

We travel on around the mountain and come back into Caney Creek Valley. After a short distance we turn north toward Biting Springs country. After a turn to the left we cross a little creek. We stop and Jeff points to a spot that was Ned Christie's home back in the late 1800s. The creek is fed from the Ned Christie Spring. Jeff remembers when Ned Christie's log house still stood there. He tells that there used to be a big post oak stump out in the field of the old Thornton place. It is related that in the battle to capture Ned Christie, the Army and lawmen, numbering about 100, had set up a cannon against that stump to fire cannon balls at Christie's home. Arch Christie was with Ned at the time and they thought it comical that the government soldiers would go to all that trouble just to capture a couple of poor Indians. The cannon did set fire to the log house and Arch got all his hair burned, but he got away. Ned started running up, the hollow concealed in the cloud of smoke. It is told that a 14-year old boy who was minding the soldiers' horses shot Ned. Ned was buried in the little Watt Christie Cemetery close by his father's home about a half mile down the creek. White people eventually got ownership of the Watt Christie home and land. The little cemetery is nearly gone now, after years of using it as a calf and hog lot. The monument to Ned Christie's memory was seen a few years ago, broken and leaning up against a tree. The whiteman tried to make a Ukaga out of Ned, as they have all the other Indians for 400 years, and it still does not work. The memory of a good man forced into a way of life he did not want, is wonderfully preserved in the hearts of his people. The memory of thousands of white men who were great in their time, but have long since been forgotten. But not this one, whose inscription reads:

N E D C H R I S T I E

Born Dec. 14, 1852

Died Nov. 3, 1892

"He was at one time a
Member of the Executive
Council of the C. N.
He was a blacksmith,
and was a brave man."