

SHOT AT.—A. L. Pardee, who has a ranch on the Trinity trail, beyond Mad river, was waylaid near his house one day last week, and fired at by Indians. He had three shots fired at him, the first one before he discovered his intended assassins. Less than two years ago the Indians drove Mr. Pardee from his place, compelled him to move his family into town, after which they burned his dwelling and out-houses, killed all his hogs and poultry, destroyed his entire crop and killed about fifty head of his cattle. Last spring he moved his family back to the ranch, willing to incur some danger in order to collect together the remnants of his hard earnings for ten years in California, upon which he hoped to feed and educate his children. What of his earthly goods he is possessed of now remains on the ranch, subject to the mercy of the *poor innocent diggers* for which some of our Legislators and members of the press are shedding such floods of crocodile tears. No occasion for hostilities! Plenty of troops to protect the settlers! All the fault of the whites! Lo, the poor Indian is persecuted! Oh, certainly.

