

Warm Springs Agency Or
July 19 1886

Dear Mary

It has been quite un-
fortunate for me, that I did not
take you at your word and be
content with but one letter a week,
instead of allowing myself to hope
you might write to me often.
However I have made up my
mind to have no more headaches
over my Monday disappointments,
not to expect any letters, and if
they should come be very thankful.
Next time I want the "probation
cyclone" to strike some other fellow.
I went down home Saturday afternoon
It was very hot - walking. My boat
was on this side, so I crossed over,
went up to the house. I took a look at -

the "thermometer" and found it registered 106° in the shade. If I had not looked I would probably have gone to work, as it was I thought it would not do, so I took a robe and went down near the wheel in the shade & read and meditated for nearly two hours. I then went down to the lower garden, near the lower bars, and pulled weeds a while. I could not resist the temptation to go ^{on} down to the lower cabin. I passed our "travelling place" where I knelt for a moment, then on down to the cabin. Over the road on which we stood I found I had written May 18 1886. Two months ago yesterday when the time gave. Coming back I went by the edge of the river where we fished together, and you caught those nice trout. Again passing our "place" I again knelt, and asked

for a blessing on our love. I spent the night at home, next morning took breakfast at Chets, and returned to the Agency. When I opened my trunk to get some clean clothes, I took along a your picture and gave it a kiss. Then took a look at the letters I received while at Sinemasho. They were numbered from 1 to 7, about 2 a week. The second one you wrote was nearly 7 pages long, and was as sweet to read as ever. I was not on probation then and you were the one left behind. I am glad I have them to fall back upon until "this cruel war is over". Not many were out to meeting. Many were still gone up to Sinemasho, and the day was very warm. During Church Jim Seco's wife rode up to the open window and gave some news I knew not what until after I was thro' and one or two Indians

had spoken when some one remarked
that a woman had been murdered up
the creek and the meeting had better
close, so I dismissed them. I enquired
about the matter, and found Laura's
Grand mother had been murdered, at
their place on the hill above Tumors.
After coming down the hill, I had to
give out some medicine, then went over
to the spring where all the rest of the
whites had gone, and we partook of a
bountiful lunch in the shade near the
cooling spring. Mr Holmes & I then con-
cluded we would go up and see about
the murder, so getting horses we went to
the place. We found that the woman had
evidently been sleeping out on a little
store house near the dwelling house, that
she had lain with her feet to the house
and head outwards. That some one

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during the night had with a blow
from an axe or hatchet, mashed in
the right side of her forehead, and then
had struck a blow further back on the
same side of her head, splitting the
skull and spilling the brains. It
was a sickening sight. The tracks
evidently of a man in moccasins, were
found going from a juniper bush
where he had tied his horse, to the
house and back. Then the horses tracks
were followed for a short distance
southward where he had evidently
again tied his horse, and again gone
to the house & returned. We lost the
horse tracks and followed them up
to the lane below Lawles, and we
were quite sure we found them again
going down the road towards Dick
Yellow Chovits. I walked all the

from the Lowless lane to Mrs
Burns, and am quite sure I found
the same horse tracks every once in a
while. I asked Mrs Burns if the dogs
had barked during the night. She said
yes they had barked furiously. I am
inclined to think the murder went
that way. Your father & Charley Pitt
returned from Senermasho about sun
down. About dusk a man started up
to Senermasho to tell Laura & her
mother of the murder, and your father
sent word for all the policemen to
come down, and so 7 of them were here
before breakfast. We provided them
a breakfast at Holmes Hotel, then
all went up and your father & Charley
up to tonight no clue has been found.
Several parties are suspected. Russa
for one, as some say he thought the woman
who sometimes makes medicine, had
killed his little boy. Others think it

was Fute washas sister, and she either
murdered this woman or had her killed
because Ibi snath the woman's son
was the one that was the cause of
Fute washas going out to where Pat-
was. This afternoon they measured
a number of mens tracks, but found
none that fitted that track. Mrs
Stacina was the first to find the
woman. She went first to a camp
of Pentis nearby and spoke to
them. They said it was the first they
knew of the murder. That the woman
took supper with them, and then said
she was tired and would go back &
go to bed. Its a horrid affair, and
every thing will be done to ferret out
the murderer. I think it is the result
indirectly if not directly of the
farce made over trying Pat & others.
Blood cureth from the ground, and

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I have written this in a great hurry
Can you send it to me
Can you send it to me

things are likely to go on from bad to
worse until, justice is avenged.

Mrs McCorkle came up today, walking
all the way, so when she was about to
return the same way I told her to wait
until your father came with the hack &
I would take her home, so I did so. & Ellen
& Mrs Holmes went with me. We turned
back opposite where I usually keep my bed.
I have written 8 pages today giving names
of proposed employes, their qualifications
&c. Your place is almost assured as our
agent is allowed to appoint his wife
sister or daughter to be a teacher, so I
put in a strong plea for Mrs Elder, to
be retained. Mrs Holmes is to be cook &c
until Mrs Danner leaves, which maybe
this fall, so they have said. Lizzie to be cook
at Sonemicks. Other employes as last year.
Will write a little in the morning God night -
but

June 5 o'clock

Dearest One

I wish I could have
a Kiss this morning. Kisses have been very
scarce since you left. Have not had a
single one since you left. You may think
I am too exacting, make too much fuss
about not hearing more from you. If I did
not love you it would matter very little
whether I ever heard from you or not.
That is you would be just the same as
others of my friends, would like to hear
from you, but would only write to
answer your letters.

Mrs Elder remarked last evening "well
I suppose Mary is in Lebanon tonight,"
& then asked how you were going. How you
went out from Furness, as the mail did not
go until Saturday. She said you went out
with a man that meets the train, I think

It was. There are many things that I would have loved to know. I have tried to keep you informed as to our life here, though I am not acquainted much where you are or are likely to be, yet there are many things that a person experiences that must necessarily interest one who loves them. I was amused in reading one of the "Sinner's" letters, where you say "I will write again next Sunday". It has a lonesome sound to me, tho' in this case you wrote again within 4 days. I have been thankful you were not here during last week's hot weather. Hardly a day up to yesterday that the mercury did not go over 100°. The nights have been very warm. Yesterday was smoky & cloudy and I tried to run last evening, but did not succeed. This morning is quite clear again. I shall send this to Stanton, and if you are gone I suppose it will be forwarded. Goodby till the "Good time coming" when I can meet you again. Remember me as the same true lover, unchanged and unchanging.
C. S.

About Indian
woman murdered
up Lewis Creek



Miss Mary F Wheeler
~~Stagton~~
Marion Co
Albany Oregon