

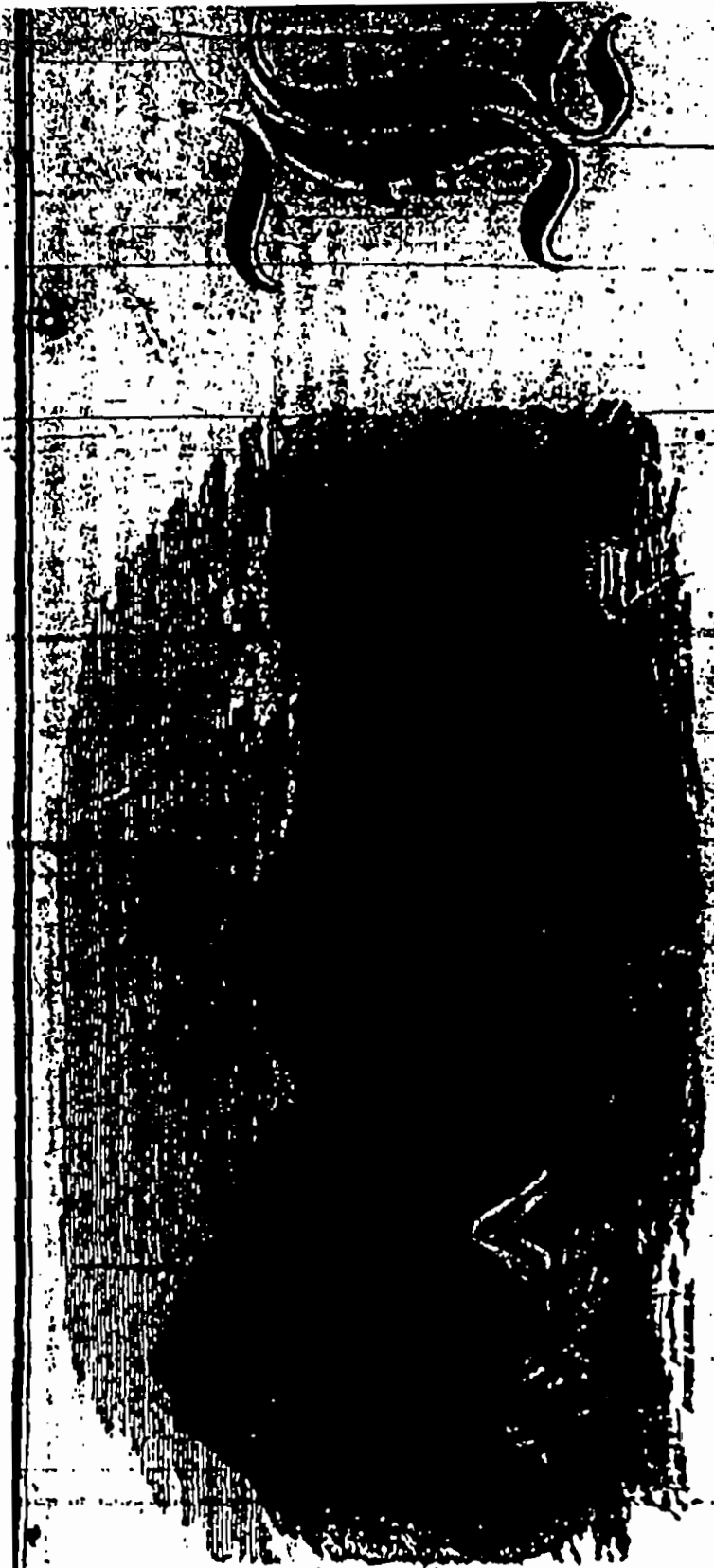
A DESPERATE INDIAN KILLED.—The notorious Indian, 'How-Hony,' (Jumping Fox,) who headed the party that killed Cochren and Brown, on Cottonwood, was captured at Nome-Luokee, on the 31st ult., by Sheriff Nunnally, assisted by John McTurk, Esq., and several gentlemen stopping at the Reservation. He made a desperate resistance, and but for the equally desperate efforts of Mr. McTurk would possibly have made his escape. As it was, after Mr. McTurk caught him, it required the assistance of six or eight men to tie him. On Friday, just as Sheriff Nunnally arrived at the American Ranch, he made an effort to escape by running. The Sheriff of course commenced pursuit, but perceiving the distance between them gradually increasing, he drew his pistol and fired. The ball passed directly through the Indian's head, and he of course dropped dead in his tracks.

'How-Hony' was probably the most desperate Indian who has figured in this portion of the State since its settlement by the whites. He belonged to no tribe, and acknowledged no chief. For five or six years he has been at the head of a company of Indian banditti, numbering some six men, and levied contributions upon all who excited his hostility—Indians as well as whites. He confessed to having killed fifteen white men in this county—ten of them near the coast range, between Arbuckle and Red Bank

by the whites. He belonged to no tribe, and acknowledged no chief. For five or six years he has been at the head of a company of Indian banditti, numbering some six men, and levied contributions upon all who excited his hostility—Indians as well as whites. He confessed to having killed fifteen white men in this county—ten of them near the coast range, between Arbuckle and Red Bank Creek. He also assisted in killing Lieut. Russel. He says that he once tied a white man to a tree, in the vicinity of Arbuckle, and shot arrows into him until he died. He killed another with an arrow, on South Cottonwood, as he was trying to make his escape. He had a pistol with Brown's name upon it, which he took after he had killed him. He said he was born immediately in the forks of the north and middle tributaries of the Cottonwood, and that he was 28 years of age. He boasted that he never had been whipped by a white man, and told Sheriff Nussally that he was the first man who had ever conquered him. The Indians will be as much rejoiced to hear of his death as the whites themselves.—*State Courier.*

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