

Montana's Flathead Reservation and Its Outlaws, of which four were hanged in Missoula on December 19, 1890. David C. "Chalk" Courchane, 2014

In the Pacific Northwest between 1880 and 1890

By Chalk Courchane

This is a *mélange* or congeries of the news reports on the Flathead outlaws, or just simply a medley of stories. As I usually do a story in the "scrapbook" style of writing. I did not take out or erase those words that are hateful to us as I do not change history. Over the years Robert "Bob" Bigart and Eugene M. Felsman have shared newspaper gleanings with me as they love tribal history as I do. Lately Duzzie Glover has developed a love of that history too, and has lots of energy and has contributed some good stuff to this story.

In the 1880s there were not the towns or population on the Flathead Reservation that were to appear after 1910 and the opening of the reservation to homestead. Early presence of white men other than those of the fur trade area began in the 1880s in the role of merchants and agency workers. Major Ronan with his family and children lived at Jocko Agency near Arlee, Montana and with him came agency employees of different sorts. The Jesuits came in the 1860s and employed besides those of the Jesuit order farmers and other workers. Fort Connah on Post Creek had been in existence since the 1840s and it employed white traders and workers. The Northern Pacific Railroad punched its way through the Indian land in 1882, and with it came additional white men. They were railroad employees that were there to support the trains that passed through to and from Missoula. New railroad stations popped up here and there at Ravalli, Dixon (called Plum by the Salish), Arlee, Duncan (between Ravalli and Perma) and Evaro. These places usually had a telegraph operator and a postmaster. Government licensed merchants operated mercantile stores in Arlee and St. Ignatius. These were the Hamilton Company and the De Mers brothers and up at the foot of Flathead Lake by a man named Lambert. On both sides north and south were enclaves of white people Missoula and Demersville both dangerous places for tribal people to be.

Missoula had a large lawless element: January 1889 "There were sixty arrests and fifty-seven convictions for offenses against the municipal laws of Missoula last month." *Montana – 1889 The Centennial News Melange*, O. J. Taylor "The Madsonian Man", Virginia City, Montana, 1989, p13. Violence was the way to settle arguments and disputes in the 1880s...usually ending in murder by knifing, shooting, clubbing, and poisoning.

"One definition of the word Missoula is from the Salish meaning "place with bull trout," referring specifically to the confluence of the Rattlesnake Creek and the Clark Fork of the Columbia River." <http://www.fortmissoulamuseum.org/minutes.php> "Rotten Row - Missoula's first slum appeared around the early 1870s and was known as Shacktown. This slum, located along the west side of Rattlesnake Creek was occupied mostly by Indians who existed on the little money

they could earn trading ponies, hunting, fishing and loading freight. Some of the shanties had walls made only of cowhides. When better homes were built in the area, Shacktown was moved to Parker's island in the Clark Fork River south of West Front Street, named after John Parker who lived there in a two-room shack. By 1875, the island had become settled with honky tonks and bawdy houses and was known as "rotten row." When the bawdy women or alcoholics died, they were often buried without ceremony or markers behind the shacks. Later, the island became part of the mainland when the channel separating the two was filled in."

<http://www.fortmissoulamuseum.org/minutes.php>; Missoula The Way It Was – A Portrait of an Early Western Town, Lenora Koelbel, page 34, Gateway Printing, 1972

In 1877 some people settled in what was then called Blanchard. It soon had a post office in a tiny store. The place took the name Blanchard after its first postmaster. In 1877 Chief Joseph's band of Nez Perce were trekking their way into Canada which of course spooked the jittery people of Missoula and extra soldiers were sent to Fort Missoula to calm them down. These new soldiers were Negro (Black today) troops and they marched as far as Polson. These soldiers had a 40 or 50 piece band and they furnished the Blanchard settlers with an evening of music. In return the soldiers got fresh cold buttermilk from the well of the Johnson family. In 1883 when the Pacific Northern Railroad came through they built a station at Blanchard and one of the railroad men was given the honor of naming the new station. He had a sweetheart back east named Eva Rowe and when spoken quickly the names blended hence Evaro. Early Days by Miss Beaver, "The naming of Evaro – Railroader's sweetheart gets honors, Mission Valley News, June 23, 1983. (She took the story from a 1963 article by the S.O.S. Writers Club) ["The soldiers also came to the Johnson place to buy buttermilk. On one occasion Mrs. Johnson had made a big churning of butter and the cold buttermilk was drawn up out of the well. Several colored men stood around the back porch enjoying the refreshment, but one looked apprehensively out into the tall timber that surrounded the place.

"Evah see any bear aroun' heah?" he asked.

"Oh yes, we see them quite often," Mrs. Johnson replied. The four Johnson children watched in fascination from behind their mother's skirts as the black man rolled his eyes declaring "If'n I evah see dat bea'h, dat bea'h won't see no mo' o' me!"
http://chaffincamp.com/myfortyyears/Memories_of_Evaro.html

"In the late 1880s, Demersville was a bustling boomtown. Today, it is hardly a memory. Demersville was supposed to be Kalispell, but when the Great Northern Railway chose to put a division point at Kalispell, Demersville became obsolete literally overnight. Greggs Street and the rest of Demersville had its share of saloons, gambling halls and pleasures aplenty.."

<http://flatheadbeacon.com/2013/09/17/the-demersville-cemetery/>

Local historian, J. F. McAlear wrote of the Flathead Reservation in 1962:

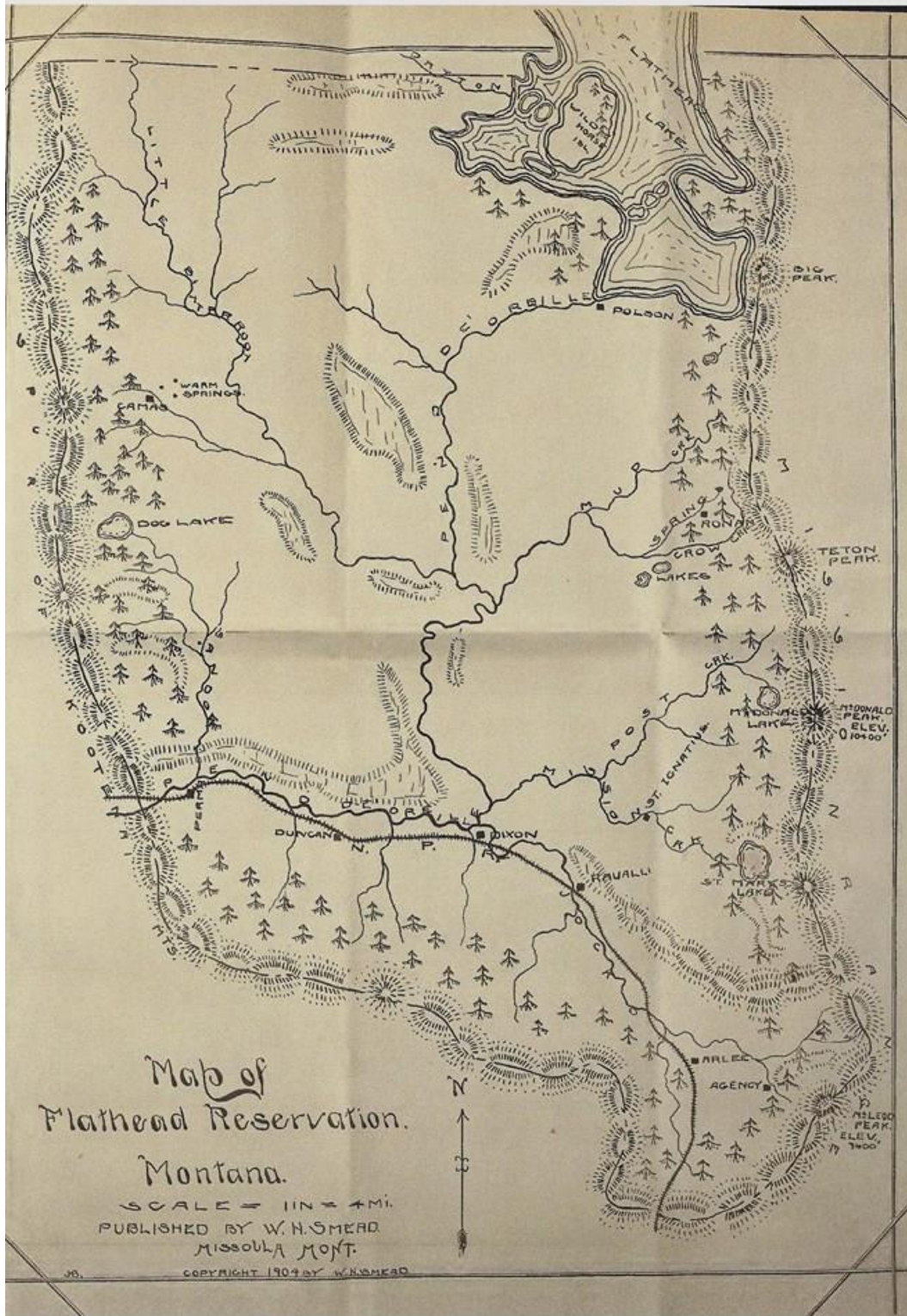
"God's Country," as it was known to many, has a total area of 1,243,969 acres; it is eighty miles long at the extreme length and has an extreme width of forty miles. It is bordered on the east by the Mission Mountains, on the south by the Evaro Canyon and Squaw Ridge (note: I am sure this name has

changed since 1962), on the west by the Cabinet Range, and the northern boundary cuts through the middle of Flathead Lake.

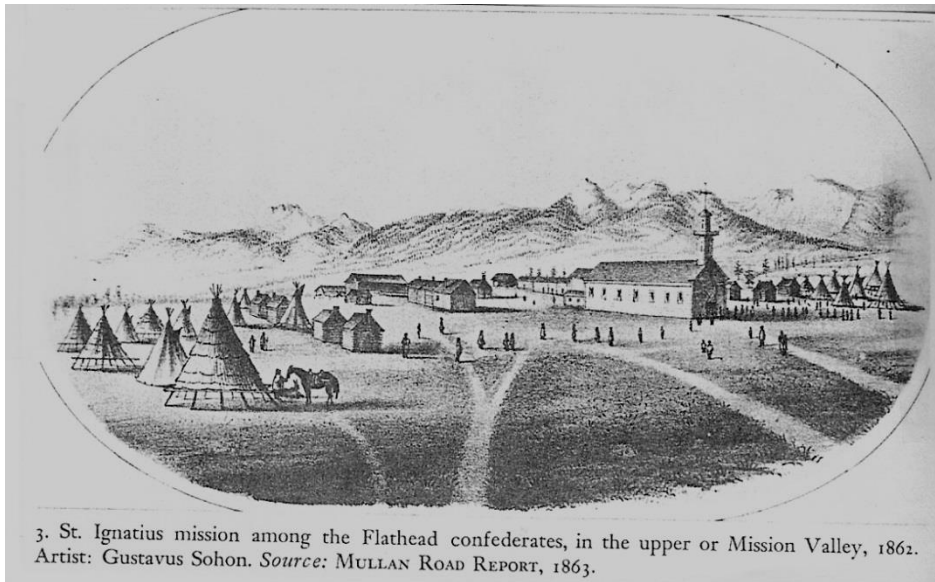
Prominent valleys on the reservation today include Valley View, Reservoir Valley, Moiese Valley, Irvine Flats, Round Butte, Mission Valley, Jocko Valley, the Big Draw, the Little Bitter Root, and Camas Prairie. The now larger Flathead River is snow-fed by the mountains that surround it. The Mission Mountains feed Mud, Spring, Crow, Post, and Mission Creeks, also the Jocko River on the south.

Before the advent of the explorer, the trader, and the settlers, the area was a haven for wild game. The lakes and streams were well-supplied with fish. It was a paradise for the early-day Indian as he never wanted for wild berries, meat, fish and timber for his home and fuel.

It was indeed a favored land, and today, although the supply of game and fish has been greatly depleted, the area still retains much of its natural beauty. It reflects the majestic power it once held when the valley was silent except for the footsteps of nature.” The Fabulous Flathead, the Story of the Development of Montana’s Flathead Indian Reservation, as told to Sharon Bergman by J.F. McAlear, President of the Reservation Pioneers, 1962, The Reservation Pioneers, Inc. & Treasure State Publishing Company, pages 2-3.



From Land of the Flatheads by W.H. Smead, 1905



St. Ignatius Mission by Peter Toft 1865

The Salish tribe was split in two with some in the Bitterroot Valley under Chief Charlo and the rest with Chief Arlee at the Jocko Agency or in St. Ignatius. Those on the reservation fared better than Charlo's people because of three points: their population was greater at about 1300, they were on a government recognized reservation and the whites were kept away, and the Jesuit Mission at St. Ignatius (which at this time was a "large and bustling establishment") served them in the capacities of schools and mechanical shops, with the government probably helping a little. Plus "the white and mixed-blood farmers and ranchers who married into the tribe played an important role in spreading knowledge about ranching and farming. Most important, however was the astuteness of the reservation leadership." The Pend d'Oreilles and Kootenai worked to develop new economic resources like ranching and farming to replace the hunting of buffalo and other big game. Before the time of the allotments they were not poor but economically sound

and only after the white took the homestead lands did they decline in wealth. "Letters from the Rocky Mountain Indian Missions – Father Philip Rappagliosi" edited by Robert Bigart, University of Nebraska Press, 2003, pp. xxix-xxx.

"In the 1870s a village of Indian cabins and tepees surrounded the mission complex. Rev. James O'Connor, bishop of Omaha, visited St. Ignatius in June 1877 and left the following description of the village surrounding the mission:

St. Ignatius is not laid out in streets, owing, I was told, to the fact that the Indians insist on locating their cabins so that they may be able to see the church from their doors. They visit it frequently during the day for private prayer, but when not in it they take great pleasure in being able to look at it. "Where a man's treasure is there also is his heart." The cabins as a general rule are about fifteen feet square, well built of pine logs from the neighboring mountains, and are both clean and comfortable. With the exception of one or two bedsteads, I saw nothing that could be called furniture in any of them. The inmates sit or rather squat on the ground or recline on the robes or skins that serve them as beds. Sacred pictures and crucifixes are fastened to the walls, and kettles and other cooking utensils stand on the open hearths or hang from hooks or andirons. The tepees are furnished or unfurnished in like manner only that in them the fire is in the centre of the floor and the smoke escapes through an opening above it. Outside one of the cabins, women were drying beef or buffalo meat over a slow fire. The meat was boned, cut into long strips and laid on an arch of wooden bars about two feet above the fire. Every cabin and tent had its contingent of savage dogs, who recognizing the habit of the Fathers, allowed us to pass if not graciously, at least unchallenged." "Letters from the Rocky Mountain Indian Missions – Father Philip Rappagliosi," edited by Robert Bigart, University of Nebraska Press, 2003, pp. xxxi.

According to a letter written by Father Philip Rappagliosi, S. J. on January 18, 1875 from St. Ignatius Mission to his parents 1876 was a hard winter. Water froze in the houses near the stove and ink froze while he was writing the letter in mid word. People were freezing to death!

"Territorial Items

Antoine, son of Arlee, chief of the Agency Flatheads, we learn was shot and killed near Martinsdale in Meagher County by a Pen d'Oreille Indian. It seems that the Indians of the Bitter Root valley were encamped at Martinsdale on their way home from the buffalo country, and that whisky was sold them by a trader out of which grew trouble, and in the row Antoine was killed. The murdered Indian was well known in Missoula, was peaceful and law-abiding, and greatly respected by many of our citizens, who knew him from childhood." *The New North-West (Deer Lodge)* April 8, 1881, p3.

"The De Mers name is a familiar and enduring one invariably linked with Arlee. Alexander L. De Mers, "Alex", arrived before the Indians left the Bitterroot." (He worked at Jocko Agency for Major Ronan eventually opening a trading post at about where Arlee now stands in 1879). He later opened a De Mers Mercantile in St. Ignatius near the church. "The Hammond Company also established a store in Arlee with a Mr. Combs as manager. At that time liquor was not to be sold on the Reservation but was easily obtained by following the trail over the hill to

Frenchtown. On one occasion an Indian already well lubricated came in the night to the Hammond Co. building and pounding on the door.

Mr. Combs refused, declaring that he had none. The Indian tried to break down the door. Combs threatened to shoot, but the Indian crazed by liquor continued to batter the door. Frightened Combs shot through the door and killed the man.

The Indian's companions all fired by alcohol were greatly incensed and began to make plans to kill the storekeeper.

Combs thoroughly alarmed, raced out as the group approached. There was a "helper" engine steamed up and puffing by the water tank. The frightened Combs ran to the depot and quickly persuaded the train crew to take him to Missoula and safety.

Mr. Combs never returned and Alex De Mers was called to help out. Alex kept an ax handle under the counter to quell disturbances. He not only kept the peace but got the business rolling in short order." The Indian killed is supposed to have been La-La-See's brother and this incident would cause more killings in the near future." Mission Valley News, May 23, 1984, page 6, "Early Days by Miss Beaver

- Tracing the history of a Merchant.

"Here is the story of Peter Ronan, in whose honor the town of Ronan was named.

Peter Ronan was shrewd, capable and energetic. He was part-owner and editor of Helena's newspaper, "The Rocky Mountain Gazette." After a fire he followed pretty Mollie Sheehan to California. They were married and returned to Helena. The next year, fire again took the newspaper building.

Peter Ronan was appointed Flathead Indian Agent in 1877. As agent, he received \$1,500 a year and the courtesy title of major.

When Major Peter Ronan arrived at the Jocko Agency, he found that only a few of the Flathead Tribe, under the leadership of Chief Arlee, had moved from the Bitterroot Valley to the Jocko. The rest of the tribe, under Chief Charlo, had refused to leave the Bitterroot. Chief Charlo declared, rightly, he had not signed the "Contract Agreement" in 1872 giving the Bitterroot to the whites in exchange for the Jocko or Flathead Valley.

Only 17 days after Ronan moved on the Reservation, 100 miles to the west the non-treaty Nez Perce's in Idaho, fought two companies of United States soldiers.

The young Flathead Indians were aroused. Thus in his first month as agent, Peter Ronan faced an incipient Indian war of unpredictable ferocity and scope. However, the Flatheads had always been friends of the white men and did not join the hostile Nez Perce.

During the Sioux campaigns of 1876, the sale of guns or ammunition to all Indians had been prohibited. Now Ronan appealed to Montana's Territorial governor, "The Flathead Indians had very poor crops this year and are bound to go on a buffalo hunt; so they will need ammunition." His appeal was denied. To prevent hunger, Major Ronan used his own money to get food for the Indians.

The next year a large buffalo herd appeared on the plains. The Flathead Indians wanted to hunt buffalo. Peter Ronan got the permission to hunt, but only with military escort. The hunt was not a success and the Indians blamed the escorting soldiers.

Again in the fall of 1878, sizable buffalo herds appeared and blind 70-year-old Big Canoe commanded his last buffalo chase. The hunt succeeded, although white settlers declared the Indians butchered cattle with buffalo. General Terry reported that white hunters were slaughtering buffalo at the same time.

The Indian commissioner wanted to restrict all Indians to the reservations. Major Ronan protested that Indian farmers needed to leave the Jocko to sell produce and cattle as well as conduct civilized business. He cite the widow Sabin, who sold 200 head of cattle and went to Missoula to bank money for her children's education.

Another time, Major Peter Ronan spoke against restricting the Indians to the reservation saying, "Indians are fully capable of protecting themselves in trade. If prices do not suit them at the licensed trading post, they have an intelligent and independent way of hitching up their team and carting their produce where they can make the best terms.

Yet Major Ronan enforced government regulations, upon hearing drum beats, he dispersed the dancers. The government banned all Indian dances as war ceremonials." Early Days By Miss Beaver, Mission Valley News/Ronan Pioneer, The Tale of Major Ronan.

Early Days by Miss Beaver

The Ronans were missed

Major Peter Ronan was an able and compassionate Indian agent. He respected Chief Charlo's belief that his name had been forged on the treaty for removal of the Flathead Indians from their home in the Bitterroot Valley to the Jocko reservation.

The Indian commissioner would not authorize assistance to the Flatheads who remained in the Bitterroot. Major Ronan could not resist the promptings of humanity, and used his own money to purchase food for the Flathead Indians.

In 1885, the government constructed a sawmill and gristmill at Spring Creek and the name was changed to Ronan Creek in honor of Peter Ronan.

However, those Indians near the Jocko agency continued to use the gristmill and sawmill built in 1858 at the Saint Ignatius Mission.

The Northern Pacific railroad crossed a corner of the Flathead Reservation in 1883. Major Ronan, still working on the removal of all the Flathead people, took Chief Charlo and an interpreter by train to Washington, D.C. As they departed in January 1884, a rumor of gold in the Coeur d'Alene mountains started a winter rush of prospectors and the Bitterroot Valley was soon flooded with white men.

Charlo questioned Ronan closely about feeding the crowded population of Chicago and was interested in the buildings and evidence of wealth in Washington, D.C. But the chief told Ronan that in his Bitterroot cabin he was freer to do as he pleased than the important men of the United States.

Charlo was offered an annual pension of five hundred dollars, a house, restoration of his place as chief of the Flathead nation, along with homes and cattle for his people if they moved to the Jocko reservation.

Although Charlo refused to leave the Bitterroot, he told the secretary that he would allow his people to move if they wished. It was agreed that the chief would be allowed to remain in the Bitterroot as long as he was peaceful and friendly to the settlers.

Chief Charlo replied that the Flathead nation had always been friendly to the white men and had

never shed the blood of a white man.

Peter Ronan was instructed to offer inducements to the Flatheads to move without their chief and to supply Charlo's people with food and farming tools.

Home at the agency, Ronan promised any Flathead family that moved 160 acres of unoccupied land on the reservation, a house, two cows and farming tools.

Seventeen families left the Bitterroot to settle on the north side of the Jocko river near the agency. Ronan paid 100 Indians to work on irrigation ditches for the new arrivals.

Major Ronan believed that it would be only a brief time before all but Charlo and his relatives would move. Five years later, he reported, "Except for the first 17 families, the others receive no assistance except what I can give them."

Chief Charlo and those Indians who remained in the Bitterroot were destitute. They lived mainly on roots and were forced to sell wagons and horses to buy food. Again, Major Ronan talked of removal to the Jocko. Charlo refused to talk until his people were fed. So Major Peter Ronan, himself, provided them with food.

Flathead families began to move to the Jocko agency until only those most faithful to their chief and Charlo himself remained. Chief Charlo wanted to be assured that the Jocko reservation would be their home forever. At last, the chief and his followers left the Bitterroot.

Major Peter Ronan was ready with rations for the new arrivals. He con-

sidered, along with Charlo, that land for homes should be allotted.

The major's wife, Mollie, was accustomed to Indians coming and asking for food or just sitting without speaking. Now Charlo came daily to talk with the major or to ask for food.

Ronan was against sending Indian children to government schools far from home. He believed that the two industrial schools at the Saint Ignatius Mission did an excellent job of educating Indian children. A school for Indians was built at Ronan Springs and the name was changed to Ronan in honor of the agent who served the Indians so well.

Major Peter Ronan, hampered by rheumatism, took his daughter May to the World's Columbia Exposition.

Soon after his return home, his wife Mollie became ill. Ronan rode horseback to Arlee to telegraph a doctor. Upon his return, he lay down and died, on Aug. 20, 1893. A sorrowing escort of Indians carried his casket to the Catholic cemetery in Missoula.

Major Peter Ronan had been Indian agent to the Flathead, Pend d'Oreille and Kootenais for 17 years. No Indian agency in the United States has a better record than the Flathead.

The new Indian agent was a cousin to Mollie Ronan so she remained in her Jocko agency home. Chief Charlo continued his visits. When the chief was old and sick, Mollie Ronan carried food to him daily. Chief Charlo is buried in the Jocko cemetery.

Another version of the story by James W. Faulds that appeared in *The Ronan Pioneer*, Thurs., May 31, 1928, pg.7, column 1-5:

“Lala See and Pierre Paul, two of the four Indian murderers executed by Sheriff William H. Houston in the Missoula courtyard on the morning of Dec. 19, 1891 (actually 1890), both slew for revenge.

A brother of the Indian Lala See had been killed at the Arlee trading post in the historical Jocko valley in December, 1885. The killing of the brother is what started Lala See and his companion, Pierre Paul, upon the war path. The Indians did not consider the incidents which led up to the shooting and that the slain Indian was the aggressor. He was killed by a white man and they were out for revenge.

The story goes back to the dark and cold December night of 1885 when the Indian was killed. Two Indians, both under the influence of liquor, got off an eastbound passenger train at Arlee and went to the trading post. They aroused Vincent B. Coombs [he is called Valentine up in Demersville, Montana], who was in charge and demanded and obtained entrance into the store, where they made demands for goods which he would not accede to. The Indians then attempted to forcibly obtain what they wanted.

Coombs, realizing his danger, called upon a man named Bader, the postmaster at Arlee, for assistance. Bader responded, armed with a double barreled shotgun loaded with bird shot and Coombs was armed with a revolver.

One of the Indians drew a bulldog pistol and aimed at Coombs, when Bader, trying to prevent bloodshed, seized the wrist of his gun hand. The Indian drew a knife with his free arm and was making a thrust when he was shot dead by Coombs. The other Indian raised his gun and fired at Bader but missed. Before he could fire again Bader emptied his shotgun into the Indian's lower body. The Indian, however, escaped to the brush, but was subsequently captured. [This was Big Jim. “Justice To Be Accorded To The Indians – Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Reservation, Montana 1888-1893 – Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai Press/University of Nebraska Press, 2014, 159.]

The shooting caused great excitement at Arlee. Coombs and Bader immediately telegraphed to Missoula for an armed posse and sent a messenger to the Indian agent.

Major Ronan notified

The agent, Major Peter Ronan, was at the agency four miles away. Upon being notified, he immediately went to Arlee. The major for 13 years had been United States Indian agent. He had just been reappointed by President Harrison and according to those who are familiar with the incidents on that December night, 42 years ago, it is fortunate that Major Ronan was on hand.

The Indians trusted Major Ronan and would accept his word and he was able to calm down an increasing band who were fast becoming unruly when he arrived at Arlee on the night of the shooting.

When the major arrived at Arlee he found that Sheriff Lane and a posse had arrived from Missoula on a special engine. A. B. Hammond, a nephew of Mr. Coombs, was a member of the posse. Mr. Hammond, principal owner of the Missoula Mercantile company at Missoula, now resides in San Francisco, where he is a prominent figure in the lumber world.

An old memorandum of that night, prepared by Major Ronan, long dead, told of the events which stirred all western Montana 42 years ago.

In his memorandum he wrote:

Mr. Coombs was placed in arrest and immediately sent to Missoula on a passenger train, leaving a deputy sheriff and assistant to arrest the wounded Indian and also to take Bader, the postmaster, to Missoula for examination.

“In the meantime I notified Chief Arlee and several other headmen of the Indian tribes to come at once to the scene of the tragedy. After their arrival it was then and there agreed upon to take the wounded Indian, as well as Bader, the white man, to Missoula for trial. Everything being so arranged and agreed upon before the arrival eastbound Northern Pacific train, and having full faith that the Indians would abide by the agreement, I returned to the agency to get some sleep, as everything was quite at the depot and no apprehension of either danger or trouble from the Indians. Soon after my departure a party of mounted and armed Indians, accompanied by the father and relatives of the dead Indian, arrived at Arlee and informed the sheriff that he could take the white man who had wounded the Indian to Missoula, but they would hold the Indian and try him according to Indian laws and usages. To this the sheriff objected, whereupon he and his deputies were disarmed by the Indians. The wounded Indian was then placed upon a horse behind another Indian, who galloped off with him. The Indians then returned to the sheriff and deputies their arms and advised them to return to Missoula on the train which then came in sight.

Only One White Remains

“The railroad employees at Arlee, including the agent, fearing danger, leaped upon the train, and also Bader, who was under arrest, departed with the fleeing train, leaving the post office, depot telegraph office tenantless.

“Joe Carter, under my orders, took charge of the trader’s store and was the only white man in the community.

“Knowing that intense excitement would be created at the next station and also at Missoula, I immediately dispatched James Sheehan, an employee on a fleet horse for Evaro, with orders to forward telegrams.” (Jimmy Sheehan was his brother-in-law.)

To the commanding officer at Fort Missoula, Major Ronan wired that he did not apprehend trouble or danger, and that he hoped to turn prisoners over to the civil authorities himself.

A message to the railroad superintendent asked him to send the railroad employees back to Arlee station.

In continuing his official report to the commissioner of Indian Affairs, Major Ronan wrote:

“The Indians conveyed the wounded man to a house near the agency. His wounds were attended to by the agency physician. I immediately called a council of all the Indians and explained to them clearly and intelligently as I could the trouble that was liable to arise from their action in rescuing the prisoner from the officers of the civil law; that, unless they agreed to turn the prisoner over to civil authorities for examination, trouble would surely follow, and probably a large posse of armed men, if not the military, would soon appear, demand and force the surrender of the prisoner and all connected with the rescue. The Indians deliberated for over ten hours, and after heated discussion finally acquiesced in all my suggestions.

“Having learned that the military authorities had been called upon by the civil authorities, the dispatch to Colonel Gibson at Fort Missoula reached Missoula in time to prevent the soldiers from coming upon the reservation, as they were armed and equipped and had already boarded the train when the commanding officer received the dispatch.

All Are Acquitted

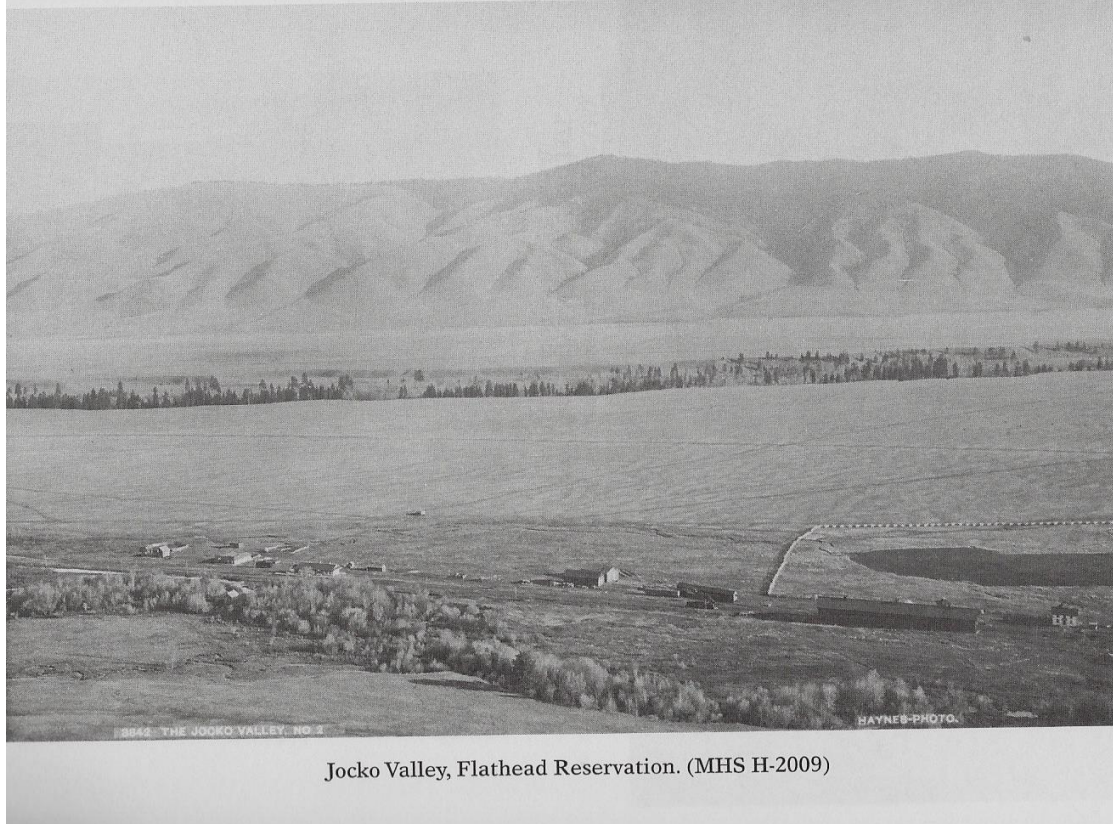
“A few days later I delivered the Indian prisoner to the civil authorities at Missoula, where he was tried before a committing magistrate and promptly discharged from his share in the tragedy at Arlee. Coombs and Bader were also discharged from custody as it was found that the killing of the Indian by Coombs was done in self-defense.”

A few days later Major Ronan received a message from the commanding officer at Fort Missoula, in which he was advised: “Your prompt action in quieting the Indians has been duly reported by me to military headquarters.” (see last part of the memorrandun under La La See).



Andrew Benoni Hammond, Jr. (1848-1934) born in Saint-Léonard, New Brunswick and died in San Francisco, California, married Florence Abbott. Founder of the Missoula Mercantile Co. and he built the Bitterroot Valley Railroad and the Astoria Columbia River Railroad. He was president of the Hammond Lumber Co. and the Hammond Steamship Co. Hammond left home at 16 years old to work in the logging camps of Maine and Pennsylvania. He arrived in Montana in 1867, worked as a woodcutter and store clerk, eventually becoming a partner in the mercantile firm of Bonner, Eddy and Company. Under Hammond's management this became the Missoula Mercantile Company, the largest mercantile between St. Paul and Portland. Hammond and his partners received the contract to build the Northern Pacific from Helena to Spokane. In the 1890s Hammond moved to the West Coast and built two more railroads. In 1900 he began to assemble one of the largest lumber companies on the West Coast, including the world's largest redwood lumber company and the world's largest lumber yard in Los Angeles. Andrew Hammond is most known for his role in the poaching of federal timber during his years in Montana, and his extreme anti-union efforts during the early twentieth century. Ironically, much of the Hammond Lumber Company lands that had been illegally acquired under the Timber and Stone Act in Humboldt County eventually formed the bulk of Redwood National Park. The community of Hammond, Oregon was named for him. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Andrew_B._Hammond]

[Joseph T. Carter. Flathead Agency Clerk, succeeded Major Peter Ronan, when he died in 1893 as Indian Agent. He took in Mrs. Ronan and her children and hired Vincent Ronan as agency clerk. In 1895 he married Peter's daughter, Mary Ronan. His was agent until 1898. His successor was W. H. Smead. Justice To Be Accorded To The Indians – Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Reservation, Montana 1888-1893 – Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai Press/University of Nebraska Press, 2014, p 383.]



Jocko Valley, Flathead Reservation. (MHS H-2009)

From “Justice To Be Accorded To The Indians – Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Reservation, Montana 1888-1893 – Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai Press/University of Nebraska Press, 2014.

“On August 16, 1883 was Missoula County’s first legal execution was held by Sheriff Berry. A Chinaman by the name of Ah Yung was hung in the Missoula jail yard. The hanging was witnessed by 100 people. Mr. Yung was charged with attempting to blow up the tent of the China paymaster at Horse Plains and attempting to rob the inmates. Mr. Yung also shot and killed the Chinaman who owned the tent and wounded his own brother who tried to follow him. To the end, Ah Yung maintained his innocence and did not understand the judicial system in this country.” Missoula County Sheriffs Buried in the Missoula Cemetery, <http://www.ci.missoula.mt.us/DocumentCenter/Home/View/395>.

In continuing his memorandum of the trouble, Major Ronan wrote:

Time wore on since the killing of the Indian at Arlee by V. N. Coombs, and apparently all excitement had died away and no feelings of revenge rankled in the hearts of the relatives of the dead Indian. Such was not the case as the case as the bloody deeds of Pierre Paul and Lala See will show.”

The following correspondence explains the first clue to the arrest of the murderers:

“The telegram above quoted was referred to me by Governor Leslie,” Major Ronan’s memorandum stated, “and I reported to him that the body of a supposedly murdered white man

had been found on the bank of the Jocko river, on this reservation. Through this information I held considerable correspondence with yourself in regard to the matter, and received a letter also from the father and brother of William Henry Keays, whose body it was supposed was found as stated above.

“It appears from said correspondence that William Henry Keays deserted from the Canadian northwest mounted police on May 19, 1888. On the 26th of July, 1888, I notified the coroner of Missoula county, Montana, of the finding of the remains in question, and herewith attached coroner’s report which shows conclusively that the body could not be that of William Henry Keays, as indications were that the body had lain where found long previous to the disappearance of Keays from the Northwest territory.

"Finley Tells of Crime

In the meantime a quiet investigation was carried on, but the mystery of the murder still remained shrouded until Larry Finley, a noted half-breed desperado killed an Indian at the head of Flathead Lake. He was followed and trailed to a Cree half-breed camp in Chouteau county, and there arrested and turned over to the civil authorities at Missoula, where he made the following sworn statement:

"My name is Larra Finley. I am 23 years old. One year ago in July, or later, below Duncan McDonald's near the mouth of Jocko river, I saw three full blood Indians shoot and kill two white men who were in camp there. The white men were strangers. The Indians were Pierre Paul and Lala See. The name of the other Indian I did not know. I heard he was some relative of Pierre Paul. The one whose name I don't know, did not do anything although he was present. I was walking and heard five or six shots, and when I got there the white men were dead. The Indians made me swear I would keep it secret. They were going to kill me at first. They made me swear five or six times. The Indians wanted me to shoot at the white men, too, so they could say I had a hand in it. The Indians told me they had killed the white men for revenge for the killing of the Indian at Arlee by Coombs, who was the brother of Lala See. Would have told Major Ronan but they said they would kill one of my brothers if I did. I went and told the chiefs about it, but they told me to keep quiet, as it would make trouble for the Indians. Joseph Catho-la-hou, a little chief, said I should stay quiet and only tell it when questioned by proper authority.

Upon this confession warrants were issued for the arrest of Pierre Paul and Lala See, but the murderers, knowing that Finley was in jail and had probably told the tale of blood, kept aloof and out of the way of arrest. When they made their appearance at any of the Indian camps they were accompanied by relatives and sympathizers, all well armed." (This will be repeated with Larry Finley’s story).

Mary Ronan, the Major’s wife tells her version of the story:

Girl from the Gulches: The Story of Mary Ronan by Mary Ronan, p 205:

“A series of Indian murders previous to 1890 filled by days and nights with such fear I cannot pass over them without a word. In 1882, I was terrified when my husband, the agent, walked

alone into a council of forty sullen Indians and demanded that they surrender to him the Indian desperado, Koonsa. He handcuffed the prisoner and accompanied only by a driver, delivered the murderer safely to the county jail in Missoula. (Koonsa Finley will be dealt with later in this piece)

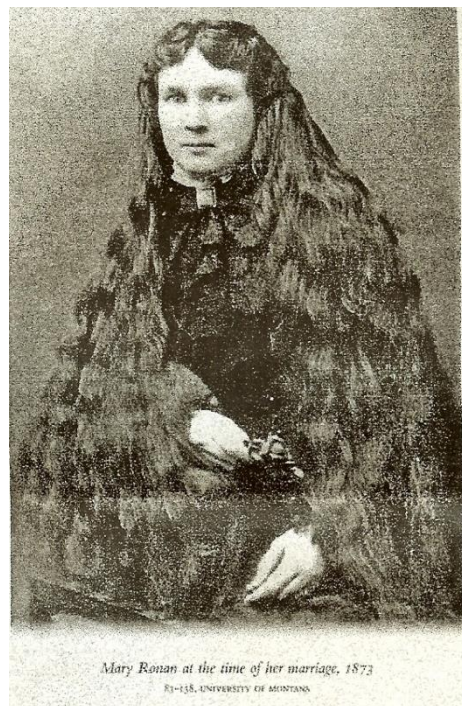
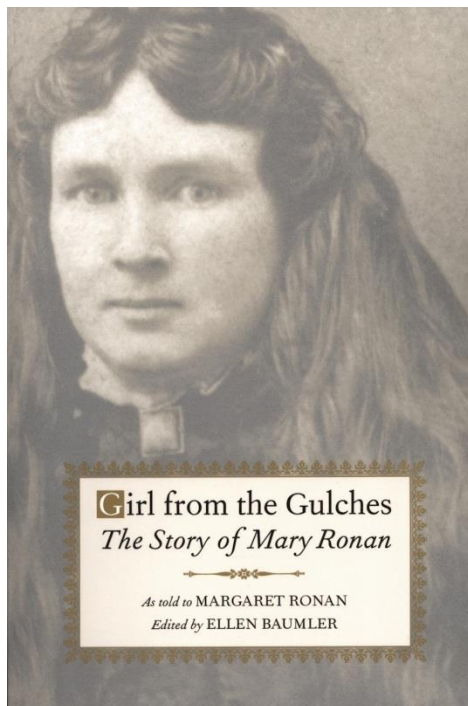
A loud startling knock at the door awakened us from sleep one dark December night in 1885. Joseph T. Carter, the agency clerk, delivered the message that there had been trouble with two drunken Indians at the trader's store at the Arlee railway station, that the trader V. B. Coombs and the postmaster, a man named Bader, had killed one Indian and wounded the other. The friends of the two Indians had assembled and were threatening vengeance, and that an armed posse had been summoned from Missoula.

Major Ronan had Chief Arlee and several head tribesman notified to meet him at the scene of the tragedy. After several hours he returned home to say all was quiet. The Indians had also agreed to return to say all was quite. They agreed to let the wounded Indian to be taken along with the white men to Missoula for trial. We had scarcely settled down to try to get a little sleep when again a more startling knock echoed through the house. The messenger had come to report that no sooner had Major Ronan left than a party of armed Indians, accompanied by the father and relatives of the dead Indian, had assembled at the station and informed the sheriff that he could take the white men to Missoula, but they would hold the Indian and try him according to tribal laws. When the sheriff resisted, he and his deputies were disarmed. The wounded Indian was placed upon a horse behind another Indian, who galloped off with him. When an eastbound train thundered into sight, the Indians gave their arms back to the sheriff and deputies and ordered them onto the train to return to Missoula. The white men did not dare disobey. With the sheriff and his posse, all the railway employees at Arlee, even the telegraph operator, took their hasty departure. The settlement was abandoned. We knew that as the news of this trouble reached Missoula, a detachment of soldiers from Fort Missoula would board a special train for Arlee. I feared the blood and carnage their coming would surely mean. The breaking down, perhaps forever, of the confidence and friendship we had been building up among our Indians during twelve years.

Why not trust them as we wished they trust us? I told my husband that I was not afraid to take the risk. I knew it was on my account that he was not making the move to prevent the coming of the soldiers. That within his heart he was assured that he could command his words. Because he knew that I was sincere in my urging of him and because in his judgment, it was wise to settle for himself this insubordination among the Indians, he sent my brother Jimmie on a fleet horse to Evaro to send telegrams to Colonel Gibson at Fort Missoula, Sheriff Robert Land, and Railroad Superintendent F. W. Gibson, that the Indians were on the train and no trouble was expected. The telegrams reached Missoula just in time, for the soldiers were already on the train. Meanwhile, Joseph T. Carter had ridden back to Arlee and had taken charge of the trader's store. He was the only white man left that day at the railway station.

The Indians proved worthy of our trust. They brought the wounded tribesman to a house near the agency, where Dr. William Dade, the agency physician, dressed his wounds. A council was called. My husband explained the trouble that might have arisen from their defiance of the officers of the law. Unless they agreed to turn the prisoner over to civil authorities, trouble would surely ensue. After ten hours of heated discussion, they surrendered the wounded Indian. A few days later, when the prisoner had gained some strength, my husband delivered him to the authorities at Missoula, where he was discharged, as were Coombs and Bader, on grounds of self-defense. The two white men never again risked returning to the reservation. I have given so much space to this incident because of my part in it, a part which I am proud, for I was really timid, and when the safety of my children was at stake, I found it difficult to let my head rule.

This was not the end however. Revenge rankled in the hearts of the relatives of the dead Indian. The bodies of two murdered white men were found near the mouth of the Jocko. Larra Finley, a half-breed desperado, killed an Indian at the head of Flathead Lake. He was captured, confessed to the murder, and reported that Pierre Paul, Lala See, and Antley were murderers of white men, whose bodies were found at Jocko. They had committed the crime to even the score of the Indians on account of the tribesmen whom Coombs had killed....” Mary Ronan was the wife of Major Peter Ronan whom the Salish called Scale-ee-hue-eel-i-me-kum or loosely translated as **White Chief**. [“Scale-ee-hue-eel-i--me-hum was probably "sqelixw Ilimixum" (A dotted x would be an h breathy sound) meaning leader to the Indians. No reference to white in the word.” Troy Felsman 12/17/2014] Probably an assumption of the reporter who wrote the original story...seeing it was Major Ronan assumed that white needed to be included.





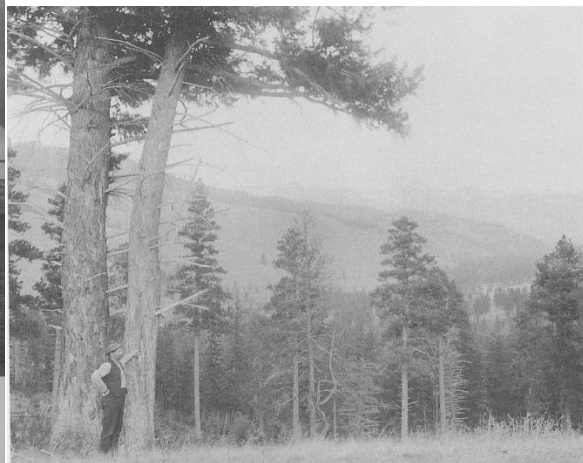
Major Peter Ronan and family. Indian agent's residence, Jocko, Montana.
(MHS H-1333)



Major Peter Ronan



Flathead Indian Agency, Jocko, Montana.
(MHS H-1271)



Mt. Ronan, Mission Range. Peter Ronan standing at left. (MHS H-2011)

“Neighborhood News

One of Chief Arlee’s step-sons was found four miles east of Arlee station, on Finlay Creek, Monday morning. Apparently beaten to death with clubs and rocks. Cause whisky.” *The New North-West (Deer Lodge) May 20, 1887, p2.*

“Notes from Flathead Reservation

“The Arlee correspondent of the Helena Independent writes:

A few days ago two deputy sheriffs went over to the Flathead reservation to arrest a young Indian for horse stealing. The fellow had stolen a horse from another Indian and sold it to a white man. The real owner replevined the horse, thus exposing the theft. The two deputies found their Indian but they did not arrest him. He concluded not to be arrested.

A stepson of Chief Arlee was found dead this week. He had got full of whisky and been thrown from his horse, resulting in fatal injuries. *The Missoula County Times, May 25, 1887, p3.*

In 1888 Jocko Finley and Louie Finley got into a drunken fight. Jocko shot Louie in the leg and Louie cut Jocko many times with a knife - both survived. Louie was thereafter called "Lame Louie". [Jocko Finley (abt.1859-1914) was the son of Pierre (Pial) (Peter) Finley and Susan "Ca-sah-slo" Ca-stah-slo.] [Of the 13 or so Louis & Louie Finleys in my database I don't know exactly which one was Lame Louie Finley...there are three it could be: Louis Finley (1847-1942 son of Augustin & Clemence Finley, he married LaLouise Trickey; Louis "Colltzilkoomkan Finley (abt 1868-) son of Abraham "Quilpelsoochuie" and Susan Whis-whis-topi Finley, he married Angelic (Denoyer) Bonaparte ; and Louis "Penetsee" "Louie" Finley (-1889) son of Francois "Penetzi" and Susanna Finley, he married Rosette "Ta-te-nuch-gun" Montour.

From Missoula County Times, Nov.23, 1887, p3, c5:

"Killed.

Lorette Pablo, of the Flathead reservation, was riding horseback Monday, when his horse commenced bucking. Mr. Pablo's gun was thrown to the ground and discharged, the ball striking him in the chest and resulting in his instant death."

[Laurette "Larak" Pablo, Laurette Pablo's brother is Michel Pablo, he was 1/2 Piegan Blackfeet. He was the son of Michel Pablo and Otter Woman. He married three times: Mary Finley the daughter of Joseph Finley and Arzell (Arshela) "Skalpi" Ashley; Mary (Blue-Eyed Mary) "Chpapa" Tellier (abt 1845-1917) the daughter of Louis Tellier, Sr. and Francisca (Pelassaway) (Qui-to-pee) Kuiltpi; and an unknown woman.]



WAR CHIEF ALEE.



Chief Alee (Alee) and his grandsons



From Duzzie Glover



Pierre Paul



1889 Stevensville, MT. Some members of Charlo's band during the visit of Colonel Carrington. Carrington was trying to negotiate terms wherein Charlo and his band of people would leave the Bitterroot for the Flathead Indian Reservation.

Note: "I can only ID one person in this picture, the man on horseback in the center is Pierre Paul, who would be hung two years later in Missoula along with three other men." Troy Felsman



Pierre Paul and La La See were probably two of the most desperate criminals known in the history of western Montana.

Their loud boasting of what they were pleased to term an acknowledgement of glory gave them away. The history of the chase and capture of these two slippery criminals would of itself make an interesting volume. After the sheriff had received information of their crimes and had commenced to keep a lookout for them word was received this office about every two weeks of no sooner appeared than they were out of sight again.

His crime is detailed in the part designated to La-La-See.

After the crimes were committed in 1887 most if not all of the residents in the southern half of the Flathead Reservation knew who the murderers were, it was common knowledge. La-La-See and Pierre Paul roamed the reservation at will and mostly because they were feared. They had mothers and fathers at St. Ignatius Mission. They harassed anyone that got in their way. They had a network of accomplices and abettors in their friends and families.

June 1889

“A Missoula special to the Helena Daily Independent of the 25th says:

On Saturday Sheriff Heyfron received information that the Indian who killed the prospectors near Jocko over a year ago, was again on the reservation. The sheriff went out that evening and on looking over the ground realized that he could do nothing alone, and on Saturday telegraphed for ten men, who went to his assistance that night. To-day the murderer was arrested and the party started to the station. When near the station the posse was surrounded by the infuriated Indians and an attempt made to release the prisoner. The sheriff fired, killing one Indian [Louie], so it is reported, when the posse were compelled to board a freight train to escape the vengeance of the redskins. A telegram from Agent Ronan states that the Indians are arming and he fears for the white people there. Seventy-five men and a special train are now being held in readiness to go at a moment's notice from Agent Ronan to Sheriff Heyfron. The citizens here are much excited and fear trouble will be serious.

The Indian uprising at the Flathead reserve caused quite a commotion in military circles this week. Company D began putting on its warpaint; but the latest advices indicate that the copper-colored protégés of Major Ronan are not as obstreperous as they thought they were. There will be no war.

The outbreak of the Flatheads, albeit they are considered to be exceptionally friendly to the palefaces, is not altogether surprising. Since the advent of the Northern Pacific the country about them has been densely populated, and among the whites are many nefarious scoundrels who have been supplying the Indians with whiskey. This illegal traffic was the cause of the murder that resulted in the present trouble. The Indians are not wholly blamable in the matter. A short shrift and a long rope for the villains who caused them to commit the crimes of which they are accused would be meting out of justice for past, and effectually prevent future occurrences of

like character.” Montana - 1889 The Centennial News Melange , O. J. Taylor “The Madsonian Man”, Virginia City, Montana, 1989, p101.

July 31, 1890 – Extract from “At the Mission: St. Ignatius Day Celebrated in a Befitting Manner,” Missoula Gazette (daily), August 1, 1890, page 1, col. 1-3.

Third paragraph down:

“Among the Indians on the reservation are Pierre Paul and Lalasee, murderers, who are wanted by the civil authorities for their crimes; they have been sought for some time but always managed to elude the grasp of officials. Lame Louie [Finley], another Indian is also wanted for the alleged crime of murder, and Sheriff Houston has determined to capture them. That they are taken care of by the Indians no one will admit who knows anything about the Indian character. These murderers have made themselves very conspicuous at times and have really defied arrest. Sheriff Houston, who has been searching for these bad Indians, learning that they would be at the Mission Friday prepared to arrest them, but he did not get an opportunity, for the wily savages did not make their appearances, and he had to leave discomfited, but in nowise cast down, for he has made up his mind to catch the scoundrels, and they might as well come in and give themselves up.

A party left Missoula to visit the mission and arrived at Ravalli safely, just in time to get a lift in a farm wagon. The wagon would hold but eight and how to get fifteen, the number in the party, in the wagon bed was somewhat of a mystery which was solved by the men walking up the hill, riding down hill or on the level. A deputy sheriff was in the party and he had a Winchester rifle which was conspicuous in the wagon load. About two miles from Ravalli an armed Indian was noticed standing upon an eminence by the side of his horse. He watched the wagon until opposite him, when he mounted and rode down hill towards us. He carried his rifle upright and kept just beyond shooting distance until satisfied with his reconnoiter when he rode briskly up and crossed our path about thirty feet in front of our horses. The fellow’s actions were so stealthy that the women in the party became alarmed and asked the half-breed driver what he meant.

“Oh!” he replied, “I hexpect dare be one hell of a fight. De shereef hexpect to get Pierre Paul and he keep de picket out.”

Further enquiry showed that the Indians had been notified that 200 armed men would be at the Mission and that most all of them were too frightened to leave their camps. As the wagon went along every knoll which commanded a good view of the country was occupied by an armed Indian who sank out of sight. Pierre Paul and Lalasee evidently did not propose to be caught in a trap.

One day during the summer of 1889 Sheriff Houston of Missoula county learning that the Indian murderers were at Ravalli got up posse and proceeded to that point arriving there after midnight.

Only a few persons could be found who were willing to divulge anything as there seemed to be a general fear that the desperate redskins would kill anyone revealing anything of their whereabouts I was learned next morning that the Indians had gone to Duncan on the Jocko reservation. The sheriff and his little band of deputies took a freight train for Duncan. They got off in a thicket near the station and while reconnecting one of the officers found a squaw lying flat upon the ground face down this was regarded as bad sign and it was thought she had been on the lookout for their approach and had given the alarm. About this time an Indian was seen to rise out of another part of the thicket with a gun at his shoulder pointed at the posse Deputy Jim Conley quick as a flash dropped the redskin in his tracks Conley is one of the most adept men with the Winchester in the northwest and has been instrumental in bringing some of the most noted desperadoes to justice.

The Indian he had so suddenly sent to the happy hunting grounds proved to be a murderer. The men most wanted could not be found in that vicinity and it was subsequently learned that the officers had been sent to Duncan in order to throw them off the trail for they had hardly left Ravalli when Pierre Paul and La La See reappeared.

This expedition like many others proved unsuccessful and it was not until old Chief Eneas lent his aid that the officers were enabled to get these two murderous wretches within their clutches. . . .” The Anaconda Standard, Saturday Morning. February 23, 1895



Sheriff Daniel Heyfron <http://www.ci.missoula.mt.us/DocumentCenter/Home/View/395>
(1845-1934)

[Alice Normandeau (1889-1950), the daughter of Patrick Normandeau, a Flathead Reservation rancher married Daniel J. Heyfron, Jr (1878-1929). of Missoula, the sheriff's son. Patrick Normandeau's obituary states that Mrs. Daniel J. Heyfron lived in Missoula.]

Father Jerome D'Aste wrote in his diary of a couple encounters with Pierre Paul and behind his name he always wrote "the murderer."

"D'Aste Diary:

August 7, 1889 Nice weather, smoke very thick. I had an interview with Pierre Paul the murderer." p.299

August, 1889

'The atmosphere is full of smoke, caused by the forest fires which are reported from almost every quarter of the compass.

There are rumors that forest fires are destroying all timber in the National Park and the prospect is gloomy in regard to the visitation of that interesting region this season. [Yellowstone was the only national park at that time.] Montana - 1889 The Centennial News Melange , O. J. Taylor "The Madsonian Man", Virginia City, Montana, 1989, p 109. For weeks afterwards the paper reported on the forest fires and the heavy smoke. Reporting at times that the sun was a blood red ball in the mornings and the evenings.

August 19, 1889 I let Pierre Paul have a bridle (credit) 2.00 and Baptist KaiKaishin 3.00. Br. Campopiano's watch was stolen from the Mill by an Indian. Ignace Kotenai Chief's son was killed by (the whites –this was crossed out) his brother in law." p.301 Father D'Aste did not put "the murderer" behind the Pierre Paul so this could be another Pierre Paul, as there were several at that time.

September 8, 1889

Same weather [Smoky] I sang Mass and preached. Pierre Paul, the murderer, insulted in my presence Azazuu, Tom Adams. I got 2.00 for Masses, our German cook got into a big spree, and disappeared through shame, modo in actu toto [in every shape and form]."

September 10, 1889

Cold day, windy, rather clear. F. Paquin went to Missoula. This afternoon Pierre Paul was arrested by Kottolego and his brother Pim, but he ran way from three Policemen and the Indian Agent."

September 11, 1889

Heavy frost last night. Nice day. Michael the chief ordered all the men Indians and half breed to look for Pierre Paul and Lalassie and catch them to save the reservation from the soldiers. F. Canestrelli and Folchi arrived from Spokane." A Pretty Village – Documents of Worship and Culture Change, St. Ignatius Mission, Montana 1880-1889, Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai College Press/University of Nebraska Press, 2007. Pages 299, 301 and 304.

Major Peter Ronan wrote on September 13, 1889:

“In order that you may have an understanding of events which led to the necessity of asking for cavalry to assist in the capture of certain outlaw Indians, without going back to the commencement of this trouble which has been fully reported. I would respectfully state that on the 10th day of September, accompanied by H.A. Lambert, head farmer at this reservation, and three Indians of the police force, I arrived at St. Ignatius Mission for the purpose of arresting the murderous Indian outlaws Pierre Paul and La La See. The arrest of the former was accomplished by the Indians and it was arranged that evening to take him to the agency, a distance of about twenty miles, and from there to convey him to Missoula and deliver him to the proper authorities. The guard was formed by two Indian judges, one riding on each side and a policeman riding behind; myself, farmer and interpreter riding in a spring wagon. On the way out of the Indian village a number of the outlaw’s backers and followers were gathered. He begged the guard to let him bid his mother good-bye. I objected, but the guards said they arrested the prisoner, and in the interest of peace they would accord him that privilege, pledging themselves to a safe delivery of the prisoner at the Agency. There were but two whitemen among a throng of Indians and I saw no alternative but to consent. The Indian, watching an opportunity, sprang out of the lodge of his mother, leaped upon a horse, and went flying towards a neighboring creek [Mission Creek] fringed with brush. The guards gave chase and gained upon the outlaw. At the edge of the brush he threw himself from his horse and disappeared in the dense undergrowth. All night the Indians continued the search for Pierre Paul and La La See, without success. Michel, the Chief of the Pend d’Oreilles, was present by my order and early on the morning of the 11th a council with the Chiefs and Indians was held. I addressed the Indians through my interpreter. Relating the brutal murder of two innocent white travelers by those two Indians and the attempt of the Sheriff of Missoula County to capture them for the crime; the unfortunate killing by the Sheriff’s posse of an Indian who they were not seeking to arrest. The calling out of the military to prevent trouble on the reservation and the events which finally ended in the inducement of Governor [Benjamin] White to offer five hundred dollars reward for the arrest of each of the criminals. Of the way in which Pierre Paul and La La See terrorize the reservation, and of the criminal neglect of the Indians in not arresting them. Then stated how United States Inspector [Wm. W.] Jenkins, and the Agency clerk were insulted by Pierre Paul on the Inspector’s official visit to the Indian school at St. Ignatius Mission and concluded by saying that myself and Mr. Lambert were there to demand the prisoners. That if proper efforts were not made and the murders not given up in a reasonable time troops would be called for, the Indians surrounded and every suspicious man put under arrest until the criminals were found. The army officers did not personally know the murderers and it was presumed that this plan would be adopted to secure them.

Chief Michel then made a speech to the Indians, deploring the events of the summer which brought his people into notoriety as criminals and law breakers. After a long harangue he ended by ordering every Indian and half-breed out to search the country and arrest the murderers and turn them over to the Agent.” Zealous in All Virtues – Documents of Worship and Culture Change, St. Ignatius Mission,

“..more than six feet tall, but not at all vicious in his appearance. During his imprisonment he was always in good humor. When he first that Sheriff Houston was planning to arrest him he threatened to kill any man, white or Indian, who attempted to take him, in custody. So Houston swore in Ralph Ramsdell, Jim Grant, and Jim Conley as deputies and started out after the bad Indian, and Pierre Paul didn't put up a fight at all.

At the Pend o'Oreille ferry the officers saw two Indians leave the party and start for the hills. [One was a woman and probably his wife.] They followed. On the mountainside one Indian handed his rifle to the other and calmly awaited the coming of the officers. It was Pierre Paul. When told that he was arrested he said” “Good, I will go with you to Missoula, get a new suit of clothes and then fly to join the angels.” And he did. Butte Daily Press December 19, 1890. [Pierre Paul said he would surrender to no one but Duncan McDonald and went to Ravalli to turned himself over to McDonald, who took him to Missoula. The Anaconda Standard, Dec. 20, 1890, page 1 & page 8, “Under The Rope]

“.. Pierre Paul who admitted during his trial to killing a Free Mason near the N.P. Railway at the mouth of the Jocko River; he was suspected when his Indian woman wore a Masonic ring at Demersville; he allegedly boasted of killing eight other white men. With Pierre Paul at the scene was LaLaSee who was convicted of murdering a 25-year-old white companion pf Pierre Paul's victim; both Indians and two others Larry Finley and Paul Colville all testified as to the killing. Names of the murdered white men were never determined. Early Flathead and Tobacco Plains - A Narrative History of Northwestern Montana, Marie Cuffe Shea, 1977, Chapter 14, pages 71-76.

“Jim Conley's Side of It.

He Tells How and Why He Shot that Indian

It was The Safest Way.

The Redskin Was Entirely Too Promiscuous In the Matter of Handling His Rifle - That Heward (?) and Who Should Get It.

The capture of Pierre Paul and La-La -See, the notorious Indian murderers who terrorized the Flathead valley some years ago, has been twice told in the columns of the Standard recently, once by the Missoula bureau and once by a correspondent at Kalispel, who interviewed Ralph H. Ramsdell, who claims the honor and \$1,000 reward from the state for the capture of three redskin bandits. Each correspondent has charged James Conley, a citizen of Anaconda, with having killed an "innocent, defenseless old Indian" during the hunt for the outlaws.

Mr. Conley is a brother of Frank Conley of Conley & McTeague and his has been an officer in Montana for a good many years. He has a record for bravery and has probably brought as many criminals to justice as any man in the state.

"I'll tell you how I killed that Indian," he said to a Standard reporter last evening. "I don't want any newspaper controversy over the matter nor any notoriety nor any reward for what I did, but I don't want to be accused of killing defenseless Indians. That Indian wasn't good until he was dead. He fired six shots at our party before he gave up, and then only when he had three bullets in him.

I had been after a band of horse thieves in Beaverhead county, and had trailed them into the Bitter Root valley headed toward Missoula. I came into Butte to notify the officers at Missoula to look out for them. A few days later I received a message from Sheriff Heyfron asking me to come to Missoula. I went supposing he had located the horse thieves. When I got there he told me he was getting up a posse to go to the Mission after Pierre Paul, La-La-See and their associates. There were seven or eight of them, all bad Indians, indicted by the grand jury for murders committed.

"We went to the Mission and the chiefs held a pow-wow, agreeing to surrender the Indians we wanted in half an hour but they did not do it. We waited several hours, but by that time the whole outfit had given Sheriff Heyfron the slip. The road from the Mission for a long distance is beside the railroad track. There was a freight train ready to pull out, and we boarded the caboose arranging with the conductor to run slow and we would keep a look-out for Indians. About six miles this side of the Mission there was a cabin 300 yards, perhaps, from the track which had been headquarters, for the renegade crew. We were going over to search it. The train was running slow and I, taking Heyfron's rifle, stepped off, expecting the others of the posse Sheriff Heyfron. Assistant Indian Agent Adams, Harry Logan and one or two others, to follow me, but they did not come immediately. I started through some brush and as I did so an Indian and a squaw jumped up out of the brush some distance away. The buck had a rifle and in an instant he shot at me, the bullet struck a rock at my feet and it glanced, whizzing past my ear. I fired at him then and broke his arm. He ran to a bunch of rocks further away and threw himself behind them. He kept on shooting, loading his gun with one hand and resting the barrel over his knee, taking deliberate aim. The train had stopped and the conductor from the cupalo of the caboose kept me posted as to where he was, and once I got another shot at his side. Finally I went to the caboose myself and shot the Indian through the head from the cupalo of that car. The squaw had a six shooter and threatened to use it, but did not, though she came near being shot by Harry Logan who snapped both barrels of a shot gun at her thinking she was a man; fortunately the gun did not go off.

"The Indians seem to spring from the ground in that country, for we were surrounded by them before the train could pull out and a relief train with 83 or more volunteers from Missoula came to our assistance. "I did not know at that time who the Indian was I had killed, but afterward Indian Agent Ronan telegraphed me at Missoula that he was one of those for whom Sheriff Heyfron had a warrant, and that he was one of those Indians indicted for murder in the first degree. Even now I do not remember his name. All of those eight Indians met violent deaths either from pursuing parties or the scaffold.

"It was a year later that Pierre Paul was captured by the Ramsdell party of which I was a member also. The rest were all drawing \$10 a day from Missoula county but I did not get a cent and did

not ask it. I was out with them for the fun there was in it more than anything else. James Grant of Carroll, was another member of the party. There -were nine of us, including an Indian guide named Joseph and one or two others of the Indian police. We had pursued Pierre Paul to the Pen d'Oreille river where there was a ferry run by an Indian. He would not ferry us over until we threatened to kill him and then he did so very reluctantly.

"Ramsdell had a good horse but the Indian Joseph had a better one, as was proved by races during the trip, they were ahead but not very far and had stopped at a cabin near the foot of a rocky bluff in a canyon when the rest of us came up. A squaw in the cabin said that there were no Indians there at all, but while we were standing about debating what to do, a lot of stones began to rattle down the side of the bluff. We looked up and there about 100 yards up the hill was Pierre Paul scrambling for a hiding place. As I remember it now Joseph, the Indian, ran after him and halted him. We did not go up the hill on horseback because it was impossible to have done so. When taken Pierre Paul was stark naked, he had thrown off even his leggings in running and had only a sheath knife tied around his body by a thong of leather. His rife he had thrown away and he was completely disheartened by the close pursuit. Had he not been worn out he might easily have hidden in those mountains and discovery would have been almost impossible.

"James Grant and myself are as much entitled to a share of that \$1,000\)) as any men in the Flathead valley if it is going to be awarded, but for my part I think that \$10 a day and expenses is reward enough, especially as I only got a little fun and excitement for my share in the chase."
The Anaconda Standard, Friday Morning, March 8, 1895.

Father Lawrence B. Palladino, S.J wrote this in 1894:

“It is true that at intervals some grievous offences against life or mortality have been committed within the Jocko Reservation since Christianity was there established, but, then all these offences can be traced to one or more of the following extenuating circumstances: -- Liquor dealt out to the Indians by unscrupulous white men; remissness or miscarriage of justice in not punishing the guilty parties; outlaws, principally of other tribes, who abused the hospitality given them within the reservation and were never brought under the influence of religion; finally outrageous and most unjustifiable murders of innocent Indians by white people, which provoked revenge at the hands of some relative of the murdered man, according to the Indian law of retaliation.

We instance Pierre-Paul and the three other Indians executed at Missoula, December 19, 1890, for murder. Of these four Indian criminals, two, Lalassi and Pierre-Paul, were Spokanes; and the two others, Pascal and his accomplice, Kootenays. The brother of Lalassi had been murdered by a white some time before; and Pierre-Paul could count three near relatives, his father, an uncle and a cousin, feloniously murdered, in a few years' time, by white people. Both he and Lalassi became desperate outlaws, and had a price set upon their heads for some time. . . .” Indian and White in the Northwest, or A History of Catholicity in Montana by Lawrence B. Palladino, S.J., John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, 1894, pp71-72

Pierre Paul's uncle Ham-Ham was killed by white men in the Coeur d'Alene Mountains. “Justice To Be Accorded To The Indians – Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Reservation, Montana 1888-1893 – Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai Press/University of Nebraska Press, 2014, 159.

Flathead Agency Employees 1887

Name Office Where Born Whence Appointed Where Employed Compensation

Name	Office	Where Born	Whence Appointed	Where Employed	Compensation
FLATHEAD, MONTANA.					
Peter Ronan	Agent		Montana	Agency	1,500 00
Thomas E. Adams	Clerk	Mississippi	Mississippi	do	1,200 00
John Dade	Physician	Missouri	Missouri	do	1,200 00
Frank Decker	Miller	Maine	Montana	do	900 00
Ben. Welch	Carpenter	Ireland	do	do	800 00
Henry A. Lambert	Farmer	Minnesota	do	do	800 00
Charles Gardiner	Blacksmith	New Brunswick	do	do	800 00
Michael Rivais	Interpreter	Montana	do	do	300 00
Jean Baptiste	Assistant miller	do	do	do	600 00
<i>Police.</i>					
Antelli	Captain	Montana	Montana	Agency	p. m. 10 00
Augustine	Private	do	do	do	p. m. 8 00
Leon	do	do	do	do	p. m. 8 00
Charlvaine	do	do	do	do	p. m. 8 00
Paul Kakarshin	do	do	do	do	p. m. 8 00
Paul	do	do	do	do	p. m. 8 00
Louison	do	do	do	do	p. m. 8 00
Blase	do	do	do	do	p. m. 8 00
Isaac	Private	Montana	Montana	Agency	p. m. \$8 00
Pierre Paul	do	do	do	do	p. m. 8 00
Louis	do	do	do	do	p. m. 8 00
Antoine	do	do	do	do	p. m. 8 00
Joseph	do	do	do	do	p. m. 8 00
L. Louis	do	do	do	do	p. m. 8 00
Charles	do	do	do	do	p. m. 8 00

Flathead, Montana, Department of the Interior, July 1887, Office of Indian Affairs – Indian Agencies, pages 550-551

[This is a sounding board to keep information on the Pierre Paul's so we can figure out who he was (Duzzie Glover is helping with this).

The above Pierre Paul (abt 1845-1925) is the other Pierre Paul whose name was Sinchlope, which means Coyote, was a sub-chief and for a number of years was a medicine man of the tribe. He was the Tribes legal advisor and up ill very recently conducted the Indian dances. His father was a lower Kalispell and his mother a Flathead. His wife was Catherine. Called in later years, Peter Paul. St. Ignatius Post, Dec. 25, 1925, p5 c1, Deaths.

In 1885 Major Peter Ronan listed the Flathead Reservation farmers and what they had under fence and how many bushels of wheat and oats they produced. At the "Pend d'Oreille River, Mouth of Jocko" is one Pierre Paul with 50 acres under fence and 150 bushels of wheat and oats. Also on the list for Mission Valley is Michael Colville who is probably related to Paul Colville one of the accomplishments.

There are four Pierre Paul's in the 1886-1887 Flathead Tribal Census:

#265 Pierre Paul, age 36 "She-t-nass-kae" wife #266 Ann, age 33 "Quitt-t-poo-ni"

#382 Pierre Paul, age 29 "Sin tzi she" wife Tillace (Theresa) age 27, son William age 8 & daughter Rosalie age 6

#563 Pierre Paul, age 37 "Sainse-Skal" brother to Susette "Sui-nimi-tae" age 47 widow

Pierre Paul, age 10 "Stal-sah-pah-pah" son of Pierre and Ooty ages 50 & 30.

I had hard time making out the spelling of the Indian names.

A marriage on November 7, 1923 no.19 State of Montana License shows that Pierre Paul age 60 years old of St. Ignatius son of Isaac & Mary Louise Compier married Kathrine Paul over 60 years of age, witnessed by John Tahme & Mary Sapshinna and officiated by Father A. Sullivan, S.J. This could be numbers 265 & 563 above if they are not the murderer. [note on John Tahme: "Tahmo Century Old Old-Timers Believe – Hair of Aged Indian White as Snow. Father Talman Conducts Funeral. The burial of John Tahmo was held Sunday afternoon, Father Talman officiating. Tahmo, known as "Dirty Johnnie," died Sunday evening. His death brought about much discussion among old-timers as to his age. Many believed him to be a century old. His hair was white, which is said to be unusual among the Indians." The Daily Missoulian, Feb.3, 1927, p5,c4.]

Death Certificate no.130 of State of Montana shows that Catherine Moccasin Pierre, age 90 years old, died on March 9, 1924 in St. Ignatius and was buried there on March 11, 1924 of pneumonia. She was married to Pierre Paul. Her parents were Joseph Stum- Stoo and Cecile. She was born in Cusick, Washington. The informant was Barnaby Incoolshe.

In the 1918 Flathead Census are two Pierre Pauls #1816/1857 and 1818/1859. The first born 1859 was married to Mary born 1860, they had a Trust Settlement in 1917. The second was born in 1893 and had his settlement 1918 behind his name is (Abraham). These Pauls are list with Anistas Paul, Clarice Paul & son John Peter Paul; Louie Paul and Moiese Paul.

From This week in tribal history, by Mary Rogers, Tribal preservation Department, The Char-Koosta News, May 29, 2013:

May 19, 1916 from The Dayton Leader : "An Indian wedding took place here at one of the camps adjoining Dayton Wednesday afternoon, with Pierre Paul & Mary Mose the contracting parties. The ceremony was attended by a large number of guests, their Indian friends from all sections in this part of the reservation being invited. The priest at Polson will put on the finishing touches later."]

Pierre Paul had a sister named Therese, who was called "Tillie" by the Missoulian. She married Jerome (Gerome) who lived at the Jocko Agency. She burned to death in 1911. Duncan McDonald says she was from the Bitterroot Salish.

"Negro and Indian Woman Cremated When Gasoline Is Thrown In Stove

Tillie Gouin, a Blackfeet Squaw, and Andy Triplett Perish in the Flames That Result From Explosion at Triplett's Cabin -- Husband Alleged to Have Poured Oil on Fire -- He and Dan Horan Escape From Shack.

Tillie Gouin, wife of a Blackfeet Indian, and Andy Triplett, a negro character living near the Bitter Root bridge south of the city, met a horrible fate yesterday when Triplett's shack caught fire from the explosion of gasoline and burned to the ground. Coroner Marsh was notified about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon that there had been a fire south of the city and that the bodies of a man and a woman were buried under the debris. The coroner left immediately and upon arriving at the scene had the smoking timbers removed and the bodies brought out. He then commenced an investigation and found that the alarm had been given from the residence of W. G. Jensen, which is close to Triplett's cabin. He got hold of Dan Horan, the man that gave the alarm, and he gave a straightforward account of the accident.

Horan's Story

Mr. Horan told the coroner that he had known Triplett for some time and that he went out to Triplett's shack, which is situated on the railway right of way south of the city, about 10 o'clock Saturday morning. He was not feeling well and went to bed, where he was when the accident happened. He said that the halfbreed Indian, who later gave his name as Joe Goin, and his squaw arrived at the shack about 6:30 yesterday morning. Triplett left for the city soon after their arrival and the Indians lay down on one of the beds and went to sleep. They awoke in a short time, lighted the fire in the cookstove and prepared breakfast. After they had eaten they went back to bed and stayed there until Triplett had returned from the city. Horan says that Triplett was drunk when he returned and that he covered him [self] up in the same bed that he occupied. Soon after this Gouin got up and started a fire in the heating stove. The fire did not light quickly enough to suit him and he went outside of the shack, took up a two-gallon can of gasoline and threw some of it on the fire. An explosion followed and the interior of the shack was a mass of flames in a minute. The Indian made a dash out of the cabin and was quickly followed by Horan. Horan pulled at Triplett, but could not budge him. The Indian called to his squaw, but she did not answer until after he was out of the shack and the fire had cut off her only avenue of escape. Horan then ran to Jensen's and gave the alarm, but nothing could be done to save the cabin or inmates.

When the bodies were removed it was found that Triplett had staggered across the room and was behind the stove. The squaw was still lying on the bed. The gasoline spread the fire with great rapidity and both Horan and Gouin were badly burned and singed. Nearly all of their hair was taken off by the blaze.

Triplett was well known in Missoula by the nickname of "Trip" and did porter work in the city at times. Chief of Police Kemp went out some time ago and pulled him off the right of way where he was lying in a drunken stupor. His shack was on the railroad company's property and was a rickety affair, patched up with old tin and other odds and ends.

Joe Gouin, the Indian, ran away from the cabin as soon as he got outside and was arrested by the sheriff's office at the Indian camp near Bitter Root bridge. He will be detained in order that he may testify at the Inquest which Coroner Marsh will probably hold this evening." The Daily Missoulian, Feb. 18, 1911, p6,c4. [Montana death cert died 26 Feb 1911 for Andy Triplett. From Duzzie Glover]

"Woman Was Outcast Says Mr. M'Donald

Duncan McDonald came in from Ravalli last night for a visit in town. Speaking of the woman who was burned in the Triplett cabin Sunday morning, Mr. McDonald said: "She was not the wife of Paul Goin, the man who started the fire. She was an outcast woman of the Bitter Root tribe. Her named was Terese and she was the wife of Gerome, a good Indian, at the agency. She skipped out a long time ago with tis Goin, who is a Canadian Cree, and not a Blackfeet, as has been stated; he is no good and has been driven from the reservation several times. Terese was the sister of Pierre Paul, one of the Indians hanged in Missoula in 1892 {1890}." The Daily Missoulian, Feb. 28, 1911, p6, c4.



St. Ignatius Mission, taken by John Morton Elrod (1863-1953)

The caption said St. Ignatius Mission 1888 but it can't be the big church was built in 1890-1891.

Next we will tell of Larry Finley probably the worst of the lot. [I thought so until I researched Harry Paul!]

Larry Finley, or Larra Finley (Lara is the way the Salish pronounced Lawrence I understand.)

Laurence Alexander "Larry" Finley was born in 1862 in Montana and was murdered on April 25, 1937 in St. Ignatius, Montana. He was the son of James "Jemmi" Finley, Jr. and Margaret "Maggie" Ellen "Pish-nah" Finley. He married Marcelline (Mercaline) Larose (1875-1956), the daughter of Isadore LaRose and Mary Finley. They had no children but she had four with Alexander Michel. **Mercaline Larose:** (1/4); 3/8 Pend d'Oreille; Flathead Al.#181. 1910 Census shows John Michel as adopted son of John and Mary Bushman.

From St. Ignatius Mission, Montana Indian Marriage Certificate 1901-1907:

"No. of License 88 Certificate of Marriage

I hereby certify, That on this 18th day of April, 1906, at St. Ignatius Church, the following persons were by me united in marriage:

Lawrence Alec. Finley of the Kootenai tribe Flathead agency,
and

Marcelline (Michel(LaRose) of the Pend d'Oreille tribe Flathead Agency,
in accordance with license No. 88, issued by W.S. Sloane

The Marriage was witnessed by - Name, J. D'aste S.J.

Harold Thomas Official designation, Cath. Missionary

Emily Thompson Address, St. Ignatius P.O.

(To Be Delivered To The Persons Married)

From her obituary in The Ronan Pioneer, Thurs., May 10, 1956, p1, (E.M. Felsman Obituary Collection):

"Mrs. Finley Rites Held

St. Ignatius - Mrs. Marceline LaRose Finley, 80, passed away after a lingering illness, early Saturday morning at the local hospital. Her son, John Michel was at her bedside when she died. She was born at Frenchtown, Nov. 1875 and had been a lifetime resident of the reservation and attended school here.

She is survived by one son, John Michel of St. Ignatius; a daughter, Mrs. Agnes Ballard of Philomath, Ore., who came for the services; and several nieces and nephews in Oregon, Washington and Montana.

Rosary was recited at the new Fearon chapel Monday evening, May 7, and Requiem high mass was celebrated at the St. Ignatius Catholic church Tuesday with Rev. Father Cornelius Byrne, S.J., as celebrant. Burial was in the family plot in the local Catholic cemetery.

Fearon mortuary was in charge of all arrangements.

Pallbearers Lee Orr, Thomas Ashley, Harold Dumontier, George Blood, Michel Ashley and Joe Matt. Honorary pallbearers were Leonard Cordier, Leonard Paul, Fred Decker, George Gardner, O.H. Ballard and Sidney Roullier."

Peter Ronan in his 1889 report to the Commissioners of Indian Affairs talks about "a mixed-breed Kootenai" named Larra Finley, "a noted outlaw" who committed "many crimes" including murder. Ronan finally captured him and sent him to jail in Missoula...." From "Kuntza" by Jack Holterman (1991).

The murder of the two white men below Duncan McDonald's ranch on the Jocko River has been told in many different versions and a few are completely different. I guess different advantage points and points of view.

From The Ronan Pioneer, Thurs., May 31, 1928, p7, article by James W. Faulds....

Referring to the murders near the Jocko in 1887:

"Finley Tells of Crime

'In the meantime a quiet investigation was carried on, but the mystery of the murder still remained shrouded until Larry Finley, a noted half-breed desperado killed an Indian at the head of Flathead Lake. He was followed and trailed to a Cree half-breed camp in Chouteau county, and there arrested and turned over to the civil authorities at Missoula, where he made the following sworn statement:

"My name is Larra Finley. I am 23 years old. One year ago in July, or later, below Duncan McDonald's near the mouth of Jocko river, I saw three full blood Indians shoot and kill two white men who were in camp there. The white men were strangers. The Indians were Pierre Paul and Lala See. The name of the other Indian I did not know. I heard he was some relative of Pierre Paul. The one whose name I don't know, did not do anything although he was present. I was walking and heard five or six shots, and when I got there the white men were dead. The Indians made me swear I would keep it secret. They were going to kill me at first. They made me swear five or six times. The Indians wanted me to shoot at the white men, too, so they could say I had a hand in it. The Indians told me they had killed the white men for revenge for the killing of the Indian at Arlee by Coombs, who was the brother of Lala See. Would have told Major Ronan but they said they would kill one of my brothers if I did. I went and told the chiefs about it, but they told me to keep quiet, as it would make trouble for the Indians. Joseph Catho-la-hou, a little chief, said I should stay quiet and only tell it when questioned by proper authority.

Upon this confession warrants were issued for the arrest of Pierre Paul and Lala See, but the murderers, knowing that Finley was in jail and had probably told the tale of blood, kept aloof and out of the way of arrest. When they made their appearance at any of the Indian camps they were accompanied by relatives and sympathizers, all well armed..."

From The 58th Annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1889, pages 230-231 - Montana, Agency - Reports of Agents in Montana, Peter Ronan, Indian Agent:

"Crime.

In the month of May last, Larra Finley, a mixed-blood Kootenai Indian, while under the influence of liquor went to the lodge of some Indians of the same tribe, at the head of Flathead Lake, and off the reservation, and engaged in a fight, in which he killed one of them. The murderer was a noted outlaw, who had given great trouble on the reserve on account of his many crimes, in which other previous murders were included. After much travel and expense I succeeded in his capture, and he is now in jail at Missoula."

From The Flathead Courier, Thurs., Dec. 30, 1915, page 4:

"On or about the first of September, 1887, Peter Colwell [Colville], Larry Finley, Pierre Paul, Lalacee and another Kootenai Indian named John, stayed over night at Lalacee's place on the Flathead reservation, near Ravalli. On the following morning Lalacee went out to water his horse and returning, told his companions that there were a couple of white men outside. He said, "Let's go and kill them," at the same time handing Pete Colwell a gun. There were three guns and a Colt's revolver in the possession of the party. The Indians went out to where the white men were camped and Larry Finley asked them where they were going. One of them replied, "To Missoula," and both started towards the Northern Pacific track. As they did so Lalacee fired at one of them, killing him, while at the same time Pierre Paul shot the other. The bodies were thrown into the Jocko river, and subsequently discovered by a woman named Coture, while fishing." [Emily Brown Couture Irvine]

"Lawrence Finley was a thorn in Ronan's side for many years.

Ronan finally hired Al Sloan, a mixed blood living on the Flathead Reservation, to apprehend Finley. Sloan tracked Finley and captured him in the Sun River Country. After he was jailed in Missoula, Finley stated that he had witnessed two Pend d'Oreilles Indians, Pierre Paul and Lalasee, kill two white men at the mouth of the Jocko River in the fall 1887. Al Sloan was a mixed blood Chippewa Indian who had married a part Kootenai lady, Cecilia Morigeau, settled on the Flathead Reservation, and was adopted into the tribe. For many years he operated a ferry, stage line, and other businesses on the Flathead River between the towns of Ronan and Hot Springs." "Justice To Be Accorded To The Indians – Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Reservation, Montana 1888-1893 – Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai Press/University of Nebraska Press, 2014, pp 35-36.



Allen Sloan (1850-1937) son of John Randolph Sloan Jr. and Mary Ann Jane Morrison, married Cecille Morigeau (1862-1941) daughter of Alexander Morigeau and Rosalie Finley (who was Laurence Alexander "Larra" Finley's 1st cousin 1 time removed).

[From EARLY DAYS BY MISS BEAVER - "Hauling Water Up The Coyote Trail" Mission Valley News, Dec. 21, 1983, p-6:

"When Sam Beaver came to the Mission Valley in 1914 and settled on the hilltop above the river, he found that the road to the river and water dropped by easy stages down the Kiola Canyon to Sloan's Ferry.

Kiola Canyon had offered easy access to the river for the very first settler on the Little Bitterroot. Kiola, a Nez Perce Indian, rode his pony down the canyon, crossed the river on his swimming pony to his log house built by that artist with a broadaxe, Lamuel the French Canadian.

Al Sloan traded land on Mud Creek for Kiola's property but did not live in the house where a den of rattlesnakes lurked under the floor. Instead Sloan built a house closer to the Little Bitterroot.

In the 1890's an adventurous young couple from Kalispell region visited Sloan and wrote a glowing account of Sloan's berries, garden and orchard all watered by the Little Bitterroot. This couple, their names forgotten, had traveled with team and wagon the absolutely uncharted region from Kalispell to Sloan's in order to verify the fact that fruit could be raised successively in this cold climate.

With neighbors crowding into the region, the buffalo rounded up and rumors of settlers on the Reservation Sloan built a store, hotel and livery stable in 1909 and in 1910 launched his free ferry. No longer would his big dugout canoe be used to transport heavy equipment across the river.

Al Sloan's predictions were right, for soon there were neighbors who did not need to travel for days and days to sample his fruit. He set out widening the Kiola Canyon Trail and with digging soon had a fair wagon road.

Robert McKnight settled across the river on the bluffs about a half-mile below Sloan and set up a blacksmith shop on the river.....

Sloan now started a stage route from Ronan to Hot Springs by way of Sloan's ferry. As an accommodation he carried the settlers mail for two years. Each family hung a sturdy sack dangling over the road. As Sloan passed he grabbed the sack which often held outgoing letters, cash for money orders, and sometimes a request for medicine or some needed item. On the return trip a sack would be tossed out at each place. Often a child waiting to rescue the mail sack from a puddle or before it was buried in snow. After two years Sloan was awarded a mail contract and a small post office with his oldest son, Jim, as postmaster.....

By 1912 Dixon, located on the Pend d' Oreille river and with the Northern Pacific railroad going through town, became the shipping center for the Reservation. Some enterprising merchants and Al Sloan formed "The Dixon and Sloan Transportation Company" and in 1913 launched the steamboat "The City of Dixon". After a few trips a fire reportedly caused by lightning ended that public spirited project.....]

From a letter of Major Peter Ronan to Hon. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, June 1, 1889:

"I have just returned from a prolonged pursuit of a halfbreed outlaw and murderer, whom I was successful in capturing, and placed in the Missoula county jail. On Saturday evening the 3rd day of May, Larra Finley, a mixed breed, accompanied by a Kootenai Indian called Jocko, went to

the lodge of some Indians of that tribe, at the head of Flathead, off the reservation and near the store and saloon of one Ramsdell. They had several bottles of whisky with them, and all of the Indians commenced drinking. The result was the murder of Jocko, the Kootenai, by Finlay. [Don't know who this Jocko is and he is not Jocko Finley, the son of Pierre (Pial) (Peter) and Susan "Ca-sah-slo" Ca-stah-slo Finley, who married Therese Phillip, or "Teresa Kiahka". Several of Jacques Raphael "Jocko" Finlay's descendants went by Jocko Finley. There was a Kootenai family up that way and were that of Basso Jocko.

The mixed breed, Finlay is a noted outlaw who has given me more trouble than any [other] Indian or halfbreed on the reservation, for twelve years, or ever since his boyhood. In 1887, he committed rape upon an Indian woman, and from his brutal treatment she died. He was arrested by the Indian Police and put in jail an [sic] the reservation. From there he escaped, and attempted to kill me, but I succeeded in his capture and turned him over to the military authorities at Fort Missoula. Under date of September 26, 1887, record will be found in your office that Finlay was released from his military imprisonment for want of evidence to make a conviction before Territorial courts. He has ever since been a terror to all respectable Indians, and has committed a number of crimes. He is now in jail and confessed to me his knowledge, and probable assistance in the murder of two whitemen about two years ago. He gave the names of two Indians who killed them. The Indian Police are now in pursuit of them and soon as arrested I shall report in detail. The expense in the pursuit and capture of this murderer is considerable. An account in detail will be forwarded to you office. . . ." "Justice To Be Accorded To The Indians – Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Reservation, Montana 1888-1893 – Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai Press/University of Nebraska Press, 2014, pp 35-36.

“Notes from Flathead Reservation

“The Arlee correspondent of the Helena Independent writes:

A woman of the Flathead tribe not long ago died from the effects of being raped. Her assailant was a very bad Indian, who at one time was tried in the district court for murder, but released on the ground that he had an Indian trial and that he should not twice be placed in jeopardy for the same crime. The murder was a cold blooded one, but his technical exoneration was according to Indian customs. He has not yet been arrested for this latest crime.” The Missoula County Times, May 25, 1887, p3.

“A Red Desperado.

Missoula Authorities on the Trail of a Half-Breed Murderer From the Flathead Reserve.

Some of the Crimes of Larra Finley, Who Once Threatened Major Ronan's Life.
Imprisoned Several Times. But Each Time Released for Want of Evidence
The Cause of Arlee's Complaint.

Missoula, May 13. – [Special to the Independent.] On Friday, the 9th inst. The following was wired to the sheriff of this county, and also to the sheriff of Chouteau county:

Arlee, May 19th. – Arrest Larra Finley, a half-breed murderer from this reservation. Will probably now be found with Peter Finlay, who is on his way to Sun River and Fort Benton, over the trail by Haystack Butte, with a band of horses. Peter Finlay is all right, but get Larra. His upper lip is split. He talks English. Ronan, U.S. Indian Agent. [There are about 10 Peter and Pierre Finley in the Finley family so which one this is hard to tell.]

Baptist Piere Finlay and his wife Sophie came to the agency and made the following statement to Maj. Ronan:

Several days ago I started with my wife to go to Tobacco plains, from the Jocko reservation. On my way up from the head of the lake I met two Indians with their wives coming fram [sic] Tobacco plains. They asked myself and wife to turn back with them, which we did. We camped near Demersville, and a short distance from Egan, on Friday, the 3rd of May. It rained all day Saturday, and we remained in our lodge. In the evening Larra Finlay, a mixed-breed, accompanied by a Kootenai Indian called Jock[o], came into the lodge and brought two bottles of whisky, and all commenced drinking. Tom, one of the Indians who camped with us, was outside of the lodge. When he came in Larra commenced to talk to him, when Jocko put his hand on Larra's mouth and told him to shut up – that he, Jocko, would do the talking. Then all got to their feet and I took hold of Jocko to prevent a fight. I threw Jocko down, when Larra jumped outside of the lodge and picked up a club with which he hit Jocko over the head while I had him down. The stick broke, I said, "don't hit him again – you will kill him," and let go of Jocko to prevent Larra from repeating the blow, but he struck Jocko twice with the piece of stick he held in his hand, and killed him." [note from Chalk: Baptiste Pierre is not a commonly used name by the Finleys, in fact, I have never seen it. Of all the Baptiste's, Pierre's and Peter's I have none married to a Sophie. I believe this may be Basil "Pial" Finley and Sophie Brooks, who raised cattle in that area.]

Larry Finley is a noted outlaw. In 1887 he committed a rape upon an Indian woman, and from his brutal treatment she died. He was arrested by the Indian police and put in jail at the reservation. From there he escaped, and meeting Major Ronan, who was on his way to Flathead lake, with his family, he followed him into the station at Arlee and demanded if he, the agent was looking for him. Ronan made an evasive reply until he was enabled to grab a gun, when he leveled it upon Larra and made him throw up his hands. Larra was then securely tied with a rope and Ronan got on a freight train and delivered him up to Col. Horace Jewett of the Third infantry then in command at Fort Missoula. Ronan reported his action to the Indian office and was ordered to turn Larra over to the civil authorities for trial. Upon date of September 26, 1887, Agent Ronan wrote to the authorities in Washington as follows: "I would respectfully report that I ordered the release of Larra Finley from confinement at Fort Missoula. The woman he abused has since died, and as I can not obtain evidence upon which he would probably be convicted I had the prisoner released. I arrested and conveyed the outlaw to Fort Missoula for safe keeping, because after he escaped from the Indian jail he made a personal attack upon me and threatened to take my life for having insisted upon his arrest by the Indian police for committing rape upon an Indian woman and from the effects of his brutal treatment asted [sic] above the woman has since died."

Having been released from military jail, Larra came back to the reservation, a terror to all respectable Indians. From the reserve he went to Chewela, in Washington territory, stole two horses and eloped with the wife of an Indian of that place. He returned to the reservation where he was arrested by the Indian police and compelled to give up horses in place of the ones he stole in Washington territory. In the mean time the festering body of a murdered white man was found on Jocko river, and Larra was suspected of the crime. In order to prevent his escape until evidence could be procured against him he was put in jail and his hands were tied in the absence of a guard. This is the villain whom Arlee recently complained of being brutally treated by the police, and took to Missoula to make complaint a half-breed who was in jail last year for killing

a Kootenai Indian, but released by the Indians on the plea of self-defense. Having been released he brought a supply of whisky to the reserve and for that offense was jailed by the Indian police, escaped and accompanied Arlee to Missoula to make sensational and lying complaints against cruelty of the Indian police, particularly in the case of the murderer Sam Finlay, who got away from the Indian jail only to commit the crime of another murder, and for which he is now being hunted down.” The Helena Independent (daily), May 14, 1889, page 1. [Sam Finley mentioned above could be Samuel "Quell-l'ote" Finley (1865-) son of Alexander "Tum-no-ka" Finley and Isabel (Red Wolf) "Ta-nee" Pellew, who married Catherine (Sum-Pooh) "Sk-wa-dyn-oh" Lumpah. But I am not positively sure on this.]



Sam Finley

“FINLEY LEAVES.

He Goes With Major Ronan To The Scene of His Misdeeds.

More Light on Finley's Bad Career

He Tried to Kill Major Ronan, but He Got the Drop on Him-Recent Murder.

Major Ronan left for Helena and Missoula today with Larra Finley, the half breed who is charged with murder.

When Major Ronan saw him in jail yesterday Finley said that he killed the Indian in self-defense.

It appears from Major Ronan's knowledge of Finley that he is a noted outlaw. In 1887 he committed rape upon an Indian woman, and from his brutal treatment she died. He was arrested by the Indian police and put in jail at the reservation. From there he escaped, and meeting Major Ronan, who was on his way to Flathead lake, with his family, he followed him into the station at Arlee and demanded if he, the agent, was looking for him. Major Ronan made him an evasive reply until he was enabled to grab a gun, when he leveled it upon Larra and made him throw up his hands. Larra was then securely tied with a rope and Major Ronan got on a freight train and delivered him up to Col. Horace Jewett of the Third infantry then in command at Fort Missoula.

Major Ronan reported his action to the Indian office and was ordered to turn Larra over to civil authorities for trial.

The woman died before the trial and Finley went scot free. He went back to the reservation, a terror to all respectable Indians. From the reserve he went to Chewela in Washington territory, stole two horses and eloped with the wife of an Indian at that place. He returned to the reservation, when he was arrested by the Indian police and compelled to give up horses in place of the ones he stole in Washington territory. In the meantime, the festering body of a murdered white man was found on the Joco river, and Finley was suspected of the crime. In order to prevent his escape until evidence could be procured against him he was put in jail and his hands were tied in the absence of a guard. This is the villain whom Arlee recently complained of being brutally treated by the police.

Finley's Recent Crime.

Finleys are as plenty as strawberries in Missoula. One Baptist Finley gave Major Ronan on May 9 the following account of the crime with which Larra Finley is now charged: "Several days ago I started with my wife to go to Tobacco plains, from the Jocks reservation. We camped near Demersville. It rained all day Saturday, and we remained in our lodge. In the evening Larra Finley, a mixed breed, accompanied by a Kootenai Indian, called Jock, came into the lodge and brought two bottles of whisky, and all commenced drinking. Tom, one of the two Indians who camped with us, was outside of the lodge. When he came in Larra commenced to talk to him, when Jock put his hand on Larra's mouth and told him to shut up-that he (Jocko) would do the talking. Then all get to their feet and I took hold of Jocko to prevent a fight. I threw Jocko down, when Larra jumped outside of the lodge and picked up a club with which he hit Jocko over the head while I had him down. The stick broke, I said, 'don't hit him again-you will kill him,' and let go of Jocko to prevent Larra from repeating the blow, but he struck Jocko twice with the piece of wood he held in his hand and killed him."

Major Ronan spoke highly of the aid and courtesy he received from Sheriff Downing and his efficient deputy, Joe Hamilton. He also found Saul Yates accommodating." The Great Falls Tribune -Semi-Weekly Tribune, Great Falls, Montana, Wednesday May 29, 1889, p1.

"Finley in Safe Hands.

The Half Breed Murderer at Great Falls Awaiting Major Ronan's Arrival.
Great Falls. May 23. [Special to the Independent] Larra Finley, who was arrested at Sun River by the deputy sheriff is in jail here awaiting the arrival of Major Ronan from the Flathead agency. Sloane, who captured Finley and handed him over to the deputy, was sent in quest of the alleged murderer by Major Ronan. Sloane tracked him to the Piegan reservation, where he found Finley in the mountains disguised in Indian attire. With the aid of two half breeds Sloane took Finley from amid a crowd of thirty Indians and putting him on horseback and carried him off." The Helena Independent, Helena, Montana Territory, Friday Morning, May 24, 1889

“Finley caged

The Half Breed Murderer Safely Lodged In The Missoula Jail

Major Ronan, the Flathead Indian agent, went through last night on his returned from Great Falls, where he had gone to bring back the half-breed murderer, Larra Finley, recently arrested for the murder of another Indian. He turned the prisoner over to Officer Keim, at the depot, who delivered him to the sheriff.

Major Ronan has taken a great deal of interest in this case, and has spared no expense to capture Finley, it costing him \$250 for Al. Sloan's expenses, alone, which he paid out of his own pocket. Of the pursuit and capture of the murderer, the Great Falls Leader has this to say:

The crime with which Finley is charged was committed about a month ago. Finley, two Indians and a “tin-horn” gambler were together on the Flathead agency when a quarrel arose, followed by a fight. In the encounter it is alleged that Finley killed an Indian and fled. Major Ronan promptly issued a circular to sheriffs and Al. Sloane set out in quest of Finley. Sloane knows all about Indian habits. This aided him in tracking Finley, whom he found in the country north of Sun River. Sloane, who is a powerful man of determined look, took steps to secure his prisoner and accompanied him to town where he was safely jailed.

The story of the pursuit and capture of Finley reads like a romance.

At the instance of Major Ronan, Sloane set out quest in of Finley. He provided himself with horses and hired some half-breeds to go with him. He crossed the range and pushed forward to the Piegan agency, enduring much hardship on the way and incurring considerable expense, for the half-breeds knew he needed them and they became costly companions. At length Sloane got a clue to the whereabouts of the fugitive. He kept on the trail until the day he found himself near an Indian camp. On going nearer he saw about thirty Indians assembled. Among them was one of whom his sharp eyes saw was Finley, although he was disguised in Indian clothes. Sloane resolved to loose no time. Accompanied by two half-breeds, he dashed boldly into the crowd and seized Finley. The Indians were amazed and were about to defend Finley when Sloane hustled him to a horse, compelling him to mount and then rode off. Sloane hired two more trusty half-breeds, placed them in charge of Finley, and then set out for this city. Resolving to keep clear of the Indians he made a long circuit and came here by way of St. Peter's Mission. [near Augusta, Montana]. Here he informed Sheriff Downing of his success and asked him to go back with him and arrest Finley. The sheriff sent his efficient deputy, Joe Hamilton, who returned last evening with his prisoner.”

Major Peter Ronan writes under the date of July 17, 1889: “I had occasion to report the pursuit and capture of a halfbreed outlaw and murderer of this reservation, named Larra Finley. This trial came up on March, and on the 22nd of that month he was sentenced to ten years imprisonment in the State Penitentiary at hard labor.” “Justice To Be Accorded To The Indians – Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Reservation, Montana 1888-1893 – Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai Press/University of Nebraska Press, 2014, 126.

His story ends 48 years later:

From The Daily Missoulian, Apr. 28, 1937, p5:

"Death Ends 50-Year-Old Tribal Feud

Lawrence Finley, 80, Dies From Stabbing Wounds At Reservation Hospital.

Old Case Is Recalled.

P. P. Pierre Held

Nephew of Man Hanged Here in 1890 Charged With Slaying Indian Who Testified Against Uncle.

An aged Indian died at a reservation hospital from wounds, said to have been inflicted by Peter Paul Pierre, and finis was written to what was hinted as a tribal feud which had smouldered nearly half a century.

The aged man was Lawrence Finley, 80-year-old Flathead Indian. It was he who testified for the government in 1890 against Pierre Paul, the uncle of the 24-year-old Indian held here. Pierre Paul went to his death on the gallows for the slaying of a white man. He was hanged Friday, December 19, 1890.

Pierre, husky-built, is alleged to have stabbed Finley with a pair of scissors six weeks ago at St. Ignatius. He was later fined in Indian court, but held again on irregularity of proceeding when Finley failed to rally from his hurts.

Tuesday Pierre was brought before United States Commissioner Ward H. Jones on a charge of murder. Pierre, who not long prior to word of the aged Indian's death admitted that he was "worried," took the statutory 24-hour time in which to enter his plea.

Death of Finley Ends Long Feud On Reservation

Peter Paul Pierre Charged With Slaying. Old Hanging Recalled.

Similarity in the name of the man hanged here in the early day era brought about questioning of the young Indian, and from him came hints of a feud which now may be brought to a close by the law of the "Great White Father."

Readily admitting his relationship with Pierre Paul, the high-school trained Pierre is reluctant to speak of his feud with Finley.

"I live at Dixon," he said. "I had been drinking a little beer, and I went to St. Ignatius. At a house owned by my mother there, which she had given the use of to another Indian woman, I found Finley. I told him to go and he wouldn't. Then the trouble started."

"You didn't like Finley?" he was asked. He shook his head.

"Was it because he testified against your uncle that you had trouble with him?" Paul smiled slightly and said "I don't know."

"Well, did Finley, in your opinion lie about your uncle at the trial here?"

"That's what my mother told me. That's what they always say up there when they talk about it."

"I guess a man never forgets things like that, does he?" And Pierre shook his head.

To the Indian that disclosed that Finley's stabbing originated in a hanging which took place before he was born, details of the crime for which his uncle was hanged are vague - or at least so he says. But he remembers that it was on a Friday morning that Pierre Paul dropped through the trap. And it was on a Friday that Finley was stabbed.

Dimmed through 47 years of good times and bad which have visited white and redman alike, here is the story of the crimes for which Pierre Paul, Lala See, Antley and Pascale succumbed to the white man's law:

Story Is Repeated

In 1887 two white men, whose identities have never been fully established camped near the Jocko river not far from the tepee of Lala See. It was Lala See, the story goes, who suggested that he and his friends, Pierre Paul, Lawrence Finley and Peter Colville shoot some white men for "fun." Lala See sent a rifle bullet crashing through one of the men, Pierre Paul one through the other. Then, the story says, they threw the bodies into the Jocko river where they were discovered some time later.

Finley, who was seated in the tepee the day Pierre Paul and Lala See killed the two white men, served according to records, a 10-year sentence at Deer Lodge. He testified for the government.

Today - 47 years after broad shouldered Pierre Paul walked to his death calling to an Indian onlooker: "Tell my people I die brave man!" the Indian who sat playing poker with him in a tepee on the Jocko river, lies dead at a reservation mortuary, allegedly the victim of scissor-wounds inflicted by Paul's nephew.

The young Indian's father, an Indian judge, was disqualified from sitting in the case when the son was arraigned for having allegedly assaulted Finley, and another judge was appointed. He was not authorized by the government, and hence when Finley's condition became serious Pierre was brought to the county jail here.

Sheriff Thompson was scheduled to appear before Judge Albert Besancon today on a habeas corpus writ filed by Pierre's attorney, because, prior to Finley's death no formal charges had been brought, as officials were awaiting the outcome of the old Indian's injuries." (Bob Bigart)

INDIAN FEUDIST TO FACE COURT

Young Redskin's Death Trial
Set for Hearing
July 14. *11-2*

MISSOULA, Mont., July 8.—Peter Paul Pierre, 23-year-old Indian, will face manslaughter charges in federal court here Wednesday in connection with the death of Lawrence Finlay, 84, another Indian who testified at a murder trial which sent Pierre's uncle to the gallows 50 years ago. It is alleged that Pierre beat Finlay with a stick, thus causing the aged Indian's death after a half-century feud between the two families. He was arraigned here before Commissioner Ward Jones, was later transferred to Helena to face a federal grand jury for indictment, and was returned to Missoula last night for the opening of court today.

Young Indian Denies Murder



Peter Paul Pierre, 24-year-old alleged vengeance-slayer of Lawrence Finlay 84, both Indians, strolls from the county jail to the courthouse at Missoula, Mont., where he pleaded not guilty to a charge of murder. With him is Deputy Sheriff Ray Phillips. Pierre is accused of having attacked Finlay because the latter testified at a trial that sent an uncle of Pierre to the gallows at Missoula in 1890. His preliminary hearing was set for May 7.

La-La-See

La-La-See born about 1860. He was a Pend d'Oreille according to his daughter Therese's death certificate. He was married to Isabel Charley, a Pend'Oreille. She was born in Idaho in 1864 and died on September 11, 1926 in Polson, Montana. They had at least 5 children who used the surname Lillacelle:

1. Isabel born 1881 and died after 1923 in Montana. She married Louis Carron. Who was born in 1864 in Montana and he died June 1923 in St. Ignatius.
2. Camille Lillacelle born in 1886 in Montana and died before 1904 in Montana.
3. Mary Lillacelle born July 27, 1887 in Montana and she died on May 12, 1976 in Chester, Linerty Co., Montana. She married Leo Koenig in January 28, 1903. He was born 1881 and died December 23, 1928 in Montana.
4. Therese Lillacelle born 1888 in Montana and died January 21, 1929, of influenza and pneumonia, in Lake County, Montana. She was buried in the Lozeau Cemetery near Moiese on January 25th. She had child birth tuberculosis. She married Edward Lozeau, son of Adolph Lozeau, Sr, and Louise Ouvre on October 31, 1905. Edward was born April 13, 1874 in Superior, Montana and died February 25, 1945 in St. Ignatius. Her death certificate stated that she was 4/4 (or full blood) Pend d'Oreille.

5. Gabriel Lillacelle was born in 1889 in Montana and died before 1904.

6. Frank Lillacelle born 1891 after his father was hanged, and died October 12, 1910.

This family genealogy was done by Duzzie Glover (2014)

From The Missoula Herald, Jan. 12, 1911, page 1:

"Mystery Surrounds An Indian Corpse

A mystery surrounds a box containing the body of an Indian, which was received early this morning by Coroner C. H. Marsh. The body is being held at the morgue awaiting the arrival of a United States official. Mr. Marsh has instructions not to open the box until the arrival of Major Fred Morgan, who is expected to arrive from Helena this afternoon.

The remains of the Indian were dis-interred yesterday afternoon near St. Ignatius. It is believed that the Indian met foul play and an investigation will be made." (from Bob Bigart)

From The Daily Missoulian, Jan. 14, 1911, page 3:

"Murder Is Charged Against Indian

Joe Pain Held By Federal Officers - Body of Victim Is Examined

On October 12 of last year Frank Lalacelle, a full-blood Flathead Indian, was killed near the Michel ranch, about three or four miles north of Dixon, Joe Pain, uncle of the dead Indian, was arrested and, after an inquest held at Plains, he was bound over to the federal grand jury. The body of Lalacelle was buried on the place belonging to his grandfather and until a few days ago it was allowed to remain in that resting place. At the instance of the federal authorities the body was exhumed and brought to Missoula to permit a thorough investigation of the remains with a view to ascertaining, if possible, the exact cause of death. This investigation was conducted at the Northern Pacific hospital yesterday morning, without resulting in any tangible evidence being found. The inquiry was conducted by Drs. W. C. Reddell and T. U. Trinwith of Helena, Dr. John H. Heidelman of the Flathead agency, who represented the government, and Dr. Green of the Northern Pacific surgical corps. The real incentive for the investigation was to find the bullet, which is said to have caused the death of Lalacelle. The missile was not recovered.

The Crime.

Reviewing the crime of last October, a reservation man who is conversant with all the facts connected with the murder and its subsequent developments, tells the following story:

A few days prior to the event, Frank Lalacelle and his uncle, Joe Pain, were employed repairing a house belonging to another Indian, named Magpie, living a short distance east of Perma. When the job was completed the men passed north across the river to Camas Prairie to seek Magpie in order to receive their pay. The employer was engaged rounding up some stock for Michel, but arrangements were made by Magpie to have the men paid by order on a Plains storekeeper, the order to be given Lalacelle and Pain by Zahire Courville, an Indian rancher who lives a few miles west of the Michel place. The order amounted to about \$45, and with this Lalacelle went to Plains, where he secured a big supply of intoxicating liquor. Plains is about 25 miles southwest of the Michel place, and it was not until some time the following day that Lalacelle returned to the point where he was to meet his kinsman. In the meantime he had picked up another Indian named Sonneal, and the pair had partaken freely of the liquid goods. Later in the day they located Pain and his squaw, and the quartet imbibed freely, all, with the exception of the strange Indian, becoming more or less intoxicated and scrappy. Sonnea, as the party approached the Michel place, rode ahead and advised Michel of the condition of Lalacelle, Pain and the latter's squaw, and the rancher instructed his advisor to order the drunken Indians to stay away from his place. Sonneal tied his horse to a haystack and proceeded to the place where the trio was engaged in verbal conflict. He transmitted his message and Pain immediately left the party, himself going to Michel's, where he took charge of his 9-year-old son, who had been left on the ranch after the former visit when Magpie was being sought. With the boy he rejoined the other members of the party, Sonneal leaving immediately.

Shot Is Fired.

The quarreling kinsmen camped a short distance from the Michel home and during the night a shot was fired. The next morning the death-stilled body of Lalacelle was found with a hole through the region of the heart. The wound had all the appearance of having been made by a bullet, and at the inquest held on October 14 at Plains a verdict was returned to that effect.

The dead body was taken care of by Rancher Michel, who also notified Major Fred Morgan, the latter at once proceeding to the scene of the tragedy and later arresting Joe Pain and his squaw on the road between the ranch and Dixon. Pain denied having any knowledge of his nephew's death, declaring with emphasis that he had left Lalacelle in a drunken sleep by the roadside. The squaw did then and has ever since maintained a stolid silence, but the son of the pair confessed that his father shot Lalacelle. Pain is to be tried in the Helena federal court very soon, and it was for the securing of positive evidence against him that his relative's body was exhumed, brought here and submitted to dissection.

Another Crime.

On July 4, 1908, Joe Pain and Dave Couture were arrested for the murder of an Indian named Eneas Pierre at a celebration dance, Pierre having been disembowled with knives said to have been wielded by Pain and Couture. There was not sufficient evidence against the men and both were released.

In the present case Pain refuses to make a confession; in fact he has become absolutely silent with the approach of his trial. The body of Lalacelle was forwarded to Dixon last night and will be reinterred there. Major Fred Morgan attended the investigation, and, with Dr. Heidelman, returned to the agency last night." (from Bob Bigart)

From the Daily Missoulian, Sunday, January 22, 1911, p1:

"Joe Pain Guilty of Killing

Flathead Indian Convicted of Manslaughter - Other Red Men Get Drunk

Helena, January 21. -- (Special) -- Joe Pain, an Indian from the Flathead reservation was convicted here today, by a jury in the district federal court for the killing of Frank Lalacelle at Camas Prairie on the 12th of 1st October. The trial has been all week, but it required only a few minutes for the jury to find its verdict. Pain will be sentenced Monday morning for manslaughter, and the punishment is from 1 to 10 years. Major Fred Morgan, who was here for the trial, says that the homicide was caused by a gallon of whiskey. A number of Indians were brought here to testify for one side or the other."



La-La-See's mother, wife Isabel Charley (1864-1926) on left Camille and Therese and on right Frank and Mary.



**Ed Lozeau, Therese, Alex and
Thomas About 1919**

La-La-See is on the 1886 Flathead census as Linah “Lae-Lae-See” seems to be the son of Partee and Lucy there Indian names smudged, brother is Joseph “Chi-cheuse.” This is the only Lae-Lae-See on the census of 1886, 1887 & 1888 and the name doesn’t appear in 1889 or 1890. Except for the laziness of a clerk that made ditto marks into a 12 in 1887 it seems to be our man.

34398
 INDEX
 1886

Census of
 the
 Confederated
 Tribes
 of
 Flathead,
 Nez Perce
 Kootenai
 Indians
 Compiled,
 1886

Census of the Confederated Tribes of
 Flathead, Nez Perce, and Kootenai Indians of the
 Flathead Reservation, Montana,
 Compiled by Peter Konen, U.S. Indian Agent,
 and Employees,
 December 1886.

No.	English	Indian	Relationship	Age Sex
263	Mary	Chall-ot-ot-tah	Daughter	9 Y
264	Lillian Mary	Kiy-ah-tah	"	2 Y
265	Rivine Paul	Hi-t-ssas-kat	Wife	32 M
266	Ann	Quit-t-poo-mi	Wife	33 Y
267	Leanne	Loo-ye-ye	Wife	61 M
268	Lucy	Kau-naus-tae	Wife	53 Y
269	Nooantgen	Pough-min-stee	Son	16 M
270	Bernice	Chog-qui-lae	Wife	36 M
271	Ann	Tap-tap-pai	Wife	31 Y
272	Mary Ann	Chi-chi-lung-ah	Daughter	4 Y
273	Leopold	The-e-t	Son	6 M
274	Joseph	White-ann-ann	Wife	18 M
275	Lanice	Kooty-Wae	Wife	36 Y
276	Antoinette	Kah-tyos	Wife	37 M
277	Louise	Quin-uh-ee	Wife	37 Y
278	Louise	schie-shi-pi	Daughter	10 Y
279	Annas	tye-t-mos	Son	7 M
280	Patrice	Quin-ann-tee	Wife	40 M
281	Lucy	Por-quin-ann-tee	Wife	42 Y
282	Louis Mary	Ang-t-pai	Daughter	11 Y
283	Louise	Quin-ann-tee	Wife	40 M
284	Mary	Shi-ann-tee	Wife	37 Y
285	Joseph	Chi-chum-pah	Wife	29 M
287	Lillian	Lae-Lae-see	Son	1 M
288	Louis	Spa-uh-hom-mitt-poo	Wife	100 M
289	Lillian	Quin-qui-e-e	Wife	42 Y
290	Ann Catherine	Poo-shie-chie-hub-see	Daughter	22 Y
291	Michelle	Shie-chie-hub-see	Son	29 M
292	Mary	In-quin-uh-ee	Wife	42 Y
293	Joseph	Squah-quin-uh-ee	Wife	37 M
294	Mary	In-quin-uh-ee	Wife	44 Y
295	Patterson	Pik-hal-ee	Son	6 M
296	Callie	Pik-hal-ee	"	3 M
297	Dominick	Cah-pel	Wife	49 M
298	Mary	Quin-uh-ee	Wife	37 Y
299	Louise	Ill-Hook-Kas-chel-ee	Son	22 M
300	Louis Mary	L'chew-wap-shi-mul	Daughter	14 Y
301	Ann	Lli-ann-ab	"	5 Y
302	Mary Susan	Nett-cab-poo	"	8 Y
303	Allie	Wah-see	Wife	44 Y
304	Marian	Ky-yeo-soo	Wife	37 M
305	Ann	Squah-pah	Wife	34 Y
306	Ann	Lli-tac-sui-chae	Son	12 M
307	Mary Catherine	Quin-uh-ee	Daughter	3 Y

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263	Mary	Chall-ot-ot-tah	Daughter	9 Y
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266	Ann	Quit-t-poo-mi	Wife	33 Y
267	Leanne	Loo-ye-ye	Wife	61 M
268	Lucy	Kau-naus-tae	Wife	53 Y
269	Nooantgen	Pough-min-stee	Son	16 M
270	Bernice	Chog-qui-lae	Wife	36 M
271	Ann	Tap-tap-pai	Wife	31 Y
272	Mary Ann	Chi-chi-lung-ah	Daughter	4 Y
273	Leopold	The-e-t	Son	6 M
274	Joseph	White-ann-ann	Wife	18 M
275	Lanice	Kooty-Wae	Wife	36 Y
276	Antoinette	Kah-tyos	Wife	37 M
277	Louise	Quin-uh-ee	Wife	37 Y
278	Louise	schie-shi-pi	Daughter	10 Y
279	Annas	tye-t-mos	Son	7 M
280	Patrice	Quin-ann-tee	Wife	40 M
281	Lucy	Por-quin-ann-tee	Wife	42 Y
282	Louis Mary	Ang-t-pai	Daughter	11 Y
283	Louise	Quin-ann-tee	Wife	40 M
284	Mary	Shi-ann-tee	Wife	37 Y
285	Joseph	Chi-chum-pah	Wife	29 M
287	Lillian	Lae-Lae-see	Son	1 M
288	Louis	Spa-uh-hom-mitt-poo	Wife	100 M
289	Lillian	Quin-qui-e-e	Wife	42 Y
290	Ann Catherine	Poo-shie-chie-hub-see	Daughter	22 Y
291	Michelle	Shie-chie-hub-see	Son	29 M
292	Mary	In-quin-uh-ee	Wife	42 Y
293	Joseph	Squah-quin-uh-ee	Wife	37 M
294	Mary	In-quin-uh-ee	Wife	44 Y
295	Patterson	Pik-hal-ee	Son	6 M
296	Callie	Pik-hal-ee	"	3 M
297	Dominick	Cah-pel	Wife	49 M
298	Mary	Quin-uh-ee	Wife	37 Y
299	Louise	Ill-Hook-Kas-chel-ee	Son	22 M
300	Louis Mary	L'chew-wap-shi-mul	Daughter	14 Y
301	Ann	Lli-ann-ab	"	5 Y
302	Mary Susan	Nett-cab-poo	"	8 Y
303	Allie	Wah-see	Wife	44 Y
304	Marian	Ky-yeo-soo	Wife	37 M
305	Ann	Squah-pah	Wife	34 Y
306	Ann	Lli-tac-sui-chae	Son	12 M
307	Mary Catherine	Quin-uh-ee	Daughter	3 Y

Flathead Agency
 Aug. 29th 1887
 Peter Roman

U. S. Indian Agent

Census of Confederated
 Tribes of Flathead, Pie-
 ce, Ojibwa & Kootenais,
 Sept. June 30th 1887

1887 24037

Census of Confederated Tribes of
 Flathead, Pie, Ojibwa and Kootenai Indians belonging
 to Flathead Reservation, Montana, to June 30, 1887.
 Compiled by Peter Roman, U. S. Indian Agent, & Employees.

No.	English	Indian	Relationship Age Sex
1	Madison	Nii-mi	Husband 70 M
2	Antonia	Ipi-quim-wah	Wife 67 F
3	Peter Mather	Cha-lit-mut	Husband 61 M
4	Agnes Mather	Sab-kim-claw	Wife 51 F
5	Mary Mather	Matt	Daughter 20 F
6	Roman Mather	Ki-muc-uh-see	Son 17 M
7	Edward Crostis	Ku-norn-wan	Husband 56 M
8	Leitz	Shil-ko	Wife 55 F
9	Edward	Soo-yee	Son 6 M
10	Emile	Mi-so	Daughter 2 F
11	Samuel	Ki-xi-mur	Husband 57 M
12	Karey	Sa-lat-oo	Wife 50 F
13	Helena		Daughter 2 F
14	Louis Pierre	Yuni-kam	Husband 54 M
15	Sophie	Chi-mitt-mitt-tah-om	Wife 53 F
16	Mary	Daughter	Daughter 2 F
17	Eschut	Chim-ye-mi	Husband 50 M
18	Margaret	Koo-Ste	Wife 51 F
19	Melina Burns		Wife 51 F
20	Madalene	Sa-ti-see	Daughter 15 F
21	Annie	Sa-ti-see	" 11 F
22	Joseph	Quil-thal-tal	Husband 55 M
23	Sophie	Shright-ii-pah	Wife 52 F
24	Clence	Quil-thal-tal	Daughter 15 F
25	Jane	Shi-ih-hum-lah	Son 5 M
26	Mary		Son 5 M
27	Edward	Sa-lai-aa-wah	21 M

11

No	English	Indians	Relationship	Age
270	Rene Paul	Shi + cas lai	Husband	36 M
271	Ann	Quit + fos ni	Wife	33 F
272	Ferness	Los tyu tyo	Husband	61 M
273	Suspiria	Have name lae	Wife	35 F
274	Mantzier	Pergh min eto	Son	16 M
275	Bennett	Chu quit lae	Husband	36 M
276	Ann	Sup-tap pi	Wife	31 F
277	Mary Ann	Chu-chi lang & Han	Daughter	7 F
278	Nesford	Shi it	Son	3 M
279	Joseph	Whis mi tar	Husband	38 M
280	Parace	Morty wai	Wife	31 F
281	Antoine	Hal tyo	Husband	39 M
282	Jarac	Quin-Who	Wife	37 F
283	Louise	Se hill-chi pi	Daughter	10 "
284	Anna	Tyo-t-suu	Son	8 M
285	Pette	Quin-sum 76	Husband	49 "
286	Lucey	Poo-Quin-sum 76	Wife	43 F
287	Clorie Nagau	Amph pi	Daughter	11 "
288	Edwin	Quin-sum 76	Son	29 M
289	Mary	The-pan-pah	Wife	28 F
290	Joseph	Chi-shui-pah	Brother	27 M
291	Linnah	Lae-lae-see	Son	11 "
292	Louis	Spa-shui-pah	Husband	43 "
293	Lilac	Quin-sum 76	Wife	42 F
294	Ulcant-avin	Poo-shui-ho-sua	Daughter	32 "
295	Nichelle	Shit-shit-ha-ic	Son	27 M
296	Mary	Sp-Quin-Who-la	Wife	43 F

The two marks behind Lae Lae See denotes the ditto sign not the number 11. Ditto to 27. But in 1888 it says 12? But not on census in 1889 or 1890 which would be understandable if he was on the run and later hanged.

(5-128.)

4

CENSUS of the _____ Indians of _____
 Agency, _____ taken
 by _____, United States Indian Agent,
 _____, 189

NO.	INDIAN NAME	ENGLISH NAME	SEX.	RELATION.	AGE
239		Dustier	F	Wife	57
240		Martin	M	Son	9
1		Bona	F	Wife	33
2		Ann	F	Wife	34
3		Leofold	M	Son	6
4		Thomas	"	"	1
5		Joseph	"	Husband	21
6		Theresa	F	Wife	39
7		Mary	"	Daug.	3
8	Stuk Stgo	Antoine	M	Husband	42
9		Senace	F	Wife	35
250		Susie	"	Daughter	13
1		Antoine	M	Husband	22
2		Sophy	F	Wife	20
3		Caroline	"	Daughter	1
4		Alice	M	"	12
5		Peter Baptiste	"	Husband	52
6		Lucey	F	Wife	46
7		Clorice Reagen	"	Daughter	14
8		Quin	M	Son	32
9		Joseph	"	Husband	32
260		Mary	F	Wife	31
1		Sophy	F	Daug.	13
2	Spa shro pa	Paul	M	Husband	46
3		Theresa	F	Wife	40
4		Agastacia	"	Daug.	24
5		Michel	M	Husband	30
6		Julia	F	Wife	22
7	Squal-quel-ca	Joseph	M	Husband	40
8		Mary	F	Wife	27
9		Patrick	M	Husband	39
270		Collet	F	Wife	37
1		Dominique	M	Son	11
2		Mary	F	Wife	61

Flathead Census 1890

La La See and Pierre Paul killed two white men [prospectors], names not known, in August, 1887, and threw the bodies into Jocko River, where they were found by a half-breed woman, who was cautioned by the murderers to say nothing about the bodies. She notified the authorities and the murderers were arrested last summer. The murders were unprovoked.

In continuing his memorandum of the trouble, Major Ronan wrote:

Time wore on since the killing of the Indian at Arlee by V, N. Coombs, and apparently all excitement had died away and no feelings of revenge rankled in the hearts of the relatives of the dead Indian. Such was not the case as the case as the bloody deeds of Pierre Paul and Lala See will show."

The following correspondence explains the first clue to the arrest of the murderers:

“The telegram above quoted was referred to me by Governor Leslie,” Major Ronan’s memorandum stated, “and I reported to him that the body of a supposedly murdered white man had been found on the bank of the Jocko river, on this reservation. Through this information I held considerable correspondence with yourself in regard to the matter, and received a letter also from the father and brother of William Henry Keays, whose body it was supposed was found as stated above.

“It appears from said correspondence that William Henry Keays deserted from the Canadian northwest mounted police on May 19, 1888. On the 26th of July, 1888, I notified the coroner of Missoula county, Montana, of the finding of the remains in question, and herewith attach coroner’s report which shows conclusively that the body could not be that of William Henry Keays, as indications were that the body had lain where found long previous to the disappearance of Keays from the Northwest territory.

“In the meantime a quiet investigation was carried on, but the mystery of the murder still remained shrouded until Larry Finley, a noted half-breed desperado killed an Indian at the head of Flathead lake. He was followed and trailed to a Cree half-breed camp in Chouteau county, and there arrested and turned over to the civil authorities at Missoula, where he made the following sworn statement:

"Finley Tells of Crime

In the meantime a quiet investigation was carried on, but the mystery of the murder still remained shrouded until Larry Finley, a noted half-breed desperado killed an Indian at the head of Flathead Lake. He was followed and trailed to a Cree half-breed camp in Chouteau county, and there arrested and turned over to the civil authorities at Missoula, where he made the following sworn statement:

"My name is Larra Finley. I am 23 years old. One year ago in July, or later, below Duncan McDonald's near the mouth of Jocko river, I saw three full blood Indians shoot and kill two white men who were in camp there. The white men were strangers. The Indians were Pierre Paul and Lala See. The name of the other Indian I did not know. I heard he was some relative of Pierre Paul. The one whose name I don't know, did not do anything although he was present. I was walking and heard five or six shots, and when I got there the white men were dead. The Indians made me swear I would keep it secret. They were going to kill me at first. They made me swear five or six times. The Indians wanted me to shoot at the white men, too, so they could say I had a hand in it. The Indians told me they had killed the white men for revenge for the killing of the Indian at Arlee by Coombs, who was the brother of Lala See. Would have told Major Ronan but they said they would kill one of my brothers if I did. I went and told the chiefs about it, but they told me to keep quiet, as it would make trouble for the Indians. Joseph Catho-la-hou, a little chief, said I should stay quiet and only tell it when questioned by proper authority.

Upon this confession warrants were issued for the arrest of Pierre Paul and Lala See, but the murderers, knowing that Finley was in jail and had probably told the tale of blood, kept aloof and out of the way of arrest. When they made their appearance at any of the Indian camps they were accompanied by relatives and sympathizers, all well armed." (This was repeated with Larry Finley's story).

Sheriff is Outwitted

"On Sunday, June 23, 1889, a large gathering of Indians was expected to be at St. Ignatius mission to celebrate a feast. It was thought the murderers would be there and Sheriff Heyfron thought that by locating their camp they could be surprised and taken into custody and hurried out of camp without any trouble. The result showed that the Indian culprits and their friends were aware of the sheriff's plans and fixed themselves for desperate resistance, and repaired to the mouth of the Jocko, near where the murder of the white men was committed.

"The sheriff, with the posse, ran down from Ravalli on a freight train, overtaking an armed Indian. According to their story the train was stopped and the Indian called upon to surrender, and upon showing resistance he was shot and killed. ["According to "Liber Defunctorum," the Indian killed by the posse was named Louis, the husband of Justine: "He was killed by the Americans without cause." "Justice To Be Accorded To The Indians – Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Reservation, Montana 1888-1893 – Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai Press/University of Nebraska Press, 2014.,p49]. The posse then boarded the train and ran down to Horse Plains, off the reservation. The sheriff wired that he was coming back, and knowing that the killing of an Indian who was not the one wanted by the posse, would cause great excitement among the Indians of all classes, I deemed it best to call for troops to overawe any attempt of the murderers and their friends to seize upon the existing opportunity of attacking the sheriff's posse in force and thus involve the Indians of the reservation in war.

"By orders from General Ruger, at headquarters in St. Paul, Colonel Andrew's, commanding Fort Missoula, sent three companies of the 25th U.S. infantry to Ravalli, on the Flathead Reservation. Great exertions were made by the sheriff and his posse, and also by the military authorities, to arrest the murderers, but they kept in the mountains and avoided capture. Governor White of Montana territory visited Ravalli in person during the excitement and offered a reward of \$1,000 for the arrest of Pierre Paul and Lala See.

Houston Got Them

"Afterwards in due course of time, several expeditions after these two Indians resulted in failure, until sheriff Houston, the new sheriff, and posse succeeded in lodging them all in jail. Pierre Paul was captured by a young half-breed Indian named Antoine Morijour (Antoine Morigeau), and a full blooded Indian named Pierre, brother to Joseph Catho-lo-hou, to whom Pierre Paul first made confession of murder. (However, they never received the reward that was offered). The posse were in pursuit, but the Indians, mounted on fast horses, overtook the murderer and arrested, disarmed, and turned him over to the posse.

Lala See made good his escape, but being hunted down by the Indian police and the sheriff, finally came in and surrendered to Duncan McDonald, who took him to Missoula and turned him

over to Sheriff Houston.” The Ronan Pioneer, Thurs., May 31, 1928, pg.7, column 1-5. [“According to Duncan McDonald, Lalasee was a family man with children and “a good Indian” before his brother was killed by white men a few years earlier. In contrast, Duncan said, Pierre Paul was “a rowdy and a ruffian, a desperate man with a desire to kill. The Indians were afraid of him. He was in the habit of bullying and terrorizing all with whom he came in contact, but is at heart a coward.” “Justice To Be Accorded To The Indians – Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Reservation, Montana 1888-1893 – Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai Press/University of Nebraska Press, 2014, pp 35-36.

[Antoine Morigeau (1866-1949) son of Alexander Morigeau and Rosalie Finley and married to Mary Louise Clairmont. They had 19 children. Antoine Morigeau was born on Dec. 9, 1864, at Colville, Washington. In early childhood the family moved to Dixon and then moved to Ronan in 1896 where they engaged in cattle raising. in 1910 he opened a hotel and butcher shop and three years later started Ronan's first retail dairy which he operated until he sold it to Ed Piedalue in the mid-thirties. In the early history of the Flathead Indian Reservation Antoine was deputized to help catch the desperadoes who terrorized the country, ravaging property and committing murders. He was in the group that made the last big capture and the hanging that followed. Antoine Morigeau was a rider for the Pablo interests and took part in the last big buffalo roundup. n his younger days he rendered valuable assistance to Major Peter Ronan in bringing to justice many desperate criminals. The capture of Pierre Paul, in which Mr. Morigeau played an important part, is one of the outstanding tests in his career as Indian police and is recounted on historical tales. Major Ronan referred to Mr. Morigeau as "fearless and true."]

[Duncan McDonald (1849-1937) the son of Angus "Oops-chin" ("Whiskers") McDonald, Sr. and Catherine (Bigknife) Bonaparte, he married Louise (Schuntah) "Red Sleep" Quilsee, the daughter of Francis Keltzel Skoola and Louise Seah-um-tah, they had two children, Mary McDonald (1876-1880) and Peter Call McDonald (1882-1905).

From Mission Valley News, (no date):

"Early Days by Miss Beaver

Miss Beaver has tackled a large subject for this week's "Early Days" column: Duncan McDonald, the second son of the trader Angus McDonald. Duncan moved with equal ease among the white and Indian friends, and accordingly Miss Beaver is presenting the story in two parts. The first, here, gives some of Mr. McDonald's Indian background. Next week it'll be Duncan McDonald the white man working for Indian causes.

In 1936 the Dixon Woman's Club was giving a public birthday party for a distinguished citizen, Duncan McDonald, second son of the trader Angus McDonald.

Not only was there to be party, but a special honor was to be accorded Duncan's wife. The highest peak in the Bison Reserve, in summer easily reached by car, had been given his wife's name, Quilsee, and the women of Dixon were placing a permanent marker there in her memory.

Duncan McDonald told how they followed the early customs and were wed with the usual Indian ceremony, which, he said, "usually lasted 'till the end of the trail." However, two years later they had a Christian marriage ceremony.

He prized an oil painting of Quilsee, which showed her in white woman's dress with a feather stuck gaily in her hair. Duncan would reminisce, "Yes, I married a sure enough wild woman." Then continue, "Oh, the goodness, the virtue of that woman. She was lithe and beautiful in youth, and a joy and comfort all the 50 years of our life together."

Duncan McDonald cherished most tenderly a native dress that Quilsee had fashioned of soft, white buckskin, fringed at the sleeves and hemline. Of unusual beauty was the yoke of the dress, ornamented with a pure and ancient type of Indian handicraft. The yoke, a solid mass of color, was made with brightly colored porcupine quills, neatly and painstakingly woven together. The belt, moccasins and gloves all decorated in the same manner completed this beautiful outfit.

Mr. McDonald resided at Dixon, near the junction of the Jocko and Pend d'Oreille (Flathead) Rivers. But at the first signs of winter, this hearty pioneer would seek the steam-heated comfort of his favorite hotel in Missoula. So that winter of 1935-36, when the snow lay three feet deep, and the thermometer stuck at -20 degrees below and lower, Duncan waited in Missoula for spring; and returned to Dixon just in time for his birthday, March 30.

Duncan McDonald was born at Fort Connah, lasy of the Hudson's Bay Company trading posts in the United States. He was the second of 13 children born to the chief trader, Angus McDonald and his wife, of the Nez Perce tribe. During childhood the children kept close to their mother, learning the Indian language, customs and traditions, accompanying her on tribal jaunts to gather berries or other delicacies.

As they grew other their Scotch father saw to it that they were versed in the ways of the white man. They received an education, above average for that time and place. All became lovers of books and intelligent readers and talkers. Duncan read constantly and always without glasses.

Mr. McDonald wore white man's clothes or Indian, as the occasion or mood demanded. His war bonnet, which he wore in a spirit of pageantry and fun was patiently fashioned by Duncan himself. All materials and workmanship were of native origin. Eagle feathers were already scarce by 1880, but every feather in the headdress was a fine large one direct from that majestic bird. They were colored with natural dyes and their stems patiently wrapped with gaily colored strands of grass or hair. While the whole thing was made and adjusted to the head, the columns of feathers swayed majestically as the wearer moved. When wearing Indian costume, Duncan often rode his favorite pinto pony, for which he had traded 12 fine steers.

While Duncan McDonald was always the white settlers friend, yet on the other hand he held the friendship of the Indian and knew many an inside story of various far west Indian troubles.

Next week, some occasions when the knowledge of both races was of value."

"As a young man Duncan McDonald worked as the last agent the Hudson's Bay Company had at Fort Connah where his father, Angus McDonald, had operated a trading post and where Duncan himself was born in 1849, the year of the California gold rush.

Later he was concerned with his large land holdings and his numerous herds of cattle and horses.

When the Northern Pacific Railroad came through in 1883, Duncan McDonald acted as their trusted guide and interpreter, contracting for overland freight and supplying much of their meat requirements.

At the close of the Nez Perce War (Chief Joseph's War), he visited those members of the band, who had made it over the line into Canada, with Looking Glass.

Duncan listened to their stories and learned, first hand, many matters relating to the campaign. He also acted as interpreter for the government officials who had to bring the Nez Perce back to the United States.

He went as interpreter for the Indians on several missions to Washington, D.C. He often related how once he attended a banquet dressed in Indian costume when the two sons of the British ambassador were serving as waiters to get a better look at the Redman from the West.

Before Peter Ronan became agent, the terms of the Hellgate Treaty of 1855 were not being carried out. The Treaty promised a carpenter, blacksmith, etc., to assist the Indians in learning the ways of the White Man. The agent received the money allotted for these workers, but little or no instruction was provided.

McDonald wrote the Deer Lodge newspaper, The MISSOULIAN being unfriendly to the Indians, as follows. "What the Indian wants is an agent that will either give them what the Treaty calls for, or show in what way this money is expended, also, let him be honest, sober and upright."

Duncan McDonald was always interested in history and it was through his efforts that the ruins of the "Kullyspell", Kalispell house were found on the shores of Pend d'Oreille Lake in Idaho.

The same year, 1924, he helped to find all that was left of the log barricade and cabin built by David Thompson in 1807. Here, near Thompson Falls, the "Salish House" monument was erected.

Duncan McDonald was an authority on the history of the Northwest. He was keen and alert and his first-hand knowledge and recollections of past events were eagerly sought. Students from the United States and Canada frequently consulted in person or by correspondence. He had a talent for recognizing events of historic interest and the ability and willingness to convey to others his knowledge and enthusiasm.

Most of his papers and relics of interest may be seen at the Montana Historical Society in Helena."

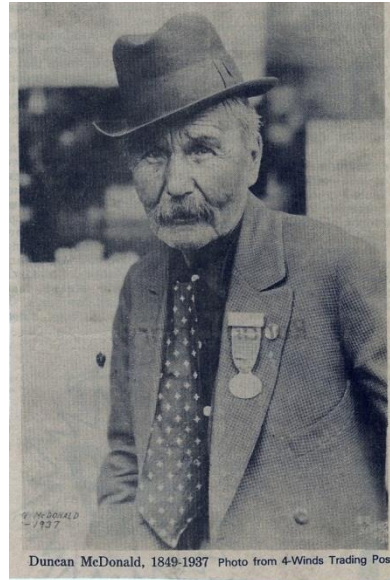
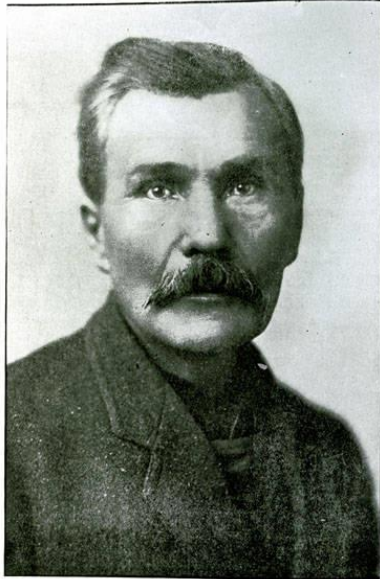
"Duncan McDonald remembered and retold much of the history of the Salish, (Flathead) people.

He said that when you come through Evaro and travel west for about five miles, you are traveling over one of the most historic spots in Western Montana. This area was the battleground of the Flathead and Blackfeet Indians.

Here about 1818, one of the hardest fought battles between the tribes took place. Here the Flathead, Kalispell, Spokane and Nez Perce tribes joined forces against the Blackfeet. This was the largest group of men ever to fight in a common cause.

The battle was swift and bloody, with the action ranging over the entire area. Many a man fell in the fighting and among them was Chief Arlee's father. Later he was found, the body stripped and mutilated.

The Flatheads and their allies were driven back and defeated. They, for the most part, were fighting with bow and arrows; while the enemy Blackfeet were using a great number of guns and were well supplied with ammunition."]



Duncan McDonald

Emily Brown Couture Irvine found the two murdered prospector's bodies.

[Emily Brown 1851-1937] the daughter of Louis Brown (Brun) and Emily (Gauche) Goetsche. Emily married four times: to Henry Wells; to Henry Larrivee (1834-1875); to Maxime "Mike or Mack" Couture and last to William M. "Billy" Irvine (1856-1939). She and Mike Couture were erroneously referred to in an early newspaper article as Mrs. Larry Coture and Larry Coture..having her arrested and Larry Coyure killed in 1885. She only had three children: Arthur and Emerence Larrivee, one unknown. Emily Brown was one of the first pupils of the Sisters of Providence at St. Ignatius Mission with her sister Eliza. Henry Larrivee was killed in 1885 when a tree fell on him. "Henry Wells whom she met on Corrine Road. He was here for a few years and accepted a job driving a Jerk freight wagon and was accidentally killed near Salt Lake City by his friend, the owner of the outfit, on their second trip." From "Joseph Allard - 1876-1964 - Pioneer, Cowboy, Stagecoach Driver, Rancher - Biographies and His Life and Times - June Allard Green and Joe Green 1986 - p157.

"When Amelie was about five, the family moved to Frenchtown and later to Arlee, where Mr. Browne had a sutter's store (trading post). Amelie always remembered that when they came to Arlee, vast numbers of deer grazed like milk cows on the grass of the Jocko Valley."

Amelie was a good nurse and women sent for "Melie" when their babies were born. When a child was sick, Melie would come and stay as long as needed. A diphtheria epidemic struck Missoula and nurses were scarce. The Sisters of Providence at St. Patrick's Hospital called on Amelie to help. She stayed until the epidemic was over.

One year, taking her two children along, Melie made two trips with a horse drawn wagon hauling freight from Corrine, Wyo., to Missoula. She managed to have a load going both ways.

Charles Allard Sr. was taking twelve hundred head of cattle to summer pasture in the Jocko Lake region. Billy Irvine was trail boss and Melie was hired as cook. She would cook for 23 men as well as her children.

Melie had no cook wagon. All supplies were put in pack saddles. Later she said, "We always had plenty of fish, " Melie did the fishing. (The Jocko River in the 1880s had some big bullhead trout.)

After that summer, she lived near Dixon where she continued to fish. It was while fishing that Melie discovered the partially burned bodies of two men. She reported the murder to the Indian agent. Officers searched for two years before an arrest was made. Then Amelie, as interpreter as well as witness, had her life threatened several times. [Mrs. Irvine was interpreter as well as witness at this trial and her life was threatened several times. The Flathead Courier, Thurs., April 29, 1937, p1, "Highlights of a Colorful Career Which Lasted Eighty-Seven Years by Mrs. C. W. Buell -- One of Montana's "grand old women" died last week, Mrs. Wm. Irvine of the Irvine Flats twenty miles from Polson.]

Melie moved to a stage station on Flathead Lake where the Polson Salish House now stands. The trail ran through timber and Melie said, " The roads were impassable but we passed'em just the same. One wagon tried to tip over but the trees were so close that it could only fall part way. We got to the station at twelve that night. I got supper for 20 people and had my dishes done by 2:30." She ran the stage station, a little store and an eating house. [One account suggests that in 1891 Emily and Mack were working for Charles Allard and serving meals in Polson to passengers of Allard's stage coach line. Justice To Be Accorded To The Indians - Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Reservation, Montana 1888-1893 - Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai Press/University of Nebraska Press, 2014.,pp-224-225.]

In 1896, Amelie married Billy Irvine (M.V.N. 4/14/88) Billy Irvine was a prosperous rancher. The locality where his ranch was located is known as Irvine Flats. [Billy Irvine: A top cowhand, expert with horse and rope. He often worked for the "Bar U" spread. He was trail boss when C. Allard, M. Pablo, and Alexander Matt herds were traileed to Cheyenne, Wyoming in May 1876. With him were eleven cowboys and 1,200 cattle. Six months later (15 Oct 1876) they were in Cheyenne, Wyoming.]

Amelie Irvine's hard working days were over. Still, she was an excellent helpmate for Billy. She participated in the Pablo-Allard buffalo roundup of 1908 and single-handedly averted a stampede of the big herd of buffalo.

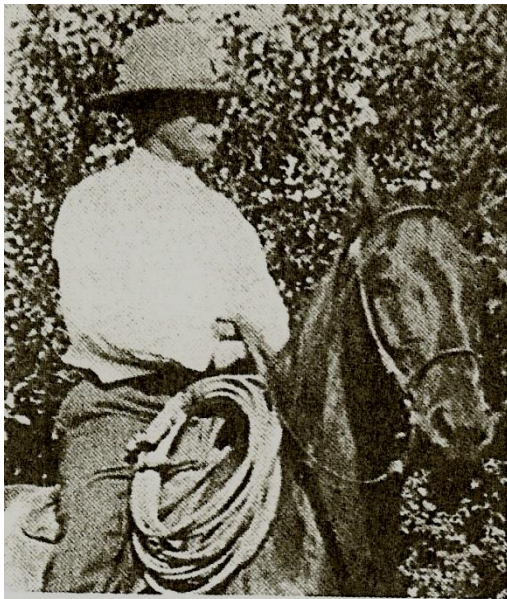
Amelie, Melie, Emily - whatever she was called - had wonderful strength and vitality. She lived until she was 87.

Melie's friend wrote, "Wherever she is, I hope she has a horse to ride, a tent at night and a string of fish for supper. That, with a bed of fir boughs, will be heaven for her." The Mission Valley News, 28 Apr., 1988, p3: "Early Days By Miss Beaver--String of Fish Is Heaven

"She told me of the time she was almost shocked while on one of her many expeditions. She had helped a Cree woman who was camped near the river by Sloan's Ferry. The woman had her baby and was resting comfortably when her husband came in and kissed her, which, of course was all in order but when the five other men who were camped there all filed in and solemnly kissed the mother, Mrs. Irvine admits she was baffled. She found out later that the Crees kiss everybody who will allow it, on any auspicious occasion." The Flathead Courier, Thurs., April 29, 1937, p1.

From "I Will Be Meat For My Salish" - The Buffalo and the Federal writers Project Interviews Relating to the Flathead Indian Reservation, edited by Bob Bigart - The Federal Writers Project Manuscripts - The Pablo-Allard Herd by W.A. Bartlett, "The Pablo-Allard Herd: The Pablo Bison Roundup, page 75:

"In an interview, Mrs. Mary Blood, told of Michael Pablo's pleasure when her sister-in-law, Mrs. Emily Irvine [Irvine], offered her services as a rider in the roundup. Billy Irvine [Irvine], her husband, was one of Pablo's friends. She was an expert horse rider, had ridden broncos, and bad ones, over much of the Flathead Valley. As she was part Indian, she understood buffalo, their habits, and how to handle them. Her fellow-riders said she was an equal of any two ordinary riders. She was a graceful and beautiful woman, and was always mounted on a splendid appearing horse; a sight which Charley Russell said, "was enough to stir any he-man's blood." She demonstrated her efficiency one hot day, when after continuous riding of about 100 miles she, unaided, was successful in steering the herd and thus preventing what would have been a most disastrous stampede. Her husband also participated in the roundup, and Mr. Pablo was so well pleased with their work, that he presented them with the best buffalo cow in the herd. This was an Indian's appreciation, aside from the wages they had earned. They treasured the hide of that cow and were proud in telling their visitors its history."



William Irvine at his ranch



Allard stage coach



L-R: Mrs. Billie Irvine, Alex Pablo, Joe Bonaparte, Fred Decker, Bill Matt, Joe Marion, George Sloan, Walter Sloan, Jim Michell, Jim Grinder, Charles Allard, and Billie Irvine (out of picture). These photos come from the collection of Donna (Dupuis) Yerbury, received from Al Yerbury 11/6/2013

Another version of the murdered White men:

“Many Crimes But No Proof. The Indians Feared to Betray the Cruel Couple.

The officers knew of many crimes that had been committed by these two Indians, but proof that would stand in a court of law, could not be obtained. The peaceful and law abiding Indians of the reservation knew that their lives would not be worth a penny after they had once appeared in court against La La See and Pierre Paul, so that positive and direct evidence seemed impossible, and the officials could only await the time, when, emboldened by success, the two cut throats would openly commit some same act and leave a trail of blood so plain that conviction would be sure.

“A Cowardly Crime. Two Prospectors Murdered and their Bodies Submerged

The officers did not have long to wait. The particular crime selected for this successful prosecution was the killing of two white prospectors, on September 1, 1887. La La See’s cabin stands on a pretty part of the Flathead reservation, on the banks of the Jocko river. Pierre Paul, La La See, and four young Indians had returned the evening before from a hunting trip. Early that morning, Pierre Paul looked through the cabin door and saw two miners cooking breakfast over their campfire. He proposed to kill them, La La See agreed. Taking their rifles they went by a circuitous route to within fifty yards of the camp. Two shots rang out, and both white men fell dead. The bodies were thrown into the Jocko river, and were found later by the ----- [wife] of Larry Coture, weighted down with stones and sunk to the river bed.” [Actually Emily Brown Coture Irvine]

In Pursuit

Under threats of death these four Indians kept the secret for months, but during the summer of 1888 they confessed of having seen the crime and offered to testify, if sure of protection, and the chain of positive evidence was thus completed. No action was taken until August, 1888. Sheriff Heyfron, of Missoula, received word that La La See and Pierre Paul were carousing at Ravalli, terrorizing the Indians and the few whites that lived there. Taking a posse of ten men, he hastened to Ravalli, arriving there shortly after midnight. Concealing his posse in the freight room of the station house, he reconnoitered, but no trace of the two murderers was found. The Indians would not tell where they had gone, and the whites did not know. The posse searched every nook at Ravalli, only to find that the birds had flown. In the afternoon of the next day word came to the sheriff that La La See and Pierre Paul had been seen near Duncan, a station on the reservation twenty miles west of Ravalli. Boarding freight train the posse started for Duncan, and alighting from the train two miles out of the station they expected by advancing cautiously to catch the pair.

A Squaw Sentinel

She sees the officers approaching and fires a signal.

The posse alighted in a thicket in the center of which stood the cabin of Larry Coture, the Indian suspected of participation with La La See and Pierre Paul in several murders, and the sheriff

thought it possible that the two murderers were at Coture's house. The posse had not proceeded fifty yards through the trees before an officer found a squaw lying flat on the ground, face downward, and as motionless as a stone. This was regarded as a sign that the squaw had been on the lookout and had signaled to someone in some way. After consultation it was agreed to surround the cabin and to capture Coture. Taking the squaw, the posse moved towards the cabin.

Almost Ambushed

A moment later Coture was seen to rise from the bushes and level a rifle at the sheriff. Jim Conley, now warden at the penitentiary, saw Coture before any other of the posse, and quick as a flash, he raised his rifle and shot the Indian dead in his tracks. The shot aroused the posse to the fact that the thicket was full of Indians, well-armed, and the sheriff withdrew his men, seeing that the position was in favor of the reds. It was afterwards learned that the posse was enticed to the Coture thicket for no other purpose than to give the Indians a chance to kill every member of the crowd. [I have no Larry Coture (Couture) in my database and wonder who this was?]

On a False Scent

La La See and Pierre Paul were not in the neighborhood, for within two hours after the posse left for Duncan, on the false scent, the pair of murderers appeared in Ravalli well mounted. They both had two revolvers in their belts, a rifle slung across the shoulder of each, and short-barrelled shotguns in their hands. A friend of the pair had given the sheriff the Duncan story and got the posse out of the way. Heyfron and men went on to Horse Plains for reinforcements, where he learned by telegraph, that the pair of murderers were galloping through Ravalli, yelling like demons, with not a single hand raised against them. He telegraphed Missoula for fifty men, and on the third night, with this large force he reconnoitered the Coture thicket and the country surrounding, but not an Indian could be seen who could be even suspected of friendship to the murderers.

The Chase Abandoned.

Rewards Were Offered but Without Beneficial Result.

After this march the sheriff gave up the chase, as La La See and Pierre Paul had gone to safe retreats in the Jocko mountains, where they could hardly have been dislodged by a thousand men. The result of this unsuccessful expedition made it apparent that only through strategy the capture could be effected. Several Indians came to Sheriff Heyfron and offered to bring the murderers in provided a reward was offered. The governor offered \$1,000 for the bodies of La La See and Pierre Paul, dead or alive, but apparently friendly Indians only returned and gave the murderers the benefit of all the information they had gathered by their conference with the officers. The Spokane Falls Daily Chronicle, Dec. 19, 1890, "La La See, Pascale, Antley and Pierre Paul Dangle from the Gallows.

"Some time during the month of August, 1887, there were camped on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, near Jocko River, two white men, whose names up to the present day have not been ascertained. At some distance from where they were camped, La-La-See had his teepee [or cabin, "near the railroad, about five miles west of Ravalli." The Anaconda Standard, Dec. 20, 1890, page 1 & page 8, "UnderThe Rope.] On

the day of the murder, Pierre Paul, La-La-See, Larry Finley (who is now serving a ten year sentence at Deer Lodge for the murder of an Indian named Jocko), and two other Indians were gambling in La-La-See's tent. (One account says La La See, Pierre Paul and four young Indians). [Pete and John according to The Anaconda Standard, Dec. 20, 1890, page 1 & page 8, "Under The Rope, I wonder if the Pete was Indian Pete, who was murdered in 1891 for testifying against La-La-See and Pierre Paul?] During the game La-La-See left the party to go and water his horse at the river. There he discovered the white men, and returning he said to the other Indians, "Let's go and kill some white men, and just for fun." The entire party agreed, and they proceeded to the white men's camp. La-La-See asked the men to buy a horse from him. They told him that they had no money. The Indian's actions were as to make the men uneasy and cause them suspicion. The younger man of the two said to his companion, "Let's go on; I guess these Indians don't want us to camp here," where upon the Indians told them not to have any fear, but to remain. The younger, however, became more alarmed and said to his partner that he would not stay, and proceeded down the railroad track toward Missoula. When about twenty yards from the party he was shot down in his tracks by La-La-See. Pierre Paul at about the same moment raised his rifle and shot the older man as he was sitting at the camp fire putting on his boots. The murderers then, after beating the men's brains out, threw their bodies into the river." (Also with them was Paul Colville). "The Pioneers"; Sam E. Johns; Vol.1; p-142 ["La-La-See got in front of the one who was ahead and shot him. The man caught hold of the gun , but the Indian wrenched it from his hands and shot him three times more. Larry Finley shot him again." The Anaconda Standard, Dec. 20, 1890, page 1 & page 8, "Under The Rope

The Anaconda Standard, Dec. 20, 1890, page 8:

"Pierre Paul and La-La-See were companions in crime. Both were Pend d'Oreilles. About the middle of May, 1887, these two with Larry Finley, Pete and John were in La-La-See's cabin, near the railroad, about five miles west of Ravalli. La-La-See proposed that they go out gunning for the white men. (two Frenchmen) They started down the railroad and soon came to where two men were camped, they had been eating and were resting, one of them having his boots off. La-La-See questioned them about where they lived and where they were going and learned that one owned a home in Missoula, and they were going there. He remarked aside that they would never reach Missoula. The men became suspicious and got ready to leave, and started down the track. La-La-See got in front of the one who was ahead and shot at him. The man caught hold of the gun, but the Indian wrenched it from his hands and shot at him three times more. At the last shot he fell. Then Larry shot him again. Meanwhile Pierre Paul dispatched the other man. The bodies were carried down a ravine and buried. The next summer they were found, when Larry Finley told the story of the crime."

"The Pioneers" Sam E. Johns, Vol.1, p-137; Copied from "The Inter-Lake", Demersville, Dec.19 1890. "La-La-See was charged with and convicted of the murder of a white man of about twenty-five snows, whom he admits he shot four times with his rifle and Larry Finley (who is in the penitentiary) once with his pistol."

Lala-See Still Free.

The Outlaw of the Flathead Country Too Wily for the Sheriff

Indian Deputies Are commissioned to Scour the Hills for Him.

Missoula, Aug. 1.- -Special –Sheriff Houston has returned from the Flathead country. It is now two weeks ago that he began his expedition against the Indian outlaws, one of the bravest and most determined that has ever been instituted in Montana. Nine of the desperate Indians have been hunted down and brought to confinement. The cost of the work has been about \$8,000. All of the dangerous Indians have been captured, with the exception of Lala-See and the sheriff does not want to put the county to any more expense in hunting him down, and he, therefore, disbanded the posse and they have returned to their homes. Sheriff Houston nevertheless is going to get Lala-See and to this end he this morning deputized Antoine Finley, Louis Finley and two Indians that were arrested with Pierre Paul, (he having released them from custody) to take up the task of bringing the desperado to justice. They started out tonight, the necessary paper for their authority having been made out and placed in the hands of Antoine this morning, together with a letter to Major Ronan requesting him to lend his aid by furnishing them with the Indian police for assistance and to otherwise aid Antoine in his expedition. Sheriff Houston has promised Antoine \$600 reward out of his own pocket. Antoine is an Indian who can be trusted and the sheriff has every confidence in him. Lala-See is still on the reservation but is hiding in the mountains. The posse has scoured the country in a most diligent manner, but without avail. He is the most desperate character of the lot and is charged with the murder of two white men on the Jocko, and numerous other murders are also attributed to his murderous career.

Chief Eneas, who at first offered resistance in getting the outlaws captured, is now fully satisfied that it is to the interest of the Indians on the reservation that Lala See be brought in. He informed Sheriff Houston that he would do what was right if the white men would do what was right by the Indian. As previously reported he has started twenty of his men out to look for LalaSee but he told Sheriff Houston that his people had no (bndnteoy tiveilnd this wreald reted?)some in their work, but that, however, they would get Lala.-See, if not at present, most certainly when the snow flies, even if they have to go outside of the reservation and over the British line to capture him. [Chief Eneas (Aeneas "Big Knife" "Kooostahtah #1" Paul) (1825-1900) son of Aeneas "Big Knife" (Iroquois) Paul and Mary "Ukupa" One Hoof, he married Surette An Paul. Nusu'quin-kuuska-aaksemas "Chief Big Knife", or Chief Aeneas. Chief of the Kootenais - 1870 to 1900.]

From The Anaconda Standard Dec. 210, 1890, page 8:

In the capture of La-La-See

Not so La-La-See. For some time he went heavily armed, but the Indian police under command of Antoine, who told of Pascale's crime and had been appointed a special deputy sheriff, pursued him until he saw escape was impossible. On August 19 he sent word to Duncan MacDonald of Ravalli that he would surrender to him but to nobody else. Accordingly he came to Ravalli and was brought by Mr. MacDonald to the county jail" La-La-See was hanged in Missoula in 1890 with Pascale, Antley & Pierre Paul. (from Bob Bigart)

D'Aste Diary:

On August 4 the officials arrested Chief Michel.

August 10, 1890

“The whites helped by the Indians got already 9 prisoners, only Lalassi is still out.”

August 19, 1890

“...To night Lalassi, his wife, brother and friends came to confession. He decided to surrender himself.”

August 20, 1890

...Lalassi went to Missoula with Duncan McDonald.”

During these times Major Ronan had a visitor brought her to see the St. Ignatius Mission, none other than Mrs. George Custer! Zealous in All Virtues – Documents of Worship and Culture Change, St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, 1890-1894, Salish Kootenai College Press/University of Nebraska Press, 2007, pages 50-51, 54, 57, 74-75, 77.

Antoine [Morigeau], who feels confident that he can find Lala-See, says that he knows the locality in which he is hidden and will bring him in either alive or dead. Indians on the reservation have reported to the whites that Lala-See is seriously ill and being cared for by those of his tribe at a camp in the mountain recesses. Some state that he has given up every hope of escaping, and contemplates giving himself up to the authorities, while others contend that he will kill himself in the event of a possibility of capture. The Helena Independent Helena, Montana Saturday Morning August 16, 1890

“La-La-Cee Avenged

A squaw Kills Indian Pete who Testified Against Him

News reached the sheriff’s office this morning that Indian Pete had been Killed at Horse Plains by a squaw. Indian Pete was one of the most important witnesses against La-La-Cee, the Indian hanged here last December, and the squaw who is reported to have killed him is a relative of La-La-Cee, so that it is supposed she was actuated from motives of revenge. She effected the killing by going into Pete’s tent while he was asleep and stabbing him in the heart. She then made her escape and at last accounts was supposed to be on the reservation. Coroner Meyers is going up to the scene of the tragedy to hold an inquest.

News received this afternoon is to the effect that the squaw has been captured and will be brought in on this evening’s train.” Missoula Gazette (daily) June 8, 1891, p1,c.3.

Missoula Gazette (daily) June 9, 1891, p8,c.2, “Local Mention”:

“The squaw who killed Indian Pete at Horse Plains was brought in yesterday. She talks no English and the story of the affair will not be forthcoming until an interpreter is secured. Sheriff Houston’s idea is – that the affair occurred in a drunken row.”

March, 1889

“The Indian knocked on the head with a revolver by J.E. Clifford, on the reservation has died of his injuries, and Clifford has been arrested. Major Ronan fears trouble, as the Indians have sworn revenge against Clifford.” Montana - 1889 The Centennial News Melange , O. J. Taylor “The Madsonian Man”, Virginia City, Montana, 1989, p58.

“Indictments have been found by the grand jury at Missoula against Philip, the Indian who is supposed to have killed Rombaugh on the west fork of the Bitter Root last summer; against Charles Overman, for murder, and against M. Fitzpatrick, for stealing a carload of coal from the Northern Pacific Railway Company.” Montana - 1889 The Centennial News Melange , O. J. Taylor “The Madsonian Man”, Virginia City, Montana, 1989, pp 61-62.

“The grand jury failed to find true bills against either J.E. Clifford or Dr. Cunningham, the parties charged with killing an Indian at Demersville recently, and they were accordingly discharged from custody. The witnesses from the scene of the affair think Mr. Clifford was justified in his action.” Montana - 1889 The Centennial News Melange , O. J. Taylor “The Madsonian Man”, Virginia City, Montana, 1989, p62.

April, 1889

“A fatal shooting occurred at Flathead Lake a few days ago as a result of a land dispute. Two settlers named Hawkes and Fortin claimed the ground. Fortin occupied the land and was ordered off by Hawkes. He refused to go unless it should be determined by the courts that he was not the rightful claimant. The parties had a dispute over the matter, when Hawkes began firing at his neighbor, shooting him through the hand and the body. Fortin was shot in the back as he endeavored to escape, the wound being fatal. Hawkes was arrested and is now in the Missoula jail for safe keeping. The above are the circumstances as reported about town, but the actual circumstances, as is often the case, may be somewhat different. – Missoulian. Montana - 1889 The Centennial News Melange , O. J. Taylor “The Madsonian Man”, Virginia City, Montana, 1989, p 81.

Samuel An Paul murdered

As told by Marie Cuffe Shea:

“In August, 1889 at Demersville, some of the Dayton Kootenais camped just north of Demersville and obtained whiskey, and began quarreling among themselves. Just after dusk one of them tried to break into the George Rich home by breaking in a door panel to reach inside and unfasten the lock. A fifteen-year old son, William (Billy), picked up the panel from the floor and with it beat on the Indian’s hand and wrist; and Mrs. Rich poured a kettle of boiling water over his arm. Suddenly a shot rang out from across the road and the young Indian crumpled down on the doorstep. Hearing the shot, some men from Demersville came down to the Rich home, carried the body up to the dance hall and laid it out, among them George Stannard, Seth McFarren, Editor C.O. Ingalls, and John Clifford. (note: John Clifford was Telesphore Jacques De Mers son-in-law). The young Indian was identified as Samuel the son of old Chief Aeneas of the Kootenai band at Dayton; on being informed of his son’s death the Chief was of course very angry, and was in Demersville the next morning with his warriors demanding custody of the white man who had shot his son. He was told it was in a drunken quarrel with another Indian that it happened. (Only a few trusted people that an expert shot, Uncle Billy Gregg, had fired the shot in defense of Mrs. Rich and her family.) Early Flathead and Tobacco Plains - A Narrative History of Northwestern Montana, Marie Cuffe Shea, 1977, Chapter 14, pages 71-74 The Demersville Indian Troubles. **Samuel An Paul (1872-1889) the murdered Kootenai was the son of Aeneas "Big Knife" "Koostahtah #1 Paul and Susette An Paul.**

More of the story is told as more or less as a cover-up, in the Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1890, pg. 124-126, Montana Agency, Government Document I 20. 1:890:

"Crime

In August of last year [1889] J. W. Noble, the Honorable Secretary of the Interior, communicated to the governor of Montana relative to the killing at Demersville, Mont., in that month, of the son of Eneas, chief of the Kootenai Indians of this reservation. With the communication was a report from the Hon. T. J. Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, of an investigation of the matter which embraced my report. As the killing of the chief's son has resulted in the murder of an unknown white man by a Kootenai Indian of Eneas' tribe, in revenge and as there is now great excitement over the finding of the body of the murdered white man, and also as the affair may yet end in further bloodshed, I deem it important to give the facts here. The following is the Hon. Commissioner's report:

It having been reported in newspaper dispatches, dated Missoula, Mont., August 20, 1889, that Indians were menacing lives of whites at Demersville, Missoula County, Montana, and that they had broken into a house and one person was killed, this office under date of the 21st of August telegraphed the Indian agent at the Flathead Agency for information as to the truth of the report. The agent replied by telegram dated the 22nd ultimo, reporting that one Indian was killed, and the trouble was caused by whiskey, and that he would investigate the matter. I am now in receipt of a report on the subject from the agent, dated September 2, 1889, in which he states he will go to the county seat of said county and lay before the grand jury the following statement relative to the matter made by Eneas, Chief of the Kootenai Indians of the Jocko reservation and the father of the Indian who was killed, to wit:

The Chief's Story

Three Indian boys, of my band were gambling near Oust Finlay's place on Mud Creek on the reservation. [note: August "Oooy-ooste" "Yoosta" Finley (1852-1927) son of Miquam Finley and Agnes Paul, the daughter of Aeneas "Big Knife" (Iroquois) Paul and Mary "Ukupa" One Hoof]. They lost everything they had, even to their blankets. They then started for the head of the lake, going up the east side and avoiding my house, which is on the west side. On the way they passed a creek where there are some white settlers about one mile from Demersville. At that place a white man who was on foot took a horse away from another white man who was riding the same. The fellow who was on foot begged of the Indians to loan him a horse to ride home, which they did and turned back with him. The man's name is Joe Marent and he is a settler at the head of the lake. He gave the Indian boys' whiskey upon which they got drunk. When they got to Demersville they were drunk from the whiskey, obtained from Marent. At Demersville they got into trouble, and a white man drew a pistol on one of them, but a fight was prevented by outsiders. [Joe Moran (or Morand) "was a mixed blood Indian who lived on a farm six miles north of Bigfork. He was prominent in horse racing in the area. In 1886 his horse, Grand-Jo, beat a Frenchtown horse in a big race at Ashley. Morand was killed in a fight over a card game."]

I (Eneas) was encamped near Chief Michel's place, and the day after the Indian boys mentioned started for Demersville I moved camp to go home. I camped for the night near the steam-boat landing at the foot of the lake. My son-in-law Louie, having loaned a horse to the Indian boys, took the steamer to Demersville to get him back. Before getting on the steamer Louie asked my

son to take his horse and ride up to Demersville and meet him there. When I got to my home at Dayton Creek my son and another Indian rode into Demersville. They had no arms when they left. They camped the first night with some Pend d'Oreilles and Kootenais, on this side of Demerville. [Chief Michel spoken of by Chief Eneas may be Chief Michel of the Upper Pend d'Oreilles.]

In the morning they found the three Indian boys, the party being six Indians altogether. They sat around the store all day at Demersville. In the evening two of the boys, who previously got whiskey from Marent, were approached by a man who came out of a saloon and who is known to the Indians by the name of Jack Sheppard. He asked the boys if they wanted to buy whiskey. The boys replied that they had no money. They then reported to their companions that a white man offered to sell them whiskey. My son-in-law Louie had money and he gave the boys \$4 to buy with. They found Jack and gave him the money. Jack pointed out a place on the bank of the river where he would deliver the whiskey. True to agreement Jack returned with two bottles of whiskey, which they carried to the other Indians. [Eneas' son-in-law Louie was Louis Antoine "Broken Leg" Pierre who married his daughter, Marian "Kalawumsat" An Paul "She Has Three Buckskin Dresses"]. [This Jack Sheppard "was a blacksmith at Demersville. In 1890 he was charged with cutting the throat of his father-in-law. In the subsequent divorce case he was accused of being a "habitual drunkard". Bob Bigart]

They all went away from the vicinity of the store to a more secluded spot and commenced drinking. One bottle was drunk by six Indians, and my son after drinking said he was hungry and started to the hotel to get something to eat. My son-in-law Louie followed him. Louie heard a white man talking loud to my son through an upstairs window, ordering him to go away or he would shoot him. Louie took my son by the arm and tried to take him away. Louie said he heard someone come down stairs who came out of the door, and while he (Louie) held my son the white man shot him. When my son fell Louie stated the man who shot him told him to get away quick or he would be shot. Louie could not run, as he is lame, but he turned and saw two white men with guns who told him to get away, and followed him as he hobbled off for about a hundred yards. [The white man was William H. "Billy" Gregg. Born at Big Creek, North Carolina, on May 12, 1829, William H. Gregg died at the Soldiers' Home in Columbia Falls on February 11, 1914. He enlisted in the infantry at Carlisle, Indiana, in 1861 at the age of 31. After the Civil War, he moved to Kansas and from there to Gallatin Valley, Montana. In 1886 he moved to Flathead Valley and located a homestead at the Head of Navigation on the Flathead River. In 1887 Gregg gave T. J. Demers a piece of land 300 feet square to build a store on. Later he sold all of his land in the Demersville area and was admitted to the Soldiers' Home on November 24, 1897. In his dream on the day of his death, Gregg imagined he had killed a deer, and he arose to get the dead animal. He thought he saw another man coming to take his game away from him, so he jumped out of the window to reach the game first unfortunately, he was thirty feet above the ground, and the fall broke his leg and ribs and injured him internally which resulted in his death within a few hours." Kalispell, Montana and the Upper Flathead Valley, p9.]

Two of the Indian boys who got the whiskey started that night after the shooting for Tobacco Plains, and the other three Indians started back to my home on the reservation. They told me that white men killed my son at Demersville. I sent a white man who is called "Savia," who is married to a Kootenai woman, to get the body of my son. When "Savia" returned with the dead body he told me that the white people at Demersville wanted me to go up there. The morning after the killing a camp of British Kootenais arrived at Demersville from Tobacco Plains, and they recognized the body as being that of my son. The white men told them also to tell me to come to Demersville. I did not wish to go, but was advised by a white man who lives in the lake country to go. [Savia was Francois "Sawiu" or Savia (Savoyard) Gravelle (Joe Ashley's old partner) He ranched near the Kootenai village, he married Chief Eneas' niece, Isabel (Elizabeth) "Little Eyes" Finley (abt 1851-1916) the daughter of John (Baptiste) (John Siwash) (Three Guns) Finley and Lizette (Josette) "Ko-ko-quam" Paul. "According to the sources, he was goodhearted and respected by both whites and Indians in the area. He had also married Isabel Tah-lah-tee (1844-) the daughter of Ela-moos-te and Susan and a full blood Pend d'Oreille. There son was Frank Gravelle. He had four children with Little Eyes.

"Francois Grevelle, a native of Savoy, France had come via California gold rush to the Flathead. He and Joe Ashley married Kutenai sisters, Isobel and Rose (both also having Iroquois and white blood), and lived as neighbors for years. In 1883, Joe Ashley moved to the foot of the lake near his old friend Basil Finley (for whom the Point was named). Francois Grevelle saw an opportunity in furnishing a stopping place for a stage and other travellers and lived for some years near Dayton; many of those coming to the Flathead in early days spoke of staying overnight at the "Frenchman's". Here his children grew up and son Abel became a well-known wrestler in the northwest United States; Abel's son Ambrose Grevelle lived most of his life in Canadian Tobacco Plains, 15 miles north of Eureka, where he was well-known and well-liked. Ambrose married Catherine Dennis; they had two sons, Alec and Nicholas, and two daughters, twins. Elizabeth married Jerome McCoy and the other three children married Phillips descendants of Michael Phillips of 1871. Today there are many of the family in the area still. Ambrose Grevelle and his sons developed ranches for raising cattle and horses, and most of the Grevelles have taken turns at being leader of the Kootenay band at Grasmere. Ambrose died several years ago, but his widow, Catherine, at 80 years, is still busy and active." From EARLY FLATHEAD AND TOBACCO PLAINS, Marie Cuffe Shea, 1977, page 39.

From St. Francis Regis Mission, Washington, Immaculate Conception Church, Colville, Book of Baptisms and Marriages 1864-1888:

Grivelle Francois and Alexander McLoud are shown as witnesses for marriage on 1866 30 December at Immaculate Conception, Colville, of Peter Abrahamson and Marguerite Barel (Colville) by Father Joseph Menetrey, S.J.]

It was 80 miles from my home to the agency, and I started for Demersville without letting you (the agent) know, as the distance was too far. I took some of my people along, but sent word that I was coming with no hostile intent, but simply to inquire if my son was killed by white men or not; if so, to ask that the murderer might be punished, and the men who sold the whiskey might also be punished, as that was the cause of the trouble between my Indians and white men. I camped on the night of my arrival at the house of Baptiste Le Beau, who is a white settler, and lives this side of Demersville. In the morning I sent another man to let the people know I was coming to talk with them as a friend. When I got to Demersville the people seemed excited and afraid that I came for revenge. I assured them through an interpreter as best I could my friendly intentions. I could not get any good counsel with them. [Jean Baptiste LeBeau, a French-Canadian. "During the 1870s LeBeau operated a flour mill in Frenchtown and also raised grain. In the 1880s he raised cattle in the Flathead Valley, and in 1886 he was one of the larger taxpayers in Missoula County. He died in 1907." Bob Bigart]

I know that not one of my Indians who had trouble had a gun or pistol with them when they left my camp for the head of the lake. I do not know where any of them could have borrowed or purchased a pistol or gun. I told the people if they could tell me where any one of them got a gun or pistol then I might think my son was killed by an Indian. One of the Indians sold a horse to a white man. I asked that white man if he traded a gun or pistol for the horse; he said no. I asked to see the ball which killed my son, and was answered that the ball was sent to the agent (not so, it was not sent), and by him it would be sent to Missoula. [They lied from the start of this incident].

Louie, my son-in-law, told the whites at Demersville, in answer to a question, that he saw the gun plainly in the hands of a white man which killed my son; that it was not a pistol, but a gun which looked like a Winchester. Louie, also claimed that he could recognize the white man who held the gun, and was asked to do so if he was present. Louie pointed out the man, but he was not arrested. That man lives in a house in Demersville, but Louie does not know his name, but can point out the house.

Learning that I could not find out anything about who killed my son, whether it was done by a white man, as claimed by the Indians, or by an Indian as claimed by the white men, I came home to my place at Dayton Creek. The whites wished me to stay one day longer, but I felt it would be useless to do so.

I now leave it to the hands of the white man for investigation, and I trust they will do me the justice to inquire into this killing. My Indians claim it was done by white man; the white men claim it was done by Indians. God knows! I do not. I now throw myself on your sense of justice to all. A great many of my people have been killed by white men; two of them were hung by a mob. I know of no punishment or even a trial that was ever given to a white man for killing any of my Indians, and now I think it time to show that there is justice to be accorded to the Indians as well as to the whites. If this matter shall be brought before the court at Missoula I am ready to be there, and also to do all in my power to bring in witnesses who might be required.

To this the Honorable Commissioner adds:

If Chief Eneas's understanding of the matter is correct, it seems that the killing of his son was totally without justification as he was at the time being led away from the scene of trouble had with his slayer by Louie, the son-in-law of the chief, who was also threatened and had to leave immediately to escape danger. If the facts are correctly stated the failure to punish the persons guilty of the murder would have a most demoralizing and unhappy, if not dangerous, effect upon the Indians, and at all events the matter should be thoroughly investigated with a view to a full understanding of the facts in the case and securing the prosecution of the guilty person it should appear that the killing was unlawful.

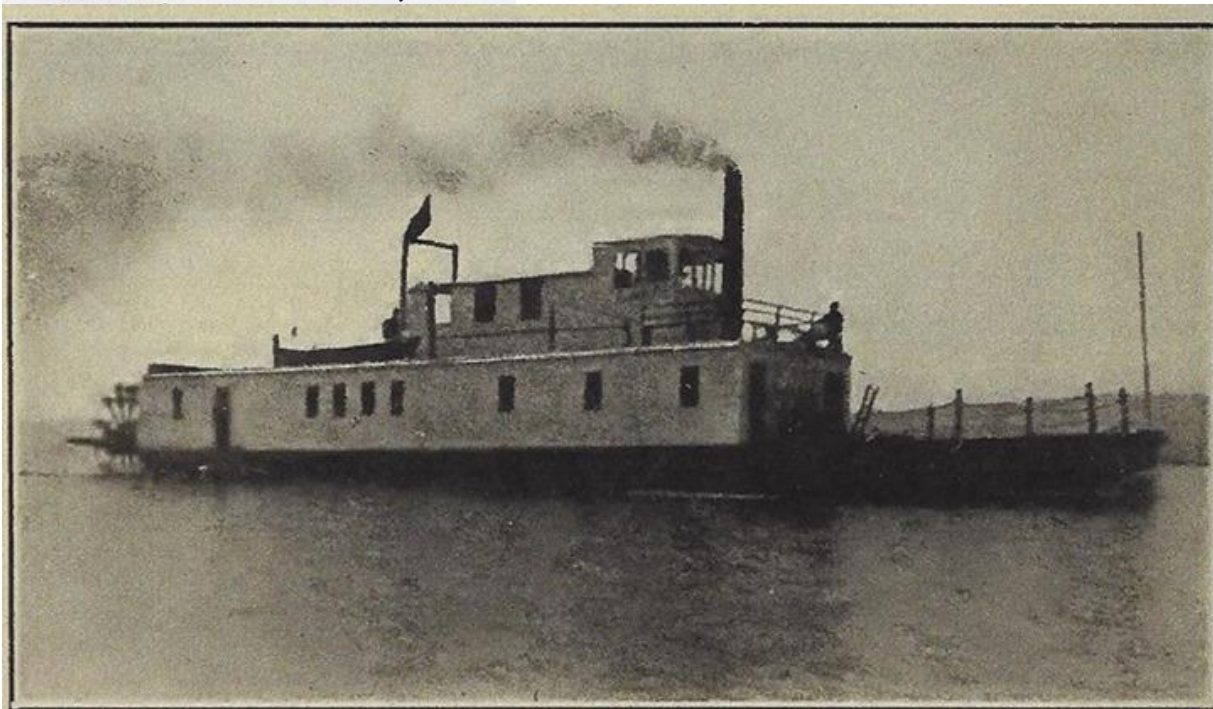
I would therefore respectfully recommend that the subject be submitted to the honorable Attorney-General, with the request that he will, if consistent with the rules and regulations of his Department, cause the United States attorney for Montana to make a thorough and immediate investigation of the matter, first notifying the agent at said agency thereof, and it should appear there from that said killing was unlawful, that said attorney be instructed to take all the steps which may be legal and proper with a view to securing the prompt and adequate punishment, through the proper court, of the person guilty of the homicide.

It is further recommended that a copy of this report herewith enclosed be forwarded to the governor of said Territory for his information, with request that he cause to be made an investigation of the facts in the case, and take such steps as may be necessary to bring the guilty party to justice.

This report was signed by Hon. John T. Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The affair culminated by the presence of a sheriff's posse on the reservation in July, and the arrest was made, with assistance of the Indian police, of six Indians for whom the sheriff held warrants. At the next term the court the Indians will be held for trial for the several charges against them, from murder to house-breaking and horse-stealing. It is to be hoped that the same energy will be used by the officers of the law to bring forward for trial white men guilty of crime against the Indians." (Note: from Chalk..of course it wasn't..as we all know.) [Chief Eneas (Aeneas) (1825-1900), or Aeneas "Big Knife" Paul (I call him "Koostahtah #1"), Chief of the Kootenais - 1870 to 1900 the son of Aeneas "Big Knife" (Iroquois) Paul and Mary "Ukupa" One Hoof, he married Susette An Paul. From his obituary: "He was a man of considerable intelligence and ability and ruled with a firm yet kind spirit and was beloved by his entire tribe." He and Susette had at least 6 children.]



CHIEF ENEAS PAUL OR BIG ARM II
Courtesy of Montana Historical Society.



STEAMER ON FLATHEAD LAKE

From Land of the Flatheads by William Henry Smead, 1905.

Pascale



I believe he was a Kootenai but know little else about his heritage or biography. He may have been “framed” by other Kootenais in this crime, who persuaded him to confess. But he was a outlaw.

“The crimes committed by the Indians individually are detailed below Early in the spring of 1889 a prospector named J. Dunn who had recently arrived from Iowa purchased in outfit at Post Falls, Idaho and after spending a few days at Coeur d’ Alenes started for the Flathead county in Montana. In 1889 a man named John Dunn traded a horse with the Indian, Pascale. Pascale wanted to trade back and Dunn refused, Pascale shot him. "Just like I would kill a grasshopper."

The journey proved a fatal one his intention was to go by way of Horse Plains. Nothing was heard of him until one year later last spring. When Antoine Finley a member of the Pend d’Oreille tribe while out hunting discovered the clothing and bones of an unknown person in the vicinity of Angel hill a point about midway between Dayton and Demersville, Montana. The clothes were identified as those worn by Dunn the prospector but it was by the merest accident that the crime was fastened to Pascale a Kootenai Indian Antoine obtained a confession from Pascale. He visited the camp of a hunting party of Kootenai Indians a few days after discovering the bones and after he had related the story to the party Pascal at once admitted that he killed a white man and had concealed the body where the clothing was found and with a gleam of fiendish glee in his wicked eyes said I killed him just like I would kill a grasshopper. Antoine imparted this information to the officials and shortly afterwards Sheriff Houston of Missoula county and a posse succeeded in capturing the self-confessed criminal but not without much trouble Pascale pleaded for his life saying that he committed the deed in self-defense I was subsequently shown however that Pascale overtook Dunn shortly after he had crossed Dayton creek and that he rode along with him until they reached Angel hill Pascale dropped behind his victim at this point and

deliberately shot him robbing his person and stealing his horse and outfit." The Anaconda Standard, Saturday Morning, February 23, 1895.

"Pascale is a lame Indian, about 40 years old, with a snaky eye and very dark red skin." The Dalles Times-Mountaineer. (The Dalles, Or.) August 9, 1890, page 1. [This article mentions another Indian arrested at the time of Pascale, one Williams, who was over six feet tall and very stout.]"

Spokane Falls Review, Spokane, Washington September 27, 1890

Killed An Indian

Tragic Fate of a Young Man From Post Falls

A Strange But True Story

The Victim Came From Ida Grove, Iowa, and Owned Property at Post Falls

Post Falls, Idaho, Sept. 24 -- Mr. Scott has returned from a trip to Horse Plains, Mont., where he has been to identify the clothing of a man who was murdered by Indians last fall near Flathead lake. Mr. Scott identified the clothing, which belonged to one J. M. Dunn, of Ida Grove, Iowa, who came to this place last spring a year ago. He purchased a couple of lots of Mr. Post, then took a trip up into the mines. Returning, he purchased a horse and saddle, and telling Mr. Scott to keep his trunk until he returned, he said he was going to Horse Plains, and from there to Flathead lake to take a look at the country. He was supposed to have considerable money, but no one knew how much, or whether he had it on his person or not.

Nothing more was heard of Mr. Dunn until this spring. The postmaster at Post Falls received a letter from a hotelkeeper at Horse Plains, stating there had been a man found dead down on Flathead lake, who was supposed to have been killed by Indians. There was nothing left of the body but the skeleton and clothing. Some time ago Sheriff Grant, of Horse Plains, arrested an Indian by the name of Pascale, who tells the following story:

A man stayed at Dayton creek one night with a Frenchman by the name of Savio. The man started next morning to go to Demersville, a distance of thirty miles. The Indian Pascale went to the Chief Entous [Eneas] and borrowed his gun to go hunting, saddled up his pony and started on after Mr. Dunn, overtook him about two miles and a half on the road, rode in company with him for five or six miles, then dropped a little behind him and shot him.

Dunn exclaimed, "you rascal! You have shot me," fell from his horse and died instantly.

Pascale then caught his horse, and then went back and took his revolver and watch and a buckskin purse with some gold and silver out of his pockets, then dragged the body in the brush about thirty feet from the road and left it there. He then went up into the Kootenai country and told the Indians he had killed a man at Angel Hill [note now in Lakeside], and had marked the place by cutting some little trees. In about three months a party of Kootenai Indians visited the spot. The wild animals had torn the clothes from the body and exposed a leather belt which

contained \$1200 or \$1500 in bank bills. There were two pockets to the belt. One pocket contained \$1000 or \$1200 in \$100 bills. Those were all stuck together with blood, which had dried on them. For fear of detection they burned them. The balance of the money was squandered.

Mr. Scott wrote out a description of the clothing and then went fifteen miles, and everything corresponded with the description.

Mr. Dunn was a very nice appearing gentleman, and made many warm friends during his short stay at Post Falls. He leaves a wife and four children in Ida Grove, Iowa, to mourn his loss.

[The following spring, Dunn's body was discovered and he was ultimately buried in the Demersville Cemetery in 1890, the same year the cemetery was established. But there is no longer any sign of his grave. Ironically, Pascale was buried at the St. Ignatius Mission Cemetery – and no signs of his grave exist either. Thus, there is little to remind us of this tragedy.] <http://flatheadbeacon.com/2013/09/17/the-demersville-cemetery/>

“Antonio Finley, a half-breed, shot his cousin at Egan July 4, in an effort to save his own neck he told Sheriff Houston about the murder of Dunn by Pascale. Houston raised a posse of 80 men and arrested Chief Eneas at Dayton creek, charging him with protecting Antley and Pascale. Leaving 71 men at Demersville, he and 10 picked men, started for Missoula with the chief. They arrived at the foot of Flathead lake at night and went aboard the steamer, Tom Carter, to wait for morning. During the night a party Indians arrived with Pascale to exchange for Eneas. The chief was released on his promise to surrender Antley as quickly as possible. He kept his word.” Butte Daily Press December 19, 1890.

“Pascale Murdered For Gain

A Score of Miners Probably Fell Victim to His Greed.

..... Pascale never raised his hand unless goods, gold or horses could be had as the price for the deed. A score of miners entered entered the Mineral Hill country between 1885 and 1889, who were never heard from again. Pascale was one of Indians who watched the mountain trails, gun in hand, to capture any good outfit that might camp for the night in his domain.” The Spokane Falls Daily Chronicle, Dec. 19, 1890, “La La See, Pascale, Antley and Pierre Paul Dangle from the Gallows

“..Pascale confessed to killing J. M. Dunn who had a family at Cedar Grove, Iowa, John Foy said Pascale was helping put up hay [in] 1889 at Foy's ranch; after a noon quarrel, Pascale's squaw took horse and [her] and left; when Pascale found she was gone, he mounted another horse, took a short cut to Dayton Creek where she had relatives. She was not there; Pascale borrowed a fresh horse from Chief Aeneas and started north for Tobacco Plains to find her. Pascale had camped for the night when Mr. Dunn came along; they traded horses, then Pascale since it was the Chief's horse they must trade back. Dunn refused, and continued north on the Chief's horse. Pascale followed for four miles to the bottom of Angel Hill, then rode up close and sht Dunn in the back. After taking Dunn's gold watch and money, he pulled the body off into the brush. Pascale told the story to Antoine Finley, who, when arrested the following July 4, 1890, at the

Egan celebration, offered to tell the story in return for his freedom. A coroner's jury, a posse, and Antoine as witness, rode to Angel Hill and found the bones of a man later identified as J.M. Dunn.

Tried, convicted, and sentenced to hang on December 19, 1890 they met their fate stoically. The night before, Pascale asked for interpreters Ralph Ramsdell and Burt Evans and informed them on many unsolved crimes in the area of Missoula County, saying "There are many bad men in Aeneas' camp." Early Flathead and Tobacco Plains - A Narrative History of Northwestern Montana, Marie Cuffe Shea, 1977, Chapter 14, pages 71-76.

In the Madsonian Newspaper (week of the 5th), January, 1889, "Nine degrees below zero is the coldest weather yet recorded in this neck of the woods this winter. At the same time, Deer Lodge recorded -25, and some other places a still lower temperature." Montana - 1889 The Centennial News Melange , O. J. Taylor "The Madsonian Man", Virginia City, Montana, 1989, p1.

District Court Journal October 1890

The State of Montana versus Pascal, an Indian (Criminal 26)

This cause coming on to be heard and the defendant be present in open court, in his own proper person and by council, the said defendant to the indictment enters his plea "Not Guilty" and the trial of this cause is set for October 15th 1890.

"Pascale confided to the guards a confession of a number of crimes, of which the officers had no previous knowledge." The North-west (Deer Lodge, Mt.) December 26, 1890.

The night before the hanging Pascale, who still talked to the guards, requested that four candles be placed in the center of the cell, as he what to tell a story:

"Anthies and Williams killed the white man, the friends of these two Indians told him if he would say that he killed the man they would give him eight head of horses, a rifle and a good suit of clothes, that he accordingly did so; that they were to see him cleared. The white man had upon his possession a belt which divided in three compartments, the first compartment contained about a thickness of three inches in \$100 bills, the second a package of \$20's, and the third a package of \$5 and \$10 bills. Anthies and Williams took and divided the money in Aeneas' camp. Tenas, one of the witnesses against him, took \$900 as his share. That most of the \$100 bills were so badly damaged that they them in Chief Aeneas' lodge fire. He would not confess to the priest, but since his friends (meaning Ramsdell and Evans) had come to him he would tell the truth and nothing but the truth. If the truth was contained in his breast and heart, and they could conceive it, he would tell it. He was not afraid to die. His chief had given up his flesh and blood, and all would be all right; the priest would be with him at o'clock. He would not confess to the priest. The four Indians that swore against him were interested in the matter. Pascale says he was used well in his confinement: when he came to jail he was ragged; Bill (meaning Sheriff Houston) had given him a new shirt, a new blanket to make breech-clothes of, and fed him well.

He had fared better than he ever had before in his life. He said he already sent his old shirt to his people to remember him by.

After recounting other murders committed on the reservation, he concluded by saying they had made him out a bad man; that he only killed two cattle, and he would not acknowledge anything else. He had told the truth – he was so near death – and he had told only the truth. He was brave, strong, and did not need any sleep, and while the others had gone to rest he would keep awake until his dying hour.

At 2:30 Pascale was playing solitaire, while the others slept, and continued to do so until 4:10 when he went to prayer, after which he said he thought he would go to sleep. He asked the watch how many hours he had to live and, when told, went to sleep. *The Anaconda Standard*, Dec. 20, 1890, page 1 & page 8, “Under The Rope]

Another Murder by the Whites

Peter Ronan writes: “Another cause of excitement occurred among the Indians. In July of this year [1889] a discovery was made of the charred remains of some missing Indians who went out from the reserve to hunt the previous year [1888]. The party consisted of the nephew of Head Chief Michell, of the Pend d’Oreilles, his wife, and daughter aged sixteen years, and another Indian of the Flathead tribe. A party of Indians who went out in search of the missing ones into the Sun River country found a mound of burned matter, and upon digging into it found the remains of burned bones, the stone pipes which they recognized as those of the two missing men, an iron used by the women to dress hides, and two pairs of rosary beads. The mound and the remains found were between the place where some whites had a camp, which the Indians recognized as the camp of white men by the signs, namely the kind of stakes used and pieces of newspapers scattered around the place. The searchers came to the conclusion that their Indian relatives were murdered and their bodies burned by some white people, to rob them of their furs and ponies. Other Indians hold that the signs indicate that the crime was committed by Cree half-breeds. The affair has caused no little excitement, and I have been requested by the Indians to give the matter a thorough investigation, as the killing and burning of bodies of this party will probably lead to outrages by the Indians upon innocent white people, unless efforts be made to find out and punish the perpetrators of the terrible deed.

One other case occurred this year in which a boy of Charlot’s band of Bitter Root Flathead Indians was killed by a white man in Deer Lodge County. The trouble grew out of whisky drinking by the Indians at a saloon in an out-of-the-way camp.

The whisky-seller was arrested and killer of the Indian also, but he was discharged on the plea of self-defense. The sale of liquor to Indians is the head and front of all offending.” “Justice To Be Accorded To The Indians – Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Reservation, Montana 1888-1893 – Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai Press/University of Nebraska Press, 2014, pp 73-73..

[Chief Michelle (1805-1897) "Plenty Grizzly Bear"]

"Chief Michelle of the Upper Pend d'Oreille Indians actively worked to maintain peace with the white settlers and supported the missionaries at St. Ignatius Mission. Most accounts suggest he was less active and influential in tribal affairs than his predecessor Alexander. He was spokesman for decisions reached by tribal community. Often after long hours of collective deliberation." "Justice To Be Accorded To The Indians – Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Reservation, Montana 1888-1893 – Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai Press/University of Nebraska Press, 2014, pp 401-402. He succeeded Alexander as chief in 1868 after Andre and Pierre two senior sub-chief declined the office. His son was lynched by whites in 1863 for a murder he did not commit. Duncan McDonald said he "punished severely to this day any member of his tribe who refuses to believe in his creed." He was thrown off his horse in 1872 and dislocated his hip, it could not be re-set properly and he was crippled the rest of his life. In the 1870s he and his people were at constant war with the Crows and Shoshones. He was disappointed in the Flathead Agents Daniel Shanahan, Peter Whaley and Charles S. Medary and complained to Washington about them. "During the 1870s, Michelle lived on a farm near the agency in the Jocko Valley while most of the Pend d'Oreille lived near the St. Ignatius Mission in the Lower Flathead Valley..." He and Major Peter Ronan had a good relationship. Not living among his people he lost their confidence and influence among them. He did refuse to be intimidated by Chief Sitting of the Sioux when that chief threatened retaliation to the Pend' d'Oreilles if they did not join him in his war. He supported selling a "right of way" to the Northern Pacific Railroad in 1882. "By the middle of the 1880s, Michelle had moved to a ranch on Mud Creek, 16 miles north of the Mission. In 1885 he had 160 acres under fence and in 1884 he raised 250 bushels of wheat and oats. In 1885 he had 20 horses and 15 cattle. In 1887 he purchased \$31.00 worth of fruit trees for his ranch." May 11, 1897 he died at his home at Mud Creek.

From The Anaconda Standard, May 14, 1897, page 10:

"Chief Michael Dead

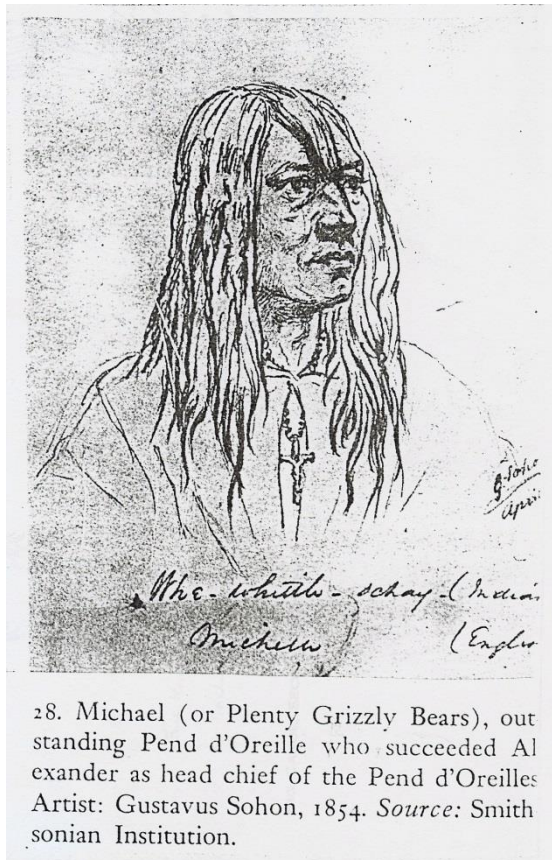
Funeral of the Aged, Head of the Pend d'Oreilles

Funeral At The Mission

The Procession Over Two Miles Long - Weird Chanting of the Indian Mourners Missoula, May 13. - Charles Stillinger came down from the Mission to-day and brings the first news that has reached this city of the death of Michael, the aged chief of the Pend d'Oreilles. The veteran chieftain was nearly 90 years old, and for the past half decade has been almost totally blind. His home was above St. Ignatius mission, in the midst of his tribe on Spring Creek, and it was here that he died two days ago. His funeral was held at the Mission this forenoon, and was the largest demonstration that has taken place on the reserve for years. The procession of Indian mourners about two miles long, and the weird chanting of the long line could be heard for miles.

Michael was a warm friend of the late Major Ronan, and was attached to the late agent's family. When Major Ronan's first son was born the old chief was so delighted that he bestowed upon him the greatest honor that any warrior can give. He named the child after himself, giving him his own war name, "The Great Grizzly Bear." In addition to this, he gave the child the right to take up any parcel of land on the entire reservation that suited him when he should reach manhood.

On account of his great age, the Indians have entertained the greatest reverence for the chief and have told visitors with pride that Michael was more than 100 years old. His exact age is not known here, but Harry Lambert, who was one of the chief's old friends, thinks he was in the neighborhood of 90. In his later years the old man was erratic in some things and changeable in his ways, but in the main he was a progressive man and desirous for the advancement of his people. He was one of the prime movers in favor of the cession of a part of the reservation that was to have been made last month had the commissioners of the government kept their pledge with the Indians, and he was much disappointed when he learned that the representatives of the government had not come."]



28. Michael (or Plenty Grizzly Bears), outstanding Pend d'Oreille who succeeded Alexander as head chief of the Pend d'Oreilles
 Artist: Gustavus Sohon, 1854. Source: Smithsonian Institution.

Chief Michelle

Antoine Finley

These Finley's I have no idea from which of the families they came from except for "Goosta." I have eight Antoine Finleys in my database, the one closer to being this Antoine (or Antonio) is Antoine Octave (Nose) "Sp'sa" Finley (1858-1928) the son of Alexander "Tum-no-ka" Finley and Isabel (Red Wolf) "Ta-nee" Pellew, he married Sophia Kol-tri-eb-be, and was the brother of Sam Finley. But not sure.]

From Montana Adventures – The Recollections of Frank B. Linderman; pp- 26-27:

"We drove to Egan in an eleven-passenger Concord coach and a fast team of six horses belonging to Eugene Sears. Reaching the post early in the morning, we found twenty-five or thirty men assembled for the celebration there, some of them already a little tight. A big half-breed by the name of Bill Finlay was quite drunk, and on the fight. When intoxicated, Bill was a bad man. He emptied his six-shooter in all directions, swearing lustily until Ralph Ramsdell, who was acting marshal of the day, sent a Flathead Indian whom we called Antoine to quiet Finlay. I saw Antoine walk up to the big breed, saw them tussle a little, heard a muffled shot, and saw Bill double up like a ball on the ground, and roll. The Indian had shot him in the bowels. Several men carried the big man into a cabin, where he died a few hours later. And then

somebody proposed that Antoine be arrested. I do not remember who ordered the arrest, nor do I know whether there was any legal authority present. Anyway, Antoine was handcuffed, and, to make a good job of it, "the authorities" also laid hold of a Kootenai whose name I have forgotten. These Indians were tied together and stretched out on the floor of Wilkes' saloon. "Let's hang'em both to top off the celebration," went round for a while; and then somehow a free-for-all fight started in the saloon."

(note from Chalk--Why didn't Ramsdell handle Big Bill Finlay himself & why didn't he later come to Antoine Finlay's defense later? Saying that Antoine was acting for him that day. And if no legal authority arrested Antoine, where was Ramsdell "acting marshal" drunk? or hiding? Where did the handcuffs come from. Why arrest an innocent man- the Kootenai? Someone was in charge--who? It sounds like a drunk involving good-for-nothing toughs, like the killer & scumbag who later had a lumber mill at the foot of Angel Hill, the man who killed women and children at Cypress Hills, Saskatchewan in May, 1873. His name won't be mentioned here).

The Ramsdell brothers, Ralph H. and William were traders, law officers, and liquor dealers in Tobacco Plains and the Upper Flathead Valley. They were two shady characters of those days in the Demersville & Ashley areas and Ralph was surely a villain. Ralph could speak Kootenai and even worked on a Kootenai dictionary that was never published. They had an ongoing fight with Major Peter Ronan on crimes committed in Kootenai country and on how to deal with them. Their way was not good for the Kootenais. Their main establishment at Egan and their branch store at Tobacco Plains, seventy-five or eighty miles from the former place, a fine stock of general merchandise always on hand. The main establishment in Egan was a store started by Jesse Yenne, a well-known millman. He started the first store in May, 1885. William and Ralph Ramsdell bought out Yenne's interests in December, 1887. East of the Flathead River, page 187, Linda Norem. These brothers had the largest stock of dry goods, groceries, hardware, harness and saddlery, etc.. in the valley. They made a specialty of buying skins and furs and always paid the highest market price for the same. Ralph was a vigilante leader and helped lynch several Kootenais. Ralph was even at the Missoula hanging of December 19, 1890 in Missoula that hanged the four. They sold liquor to the Kootenais and instigated much trouble with them, like villains in B-Westerns they passed themselves off in one light but were of a darker hue. In a letter to Major Peter Ronan in 1889 written by a person not willing to sign his name out of fear of reprisal, "A.S. Lanneau of Ashley claims to have been swindled by Wm. Ramsdell and could give you the particulars...and was a tinhorn gambler and rounder at Golden and other camps on the Canadian Pacific during 1885 until he was run out. . . . Some of the Indians at Tobacco Plains could tell you things if they wanted to, how the Ramsdells used to gamble with and rob them with marked cards and how they debauched the Indian women, both Ramsdell Bros., became diseased and Wm. Ramsdell Oscar McMillan of the same place [Horse Plains] claimed to have a horse stealing case against them two or three years ago. http://glennfletcher.com/?page_id=1522; <http://www.deathinthevalley.com/table-contents/>; Justice To Be Accorded To The Indians – Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Reservation, Montana 1888-1893 – Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai Press/University of Nebraska Press, 2014, p38. "Flathead news; Ramsdell brothers of Egan bought of the Indians two snow white deer, the first ever known in this part of the country, so old hunters say. They were considerably of a curiosity." The Weekly Missoulian, December 4, 1889 [This week in Tribal History, Mary Rogers, Char-Koosta News, p10, December 4, 2014].

"Standing on the billiard table, my moccasined feet spread wide, I watched the wildest row one can imagine. Men struck other men without cause or perceptible provocation. This madness spread like fire in a dry forest. I felt the urge to punch someone myself. Soon shooting began. I saw the floor splinter beside the captive Indians and heard glassware shatter back of the bar. In a twinkling Charlie Wiser, who throughout the fighting sat laughing on the corner of the billiard table, and I were the only occupants of the saloon, except the now thoroughly frightened Indians on the floor. I witnessed some brutal acts during that fight. I saw one man knock another down and then kick all his teeth out with his boot heels. The poor wretch had been looking for a fight since early morning and yet did not deserve such punishment. Outside, the fighters seemed suddenly to have come to their senses. One by one they returned to the saloon. It was now that Antoine, realizing his danger, wished to talk. He told us where a white man (named Dunn, from Ida Grove, Iowa, I believe) had been killed on Angel Hill. Several white men saddled their horses and at once set out to prove Antoine's story. They found the remains of Dunn, partly devoured by wolves, exactly where the Indian said. Upon the party's return to Egan, we, the celebrating citizens, signed a paper telling the world that Antoine had been tried for the killing of big Bill Finlay, and "honorably acquitted." Besides this, Antoine was so liberally treated to whiskey that he fell asleep in the street.

A Kootenai, whose Indian name I have forgotten, but who was later called Pascal, had shot Dunn late in the fall. His body had lain all winter within half a mile of my own camp on the shore of Flathead Lake, where I live today." [note: Frank Linderman was a good man and a friend of Indians, although he had a few brushes with the Kootenais.]

From the collection of story called "The Pioneers," edited by Sam Johns (10 volumes) vol.6; p-8:

"On July 4th while Antoine Finley was holding down a drunken Indian named Goosta, while he was being secured so as to be removed where he could do no harm, Wm. Finley approached and tried to take him off so as to liberate Goosta. As they arose Antoine pulled out his revolver (which Finley seized by the muzzle) and placed it close to Finley's abdomen and fired, the ball entering about two inches above and to the left of umbilicus. He lived until Sat. afternoon. Immediately after his death a coroner's inquest was held over his remains. Drs. Sanders and Coe, when placed upon the stand both testified that it would be impossible to determine the exact cause of death without a post mortem examination, upon which the inquest was postponed until Sunday at 1 P.M. when a post mortem was held and the testimony of the witnesses taken by the Coroner's jury. They rendered a verdict that one William Finley came to his death from a pistol shot fired by one Antoine Finley, a half breed, and said shot was fired intentionally. He is now in jail here pending his trial which is set for next Monday." [Goosta was probably August "Oooy-ooste" "Yoosta" Finley (1852-1927), the son of Miquam (Jacques) Finley and Agnes Paul (the daughter of Aeneas "Big Knife" (Iroquois) Paul, he married three times: Harriet (Alette) Boisvert, Agate (Prudhomme) Perdum, and Cecile Maria . August Finley was one of the best known Indians on the Flathead reservation and had a reputation for his kind hearted acts to needy friends. It was said of him that if any friend was without food or shelter he could always find it at Finley's.]

"Antoine Finley, who was arrested at Egan for shooting Wm. Finley, on the 4th of July, was arraigned before Judges C.M. Shepard and T.D. Duncan; R.L. Clinton and M.C. Winniger as prosecuting attorneys, and C.A. Jones for the defendant. The judges determined that the prisoner was not guilty of the crime charged-"assault with a deadly weapon,"- and that the shooting was merely accidental; that had Wm. Finley not interfered with Antoine, everything would have ended well. Antoine, when given his freedom, promised to always be a friend of the white man, as he had already proved himself to be, in informing of the murder of one white man on Angel Hill last fall. When asked if he would join the Kootenai's sun dance, on Dayton Creek this week, he replied. "Oh , no! you bet me no dance with Kootenai, thy kill sure." *ibid.*; p-13.

"The quarrel and shooting by Antoine Finley, a member of the Pend d'Oreille tribe of as antagonized (this seems to mean as he was antagonized) by another Indian at Egan, July 4, 1890 and while Antoine was in the custody of a deputy Sheriff, he disclosed several murders committed by the Indians, one of the murdered men was Dunn and he named Pascal as the slayer. Implicated in other murders he gave the names of Pierre Paul, Antley, and La-la-see." *ibid.* Vol. 5; p-13.

(concerning the murder of J. M. Dunn in 1889)

"During the course of a hunt in the neighborhood of Angel Hill, Antoine Finley, a member of the Pend d'Oreille tribe, discovered the bones. A day or two after discovery he visited the camp of a hunting party of Kootenais, and while there mentioned the fact of his discovery to Pascale, one of the party. The latter at once told Antoine that he knew the bones were there and that he

himself had, in fact, killed a white man and hidden the body at that place. He said he had killed him just like he would have killed a grasshopper.

Told No One

Antoine did not inform anyone of this fact until on the 4th day of last July, when, in a quarrel with an Indian at Egan, in the Flathead Lake country, he killed his antagonist. While a deputy sheriff who had him under arrest was conveying him to jail, he related the fact of finding the bones of a white man, and of the the boast of Pascale that he killed him." *ibid.* Vol.1, p-141 & Vol.2, p-149
Also see *The Flathead Courier*, Thurs., March 17, 1938, p 6: Four Indians Mounted Gallows in 1890 for Whites' Slaughter; Betrayed Killed 48 Years Later.

"On the fourth of July some drunken Indians got into a melee at Egan which resulted in the death of a half breed named Will Finley, who was shot through the intestines by Antoine, an Indian. Antoine was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Lang and confined in his house and a few days later was taken by Deputy Grant to Demersville for a hearing. On his way he told Mr. Grant that he was going to tell everything that he knew about the crimes committed by other Indians in the past few years and asked that he be taken aside from the road to a point on Angel Hill where the bones of a white man were concealed. Mr. Grant took him there and found bleaching in the sun the skeleton of a man whom Antoine said Pascale had killed for his money last year..." Pascale and three other men were hanged in Missoula in 1890. [I have no idea who this William Finley is.] See: *The Anaconda Standard*, Dec. 20, 1890 pages 1 & 8.

Antley (or Antler & Anteler)



This photograph of Antley was cataloged in the Glenbow Archives under the name Baptiste Mathias, and it has been mis-identified for many years.

“Antley, described as “young enough to be called a boy” The Anaconda Standard, Saturday Morning, February 23, 1895. The Murderers gang: Antley, Jerome, Little John, Sloan, Carrier, Goostau Dominick, and Attewa. Antley was a Kootenai Indian who was a self-confessed murderer, and he was marked by Chief Aeneas as one to be delivered to the officers at the same time that La La See and Pierre Paul were taken.

In the fall of 1887, three prospectors outfitted for winter in the West Fisher River area searching for placer gold; they were never seen alive again. About six months later at a Kootenai winter pow-wow near Ralph H. Ramsdell’s Tobacco Plains post, several braves told how they had killed three white men on Wolf Creek and burned the bodies in their own campfire. The pow wow soon broke up, and the guilty braves went south to the Demersville Kootenai camp. Within ten days, Ralph Ramsdell was told the murder story, and at once followed the braves to Demersville where he organized a posse, surrounded the Indian camp and captured two of the guilty braves and a boy, but Antley, also guilty, escaped. The boy turned State’s evidence and was released. Early Flathead and Tobacco Plains - A Narrative History of Northwestern Montana, Marie Cuffe Shea, 1977, Chapter 14, pages 71-74 The Demersville Indian Troubles; <http://newspaperarchive.com/us/montana/demersville/demersville-inter-lake/1890/10-03/>

The following story is told by an interpreter:

In the fall of last [1887] a party of six Kootenai Indians started from Pleasant Valley to go to Tobacco Plains to attend a sun dance to be given by their tribe at that place. The party consisted of Antley, Antoine, John Annon, Koosta [it has been mentioned at least once that this was Koonsa Finley?], Jerome and, Dominic all young bucks fired with the spirit of their ancestors. At the close of the first day’s journey the Indians camped near Wolf creek for the night near by a party of white prospectors were seated around a campfire wholly unmindful and unaware of the imminent danger. No sooner were the whites discovered than one of the Indians proposed that they kill the pale faces. This was promptly agreed to crawling stealthily upon the unsuspecting whites until within a few paces Antley raised his gun and taking deliberate aim fired. Two of the prospectors fell and the remaining one attempted to escape but was followed and killed by Antley.

“Antley and two companions, Jerome and Little John, had camped on Wolf creek about 20 miles north-west of Demersville. Nearby was a camp of three prospectors. While the miners were eating the three Indians fired on them killing two. The third started to run. Antley followed and shot him down. They gathered up the three bodies, carried them across the creek and buried them in a pile of logs.

Ralph Ramsdell, who speaks Kootenai like a native, heard of the killing in December, 1887. He came to Demersville on snowshoes, organized a posse and arrested the three murderers. Antley escaped from the Demersville jail. [The Anaconda Standard, Dec. 20, 1890, page 1 & page 8, “Under The Rope tells that Antley cut his way through the back of his lodge and got the only horse the settlers failed to corral and escaped.]The other two confessed, were tried and hanged. Houston then decided to round up all Indian murderers and the hunt was ON. Butte Daily Press December 19, 1890. [Antley escaped to British Columbia. “He was arrested by the mounted border police and turned

over to Deputy Sheriff Ramsdell, who lodged him behind bars until August 29.” The Anaconda Standard, Dec. 20, 1890, page 1 & page 8, “Under The Rope.]

Antley’s Cruel Crime

He Proposes a Triple Murder, and Butchers a Wounded Prospector

Antley was a party of young bucks enroute to a sun dance at Tobacco Plains. The second day’s journey ended at Wolf creek, in Missoula county, and a camp was made. Shortly after nightfall the young Indians discovered that a party of white men was camped further down the creek.

Antley proposed that they killed the white men and Sloan and Annon, two of the party readily agreed. These three Indians crawled within twenty yards of the camp, when Sloan deliberately fired a bullet from his Winchester. Two of three white men, one dead and the other wounded. Little John dispatched the wounded man. The third prospector ran, but was followed by Antley and shot down.

Corpses Cremated

How They Concealed the Ghastly Evidence of Their Deed.

The bodies were taken into the dense timber, and after being covered by a huge pile of dead wood were burned. The sheriff and coroner found two charred skulls, and a dozen small bones. The effects of the miners were burned and to this day it is not known who the murdered men were. (note from Chalk..we know they were John Cheley, Daniel MacDonald, and Ben Tompkins).

John and Sloan Lynched

They Were Taken From an Officer and Speedily Dispatched

Little John and Sloan were arrested last spring and while the sheriff was waiting at Demersville for a boat, a posse of citizens threw a blanket over his head and hanged his prisoners to the nearest tree. The Spokane Falls Daily Chronicle, Dec.19, 1890, “La La See, Pascale, Antley and Pierre Paul Dangle from the Gallows.

John Clifford, a deputy U.S. Marshall at the time, took the two prisoners John Annen and Jerome away from the posse and put them under guard at the Demers Store. Indignant citizens told Clifford, “If you want to hold these Indians legally, you’d better swear out a complaint.” Clifford went to do so, and immediately Billy Ramsdell’s posse took over the Indians, crossed the river and hung Annen and Jerome to a big cottonwood tree. The Indians were plainly guilty from their own confession; after the three prospectors had given them supper, they pretended to leave, then sneaked back, shot the white men from ambush, and threw the bodies in the fire.

Three years later, a search party from Demersville located the bodies and took them in for a proper burial; on a gray concrete headstone in Demersville Cemetery appears the inscription:

To the Memory of

Daniel MacDonald

Ben Tompkins

John Cheley

Who were cruelly murdered by Indians in Sept. A.D. 1887 on Wolf Prairie; and whose remains by order of the Coroner were removed from there and buried in this cemetery at Demerville Sept 30, 1890. As a token of respect, this monument erected by J.E. Clifford. Peace be to their

ashes.” Early Flathead and Tobacco Plains - A Narrative History of Northwestern Montana, Marie Cuffe Shea, 1977, Chapter 14, pages 71-74
The Demersville Indian Troubles.

[John E. Clifford married Delima Revais the daughter of Telesphore Jacques Demers on Christmas Eve, 1887 at Frenchtown Montana. Delima was part Pend d'Oreille and educated in Montreal. He was born in 1862 in Kansas. In 1886 he had worked at the Missoula Mercantile and in September of 1887 was sent up to take charge of the Demers store in Demersville. He was part owner of a real estate company with George F. Stannard. He became postmaster of Demersville in 1888 and at the same time a deputy sheriff for Missoula County. "Clifford was flamboyant and popular among the white population in western Montana. He addition to his prominent business activities, Clifford was also a drinker and years later arrested in Butte and sent to Montana State Prison for grand larceny." He killed Kootenai Indian and got off with the crime and did a Dr. Cunningham when they were discharged by a grand jury. Chief Eneas and the dead Kootenai's father told Major Ronan that they would kill Clifford on sight. Justice To Be Accorded To The Indians – Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Reservation, Montana 1888-1893 – Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai Press/University of Nebraska Press, 2014, p32. "John Edward (Jerry) Clifford, former shipping clerk for the Missoula Mercantile in Missoula, was the moving force that was responsible for the platting of the townsite of Demersville. He was a native of Missouri, came to Missoula in 1886, and arrived in the Flathead Country the following year. Clifford married Demers' daughter Delmina on Christmas Eve, 1887, and took a job in Demers' Demersville store. He was appointed U. S. Marshal in Demersville and was also its postmaster and mayor. It has been said that Jerry Clifford never legally gave up the job of mayor since Demersville didn't go through any kind of process of dis-incorporating itself. The "Missoulian" carried this report of the marriage: "Mr. J. E. Clifford and Miss Delmina Demers were married at Frenchtown on Christmas Eve, the Rev. Fr. Tembley officiating. A large number of friends witnessed the ceremony and the occasion was one of the happiest The groom is a young man of splendid physique, good common sense, and has charge of Mr. Demers' store at Demersville, on Flathead Lake, and the bride is the daughter of that gentleman, who recently came home from a visit to Montreal...Among the many elegant and costly presents we note the following: Mrs. T. J. Demers, a piano; T. J. Demers, diamond ring and set of furniture complete." The hames of 18 other donors, with their gifts, were mentioned in the article. In 1894 Clifford accompanied the U. S. Commission to Alaska and worked on the Alaskan-Canadian boundary. His life took a turn for the worse when he stole a coat and was sentenced to the state prison for one year in 1901. In addition, he fell from honorable citizenship through overindulgence in strong drink but was pardoned on condition that he stay away from the use of liquor. Clifford worked in the Anaconda Copper Mining Company smelter between 1901 and 1908, and in 1909 he became a deputy game warden, serving four years. He served from 1913 for two terms on the State Parole Commission and died in 1936 in Anaconda at the age of 74. Kalispell, Montana and the Upper Flathead Valley, pp 9-10]



<http://flatheadbeacon.com/2013/09/17/the-demersville-cemetery/>

“More Bones Found

The Remains of the Three Murdered White Men Brought To Demersville And Interred In The Cemetery.

The sheriff’s posse which was mentioned in our last issue, returned last Monday afternoon from their trip to Wolf creek, with the remains of three white who were murdered in December, 1887, by five Indians, “Little John,” Antler (who is now in jail at Missoula jail), “Attewa,” “Goostau Dominick,” and Carrier just for fiendish, devilishness, and bravado. The posse were guided to the spot where the bodies were found by two Kootenai Indians named “Bazelle” and “Anttittwan,” or “Happy Dick Cicy,” who were sent out by their chief, Aeneas, who is putting forth every to bring all Indian criminals to justice and become a friend of the pale faces.

Gabe Roussell is deserving of much credit for working up the case with the Indians on the reserve, for it was he who worked up the scheme with Chief Aeneas to get the Indians to guide the proper officers to the spot, where the dead men’s bodies lay. After the Indians had killed the men, they piled logs and brush upon the bodies and burned them so that there was not much left of the remains. Four \$20 gold pieces were found by the searching party which the murderers had failed to find. The testimony of Ralph Ramsdell and George Spotts below give about all the information as to who the men were etc.

“I was first informed by an Indian named “Stump,” the party who first found the bodies in December, 1887, who stated to me then that there were three bodies; that they had been killed six or seven days; that two had been badly burned; that six Indians made up the gang, who killed them, three men and three boys, that Little John was the instigator of the murder, that Antler and

Sloane were accessories; that the first shot was fired by Antler, while the men were eating their dinner, at the crossing on Wolf creek, Wolf creek Prairie, Sloane's gun missed fired the first time, he threw another cartridge into his gun and killed his man. Antler shot and killed the old man. The man killed by Sloane had started to get his rifle when killed; then Antler shot the young man and broke his left arm then Little John took Sloane's gun and fired at the young man, wounding him badly, then one of the Indian boys took an ax and broke his skull. The white man's name for said Indian boy, is Carrier, about 14 years of age. The boy went through the pockets of the murdered men and found about \$6.75 in silver. They had but very little provisions with them. From the crossing at Wolf creek, Little John, Sloane, Antler and party went to Tobacco Plains, stayed there about a month and returned to the place of the murder and picked a portion of the bones and buried them. Antler made a confession in my presence while I had him under arrest, corroborating the above statements. The murdered men had two horses which the Indians took with them when they returned to bury the bones.

R. H. Ramsdell

George H. Spotts testified that he is satisfied that the names of those murdered men were McDonald, Tompkins and Celey, as he was in the Libby creek country at the time at the time they left there. They said they were not prospecting. The gray hair shown by the coroner he would take to be Celey's hair and the dark hair Tompkins. He says that McDonald and Celey were about 50 years and Tompkins about 35 years of age. Mr. Spotts knew these men at Murray, Idaho and thinks that Tompkins was prospecting for Dr. Littlefield of that place. He never saw nor heard of the men until he heard of the murder three years ago on Wolf creek, and is well satisfied that these were the men murdered by the reds." *The Demersville Inter-Lake*, Friday, October 3, 1890, page 1.

The news quickly spread to the mining camps. In that vicinity when Jerome and Annon were run down and lynched by the incensed miners. The others escaped and eluded pursuit until this last summer when they were captured by the sheriff and a posse of determined men Antoine, Koosta, and Dominic were released as was shown that they had counseled against the killing and were unwilling spectators. *The Anaconda Standard*, Saturday Morning, February 23, 1895 and "Death in the Valley: Odd Tragedies in the Flathead Valley, Montana 1887-1917, Chapter One Tragedy of: John Chely, Daniel MacDonald, Ben Tompkins (prospectors) 1887

Antley remained free for some time. "In July 1890, learning that three Indians for this and other murders, were at the Dayton Indian camp, a posse was formed to ride to Dayton at night to get the guilty ones. Thirty or forty men rode, of which the following were named by Leslie L. Foy, Sr. (including himself), the Captain Billy Ramsdell, Ralph Ramsdell, Billy Sharp, Jack Shepherd, John Elliot, Wm. Elliot, Lon Shaffer, Jack and Wm. Cummings, Jesse Carpenter, John H. Foy, Jack Graves, Antoine and Charles Therriault, Jim Grant, I. Flinchpugh, Ira Beam, Harry Lee, Charlie Patrick, George Blake, George Blodgett, Negro Sullivan, Al Neas, R. Long, Chas. Berry, James Lang, Frank Swim, and Bill Boston. "On arriving at Dayton, we were practically surrounded by Indians; some of the posse holed up in a cabin, the rest sat on their horses outside. Billy Ramsdell sent word to Chief Aeneas that he wanted to talk. The Chief arrived, gave

Ramsdell a strongly-worded “dressing down”, even some pushing around; Ramsdell kept his temper and took some insults, realizing the Indians were prepared. Not a shot was fired, except an accidental one by a nervous posse member who shot the horse next to him in the leg, and this nearly started a battle; but Ramsdell and the Chief calmed their men. The Chief refused to give up the guilty braves, but loaned another horse for the wounded one, and the posse was able to withdraw.

The whites next asked aid of Sheriff Bill Houston at Missoula (since it was still Missoula County to the Canadian border); he arrived with sixty mounted men at Dayton. The Chief, realizing Houston was “The Law”, turned over two of the wanted men that day, and the third one in three weeks.” Early Flathead and Tobacco Plains - A Narrative History of Northwestern Montana, Marie Cuffe Shea, 1977, Chapter 14, pages 71-76.

Koonsa Finley

Koonsa Finley (1857-) was the son of Jean Baptiste "Bassaw" (Basson) Finley. His wife (probably his first) and the wife of John Finley were killed by Blackfeet in 1867. They were riding along the trail near the spot where Therriault's Ferry was later located, two miles from the Half-breed settlement (the Head of the Lake)--which was close to the Flathead River north of Flathead Lake. The north/south Indian trail crossed Ashley Creek also. The women were found and buried at the settlement.

The account of the killing of the two Finley women appeared in "The Montana Post" (Virginia City, MT.) September 14, 1867, p8, c2 (from Bob Bigart):

"Another Massacre. -- A letter received by Governor Smith from the U.S. Indian agent J.W. Wells at the Flathead Agency, dated Aug. 31st, contains a postscript stating that he had just received information of the murder of Basson Finley's wife and sister-in-law, at Flathead Lake by a party of Blackfeet Indians. No particulars are given. The agent purposed investigating the affair at once, when further particulars will be transmitted."

"In 1867 a Blackfeet war party killed Basson's first wife and sister-in-law at the head of Flathead Lake as they were preparing to harvest a field of barley. They also kidnapped Basson's son, Koonsa, who then lived among the Blackfeet..." "I Will Be Meat For My Salish" The Buffalo and Federal Writers Project Interviews Relating to the Flathead Reservation - edited by Robert Bigart - Biographical Glossary of Flathead Indian Reservation Names " by Eugene Mark Felsman and Robert Bigart (draft-1999) soon to be published.

From an article called "Kuntza" by Jack Holterman in 1991:

"Some people will argue that I should title this story Coonsa, Coonsah, Koonsa or Koonsaw. All these variations refer to the same person... Perhaps this was only a nickname, for the Indian's real name in Salish was Red Heart k'il spu-us. Red was evidently his favorite color and a mark that identifies him when other notes merely cause confusion. Neither the Salish-Kootenai Agency nor the Mission of Saint Ignatius seems to have any record of anyone by this name in any of its variations, except in the census records.

From The Weekly Missoulian June 23, 1882, p5 (sent by Bob Bigart):

“Murder on the Jocko”

One Hundred Dollars Reward Offered for the Capture of the Murderer by Maj. Ronan.

We are just informed that Frank Marengo, a half-breed, well-known in Missoula, from the fact that he was at one time interpreter at the fort, was foully murdered by another half-breed by the name of "Koonsa" on Wednesday night, June 21, on the Jocko reservation. The particulars of the affair we glean as follows:

Koonsa, in company with two halfbreeds, came to the house of Pete Finley, whose ranch Frank Marengo was working on shares. It appears the party had whiskey and commenced drinking. In the carousal a quarrel occurred between Koonsa and one of his companions, when the latter picked up a Henry rifle, which belonged to Pete Finley, and fired at the man he was quarreling with, but missed him; whereupon Frank Marengo begged Koonsa not to shoot. Koonsa raised his gun and fired at Marengo, killing him almost instantly. The only words spoken by the murdered man after the fatal shot were, "Oh, my poor wife!" The party who accompanied Koonsa ran away, and the murderer, with gun in hand, ordered Marengo's wife under penalty of being shot to mount and go with him. This the woman refused to do, stating that she preferred to die with her husband. The cowardly murderer then raised his gun, which was caught by the woman, and in the struggle for possession the weapon fell to the floor and was immediately grasped by the woman. Koonsa then fled into the darkness, and to the mountains. The murderer is supposed to be well mounted, as two of his best horses are missing from his band of some eighteen head. [Peter "Tish-nah" Finley (1852-1943), the son of Patrick "Pichina" Finley and Mary Ashley (Asselin), he married Lucy "Whis-all-qus" Marengo, and was Frank Marengo's uncle-in-law. Peter Finley also married Mary Louise Boucher. From the rag known as The Interlake (Kalispell area) July 5, 1892 (Sam John's Pioneers ,v7, p110: "Peter Findlay, an Indian, while running a horse in a race, at the foot of the lake, the 4th, was thrown, the horse falling on him and breaking his collar bone and wrecking one side of his body, generally. No doctor being present the Indians put him under treatment by popping him in the lake and holding him there 20 to 30 minutes at a time. He was brought to Demersville Tues. night on the boat and Dr. Sanders ordered professional aid. Being much improved, he returned Thursday morning." "In the 1880s he was a farmer and rancher in the Mission Valley and an Indian policeman." Bob Bigart.]

Koonsa, the murderer, is about twenty-five years old, and has lived from young boyhood until about three years ago among the Blackfeet Indians. A war party of Blackfeet Indians in one of their raids upon the Indians of the Jocko reservation, killed the mother of Koonsa who was the wife of Bason Finley, and carried off the boy, and as stated above was found among the Blackfeet at the age of some twenty-two years, and brought back to his father by the Pend'Oreille Indians some three years ago.

The wife of Frank Marengo belongs in Bitter Root. She was educated by the Sisters at St. Ignatius mission on the Flathead reservation, and is an intelligent and well conducted young woman. Her name before marriage was Philomene Brooks.

Every effort is being made to capture the murderer, and we are informed that Major Ronan, the agent, has offered a reward of one hundred dollars to any person who will bring the murderer in to him."

“.....Ronan mentions the upcoming trial of Koonsa Finley for the June 21, 1882, murder of Frank Marengo on the reservation. ... Marengo was shot by Koonsa during a drinking party at the house of Peter Finley on the reservation. When Ronan finally arrested Koonsa and transported him to in Missoula, Chief Arlee argued that the white man who sold the alcohol was the real criminal. Arlee and Chief Michelle took Koonsa’s horse as punishment for his part in the murder. In December 1882 Koonsa was released by Judge William Galbraith of the U.S. District Court in Deer Lodge because he had already been punished in the crime “in accordance with the customs of the tribe”. A trial in U.S. Court would mean Koonsa would have been tried a second time for the same crime. The Weekly Missoulian railed against the decision. This was the opening round of a long-running battle between Ronan and the traditional chiefs over control of law-enforcement on the reservation.” “A Great Many of Us Have Good Farms” Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Indian Reservation, Montana, 1877-1887, Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai College/University of Nebraska Press, 2014, p198.

Frank Linderman recollected:

".....Koonsaw came to the lodge and entered it. I heard him muttering stupidly to himself while he lifted and turned things upside down in the lodge, guessing what he was seeking. Presently he came out and asked me for his rifle. I told him that I had hidden it, that he was drunk and might get into trouble if I let him have his gun. He begged for it, for my own, for even a butcher knife, his eyes lighted strangely with mingled fear and hate. "No," I said. "I am your friend. A gun is bad for you now."

Slowly sinking to his knees, his arms about my own, he whispered in pidgin English; "Angus, she's comin now. Me seeum. Angus' heart no good pour me. Gimme gun, ah, gimme gun."

"No," I said, flatly, and shall never forget the look in his eyes at my refusal.

He got up, and went away from the lodge before the horseman reached the lake. I believed he had hidden away from the man he feared. However, I soon heard loud talking in English. Walking around the lodge, I saw Angus McDonald, a half-breed whom I knew very well, and Jack Fisher, a white man who had a cabin nearby, holding a powwow. Both had been drinking. I heard Koonsaw's name spoken by both. Jack, who, besides Koonsaw and myself, had been the only man, red or white, at the foot of the lake before Angus came, must have known were Koonsaw was hiding, because I saw him point to a patch of willows below our lodge and say, "Go get him!"

I ran to my horse, which I had staked near the lodge, quickly half-hitched his lower jaw with the stake rope, and sprang upon his back. I found Koonsaw in the willows, lying flat on the ground. "Here, get onto this horse and ride," I said, getting down to hand him the rope.

He needed no urging, and dashed away for the high hill. I wished now, most heartily, that I had had the time to get his Winchester for him. But there hadn't been a moment to spare. Even now, Angus, riding the horse he had been leading, was pressing Koonsaw, who was quirting his mount

with the rope's end. The horse that Angus was riding was a famed runner, having won many races in the valley. The race now was short indeed. Watching, half breathlessly, I saw the naked Indian turn on his barebacked horse to face the breed, saw the breed lean over, stab the Indian in the back, and dash by him in a cloud of dust. Then I saw my horse running loose, and Koonsaw on the ground.

I ran to him, meeting Angus. He was signing, and seemingly satisfied. Koonsaw was not badly hurt. The knife blade had been a short one. It had been the blow, more than the wound, that had unhorsed him." "Montana Adventure-The Recollections of Frank B. Linderman", University of Nebraska Press; Lincoln & London; 1968; pp-65-66.

A popular historian of the Pacific Northwest, Helen Addison Howard, included a sketch of Peter Ronan in her book "Northwest Trail Blazers". Ronan was a well known agent for the Salish and Kootenai Tribes at the time when someone named Kuntza was reported to be causing trouble for the authorities. Helen Addison Howard evidently derived her version of his mischief from the contemporary newspapers. The Weekly Missoulian for September 19th, 1888, calls its subject "Koonsa" and labels him ' a Wild and Woolly Indian Desperado.' And the Helena Weekly Independent for the date following adds a little rhetoric of its own; "A Notorious Indian Desperado Dies in His Moccasins.." Koonsa had killed Frank Marengo while drunk in 1882, Marengo was the interpreter at Fort Missoula (or Fort Fizzle) during the Nez Perce War. And had run off into the mountains.

"A day or two later he returned, well armed. Agent Ronan had an Indian posse place him under arrest. But the posse took him first to the home of Chief Arlee, where he was tried by the Indians in their own manner, sentenced to a term in jail and a fine of ten horses to compensate the widow and child of Frank Marengo. Then "Koonsa" was conducted to the Agency by about forty Indians under Arlee himself and Chief Michel of the Kalispels. Now, it appears there was an authority crisis in forment between the agent and the chiefs over legal jurisdiction, and Peter Ronan was not a whit pleased with the Indian trial. He handcuffed "Koonsa" and, with a team and driver, took him into the county jail in Missoula. Several months later, in Deer Lodge, "Koonsa" underwent a trial under Judge Galbraith, who threw the case out of court because the accused could not be tried twice for the same offence. Result:

"Koonsa" went scot free. The press added "and has been [free], ever since, a terrible desperado on the reservation, drinking, gambling, fighting, boasting of having killed another man.."

Then the press did a surprising follow-up: On Wednesday of the week before September 19th and 20th, 1888, "Koonsa" was gambling with a Kalispel Indian near the mouth of the Jocko River. A quarrel broke out between them, and "Koonsa" was shot through the heart. Such was the death of "the red-handed Indian desperado: in 1888....

Jack Holterman goes on to tell of a Koonsa being involved as a guide for John Stevens of the Northern Pacific Railroad in 1889. And also of his involvement in the Wolf Creek killings by the Kootenais in 1887. [This is the murder of the three prospectors by Antley and crew.]

"Well, there is someone else we must let have the last word on Kuntza, the only person I have found who knew him well, and that person was Frank Bird Linderman....."

...He also acquired a number of trapping partners one of whom was Kuntza (or Koonsaw, as Linderman spelled his name.)They trapped together, camped together, slept side by side. It is curious that when Linderman tells the story about the murder of the three prospectors at Wolf Creek (1887), he does not associate Kuntza with the event.....But Frank Linderman does describe Kuntza as "young and handsome," usually astride a white horse and wearing a red blanket. In the summer he often wore only breechcloth and moccasins. He was a perfect specimen and did attract female attention.

Once when these trapping partners were camped at the Foot of the Lake, into their camp strode a wrestler named Cockeyed Kelley. He requested a match with Kuntza. So Linderman gave up five dollars. Kuntza let his red blanket fall to the ground, stepped out and made an Irish stew of Cockeyed Kelley. But alas, he spent his winnings on whiskey, and Linderman had to hide his gun to keep him out of trouble....."

From Flathead Census Reports

Dec. 1886

671 Koon-sah Quil-spoos Orphan 31 M

June 30, 1887

679 Koon-sah Quil-spoos Bachelor 33 M

June 30, 1888

680 Koon-sah Bachelor 34

"Getting Rid of Hard Cases

Selish, M. T., Head of Flathead Lake, January 23. - [Correspondence of the Miner.] Word just received here of a drunken row between some Flathead Indians and the Kootenais. Koonsan, an Indian from the Flathead reservation with a reputation of killing three men in his time, notably Frank Miringg (Marengo) whom he killed near the agency some years ago, who also committed rape which caused the death of an old Indian woman last summer as well as other numerous crimes, opened the ball by stabbing a Kootenai over a dispute at cards. He was himself killed on the spot as well as three others. Two more who were wounded at the same time have since died making a total of six. If they keep this pace up the county will be rid of hard cases soon." Butte Semi-Weekly Miner, Jan. 28, 1888, p 3-6.

"Koonsa was killed on the Jocko River by a Kalispel Indian named Pial in September 1888." "A Great Many of Us Have Good Farms" Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Indian Reservation, Montana, 1877-1887, Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai College/University of Nebraska Press, 2014, p198.

[Frank Bird Linderman (1869-1938) born in Cleveland, Ohio. A Montana writer, politician, Native American ally and ethnographer. He was the son of James Bird Linderman and Mary Ann Brannan Linderman. He attended schools in Ohio and Illinois, including Oberlin College, before moving to Montana Territory in 1885 at the age of sixteen. Frank Linderman went to the shores of Flathead Lake, there he learned Indian ways and lived as they lived. To know them better he mastered the sign language, a feat which gained him the name Sign-talker, or, sometimes Great Sign-talker. From 1893 to 1897, he worked in Butte, Montana, then moved to Brandon, Montana. Around 1900, he moved to Sheridan, Montana, where he worked several jobs, as an assayer, furniture salesman, and at a newspaper. He also lived in Sheridan, Demersville,

(now Kalispell), Helena, and Butte. He wrote *On a passing frontier* (1920); *Bunch-grass and Blue-joint* (1921); *How it came about* (1921); *Lige mounts, free trapper* (1922); *American: The Life Story of a Great Indian - Plenty-coups, Chief of the Crows* (1930); *Red mother* (1932) republished under the title *Pretty-Shield: Medicine Woman of the Crows*; *Beyond law* (1933) and "Old man coyote (Crow)" (1932). Linderman served in the state Legislature as the representative from Madison County, Montana in 1903 and 1905. He served as Assistant Secretary of State from 1905–07, after moving to the new state capital of Helena in 1905. Through his work, the Rocky Boys Indian Reservation was established by law in 1916. In 1924, Linderman ran for the United States Senate against incumbent Democratic United States Senator Thomas J. Walsh. He won the Republican primary against Wellington D. Rankin, the Attorney General of Montana, and advanced to the general election, where he lost to Walsh by a wide margin. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Frank_Bird_Linderman]



Frank Bird Linderman



Angus Pierre McDonald

Angus McDonald Letter 1914 (University of Montana--Missoula Maureen and Mike Mansfield Library Archives and Special Collections)

[Angus Pierre McDonald (1863-1924) the son of Angus "Oops-chin" ("Whiskers") McDonald, Sr. and an Okanogan woman. He married Anne (Haave) Hove and they had four children.

"I worked for a cow outfit owned by half-breed brothers named McDonald, in the Little Bitterroot country....."

"I had a Sharps rifle, .44-77, which would sometimes pull the head off a discharged shell. One day I killed a deer with it, not far from the cabin occupied by myself and my partner. When I discovered that the headless shell was stuck fast in its chamber, I packed the rifle to camp and laid it on my bunk, intending to dig out the shell soon as my deer was cared for, but forgot it until midnight. Then I remembered with a pang of regret I shall never forget. The month was September. The moon was full and very bright when I aroused from sleep by a yell that sent shivers up my back. Springing from my bunk, I ran to the open door. One look was enough. A long line of horsemen was riding towards the cabin, yelling like madmen. Kootenais! We were in for it, and there was a shell stuck fast in the chamber of my Sharps. "Joe! Joe! Turn out. We're jumped!" I called.

There was a bar that one could drop against the closed door, and another which fastened a hinged window shutter. I slammed them both into place.

"What's the matter?" asked my sleepy partner, mechanically reaching for his Winchester.

There was no need for a reply. The cabin was surrounded. I could hear the heavy breathing of horses and the tramping of their hoofs. I remember that a thin streak of moonlight came into the dark cabin through a crack between the logs and shone on the stock of my crippled Sharps. I had a good Colt six-shooter, however, and was buckling its cartridge belt about my waist when a voice outside said, "Oh, Frank! Oh, Mex-skim-yo-peek-kinny!" (Iron-tooth, my Piegan name).

But they were Kootenais, outside. They must be. The only white within a day's ride was a Frenchman on Dayton Creek, and he spoke very little English.

"Don't answer," I whispered, trying desperately to see through a crack between the cabin logs.

"Oh, Mex-skim-yo-peek-kinny!" called the voice again. "Open hup the door, Frank! Sacred Bleu! We're 'ongry lak hell."

A chorus of wild laughter greeted me when I finally opened the door to Big Angus McDonald, whose brother, Archie, owned the cabin we occupied. Ten breeds were with him, and each led his string of horses to be used in the roundup which we began next morning. The eleven riders, each leading extra horses, the tricky moonlight, my sleepy mind, my crippled Sharps, and no doubt my thoughts of the threatened trouble with Kootenais all contributed liberally to make the prospects for a fight seem very real. For more than a year the joke was on me." Montana Adventure – The Recollections of Frank B. Linderman, University of Nebraska Press; Lincoln & London; 1968; p:43.

From The St. Ignatius Post, June 6, 1924, page 5:

"Angus McDonald of Little Bitter Root Valley Is Dead

Word was received here today of the death of "Old" Angus McDonald, a prominent rancher of the Little Bitter Root valley, which occurred Wednesday evening, after an illness of some weeks' duration. The funeral will be held at Polson on Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, under the auspices of the Elks, of which lodge he was a member.

Angus McDonald was about 65 years of age and is survived by his wife and two small children. He was the son of Angus McDonald, the man who established the first Hudson Bay Company trading post in western Montana, and was a half brother to Duncan, Thomas, Joseph and Angus McDonald, all residents of this community." (from Bob Bigart)

From The Daily Missoulian, June 12, 1924, page 4:

"Angus McDonald, Son Of Pioneer, Is Dead

St. Ignatius, June 11. -- Special. -- Angus P. McDonald, commonly known as "Old Angus," a prominent rancher of the Little Bitter Root, died at the Sisters' hospital in Polson on June 4 after an illness of a week's duration of pneumonia. Mr. McDonald was the son of Angus McDonald, the man who established the first Hudson Bay Trading post in western Montana. He was a half brother to Duncan, Thomas and Joseph of St. Ignatius and is survived by a wife and four small children, Archie, Marguerite, August and Thomas. Funeral services were conducted at Polson. Mr. McDonald had been in western Montana since the early eighties. He was about 65 years of age." (from Bob Bigart)

From The St. Ignatius Post, June 13, 1924, page 4:

"Angus P. McDonald Is Buried at Polson

The funeral of Angus P. McDonald of the Little Bitter Root valley, who died June 4 at a Polson hospital of pneumonia, was held at Polson on Saturday, June 7. The Catholic service was held at the Polson Catholic church, Father O'Maley officiating. The remains were later taken to the Retz undertaking establishment, where the Elks conducted their funeral service. Interment took place in the Polson cemetery.

Angus P. McDonald was born in British Columbia and was about 65 years of age. He is survived by his wife and four small children; four half-brothers, Duncan, Thomas, Joseph and Angus, live on the reservation.

Besides the relatives of the deceased, the St. Ignatius people who attended the funeral were Miss Lizzie Dowd, G. H. Beckwith and Max Lowenstein."

From The Ronan Pioneer, June 13, 1924, P1:

"Old Time Stockman Dies, Polson Hospital

Angus P. McDonald, an old time stockman of Montana, died at the Sisters' Hospital Wednesday evening at eight o'clock after a short illness, death resulting from pneumonia. Mr. McDonald's home is at Niarada. He came to Polson about a week ago and became ill here when he was taking to the hospital. The remains are in the Retz undertaking rooms but no arrangements for the burial had been made late today.

Mr. McDonald has been engaged in the stock business in this section for years and is well known in western Montana - Flathead Courier.]"



<http://www.ci.missoula.mt.us/DocumentCenter/Home/View/395>

William J. Houston (May 17, 1853-1937) born in Logansport, Cass County, Indiana. 17th and 29th Missoula County Sheriff. A friend of Wild Bill Hickok and a railroad conductor, Houston became one of Missoula's most colorful and controversial sheriffs. He was known for capturing renegade Indians (sometimes in very nonconventional ways), hanging the murderer of young Maurice Higgins, trimming the City Police Department budget down 60% due to lack of criminals, which, ultimately could have led to his being kicked out of office for supplementing his budget through the making of moonshine.

He married Mary Quigley on April 8, 1880 in Omaha, Nebraska. They had one child, Harvey A Houston. William received a very limited education. Experience served as his education. When he was a young lad four of his brothers were called to fight in the Civil War, leaving William to tend to business at home. In his early years, William was a guard on a stage coach from Cheyenne, Wyoming to Deadwood, South Dakota. He obtained this job on the reference of Wild Bill Hickok. Years later it was said that William pistol-whipped Wild Bill after an altercation in town and ran him out of Missoula.

In 1878 he got his first job was with the railroad as a brakeman on the Panhandle. He traveled west with the railroad working his way up until he was promoted to Conductor of passenger trains. Then in 1883 when the Northern Pacific railroad was built, he followed it to Missoula. At that time, he ventured into the hotel business by purchasing the Grand Central Hotel. In 1885 the Northern Pacific offered him the conductor position so he ended his hotel business and served in that position until 1889.

In 1889 he was elected as the 17th Missoula County Sheriff. He was known for capturing the many renegade Indians in the area. The unfortunate criminals who shot at the Sheriff received a direct hit with each bullet that left his gun. In 1892 Sheriff Houston was responsible for the arrest and hanging of John Burns. Burns murdered Maurice Higgins.

On the night of August 14, 1892, one of Missoula's worst fires broke out in the main area of downtown off Front Street. At that time, all the wooden buildings were lined with boardwalks which added fuel to the fire. Building after building was destroyed. Practically the entire male population turned out to battle the blaze. One of the volunteers was Maurice Higgins, the son of Missoula's co-founder, C. P. Higgins. In the early morning after the fires had been squelched, the men were gathered on a corner surveying the remains. Meanwhile, John Burns was outside the local saloon down the street from this gathering. Burns

and his partner had recently robbed a jewelry store in Spokane, Washington. The loot was not being distributed as Burns wished so he came downtown expecting to be able to easily shoot his partner in the crowd during the fire and take the loot for himself. Unfortunately, he didn't find the man he was searching for until after the fire and the crowds were gone. Needless to say, Burns shot the man, hitting him in the side. Burns immediately shot again, this time, however he hit young Maurice Higgins in the forehead. Burns fled but Sheriff Houston caught him a short time later. Maurice died early the next day. Burns was tried, found guilty, and hung on December 16, 1892. Case closed. Or was it?

The Missoulian reported on December 31, 1892: "The Body of Burns is Not in the Grave". The story goes on to say that his body stands in the mystic chamber of the at their hall on the Eastside." The reporter alone, supposedly, entered the strange place to find what he described as Burns body embalmed and fastened to a steel rod to hold it upright. Scalpel marks were clearly evident, stated the reporter. This report was never verified according to another article by Deane Jones which ran in the Missoulian on January 31, 1971. Mr. Jones ran a follow up article on May 21, 1971 when a man from Cummings, North Dakota claimed to have a pair of moccasins made from the skin of this same John Burns. Interesting... When a man named Lamb robbed the Northern Pacific of \$5,000 and escaped to Mexico, Sheriff Houston trailed him. He then hired a Mexican to chase Lamb across the International Bridge right into Sheriff Houston's hands. The man was brought back to Missoula for trial.

In 1894 to 1920 he served with the United States Land office and as City Commissioner. He was applauded for reducing taxpayer burden by trimming expenses in these offices. William claimed to have cut the \$20,000 per year cost of running the City Police Dept. down to a trim \$9,000 per year and simultaneously collected \$9,400 in fines for the same year.

In 1920 he was elected as the 29th Missoula County Sheriff. This term lasted only eleven months. William was removed from office and charged with incompetency, connivance with bootleggers, and his deputies were accused of making moonshine. Upon retirement, William was instrumental in the continued development of Missoula. He partnered with C. P. Higgins and T. L. Greenough to build the Union Block. William was one of wealthiest men in Missoula. He invested heavily in real estate throughout the Missoula area.

A few days before his death, William Houston was quoted as telling an old friend, "I made the greatest cleanup the West ever had. I hanged five men, shot one on the street, and sent more than one hundred men over the road to the penitentiary for different crimes." He died on April 14, 1937 of prostate disease in Missoula, Montana. <http://www.ci.missoula.mt.us/DocumentCenter/Home/View/8160>

Events from Missoula County Court Record—Poor copies translated best I could—Duzzie Glover, 27 Nov. 2014

LaLaSee

27 Nov 1889 Complaint issued for LaLaSee for murder committed on 1 Sep 1887

23 Jan 1890 Bench warrant issued

7 Oct 1890 Indictment for Murder

8 Oct 1890 Entered Not Guilty Plea

30 Oct 1890 Trial Date Set

31 Oct 1890 Trial
1 Nov 1890 Jury delivered Guilty of Murder
12 Nov 1890 Sentenced to death by Hanging

Pascal

9 Oct 1890 Entered not guilty plea
18 Oct 1890 Trial
20 Oct 1890 Trial
22 Oct 1890 Jury delivered Guilty of Murder
27 Oct 1890 Sentenced to death by Hanging

Antley

10 Oct 1890 Entered not guilty plea
23 Oct 1890 Trial
24 Oct 1890 Jury delivered Guilty of Murder
27 Oct 1890 Sentenced to death by Hanging

Other Info

9 Oct 1890 Subpoena served on John Pierre, Matt Couture, Emma Larabel
21 Oct 1890 Subpoena issued for Indian Pete, Indian John and P L Colvie residing at the Deer Lodge State Penitentiary
31 Oct 1890 Subpoena served to D McDonald, Peter Matt, Magpie E
5 Nov 1890 Subpoena attempt to serve Major Peter Ronan—*could not be located*
19 Dec 1890 Execution and Death Warrant signed by Sheriff Houston, expenses of \$250.00 cost of hanging.

“District Court Journal October 1890 The State of Montana versus Lala See (Crim 1296):

His cause coming on to be heard, the said defendant is this day arraigned in open court upon the indictment herein, and in answer to the question by the court says that his true name is Lala See, as charged in the indictment, and I.G. Denny, Esq. appearing as council for the defendant, the

reading of the indictment herein having been expressly waived in open court, the said defendant is granted the statutory time wherein to plead.”

It was the greatest hanging which ever took place in the Northwest occurred this morning, when La La See, Pierre Paul, Antley and Pascale, four Indian murderers, were hanged at the Missoula County Court house. All died game, Pierre Paul and Antley smilingly bidding their friends good-bye. Twenty minutes after the trap sprung all were dead, their necks being broken. Their bodies will be taken to St. Ignatius Mission for burial. Several prominent chiefs were in attendance at the execution, but there was no protesting demonstration on their part or from the members of the tribe as had been anticipated. About one hundred persons were present. The execution of the four Indian murderers Pascale, Antley, Pierre Paul and La La See ends a chapter of crime which stands almost unparalleled in the history of the reservation. The four all at one time or another denied the killings and said they were innocent.

“Four Indian Fiends Mount Gallows for Slaughter of Whites,”

In 1890, four Indians mounted the gallows in Missoula county for the murder of white men – betrayed by one of their own number, Antonia Finley (Antoine Finley), it was stated, Forty-eight years later, Finley met his own end at the hands of a young Indian, a nephew of one of the executed men, who was tried at federal court and convicted of manslaughter. “The last chapter is written,” said the early-day report of the hanging. But possibilities are that it may never be written so long as any of the descendants of those involved remain alive. The story of the crimes and the executions as they appeared in the Butte Daily Press nearly five decades ago read as follows:

Missoula, Dec. 19, (1890). Special by Rocky Mountain Telegraph. The last chapter of the remarkable history four Indian murderers. La La See, Pierre Paul, Antley and Pascale is closed. They were hanged this morning. They were sentenced to the gallows after a fair and impartial trial. They have explated their offense.

In recital of their of their brutal and hellish deeds not one single extenuating circumstances came to light. These guilt-hardened wretches killed for the love of killing. Taught that the pale face was the enemy of their race they sought to avenge wrongs handed down to them by tradition except in the case of La La See, who felt he had an immediate grievance against the whites because his brother was killed a few months ago. But he was a murderer at heart and would have probably killed anyway like the other three. The hanging was not an attractive sight. It had been snowing furiously up to the moment of the execution. Then it ceased suddenly.

Now we finish the news article with Father D’Aste’s diary:

“December 19, 1890

D'Aste Diary [at Missoula] At 7 ¼ I went to the jail, and found the Indians well disposed. I heard their confessions, and about 8 ¼ I said Mass in a cell and the four received communion. At 10:30 we went to the scaffold, the Indians all dressed in a black suit, with white shirts. F Genna was very anxious to come and help me, I let him come.

They were tied legs, ankles, and arms. Remained very quite, their faces were covered with a black cap. I was on the platform; at a sign a rope was cut and the four remained hanging by the neck; they were immediately placed in nice coffins with outward box and carried to the station and the same night to Ravalli where a deputation of over forty Indians was waiting for them. I came home with Markham at 11 ½ p.m.

Extract article "Death's Decree: The Indian Quartettes Farewell to Earth," Missoula Weekly Gazette, December 24, 1890, pages 1-3 and 5. The hanging was a public spectacle which the Missoula Weekly Gazette celebrated with a special edition. Some text was out of order in the original.

Sheriff Houston was in the lead [walking to the gallows]. Then came Father D'Aste with crucifix in hand.

Pierre Paul followed, towering like Saul among his fellows. His face was wreathed in smiles.

La-La-See followed. His face was bloodless, and his muscles twitched as if he were in pain. There was a wild look in his face, pleading and pitiful.

Father Genna brought up the rear, crucifix in hand.

Sheriff Houston supported Pierre Paul; Under-Sheriff McClung, La-La-See; Deputy Ramsdell, Pascale; and Deputy Evans, Antley.

While the prayers were being intoned and the straps fastened about them Pascale spoke to Baptiste (Kicashee) chief justice of the Agency, and to Chief Joseph (Standing Bear), both of whom were standing near the scaffold.

He said: I came to this stand to die like a man. I will die like one. I did the crime for which I will have to die. They tell me it is just. I have nothing to say about that. I am resigned.

Pierre Paul also spoke to the chiefs. I will die like a man. I killed the men. I do not regret it, but they tell me it was wrong. If so I am sorry. You see how I am here. Try and help my people. Tell them how I died, and warn them not to do as I did, or they may die as I have to die. Be kind to my people and see that they do not want. I am glad you came and thank you for being here and for what you have done for me. See that I am buried with my people.

Seeing Mr. Denny in the crowd, the attorney who defended him, Pierre Paul said: "Good night, Mr. Denny," then changed to "Good by, Mr. Denny."

The priest kept intoning the prayers, occasionally calling the attention of the doomed men to them, when they would look up and respond.

Pascale was next in the death march. He was sullen and gloomy. The bitterness and hatred of generations showed on his countenance.

Antley was smiling and pleasant as if he were going to a wedding feast. His white teeth gleamed and his eyes sparkled.

Pierre Paul kept telling his beads.

La-La-See was handed the crucifix and he pressed it ardently to his lips.

The men were quickly pinioned and nooses placed over their heads.

Not one of them trembled.

The ordeal was passed by which their courage could be tested. They were ready.

The black caps were placed over their heads. The priests intoned their prayers and there were low responses.

Sheriff Houston gave the signal for all to leave the scaffold, and it was obeyed.

Father Genna stood on the steps.

Sheriff Houston walked down the steps, and when he reached the fourth one a sharp chisel cut the rope.

The trap fell and the bodies shot downward with the rapidity of thought almost. The drop was sprung at exactly 10:47. Pierre Paul's toes came within an inch of the ground, but the recoil of the rope drew him up until he was clear of the earth his feet would never tread again.

Drs. Parsons, Hedger, Kneitle, and Billmyer were ready, watch in hands, and life was soon extinct.

The bodies were placed in coffins and this evening will be taken to St. Ignatius Mission and buried.

Agent Ronan was present and will see that the wish of the Indians to be buried at the Mission will be carried out. He said that there will be nothing but religious services at the graves, and no Indian rites will be observed.

December 20, 1890.

"We buried the four dead. Good many Indians are at the Mission. Yesterday a baby was buried. Father Cataldo arrived last night.

“Dec. 23, [1890] The bodies of the four Indians hanged last Friday at Missoula have been buried at St. Ignatius Mission. The bodies were lowered in graves in the presence of a thousand Indians. At night the families and relatives of the dead men gathered and began a weird ceremony, after the style of old Indian funeral rites. The Indian police dispersed the crowd. The wives of La Lazo and Pascale had cut gashes in their own heads and were preparing to cut off the fingers of one hand when stopped. The children of the dead Indians also gashed their hands and heads, and blood was dripping into the graves, which had been partially opened.” The Indianapolis Journal, Wednesday, December 24, 1890.



The old St. Ignatius Cemetery which was moved to another location in the early 1950s. The graves are now lost.

December 30, 1890

“I got 5.00 for Masses for Lalassee.”

The day before a reporter interviewed the four. “The Gazette reporter this morning interviewed the four condemned Indian murderers at the county jail, through interpreters Alex Michel and Pete Irvine, The Indians were found on the lower corridor sitting on the floor in a group. At first they were not inclined to talk much, but after being given a cigar apiece and a dram of Bourbon” . . . The Missoula Gazette, December 18, 1890

[Pierre Paul declares his innocence. That he had nothing to do with the killings and that Larry Finley killed them. ..He says after he received his sentence he began thinking of the matter and that it no more than just and right that the white men were killed because the white men killed two of his uncles and his mother died from grief over their deaths....Pierre Paul, still a giant, still upright, and still with his murderer’s look, was laughing and joking with a little white boy that stood at the grated window of his cell. The Missoula Gazette, December 18, 1890]

Another version:

The Helena Independent, Saturday Morning, December 20, 1890, front page.

With The Great Spirit.

Four Very Bad Indians Dropped from the Gallows Tree at Missoula Yesterday. Their Necks Were Dislocated and All Died Easily and Without Suffering.

The End at Last of a Series of Cruel and Causeless Tragedies. They Met Death Without Flinching, but with Full Appreciation of Their Fate.

A Remarkable Execution -- Scenes and Incidents Before the Drop Fell on the Quartette.

Missoula, Dec. 19. - [Special.- The jail of Missoula county is a square structure of brick built on the open ground near an unsightly court house. The interior is divided into the sheriff's office, apartments for his associates and corridors and cells for the prisoners. The latter room is quite in the ordinary line. There is a stone floor and between whitewashed walls there is a square of iron-covered cells divided in a lower and an upper section. There are no features of special attraction and yet last evening this little building was made a place of lasting interest to the people of Missoula county, and many strangers from various sections of the state. Within the four walls were found four Indian murderers who were to die on the morrow. They were of the usual type among the criminals of their race, fiends whose only satisfaction was found in the destruction of a life. They were ignorant, cruel and despicable wretches, and yet there was a pathetic side to the picture. This was suggested by the loneliness of their condition and in the certainty that they were to die. Otherwise they were without even a semblance of sympathy from the outside world.

They passed the night in a fairly comfortable way. Part of the time they conversed in their native tongue and chatted with the guards. Young Antley, the Kootenai boy, grinned and chattered to Pascal, his brother in the tribe. The others were sullen, morose and silent during the greater part of the night. They moved about in a common cell with perfect freedom, though ever under the watchful eyes of the two guards. The priest visited them early in the evening, and minister the sacraments and all showed the greatest interest in the consolation offered by the good father. The sheriff's office nearby was visited during the early hours by the newspaper men and guests who had been invited to witness the execution. Among these were: Sheriffs Halford of Jefferson county, Templeton of Park, Quigley of Deer Lodge, Hamilton of Cascade, Jones of Custer, Roberston of Gallatin; Deputy Sheriffs Hansen, Boberston, Miller, Wheeler, Richards, City Marshal Cronin, ex-Marshal Hard of Helena, Wardens Tom McTague and Frank Conley of Deer Lodge penitentiary, United States Marshal W. F. Furay, Detective James Conley of Deer Lodge, Col. John Worth and others. The only object of interest in the office was a little pile of four black bundles, Each contained a cheap black suit in which a murderer would die. At midnight the office was deserted save by a deputy, while within the jail all were sleeping except the Indians and their guards. ["La-La-See lay motionless on his face, his hands extended beyond his head." The Anaconda Standard, Dec. 20, 1890, page 1 & page 8, "Under The Rope] The fearless of the morrow apparently did not disturb these Indians at 2:80 o'clock. That hour found Antley and La-La-See asleep in the little canvas cots swung between the walls of the cell. Pierre Paul, in Indian-fashion, dropped flat on the floor and there found

rest. ["Pierre Paul asked for liquor, saying: "Me hang good. If I get some more whiskey I get some more Jesus Christ and will be ready for priest when he comes at 7 o'clock. Me die good." The Anaconda Standard, Dec. 20, 1890, page 1 & page 8, "Under The Rope] Pascale whiled away an hour or so playing solitaire and then threw himself on the stone floor to sleep. ["Shortly after midnight lunch was served all except La-La-See eating heartily. Prayers, which had been frequently said, were again offered, when, shortly before Pierre Paul and Antley fell to sleep, Pascale, who still talked to the guards, requested that four candles be placed in the center of the cell, as he what to tell a story. La-La-See only seemed somewhat weak." The Anaconda Standard, Dec. 20, 1890, page 1 & page 8, "UnderThe Rope]

Thus the night wore on until 5:30 o'clock, when Antley and Pascale awoke and chatted with the guard about their death. When told that they would certainly die, both expressed their gratitude to the guard for telling the truth, and then they returned to sleep. When they again awoke at 7:80 they were met by the priests. Each was taken to a cell where the sacrament was administered.

["The interviews there continued until 8:50, at which hour they were served with coffee, after which they retired again. At 9:15 breakfast was served. Pascale drank a little whiskey and all but Pierre Paul ate a little. At 9:30 the condemned men changed their old clothes for neat suits of black, white shirts and collars, black ties and shoes." The Anaconda Standard, Dec. 20, 1890, page 1 & page 8, "UnderThe Rope]

The day opened with leaden skies and a chilly and damp atmosphere. The sun hung back in the gray clouds and refused to shine so that it was hard to tell when the shadows of night were fully broken. With the good people of Missoula time was of small consideration. There was a "hanging match," and they meant to see it. They gathered in hordes about the jail hours before the time and fought for places on the outside. The place of execution was within a high board fence built for the occasion in the rear of the jail. On one side of the fence was a pile of wood reaching almost to the top and furnishing a very good view of the gallows within. This wood pile was black with people scrambling for a good seat. But all the spectators were permitted to at least view the Indians, for they passed from the jail within full sight of all, though a small fence was the divining line between. Behind the jail were two poplar trees with branches hanging almost over the fence. These were occupied at an early hour by several small boys. Perched on the jail fence were four men, each with a loaded Winchester rifle. As it turned out their presence was quite unnecessary though they killed time by swearing at the spectators on the outside while the execution was in progress. They were there to prevent any possible outbreak from the friends of the four wretches within. This was not anticipated, but the sheriff's plans were made with a view to safety. The only Indians in town save two were scattered about on the corners outside. Two or three squaws dressed in many colored blankets were among them, and one was seen crying bitterly at a corner about twenty rods from the jail. While the crowd was waiting the finishing touches were being made in preparation for the final scene. The last tests of the gallows were satisfactory, though no one could anticipate results. It was a grim-looking death machine. Two upright beams were at the end of a platform standing seven feet from the ground and reached by a stairs at one corner. Between the beams was a cross piece from which were suspended five-eighths hemp ropes end in in a carefully spliced noose.

Each rope was exactly as long as long as the man it was to hang. So that the drops were different in length. The platform on which the men stood was a novelty. It was so arranged that by cutting a small rope the whole would give away, thus making four traps in an d exposing the bodies in

view until removed. The gallows was the only piece of furniture on the frozen ground of the little jail yard. Four walls of pine boards and the blue sky were the only surroundings.

As the time of the execution approached the sheriff's office began filling up with invited guests. They conversed in low tones and occasionally walked to the iron gated door at the end of the corridor, where glimpses of the men could be obtained. Within were the sheriff and his assistants and the newspaper men. The thirty-six prisoners in the jail were crowded in the cells of the upper row and the Indians were given the freedom of the corridor. They dressed themselves in the black suits each wearing a collar and a black tie. Then Father D'Aste, the priest moved about them one to the other whispering words of consolation. The kind-hearted Father came purposely from St. Ignatius mission to be with the men at the last moment as he had known them before. His pale intellectual face and bowed form made him a conspicuous figure in a small gathering. Later he was joined by Father Jenne, the Catholic priest at Missoula. The sacrament had been administered a few hours before so that their duties would be finished without interruption. After a little Major Ronan, the agent at the Flathead reservation came in. Two members of the party who said little, but, were evidently interested were Baptiste Keekasha, the chief justice of the Indian court at Ravalli, and Chief Joseph. Each wore colored blankets, while their long flowing gray hair was covered by broad-brimmed white felt hats bound with fur. The chief said little to their murderous brothers. They stood in one corner and occasionally interchanged a few words but if there was emotion in their hearts it was not revealed in their dusky faces. The chief justice gathered up the blankets of the four and carefully rolled them together and then waited. After a little they were joined by Robert Irvine, Major Ronan's interpreter, and another half-breed interpreter known as One-Eyed Riley, because he has but one optic. [The Anaconda Standard, Dec. 20, 1890, page 1 & page 8, "Under The Rope states that the other interpreter was Alex Michel]

During this time all of the Indians were beginning to betray signs of nervousness. Their inherited stoicism was giving way to a full realization of approaching death, though not one of them showed marked signs of weakness. Pierre Paul, tall and erect and the picture of perfect physique, moved about chatting with the interpreters, his head covered by a mass of straight, raven black hair seemed, to reach about a foot above the others. Pascale was the busiest and seemingly the more nervous of the quartette. The sharp corners of his mouth were drawn into set lines, and he appeared a trifle paler than the others. He talked to the interpreters in an agitated way, and at one time his eyes were filled with tears. During the night he talked in a rambling about himself and made several references his crime alleging his innocence. He walked about from one corner to another, dragging his left leg, which was crippled from the effects of a shot some years ago. When he said something to the sheriff who was pacing the corridor the kind-hearted officer was moved almost to tears. ["As the hour of execution drew near, the kindness of Sheriff Houston's heart rather overcame his sternness and although he showed no want of nerve, the tears came into his eyes. It was indeed a hard undertaking to hang the men who for months past had depended upon his care and kindness. Then came one of the most touching scenes of the day. Antley went up and extended his hand to the sheriff saying: "You must not be downhearted. We all have to die. You will have to go too some time. So you must not be downhearted." Pascale then came up and said: "Good bye. Don't take it to heart. It is not your idea. Don't feel bad. My heart is good." "Good bye, Pascale," said the sheriff. The Anaconda Standard, Dec. 20, 1890, page 1 & page 8, "UnderThe Rope]

Antley, the boy, said nothing and even appeared lost to the Father's prayers. He kissed the crucifix in an absent way and moved between the windows which were crowded with curious faces from without. When one of the prisoners in the upper corridor spoke to him about the future he glanced up smiled but it was indeed a painful effort. He passed the time smoking cigarettes and gazing about at the walls in a half frightened manner. La-La-See said nothing. He was gloomy, morose and sullen to the last, but the subject of his thoughts could be discovered without very close observation. However, he showed some degree of interest when talking with the Fathers. Thus the minutes passed until the sheriff motioned to the murderers to join him. They gathered in a little group at one end of the corridor then the sheriff drew out a bundle of papers from his pocket and in a firm and steady voice commenced reading the death warrants. Each warrant was read separately and then interpreted making a long rehearsal. Not a change was visible on the four faces. On the contrary the reading appeared to bore them, for Pierre Paul and La-La-See dropped to the floor and remained sitting under the sheriff had finished. Then the officer went out to take a last look at the gallows while the fathers talked to the men. In a moment the sheriff returned.

"All ready", he said.

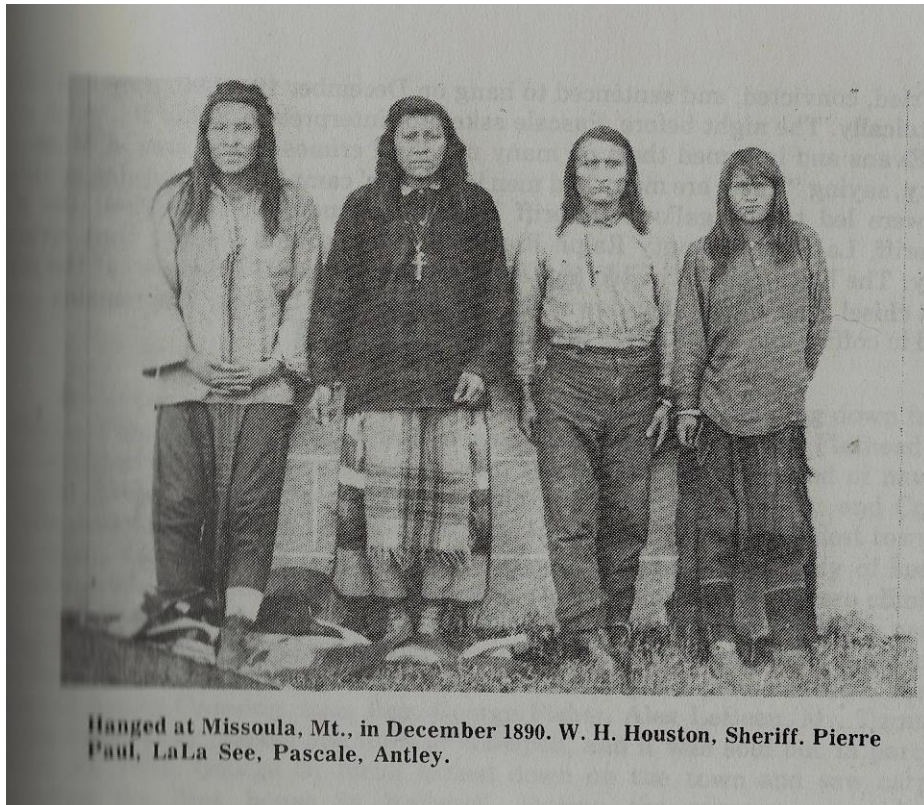
The Indians looked at the sheriff and then at each other.

'All right," replied Pierre Paul.

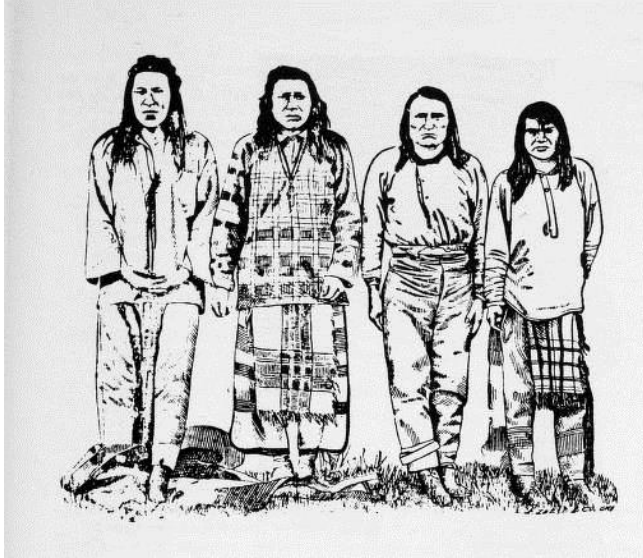
Father D'Aste with a prayer book and holy water started ahead. Then came the sheriff with Pierre Paul, Deputy McClung with La-La-See, Sheriff Halford with Pascale and Deputy Ramsdell with Antley. Father Jene and the reporters followed. All walked out of the jail door into a flurrying snow storm and the crowd along the fence grew silent. The short distance to the jail yard was quickly covered and the procession was before a crowd of 200 spectators. Pierre Paul glanced at the audience as he steadily walked up the few steps with the sheriff and took his place beneath the noose at farther end. The others followed in same order without a tremor of weakness. The fathers whispered a prayer and the Indians moved their lips in answer, Pierre Paul dropping on his knees. While the officers were strapping the men attention was turned for a moment by blasphemous oath from a guard on the fence. It fairly chilled the blood. When Pierre Paul arms were strapped he looked over the corner of the enclosure yelled to his lawyer, "Good night, Denny, 'Good bye Denny. Pascal saw the interpreter and in spoke out " I did wrong. This is Good Friday a great for everybody. I bid everybody goodbye." ["Pascale spoke in the Kootenai language, explaining his actions and professing his innocence." The Anaconda Standard, Dec. 20, 1890, page 1 & page 8, "UnderThe Rope]

Young Antley flashed smiled on the audience, but this quickly faded away. The ropes were drawn over the rosaries on their necks and the caps of black velvet pulled quickly down. Then all left the scaffold but the sheriff, the venerable father scattering holy water on the Indians as stepped down the steps. It was exactly 10 o'clock and forty-four minutes when the sheriff stepped quickly to the edge the platform, picked up a keen-edged chisel and pressed it against concealed rope. With a terrific thud the platform gave way and the four forms shot downward

sickening jerk. The bodies whirled on the ropes for a moment and then turned toward the crowd. Not a tremor could be seen in one of the forms. If there is painless death in an execution these four found it as there was not the semblance of suffering. The physicians grasped wrists and followed the pulse. In seven minutes and thirty-nine seconds the blood of his ancestors had ceased to course through the veins of Pierre Paul, and within ten minutes all were pronounced dead....” [“Pierre Paul’s heart continued to beat for 15 minutes, La-La-See’s for 6 ½ minutes, Pascale’s 12 minutes, Antley’s 18 minutes. The bodies were then cut down, the straps removed, and placed in the coffins. All looked natural and asleep except Pascale, whose eyes were open and his tongue protruding slightly.” The Anaconda Standard, Dec. 20, 1890, page 1 & page 8, “UnderThe Rope]

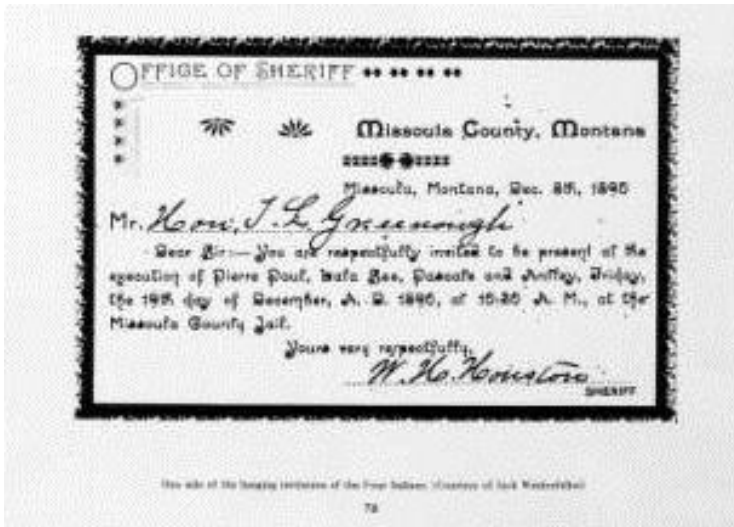


Hanged at Missoula, Mt., in December 1890. W. H. Houston, Sheriff. Pierre Paul, LaLa See, Pascale, Antley.



This sketch of the four condemned Indians appeared on the reverse side of the hanging invitation on page 70. The only way a person could view a hanging in Missoula was to receive an invitation issued by the sheriff. (Courtesy of Jack Weidenfeller) Missoula The Way It Was - A Portrait of an Early Western Town, Lenora Koelbel, page 71, Gateway Printing, 1972





Joseph Marent

Joseph Marent (abt 1836-1891) he married Margaret Ellen "Pish-nah" Finley (1853-1934) the daughter of Patrick "Pichina" Finley and Mary Ashley.

"One of these was Jocko, a tall, well built brave, decent when sober, a devil when drinking, and who killed his brother with a club while asleep.

You live by the sword and you die by it an old saying, so Jocko was destined to have his block knocked off with a club, in the hands of one Lawrence Finley, the son of Mrs. Joe Marent of the east side, lower valley." From The Pioneers, Vol.10, p 22 - Sam E. Johns.

"Early Days By Miss Beaver - "The Marent Trestle Carried Trains For A Century

"When coming from Missoula you notice a 226 foot steel trestle to the right just before you start up Evaro Hill. That is the Marent Trestle crossing the Marent gulch, a tributary to what Baron O'Keefe called the Coriacan Defile...

..in 1883, the Northern Pacific railroad was laying track to connect Fort Missoula with the Jocko valley.

All grading was done by contractors but bridges were constructed by the company's bridgeman. Construction of bridges were planned so that when track laying forces appeared, there was but minimal of delay.

Transportation of bridge steel into the region was impossible. Therefore, the high trestle would be constructed of wood.

A portable sawmill owned by Eddy, Hammond & Co., and managed by William M. Hamm was set up at the mouth of the gulch. Soon, the pines in nearby canyons were converted into bridge timbers of the required dimensions.

Next, Joseph Marent from Frenchtown opened a boarding house and saloon at the mouth of the gulch. Soon, the saloon, the canyon, and the high trestle were called Marent by the workmen.

As railroad construction advanced from the west, Arlee became a rip-snorting railroad town with portable saloons, gambling houses and lewd women. Indian agent Major Peter Ronan disbanded the Indian police force as it was unable to keep law and order. Meanwhile, Clarence R. Prescott, sheriff of Missoula County, attempted to keep order at Marent's saloon and boardinghouse."

A.P. Mitchell was building engineer & Samuel Wallace foreman

"...Construction of the high trestle took only eight months. The bridge portion was 688 feet in length, supported by eight towers, each 30 feet in width. Each tower rested upon sills of heavy timber laid upon the solid earth."

On June 15, 1883 the rails reached the high trestle. "Friday June 15, seemed like a picnic at the gulch as those from Fort Missoula and elsewhere brought basket lunches. A happy-go-lucky feeling prevailed and after lunch, many climbed up the gulch to walk across the trestle while others roamed the hillside to gather wild strawberries and flowers.

At twenty minutes after four, the large Baldwin locomotive moved to make the first trip across the 226 foot high trestle. Men and boys crowded all over the engine, cheering and waving as the locomotive made a trip across the trestle and track.

Each timber settled firmly into place and all who had a hand in the construction of the high trestle were well satisfied, justly proud and happy..." From The Mission Valley News, Thursday, 16 June 1988, p6.

"Were They Murdered...."

Special to the Standard.

Missoula, Mont. April 21. - Joseph Marent died at the Sisters' hospital this evening from injuries about the head received near Ravalli last night or this morning. He came from the Flathead country yesterday to appear in the district court here to-day in a civil action. Last night, after supper, he was seen talking to two men. He did not return to the hotel and this morning the west bound freight train carried him into Ravalli. The crew said they had picked him up near the track about half a mile this side of there.

One man said he saw him about 5 o'clock this morning near Arlee, walking towards Ravalli, followed by two men. When taken to Ravalli he had three cuts, each about three inches long, on the left side of the head and his skull broken in at the back of the head and the blood and brains

were oozing out. His coat contained gravel, making it appear that he had been dragged. His hat was found some distance from his body. He arrived here at 11 o'clock and died at 1:15.

The coroner summoned a jury and started an inquest. Drs. McCullough and Billmyer, who attended him, thought he might have been killed by the train, or he might have been struck on the side of the head by the train.

John F. Cummings and J. A. Friedleim, who came to Missoula with the body, testified to the circumstances above stated, and thought he had been drinking some, but was able to take care of himself. Cummings also testified that he had \$55 or \$100 last night, and only \$3 were found on his person.

The inquest was adjourned till to-morrow. The opinion here is that he was murdered by two men with whom he was seen last night.

The deceased was a French Canadian and 55 year old. He served in the army during the rebellion and came to Virginia City in 1866, Cedar Creek in 1870, and kept a saloon and boarding house and livery stable near where Marent Trestle, named after him, now stands, while the Northern Pacific was being constructed. Of late he has lived on a ranch in the Flathead country. He was in good circumstances financially. He leaves a wife." From The Anaconda Standard, Apr. 22, 1891. p1.

From The Anaconda Standard, April 23, 1891, p8 (from Bob Bigart):

"Events At Missoula

Marent's Death Probably Caused By Accident

Special to the Standard.

Missoula, Mont., April 22. -- The coroner's jury investigating the death of Joseph Marent examined one witness today, but his testimony did not throw much light on the subject. It appears the deceased was pretty drunk and that when picked up his head was about a foot from the railroad track, making death by accident appear more probable...."

"The Coroner's Jury Unable to Determine the Cause of Marent's Death.

The Case May Be Reopened

The Widow, It is Thought, Could Add Important Testimony

Special to the Standard.

Missoula, April 24. -- The coroner's jury investigating the cause of the death of Joseph Marent finished its deliberations this morning after hearing the testimony of Under Sheriff McClung. He said that he went to Arlee on Wednesday night and met the train crew that picked the body up. Yesterday morning he went out on their train, and when they reached the place where the man was found they explained the situation. The head of one bolt that fastened a fishplate to a rail

projected somewhat, and it was covered with blood and hair. The tie beneath it was also covered with blood, hair, flesh and brains. Spots of blood could be seen for 30 feet east of there, looking as if it has spurted that distance. The ground near the tie was saturated with blood to the depth of two inches or more. After looking the situation over Mr. McClung concluded that Mr. Marent, who was quite drunk, boarded a freight train at Ravalli about 1:30 o'clock Tuesday morning, intending to go to the home of a friend living near Arlee. It was apparently his intention to jump off from the train as it was running slowly up a grade near his friend's house. He had evidently been riding on a bumper and holding a brake rod. As he neared his destination he probably tried to get his foot in the step on the side of the car and, failing to do so, fell. The car struck him on the side of the head and knocked him down to the ground with great force, where he had struck his head on the fish-plate bolt or tie, crushing in his skull. From all Mr. McClung could learn, he had not been at Arlee at all; and it was improbable that tramps would follow him through a gulch and murder him in the open country in sight of a house.

After hearing the jury brought in a verdict to the effect that the deceased came to his death by accident in some manner and by some means to the jury unknown.

At 11 o'clock Mrs. Marent arrived from the Flathead country. She says that she gave her husband \$100 in bills just before he left home, and she knows that he had some gold of his own. This testimony has raised a doubt in the minds of some jurors as to the correctness of their verdict, and four of them have expressed a desire to be recalled and permitted to hear Mrs. Marent's testimony. The coroner purposes to see the county attorney, and if such a course is deemed legal, he will recall the jury. Some interesting developments may follow." From The Anaconda Standard, April 25, 1891, p8.

"Poor Joe Marent - Was He Murdered or Killed by a Passing Train?"

The Coroner's Jury Investigating Into the Manner of the Old Man's Death.

The inquest into the matter and manner of the death of Joseph Marent, who died at the Sisters' hospital here yesterday, was continued this morning without any further particulars of importance developing. Henry M. Heideman, who was on board the boat and stage from Demersville to Ravalli with the deceased, testified that deceased was drinking heavily all day, that when they arrived at Ravalli he was drunk. Deceased told him that he intended walking from Ravalli up to Mosier's ranch and there get a horse and ride out to Cature's ranch, as one of the Catures was a witness in a case pending before the district court here, and by some means a subpoena had not reached him. Whether Marent did start to walk out he did not know.....

The testimony of other witnesses tended to show that Marent had money the night he was at Ravalli, probably \$40 or \$50. It was not known whether he had spent it at Ravalli or not. Anyway only a few dollars in silver was found on his person next morning. An order for \$100 on the Higgins bank which deceased was known to have was also found.

The coroner's jury adjourned again this morning without rendering a verdict. It is the purpose of Coroner Myers to have subpoenaed the crew of the freight train that found the deceased and conveyed him back to Ravalli; also the crew of the freight train that passed over the road an hour

before. He thinks that these men, especially the latter crew, may be able to throw some light on the affair.

In the meantime opinion seems to be divided as to the manner and cause of the man's death. The fact that the two tramps, if such they were, that were seen with him early on the morning of his death, have not appeared, and can not be found, leads many to think that they were responsible for the tragedy. The two cuts on the front of the head could have been made by an instrument in their hands, and for purposes of concealment the insensible body could have been placed later on the track where the engine would strike it. This would account for the crushed skull on the back of the head. The matter will not be dropped until a thorough investigation has been made.

Joseph Marent, the deceased was well known to Montanians. It was for him that the Marent trestle west of here was named, and in many other ways he is known. For several years past he has lived in the Flathead country, running a stock ranch. By this means he has amassed considerable property. He was a Canadian by birth and about 50 or 55 years old.

The remains were buried here this afternoon from the hospital, with Catholic services. None of his family, there being a wife and several children, arrived." From The Missoula Gazette, April 22, 1891, p1.

[Note: It seems he was buried very quickly? The family was not allowed time to attend the burial?]

Murder of Benoit Seven Pipes

Benoit Seven Pipes was married to Mary (Blue-Eyed Mary) "Chpapa" Tellier (1845-1917) he daughter of Louis Tellier and Francisca (Pelassaway) (Qui-to-pee) Kuiltpi, and with her had a son, Narcisse Seven Pipes.

"Court House Cullings

The witnesses who failed to appear on Wednesday, arrived Thursday, and about 3 o'clock the case of the Territory vs. Joe Finley and Baptiste Matt was called before Probate Judge Landers. The men were charged with killing Benoit, alias Seven Pipes, on July 6th, the particulars of which appeared in the Morning Missoulian.

The first witness called was Alex Matt. He said that on the day the killing occurred Seven Pipes came over drunk. He went to Matt's house and threatened to kill Matt and his son; that they (the Matts) were too thick with the white people and that he (Seven Pipes) was going to make a clean-up and clean out the place of those he did not like. He assaulted Alex Matt, who was crippled with rheumatism, and struck him with a club. Matt tried to raise his gun but could not do so, owing to his weak state. Joe Finley had the gun and was trying to get away from Seven Pipes. Alex Matt called to his brother Baptiste Matt to come to his assistance and not allow him to be killed. Joe Finley was clubbed and stoned by Seven Pipes, and opened fire on his assailant. Seven Pipes ran, and when about 150 yards off Baptiste Matt took a shot at him, evidently with the intention of scaring him off.

Alex Matt's evidence was corroborated by Pierre Finley and others. Harry Lambert testified to the general bad character of Seven Pipes to his quarrelsome disposition.

County Attorney Webster appeared for the prosecution and F.G. Higgins for the defense. After the argument the court discharged the men on the ground that it was shown conclusively that the killing was done in self defense." From "The Weekly Missoulian" July 17, 1889, p4, c5.

Another of Blue-Eyed Mary's "husbands" was Joseph "Kootenai Joe" Finley (1845-1928) the son of Joseph Finley and Arzell (Arshela) "Skalpi" Ashley. So in all probability he was the "Joe Finley" of the above story. [The Matt brothers, Alexander Matt (182-1922) and Jean Baptiste Matt (1849-1919) were the sons of Louis Matt, Sr. and Theresa Killed-in-the-Lodge. Alex married Susan (Predum) Prudhomme and then Susan (Predum) Prudhomme. Baptiste married Mary Therese Finley, the daughter of Dominick and Mary Madeline Finley.

Died While on Hunting trip. -- Baptiste Matt an old and respected citizen of the Flathead died last Saturday while on a hunting trip with friends in the Swan River country. Mr. Matt who is known by all the old timers of the lower Flathead, had been residing the past few years at Ronan. He had not been feeling well the past month, but for the benefit of his health he was induced last week by some of his friends to take a hunt in the Swan River Country. At their camp on Saturday Mr. Matt took a bucket and brought water from a nearby spring and just as he sat the bucket down he dropped to the ground dead. His friends started home with the body at once and was supposed to reach Ronan yesterday." From The Flathead Courier, Thursday, Oct. 16, 1919, page 1.

Alex Matt was in Bitterroot Valley, MT in 1879. Alexander Matt and his brother John Baptiste Matt were scouts for Chief Charlo during Nez Perce War of 1877.]

Killing of John Finley

This John Finley s most likely the son of Miquam Finley and Agnes Paul, he was a trapper and hunter. One of these marriages may be his:

In the St. Ignatius Mission, Montana Marriage Book we find the following marriage of a John Finley :

"July 16 -65 Duobus omisses(sp) banns matrimonio junxi Joanem Finley cum Maria Scalze(sp) testibus Lilo & uxore."

Also in that marriage book we find:

"Die 7 Maii 1873 ego J. Bandini interrogavi Joannem filium Miguin et Lingulippi 30 annos natum et Rosaliam filium Edwardum Mtchemi(sp?) et Paulinae Kachialliky(sp?).....testes fuerent Martina Chiak'ko et Kolpenzene(sp?).

Could there be a connection?

The following letter to T.D. Duncan from Duncan McDonald (no date) comes from a collection of stories and articles called The Pioneers - edited by Sam E. Johns. This set of 10 books is at the Flathead County Library in Kalispell, Montana:

“Near the Ferry boat on the road from Big Fork to Kalispell two women were killed by the Blackfeet, wives of two Finleys. One was Bason Finley, the other was John Finley. About five

years later the latter was killed at a place called Scribner, below Demersville by a man named Allen. This man would not give up himself to Chief Eneas. The chief gave orders to his Indian police to kill him because he will not surrender. So the Indians went ahead of Allen, O'Neil and Nolan, as they were driving horses for the north into Canada. These men were ambushed at a place called Allen's Prairie and shot dead for killing John Finley. Allen was killed in summer of 1875 and the two women in 1867.

"In the late 70's three well-known Missoula County men named Jack Allen, Neil Campbell and Tom Nolan, driving a band of horses to the Fort Steele mining area, camped one night on the Flathead River at a place later called Selish (or Dooley's Landing). During the evening with some liquor around, Jack Allen argued with a local resident named John Finley; by morning one of Allen's horses was missing. Hot words passed, knives were drawn, and Finley was killed by Allen (who was a gentleman when sober, a maniac when under the influence). Finley's friends wanted Allen turned over to Chief Aeneas to be taken to Missoula for trial. The three whites refused, and headed their band of horses northward toward Ashley Lake.

"Chief Aeneas then sent his Indian police ahead by a short cut, and at a place called Allen's Prairie, the Indians shot and killed Allen. The other two whites were allowed to proceed on their way. In fact, some of the police volunteered to help drive the horses on toward Star Meadows, Good Creek, and Fortine Creek to Tobacco Plains.

"However, an evil fate seemed to ride with the whites. East of Elk Mountain when crossing the Bone (Bowen) River (possibly Logan Creek), some horses turned back. Nolan, an excellent rider, turned them across, but suddenly his horse turned over in a sort of somersault. Campbell rushed to Nolan's aid and his horse turned over also, both white men were drowned.

"When Joe Ashley received word of the tragedy, he immediately rode to Allen's Prairie, where he found Allen's body covered with brush, his hat on top of the brush, his gold watch and other personal effect still in his clothing. Mr. Ashley had the body buried, then sent the watch and other personal effects to Judge Frank Woody at Missoula, who forwarded them on to Mr. Allen's sister." Sam John's Pioneers, pages 51 and 52.

Another version:

"As with other localities scenes of a desperate nature have been enacted in this land, the tragedy here stated being particularly a memorable one: Jack Allen, Neil Campbell and Tom Nolan, all well known old timers of Missoula county, were passing with a fine band of horses bound for the northwest country, and they camped within a few feet of Selish. During the night they drank freely of liquor. In the morning the best horse they had was missing, a race animal, which they felt convinced was "cached," as afterwards proved to be the case. Upon recovering the horse the party made ready for a start. Allen was a little quarrelsome, however, and between him and Jack [John] Finley hot words passed, knives were quickly drawn and Finley crossed the river into that Unknown. There was great excitement. The Indians met and Chief Aeneas demanded that Jack Allen should be turned over to him, promising to deliver him to the sheriff at Missoula. The demand was not acceded to and the party proceeded on their way. Allen was a gentleman when sober, a maniac when under the influence of liquor. The Indian made a "short cut" and soon brave Jack was shot down from ambush. The Indians then told the rest of the party they could go

ahead and would not be molested by them any further. But a strange fatality seems to have attended the whole party. When crossing the Bone river it appears some of the horses turned back. Nolan, an excellent rider, went to head them back when his horse turned over in a sort of somersault style. Campbell seeing Nolan's danger at once rushed to his assistance. Campbell's horse performed the same act and both brave men were drowned and the waters of that creek still chant their requiem. Was mere not a fatality about that expedition? Old Joe Ashley, who now lives at the foot of the lake and after whom Ashley creek and the town of Ashley are called, then lived between Selish and Demersville on the ranch occupied at the present by Mr. Eugene McCarthy. After the Indians told him of the tragedy he went and found Allen's body covered with brush, his hat on top of the brush, his gold watch and personal effects not being taken by the Indians. A loving sister who never forgot her unfortunate wandering brother made inquiries after Allen and through Judge Frank Woody, of Missoula, all Allen's effects were conveyed to his heirs. What a fatality also attended brave, gentlemanly Baird. He was shot to death on the same trail and within a few yards of where Allen was shot down. There they lay, heroic spirits, "until the sound of the final trumpet shall call us all to judgment." Egan is situated on the east side, about one mile north of the old ferry started by William Egan in June, 1883, and some four miles distant from Demersville. The ferry boat was transferred recently to Lee's Landing. Jesse Yenne, the well-known millman, started the first store in May, 1885, William and Ralph Ramsdell bought Jesse's interests in December, 1887.

[Joseph Ashley (Asselin), Sr. (abt 1827-1911) the son of Jean Pierre (Francois?) Asselin and Rosalie Cree (1793-1873) From St. Ignatius Mission, Montana Book of Deaths, 1852-1873: "Rosalia Die 10 Martii sepultum fuit corpus Rosalie (matris uxoris Patrick Feanly) aetate 80 annorum circiter quae S-- Eulesiae sacramentis munita animam die redidit(sp) die proxima prae-dente(sp)." She could be Rosalie Thompson, or Rosalie Campbell. Joseph Ashley married Julia Finley (1844-1863) the daughter of Miquam (Jacques) Finley and Agnes Paul; and then he married Rosette "Aslusait" "Rose" Finley (about 1841-44-1936), daughter of John (Baptiste) (John Siwash) (Three Guns) Finley and Lizette (Josette) "Ko-ko-quam" Paul. Between his two wives he had at least 13 children. Of Cree blood he was a trapper and hunter and trader, from Canada he settled near Flathead Lake, in present Flathead County, Montana, in the mid or late 1840s with his friend, Francois Gravelle, both Frenchmen from Quebec. They would both marry Kootenai Indian sisters.

From Sam John's HISTORY OF FLATHEAD COUNTY, volume 9, page 32, "Extracts From History of the Flathead Valley" by Mrs. E. E. Day and Mrs. Emma Ingalls, December 31, 1923:

"About 1811, David Thomson, of the Northwest Trading Co., came into the Flathead and built on what is known as the McCarthy place, south of Kalispell, a trading post. The ruins of which was still to be seen in 1882. It did not prove successful and was soon abandoned. In 1857, Joe Ashley came into the valley on this land and used these buildings."

From EARLY KUTENAI HISTORY, Carl Malouf, Montana Magazine of History, April 1952, Vol.2, page 7:

"The Kutenai Indians were living on the north end of Flathead Lake in 1845 when they observed that two 'long-whiskers', or 'Frenchmen' stayed one year in a cabin near Somers, and then left. This event was recorded by Baptiste Mathias's father on a traditional buckstring calendar. Their dwelling place seems to have been on Ashley Creek. Two years later four more 'Frenchmen' arrived."

From EARLY FLATHEAD AND TOBACCO PLAINS, "A Narrative History of Northwestern Montana", Marie Cuffe Shea, 1977, page 39.

"By, 1857, Joe Ashley was living near where Ashley Creek joins the Flathead River (in Louis Brun's 1847 cabin). Joe's parents Jack (or Jean Pierre) Ashley and his wife were somewhere in the Lake area also,...."

"Flathead Valley's first town was Ashley, named after Joe Ashley, one of the valley's first settlers. The town of Ashley did not survive and eventually became part of rapidly growing Kalispell." http://www.allglacier.com/area_info/history.php

From page 63 of EARLY FLATHEAD AND TOBACCO PLAINS:

"Ashley Creek was named after the Flathead pioneer Joe Ashley" (who lived in the area from 1845 or 1847 to 1883), "who then lived in a cabin between later Selish and Demersville on the ranch bought from him by 'Judge' Eugene McCarthy's folks. On January 24, 1926, Robert J. Ball answered an inquiry from Tyson D. Duncan thus: 'The log cabin was a short way south of my pre-emption (at Ball's Crossing) on what became J.D. Lambert's Homestead. In 1883 the McCarthy family came here and lived in the cabin until McCarthy located and built his home at the point of the mountain where D. Griffith now lives. I was told the cabin was the remains of an old Indian trading post---You know the old Indian trail used to come around the foot of the mountain, by where the cabin stood, and kept on until it came onto the prairie around where Andrew Swaney's store was (1882); then it went on to where Ashley Creek Bridge is now, then the ford across the creeks. It was impossible to cross over the swamp below Lambert's house until someone cut the willows out and made a trail across there.'"

There was a "Joseph Asline" at Frenchtown in the winter of 1862-3.

In the St. Ignatius Marriage Book 1856-1873 we find:

1861 - July 22

"Die vigesima secunda julii dieabus proclamacionibus pretermissa matrimonio conjunaxi Josephum Asslin/Canadien ea Moreal et Juliam Finly Wikuam Finly filiam. Testes fuere Pinetzi et LeChat....."

Joe Ashley and his partner, Francois Gravelle, did some freighting while they lived in the Upper Flathead Valley, which was called "The Head of the Lake" until 1880. Polson was known as "The Foot of the Lake."

The McCarthy's later tore down the old Ashley cabin, which Joe had sold for \$10.00 in 1883, and filled in the excavation, with scrapers and mules salvaged from the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad. David R. Griffith later planted a wheat field on the spot.

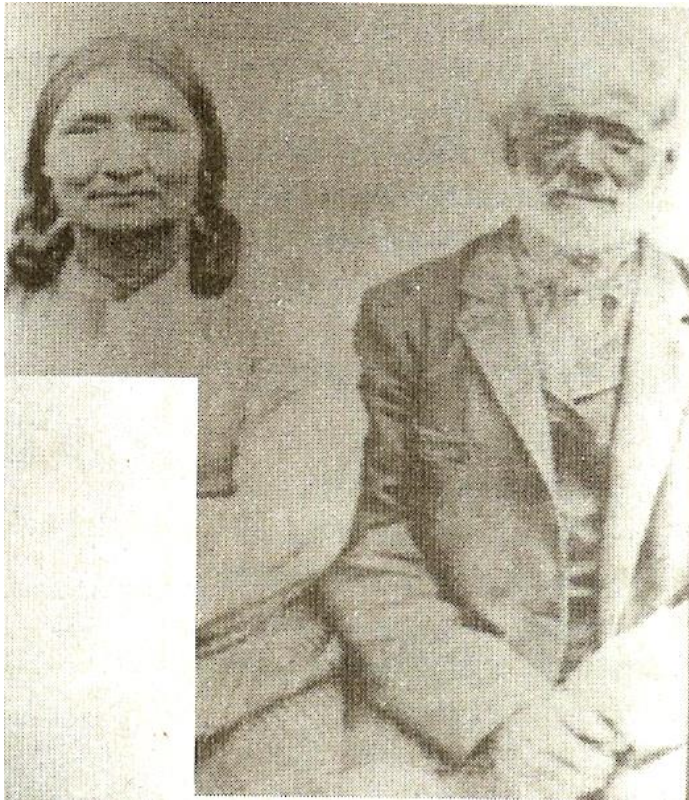
From FLATHEAD AND KOOTENAI, Olga Johnson, Arthur H. Clark Co., page 316:

"In 1863 he may have participated in the discovery of gold at Wild Horse Creek, \$700.00 in pumpkinseed gold. He and two others, Benetsee Finlay and Jack Fisher--sold the gold at Tobacco Plains to John Linklater, and HBC man, while on their way to Frenchtown."

From EARLY FLATHEAD AND TOBACCO PLAINS, page 40:

"It was around this time (1870's), with the Blackfeet Indians raiding so often, that several of the Half-Breed or Ashley Creek Settlement families left the area temporarily. But Joe Ashley stayed on, and is best remembered by the homesteaders who came soon after 1880. In 1883, however, Ashley sold his cabin and land to Eugene McCarthy, Sr., and went to live near his old friend Basil Finley's home on Finley Point at the foot of the Lake. Later history mentions Joe Ashley's as a stage stop nine miles north of Allard's Station for one of Allard's first rough trips up the east side of the Lake."

Joseph Ashley died June 13, 1911 at the age of about 85 years, on his allotment. He had left his place to Charles Allard in his will.]



Rose "Nana" Finley and Joe Ashley (Char-Koosta via Anna Lee Cowan)

The Murder of John Rombaugh

In 1888 John Rombaugh was murdered by Philip John, a Nez Perce, and two other Nez Perce, Potlatch Fannie and Peter were traveling through the Bitterroot Valley and had camped near a group of prospectors, including John Rombaugh. That night Philip John shot and murdered Rombaugh. He was arrested, brought to trial and sentenced to hang. Major Ronan and others got Philip John's sentence commuted to life in prison. Peter and his wife were suspected of actually committing the murder and that person was killed later by a deputy sheriff in Spokane Falls, Washington while resisting arrest and the woman fled.

“Potlatch Fannie finally decided to sign an affidavit about the murder. “Potlatch Fannie, an Indian, being duly sworn, deposes and says that the name “Potlatch Fannie” is one by which she is generally known within the limits of the State of Montana. And that she has, at different times resided in said State of Montana, and particularly on the Flat Head Reservation in the County of Missoula, Montana.

That in the month of August, 1888 she went, in company with one Philip John and one Peter from the vicinity of the Town of Missoula, toward the head of the Bitter Root River and on or about said time camped with the said Indians Philip John and Peter near some white men who were camped on the West fork of the Bitter Root River going toward the place called Mineral Hill.

That just prior to that time she had been married to the said Peter and on that night slept with him near the camp fire,

That Philip John had rolled himself in his blanket and lain down near the fire.

That sometime during the night the said Indian Peter, got up, took a gun from the place where it was standing near a tree and fired a shot at the two white men who were sleeping in a bunk near the fire.

That one of the white men was awakened by the first shot and rolled over in his bunk, while the other white man raised himself up on his arm and asked Peter what he was doing, to which Peter made no reply, than the white man ran away.

At the time Philip John ran away from the fire and asked Peter what he was doing.

That this affiant saw Peter kill the white man, and Philip John had nothing to do with the killing of him, and remonstrated with Peter for his actions.

That after wards, the three Indians left the place where the killing was done, but before leaving the place Peter took what money the dead white man had in his pockets and also the white man's gun and carried the same with him to Idaho.

That afterwards the said Peter was killed at or near Spokane Falls, Washington.” “Justice To Be Accorded To The Indians – Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Reservation, Montana 1888-1893 – Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai Press/University of Nebraska Press, 2014, p124.

Paul Harry

Paul Harry, a mixed blood, was arrested by Major Ronan for murder in Arlee. He had killed a woman and child on the Coeur d’Alene Reservation, but got out of jail after the witnesses to that crime had all died. Idaho told Ronan that that did not want him back. After he was released from the Missoula County jail he stole a horse and left headed east from the reservation. He was sentenced in July 1890 for horse theft and sent to Deer Lodge penitentiary.

“Ronan Captures an Escaped Murderer

Special Dispatch to the Journal.

Arlee, May 28. – Yesterday morning Indian Agent Ronan drove to this station for his mail. A strange half-breed was drunk and making it lively for the post trader and the station agent by threatening to kill them, etc. Major Ronan arrested the half-breed and sent him to Missoula in charge of Alex Dow.

Today Mr. Ronan will proceed to Missoula having learned that the man he placed under arrest is an escaped murderer from the jail in Rathdrum, Idaho. Sometime over a year ago a fine looking young half-breed woman and her child were found in their cabin on the Coeur d’Alene reservation with their throats cut. The husband of the woman was away when the brutal crime of outrage and murder was committed. A half-breed by the name of Paul was suspected and he was sent to jail, but while awaiting trial he escaped. The Indians informed Mr. Ronan that the swaggering bully whom he put under arrest yesterday is none other than the escaped murderer.”

“The bodies of Mrs. Peavy and her eighteen months child, living within one mile of DeSmet mission, Idaho were discovered at their home murdered, both throats being cut. A severe struggle evidently took place, as the mother’s hands were cut to the bone in grabbing the assassins knife. The husband was away from home. The bodies had been murdered five days before discovered. Indians are suspected to have been the perpetrators.” The Eugene City Guard. (Eugene City, Or.) 1870-1899, October 29, 1887.

[The woman Harry Paul murdered was Mrs. Mary Peavey, wife of Joseph Peavey, she might have been 1/2 Walla Walla Indian. The Peavey’s were neighbors of Chief Seltice and Stephen Liberty. He came out west with Stephen Liberty. Joseph Peavey was born in Canada (or Maine) in 1841 and January 19, 1918 in Spokane, Washington. He was adopted into the Coeur d’Alene tribe although with three other white men Stephen E. Liberty, Patrick Nixon and Julien Boutelier. It was probably her son John Henry Peavey, or her son Joseph Peavey neither show up after the Coeur d’Alene Indian 1887 census. She had six children all the girls grew up and married.]

“Enclosed clipping from Missoula Gazette (daily), June 30, 1890, page 1, col.3:

“A Very Bad Indian.

Chief Saltice of the Coeur d'Alene Indians is Now Advertising Him.

In June last a half-breed Indian was arrested by Agent Ronan at Arlee and sent to Missoula for using threatening language to the post-trader and railroad agent. He was sent to prison for a term. While in jail, it transpired that the prisoner was the person who was in jail at Rathdrum, Idaho, charged with the murder and outrage of a half-breed woman and her child on the Coeur d'Alene reservation some two years ago, but the witnesses died before the trial came on and he was discharged.

After serving his term in Missoula he went back to the agency, stole a horse from the section boys at Arlee and lit out. When last heard from, he was seen traveling with two white men near Big Blackfoot above Missoula, who were driving horses belonging to Mr. Bandman which had strayed back to the Mission. Now, Chief Saltice of the Coeur d'Alene reserve, thus advertises him in the Farmington Register.

The notorious Paul Harry is, as usual, causing a great deal of trouble to the Coeur d'Alene Indians. His latest is to steal three horses and take them to some town near by, where he sells them for any amount he can get. During the past month six horses have disappeared, one of which belonged to Chief Saltice, branded on right hip and right ear slit. The following, of Paul, we are requested to publish for the protection of the whites who might purchase a horse from Paul Harry, not knowing him.

Do not purchase any horses of one Indian known as Paul Harry, who is about 5 feet 10, between 18 and 20 years old, rather light for an Indian, weight about 180, ears set well back on his head, and speaks the English language very well.” “Justice To Be Accorded To The Indians – Agent Peter Ronan Reports on the Flathead Reservation, Montana 1888-1893 – Peter Ronan edited by Robert J. Bigart, Salish Kootenai Press/University of Nebraska Press, 2014, pp130-131 & 137.

“Paul Harry, a member of the Coeur d'Alene tribe, was tried and convicted at the April term, 1897, of the United States court in Moscow, upon several charges of horse stealing. He was given a term of two years in the United States prison at Detroit, Mich.” Annual Reports of the Department of Interior, for the Fiscal Year Ended June 30, 1897, Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington Government Printing Office, 1897, page 291.