kill him; all will be trouble."

*Mo-sheel* said, "You are not chief. I am chief. I will kill this man, as he killed my brothers. I thought to meet him some time, and now I have met him this day. I will kill him." (8)

The white man stood, holding his hands up to the fire. *Wah-pi-wah-pi-lah* stood by him, on the left. Chief *Mo-sheel* stood on his right.

"We better hurry," somebody said.

I did not know what was up. I was eating hard-tack, which the white man had given to me.

Chief *Mo-sheel* again spoke to *Wah-pi-wah-pi-lah*, "We better hurry!"

Then *Wah-pi-wah-pi-lah*, the strong man, dropped quickly and caught the white man by the legs and jerked him to the ground. *So-qiekt* and *Mo-sheel* jumped on him, each catching an arm, *Mo-sheel* on the right. The white man cried out [in Chinook]:

"Do not kill me! I did not come to fight you!"

I did not then understand Chinook, but that is what I always understood that he said.