

Narrow Escape.

On Sunday last, K. N. Gear, better known as Foss, a partner of W. T. Olmstead of this town, had a "loud call" for his life. He was out hunting horses on Bear River, on what is known as the Big Hill, not more than one and a half miles from the Creek, where the settlers live.

While passing by a little point of timber, at the head of a gulch, he was fired on by an Indian, about forty yards distant. He had on a woolen sack coat which was pierced through in the back, just under his shoulders. When the shot was fired, his mule became unmanageable, otherwise he thinks he could have killed the Indian with his pistol. The digger broke for the timber as soon as he fired and was in fair view of Foss as he ran.

Mr. Foss is positive that it was the Indian known as Bear River Bob, and one of the gang sent to Hanson's Assylum, at Smith River, some three months since. Foss had a fair view of him, and thinks, also, that he could recognize the gun—a long rifle—with which this same Indian killed Parker. Bob had repeatedly threatened to kill Foss before he was sent to the Reservation, and as he was known to have killed Parker, Foss swore out a warrant for him before he went away and endeavored to have him turned over to the civil authorities for trial. Col. Lippitt, however, refused to give him up, and he now has a chance to carry his threat into execution. He is a bad Indian, and if he is back on Bear River if he does not kill more than one man before he again claims the protection of the Indian Superintendent we will be mistaken.

HUMBOLDT TIMES.

EUREKA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1862.

<p>The Crooked Footpath. Ah, here's the sliding mill That marks the old remembered spot,— The gap that struck our schoolboy trail,— The crooked path across the lot.</p>	<p>What's in a Name. There seems to be in certain quarters a misconception respecting the condition of 'parties' in the North. The truth of the matter as we conceive it may be</p>	<p>and we honor the feeling which moves them to cherish the loved shibboleth; but when this feeling prompts them, without any very searching regard for the public consequences, to insist on applying the</p>	<p>Major-Generals of Volunteers. We had in looking over statistics that New York, directly or indirectly, gives eleven Major-Generals to the war. Of these, Major-Generals Henry W. Slocum,</p>	<p>W: Was To the A we</p>
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