

"That is so," said I, "they could do nothing."

"Well," said Mr. Johnson, "it seems to me they should have been empowered to do something for the white people who were being turned out to make room for the savages."

THE INDIAN POLICY.

"In fact, Mr. Johnson, you expect, like the *News*, that the time has come to infuse a grain of common sense into the Indian policy of the government?"

"It looks that way to me, certainly. The country is a good fruit country and the settlers bear privations hoping to be rewarded in the future. Then there is another thing. The settlers have no valid title, being only squatters under the law, for San Juan County was withdrawn from the public entry when the treaty was planned. But three parties have claims patented, right in the heart of the new reservation. Now, what are they to do with their land? You would naturally think that in buying government land the purchase gave you a right to the grazing around it, according to the Western custom. These people I speak of will be actually forbidden to go outside their own fence, and will be enclosed on every hand by savages. Yet they have paid for their land and are lawfully entitled to the protection of the United States government."

"That's news to me," I said. "I don't quite see the right anywhere in the scheme. As I understand it, this is a government for the people, not for the Indians. I oppose the treaty, not because I have the least fear of that tribe, but because I want to live in a civilized country. I want neighbors and improvements. As for the Colorado reservation—I've been all over that. It is well watered; part of it is a paradise compared with the rest of Colorado, but it is high, cold country, and not one quarter of it will prove worth settlement."

"I don't know it," was the reply. "I have never seen it, but I told the commission I opposed the removal. I said, however, if it must be, if there is no other help for us, if we are compelled to give way to the Indians, let the government make the Colorado line, take in Moab and buy us all out. Situated as we are, a few settlers in a lonely region, the major part of which is occupied by Indians, it will be cheaper for the government to buy us all out than to protect us, and better for us. The Indians want it that way. Did you see the treaty? They want the crossing at Moab. It is the only crossing for a long distance. That's what I told them: 'If it is to be done to suit the Indians, pay us and let us go.'"

"You were quite right, Mr. Johnson, that was the original Bowen bill. But that bill was introduced when the country was almost a wilderness, when it was unknown and unsettled. Now we propose to see if we have any rights in the matter."

Mr. Johnson was careful to say nothing disrespectful of the govern-

ment's policy. He gave the impression that the Mormons would yield, but yield with regret, to the threatened loss of their hard-won homes. We Gentiles are more outspoken in our denunciations. What kind of a Salt Lake editor it is who proposes to welcome the Utes "as friends" I don't know. I know that the *Herald* showed strikingly bad taste once in attacking a good and heroic old Colorado missionary. It is just about as far off now. The Utah press had better import a few editors from Colorado, where they are taught some regard for the rights of their fellow-beings, and some idea of what journalism means.

EASTERN YARNS

The New York *Sun* is stirring up very pitiful reminiscences of the way Utes are killed in cold blood in Southern Colorado. Perhaps so. But I can tell the general public that Indian facts are made up in the publication offices of these high-toned Eastern organs, and can prove it, too.

I know, too, that if those Utes make trouble they'll get a "welcome" they will remember. Where Indians are located in a thickly settled country there is comparatively small danger, but in lonely places, even where there is no outbreak, there is a perpetual anxiety that wears people out. For instance, the other day in Fisher valley a young man who was engaged in farm work turned around to see four Indians, who had approached without notice. He turned pale, and one of the bucks, laughing, commenced pulling the cartridges out of his gun and putting them back again, showing his delight at the white man's fears. These are not pleasant incidents, if you remember the first cabin in Fisher was burned by this very tribe. The cowboys gave them a lesson in Castle valley that made them behave for years, but several poor fellows lie there now, deaf to the noise of the present agitation, and one boy, who is marked for life by them, has frequently been in my house. He was scalped and left for dead on the field, but recovered with the loss of one eye. The La Salle has been the Canada of the Ute tribe, and its settlement deprives them of an agreeable place of refuge. Whenever one of them committed a crime he was sheltered among the renegades till the storm blew over.

From all I can learn of Buckskin Charlie, he deserves the rope as well as Manco Jim, Captain Jack or Hatch. He was the duck who wanted to see Carlisle's house in the Blue Mountains, the best house in the country, to see if it would suit him. As for Hatch, says Uncle Doby, "I would have gone out and killed him myself last summer for his share in the Meeker massacre, but I was afraid it might bring trouble on the settlers. 'If you catch him alone,' said an Indian who camped with me, 'kill him, for he's a heap thief and killed a heap of people.'"

A WORD FOR THE SETTLER.

For my part I can conceive of

nothing more pathetic than the fate of a poor, honest, industrious settler, who, tempted by a genial climate and kindly soil, has raised his little cabin, broken ground, opened ditches and planted fruit, looking forward to the day when his little domain will be a green spot in the arid landscape. The furrows turn green, the fruit buds swell and blossom, the vines "give a good smell," as Solomon says, and peace and plenty are in sight. "Move on," says the Indian commission, "We'll give you a trifle and you can take your wife and child on foot, if no other way offers, across the sands you hoped to reclaim. Your heart may break, your senses fail; you may sicken of despair and perish by the way. It is no affair of ours. We were sent to make a treaty and we propose to earn our wages."

The man who pushes in on an unopened reservation takes his chances and knows what he risks, but he who is driven out to accommodate a ring of real estate speculators in another State, what has he done to be so treated? It is time to stop before the name of Colorado becomes a reproach to decency. Let some means be devised for the improvement of the southwest which will not brand the beautiful Centennial State with eternal shame. There are those who have advocated this scheme in honest ignorance of its deep disgrace, but it begins to look as if there were others connected with it who merit a wholesale dose of permanent perdition.

Are my words too strong to suit the fastidious? Then I tell you there are still stronger arguments than words, those of Miles Standish, "carrying conviction straight to the hearts of the heathen." Yet there are evils inseparable from the latter method of reasoning, wrongs that come to the innocent and helpless. I believe in giving even an Indian a fair show, and it seems to me that a thousand of the Utes are not too many for Colorado to take care of, in some way. The new reservation joins the Navajo reservation, which is considered to be rather unwise, and it is near enough to the great Uintah reservation to afford endless pretexts for going back and forth through the white settlements.

THOSE ROBBERS.

The cowboys who robbed the bank of Telluride passed through Moab recently; their capture was not made because the news did not reach there in time.

Twenty-three men and six boats left Green River some time ago to survey the Colorado canyon.

The Rio Grande Western men are very busy grading at Cisco. Railroad rumors are plenty, but what is told one day as a fact is denied the next.

The weather of the first week in July ranged from 102 degrees to 116, but the rains have at last commenced. This deep red soil does not take like the "doby" around Grand Junction, which is like a white plate in dry weather, and "would mire a shadow," as the saying is, when it is wet through. The first two weeks in July are not de-