

years; one was drowned and one scalded with lye water till he died. An enemy of his hired a man to kill him, but failed, and various and rapid were his trials. He was a good provider and has a number of his children on a fair way to becoming thoroughly educated. He was a large man in stature, over six feet in height when in the prime of life, but was not quite so tall latterly. He weighed from 200 to 215 pounds. He drank no tea nor coffee, used no tobacco and drank no liquor. While with him in St. George, I have seen him refuse to drink a drop of wine with his old-time friends. He never profaned, and always rebuked those that did. However, he would sometimes treat a household of those who desired it to the amount of \$40 to \$50. He was a good frontiersman, active and ambitious and performed noble work at Sunset in the interest of the Arizona mission and its final success. His policy toward the Indians was that of Brigham Young: 'Feed them, not fight them,' and many were the good and instructive letters he received from Pres. Young in that early day which he would read in public and always advise the people to carry them out punctually. Lot said at one time in my hearing: 'All who feel like cursing an Indian and saying that the only good Indian is a dead one, are released to go home.' He meant all he said, and hundreds of Indians came down and farmed at Sunset, and he was not a whit behind in showing them all about farming. He visited the different tribes often and always enquired of their welfare and asked if any of our people were intruding on their rights, often enquiring if we were welcome in their land. He was a fairly good Spanish interpreter and always gave them good advice, encouraging them to allegiance to this great government, etc. He was kind to them, feeding them and aiding them otherwise and he stood high with the Navajo chiefs. When Sunset was abandoned he moved in part to Moencoppy, where he found a different stripe of Navajoes, a people who know no law, a people who were not subdued by the government at the last big fight. They hid up near the Navajo Mountains where live those who committed the depredations in southern Utah and killed Whitmore and Geo. A. Smith, jun., and stole

many sheep and horses. The writer has seen many mares, valued at from \$100 to \$250 each, stolen in Utah, and came nearly losing his life for making mention of this fact at one time. While I lived at Moencoppy eight years, I saw them let their sheep into gardens and orchards, breaking fruit trees till they died, and all we could do was only to plead with them kindly, sometimes with good effect for a time, but soon this failed, and they would steal fruit, melons, grain in the shock, corn in the field, ride on our horses, stealing the bells from their necks, the hobbles of their legs, etc., breaking the dams in our reservoirs, destroying our crops and causing the loss of our water, and a hundred other things. Brother Lot Smith passed through all this and more also, and I will assure the reader that Lot Smith died defending the right." Lot Smith was killed by Indians at Tuba City, Arizona, June 21, 1892. The following statement concerning his tragic death is culled from a statement made by G. W. Palmer, of Farmington, Davis county, and published in the "Deseret News" (weekly), Vol. 45, p. 230: A short time previous to the unfortunate event, a "Gentile" trader came to the neighborhood of Lot Smith's residence, at Tuba, Arizona, to obtain the wool clip from the Navajos's sheep. He ingratiated himself with the Indians, and among other things told them they had as much right to the grazing lands outside their reservation as the white men had, and their sheep were as free to pasture as the white men's cattle. The Navajos, particularly the young bucks, became very saucy and brought their sheep off the reservation, intruding upon the lands taken up by white settlers. This man has the reputation of having incited Indians to drive off a rancher, some time ago, that they might have a good place at which to wash and shear their sheep so that he could get the wool. On the morning of the day when the shooting occurred, an Indian told a man named D. Claws and others, five miles from Tuba, that "may be, pretty soon, Navajos kill and clear out some white men," and that they had "talked about it two days." Claws laughed at him and made fun of his threat, and he said, "We kill one white man, anyhow." Two hours after this, Lot Smith was shot. It appears that the