

Rebounding Vengeance

An Indian Romance



..... and the.....
Evolution of Newport, Oregon

REBOUNding VENGEANCE

AN INDIAN ROMANCE
AND THE
EVOLUTION OF NEWPORT
OREGON



By
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Author of
of
"Across the Continent and Back Again,"
"Migrating,"
"The Voice of the Comet, Past, Present
and Future,"
"Titanic," and others.

Ⓢ

7-2-'52

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NEWPORT
TO THEE IS THIS BOOK
DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR

P R E F A C E

"Why was this book written?"

The author, Theresa (Ketcheson-Boldrick) Roper, who was born and lived for a number of years in Hastings Co., Ontario, Canada, when reading of the far West longed—but never dreamed that she would—see the mighty Pacific Ocean, that washed the western shores of the continent of North America.

She first visited these shores in 1902, and a few years later she, with her family, took up her abode in picturesque Newport.

Purchasing a beautiful view lot they proceeded at once to erect their home, "Highland Castle," which, when being built, was found to cover a portion of the old "coast-wise Indian trail."

After taking up her residence here Mrs. Roper would so often ask for bits of the early history of Newport, and was surprised to learn that no records had been kept of the past, and that all the knowledge to be gained about her present and future home was from word of mouth of a few of the old pioneers that helped to build this extreme western city.

And so the thought came to her that she would secure and write down the most important events in the evolution of the town of her adoption.

But, who knows? Maybe, as she sits idly dreaming on the bit of the "old trail" that she so jealously preserves, she sees the shades of the old feather-bedecked warriors as they go galloping by on their phantom steeds, and it may be that they stop and tell her of the days that have "long passed by," be that as it may—the events related on the following pages are all founded on facts.

1919.

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By Theresa (Ketcheson-Boldrick) Roper

CONTENTS

	Page
CHAPTER I. 1825-1650	9
CHAPTER II. 1651	19
CHAPTER III.	26
CHAPTER IV.	43
CHAPTER V. 1653	48
CHAPTER VI. Years Passed By	50
CHAPTER VII.	54
CHAPTER VIII.	58
CHAPTER IX. 1824-1825	60
CHAPTER X.	67
CHAPTER XI.	75
CHAPTER XII. Indian Sweat House	79
CHAPTER XIII.	91
CHAPTER XIV.	97
CHAPTER XV.	99
CHAPTER XVI. The Three Sisters	105
CHAPTER XVII.	109
CHAPTER XVIII.	116
CHAPTER XIX.	118
CHAPTER XX. 1852—Shipwrecked Off Newport Beach	131
CHAPTER XXI.	141
CHAPTER XXII.	149
CHAPTER XXIII. 1852	152
CHAPTER XXIV. 1854	157
CHAPTER XXI.	160
CHAPTER XXVI. 1855	163
CHAPTER XXVII. 1856	169
CHAPTER XXVIII. 1857—Old Siletz Blockhouse ...	173
CHAPTER XXIX.	178
CHAPTER XXX.	184

CONTENTS

	Page
CHAPTER XXXI. 1858-1861	188
CHAPTER XXXII. 1861	198
CHAPTER XXXIII. 1862-1864	200
CHAPTER XXXIV. 1865	202
CHAPTER XXXV. 1866	212
CHAPTER XXXVI. 1867	218
CHAPTER XXXVII. 1867—Newport's First 4th of July Celebration	222
CHAPTER XXXVIII. 1868	227
CHAPTER XXXIX.	231
CHAPTER XL.	243
CHAPTER XLI. First Public School and Roll Call ..	244
CHAPTER XLII.	249
CHAPTER XLIII. 1871	250
CHAPTER XLIV.	261
CHAPTER XLV. 1872	266
CHAPTER XLVI. 1874	271
CHAPTER XLVII. 1875	275
CHAPTER XLVIII. 1876	278
CHAPTER XLIX.	282
CHAPTER L. 1877	285
CHAPTER LI. 1878	295
CHAPTER LII. 1880	297
CHAPTER LIII. 1882	306
CHAPTER LIV. 1883	309
CHAPTER LV.	316
CHAPTER LVI. 1886	319
CHAPTER LVII. 1888-1891	322
CHAPTER LVIII. 1892	325
CHAPTER LIX. 1896	326
CHAPTER LX. 1897	329
CHAPTER LXII. 1913	335
CHAPTER LXIII.	348
CHAPTER LXIV.	354
CHAPTER LXV. 1918	368



Yours truly,
THERESA (Ketcheson-Boldrick) ROPER.



REBOUNding VENEGANCE

AN INDIAN ROMANCE AND THE
EVOLUTION OF NEWPORT, ORE.



CHAPTER I.

— 1825 —

GH.”

Silence, save for the muffled splashing of the breakers on the rocks seventy or eighty feet below the point of land that projected a couple of hundred feet out from the main land, which was in after years to be known as “Jump-Off-Joe,” at Newport, Oregon.

The point was nearly four hundred feet in width, with banks almost perpendicular. It was dotted here and there on top with wild huckleberry bushes, while the ground was thickly carpeted with “kinnikinic,” a beautiful evergreen vine loaded with bright red berries. In the midst of this a young Indian maiden stood, or rather, partly bent, in the task of picking the luscious fruit. When the unfamiliar sound reached her ear, her hand was stayed half way on its journey to deposit its load of berries in the conical shaped basket that was strapped to her back by a band passing around her forehead, which also bound back her jet-black hair that fell in two loosely braided strands, one on either side of her red-brown face. About her shoulders was draped a cleverly woven grass mat. A short buckskin skirt, which



was fringed at the lower edge, extended below the knees, and beneath which her two small, shapely, naked feet could be seen.

“Ugh!”

Again that sound. Slowly she arose to her full height, and turning around she faced the main land. She confronted a hedge-like growth of jack pine, that marked the shore line all along the bluff. At first she saw nothing, then slowly a dark brown hand reached out and parted the green branches, and her quick eye caught the gleam of two shining orbs looking straight at her.

Slowly the bushes separated, and as they did so, revealed the tall, straight form of a young brave.

His scanty clothing was torn and dirty. A band about his straight, short, black hair, bound in place at the back of his head, two dilapidated eagle feathers. His shoulders bore the remnants of a once beautiful otter skin robe, and his almost, naked legs, were marked with many scars. His feet were bound about with what were once a handsomely embroidered pair of moccasins, but they, too, showed the marks of rough usage.

As these two young people stood facing each other—perfect in their youth—not more than twenty feet apart, they appeared to be reading the innermost soul of each other, and, apparently satisfied with what they saw, he advanced a few steps, and she did not run away, or even move, but waited for him to speak first.

“Kla howya, six.”

The maiden’s black eyes sparkled, and a half smile parted the full red lips, but she did not say a word or make a move.

Embolded by her looks, he took a few more steps forward, then he looked all around, up and down the beach on either side of his lofty position, which enabled him to see plainly from where he stood. Apparently satisfied that no one else was near he said:

2“Chuck?”

3“Wake; mika chach co till?” for the maiden saw the look of utter fatigue in his face.

4“Wake.”

5“Ik-tah mika tikah?”

6“Mika o-lo.”

7“Yahkwa mitlita mika muck-a-muck,” and turning quickly, she beckoned him to follow, and she led the way to the very outer edge of the bluff where there were a few feet of green grass overhanging the almost-perpendicular rock.

Here she swung the basket from her shoulders, and dived deep among the berries, while the young brave threw himself—face downward—in the long grass, and lay at full length.

She brought forth strips of dried meat, and fish, and laid them before him. He lifted his head and looked at the food thus provided, then raised his eyes to her face, and gave it one searching look, after which he proceeded to devour what she had placed before him.

Again she dived to the bottom of the basket and brought forth several dark round balls, and held them toward him.

8“Wapato.”

He reached up and took them from her, and in so doing, his fingers closed over hers, and their eyes met.

A dark deep flush overspread her face, while a smile of pleasure played about his strong, thin, lips and his bright eyes grew brighter still. Not a word was spoken and he ate in silence, all she had given him, then, rising to his feet he told her he must go.

“Where was he going, and why so soon?”

For a few moments he did not answer but stood gazing out over the blue waters of the ocean as it sparkled

1—“Good morning, friend.” 2—“Water.” 3—“No, are you tired?” 4—
 “No.” 5—“What do you want?” 6—“I’m hungry.” 7—“Here is
 something to eat.” 8—“Potatoes.”

at his feet.

His face, upon which the morning sun was shining its brightest, showing fully the high cheek bones, the long, straight, thin nose, the straight, firm mouth which was partly open, revealing the white, perfect teeth beneath. Every line of his well built body was perfect, and, with the exception of a tired droop to his broad shoulders, there was nothing lacking to mark him as being a chosen one of the gods.

At last lowering his gaze to the level of her eyes he said:

"I'll tell you. I'm going to my mother's people, the 'Chinooks,' who live on the 'Sket-sot-wa'."

She gazed over his person. He carried no provisions, and he carried no weapons with which to kill, and her quick thought was, that he would die of hunger, and she said:

"Come with me to my father's lodge and he will give you plenty to eat, for the distance is far—two, maybe three, suns away."

But he shook his head.

"I go; and no one must know. I go in secret."

A cautious glance from her eyes convinced him that he must tell her more, and after a moment's hesitation, he told her that he was fleeing from vengeance.

Again she started, and that frightened look,—but—he told her, to fear not,—for the crime he was accused of, he had never committed. He was innocent.

He told her he did not wish anyone to know he had passed that way, so, if his pursuers did trace him, no one could say they saw him. Once with his mother's people he would be safe: then, might he come back to her? If he brought many skins and much riches to her father, would he let her go with him as wife?

For a few moments she sat in silence, then said:

"Let it be so."

He dropped upon one knee in front of her, and taking her two plump berry stained hands in his own powerful brown palms, he looked straight, and long, into her half-closed eyes, then he said:

"O-koke wa Kan-num tik-eh."

Then he told her he had never loved one before, although many maidens had been offered him; his grandmother had taught that the "Great Spirit" would be angry with him if he took to wife aught but the one He had created in love for him.

Just then two snow white sea gulls—that had been resting on the rocks far below, were disturbed by the foaming crest of a huge breaker, and soaring far overhead, gave a graceful dip of their outspread pinions, and passed but a few feet above the heads of the two young lovers. As the shadow of their bodies passed over them, the young brave looked up, then he dropped his eyes to her face again, as he said:

"Tkope Miski; ni-ka Miski."

"Ah-ha."

He told her that he would always think of her as his "Miski" and that his name was "Joseph," a name that had come down through the ages from the long ago. "Joseph" meant "the chosen of God," "God" was the "Great Spirit" who lived in the "great beyond" so the white chief had told his "Chape's Chape."

Miski looked at him inquiringly, then said:

"Wa-wa ni-ka okoke eh-kah-nam."

For a few moments Joseph appeared not to hear, then, sitting down upon his feet, and clasping his arms about his knees, he gazed long out over the laughing waters, toward the noon-day sun.

1—"It is with God's love." 2—"White sea gull—my sea gull." 3—"Yes."
4—"Grandmother's grandmother." 5—"Tell me the story."

The red-brown-green foliage of the large huckleberry bush, that sheltered them from any that might pass along the trail on the bluff, served as a rich background for the two reclining figures on the edge of the cliff.

At last he spoke :

His mother had died when his sister, ¹“Chee Chee,” was born, some fourteen snows ago, and his grandmother and grandfather Chief ²“Shah-Shuh-Gar,” chief of the Umpquas, who lived in the valley of the ³“Yon Calla,” and had no other children, cared for him and his little sister, as though they were their own; and sitting in the door of his grandmother’s wigwam, or under the tall trees of the forest that surrounded their camping ground, she, ⁴“Shontay Kul-lakul-la,” told him all that had come down to her.

— 1650 —

“Almeta,” Joseph’s grandmother’s grandmother, was born far to the north on the great river. Her father was chief of the “Chinooks,” who were very rich, having many canoes. They were great hunters and had very many beautiful furs of the wolf, deer and seal.

All was peaceful among them; life was sweet, and all were happy. One day little Almeta and her mother went down to the river, which was not far from the village, where they had come to get their winter’s supply of ⁵“pish,” and taking a canoe paddled down the river, close to the banks, until they came to a small inlet, which terminated in a mud flat.

Here the ⁶“wapatoes” grew in great profusion, their lily-like blooms covering the surface of the water, which here was about two feet deep.

Then Almeta’s mother slipped out of the canoe, and wading about to the patches, or clumps, she worked the

1—“Small Bird.” 2—“Blue Heron.” 3—“Umpqua River.” 4—“Singing Bird.” 6—“Wild potatoes.”

roots loose from the mud with her toes, and when they arose to the surface Almeta,—who was too small for that labor,—would gather them from the water into the canoe.

Great flocks of water fowl were flying around, or swimming about on the surface of the sluggish water, while here and there, great white swans were wading about. With their powerful legs and feet, they would dig loose the root far down in the mud, and ducking their heads under the dirty water, their long necks would enable them to reach the root, which they would free from the mud, and it would float to the surface, but when they raised their heads to look for the bulbs—the ducks had often devoured them.

Almeta had been so interested in watching the manners of the birds, and her mother so busy with her tasks, that the long day was beginning to draw to a close, before they started for home. They did not notice until they had gained the river and gotten away from the high shores, that had protected them all day, that a heavy gale of wind was sweeping up the river, making the waters roll, and toss, about in wild fury, for it was very wide here—almost like an inland sea. They hugged the banks close, skimming along under the overhanging trees, when, as they rounded a sharp point, they came into full view of—what Almeta at first thought to be—a huge bird, with many wings spread.

It was driving ahead, and coming straight toward the point they were striving so hard to navigate in their frail craft.

Fear seized both, and they headed the canoe straight to the shore, where they climbed out, and pulled hard at their heavily laden boat, until they had it well up from the angry waves. Then, hastily clambering up the steep bank, they ran with all their might to the village, which was not far distant.

"White Eagle," Almeta's father, with many others, was lying around a smouldering camp fire, when the woman and the girl burst upon their tranquility, with the news of their wonderful discovery!

In a moment the camp was alive!

Women and children flocked from the nearby wigwams, while the men, old, and young, seized their weapons, and all started in great confusion toward the spot where the wonderful sight had been seen.

Sure enough, there was the strange object, but it had drifted to the shore, and had stuck in the sand, and the waves,—driven with the fury of the wind,—were fast breaking the craft to pieces. The white sails were being torn to shreds, and the on-lookers from the high bank above, could see beings like themselves, clinging to the wreckage. Some were already in the water battling with the waves, and would soon land.

"What were they to do?"

This huge, strange-shaped canoe, with its load of pale faces; were they coming to make war on them?

Quickly a council was held. It would never do to let them land, for once on shore, what power did they possess? What weapons did they have? What their strength?

No, they must be stopped and at once. So, gathering in a compact body, they dropped one by one over the bank, and concealed themselves among the willows that grew low over the water, until all had descended, then, forming in a semicircle, they advanced to the spot where the white men were landing.

Slowly the circle narrowed, until within a few yards of the half-drowned men, then with a fierce war-whoop, they closed around them.

The struggle did not last long, and to the waiting women on the bank above, a yell of triumph from the warriors, told them of their perfect victory.

Around the campfire that night, a great dance was held. Had they not a reason to rejoice? The "Great Spirit" had given them strength to subdue this new unknown foe.

When the dance was at its highest, Almeta's mother came and took her by the hand, and led her away from the boisterous throng; led her to the forest behind the village, far from the sound of revelry, and there beneath the tall trees, whose tops swayed in the strong, heavy wind—which still blew so bitterly,—the older woman with a shudder, told the child at her feet how the scene that had been enacted that night, had cut her to the heart, for once before, when she was a little girl like Almeta, and lived with her people down where the ocean and the river meet, she had beheld the same sight that they had just witnessed. Had she known it would have terminated as it did, she never would have told her husband, Chief White Eagle.

The next morning, the wind having abated, the water had calmed down, and the outgoing tide had left the strange craft high and dry on the white sands. Great was the rejoicing in the camp, for many of the young braves had clambered aboard, and the strange and wonderful things they had found, made them wild with delight. Wonderful and delicious things they had found to eat, clothes and garments they knew not how to wear, masses of cloth, beads, and baubles of all kinds, which the women of the tribe at once took possession of, and later—many were the fantastic garments—constructed out of the treasures of that ship.

All day long the pillage went on. At length a queer thing was found. It looked like a stick but was very heavy and one end was much larger than the other.

"Of what use could it be?"

"Should they take it?"

"Yes, everything must go." But one young brave—

more inquisitive than the rest—thought he would make a thorough investigation. How it happened none could tell, but there was a deafening roar, a flash of lightning-like fire, and the young warrior dropped face downward, blood gushing in streams from his head.

It was but the work of a moment for all to leave this strange craft. Over each other they tumbled in their haste to get as far away as they could from this mysterious spirit. From a distance they discussed the strange happening. They waited long, and the water arose higher and higher around the wreck. Why did not the "Kas-kass" come out before it was too late?

While they were discussing the situation his mother arrived from the village, and upon learning all, at once made for the wreck. In vain they told her to return, that the now-partly floating boat might go to pieces, and she be drowned in the angry waves. But she heeded them not, and after much labor she at last gained the deck, and disappeared from view. Not long was she gone, when those on shore beheld her clambering over the side of the hull, drop into the water, and swim with haste toward the beach, where she arrived half dead from her battle with the waves, which were now lashing angrily the rocks that bordered the river's shore. When she could speak, she told them in awe, that she had found him—her man-child—lying face downward where he had fallen, and when she had turned him over he was stiff in death, and then she saw he had no face. Horror stricken, the natives fled to the village and rolling themselves in their robes, or hiding in their wigwams, they remained as quiet as death for they feared the gods would pursue them and serve them the same way.

The next morning some of the bolder ones ventured to the water's edge, but nothing of the mysterious craft could be seen.

1—"Boy."

CHAPTER II.

— 1651 —



NE snow passed by and the following Spring found the same band encamped on the old grounds again, engaged in the same operations—that of laying in their winter's supply of ¹“wapatoes and pish.”

The weather was beautiful, and the sun was shining so brightly over the rippling waters of the River of the West. The women were busy; some weaving baskets of the rushes that grew close to the water's

edge, some were engaged in making skirts of long fringe, twisted and braided from the inner bark of the cedar—a beautiful silky strong fibre—which they would dye many colors, others again, were busy sewing together hides, and skins of the bear, and moose, with strings and strips of the hides for new wigwams.

Many of the men were in canoes along the river spearing fish with a pronged stick, or a long lance made out of horn, while others were making nets out of small fibrous roots, to catch the ²“ool-kum” which came in great quantities, after the snows left the mountains, and the waters of the river were high.

The children were happy playing their many games, and all was tranquil. Almeta had strayed from the others to the high bank above the river, where she sat with her basket work. She could see far down the river, and she dreamed of a visit her mother had promised her, she could make to her mother's people, who lived down where the ³“we-co-ma” and the ⁴“chuck” meet, when the young bucks and braves, went down to the ocean to get their winter's supply of ⁵“e-co-la” and ⁶“ol-hi-yu,” the oil of

1—“Potatoes and fish.” 2—“Smelt.” 3—“Ocean.” 4—“River.”
5—“Whale.” 6—“Seal.”

which they dearly loved.

Suddenly, she let her work fall to the ground, and springing to her feet, she shaded her eyes from the fierce glare of the sun on the water, she beheld far in the distance, a "kanem" like the one that had come ashore in the gale the year before.

Her first thought was to fly and warn the tribe, then the thought of what she had witnessed before, flashed before her, and going quietly to the camp, she told her mother secretly of what she had seen, and the two went back to the point of observation, and watched the beautiful sight of the stately ship, with its white wings spread, coming slowly along in the gentle breeze.

Soon it was close up to the point, and rounding it, came into full view of the fishermen, who, upon seeing it, made for the shore, and rushing up to the village, procured their arms and ran back to the river edge, prepared to do to the new comers what they had done to those that had dared to visit their shores before.

In the meantime, the ship had come to a full stop. The watchers on the shore could see those on board heave some heavy object over, which fell with a splash into the water, then they proceeded to lower its white wings, and soon it stood still, save for a gentle rocking caused by the outgoing tide. Those on board then hoisted a large canoe-like object over the side, and many of them climbed down into it, and began pulling for the shore.

When within a short distance of the landing, the natives—with a yell of warning—waded far out into the water with their stone axes, and spears uplifted, ready to strike, when suddenly, one of the men stood up in the boat, and raised a strange fearful looking stick—like that which had caused such terror among them before. He pointed it just above their heads and it spoke fire, and smoke, amid a deafening roar.

Quickly, as one man, the Indians turned, and with a cry of fright rushed up the bank, and were soon hidden from view. Women and children likewise took shelter, and when the pale faces reached shore not one was to be seen, save the two figures of Almeta and her mother, far up on the bluff. They could see the strangers plainly, and the first one to step ashore, was a tall black-robed being, with long snow-white hair, and beard, who carried a "la-clo-ah," and when he had gained the high shore, he stood it upright in the ground, and while those that came with him knelt at its feet, the black-robed one stood erect, and stretching his hands upward to the "koo-sah" appeared to be addressing some unseen being.

It was plain to the savages that there was to be no fooling with these strange people, and with the mysterious power they possessed with the magic stick.

"Who knew what they might do!"

Two of the men returned to the boat and started back to the ship, the rest stood about the cross, with their backs to it, facing in all directions, while the black-robed one, finding a path, went slowly up the steep hill to where Almeta and her mother stood, unable to hide on its bare surface. Crouching there, he found them quaking with fear, but one look from his kindly eyes, convinced them that he meant no harm. With a smile he said:

³"Kla-how-ya, six?"

With the sound of his kindly voice, and the knowledge that he spoke their own language perfectly, the terrible fear that had overcome them, vanished. They arose to their feet, still holding each other's hands, but said not a word.

Again the stranger spoke.

He told them he was their friend, that the "Great Spirit" had sent him to their people, to tell them what

1—"Cross." 2—"Sky." 3—"How are you, friend?"

they must do to please Him, and those who came with him would like to buy furs from them if they had any to sell. They meant no harm, on the contrary, they wished to help them, to do them good.

When White Eagle,—peeping through the bushes where he had hidden himself, with others,—saw his wife and daughter talking to the stranger, he grew bolder, and came slowly up the hill, but still holding his spear tightly in his hand. The new comer saw him and in a low voice he told the chief of what he wanted, and that they would pay them well for what the natives had to give them. Before the sun had set behind the western hills, peace had been declared between them, and a friendly feeling had sprung up.

As day by day went by the "White Chief,"—as they called the tall stranger,—told them of many things about the "Great Spirit" whom they so vaguely knew. How they must be kind to one another, not kill, not steal, not envy or in no way injure one another, or anything another possessed. But if one was in trouble, in want or sick, they must help them, and in so doing the "Great Spirit" would smile on them, and take them to the "Happy Hunting Ground" where they would have all they wished of everything they loved, a place or region far beyond the sun, which was like the door to the "New Home" they would enter when they come to "chah-co men-a-loos."

The White Chief, who was the only one that spoke their language, had to tell his pale face brothers, all the Indians had to say, and, through him many skins and baskets were traded for bright colored beads, and cloths, and many other things which the natives had never seen before until they had taken them from the ship that had been washed upon their shores.

After spending many, many suns with them, and

1—"To die."

procuring all the skins that could be spared from the camp, the ship made ready to sail. The pale faces had taken much dried fish, and venison as food and they said they would surely come again after another snow, and bring many things useful to the Indians from the great world outside, from whence they had come. But in return, the natives must have many skins of the bear, beaver, moose and the elk, deer, wolf and fox.

The hearts of the natives grew sad at the thought of the pale chief leaving them, and little Almeta lay long awake at night in her little bed of spruce boughs out under the stars, and prayed to the "Great Spirit" to let the white chief stay with them, for his teachings had touched her heart as it had that of her mother, and not a few of the other women, and some of the men of the tribe.

Crying, she stole quietly to the te-pee of the dear old man they had all learned to love, and calling softly she sank in tears to the ground, and when he came to her, she asked him what they would all do without him should he leave them.

Touched by the heart-hunger of this wild people, he told the departing sailors of his intentions of stopping where he was until their return. At first they begged him not to do so rash a thing, but the down-hearted looks of the men, the tear stained faces of the women, and most of all, the wild pleadings of Almeta, convinced him that here—in the heart of the wilderness—the remainder of his life work stood. He bade his friends farewell, and stood on the shore surrounded by his dusky followers as the ship weighed anchor, and unfurled her white wings and slowly glided down the placid river toward the unknown sea.

As it rounded the high point, he mounted the hill and stood where he first met Almeta, until the white sails vanished from view in the distance. Then turning—

wearily—he suddenly confronted the little maiden who had followed him, and had been waiting some time for him to notice her. The bright smile with which she greeted him took away much of the ache that was gnawing at his heart, and, when looking down upon the gathered throng at the foot of the hill awaiting him, the last vestige of homesickness left him and he descended to his new found dusky friends.

From them he learned of many tribes to the far north, and that those among whom he now dwelt would repair to the mountains when the snows came. Many legends they told him when they gathered around the camp fire at night, and one that particularly interested him, was the forming of the beautiful climate where they now dwelt.

“In the long ago there were fierce cold winds all along the ‘Yakait wimakle.’ Five brothers controlled these winds and their names were ‘Chinook.’ There were other five brothers who lived at ‘Walla Walla.’ They caused the ice to form and the cold snow to cover the mountains. The grandparents of them all lived at ‘Umattilla,’ home of the wind blown sands. Always there was war between them. They swept over the country destroying the forests, covering the rivers with ice, or melting the snows and causing the floods. The people suffered much because of their violence. The ‘Walla Walla’ brothers challenged the ‘Chinook’ brothers to wrestle.

“³‘Speelyer,’ (Tol-a-pus) the coyote god, should judge the contest and he should cut off the heads of those who fell. The crafty Tolapus secretly advised the grandparents of the ‘Chinook’ brothers that if they would throw oil on the ground their sons would not fall. This they did and the ‘Chinook’ brothers were thrown one after the other and ‘Speelyer,’ the coyote god, cut their heads off according to the bargain.

1—“Columbia river.” 2—“The meeting place of the waters.” 3—“Coyote.”

“So the five Chinook brothers were dead.

“But the oldest of them left an infant son. The child’s mother brought him up to avenge the killing of his kinsmen. So the son grew very strong.

“Again the ‘Walla Walla’ brothers challenged the ‘Chinook’ to wrestle. ‘Speelyer’ should judge the contest and he should cut off the heads of those who fell. Secretly the ‘Tolapus’ advised the grandparents of the ‘Walla Walla’ brothers that if they would throw ice on the ground their sons would not slip. This they did and the ‘Walla Walla’ brothers were thrown one after the other by young ‘Chinook’ until four of them had fallen. Only the younger of them was left. His heart failed him and he refused to wrestle.

“‘Speelyer’ pronounced this sentence upon him: ‘You shall live, but you shall no longer have power to freeze people.’

“To young ‘Chinook’ he said: ‘You must blow only lightly and you must blow first upon the mountains to warn people of your coming, and never more must your breath be cold.’

“So ever after when the ‘Walla Wallas’ covered the mountains with a white blanket, young ‘Chinook’ would breathe his warm breath on the snows and they would soon vanish.

“That is why the valleys on the ocean side of the mountains are so pleasant to live in.”



CHAPTER III.



NE morning as Almeta, with several young Indian maidens of her own age, were coming with their arms full of rushes and wild grasses, gathered at the river's edge, she saw two or three old squaws emerge from her mother's wigwam. A little bundle of fur nestled in the arms of one of them from which a red and wrinkled face could be seen, and she was told that now she had a little ¹"kah-on."

The eyes of "White Eagle" sparkled with delight, and there was much rejoicing in the lodge, and a feast was given and there was much dancing. Many presents were given the tiny new comer for a man-child had been given by the gods to White Eagle—a new chief had been born to them—and when all the rites of the tribe had been observed, the "White Chief" told them that now was the time to thank the "Great Spirit" for so precious a gift. And when the sun was shining brightly they all repaired to the river bank where a solemn prayer was said, and the priest taking the tiny bundle in his arms bent low over the river, and taking a handfull of water sprinkled the little black head of the first Indian baby ever baptized, while calling reverently on the God of all Creation to bless the little "Joseph" here given to Him, and might the seed sown that day bear fruit in after years.

He then told them that "Joseph" meant chosen of God, and that all children born of parents who had married for love, were called "God's chosen ones."

The White Chief reminded them that they must be true to their word with his friends and get the furs they had promised and late at night they would sit around

1—"Brother."

the smouldering camp fire and discuss the best places to go to hunt the wild animals they wanted.

One morning Almeta awoke and found the camp in wild excitement; preparations were being made for the big hunt. The younger bucks and a few of the young squaws were busy loading canoes, which were drawn up on the pebbly beach, for they had decided to go far to the south over the river where they had heard that much wild game abounded. When Almeta found out what was taking place she ran quickly to her mother—who was crooning to her little son in the door of her wigwam—and begged that she might be allowed to go along. At first she was denied—for they thought her too young, but her many promises to help with the skinning and caring for the furs—as the hunters brought them to camp, at last gained their consent and with a light step and a singing heart she helped all day.

Long into the night she sat with the kind white haired father, and he told her many things she must do and not do to gain the love of the God whose home was far beyond the stars. She must help her little brother, who one day would be a great chief among them, to be as good as the name he bore.

When the sun peeped over the far distant snow capped mountains the following morning, he saw a fleet of ten or twelve canoes loaded with the most stalwart youths, and buxom maidens of the village. Silently they sat in the motionless canoes, while the black-robed priest stood on the shore above them with his hands outstretched in a farewell blessing. Then, pushing out from the banks they headed straight across to the southern shore. Almeta waved her hand to those left on the shore as long as she could see them, little thinking that she never would again gaze on the faces she loved so dearly. The canoes reaching the opposite shore, were pulled high on the beach and unloaded of their weapons and camping

materials. They had evidently been expected, for several of their cousins, the "Clatsops," were there to meet them with ponies and "travois" (poles fastened to the sides of the ponies and one end dragging). On these they soon piled their belongings and the long march to the hunting grounds was begun. Over the grassy slopes of the ¹"Nakarna-aikol chuck" that winds around the ²"Nakarna La-mon-tai" the long summer days were none too long for the little band of twelve slowly wending its way southward. They would fish in the many streams as they passed along, or camp for awhile under some trees by the trail when game appeared plentiful.

They at last found themselves well into the ³"Killamuck" country, whose people welcomed them gladly, and on hearing their errand many attached themselves to the little band of hunters. Around the camp fire at night, great were the tales told of the pursuit of the flying deer, or mountain lion, and of the battles won when strangers invaded their country.

One day some scouts who had gone on ahead to locate game, came rushing into camp greatly excited. They had sighted vast herds of moose, and deer to the south, over a range of mountains that went down to the sea. They had climbed the mountains and there beheld them feeding far below on the tall grass of a big meadow that was sheltered from the cold summer winds that blew so fiercely from the north. The Chinooks had about all the fur their little ponies could carry but the love of the chase was strong in them, and they could not resist the temptation, so strapping the furs to the backs of the ponies—that they might the easier climb the rough mountain trail unhampered by the drag poles,—they moved to the new hunting grounds and skirting around through the foothills to their left they got to windward of their game.

1—"Spirit River." 2—"Spirit of Fire Mountain." 3—"Tillamook."

There they made camp in a dense growth of tall trees by a babbling brook.

For a few days they were very busy, and then at last the wild creatures becoming frightened at the disappearance of so many of their numbers, took to the hills, and were soon beyond pursuit.

Satisfied with what they had procured, the "Killamucks" and "Clatsops" thought to return to their homes the same way they had come, but the Chinooks had heard of a trail to the left over the mountains that led to a fertile valley beyond, and they decided to go that way, so the night before the parting was spent in feasting and many weird dances and wild songs, for had they not cause to rejoice? Had not the gods been good to them and sent plenty of game that they might have much fur to sell to the pale faces that the Chinooks told them of?

The next morning the smouldering camp fire was left far behind. The day was very bright and but for the cold north winds that blew, would have been very beautiful. The trail leading them through the dense undergrowth of the forest, afforded protection and when the sun set and darkness settled down, the little band of Chinooks camped at the foot of the mountain they were to climb in the morning.

It was a very weary Almeta that gathered ferns for her bed that night, and as she pulled a huge, soft, hairy hide over her, she sighed contentedly as she thought how soon would she be at home again. Soon would she see the great White Chief who had taught her to call him "father," and little Joseph, who was so very dear to her now that she was so far away.

Near morning she awoke with a queer choking sensation, and sitting up she looked at the camp fire which had been burning brightly when she lay down to sleep. No, the smoke did not come from that, as only a few black embers marked the spot where it had been. She

tried to sleep again, but soon others coughed, and sneezed, and shortly the whole camp was awake.

“What was the meaning of it all?”

In the gray dawn of the morning, a couple of fleet young braves were sent out to see from whence came the smoke. When they returned they could not tell much, only that the hills all around, and especially toward the east, appeared to be full of smoke.

A council was called, and it was decided to go down the coast a little further to where it was known another trail led over the hills, and in that way they could go around the fire that appeared to be all along the north. So hurriedly packing the ponies, they started—in single file—along the well beaten trail that led down to the ¹“salt chuck.”

As the day advanced the wind arose, and grew more and more fierce, but the coast-wise trail was reached at last. So dense was the great cloud of smoke that rolled overhead, the sun looked like a round ball of fire, and when it set at night, none could tell, as it was completely obscured.

Wearied by their fast march, little Almeta rolled herself up in the soft skin—what cared she for any other bed—she could sleep, and did, while the older ones sat long into the night and discussed what they should do. Then a few, going out to a little clearing to see if anything could be seen, soon brought the others to their side by a quick sharp yell of alarm, and pointing up through the opening of tall trees, they could see the dull red glow on the thick smoke, that hung in the tree tops. The forest all along to the back of them was on fire!

As yet they could not hear its roar, but they knew that by the coming of the wind the next day, a race for life would ensue. So, going to the camp they lay down

¹—“The sea.”

to get all the rest they could, for with the dawn they must be away. But very little sleep did they get for the smoke, always increasing in density, awoke the whole band and they prepared for an early start, which was begun long before the first streaks of daylight appeared. Almeta, who had strayed a little to one side, came rushing in among them. She had seen several dark objects rush by her. She had seen their gleaming eyes and fear had seized her, as it did all, for they knew that the wild beasts had taken alarm, and that it must be worse than they had thought, so, finding the trail in the semi-darkness, they urged their poor heavily laden ponies forward.

With daylight came the north-winds, and with the north-winds more and denser smoke, and soon far in the distance, above the sighing of the wind in the tree tops, could be heard the muffled roar of the flames that were pursuing them, while past them on all sides galloped deer, wolves and bears, and overhead, birds of various kinds flew before the clouds of smoke.

Already the women of the party were beginning to feel the strain of the hurried march, and poor little Almeta, the youngest of them all—who had scarcely passed fourteen summers—was fast losing strength. At last, knowing that it meant life or death, Red Deer, the leader of the band, cut loose the thongs that bound the huge pack of heavy furs to the back of one of the ponies, and sat her upon it. The beast—thus relieved of such a burden—was able to go much faster. When this was seen by the Indians they—one by one—sacrificed the much prized skins, until all the women were mounted, and thus they shoved on through the blinding smoke with the roar of the flames ever growing nearer.

They forded streams in company with myriads of wild animals. No thought of fighting now; no thought of the beautiful furs that they could capture so easily.

Now and then they came to wide inlets, that they

had to go far around to gain the other shore, but those also served to check the mad rush of the pursuing flames for a short time, but soon finding the inlet narrow to a river the fire would leap from one tall giant fir to another on the other side, and then—fed by the dry undergrowth—would soon race down the opposite shore and start their wild chase of the poor fugitives, who stumbled along in their mad haste to escape the fiery monster.

On, on they staggered, stopping only to rest and gain a little breath, or to let their poor beasts feed on the wild grass, or to drink of the refreshing waters of a stream. But the ponies seemed to realize the awful fate that hastened to overtake them, and would grab at the leaves and undergrowth as they hurried by.

When darkness came, the wind died down to some extent, but the fearful smoke so choked them that little rest was obtained. At last they came to an inlet, a "aquinna" through which the inrushing tide from the ocean would make it impossible to swim the ponies. It would be equally impossible to follow it up and ford the stream, for already they could see the forked tongues of the flames leaping to the other side.

"Should they stop where they were and die?"

The flames were fast closing in around them, and the roar of the hungry monster was striking terror to the hearts of the hoards of wild beasts, that had gathered close to the water's edge, trying, in vain, to escape. Many had been caught—as their singed fur indicated—and they would stand on the shore lifting first one blistered foot, then another. Some would wade out in the salt water, until the rushing tide would nearly take them from their feet, and then they would struggle to shore again. To stop where they were meant a horrible death, so they took the only means of escape.

Close upon the beach lay a large tree, that had at one

1—'Black Waters.'

time stood on a high bluff, but it had long ago fallen a prey to the crumbling cliffs and had tumbled into the ocean. The wind, waves, and tide, had washed it to where it now lay. To roll it into the water, and shove it out into the boiling surf, took the entire strength of the young braves. Then, going to the waiting group of girls and ponies, they loosed the remainder of the loads of the faithful horses carried—that they might be free to fight for their lives as best they could. Then getting the girls to cling with all their might to the floating tree, the young men pushed their queer craft out into the water. By swimming and shoving they at last landed it on the “south beach” with its living freight.

Saved for a short time from the hot fury, but not long might they rest. They staggered on. The women, now on foot, had to put forth every effort to keep up with their more stalwart brothers. To hasten with all their strength they must, for the draught the flames made was helped along by the high winds that raced down the coast behind them. To grab a few berries that grew along the trail and eat as they ran, a little of the dried meat they still had among them, had to serve them for there was no time to make a fire and cook the game that was so plentiful.

They were hugging close to the shores of the great waters, when they suddenly came upon a small village, or rather an encampment. So dense was the smoke by this time, that they could not see how large it was nor how far it extended. There were high bluffs all along where their wigwams stood and over which monster fir trees waved, made it beautiful to behold, and it must have been an enchanting place to live. But as the fugitives now saw it — enshrouded in smoke — not even a glimpse of the expanse of ocean—that thundered on ^{the} beach—could be obtained. Even the sound of ^{the} surf was deadened by the ever-increasing roar of ^{one} advanc-

ing conflagration. To stay there would mean death in a short time, so, wildly rushing up to the inhabitants, they told them of their impending danger.

Many were busy at the doors of their wigwams cleaning clams and other shell fish, which they had apparently just caught, and paid little, or no attention, to the strangers who were so busily helping themselves to the tempting food lying within their reach. The smoke was somewhat less dense here near the beach, and the natives, when urged to flee, said:

¹“Koo-sal-la pi-ah wake pi-ah chuck,” and lazily went on with their work of opening the shells, extracting the contents, and throwing the shells away from them. In many places the shells had been heaped high around their tents, almost obscuring them. Some of the mounds had been abandoned—owing to the difficulty of surmounting them to get to their homes, and wherever they had pitched their tent for a new home, another mound had been started.

By their actions the Chinooks knew it would be useless to waste more of their precious time on them—fearing their way of escape might be cut off, so with a last plea, and a parting warning they started on again in the hopes of still being able to outrun the pursuing ²“me-sah-chee ta-mah-na-wus.”

Night overtook them again, but so bright was the glare above, that it was long 'ere they were forced by sheer fatigue at last to lay them down by a small stream, whose waters revived them somewhat, and when the morning dawned, a drink of its cool waters was all they had to break their fast. To tighten their belts still tighter, and fix the coverings of their feet, which was fast giving away, more secure, was all they had to do before starting on this—it might be their last—day's journey. Their

1—“That fire not burn water.” 2—“Demon.”

clothing was nearly torn from their bruised and bleeding bodies. They could little more than stagger. Each brave undertook to help along one woman, for had not the White Chief, many times, told them so to do? Half carrying or dragging them, they stumbled and sometimes fell. Then to stagger to their feet again when they heard the roaring and crackling of the flames now nearly overhead. The fearful glare almost blinded them, and the terrible thirst—which the hot breath of the flames created—rendered them almost powerless to speak. The roar of the flames, whose forked tongues was now leaping from tree to tree overhead, almost deafened them. The dense growth of ferns and dry twigs beneath, fed the flames which now were encircling them. Stifled by the black smoke they stumbled, rather than ran, toward the high bluff on which the tall trees were blazing with fury. Burning branches fell in all directions, sometimes at their very feet, igniting the leaves and pine cones on which they were treading. A few more feet and they came to the overhanging cliffs, and more dead than alive, they dropped to the sands below, and crawled close up to the rocks, which here formed a little cave. They lay prostrate, scarcely heeding the fierce warring of the deadly monster overhead.

Now and then they would start in terror when a mighty giant, burning through, fell blazing over the cliff, sometimes nearly reaching the poor half dead crouching creatures. Here they huddled behind a point of rock that served as a shield from the cold north wind, which was blowing so fierce, as to almost completely drive away the smoke from the beach.

For the time being they were safe, but hunger was fast asserting itself, and when a seagull, or other bird fell to the beach with singed feathers and crippled wings, it was quickly despatched and the burning branches from the fallen trees would soon make it fit to eat.

As the sun went down behind the rim of the ocean the winds died down, and the smoke settled in thick clouds along the beach and crept into the little cave where the fugitives huddled, talking of their fearful experience, of the ones who had left them at the close of their hunt. "Had they escaped?"

Then they thought of their own people far to the north. "What were they doing and when would they see them again?"

They spoke of the White Chief, and Almeta wondered if he was praying for them as he told her he would, and then she thought if the "Great Spirit" could hear him—maybe if she prayed now, her prayer would be answered. Long they talked about it and then Red Deer, fixing a rude cross, they placed the end firmly in the sand and forming a circle, like the white men had done, with Almeta in the center. She dropped to her knees and prayed the great "Kan-num" to still this devouring monster, and send them succor. Then laying themselves down on the wet sand to the south of the rocky point, and away from the chilling breeze that came over the cold waters—they slept the sleep of utter exhaustion.

Overhead on the high shore, inland, up the mountain sides, and through the valleys between the hills, the devouring fiend swept on, laying low the stately monarchs of the forest, or leaving half burned and blackened stubs standing here and there over a desolate region, swept bare of every vestige of green.

While the weary sleepers slept, a thin gray cloud came up over the brim of the ocean out of the southwest, coming nearer and nearer, and with it a breeze, that soon increased to a strong wind, that drove the smoke inland. Soon a few spatters of rain fell on the sands, or sputtered on the burning brands that lay smouldering around.

Thicker they came, and the wind drove them in the cove and sprinkled the dirt begrimed faces of the sleepers. But so utterly fatigued were they that not until a stray gust of wind whisked a sheet of driving rain full upon them, did they awaken to the full realization that a deluge had fallen upon them, and that but a short time ago they were hot and parched with thirst, they were now cold and wet. Making their way to the other side of the rock they crouched there in misery.

The prayer that Almeta had sent to the "Great Spirit" had been heard, and the fiery fiend that had swept everything before it for so many miles, was being whipped out by a great flood from the heavens above.

Morning was late in dawning, for the dark, almost black, clouds hanging low over the ocean, were pouring out such sheets of water over land and sea, that they could scarcely see the breakers a few feet away.

Hungry, cold, wet and tired they crouched there in the shadow of the rocks. "Would the tide at its full reach them?"

They could not take refuge on the bluffs above for the fire in the hearts of the huge trees and logs was still burning furiously, as could be seen by the few who had ventured there. But they brought with them burning brands which they had broken off, and around this feeble smoky blaze they crouched while the gnawing pains of hunger grew stronger within them and at last, with the exception of an occasional grunt of displeasure, they were silent.

No water was to be found but the little rivulets running down the rocks caused by the rain, and this was eagerly sipped up by first one and then another.

The long day wore on. Evening came and then darkness, black, impenetrable, now that the bright light of the fire had been quenched. Nothing had come their way that the might eat, but their smouldering fire had

been coaxed into a feeble blaze which sent a warming glow over the rocks around and above them.

Then Red Deer, their leader, stood up among them and told how they had escaped death by fire, but that another death—equally as bad—awaited them. “The ‘Great Spirit’ had heard little Almeta’s voice, might He not hear her again? Would she come and pray for them now?” But her name did not bring her and looking around they found her half reclining against a large boulder, her head fallen forward upon her bosom. They laid her upon the sand close by the fire and rubbed her hands and feet. Sad indeed they all felt, for the little maiden was a favortie among them, and now must she die? It was then the Christian spirit—that the White Father had tried so hard to implant in their rude souls—asserted itself. Red Deer sprang to his feet while the others knelt reverently around him. He folded his hands across his naked breast, and turning his face upward to the blackened sky his deep voice sounded above the roar of the surf as he said: “Kan-num, send us something that we may eat, something, that Almeta may not die.” Long he gazed upward as though he saw into the beyond.” The fire casting a ruddy glow over his naked body, over the bowed heads around him, over the moss-covered rocks behind them, and making the rain drops sparkle like jewels as they descended hissing into the flames. A silence like that of death reigned among them. Only the sounds of nature broke the stillness. “Were all praying in their own rude way?”

“Flip-flop, flap, flap, flap!”

Instantly every head was raised, and all turned in the direction from whence the unusual sounds had come, then Red Deer, stepping over the prostrate form of Almeta, strode out in the darkness toward the breakers. In a moment a yell of delight brought many of the others to his side. They found him with his back to the

water bending over a huge object which he was endeavoring to hoist further upon the beach out of reach of the waves. Together they worked as their slippery prize wriggled and struggled for its freedom. At last they pulled it to the firelight and a wild dance ensued as the cry of "pish" by some and "pows" by others rang out above the roar of the ocean.

To dispatch it and prepare it for the fire by some, while others procured sticks with which to hold it to the blaze, was the work of but a few minutes, and it was not long until choice bits of delicious meat were forced into the mouth of the almost unconscious Almeta. Did anything ever taste so good, and was there ever anything so quickly devoured? Nor did they cease until every crumb had been eaten.

Satisfied for the time being, they gathered around the glowing embers and discussed the strangeness of their prayer's answer. When some one asked what the White Chief would have done, they thought of the words they had heard him utter at the beginning of a meal. Should they not now do the same as he had done? Then, while all gazed into the fire, one of their number slowly repeated what they could remember: "O, Sohole, ishtumah et okete Mikh; toweah etokete itlhullam Mikh minchelute cnsikah niska, messee Mika."

For days the rain pelted down, the strong winds driving the drops far into the hearts of the burning trees and drenching the ground where the fire had eaten deep into the soil. The fugitives had gathered together sticks and branches and erected a rude hut in the shelter of the cliffs, and covered it with moss and grass from the rocks, and were not so uncomfortable. From time to time fish were washed up, seagulls, that had been so crippled by

1—"Fish." 2—"Halibut." 3—"O, God, good art Thou; this good food Thou hast given to us, we thank You."

the fire that they were unable to fly away, were captured, and at low tide many shell fish were gathered from the reefs, and although they did not have a great abundance, enough was given that they did not suffer much hunger. They had been in this condition six or seven suns. The rains had ceased and the warm sun had come out and chased the clouds away. They mounted the bank above and viewed the desolate scene. The hills and mountains were bare of vegetation and as they looked around they beheld in the distance horsemen coming toward them from the south.

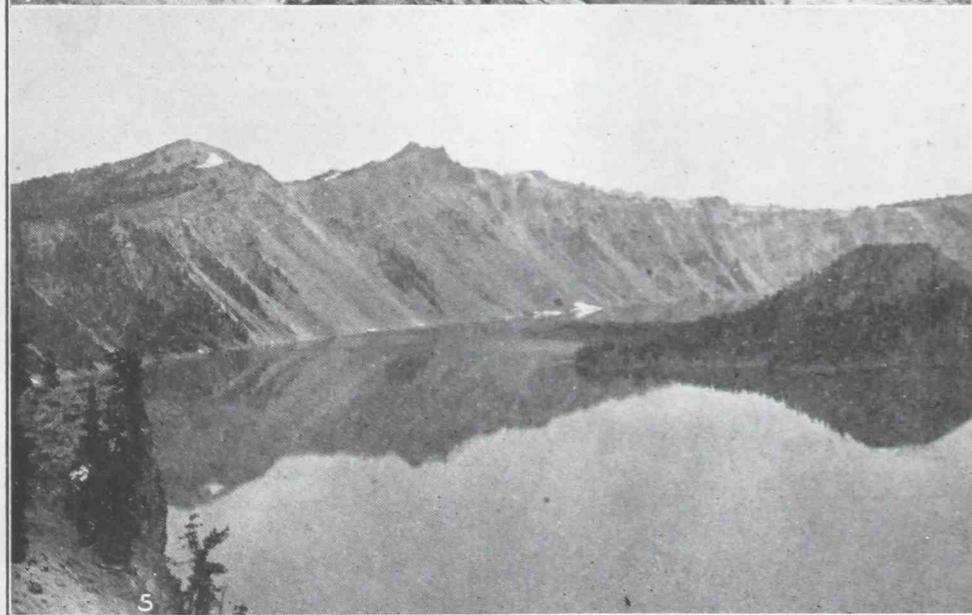
They sat down and awaited their coming. The strangers were richly clothed, many colored feathers nodded on their heads, and when they came close up they dismounted and advancing, asked if they could render any assistance for they saw the sad condition of the little band.

They were warriors from the far ²“Yon Calla.” They had seen the smoke rolling up from the distant north, it had drifted down upon them until the midday sun was obscured, and wondering much, they had ridden forth to see what it might be. The fire had burned some distance to the south of where they now were before the heavy rains had quenched its fierce thirst.

Then the Chinooks told their visitors of those they had left behind, surrounded by their mounds of shells, and a few rode far up the coast until they came to the spot where the village had been. Nothing remained but a few blackened bones that told their own tale, and the rings of white shells that once surrounded the wigwams of the natives who had lived in them.

To retrace their steps, to pass over the dreary waste with no food—for no game was left,—for what could not flee before the devouring flames had perished—and

2—“Umpqua river.”



1. The toe of Arch Rock at entrance of bay; p. 370. 2. Where Joe Jumped Off in 1825; p. 9. 3. Shell mounds; p. 41. 4. Cliffs at Otter Rock; p. 369. 5. Crater Lake; p. 56.

even the fish in the rivers and streams had been killed by the heating of the waters, and by the ashes that had choked the rivers. So to return to their own people as they now were would be to invite death anew. They accepted the kindly invitation of their rescuers and turned their faces toward the south.

It took about a day for the band, now increased to about twenty, to come to the edge of the burned forest, and plainly could they see where the fire had died down. Some trees were partly burned and a little further on could be seen where the foliage was but slightly singed, and then a short distance further and they found themselves in the cool, dark, dense undergrowth again.

Wild flowers and ferns covered the ground, while the trees were loaded with lichens and mosses that hung dank and wet from the recent rains. Their first day's march was not long owing to the weakened condition of the Chinooks, especially little Almeta, and when they camped for the night on the grassy slopes of a murmuring brook, Red Deer gathered some fragrant boughs and building a soft bed near the fire soon had her resting after the hard experience of the last few days.

Game was very plentiful and it was not very long before a young deer was roasting over the fire. When it was time to sleep it was the young braves who prepared the sleeping places for the ¹"Klooch-men," greatly to the surprise of the strangers, for was it not the "klooch-men's" place to wait on man? and they laughed. But Red Deer and a few others sat long around the dying embers after the more tired ones had laid them down to sleep, and long they talked to the strangers from Yon Calla of the ²"Sah-ha-lee Ty-ee" that the ³"squintum" who had come among them had told them of. He had impressed on them that klooch-men were the weaker of the two, and that they should do only the lighter tasks

1—"Women." 2—"God." 3—"White man."

and bear the children, while man was to protect and feed them.

They told the strangers how the great chief tried to convince them of the wrong they did when they went to war and killed each other, taking their property, and their people as slaves, how that if they obeyed "Sah-ha-lee Ty-ee" He would listen to their prayers. And again they talked of the fire and how they had been saved by Almetas' cry to "Sah-ha-lee illahee," and how the "Great Spirit" had listened to him—Red Deer, even he, who had never called on Him before, and sent them "pish" when they were starving.

Earnest grew the faces of the Umpquays as they listened, for although they knew of the "happy hunting grounds" they would go to when they died they knew not that they must do aught to reach it, but that rather if they were great huntsmen and feared not the enemy they would find great favor in the eyes of the "Great Spirit."

3—"High heaven."



CHAPTER IV.



“KOOON see sich?”¹

It was little Almeta who broke the long silence, for they had come many weary miles by the winding trail that had led up and down hills and mountains, around the heads of inlets, sometimes penetrating far into the thick forest, at other times close to the edge of the blue waters of the ²“we-co-ma.” They had started to climb a sharp, rocky mound when suddenly she turned to one side and sank down on a boulder by the way. At once a halt was called and Big Moose, who was in the lead, came to her side and looking down upon her as she sat, a dejected little heap on the low gray stone, and said:

³“Ik-tah?” And she repeated “Koon- see sich?”

⁴“Wake siah alta, mika chah co till?” and taking her by the hand he led her past the silent, almost motionless figures of those of the party who were ahead of her, to the top of the hill, and pointing with his hand far ahead said:

⁵“Alah mika chahco!”

Her black eyes opened wide, and a weary smile passed over her dark face, which the sinking sun lit up, for she saw away below them a lodge of four or five wigwams on a grassy slope along the waters of an inlet. Far to the right and in plain view was the vast ocean, with the sun just dipping its fiery orb in the green waters and sending a rich glow over the fleecy clouds overhead, and lighting with crimson the forest clad mountains far across the bay of Yon Calla. Slowly turning to the left she saw the distant hills tipped with crimson and purple,

¹—“How far is it?” ²—Ocean. ³—“What?” ⁴—“Not much further, are you tired?” ⁵—“Behold here you are.”

and behind—the way they had come—was beginning to fade into the darkness of night. Then she looked down upon those who were still standing upon the narrow trail that led up to where she stood.

Looking down upon the quiet camp she saw a squaw come out of a tepee and pass down to the water; some dogs walked lazily about—then some children could be seen playing in the sand to the left of the wigwams. One of the dogs sniffed the air, then turned and faced to the north, and looked up to where the travelers stood by this time—taking in the peaceful scene below them.

As the dog discovered them he gave two or three savage yelps and started at full speed for the mount. At once the quiet was broken, and the camp appeared suddenly to awaken, men, women, children and dogs poured from the tents, all looking in the same direction, but, while the older ones stood still and gazed upward, the children and dogs raced toward them.

One youth, a lad of about twenty, was far in the lead, and bounded up to the descending travelers, and when nearly to them stopped short and stepped to one side as the little band moved—single file—by him. Big Moose, who was still holding Almetas' hand, helping her tired feet over the rough rocks, looked with pride on the youth as they passed him and said:

1“Te-peh, ni-ka el-sick-a.”

Almeta was too tired to even look around but passed on down the trail, and a few minutes later sank wearily by the feeble camp fire around which the wigwams clustered.

Every attention was bestowed on the foot-worn travelers when it was known all they had passed through, and a weird dance was held that night around the blazing fire that was built on the sands, to thank the 2“Ty-ee

1—“Wings of a bird, my son.” 2—God of fire.

o-la-pits-kee" for not consuming them.

"Tepeh" from the first showed his great liking for Almeta, and when a couple of new wigwams were made out of bark and grass for the strangers, it was Tepeh that worked the hardest at the one she was to occupy, and when she took a basket to bring water to the camp he was by her side in a moment to bear the heavy burden for her, and all could not help but see that the love so openly bestowed, was mutual. They walked hand in hand by the river side—climbed the steep mountains or crossed the sand dunes that separated the camp from the wild waves of the ocean.

When the days were nice and warm they would enter a canoe and cross the bay to the wooded bluffs on the opposite shore. The sure aim of his bow and arrow brought down many a bird and water fowl, that they would carry home in triumph, and even the stately Big Moose would bestow a smile on them.

A few days sufficed to restore the Chinooks to their former strength and good spirits, but when they spoke of returning to their far northern home, they were persuaded to stop some moons—yes a snow—for already the "snass" had set in, and the very many miles of burnt waste—all knew—was destitute of game, and also the trail would be quite impassable. No, could they not stay with them, and go up to the mountains, to their winter lodge—where all the different parties of their tribe gathered in one big camp.

One morning—shortly after—there was great excitement. The ponies, which had been roaming at will and feeding on the luscious grass that grew on the lowlands, were rounded up, but they refused to be captured until after much chasing, Tepeh succeeded in mounting one and was the first to ride into camp holding the mane of the spotted beauty.

Soon the tent poles were converted into ²“travois” and on this were piled the wigwam hides, the furs and skins, dried fish and berries that had been gathered during the summer for the winter’s consumption. The women and children clambered into the canoes, and soon the summer camp ground was deserted. The wild winds of winter would lash the salt waves of the ocean over the low beach—sweeping it clean for the next summer camp.

Along the narrow well-beaten trail the merry band proceeded, and soon were well within the high craggy mountains that towered on either side of the mighty river, that grew more and more turbulent the higher up they went, until at last the canoes were forced to land their passengers, and all proceeded on foot, halting at night on little grassy slopes close by the banks, and stopping for a time if much game was sighted.

Then on again climbing hills upon hills, and rocks piled upon rocks. Wilder and grander the scenery grew, until at last a halt was called where two waters met, one came from the east, the other from the south. Here the narrow strip of land that bordered the river widened out to quite a broad valley, dotted here and there with tall, stately trees. It was plain to see that it had been occupied before—even now many bands of their tribe had preceded them, and were already comfortably fixed in their winter quarters. And none too soon did the last company arrive, for the snows of winter settled down upon the mountains that surrounded them, and the short dark days would have been dull indeed, if it were not for the many tales being told of the chase by the different hunters.

When the dreary winter had passed—the snows melted off the hills around, and flowers came out in bloom, the young braves—eager to try the new snares

2—Indian carriage.

they had made during the long winter—the new bows and arrows to be tested—and now and then a band would pull down their wigwams and gather their belongings together and vanish among the hills.

When the Chinooks spoke of returning to their own people, it was agreed upon to accompany them down to the "oo-e-hut ko-pa chuck." But the face of young Tegah grew very grave; he looked about the camp, and then going down to the river's edge he beheld the object of his search—Almeta—in company with some other maidens at the junction of the waters.

Leading her away up the craggy side of a high hill they watched the sun go down behind the distant mountains, then turning to her he said:

"Your people go to your home beneath the north star—but stay you—my heart will pine and die if you leave me; stay, and be my wife, for 'Nika tik-eh mika,' my Almeta," and grasping her two hands in his, slowly he drew her toward him. They looked deep into each other's eyes—as closer their faces came together—then, throwing his arms around her, he held her form to his heart, and Almeta knew that the feeling of a pleasant pain at her heart, was the love the White Chief had told her the "Great Spirit" would send when she met the one she should marry.

1—Trail by the water. 2—"I love you."



CHAPTER V.

— 1653 —



HE sun was coming up over the distant hills to the east when the little band of Chinooks—who had come into the camp so forlorn some five moons before—turned their faces toward their distant home.

They were clothed in beautiful furs and the many ponies that accompanied them had been packed heavily with the fur of the beaver and other animals—the presents which Tepeh was sending to White Eagle, Almeta's father. Almeta accompanied them to the top of the low rocky point, from which she had first beheld her new home. She watched them until they had disappeared among the low forest trees, then turned and walked slowly toward the camp.

Great was her husband's love for her. He never thought to look upon another maiden's face, and when the little red faced papoose came, his joy knew no bounds, and great was the feasting and wild dances given in its honor—but when they thought what name to give him, Almeta remembered the baptism of her own baby brother, and begged that their son might be called the same. So she, herself, carried him down to the water and repeated as nearly as she could the words the priest had, as she called his name "Joseph."

So impressed were the onlookers that they begged her to tell more of the "Great Being" who saw all they did and answered their prayers when they obeyed His will. And nights around the camp fire, when all had gathered there, she told all she knew.

Years rolled by. Many children were born. Almeta saw her children marry, but she tried hard to instill into each and every one, that they must love but one. She

told them of the evils they must shun and the good they must do, and all loved the little woman that was slowly growing old among them.

One day a little bundle was carried from her ¹“okus-tees-okus-tee” wigwam and laid in her arms, and she gazed upon her great grandchild, and holding it up in her arms called on her ²“Sah-he-le Ty-ee” to bless the babe and her descendants—and telling those about her to remember all she had told them and pass it down to those younger—she hobbled feebly into the gaily painted wigwam that had been hers for so many, many years, and shortly after—when some one entered—they found her rolled in her priceless furs, her dark eyes closed forever on the world that had been made so much better by her living in it.

Sadly they went about their work. A new canoe was brought from the river and all her belongings placed in it. Then the most beautiful skins the camps possessed were placed in the center into which they laid the little withered body, covered it gently with her own robe, made of the breasts of the ³“le-mo-to kweh-kweh.” Then as she had taught them, they dug a deep grave upon the sunny slope of the hill—where all the tribe was buried—by the side of her ⁴“tel-shel.” The few simple prayers she had taught them, they repeated as they lowered the canoe—they folded and laid her wigwam over all, and replaced the warm sands, and at her head they planted a rude cross, and their task was done.

1—Daughter's daughter. 2—God. 3—Wild duck. 4—Husband.



CHAPTER VI.



EARS passed by."

The babe that Almeta had blessed and given the name of ¹"Shontay Kul-la Kulla," grew to womanhood, and had married the brave young chief of their tribe—²"Shahshus-gah." Their only child, a daughter, was Joseph's mother — who died when ³"Chee-chee" was born, and soon after his father died, and the two children were left to the care of the chief and his wife, his

"Chope and Chitch." The little papooses came as a ray of sunshine to wrinkled maternal singing Bird—now that her only child was dead—and Chief Blue Heron took great pleasure in teaching little Joseph how to fashion a bow and arrow, and snare game,—in fact—make him a great hunter, for one day he would be chief of all the Umpquas.

Many things he must learn, but above all he must learn to reverence the "Great High Chief," and when Chee Chee learned to walk, Singing Bird would take her by the hand while he—Joseph—ran on before, and they would make long journeys in the mountains, or by the river, hunting roots and berries. She would talk, and talk, about the happenings of long ago.

Soon she taught Chee Chee to embroider mocassins with bright colored quills they would get from the wild duck, and sometimes, eagles, for Singing Bird was very wise and knew many roots and barks that would make the different brilliant colors.

One summer they had followed the ⁵"chuck" through the mountains and far inland to a beautiful valley. Here the grass meadows were feeding grounds for the numer-

1—Singing Bird. 2—Blue Heron. 3—Small Bird. 4—Grandfather and grandmother. 5—River.

ous ¹“moo-lok and mow-ich” who wandered in great herds over the well watered plains.

They fished for ²“Tzum-sam-mon” in the sparkling streams, or mounted their swift footed ponies and galloped over the plains in hot pursuit of the game—for they lived by the chase—or, if the long summer grew too warm, they repaired to the hills, and there screened among the ³“cam-en stick” that clothed the mountain side they would lie in wait for the ⁴“woof.” Some times they would encounter a ⁵“si-am” and great would be the rejoicing in the camp when the huge beast was brought home.

But that year had been a hard one for the wild game. No ⁶“snass” had fallen and the ⁷“tipso” had withered and dried up. Water had ceased to flow in the rivers and streams, and many of the ⁸“tolapus” had gone mad and bitten other animals, causing great slaughter and destruction. One day some elk had been sighted far away over the plains. They appeared to be very numerous but huddled strangely together, so, getting their bows and arrows the warriors mounted their ponies and gave chase.

Down through a valley where once it was so green—but now parched and dry from the continuous drouth—they dashed, keeping well to windward of their prey, keeping the while behind a low raise of ground out of sight. They had nearly reached the trail that led to the top where they intended to dismount and creep up on the herd when, upon rounding a knoll, they came upon a strange sight.

Near a smouldering camp fire they saw an old man, his squaw and a couple of young bucks writhing and squirming upon the ground. They tried to speak but could not, for their teeth held tight together so no word could come out, only a great foam, and while the new-

1—Elk and deer. 2—Trout. 3—Cedars. 4—Wolf. 5—Grizzly bear. 6—Rain.
7—Grass 8—Coyote.

comers looked on with horror, powerless to aid or release them, their twisted bodies became still and their suffering ceased. They were still gazing at the stricken bodies when they heard a muffled sob which came to their ears from a cluster of small trees and reaching among the dry leaves that covered them they found a ¹“ten-as lik-p-ho.”

She looked up in terror when she saw the strangers and when they spoke to her she would not answer, but shut her mouth tight, and when one of the party lifted her out of the tangle of shrubs she clung to him and would not be put down. In wonder they looked around for the cause of such a death, when at some distance they found a dead coyote, and then they knew the sufferers had been bitten by one.

Passing to the top of the raise of ground they sighted the herd of deer, but what distance rendered impossible for them to account for—the vast herd in one compact body—could be seen plainly now; the herd being surrounded by the mad coyotes, who, as they looked, sprang among the frightened animals delivering their death-dealing bites in all directions. To turn and rush down to their ponies and mount was the work of but a moment, and with piercing yells they dashed toward the hills from whence they had ridden so cautiously.

Great was the excitement in camp when their experience had been told. Pity was also felt for the little girl thus left alone, and all tried to amuse and cheer her, but she would have nothing to do with any—save her rescuer—who she refused to leave.

If any one would venture near her she would pinch, hit or bite them so savagely that at last they gave her the name of ²“An-de-al,” for her every touch was a sting. In vain did the children try to coax her to join in their

1—Little girl. 2—A wasp.

sports but she held aloof from all. Even Joseph, himself, would sometimes leave his grandfather's side to amuse the beautiful little stranger, for not one maiden in all their tribe was half so handsome. Her long jet-black hair, her sparkling eyes, small red mouth and pink cheeks; then, too, she was not so dark of skin as the others, and her slender, well built little body, contrasted strangely with the plump figures of the other children. She was about the same age as Chee Chee. By the time she had learned enough of their language to be understood she apparently had forgotten whence she came or the tragic event that had placed her among them.



CHAPTER VII.



HERE was great merriment in the camp that was situated far to the south, near the head waters of the Yon Calla, a few years later.

The young bucks and maidens were making the surrounding country echo, and re-echo, with their shouts of glee over their wild games which they were enjoying—unrestricted—to their hearts' content, while the older braves walked around more stately,

looking grave and wise. All wore their gayest clothes, and the stately eagle feathers—denoting how high up in the tribe the different warriors stood—nodded and waved in the evening breeze. A great feast was being prepared. The squaws were busy attending the roasting deer, birds and fish.

Joseph's grandfather, ¹“Shah-shuh-gah,” chief of the Umpquas, strutted about, looking very pleased and important, for, “was not his grandson—who one day would be chief in his stead—going to put away childish things and become a man?”

When night settled down huge fires were built around to form a circle, in the center the principal actors were gathered. Then Joseph emerged from his grandmother's wigwam, gaily dressed in all the finery of his boyhood. His bow and arrows—with which he might kill a bird or squirrel—but were not large enough to kill the larger game that he would hereafter capture, the snares with which he had trapped many small creatures, all these he laid on the ground in a pile in the center. Then first one, then another of the great men of the tribe would step up to him and dance around him, remove some part of his dress and lay it upon the heap until all

1—Blue Heron.

was removed but a small ¹“o-poots-sill.” Then all withdrew from the circle of fire leaving Joseph alone, who stood erect, and slowly turned around that all might see him as he stood there in the firelight, broad of shoulder and straight of limb.

Then he bowed low to the earth, to the east, to the west, to the north, to the south, and going to one of the fires he picked out a burning brand, and with it lit the heap of clothing that had been taken from him.

“Forever was his childhood gone.”

His future lay before him, he must face it naked.

After the little heap had been reduced to ashes, a cry to the feast was raised, and dancing in an ever-widening circle the assembly backed away and was soon headed for the ²“hi-yu muck-a-muck.”

Long did they eat, and much, especially Joseph, for “was he not going to speak to the ‘spirits’ before he ate again?”

Then out in the blackness of the night did he steal, alone and unobserved, for none must know when or where he went. He had heard that far to the east, up in the high snow-covered ³“la-mon-tai” there was the ⁴“la-mah-na wus chuck” of the gods.

Thither he intended to go.

The way was far—but, “was he not to be a man?” and was he not going to receive the name the gods had to give him?

Two suns later found him climbing lofty crags, and crossing deep canons, his feet cut, bruised and bleeding from many a sharp rock, and scratch of the wild vines and shrubs, but, never hesitating, on he stumbled, higher and higher he got. When at last he reached the top, there burst upon his view the most marvelous sight.

“The gods had evidently been expecting him.”

They had gathered many hills together and leveled

1—Breech clout. 2—Feast. 3—Mountain. 4—Spirit water.

the tops. They had caused a great chamber to be formed—its roof was the heavens and its walls the hills.

Then they had cut from the skies itself a part of the deep blue and had flung it, a beautiful carpet, over the floor.⁴

Long he gazed at this most wonderful sight, and as he stood there the sun went down and the moon came up in all its glory, shedding a mellow light over the beautiful chamber, turning the carpet of blue to the deepest purple.

“What was that?”

Eagerly he gazed far out into the mysterious chamber. As the round face of the full moon sent its shafts of silvery light over the rim of the walls, he beheld an object standing far out upon the floor.

“It must be, yes, it was the god he had come so far to see. It was clothed in a rich mantle of green, and a bonnet of gold was on its head.”

“Did the god know he had come?”

He would halloo and tell him, so staggering out from under the gnarled tree against which he had been leaning he shouted with all his might. Nearby, and yet it appeared to come from far, a deep voice said:

“Who? Who?”

A thrill of joy passed through him. The god had heard him and was asking who it was that had spoken. He would tell him. So straightening up to the full length of his young manhood, and speaking loud and plain he said:

“I am Joseph, Chief of the Umpquas.”

At once the sentence he had come so far to hear—so near at first—then a little further away, and still further, until it bounded from crag to crag and at last, died away in the dim distance:

“Joseph, Chief of the Umpquas!”

⁴—Crater Lake. ⁵—Owl.

“Chief of the Umpquas!”

“The Umpquas!”

“Umpquas!”

Low on his breast sank Joseph's head, his eyes closed and he thought—the gods had given him the same name his parents had given him. “Joseph” was to be his tribe name, and “Joseph” meant “Chosen of God.”

“What a sacred place he stood in!”

Again he raised his head and looked, but threw up his arms and staggered back against the dead stub he had been resting against before, and, as he did so, a white spirit-like object fluttered noiselessly by him and vanished in the tall trees.

Not a cloud was in the sky, but slowly over the face of the full moon a black object was moving, or was the light of the moon going out, for as he gazed it slowly disappeared until none of it was to be seen. Not an object was visible, all was total darkness but for the stars alone.¹

Trembling in every sinew in his body, he slipped—or rather, sank—to the moss-covered earth, and throwing his arms about his head he buried his face in them.

¹—An eclipse.



CHAPTER VIII.



THE day was nearly done.

The women about the camp were busy preparing for the night, when some of the belated hunters came galloping over the plains and drew up sharp when they got to the village.

They lifted from one of the ponies the almost lifeless body of young Joseph. They had found him, they said, far to the east staggering blindly along. The medicine man was called and great were the workings of all until at last he opened his eyes and they knew that the young chief could live.

When they asked him what name the gods had given him he told them "Joseph." He would tell them no more. Preparations were made at once for the great eagle dance and feast that was to mark his entrance into manhood. Fires were kindled on high hills as signals to the wandering ones to return to the ²"Ty-ee hi-yu muck-a-muck klak tepso."

When darkness began to settle down the assembling ones gathered around a hollow square, in the center of which the young braves built a great fire, and as the flames shot upward, sending a beautiful glow on the leafy walls.

"There was silence deep as death, and the braves all held their breath for a time."

Then slowly from the outer darkness came several figures—none could say who—for they were robed in dark skins which completely covered their heads. They knelt inside the circle and began a low, crying chant, that

²—Chief's feast of the feathers.

started very slowly, but grew quicker and louder as they proceeded.

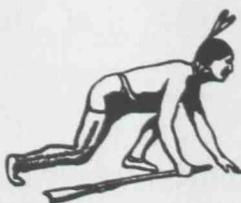
The whole assembly at last took up the chant, and it was then that Chief Blue Heron—carrying the ¹“se-ah-po,” which was made of white eagle feathers, the tips being dyed the most brilliant colors—entered the cricle and began to dance, waving the beautiful head dress about in the fire light.

Up sprang the squatting throng, stamping and beating in time to the chant which had grown louder and louder, until the forest rang with the echoes of it, and the whole earth seemed to throb. They waved their hands, nodded their heads, beat the earth with their feet. The very stars above looked as if they were leaping to the sound of the wailing song, and the singers rocked to and fro until their heads touched the ground.

Then Joseph stepped lightly among them. He was naked save for a ²“o-poots-sill,” and when they saw him, there was silence again. The kneeling figures then arose and going to him—first one, then another, placed some garment on him, until he was fully robed, and last of all, Blue Heron placed the bonnet of eagle feathers on his head.

Then a mighty warrior indeed he was. He bowed to the east, to the west, to the north, to the south, then the dancers dispersed; the eagle dance was over.

1—Hat. 2Breech clout.



CHAPTER IX.

— 1824 —



IT was time that Joseph should take to himself a wife—or wives—for a chief may have many. He had as yet made love to none, he had treated them all alike. But who would be more fitting than “Andeal?” At least so she thought, and when he would stray away by himself she would follow. She would smile her prettiest when he would show her—with others—how to use the bow and arrows, and jump to attend his every want, and too, was she not the most accomplished among all her adopted sisters? Did she not lead them when they all would mount their ponies and race off over the plains? None—not the mose daring brave—could keep up with her. Could she not paddle a canoe the fastest; shooting far ahead over the rippling waters of the river—or who could beat her in the way she would shoot the many rapids they encountered on their river voyages?”

But when the more quiet ones would engage in any of their simple games, Andeal would stray off by herself, only to come back presently with a snake she had caught, and throw it into their midst. She appeared to derive the greatest pleasure out of the sufferings she caused. If she could torture a bird, or beast, or any of her companions, she would shriek with laughter, and clap her hands with glee if she saw one in pain, and it was these acts of cruelty that turned Joseph’s heart against her.

— 1825 —

The following summer, when they went far down to

where the Yon Calla met the great Chuck, Joseph helped many others over the rough places with their canoes, but Andeal might paddle the best she could—assisted now and then by one of the other young braves of the party.

Down at the mouth of the great Yon Calla — or Umpqua—river, on the point projecting out from the north shore, which separated the ¹“Chuck” from the ²“We-co-ma,” the tents were pitched in the same place as when Almeta came to them many years before.

The wigwams clustered around a big camp fire—fed with the driftwood from the beach—over which they smoked their salmon or roasted the wild duck on which they feasted.

The bright, spring sun warmed the white sands over which the ³“ten-as men” and dogs rolled and tumbled. The little papooses—securely fastened in their gaily decorated cradles, stood up against the little mounds of sand the wind had blown—and watched those around them with solemn eye, while their mothers were busy weaving, or clam gathering.

The shades of night came on and all returned from their various occupations, and, while the women were busy with their evening tasks, the men mended their snares or nets that had been broken during the day's work on the river. The smoke climbed lazily skyward from the fire, around which several dogs were lying, sniffing now and then the odors of cooking food. Occasionally one would jump up with a yelp of pain and run off with its tail between its legs, as Andeal moved here and there about her work and would kick them as she passed.

Suddenly all the dogs sprang to their feet with deep growls, as they peered out into the blackness beyond the firelight—from which emerged the tall, straight form of a strange warrior, straight—with the exception of a side-

1—Water. 2—Ocean. 3—Children.

way tilt of the head, as though he was trying to see beyond the vision of his eye.

His head was covered with a circle of eagle feathers dyed a dull red, and on either side of the dark—almost black—face, with its low sloping forehead, piercing black eyes and hooked nose, and below a sinister mouth tightly shut—two tightly braided strands of black hair hung, a feather fastened in the end of each.

On his naked chest several strings of shells and teeth of different animals hung. His short leggings of deer skin were fastened about his waist with a belt of many tails, while loosely over his shoulders hung a robe made from the hide of a gray wolf.

He advanced a few steps, and as the men arose to their feet, and reached for their spears, a few stole out back of the wigwams to look in the darkness if others might be near.

The stranger gave a hurried glance around the group, and then, spying the roasted ¹“kweh-kweh” he squatted on his haunches and began to eat greedily—nor did he cease until he had picked the bones of two—then he moved back from the fire and sitting cross-legged on the ground lit his pipe and smoked. From time to time he looked from one to the other until his eye at last rested on Andeal. After the first look of curiosity she appeared not to notice him, but his eyes followed her every move until at last she went to her te-pee and lowered the flap. He then turned to the fire and looked long into its dying embers.

“Oneatta”—for such was his name—made no move to leave the Umpquas’ camp, but did all he could to make himself agreeable in the village, and many wild animals—that were tempted by the berries that grew so abundant-

1—Duck.

ly on the hills near the village—never returned to the mountains; Oneatta never let one escape that he saw, and his keen eyes saw all that came. His great love for the "o-na and chitlo" soon gained him the name of "Shell-head." His was the largest catch of fish and the finest duck, but all he did was apparently for Andeal, who took very little, if any, notice of him.

She thought only of Joseph, and the way she might win him, for she would dearly love to be the young chief's first wife. Very few of the tribe took more than one wife, for Almeta's sayings had been well instilled into the savage hearts of the tribe of her adoption.

Many times Oneatta had asked Andeal to share his wigwam with him, only to be refused. He could not help but see why, and in vain did he try to turn the others against Joseph, but all loved him for his kindness to them, for he was always ready to help mend a canoe or snare, or smooth over a quarrel, often stopping a fight—taking the blow himself that was aimed at another.

At last, the love Andeal bore for Joseph—not being returned—slowly turned to hate, and many a sleepless night she spent in her foster parents' wigwam. Lying close to the edge she would raise a corner and peep out into the darkness, looking,—but in vain,—for something with which to accuse him.

At last, despairing of his ever doing so, she took it upon herself to invent something that she could accuse him of before all the tribe.

One night Joseph—with many of the young braves—had made themselves beds out on the warm sands under the stars, and when he returned to the village next morning he beheld his aged grandfather kneeling outside his wigwam door, bending over the dead bodies of his two favorite "kom-ooks." Some one had given them flesh

1—Clams and oysters. 2—Dogs.

to eat that had been dipped in the poison that was used to tip the points of their arrows.

"Who did it?"

That was the question none could answer, for it was not known that Blue Heron, the old chief, had an enemy, and besides all loved the two young puppies. Chee Chee, Josephs' sister was softly crying, and as one, then another, heard of the cowardly deed, they came to the old chief with a sympathetic look and an exclamation of displeasure.

"A-nah kom-ooks min-a-loss," there was much talking in low whispers.

Shortly after Joseph, with others, went up the "chuck to attend to their snares that they had set the night before to catch some "e-nin-te-pu," the tracks of which they had seen in great numbers, and finding many he quickly dispatched his, and tying their feet together hung them over a pole which he placed on his shoulder, and hastened in triumph home to the village.

But he was surprised, as he drew near, to see first one, then another, walk away from him, in the place of admiring his catch. When he got to the wigwam, his grandfather slowly turned his head away, and then getting up from his crouching position moved away from him.

Joseph, surprised at these movements, entered the tent.

His grandmother, Singing Bird, and Chee Chee were sitting on a bundle of furs, and going to them he laid the muskrats at their feet and then stood erect, folded his arms across his breast, waited for them to speak first. Chee Chee raised her eyes to his face, then flinging herself forward she threw her arms around his knees and hid her face on his feet while Singing Bird slowly raised to her feet, and coming close to him laid her withered old

1—Dogs are dead. 2—Muskrat.

hand on his shoulder, looked long into his face, then said:

¹“Nika pit-tuck wake o-koke micka man-ook yah-a.”

²“Man-ook ik tah?”

Then she told him; and he knew the meaning of all their strange actions:

He had left the village but a short time, when Andeal came slowly among them, and when they wondered who did the killing she lifted her shoulders as though she knew, and when pressed she said she did not like to tell but if they must know she must speak.

In the darkness when all was still she had heard a slight sound outside her te-pee and raising a corner, peeped out and saw a dark figure stealing among the wigwams toward the fire where they had been steeping the roots to poison the arrow tips. She watched, and the figure passed on to where the dogs were lying—she saw the two dogs picked up and taken to one side and fed something. Then she watched the dark shadow steal softly back past where she lay, and she saw his face plainly.

“It was Joseph!”

As Singing Bird mentioned his name, he took a step backward with a jerk, and grasped her hands tight, too surprised to speak for a moment, then said: “You know I did not do it; Blue Heron does not think, and you, my Chee Chee, that I would do such a thing. And why would I? I love the chief; I like the dogs. ³“Yah-kas a kla-min-a-wit’,” and he raised his arms far above his head, then brought his clenched fists down by his side and jerked himself up on his toes, shutting his teeth with a vicious snap which made the two women cling together and crouch low against the side of the wigwam.

But when he saw how terrified they were, he was sorry he had lost control of himself and reaching his hands toward them, asked them again if they did not

1—“I think not that you do it.” 2—“Do what?” 3—“It’s a lie.”

know that he did not do it.

They said that they had told Blue Heron that Joseph would not do it—but he could not see why Andeal should say she saw what she did not—and half believed it must be so. Chee Chee ran out quickly and getting the old chief, led him to Joseph, who told him of the falsehood, told him if Andeal saw anyone it was not he—she had been mistaken in him.

But down in his heart Joseph thought if she did see any one that one must be Oneatta, the Shell Head, and striding out he walked over the sands to the great "hy-as salt chuck" and stood watching the ripples of the incoming tide—all unmindful of two pairs of eyes watching him over a low ridge of sand but a short distance from him.

Later in the day he met Andeal as she was carrying a basket of water from the little brook back of the village, and the sneering laugh with which she met him fully convinced him that she knew all right who did the foul deed, and that she meant him harm.

2—Ocean.



CHAPTER X.



AYS passed by and Blue Heron's loss, apparently, was forgotten, or was lost sight of in the preparations of a great feat which would come off, for the young brave whom Chee Chee had chosen for a "til-shel" had decided to become a man, and lay aside childish things—as all young braves do. He was going to the mountains, far from all others, to meet his "guardian spirit" and when he should return and make known

the name the gods had given him, and had killed deer and moose to make a wigwam, he and Chee Chee would be married.

Chee Chee was very happy as she helped her young lover's mother make the new clothes he would wear when he returned.

Many were busy making new robes, others hunting the game that was to make the feast, while still others were making canoes, for they were to have a great race on the water, and other feats to see which one should be called strongest among them. Joseph helped Blue Heron to finish a new canoe, for the old chief was not to be outdone by the young bucks of the tribe, for he had been considered great in his day and did not wish to give the honors to another.

And so, preparations for the feast went gaily on.

There was another village far up the Yon Calla whom they wished to invite, and it was decided that Joseph, being the lightest of foot, should be the one to go tell them.

The following day he was to go, so he worked long and hard at the canoe that there might be little to do on

his return, for did he not have to make gay trappings for his pony that he was to ride in a race on the smooth sands of the seashore?

They all sat long around the camp fire that night, talking of the great things they had done, and the great things they would do, when three more suns would rise, and the little ones of the camp would jump, run, or roll in the sand before the firelight as each story was discussed.

Chee Chee and her young lover stole away by themselves in the moonlight down by the water's edge, and so occupied were the others in the tales of great deeds that they did not miss two more of their number—Shell Head and Andeal.

Not until Joseph had rolled himself in his soft fur robes that night, did he notice that they were not there, and he gave a sigh of relief as he thought he would be bothered with her attentions no more.

Next morning he arose early, for he must put some more bright colors on the almost-complete canoe. But Blue Heron was as anxious to complete the task as he, and together they walked down to the river where many boats were drawn up on the sandy beach. But what was their horror to see that which they had both taken so much pride in, and had spent so much time and labor on, had a huge hole hacked in the bottom.

The old chief could not restrain his emotions, but sank to the ground and laid his head on the edge of the boat, while Joseph stood erect, a fierce look came into his face.

"Who could have done such a cruel thing to the poor old chief?" And he thought of Shell Head, and how he and Andeal had tried to lay the killing of the dogs onto him. He thought of their absence at the campfire the night before, then turning, he went back to village to the wigwam, at the door of which stood his aged grand-

mother, and she smiled as he drew near, then she shrank back to one side as her dim eyes saw the black look on Joseph's face.

As he entered the door she followed and stood still, waiting for him to speak, but he was too full of wrath to utter a word, and long they stood silent. At last the flap of the door was drawn to one side, the bright morning sun shown in, but it was darkened a moment later by the bent form of the old chief, who looked at his grandson with a stern, rebuking face. Singing Bird looked from one to the other not knowing what was up until Blue Heron said:

"Well, what do you say?" looking at Joseph.

"I know not what to say; I cannot see why it was done."

"Then you did not do it?"

"Do it! Who said I did it?"

"Andeal."

Then Joseph looked down on the bent form of the old warrior and said:

"Andeal said I poisoned the dogs. I did not—she knows who did. Andeal says I broke the canoe. I did not—but she knows who did." Then turning to his grandmother pulling at his belt, and Chee Chee—who had just then awoke, hearing voices, had arisen and stood by the old woman's side,—he told them what had been done.

With many grunts of great displeasure, Singing Bird sank to her knees, while the old chief rolled himself in his fur robes and lay quiet. Little tender hearted Chee Chee was crying when Joseph left the wigwam. Every one looked on him with displeasure, and as he passed Andeal's te-pee she peeped out at him, a vindictive look in her snapping black eyes. For a moment they gazed at each other, then she gave her head an upward toss, lowered the flap and he passed on.

When it came time for him to go to the upper village,

he entered the wigwam where Singing Bird sat—putting the finishing touches to a pair of mocassins she had embroidered, using the sign of the Chinook, a ¹“equan-nat,” which Almeta had taught them how to make.

Joseph told her he would go and that he would return that night to finish the trappings for his pony, and not wait for the band of warriors and squaws that would come down the river in their canoes, as it had been thought of first.

So removing all the clothing that would hinder his quick movements, donning a pair of strong mocassins and tightening his belt, taking off his gay head dress of eagle feathers, he tied his hair back with a wide strip of fur, stuck a couple of eagle feathers in the back—that all might know his rank,—and he was ready.

The sun was at its highest in the heavens when he left the village behind. Following the trail he had traveled so often, soon he was winding among the great rocks that formed the bank of the turbulent Yon Calla.

Up among the tall trees—through which the afternoon sun scarcely shone—but he did not slacken his pace, on and on, up and up, and as the sun was sinking behind the distant hills at his back he came out on a high plateau, grass covered, that bordered the river, which here flowed so gently it could hardly be seen to move, and appeared to be resting before it dashed on its headlong rush to the ocean.

In the center of this meadow the village stood; many Indian ponies were grazing around on the luxuriant grass. He entered the village and partook of food, and then stated his errand. All were greatly excited at the prospects of a feast, and preparations were at once begun for an early start on the morrow.

A short rest and Joseph's homeward run was started. He had not gone far before darkness settled down,

¹—Chinook salmon.

and well in the forest the blackness was intense, but he knew his road well, and seldom did he slacken his pace until he emerged from the dense woods, not very far from home now. As he rounded a large boulder he came to a halt so suddenly that he almost fell backward.

"What was that?"

"A shadow, but of what?"

Not long was he in doubt. He felt, rather than saw, an object come stealthily toward him. He did not move—not even when he felt a hand touch his arm and slowly follow it up to his shoulder, to his throat, to his mouth, where it rested firm upon his lips. Then it was his turn. He put his hand on the arm and followed it; the arm was small and it trembled—when his hand reached the shoulder he knew it was a woman.

The head pressed close to his and a voice so low it was scarcely audible said:

"Joseph."

It was Singing Bird! Something fearful must have happened or she would not be so far from home at such a time and so secret about it too; so, bending over until his mouth nearly touched her ear he said:

"Why here?"

"I have come to warn you."

"Of what?"

"You must not come back to the village, you must go away—far away—go to my mother's grandmother's people, the Chinooks, far to the north on the great river, and go quickly."

"Why?"

"Come," and she took him by the hand, leading him to one side of the trail, and crouching low in the undergrowth she put her lips close to his ear and told him: "That Shell Head, with others, would lie in wait for his return on the morrow, and that they would sever his beautiful nose from his face."

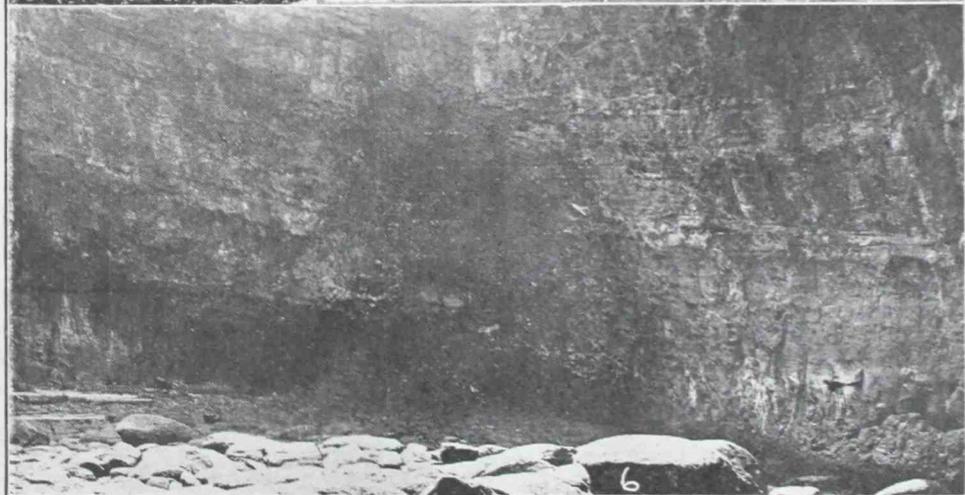
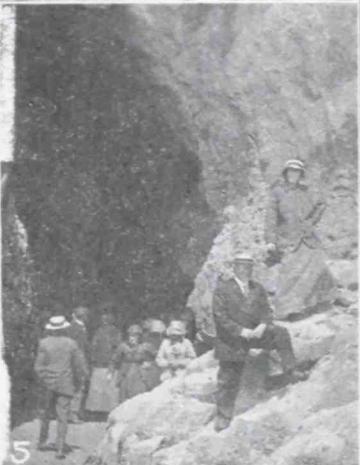
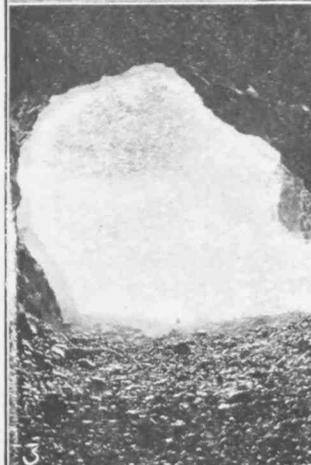
Every muscle in his strong young body quivered as Singing Bird told him all:

That very evening, after the sun had gone down, they were all gathered around the campfire as usual, talking of the coming feast, when suddenly they were startled as Andeal came staggering in. Her dress was torn and her hair fell all over her head, as she stumbled and fell to the ground. Shell Head sprang to her side and lifted her up, carried her nearer the fire and seated her on an upturned basket, and tried to coax her to tell what was the matter. Reluctantly at last she told them as they crowded around her.

She had gone that day to pick salal berries for the coming feast, up near where the forest meets the trail. She heard a voice, and looking, beheld Joseph coming toward her. He smiled and beckoned with his hand for her to come to him, but she would not for she thought of the dogs, and the canoe, and she was angry—very angry—so he came near to her, calling her loving names, and told her he had something to tell. She was afraid but dared not refuse, so she followed him into the wood where he led her, and tried to take her in his arms. But she would have none of him, and fought. But what were her feeble efforts in comparison with his powerful strength? His arms encircled her like the coils of a snake. She felt his hot breath on her face, which sickened her so that all power of resistance left her, and he crushed her to his naked bosom. Then he flung her from him, and as she sank a quivering heap against the foot of a large tree, he made the forest echo with his mocking laughter, and she looked up in time to see him bound out of sight among the undergrowth.

As soon as she could gather strength she crawled home, but had only now been able to reach the camp.

She buried her face in her hands and slid to the ground, her long, glossy, black hair falling over and



1. Two of the Three Sisters; p. 109. 2. Bluffs at Otter Rock; p. 369. 3. The Cave under light house; p. 370. 4. Crouching dog rock; p. 96. 5. Cave at Nye Beach; p. 370. 6. The Devil's Punch Bowl; p. 369.

around her like a mantle, while her body shook with sobs. Then up sprang Shell Head. He walked around the fire, raising and lowering his arms, his body, his head, while he talked, asking them: "Was ever a deed so vilely done?" "Would they sit still and allow such a crime to go unpunished?" "Was there none among them that would join him in having vengeance?" For there was no pardon for the crime that had been committed.

Then it was that Singing Bird had noticed that the old chief had fallen forward, and when she lifted him up she thought him dead. With difficulty Chee Chee and Singing Bird carried him into the wigwam where he revived somewhat, but he was grief stricken. It was more than he could bear. His "Joseph" to fall so low, and he wrung his withered old hands.

Outside, a council of war was held, and long they danced around the dying embers, while they related all they would do to the absent one upon his return on the morrow.

And she, Singing Bird, after all had grown quiet, had gathered a few things she thought he might want, and had stolen out in the darkness and run with all her might to him, and warn him he must come no nearer home.

"But," said Joseph, "they will follow me."

"I have thought of that," said his grandmother, and she told him her plan. He was to go at once—take the coast trail and flee quickly to the Chinooks.

She would let those in the village know she had seen him, but not until they were angry with her, would she tell them that he had gone to her people by the way of the great "Tumwater" trail; and so it might be he could reach the mighty river first and once there he was safe.

It was a fond farewell they took of each other, for they thought never to meet again this side of the sun.

Singing Bird was very old, the "Great Spirit" would soon call her to the "Happy hunting grounds"—where the "God of love" lived. She would meet him there. In the darkness she felt for his head, and drawing it down to her, she laid her nose by the side of his, as he told her how innocent he was, and that he had never seen Andeal after he had left the village.

She gave him a cloak to put about his shoulders, a package of dried meat and fish—all she could carry—and also she pressed into his hand the pair of mocassins she had been embroidering to wear the next day at the feast.

"Show these to my people, they will know their meaning," she said.

And thus they parted.



CHAPTER XI.



HE had come with all his speed—scarcely resting—eating as he ran. But the trail was rough and the rivers wide, and some times he swam across, at others he must go far up their banks to get around. He had found a canoe on the beach the other side of “Aquinna,” so he knew there must be someone near—but she, Miski, was the only one he had seen—and he was so hungry and foot-sore.

He thought now he would put on the mocassins his grandmother had given him, and so saying he took the bundle from his belt and held them toward Miski to see and he said:

“I have told you all, and with the help of the ‘Great Spirit’ if anything should happen that I may be caught, I will die rather than yield to the mutilation—which marks the coward. None but the innocent and brave are fearless of death.”

“But,” ventured Miski, “you are innocent; why not face and defy them?”

“Andeal is smooth of tongue; Shell Head is sly and cunning, and there are those ready to listen to the evil spoken of one by such as they, who would like it so, and you cannot tell them different, and, as my grandmother said, rather than stain my hands with their blood, go, leave them. I go quickly that I may return for my ‘klooch-man,’ for surely I will return here for you, and together we will be happy, for the God that took care of my grandmother’s grandmother—Almeta—will take the same care of us and unite us at last.”

“Although He lives far beyond the sun”—here Jo-

seph arose to his feet and stretching his arms out toward that brilliant orb, which was by this time swinging low over the ocean, casting a golden path over the rippling waters until it disappeared over the edge of the horizon—"He sees all we do, He hears all we say."

Louder had grown his voice, and high up had he raised himself on his toes, and his eyes beheld the sun as it kissed the rim of the dancing water, when

"Hist! What was that?"

Their quick ears had caught the crackling of a twig. Like a flash of lightning Joseph wheeled about and faced the main land. His arms hung limply by his side.

Then in a moment the crouching Miski saw his hands clench until the nails eat into the flesh of his palms. She saw the muscles of his arms stand out like cords. She heard him shut his teeth together with a click. Saw his eyes shoot fire. Saw his whole frame quiver.

She made a move as though to raise to her feet, and though he did not look at her, his hand toward her opened, palm downward, as much as to say, "Down, keep quiet." She saw and understood, crouched lower than ever behind the shrubbery but she knew not what he saw.

But what did he see?

At first, nothing, then as his eye glanced hurriedly along the wall of the trees on the high shore, he saw here and there, faces, then the forms came out of the thicket until there stood confronting him five warriors. They were scattered from one side to the other of the cape, so there could be no escape that way. He saw not who they all were, only the center figure attracted him, as it stepped boldly out into the open, fully armed with bow and arrow, a heavy club and a tommyhawk.

It was Oneatta, the Shell Head!

A fiendish leer was on his dark face. At last he had his arch-enemy at bay. At last he had accomplished his ends and Joseph was at his mercy, and no mercy would

he show. That handsome face would soon be disfigured for life, all old scores would be settled and Aneal would be his at last, for had she not promised him that if he would bring her Joseph's nose—the penalty of the crime she accused him of—she would at once be his wife.

She, the beautiful Andeal.

Shell Head had commanded his companions to spread out along the neck of the projecting point; the bluffs around were almost perpendicular, and from fifty to sixty feet high. To escape that way was as impossible as the outer point around which the breakers of the high tide were leaping with foaming crests.

“His to mutilate at last!”

With a diabolical grin lighting up his swarthy face, Shell Head stepped cautiously forward and as he advanced he slowly drew his tommyhawk from his belt, the while keeping his eyes fixed sharply on those of Joseph—who returned the look of triumph with one of scorn.

Shell Head was but a few paces from Joseph now, a bound or two and he would be upon him. He flung his arms upward and throwing back his head there burst from his throat such a yell of triumph, as he made ready for the final leap. But the war whoop that had rent the air, died as suddenly in a low gurgle.

Miski, knowing nothing that was taking place as she huddled behind the huckleberry bushes, save what she could read in the face of the stately young warrior before her, quickly imagined by his actions what was transpiring, and when Shell Head's piercing yell broke out on the stillness, she knew the end had come and that there was but one chance left for Joseph.

Maybe he could swim.

So in a low whisper which she was almost afraid did not reach his ear she bade him “Jump.”

For a moment only he hesitated, then with a mighty

swing of his lithe young body, and casting one flashing glance at Miski as he turned, he leaped upward and outward, far out over the bluff, and as he did so, Shell Head's voice trailed off into silence, as he saw his prey disappear from sight; saw the foaming water leaping all around.

His own body grew limp, his shoulders drooped, his arms hung loosely from them and his mouth dropped open. For a few minutes only he stood thus, then turned and slunk back into the shrubbery from whence he came. Three of his companions followed him, but the fourth one—who stood on the outer edge—did not move. His eyes only followed the receding forms until hidden from view, then folding his arms across his chest he stood looking far out to sea at the setting sun.

But what of Miski?

When Joseph's body left the bluff and flew out into space, she gazed eagerly forward, and when he dropped to the foaming waters she threw herself—face downward—on the overhanging sod, from beneath which the wind and waves had blown and washed the soil, leaving only a few roots to hold it to the parent cliff. She knew not of this, nor did she notice that the weight of her plump young body was slowly severing the few remaining roots, and that slowly she was sliding down the steep cliff toward the waters that were now closing over the form of her young lover. One upward glance he gave her, and their eyes met, then a fleecy blanket of foam curled over his handsome head.

Not until then did she notice that she was very near the splashing waves. She tried to raise herself, but one backward glance told her the bit of sod she was resting on had parted from the land. Just then another breaker dashed far up the cliff—as if to meet her. Tightly she shut her eyes, and mouth, as the foaming billows closed over her, and she sank from sight just as the sun went down.

CHAPTER XII.



AS the last glimmer of the brilliant orb of day sank below the horizon, the young brave that had been left behind by Shell Head and his companions, threw back his feather crowned head, gathered his beautiful beaver skin cloak about his stalwart frame. The cloak was gaily ornamented with tails and feathers of many colors, and reached nearly to his feet, which were covered with moccasins most elaborately embroidered.

His whole mein showed him to be one of rank and wealth. He was tall and stately, and the commanding look in his face was not unkind.

Slowly he stepped forward along the narrow path that skirted the edge of the bluff until he came to the extreme point, not far from where Miski and Joseph had so lately been. Here he halted and stood as if carved of wood. At his feet the high tide lashed its foam—crested breakers far up the side of the cliff as though hungry for more prey—but its roar and splashing was like music to his ears, for he had never before beheld the “salt chuck.”

Over head several wild ducks with their plaintive “honk, honk” flew across the waters from their feeding grounds on the bay at his back, to their roosting place among the rocks far out on a point of land projecting out from the coast, on which two small mountains stood.

The after-glow of the setting sun had thrown—as it were—a crimson blanket over the heavens, which was reflected in the rippling waters, which grew darker—and of a richer hue—as the twilight deepened, and far to the north and west the purple shades slowly took on a mantle of gray that began to creep shoreward.

Still the stranger did not move, but watched with

keen eye the rapidly changing glory before him. He gazed intently as he saw the wall of fog strike the far off point—around which the water was splashing—sending up great jets of foam; he saw the fog bank hit the sharp spurs of mountains and come tumbling and rolling down their sides in huge billowy sheets, and start coming toward him over the waters of the little bay. Already the dense bank was hiding the breakers on the sandy beach far to the north, and he let his gaze wander slowly down the line of surf until they rested on the beach at his feet when suddenly he leaned forward and gazed intently at the sands below.

What was that?

A tree trunk, maybe, that the waves were buffeting around. The next breaker of the outgoing tide did not reach it quite, and it lay where the last one had tossed it. No, it was not a tree; maybe it might be the body of the one he had seen leap over these very bluffs so short a time before.

Swiftly he surveyed the shore and then springing lightly along the path he had come—but no where could he see a spot that he might descend—until he got near the mainland. There a portion of high ground and sod had been undermined by the wind and had sunk down many feet. Lightly he dropped onto it, only to find himself far from the beach. He crawled out on the dead branches of an overhanging tree and let himself down from the limbs to a shelf on the side of the bluff, thence to slide and jump from one ledge to another, lower down until he was within ten or twelve feet of the beach. Balancing himself lightly upon his toes he sprang down on the soft sands and fell upon his hands and feet, then straightened up and looked around him.

“Yes, there it was, down near the water’s edge—a body—he could see it plainly now in the gathering gloom. A few swift bounds and he was bending over the form,

which was lying partly on its face. To roll it over was the work of a moment. Then he straightened back, a look of wonder on his dark face, for it was a woman's face he gazed upon.

"Where did she come from?"

"Was she dead or alive?" And dropping to his knees he ran his hand over her face, pushing away the wet black hair that clung to it. His fingers rested on her temples and he thought he felt some warmth. Then he put his hand over her heart.

Joy! He could feel a faint flutter, and there was a small warm spot. He sprang to his feet and looked around; the great bank of fog was nearly upon them; he could not see the breakers—how dark it had grown—and so cold.

"He could not stay there, but where could he take her?" He thought he saw a dark streak up the side of the bluff—maybe he could find shelter there. So quickly unfastening the beaver skin cloak from his shoulders he laid it upon the sand—fur side up—and stooping laid her upon it. It was no easy task, for the dead weight of the limp, plump young body was about all he could manage. Carefully he folded the cape, covering well her naked feet, then, resting on one knee, he lifted her in his arms and started up the slipping sandy incline toward the dark spot, which he found to be a crevice in the rock, into which he staggered with his burden. In the darkness he could not see but he felt that he was out of the cold chill of the fog and night air.

He laid his burden down on the sandy floor which appeared quite dry, and going out in the gloom he felt his way around until he had gathered some twigs and dry grass, with which he proceeded to start a fire. He groped about for a small rock on which he laid the grass with a few twigs on top, and taking two small sticks he rested one in the rock and rubbed it vigorously with the

other. Faster and faster his arms shot up and down—a tense look overspread his face—the muscles of his arms stood out hard and blue. There was a faint smell of smoke—a tiny spark which increased to a glow—but he did not stop until a spark touched the grass. Another and another, then a feeble blaze—which soon became blazes—as it spread and ignited the whole bundle of grass and the sticks.

Not until the flames shot high up in the darkness did the young brave take time to even glance around to see where he was—then only for a moment—but he saw that the cavern where he now was, was much wider than the entrance and the roof arched far overhead, but he could not see how far it extended back. That part was lost in utter blackness.

He had no time to explore, the silent form at his feet seemed to be dumbly beckoning for his help to return to life, and squatting down he began to rub her hands, her feet and her forehead. Long he worked, when, with the assistance of the fire, he at last began to feel a slight warmth steal over her frame. The two full lips which had remained tightly closed, and of a deathly blue color, parted slowly as a bright red flush took the place of the death-like pallor.

Oh, for some “chuck.” Plenty there was outside, he could hear its muffled roar—but hark, “what was that?” His quick ear had caught the faint drip, drip, from somewhere back in the dark recesses of the cave. He replenished the fire and as the flames leaped upward he strode toward the faint sound, which grew louder as he approached. At last it sounded close at hand and feeling his way along the wall he came across a tiny cascade spattering down the rock. “But how to get it to her who needed it so much?”

For a moment he thought, then falling to one knee he unloosed the thongs that bound his mocassin to his

foot, and taking it off, shook the sand from the inside, and held it under the miniature falls. Twice or thrice he emptied the water out, and then allowed it to fill, and hastening back to the silent form by the fire, he bathed her face and hands and washed the sand from the black tresses that lay in a mat around her head. Many times he made the journey to the little rivulet and refilled the moccasin, when at last—joy of joys—he put a few drops of the fluid between her—now burning lips—and she swallowed it. Her breath became more regular but her eyes did not open.

Through the long dark night he squatted by her side, moving only to do something for her. Now and then he would glance at the narrow crack-like opening that served as the door, but it was long 'ere the blackness appeared less black, and slowly, very slowly, it appeared to him, the gray dawn of morning stole in.

He went to the opening and looked out, but nothing could be seen, for the great gray wall of fog was as something solid to the very entrance of the cave. But not much longer did he have to wait, for the rising sun soon dispersed the mists, and as they receded—first the breakers appeared to view, rolling just as they had rolled for countless ages—and, would go on doing for countless ages—then the high cliffs to the right appeared. Higher the mist clouds raised, and he could see far to the north, high bluffs. Then the white clouds rolled up and over the mountains and disappeared behind them, as the sun sent its shafts of light to deck their pinnacles with gold.

But the young warrior scarcely noticed the grandeurs about him, for his keen eye was searching the high lands and the far distant mountains for signs of life, for surely her people must be near. At last he gave a grunt of satisfaction, for far up the beach in the curve of the hills he discerned a thin streamer of smoke arising above the tree tops.

But how to get there?

He dare not leave her to go for assistance, and he could not wait for a chance passerby.

No, there was but one way.

He must carry her.

“And why could he not?” Had he not flung many a deer on his back and crossed the mountains by steep and hazardous trails, so different from the straight level beach before him? And turning he re-entered the cavern and knelt by the still unconscious form of the young Indian maiden.

He straightened her scanty clothing, her long black hair which was now dry, her arms, and feet. Then folding the beautiful beaver skin tightly about her, he bound it securely in place with strips of the slashed hide that was about his wrist, leaving her face only exposed.

Then he straightened up, adjusted his feather bonnet on his head, tightened his belt, tied his moccasins more securely, and, dropping to one knee, he tenderly lifted and swung her across his back so her head rested on his shoulder. He slowly arose to his feet and partly bending over—the better to carry his burden—he strode out of the cave, down the sloping sands to the beach and started on his long walk—for walk it must be—had the burden been less precious he could have swung off into a loping run. He must exercise the greatest care not to unduly disturb the unconscious one thus given to his care.

So, bending low he strode along. The sun was fast arising in the heavens and already its fierce glare beat down on the sands, and on the bowed head of the young brave as he staggered under his heavy burden. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his face. Oh, for a drink of pure fresh water. Water there was in plenty, and splashing at his very feet, yes, he was right into it, and looking up he beheld quite a broad, shallow stream flowing down from a ravine to the ocean. He took a

step or two backward until he had gained the firm ground, there he slowly and very carefully, laid her on the black sand which sparkled with myriads of yellow specks as the golden gleam of the sun shone upon it. Lying down upon his face he drank long and deep of the pure water, then dipping his hands in, he took what they would hold and bathed the face and lips of the girl.

A few minutes rest and he shouldered his load and started on much refreshed. But how long the way appeared; would it never end? From time to time he would raise his head and look about him, and at last he found himself under the high rocky bluff. To find a trail by which he might ascend—for he knew that on top there was an encampment if not a village. His sharp eye at last saw a narrow path that wound around and up the steep side. Shifting his load—that he might get a more secure hold with one hand and arm, the other was left free to help him climb, and by grasping low shrubs and holding on to the rocks he slowly made his way upward.

Now and then he would have to halt and lean, panting, against the craggy side of the path—would take a few full breaths—then on again, up and up, staggering and sometimes almost losing his balance. But he was rewarded at last. The trail now was less steep, and a few more steps and he reached the slanting path that led through a cluster of trees at the top, but he did not stop until he had gained the broad meadow which extended to the foot of the low mountains at its back.

To the left he could see the smoke he had sighted before, but as yet no sign of life, until he had climbed a low raise of ground, and there in a little hollow he beheld some wagwams clustering around a stream that sprang from the ground beneath a clump of stately trees.

A few naked children—with as many dogs—were romping on the grass near by; a few squaws were busy around a smoky fire, while a little to one side several

old men sat, or lay, basking in the morning sun.

To stagger on a few more steps and his journey was at an end. The dogs were the first to scent him, and sniffing the air they gave several sharp yelps, and started in the direction of the newcomer—followed by the children—but the older ones only glanced up in an uninterested way, until they beheld the load on the stranger's back. Then the old men got lazily to their feet, and the women ceased their work.

He heeded them not, but went straight to the fire, and to one side where there was a little knoll, he laid her tenderly down. Then straightening up to his full height he gazed on those around as they ran forward and peered down on the still unconscious maiden. They looked to him as though to ask what it all meant. Slowly he turned around and waving his hand toward the distant beach, he said:

¹“Nika klap okoke klooch-man marsh sah-he lee ko-pa chuck chah-co.” Then he threw himself down on his face in the long grass.

His task was over, he might rest now.

It took the on-lookers but a moment to take in the situation. Quickly orders were given and they talked fast as they worked.

“The ²‘keel-al-ly,’ where was he?”

“Gone, gone far up into the mountains.”

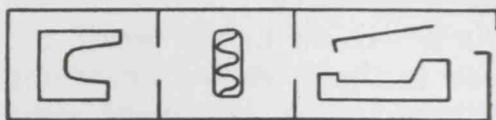
“She was the chief's daughter, they must not let her die.”

“Where was ³‘Le-moo-to-yak-so se-ah-wust,’ chief of the Aquinnies?”

“Gone with the medicine man far up to the ⁴‘La-mon-tai Chin-ti-mini.’ There a brave was sick unto death. They had sent for the medicine man, and the chief had gone with him.

1—“I found the woman thrown up by the tide.” 2—Medicine man. 3Wool-face. 4—Mary's Peak Mountain.

Something must be done for the maiden at once. They could not wait for the return of the medicine man.



Sheasly

Indian Sweat House

They would put her in the "Sheasly." It was not customary to do so for the sheasly was for the men only, but was she not the chief's daughter? And the chief's

daughter must be saved. Some hurried to gather the boughs and build the fire in the low mud hut which was all but air tight. There were three rooms inside, the ceiling barely high enough to permit one to stand erect. The center room was smaller and had a heap of rocks in the middle on which was piled the wood and brush for the fire. In this hut the poor patient was carried and laid on some fur rugs. They would leave her here in the intense heat until the perspiration poured from her body, then they would plunge her in the cold water, and if she was to live—she would live.

At last the stranger raised his head, then he arose to his knees and looked around him. There were about a dozen men, women, and children standing or lying about in perfect silence—not a sign of the one he had struggled so hard to save—and springing to his feet he demanded to know where she was. They pointed to the hut and he strode over to it and peered in, then, sprang back in great haste. He told them that such treatment would kill her, and hastily he ordered them to gather the wild fern that grew so abundantly all around. Some he ordered to fetch water and heat it, and building a bed of fern, high, he dashed the hot water on, then rushing into the hut brought the still unconscious girl and laid her tenderly on top of the new made bed—placed more of the fern on top and covered all with the skins they had

1—Sweat-house.

brought, and last, his own lovely robe he spread over her and tucked it gently about her head and face.

Stepping back he surveyed his work.

Apparently satisfied, he advanced to her head and laid his large brown palm on the pale yellow brow and temples, and with a grunt of satisfaction, he turned away and sat down on his feet near the fire.

During his performance the others stepped out of the way, watching every move silently, but now, that all was over, they turned to him for an explanation of the strange occurrence, but as yet he had not broken his fast, and his sharp eyes sought first one part of the camp, and then another, and the onlookers now crowded around and all began talking at once.

1“Kah-tah?”

2“Kahta mika chacho?”

3“Nah olo mika?”

4“Nah olo chuck mika?”

5“Mika takeh muck-a-muck?”

Some of the women brought forth fish and berries, of which he ate ravenously. There was silence again until he had finished, then they wished to know from whence he came and how he happened to have the “klooch-man.”

For a time he sat looking pensively at the fire, then said:

“I will tell.”

“My people, the Klamaths, live far to the south, beyond the mountains. My father is a mighty chief among them, and some day I will be a fighting chief. “Chet Wost’ is chief of all the Klamaths.

“Only two moons ago the gods gave me the name of “So-pena moo-lak.’

“None can run as fast as I.

“One day there came into our camp a warrior from

1—What ails you? 2—How did you come? 3—Are you hungry? 4—Are you thirsty? 5—Would you like something to eat? 6—Woman. 7—Black bear. 8—Jumping Elk.

the far ⁹'sto-be-lo.' He said there were strange men among them. They had come up from ¹⁰'hyas salt chuck' on the ¹¹'ik-hol' in ¹²'hyas ca-nim.'

"They had many curious things with them which they were offering to trade for the skins of animals, and as we had many, very many elk, moose, deer, fox and beaver, my people sent to me to see them. The white men soon would leave and I needs must hurry.

"I had been to the great ¹³'tum water' and was returning by the ¹⁴'oo-e-hut' that goes through the ¹⁵'oo-lee' when I met four strangers from the ¹⁶'Yon Calla.' They asked me if I had seen a young brave fleeing.

"I told them no.

"Then they told me that one of their tribe had committed the sin for which there is no pardon. The maiden asked for vengeance. They were told by his grandmother that he had gone to her people who lived far to the north on the 'great river' and that he had gone by the valley trail, but if I had not seen him, he must have taken the trail that went down by the ocean. I told them that there was a trail that led over the mountains to meet the one by the sea, and they asked me to come as guide. We had just found this trail that was by the water when we thought we heard a voice, and peeping through the low trees and bushes, we saw the one they were in search of. He was talking loud and waving his hands toward the sun. Then the leader—Shell Head they called him—commanded us to spread out until we extended all along the high bluff you see down there," and he pointed to the south where a point projected far out into the surf.

"Two he put on either side of him, and—Shell Head—himself took the place in the center, for it was to be his pleasure to cut the nose from the face of this coward we saw standing there so majestically."

9—North. 10—Great ocean. 11—River. 12—Big canoes.

13—Falls (Oregon City). 14—Trail. 15—Valley. 16—Umpqua River.

"As we stole forward he heard us and turning, saw us, just as Shell Head was making ready to spring upon him."

Here the speaker paused and gazed long out over the waters as they washed upon the sands of the beach that lay between them and the distant jut of land, where the double tragedy of the day before had been enacted. Maybe he was reviewing the scene again in his mind; maybe, he again saw the look of defiance in the proud young face, as he gazed on his pursuer; maybe, he was viewing anew the lithe form as it shot out into space, and then disappeared from view. He recalled himself at last and continued:

"That warrior was not guilty of the crime they accused him of, for the deed was a cowardly one, and a coward dies not as he did. Shell Head knew, for he slunk away, he and his companions, and left me alone for I would not go with them again."

Then he told them of the finding of Miski, and so absorbed were they in the story, that they did not notice the large dark eyes slowly open and gaze, first at the bright blue sky overhead, then at the hills on either side—which appeared familiar to her—but on hearing voices she looked in the direction from whence they came, saw the stranger and heard his story, but as he turned and looked toward her, the dark eyes closed and they knew not that she was conscious of their words.

When Jumping Elk had finished and while the old men gave him praise for his bravery, the women gathered about her, and as she opened her eyes again, an exclamation of joy burst from their throats, and soon all were gathered around her.

They took away the hot packings and tried to raise her to her feet, but her late experience had weakened her so, she sank back upon the soft robes that formed her bed. Jumping Elk came forward, and lifting up his cloak that

had fallen to one side, laid it over her.

When asked how she came to be in the water she answered wearily that she was picking berries close to the edge of the cliff, and never did she tell them of the awful tragedy, and the part she played in it.



CHAPTER XIII.



THE seagulls were flying low over the camp, feeding from the shells of the clams and oysters that had been thrown to one side, and getting bolder, had come up close to where Miski was reclining on the soft grass near her tepee. One—much larger and more saucy than the rest—came close to her, and she, raising one brown foot, pushed it away. It fluttered its white wings and returned to her side.

When she looked up, Jumping Elk, who was watching her, said:

¹“Miswki, me-si-ka e-kone,” and she said “Call me Miski,” and she arose slowly to her feet and walked toward the high bluff, the seagull strutting proudly behind her as though to guard her faltering steps. She sat down on a large boulder that almost overhung the water. Long she gazed out over the murmuring surf, all unmindful of the stately form that was slowly coming toward her. She heard him not until his soft tread sounded on the rocks by her side, and his cloak brushed her shoulder, then she

¹—Seagull your good spirit.

turned slowly and looked up, their eyes met and the look that greeted him assured him he was welcome.

But long he stood not daring to speak unbidden, until she raised her eyes to his face again; then he slipped down on his knees at her feet and gazed long into her almost-expressionless face—for she was not thinking of him but of the one who had looked into her eyes as the cruel breakers closed over him.

At last he could stand it no longer. Slowly he raised his hands and placed them over hers as they loosely clasped her knees, then he said:

“Miski, Miski, come with me to my distant mountain home. Come with me from these cruel waters. They would have swallowed you and fed you to the gods that dwell in their depths, but I would not let them.

“The spirits of the deep long and cry for you, come with me where you will not hear their wild roar of anger.

“Come, and you will be a mighty woman in my tribe, for none are as fair as you, my Miski. You shall wear robes made of the downy skins of the eagle and braid their choicest feathers in your shining hair.

“Come!”

And he opened his hands toward her as she gazed into his face.

“And why should she not? She must marry some one some time, and what difference who, now that the one she loved was gone—and she lifted her two brown hands and laid them in his.

There was much excitement in the village when it was known that there was prospect of a wedding—especially among the younger ones who danced about in wild glee—and they made ready to call the tribe together, for different families of the tribe of Aquinnies had wandered far away during the summer. And proud indeed was “Wool Face,” the chief, and he stroked his stubby beard, for was not his daughter to wed a son of the

mighty Klamath warrior.

Miski, alone was sorrowful especially when she looked upon her baby sister's face, for little "Ikhoon Kwulonn" was very dear to her. "Who would teach her to do the many things that Miski did?" and she talked long with her younger brother, "Armaca," who would one day be chief, to care for his little sister as long as he should live and not forget that she could not hear the roar of the billows, or the scream of the seagulls.

Much hunting and fishing was done—for the feast must be great—and many shells and skins must go with the bride to her new home. Through the long days Jumping Elk and Wool Face would sit and measure the strings of "wampum"—which Jumping Elk was giving him for his daughter,—and he found it difficult, for Wool Face prized his daughter very highly.

While preparations were being made for her departure, Miski roamed along the beach gaining strength for her long journey, and one evening when the sun was getting low, she wandered down where she and Joseph had met and parted. She found the spot where they had sat, and the basket with the berries—now dried—and something else. "What was it?" And bending down she discovered a moccasin—the one he had shown her. Reverently she picked it up and held it in her two hands as she looked down at the noisy water, when lightly there soared from the crest of a foaming breaker—as it appeared—a snow-white seagull, that hovered for a moment near her, then floated gracefully away from her, toward the setting sun, and disappeared from view in its shining orb—just as it went down.

Miski gazed long at the exquisite bit of work on the moccasin. It was a beautiful salmon, cleverly embroidered with the colored quills of a bird, then she folded it tightly, and tied it and slowly concealed it inside of her

dress. Retracing her steps, she visited the cave where Jumping Elk had nursed her through the long night and brought her back to life.

One day she and Jumping Elk strolled far out to the point beyond the hills, west of the village home. They watched the water surge to and fro among the rocks; the seagulls and other water fowl roosting unmolested on their barren tops.

"'Siwash' has many spirits on his head today," said Miski.

Jumping Elk looked at her.

"Have none told you the story of how he stands there, and will stand there forever?"

"No; you tell me."

"Come then to the 'Lover's Lookout,' it can best be told from there," and together they climbed the low, pointed mountain, hand in hand. Miski sat down on the very peak, while Jumping Elk reclined at her feet, and both looked at the beautiful view they obtained from their lofty perch—at last she spoke:

"It was many years before the 'deep water,' when all this was land from this point to that," and she waved her right hand to the north, to the rocks far up where the beautiful otters — unmolested — nested and reared their young, and from here to those rocks you can plainly see down there," and she waved her left hand to the south, where, over the blue waters the black rocks over which the seals play and frolic to this day, could be plainly discerned, "was solid land and tree covered.

"It was unbroken save for a narrow ravine, through which a small river ran, the outlet for the Aquinna which was then a lake.

"This place was beautiful beyond description. The stately trees, beautiful flowers, lovely fruits, which covered all this land, made it a home ideal for the two young

creatures—the man, and the woman who was his wife. All day they wandered under the shady trees, or on the beach, and sometimes they climbed this very hill to where we now sit, which was bare of trees, then as now, and overlooked the tree tops of the valleys on either side. Here they would watch the nesting birds on the rocks down there, but they never thought to molest them. They would not even allow their dog — who followed them everywhere—as much as bark at the graceful creatures as they flew near, for they held them sacred.

“One beautiful day they were sitting here with the dog at their feet, when on looking to the south they beheld a canoe loaded with warriors, come out of the river into the ocean, and paddle straight toward these rocks. They watched them until the strangers got well among the rocks down there, when they saw some of them make ready their bows and arrows with which to shoot the unsuspecting, trusting birds. This was more than the young brave could stand.

“‘Come,’ he said to his wife, ‘they must not do that, they must be stopped.’

“But she pleaded with him:

“‘They will shoot you, and you have no weapon with which to defend yourself,’ and he said:

“‘Oh, yes, I have. The dog—our friend here—will protect me. Have you forgotten when we strayed far out in the mountains and a bear attacked us, how the dog fought for us and killed the bear? Fear not, my wife, but we go to protect the birds,’ and whistling to his dog, they both ran down the hill to the very brink of the cliffs and he shouted with all his might. But the strangers heeded him not, and came closer to the overhanging cliffs and made ready to shoot. With a mighty yell he flung himself to the rocks below.

“‘Come not nearer,’ he shouted, ‘or I will destroy

you. The "Sah-halee Tyee" has given me charge over these. They are the souls of children who have been deprived of life in this world, as man lives. To destroy one, is to kill anew the little beings, who here are so happy."

But the hunters heeded him not but cried, "Make way for us; we have come far to hunt. Make way that we may not shoot you instead." The young brave gave no heed to them but strode still further out in the path of the canoe. The warriors were angry and tried to hit him with their paddle blades, but he stood firm.

Then a voice, like the roar of many waters, came drifting up from the far western rim of the great ocean:

"Leave him, oh, you, who would murder the innocent, he is right."

"In amazement the hunters looked up, then dropped their heads as the voice continued:

"Stand where you are, oh, guardian of the birds! Stand and protect them for years—centuries—forever. The winds and the waves that beat upon you shall not disturb you, and the countless souls of children that shall come to your care, through the ages, will caress you and alight upon your head in pure affection, and no one shall disturb you. The dog that you have protected and that loves you, shall crouch not far from you; shall help you guard these souls, and the wife that you love, I will cause the rocks to part that she may have a dwelling place near you forever."

"The voice ceased and the hunters looking up saw standing where the young brave had stood, the tall, straight rock, and they backed away in fear as they heard the grinding sound of the splitting rock as the 'Sah-halee Tyee' made ready the cave wherein the loving wife would dwell forever near her husband where he stands.

"As the strange warriors paddled swiftly away toward the river entrance, they glanced back and saw the faithful dog dash over the cliff, and crouch as though to spring on any who might dare to approach the rocks. And there those rocks remain to this day," said Miski, as she pointed downward from her seat on the "Lovers' Lookout," to the crouching dog and the slender stately "Siwash Rock."

"When the tide is low you can enter the cave, the dwelling place of the loving wife, and oftentimes you can hear her singing as the waters dash high above her dwelling."



CHAPTER XIV.

THE day of the great feast arrived at last. The hills around echoed, and re-echoed with the sounds of childish laughter and the warlike yells of glee from the younger members of the tribe, while the older ones walked more stately, as all took a hand in preparing for the amusements that soon were to begin.



When at last Miski, now fully recovered, emerged from her tepee clad in the most gorgeous gown the tribe could produce, and was joined by Jumping Elk, who stood solemnly at her side, the feast was on.

The juicy deer and moose, camas bread, (made of salal berries) dried huckleberries, the fern and flag root,

clams and oysters and whole fish, all of which had been cooked the day before, now stood cold and inviting.

Long they feasted, and long they danced to the wierd chants sung by the very old men and women of the tribe.

The moon came up over the eastern hills and its round face gleamed with pleasure as it shone down on the happy throng gathered in the elbow of the mountains that circled around the little bay, the waters of which washed the shore of what in after days was to be known as "Agate Beach."

With innocent sports these "true Americans" beguiled away the beautiful warm summer evening. The last dance was about to begin. Those not to take place in it seated themselves in a larger outer circle, while those about to perform, joined hands and stood out as far as the ring could stand unbroken. They were all most gaily dressed, their feathered ¹"se-ah-po" and capes of down—which were dyed many colors—nodded and swayed in the midnight breeze, as they waited for the main performer, who at last appeared. It was an old woman, whose feet and legs were covered with moccasins and leggings gaily embroidered with colored quills. The short buckskin skirt was slashed deep, forming a long fringe, the ends of which were threaded with shells that made a clicking noise as she moved, and the short cape—which concealed her arms—was formed entirely of white feathers tipped with many colors.

But her headdress was the most attractive of all. It was conical in shape and about two feet high, and was completely covered with loose feathers. A big feather tassel hung from the top and with every move of her body they quivered and trembled. She held her head very erect as she entered the circle, the singers began to chant, and the great feather dance had begun.

Around the circle danced, keeping perfect time with

1—Head dress.

their hands and feet, and slowly drawing in closer to the old woman, who, it seemed, must get dizzy and fall, so fast did she spin around, but keeping her head well balanced. Louder and louder grew the chant, faster and faster the dancers drew around the central figure, until at last with a mighty yell they closed tightly about her, and raising their right hands—as one, struck the top of her bonnet which flew off, and a shower of feathers swept over the entire throng, whose yells of delight rent the midnight air and drowned the roar of the ocean that thundered at their feet.

Jumping Elk then arose and taking Miski by the hand led her to the center of the feather carpeted ground. Miski was his wife at last.



CHAPTER XV.

THE camp was in wild confusion.

The ponies which were intended to convey the presents Chief Wool Face had given Jumping Elk, to his far southern home, and to bring back his gifts to Wool Face—refused to be caught. All the men and boys joined in the chase as they raced over the hills that encircled the camp. But at last they were captured, packed, and started with their drivers over the trail that led up

the river and over the mountains to the valley beyond.

It was decided that Jumping Elk and Miski—with some of the young braves—should take canoes, and paddle up the river and join the pony party when the canoes could go no further. The older ones would take the trail



over the hills to the Aquinna, the younger ones to ride ponies around the beach. But how to get the ponies down the steep bank.

Go, they would not.

In vain they coaxed, they shoved, they dragged and whipped, the ponies absolutely refused to step over the edge and trust themselves to the almost perpendicular path. At last Miski's young brother, Armaca, who would one day be chief, backed far up behind one of the stubborn animals, as it stood with its feet firmly planted on the brink, and taking a leaping run landed on the back of the pony, who, taken unawares, bounded over the edge and went rolling and sliding to the sands below. Astonished at its quick disappearance, Armaca's mother, who was standing near, broke off a bunch of nettles, and when her offspring returned gave chase and soundly belabored his naked body, which caused such merriment among the younger ones as the youth bounded away rubbing the afflicted parts.

By dint of hard labor the animals were at last assembled on the beach, the youths and maidens mounted and a wild race over the hard sands ensued. All but Miski and Jumping Elk, who prepared to take it easier. The low tide enabled them to make the dangerous point—where Miski nearly lost her life—in safety. She shivered as she passed it, and as she looked up to the spot where the tragedy had taken place she shut her teeth together as she said: "May the winds and the storms of time wash you away until nothing remains."

Jumping Elk, who was riding a little ahead, heard the muttering and wondered.

As low as the tide was there were many points they had to run their ponies to get around, after splashing the salt water over each other, but when they reached the extreme point at the outlet of the bay they found the entire crowd jabbering and gesticulating. Only a few

dared round the point that projected three or four hundred feet out from the main land. The water was many inches deep over the toe of rock they must step on, and over, that they could not see the bottom.

Some distance back from the point a fissure appeared in the soft stone, but only wide enough that, with much persuasion, could the animals be gotten through. At last the feat was performed and the young bucks and maidens were off in wild confusion again, the ponies making the sand fly in showers on those behind. All but Jumping Elk and Miski, who walked their ponies, she looking for the last time on the scenes of her childhood.

Far above on that point that projected outward like a finger pointing seaward had she not spent many hours, and in the winters, when the ocean was lashed to wild fury by the winds, had she not stood there and faced them as wild as they? Stopping her pony she looked across the inlet to the shore whose banks were not so high as the side she was on, but in the distance she could trace the shore line of the lake that once was, and drawing Jumping Elk's attention she said:

"There, beyond that rocky jut, do you see? That is where the river was through which the hunters came to the sea to shoot the birds that hover around the foot of 'lovers' lookout'."

And Jumping Elk said: "Ugh!"

They passed on; the perpendicular bluffs above them were covered with tall trees, and a few dead stubs showed that at one time a fire must have raged there.

Miski came to a halt close under the bluff at a point where the bay widens out. Here a little fir tree had taken root and was but a few feet high, but a perfect specimen of its species. The bank arose steep behind it, then sloping to the high hill above, and, she pointing upward, said:

"Up there we bury our dead. Many braves and

squaws lie there. The medicine man who did not save the sick brave at 'Chintimini' was the last buried there. My brother, who was older than I, he grew very sick and they put him in the 'sheasley,' but the water ran off him until he die. He is buried far up there under the big trees. 'Get me a sprig from the little tree, Jumping Elk.' He sprang lightly to the ground, scrambled up the bank and returned with the end of a bough.

'Twas but a short distance now to the broad, sandy beach where all were assembling to bid Miski goodbye. The headlands here, curved around gracefully, sloping sharply upwards, their sides clothed with ferns and mosses and dotted profusely with the rhododendron and wild huckleberry, with here and there fir trees of different sizes, making a bit of rich coloring.

Zigzag paths climbed the high hills in many places, but the portage from ocean to bay—and which was a part of the coast-wise trail, came down through a beautiful canon which wound gracefully back among the hills. The scene that met Miski's gaze was one she would ever remember. The canoes were drawn up partly out of the water onto the white sands that glittered in the noon-day sun.

The driftwood that had been washed up by high tides, had been collected together and a huge bonfire was roaring a welcome to the late comers. Around the fire the naked children were dancing or rolling in the sand, while those who were not busy preparing for the departure of the bridal couple were squatting in a semi-circle back some distance from the heat of the blazing wood, and just behind them on a narrow, grassy slope some tepees had been erected, the ponies very contentedly nibbling the salt laden grass that grew among them.

Here and there around the bend of the bay to the

north groups of tents could be seen, the homes of clam diggers, and fishermen of the ²“Aquinna.”

The hills all around and far to the north and east were well covered with a dense forest of tall, stately trees—but now and then blackened stubs could be seen among them.

As the time grew near for their departure, confusion reigned—all tried to say something at once—until even the ponies used to the babble of voices stopped their feeding and looked down at the confusion on the beach. Miski found it very hard to say goodbye to her little sister, ¹“Ikhoon Kwulonn,” who had just learned to walk, and the bright eyes of the tiny, deaf Indian maid would follow her big sister’s every move, and she could not know what all these actions meant, and they could not tell her, for the little ears had never heard an earthly sound. Miski carried her on her back to the water’s edge where she tenderly caressed her in a loving farewell.

At last everything was ready and Miski stepped lightly into the canoe, where already Jumping Elk and another, who was to bring the canoe back, were seated on their knees. They glided away from the shore, and the first stage of her long journey had begun. As they paddled up the placid waters of the bay, those on shore crowded to the water’s edge, and waved and shouted long to the departing ones—until their voices grew faint in the distance—then Miski looked up to Jumping Elk, who faced her, tear drops standing thick in her eyes. But the happy smile which greeted her did much to take away the sting of pain at her heart.

Up the winding and ever narrowing stream they paddled between shores of living green. The shades of evening began to creep over and through the hills, but at last they rounded a bend in the river, which had grown very narrow, and they saw the bright campfire of those

²—Black Water.

¹—Shut Ear.

who had preceded them with the ponies, and they grounded the canoes and Miski stepped ashore.

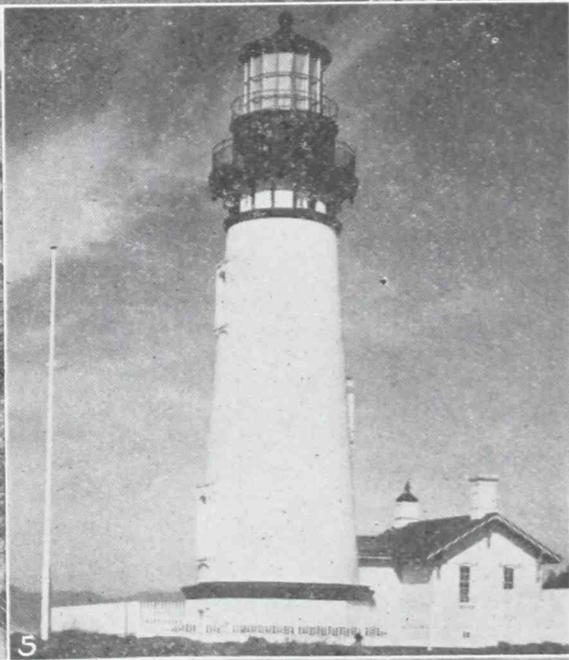
It was late the following morning before the mists rolled out of the valleys and dispersed above the mountains, and all along the trail Miski could see signs of the great fire she had heard of; some places so fiercely had the fire raged that it had even burned the soil—leaving no substance with which to feed a new forest—and there the mutilated giants stood. The tops were gone and nearly all, if not all, the branches had been burned off and even the bark had disappeared. Their charred and blackened heads—as it were—shedding the rains of centuries, had protected the inner wood and so they stood firmly rooted to the ground, which held only enough fertile soil for the dense growth of brush that clothed the otherwise barren hills.

They camped by the side of the trail at the foot of ²“Chintimini.” There was a small village there of her own people. It was the last she would see of them. They were ³“Salt Chucks” and never did they wander to the valley that was beyond the mountains.

¹Elk City now stands.

²Mary's Peak. ³—Indians of the Sea.





1. Whale Rock over which Jump Off Joe once extended; p. 367. 2. The Ocean House (Case's Nob Hotel); p. 283. 3. The Miski (Sea Gull); p. 294. 4. The breaking away of Castle Rock; p. 267. 5. Yaquina Head light; p. 370. 6. A distant view of Cape Foulweather and Agate Beach; p. 272.

CHAPTER XVI.



HEY crossed the beautiful valley to the hills on the other side. There they struck the mountain trail that extended north and south. Up and down the hills they went, for the trail was laid over the most prominent places so that all might see when passing, if danger assailed them.

But not far could the travelers see in any one direction, for thick fogs hung low over the mountain tops, often extending far down their sides and in the valley.

One morning as they journeyed the sun shone out bright and warm, and a north wind coming along chased the mists beyond the mountains, and Miski clapped her hands with delight at the beauty and grandeur of the scenery around her. The beautiful green valleys to her right, the lovely wooded hills through which the trail led, but above all, the majestic snow capped mountains to the left, and fast she talked as she pointed first to one beauty, then to another, until at last her eye caught sight of three snow peaks far to the left, and when she asked—with numerous other questions—what they were, Jumping Elk said:

“The Three Sisters.”

“Why are they called the Three Sisters?”

Jumping Elk smiled, as he always did at her questions, then said:

“The legend is long but I will try and tell you as we journey,” and the leaders of the laden ponies crowded near as the young brave began.

“Maybe it’s the same in the Salt Chuck tribes as it is in the mountain tribes; that twins are not welcome. They are supposed to be a warning of impending danger

—especially if their father is a chief—but when there are three, well, they were never heard of.

“It was many centuries ago that there lived two powerful chiefs. One roamed over the plains far beyond the mountains and was very powerful. The other possessed all the lands on this side of the snow capped mountains, which were a barrier between them. But there was an opening in the mountains, a very wide canon, and the inland chief would come through and make war on the mountain chief, who, though powerful, did not wish to shed blood, but he could not let the invaders in, so there were many bloody battles between them.

“One morning they told the mountain chief that three girl babies had been born in his wigwam that night, and great diaster was looked for and they said, ‘The great chief from the plains will come and swallow us up!’

“Around the doorway of the wigwam many of the tribe gathered and talked in whispers of the awesome thing and for hours their grave council was broken only by the wails of the infants in the tepee. At last the oldest medicine man in the tribe arose and said:

“‘Lest evil befall the tribe the sire must go afar and alone, and must fast many days until the thunder bird comes near; then the chief may return.’

So the father bent low over the sobbing mother and looked at the three little red faces, then turned his back on them. He went over the hills and far away. The young mother sobbed, the babies wailed, and the old people of the tribe said:

“‘If the thunder bird does not come we are lost.’

“‘If the thunder bird does not come, we are lost,’ repeated the younger ones.

“But after many days the thunder bird did come and the poor chief alone in the mountains trembled and hid under a boulder as the thunder bird beat his gigantic

wings against the crags, and its eyes shot fire. In its rage it bellowed, and boomed, and spit hail and water, and all things grew dark, for it was beating out its life, and when the beating of those black pinions ceased, and the echo of its voice died down in the depths of the canon the young chief arose, and going out into the sunshine he lifted his head and saw the black bird as it sank to its death.

"Then he beheld its soul as it circled over the great wide canon; its plumage of glorious colors as it spanned from peak to peak.¹

"And he went to his tribe—to his wife and babies—telling them all that had taken place and the wise men of the tribe said:

"'As the thunder bird's soul spanned that wide canon, so will these three girl babies close it forever.'

"The years passed by and the maidens grew and were most beautiful, and the chief was very proud of them. They at last came to the door of womanhood, and there was to be great feasting, for they were old enough to be married and would soon leave their father's wigwam. The chief sent word to all the tribe to gather and prepare to feast three days—one day for each maiden.

"But three days before the feast these three maidens came to their father, hand in hand, and said:

"'Oh, father, we feel that some great and mighty thing will be done to us. We have prayed the 'Sah-halee Tyee' and we feel he will answer us, and we have come to crave a favor of you.'

"'What favor, children of mine? Ask and it is yours.'

"'Will you then, our father, hold this feast you are making for us, in the deep, broad canon, the gateway to the plains beyond?'

"'So near to our enemies?'

¹—Rainbow.

“So we would have it, our father.’

“Then so it shall be; I can deny you nothing.’ And he straightway gave orders that all repair to the beautiful valley, and there make merry for his three young daughters were entering womanhood.

“The maidens of the tribe never tired as they danced from tent to tent, their short grass skirts, with long fringe threaded at the bottom with tiny seashells, made a ‘click, click’-like noise as they kept time to the chant they sang. Their white teeth glistened as they laughed.

“The last day of the feast all was very quiet. There was a strange hush in the air and the sun took on a dull, red hue—even the birds flew away. The three maidens alone were gay, and they danced and sang, and tried to make the others laugh with their antics. Night closed down and all retired to their tepees. They knew not how to account for their strange feelings.

“They were awakened in the darkness by a strange motion—the earth rocked—the tepees shook until they fell upon them and they screamed with fright as the sounds of rending rock and splitting earth pierced their ears, and they all fled, they scarce knew where.

“A great, fierce glow covered the whole sky and the smell of smoke filled their nostrils. In the darkness they were lost, one from another. All strived to reach their western home. Great thick clouds hung over the mountains and valleys for weeks. But at last it lifted and blew away from the valley and the tribe gathered together.

“All were there but the three maidens.

“Where were they? they asked one another as the moons went by. The smoke clouds rolled back from the mountains at last and they knew.

“There stood the three sisters robed in the purest white, their beautiful heads towering far above the surrounding mountains.

“They stood in the gap—the great broad canon—completely closing the pass. Their enemies would bother them no more.

“Centuries have passed, but they move not, nor will they, for they keep the door.”



CHAPTER XVII.



ANY days had passed since Miski had left her old home. Many a legend had been told by the different ones of the party, and Miski had told many things to Jumping Elk of the Great Spirit, and His home beyond the setting sun, and all the things one must—and must not—do to reach the “Happy hunting ground,” and most of all had she told him the wrong of taking more than one wife. And Jumping Elk had listened and promised her he would not. His love was great for his “Salt Chuck” bride, but if his guardian spirit, who had promised to watch over him when he became a man, should show him that he must—he dare not disobey. Miski smiled and was contented.

They were nearing their destination, and as they prepared the camp for night, and gathered the sticks for the fire, Jumping Elk told them it was the last one, for on the morrow they would reach the valley on the other side of the mountain they had just climbed, and there

find his friends encamped.

Miski lay awake long after the others had fallen asleep, and peeping out at the stars as they bent low to kiss the hills, thought of the home she had left, of her little sister, Ikpoon Kwulonn, who must sadly miss her and wonder that she came not, and of the home she was going to, and if she would be kindly received.

The sun was kissing the tops of the snow tipped mountains all around when the little camp awoke and prepared for the last day's journey. There was all signs of winter; the trees and shrubs around the camp, and on the hillside were white with hoar-frost, and down low in the valleys where it was warm, thick clouds of mist rolled upward as the sun got higher, and it appeared to the little band of travelers as though they stood upon an island. As Miski looked she almost forgot that she was far inland among the mountains—for had she not watched the ocean as it rolled and tossed in fury?—and now these mighty surges piled up against the ridge at their feet, as if to tear away the solid foundations of the mountains.

Huge billows, crested with foam, rolled up white against the deep blue of the morning sky, only to hurl themselves in the gulf. Far to the north dimly seen above this gray and heavy surface, were the crests of the Three Sisters, paler even in their mantle of white than the undulating expanse from which they emerged. All between was a wild sea that rolled and dashed against these ghastly inlands. Yet the tossing breakers gave forth no roar; cold and uncanny was the silent, windless ocean, as it arose and enveloped them for a time, to clear away and vanish before the bright rays of the sun.

They climbed to the summit and started the descent.

"There," said Jumping Elk, waving his arms in a sweep of the view before them, "there is the valley and the lodge. They are awaiting my return before going to

the winter camp." And as they looked down into the valley which extended to the south and east of them, they beheld the smoke-blackened tepees. Lean dogs prowled among the tents. A fat squaw — a papoose strapped to her back—waddled into view and squatting on the ground, started to coax a fire into life. The ascending smoke hung like a thin blue ribbon in the quiet air.

The camp awakened slowly. Braves, old and young, squaws, lean and fat, children of all ages, moved lazily around through the village or sat close to the fire.

Above and beyond the camp the watchers on the hillside could see blue waters of a beautiful lake reaching far on either side and losing itself in the distance.

Long the little group took in the pretty picture. Then Jumping Elk, stepping out on a projecting point of rock, placed his hands in trumpet shape to his mouth, and throwing his head back as he raised on his toes, he gave forth a soul-harrowing war-whoop, that echoed and re-echoed, through the hills and brought the inhabitants of the village out in haste with bow and arrow—supposing a foe was upon them. But the keen eye of the savage soon discerned the travelers far above them, recognized Jumping Elk and waved him a hearty welcome, and descending into the village he soon had many questions to answer.

He told them he had gotten his wife far to the north, down by the great salt chuck, and Miski was kindly received by the old women, but the younger ones and maidens looked upon her with disdain, until the ponies were unpacked. Then, when they saw the beautiful shells and baskets, the lovely mats made of sea weed, the quantities of skins of the sea otter and seal, they welcomed the one who had brought so much richness to their home.

That winter, when the snow lay thick upon the hills around their winter lodge, which was situated near the

headwaters of the "Spoah Chuck," Miski taught them to make many pretty ornaments they had never seen before, and they forgot their aversion to her.

The winter campground was situated in a cradle of the hills, and was protected from the storms by the lofty fir and cedar trees, which formed a canopy over the many tepees and wigwams that bordered the babbling brook that ran in their midst, and emptied into the river a short distance below them. Many bonfires were kept brightly burning, around which the old warriors and young braves sat, fashioning the bow and arrow for the next season's hunt, or cutting tomyhawks out of stone with bits of flint. Sometimes they would don rudely made snow shoes and stalk the game over the hills.

The squaws were busy dipping quills and feathers into many dyes, with which the maidens embroidered their cloaks and dresses. One day when Miski was watching Jumping Elk's mother thus employed, she asked Miski if she had ever heard why the "Kah-Kah" always went caw, caw?

Miski shook her head.

So the mother told her, while she deftly added some more bark to the ingredients already in a large clay pot:

"Once upon a time an old chief sat in his doorway while his squaw was busy like me, but she was making black dye.

Presently she went into the tent to get some more. Suddenly the chief heard a noise overhead. He looked up just in time to see a bird with pure white feathers alight on a tree above him. The bird spoke.

"'Master, do you think you can help me?'"

"'Well,' said the chief, 'what do you want?'"

"'My tribe and the cranes are at war with each other and we wish to disguise ourselves.'"

"The chief thought awhile, then said:

“Why can't I dip you in my squaw's dye, and color you black?”

“But suppose some one would watch?”

“Oh, you wait until midnight and then no one will see.”

“But the squaw had heard, and she told a young Indian to watch and to be sure and take his bow and arrow, for birds make fine eating. So the young Indian hid behind a tree when night came, and about midnight he heard a great flapping of wings and looked up to see a great mass of birds coming down. First a few got into the dye and colored themselves, and then some more got in, and some more, and more.

“The hunter was so startled that he forgot to shoot, but bye and bye he recovered himself and thought what a nice feast they would make. So he shot, but he did not hurt any of them. But the birds were so much frightened that they screamed until they became hoarse, and at last all they could say was ‘caw, caw.’ And so they continued to call ever after.”

And thus with many legends and busy fingers, the short dark days of winter sped by, and the warm breath of the “young chinook” began to be felt over the hills and mountains. The snow was melting and soon they would be free to roam the forest.

— 1826 —

One bright, warm day Jumping Elk sat at the door of his wigwam very busy peeling bark and fashioning a tiny woodland cradle. Miski was watching him, and when he had it well knit together she brought some of the downy otter skins and together they lined the little nest.

Daylight was fading 'ere their task was done, but with the darkness came rain, and they heaped the fire high with boughs, until it sent a ruddy glow through the forest glen, and painted the wigwams red. When sud-

denly in their midst there stood—for no one saw them come—two strangers!

They were richly clad and very handsome—or so thought Miski, as she gazed at the almost-white face of the squaw. They looked weary, so they were given meat to eat and furs with which to wrap themselves, and they lay them down to sleep by the side of one of the fires. And those around looked on them, and wondered from whence they came. Jumping Elk alone appeared wise. He looked on the strangers with suspicion. His noble brow would wrinkle and his eyes grew darker still, but he said not a word. When the morning came the rains of the day before had turned to snow. They huddled about the fires, Miski clung close to her young husband, for something in the looks of the stranger's piercing eye frightened her, and when he spoke, she shivered and huddled still closer to her young brave's side.

The newcomer told them he had come from afar, he and his wife, to warn them of impending danger. They had come from the great "Yon Calla," down where it empties into the "salt chuck."

Miski shuddered.

They were of the tribe of Umpquays, and the Umpquays were enemies of the Klamaths. They had heard the Umpquays talk and plan how they would visit the Klamaths when the snows had left the mountains, and the rains ceased, and the earth dry up. They would visit the Klamaths and they would take many ponies and their maidens, and maybe, wives for slaves, for their tribe was powerful. Their hearts had hurt for the Klamaths—he and his squaw—and they had come through many hardships to warn them.

Then there was much talking and Chief ¹"Chet Woot" said a council of war must be held, and each told

1—Black bear.

what they thought would be best to do. It was decided that they would go to the Umpquays, before the Umpquays could come to them. So many new bows and arrows were made, and many more tomyhawks, and all prepared for the great war that was to take place when the snows left the mountains, and the rains the valleys.

But the snows and rains were late leaving the earth that spring, and the little cradle was filled 'ere the Klamaths left their winter home, and it hung all day from a pole that had been stuck in the ground before Jumping Elk's wigwam. The father's heart would leap with joy as he sat by his own campfire, and watch Miski perform her several duties, and one was to give the swinging bed a shove now and then as she passed to and fro. Ah, life was sweet indeed. Soon they would leave the dark shady forest and roam far by brook and river, gallop over the broad plains unmolested, or paddle on the sparkling lakes.

Ah, yes, life was sweet!

But there was that he had forgotten. 'He gazed into the fire and thought, and a dark scowl would almost disfigure his handsome face. Even Miski noticed as she passed and asked "What?"

"I like not this war; I like not to kill man."

"Then why will you do it? Wait and see if the Umpquays come."

"They are powerful, and if they come we may all die," and he looked toward the cradle which was gently swayed by the evening breeze, then up at his young wife, and he shook his head and long he talked to her.

He was fighting chief.

None knew better than he how to lead the warriors to surround the foe. They expected it of him and he must go. Already they were preparing the paint and

after one sun—maybe two—they would don their "se-ah-po" and paint themselves—so as to strike terror to the hearts of the foe, then they would dance the great war dance—and so please the gods, that they would go with them to the battle and they would win.



CHAPTER XVIII.



THE Klamaths had given the strangers a tepee of their own, and one day the wail of an infant was heard coming from it, and when they told "Shell Head" (for the stranger was none other) that he had a son, he appeared not to hear, but went on with his task, that of making arrow heads out of flint, for the next day they were to ride to battle.

There was a great rounding up of ponies by the young warriors, and with mighty war-whoops they rode off down through the valley after their leader. Shell Head was in advance. Jumping Elk followed, and to those left in the camp, as they watched them disappear in the distance, a feeling of pride stole over them and they danced for very joy, for did not Andeal tell them that Shell Head was sure of victory, for both she and Shell Head knew, for they had lived in the Umpquay camp.

As Andeal talked and danced, Miski stole away to her own tepee and to her baby, but hearing the wails of Andeal's babe, she went to comfort it, but it only howled

the louder. So she put it back in the corner of the tent where she found it. She took her own from the swinging pole and wandered far down through a grassy meadow to a babbling brook. Long she looked into its sparkling depths, then swinging the papoose from her back she held him so he could see the water and his big black eyes opened wider as he saw the other babe looking back at him, and Miski smiled and said, "Yes, I will. I call you Joe."

Days passed.

Fourteen suns, and when the fifteenth was swinging low in the western sky, the returning warriors were sighted far in the distance, and the little band of watchers grew larger and larger as they gathered from far and near—old men, women and children—to see the victorious braves ride boldly home. Miski, when she first heard they were coming, untied the cradle from the swinging pole and strapped it to her back. She climbed to a little knoll, that Jumping Elk might the better see them first, and she stood patiently waiting as they drew slowly nearer—one behind the other—their plumes nodding and swaying in the breeze, and she knew by the feathers he wore that Jumping Elk was in the lead.

Nearer, yet nearer.

Jumping Elk had not seen her, but he would when they made the turn to climb the low hill, on top of which the tents were pitched, and her lips parted and her eyes grew bright.

They were nearing the turn.

They were turning.

They were sideways to her.

But a low groan burst from the lips that a smile had parted, a sickly yellow hue overspread her face. She staggered and almost fell, for, sitting on the pony behind Jumping Elk and holding on by his belt, was a beautiful

young squaw. She could see them plainly now, in a moment they would turn and come straight toward her—they would see her then.

No! They should not! He would never see her again; after all she had told him about its great sin, then for him to bring home this pretty young second wife.

No! No! She could not meet him!

She climbed down back of the little knoll and ran fast to the wigwam. Entering she hastily gathered a few articles together and as hastily made them into a bundle, stole out of the tent and crept away into the bushes at the back, and with hurrying feet was soon far away into the forest.



CHAPTER XIX.



RIGHT here we think we spend the night time, Jo. When sun wake up we go on, Jo. Where, we don't know, Jo. When we—

“What was that, Jo?” And Miski looked down into the wondering eyes of her papoose as he partook of his evening meal. They had wandered—she knew not whither.

The night she left the village she stumbled through the forest until it grew late, then she climbed a tree and slept thus until daylight awakened her. She had at last come to a trail—a much used one by the looks—but she did not pay much attention, only she followed it on and on, until two suns had set, and now the third one was about to go down. She could see water sparkling through the trees, and as she

sat at the foot of the one she would climb for the night, she thought she heard a moan.

Yes, there was another groan, and then another, coming from the direction of the water. Slowly she stole toward it, and parting the undergrowth she saw just above the river's edge a little hollow, and lying in it the little, withered body of an old woman. Slowly she would raise up her withered old hand and then it would fall by her side and she would moan.

Miski glanced about. There was no one near. Leaning Jo's cradle against a tree, she hurriedly knelt by her side of the suffering one. She spoke but there was no answer, so taking a little basket from the bundle, she hurried down the banks of the river, and returning, bathed the hands and face of the sickened woman. Twice—thrice—she made the journey. She was rewarded at last by seeing the dim eyes open and look up at her, and the feeble voice said:

"I die."

Miski put the basket of water to her lips and she drank—she appeared somewhat to revive and said:

"I die; but I would care not if I knew where my Chee Chee is."

Miski's heart jumped, but her lips closed tight. The dim eyes looked up to Miski:

"Have you seen my Chee Chee?"

"Who is Chee Chee?" asked Miski. But she did not need to ask; strange thoughts were flying through her head.

"Chee Chee is all I had left, and they have taken her."

"Tell me;" said Miski.

Then the poor old body, whose life was fast ebbing away, told Miski in many faltering words, of Andeal's accusation—of her sending away Joseph—and how full of anger Shell Head was when he found that Joseph was gone, and how he, with three others, started on the

mountain trail to find Joseph, how they were gone many suns before they returned, and stole back into camp. How poor old Blue Heron—since Joseph's disappearance—sat at the door of his wigwam, neither speaking or eating, until the warriors' return, and when he heard of Joseph's death, arose to his feet and in bitter wrath drove Shell Head and Andeal out of camp, and told all his warriors, if they ever saw either of them again to shoot them with many arrows. Now that he knew Joseph was innocent, it grieved his heart that he had thought him guilty, and he crouched down by the door, and when she went to him—he was dead.

When the tribe broke camp, just a few suns before this day, the different parties had gone different ways, their party was the last to leave the winter quarters. They thought to go down to the ocean, but had only gone a short distance when they stopped on the river's bank, a little below, to fish.

One morning, without warning, and with savage yells, a party in war paint and feathers dashed in among them. The struggle was short for they were not prepared and were not armed, and knew not that they had an enemy—save Shell Head and Andeal. Their band was small, and it did not take long for the armed warriors to dispatch them. She, Singing Bird, and Chee Chee, were hiding under some bushes when Shell Head espied Chee Chee, and dragged her from her grandmother's arms. But at that moment a handsome brave rode up on his pony, and flinging Shell Head with savage blows against a huge boulder, stooped down and gently lifted Chee Chee on his horse behind him.

Then he looked about the camp, but none remained alive but Singing Bird, and she was afraid to come out of her hiding. So the warriors rode away with her grandchild, and she—poor old Singing Bird, was left alone with the dead.

There was no one left for her, and she had no where to go but to follow up those who had taken her child, so she started on the long trail to go to her. But she was old, the way was long and rough—she must die by the trail.

The poor old body's voice trailed off into silence; she lay for some time. Miski almost thought her dead, then she spoke again, but so faint Miski had to bend low to hear her.

"If I but knew where my Chee Chee is."

Miski could keep quiet no longer, and she poured into the dying squaw's ear all she knew. Her meeting with Joseph, and how she had almost died with him, how Shell Head and Andeal had come to their camp, and finally, how the one that rescued Chee Chee was her own husband—Jumping Elk—and that he would be good to Chee Chee and she would never suffer.

"Then," said Singing Bird, "I die. I go now to the Spirit Land beyond the sun. I see all my people there. I meet my Joseph and I'll be happy. When I am gone you pile the earth high above me—coyotes must not get me—and when you pile the dirt high make a cross so"—and she put her two old withered hands together and crossed two fingers thus: +

The hands fell limp, through the little, old, withered up body there passed a slight quiver, a half sigh escaped the thin lips and all was still.

Singing Bird's life was ended.

Long Miski sat looking at the dead but saw her not. Her thoughts were reviewing the past. At last a feeble whimpering wail aroused her to herself. Jo! Her baby! She had not thought of him. A short time she carressed him and when at last, he slept she laid him under the trees. With her hands she dug into the soft, moist earth, and when the hole was large enough to suit her, she lined it with moss, then gently laid the wasted body in it. She

covered it tenderly with the beautiful cloak of fur Singing Bird had about her. To replace the earth, secure a couple of willow twigs which she formed into a cross, tying them together with grass, then shoved one end far down in the loose soil at the head of the new made grave, required but a few minutes, and her task was done.

(Today, far down on the upper Umpqua River, where it sweeps around through a grassy meadow that goes down to the water's edge, can be seen a very large old willow tree, whose branches touch the silvery water as it flows gently by. Nearly a century ago it was planted there to mark a lonely grave. Today it shelters the meek and gentle cows, as they rest in the shade of its spreading branches from the noonday sun. But resting still more peacefully under it, is the body of Singing Bird, wife of Blue Heron, Chief of all the Umpquays.)

The sun was just tipping the tree tops with gold and awakening the birds, who went soaring skyward, filling the morning air with their glad songs, when Miski dropped to the ground from her perch among the thick branches where she had spent the night. She looked about her for a few moments, drinking in the sweets of the early spring morning, then, strapping Jo securely to her back, she picked up her bundle and casting a parting glance at the new made grave, she regained the trail and set her face in the direction from whence she had come.

All day she plodded on. The sun sinking low in the west when she emerged from a clump of shrub, and she looked up at the trail as it climbed a steep craggy mountain, at whose feet the same river flowed, but so turbulent had it grown that it looked like a streak of snow as it went churning through the gorge.

As she looked far up the trail, she thought she saw something move, and keeping her eye fixed on it, she

saw, as it rounded a boulder, that it was a warrior, and following close behind was a pony. At first she thought to hide before he could see her, then her curiosity, to see if she knew him, got the better of her, and she stepped a little further out—the better to see—when, as he came nearer, her heart gave a glad bound, for it was none other than Jumping Elk.

The bright, yellow light of the setting sun shone straight into his eyes, and now and then he would stop and shade them and look all around as though searching for some one. At last he spied her far below him, and giving a glad yell, he sprang down the steep trail by leaps and bounds, the pony stumbling to keep up, and when at last he gained her side, he said:

“Ugh!”

She held her hand out toward him. He took it and coming nearer unfastened the papoose from her shoulders and looked with love and pride on his son, whom at one time he thought—maybe—he would never see again.

That night as they squatted by the little camp fire, which Jumping Elk had built of pine cones, the perfume of which floated up toward the far white stars, and while Joe swung from an overhanging limb, rocked to sleep by its gentle movements, they told each other all that had happened. Miski told of her determination to return to him when she had heard that the new wife was a rescued one, and that that rescued one was Chee Chee. And Jumping Elk told of his sad home coming, when he could not find his wife and child, and how he had searched until he found her foot prints in the sand that led to the trail down the Yon Calla.

But though Miski rejoiced her heart was sad, and leaning forward she procured a handful of ashes and slowly sifted it onto her bowed head.

“Why such sadness?” he asked her.

And she told him her heart was heavy because of

the death of the old woman she, herself, had buried.

For a few moments Jumping Elk stood looking at the dying embers. Then folding his arms across his naked breast he straightened to his full height and said:

"Why mourn?

"She will take the trail to the Happy Hunting Ground.

"Weep not, my Miski, we are sorry our sister had died.

"You placed her body in the grave.

"Her body stays in the grave five days.

"Just before sunset on the fifth day, our sister gets up and comes out of the grave.

"She stands up and fixes her hair, her dress and her feet, puts on her moccasins, and takes up her journey toward the setting sun across the great ocean.

"She takes the trail that leads over the big mountains.

As she journeys she sees the beautiful flowers,

"The timid deer,

"The elk,

"The bear and the wild animals as they roam over the hills and through the forests, made vocal by the songs of beautiful birds.

"She also sees the sparkling waters, and hears the roar of a hundred waterfalls as they rush down the mountain side to mingle their waters with the great ocean.

"She is happy,

"When she reaches the summit she sees a beautiful lake, and near the edge of the lake she sees an Indian tepee.

"She goes into the tepee and takes off all her clothes, and goes into the water, and bathes and washes away all the evil things of this earth.

1—All others but relatives are sisters.

"She then goes back into the tepee and puts on a pure white robe, and again she takes up her march toward the Happy Hunting Ground.

"She passes through the forest and over the mountain, cheered by songs of birds, the scream of the eagle, and the hoot of the owl.

"At last she comes to the top of the mountains and looks off on the great ocean.

"She sees a canoe coming and in it three of her friends,

"She is rejoiced.

"She goes down to the beach till the tiny waves wash her feet,

"The canoe will not come to the shore for fear of taking some of the sins of earth to the Happy Hunting Ground.

"So she jumps into the canoe with her friends, with a clean body and pure white robes on.

Together they go on toward the setting sun, taking turns paddling the canoe, until they come in sight of the 'Spirit Land.'

"As they approach the beautiful shores, she sees thousands of people and they are all happy.

"The wild animals have all returned.

"And the rivers are full of fishes,

"And all kinds of fruit grow on the trees,

"And the forest is made vocal with the song of birds.

"You and I, my Miski, will die and go there, too, where all will be free from sorrow, pain and death, to dwell with the 'Great Spirit' forever. This fair country is all for the Indian."

The following day they arrived at the village, Miski seated on the pony, while Jumping Elk walked stately in the lead. Straight through the village they moved—all eyes following them—to their own wigwam, which

they entered and found Chee Chee curled up in some furs in a corner, softly crying.

She looked up when she heard them enter and on seeing who it was she cowered still further down. But Miski knelt by her side and gently moved the robe from her face and said "Chee Chee?"

The astonished maiden looked up into Miski's eyes, where she saw the look of welcome, and Jumping Elk, smiling, stole out of the tent.

Around the campfire that night, where the warriors all sat discussing the unequal fray, Jumping Elk told them of Shell Head, and that if he dared to return to the camp they must catch him and deliver him to Jumping Elk. Not long did they have to wait, for the following morning he was seen skulking along behind the tepees in an effort to gain his own, unseen.

With a few bounds the braves surrounded him and he was led, struggling, to Jumping Elk. Soon the entire camp was assembled, all but Andeal, who was nowhere to be seen. Then Jumping Elk, confronting Shell Head, revealed his hideous crimes to all. He slowly advanced toward him, the while taking his tomyhawk from his belt, and with one swinging blow from his strong arm severed the high arched nose from Shell Head's face.

"Let him go!" He told those that held him, and pointing down the trail, he said:

"Go! and never return, for if you do, many arrows will pierce your body, which will be given to the coyotes. Take nothing," he said, as Shell Head with one hand held over his bleeding face, reached the other out toward a pony that was near, "Now, go!"

But he did return, and that very night, when the camp was still in sleep he crept back on his hands and knees to his own wigwam, raising the flap he stole in and rousing Andeal, told her to gather up their belongings. "But what of the papoose?" He was too much

bother, so lifting him gently—lest they disturb him and he cry, they leaned his bark cradle against the childless chief's wigwam. Striding a pony that was grazing near they stole softly out through the night.

“Some day we return to the Klamaths. Now we go to my people. We tell them how bad the Klamaths are, how many, very many, and how powerful, and that they plan to steal on them and kill them all, just as we told the Klamaths about the Umpquays.

“But we go when they are all in lodge, not like the Umpquays, after they break camp and few to kill, we kill all maybe, it will be a great war and much blood shed.

“We get even—we'll pay them for the way they treated us.” So spoke Oneatta and Andeal (Shell Head and the Wasp) as they journeyed down the trail by the turbulent ¹“Shoah Chuck.”

They were well down the river where it cuts its way between high wooded banks, the boiling waters rushing madly through the ever narrowing canon, when they came upon a small encampment on the very brink. Several canoes were drawn upon the shore, and the thought came to them: Why not float down the chuck? How much easier than following the trail. So waiting in concealment until they could see no one near, they stole out noiselessly and silently shoved one of the canoes into the water, then stepping in they shot out into mid-stream.

As they did so they were observed by the owners of the canoe, who at once gave chase, but both Shell Head and Andeal were powerful paddlers, and aided by the swift current, were soon far ahead of their pursuers.

Narrower grew the canon, higher and steeper arose the bluffs, until at last appeared sheer walls on either side, through which they were fairly shooting.

They glanced behind. Their pursuers had ceased

¹—Rogue River.

to follow them.

Why?

They looked ahead and a low cry of horror escaped the lips of Andeal, while Shell Head arose from his kneeling position and coolly took his place in the bow, paddle in hand, where he stood motionless, with features set as if to meet death. He told her to paddle directly toward a huge rock that was in mid-stream—around which the water was whirling with the speed of a race horse—and when within a few feet of the rock, as quick as thought he plunged his long paddle blade into the water on the left side of the bow, and with it gave a sudden wrench, and the canoe instantly turned upon its center to the right and passed the rock in safety.

On through the canon they sped, the lashing rapids hurling them with the speed of an arrow between the perpendicular walls, which had now grown so high as to almost exclude the daylight. But at last the dangers passed and they floated out on the once more—for a time—peaceful river, very near the lodge of his own people.

Only a year or two before Shell Head had been forced to leave his own tribe, after committing some crime, and had taken shelter in the Umpquay camp—from which peace had flown at his entrance. Now he was returning as a friend to warn them of the Klamaths, and they moved from lodge to lodge firing their spirits with the lust for blood.

But the Indians of that section had other things to think of.

Often were the pale faces seen among them. Shell Head and Andeal planned many a murder of the defenceless whites, just to see their misery and the ground grow red, and often in their flight from slaughter the whites would take shelter in the Umpquays camps, where most invariably they would find succor, for the words of

Almeta, the little Chinook maiden, had sifted through the camps of all the tribe.

Chilled, maybe by the night air, the papoose thus deserted by its heartless parents, Shell Head and Andeal, awoke and set up a lusty howl which awoke "Black Bear." The old chief and his squaw, when they found the babe, aroused the camp and a search was instituted, but too late, the unnatural parents had flown.

But the babe had found a home, for no papoose had come to Chief Its-Woot and Red Wing, his squaw, and there was none to be chief in his place when he should pass to the "Happy Hunting Ground." But now they were happy, the chief and his wife, and they would spend hours trying to amuse the little stranger forced upon them. Sometimes Miski would come and visit them, bringing little Joe, but little "Cly Tenas," as they called him, would have none of him and would keep up an incessant howl until Joe was taken away.

Miski and Chee Chee spent most of their time together, and they talked much of the past, and Miski learned many things about the "Great Spirit," and often Jumping Elk would steal near and listen.

It was late spring and their camp was slowly breaking up. Parties strolled off in different directions, and when their camp was about to move, Miski wished that they—Jumping Elk and his two wives with Joe—should go by themselves apart into the mountains to the north. So rounding up their ponies and fixing a "travois," on which they put their wigwam hides and other belongings, they wandered off through the mountain glens, Chee Chee running gleefully on ahead followed by the laden ponies, while Jumping Elk with Miski by his side brought up the rear. They camped by babbling brooks or in the dense cool forests when the days grew warm, but they were

high up in the hills 'ere they finally pitched their tent, and while the young warrior stalked the fleeing elk and moose, or hunted the eagle among the lofty crags and peaks, the two young squaws would search for grass and roots with which to make baskets, and herbs with which to dye them. And so the happy, care free days passed by.

Little Joe soon learned to kick out of his cradle and would toddle around among the flowers, picking hand-fuls, much to the delight of his proud sire.

When the first snow flakes began to flutter down through the clear crisp air, they thought of the tribe's distant camping ground. But they had gathered enough food to last them through the long winter, so they decided to remain where they were, and selecting a well wooded ravine thither they moved their wigwam, and the campfire was soon burning brightly, casting a ruddy glow over the dark green foliage of their winter home.



CHAPTER XX.

— 1852 —



UMP-R-R-R bump, bump!

“Harri-at, oh, Harri-at?”

“Yes, mother.

“What is the matter?”

“Don’t know.”

“Guess we’ve struck something and stuck.”

“Guess so.”

“Harri-at?”

“Oh, do keep still, mother.”

“But how can I keep still? I can’t stay in my berth; I’m falling out.”

“Well, get out, then; that’s where I am—but do listen, I hear Captain Collins talking.”

“What’s that he says about rocks, Harri-at?”

“Where is my carpet-bag?”

“Don’ talk about carpet-bags, if we are sticking fast.”

“Do you suppose, mother, I’d lose that bag after fetching it all this way? And it holds such a precious load. Why, Mr. Eadle would turn over in his grave if I did.”

“Feels as though we were turning over right now.”

“Say, mother—oh, here it is.”

“That’s my foot you got.”

“Well, I got the bag, too, thank God!”

“Oh—oh—oh! Let’s get some clothes on us, Harri-at, so if the worst comes to the worst—”

Rap-a-tap-tap.

“Some one at the door, Harri-at.”

“Well, I know it, mother,” and the speaker groped around, found the bolt and with difficulty opened the door. The dim light of a tallow lantern revealed a stalwart young seaman—his blue eyes, light hair and up-

turned nose told of his nationality before he spoke. Also the light revealed a woman of about forty-five years of age. She was of medium height and angular. Her thin, sharp pointed nose projected out between two high cheek bones, above which two steel gray eyes looked at one as though to pierce their very soul.

"Begging yer pardon, mum, but the Cap-en do be a sending his chompliments; and would the laidies plase to dhress and be rady to come on dick when invoited?"

A smothered scream from the darkness within caused Mrs. Eadle to turn hurriedly, and as she did so she slammed the door in the face of the young seaman. He stood there long enough to tilt his up-turned nose a little higher, and raising one shoulder up until it nearly touched his ear he turned and staggered—rather than walked—to the doors of all the cabins delivering the "Cap-en's chompliments."

Then hastening on deck he sought the captain, who was standing on the quarter deck. It's a bad loiking skoy, sor."

"Very bad, Pat, but it's a worse looking sea.

"There; that was a bad one," said the captain a moment later, as they recovered themselves after a huge breaker had swept completely over the entire schooner.

"We appear to be anchored all right, sor, but if the 'Juliat' gets mony a wan av that koind, Oi'm a thinkin' our voiage will be after ending right here; it's no Coos bay we are at, sor."

"Who could tell where we were in the fog we have had for days, and to change so quickly to such a blow."

But every moment the gale increased. The sky was an inky blackness, although the lurid flashes of lightning illuminated the scene every few moments, while deafening peals of thunder could be heard above the roar of the breakers, which told that they were upon some reef. On came the billows, breaking as they swept

the deck, and forced all to lay hold of the first ropes they could catch or be swept off in the boiling surf. The wind howled and screamed through the rigging, working the masts in their shockets—then at the shrouds and stays.

A huge wave came rushing over the quivering schooner, dashed against the starboard bulwarks, broke and fell with such awful force on deck as to fling the mainmast over the side. When Captain Collins—who was blinded for a moment — shook himself and stood erect, he gave orders to cut away the mast in the hope that the schooner might right herself—but all in vain. The last wave served but to jam her nose more securely on the rocks.

“I’m after thinking the worst of the gale do be over, Cap’en, but we do be anchored all roight.”

The wind had been blowing fiercely for about an hour, but now showed signs of abating, and Captain Collins began to think of the safety of his passengers, of whom he had about a half dozen aboard. He knew if the sea continued as it was, by morning the schooner would be pounded to pieces on the cruel rocks, so calling his crew to him, he put the case before them and then called for volunteers. Some one must explore the rocks to try and ascertain if there was a place of safety for the passengers and crew.

“Who will go?”

“Cap’en, I’m the kid!”

It was Pat Morgan, as usual, who was the first to answer, and it was his answer that had gained him the name of “Captain Kid” among his fellow seamen.

Quickly a rope was securely fastened around his waist, and he was lowered over the side of the ship—but into utter blackness. Soon a shout reached their ears, and the captain leaning over the side shouted:

“Found bottom, Pat?”

"Aye, aye, sor," came above the roar of the breakers, but words, if there were any more, were drowned in the roar of the surf. Little by little the rope was paid out, then ceased, and a few minutes later three quick jerks told those on board that the wanderer was returning. Hand over hand he came up the side and was hauled on board and many were the questions asked.

"Hist! Just a moment, till I get me breath, and I'll tell yez all about the south say oilands I'm after discovering."

Then he told them in a few words that the ship appeared to be stuck fast on the side of a jagged rock over and upon which he climbed until he came to a perpendicular rock, the top of which he could not see. He felt along it in the darkness to the left and found he was on a sandy beach, and although wet the waves did not reach it, and he was sure there was ample room for all. There would be some difficulty in getting the passengers—especially the ladies—down onto the rocks below, as the waves beat savagely around them and the ship was fast breaking up. Orders were sent for all to come quickly, and fetch only what could be carried in one hand.

"Here, mother," said Mrs. Eadle, as she crammed a large carpetbag full of clothes she took from a chest, "you take this, I can't trust Mr. Eadle's bag with any one; I must carry that myself."

In the passage where the passengers were assembling, stood a little woman. She wore a faded black dress and in one hand she carried a box which appeared to be very heavy, and in the other a bird cage in the center of which a small parrot swung. The captain hastened in and seeing the little lady, said:

"Very sorry, Mrs. Burns, but you must have one hand free."

A frightened look came into the little lady's face as she said:

"Oh, Captain, how can I give up either? This"—and she indicated the box in one hand—"is medicine for my little neice, the doctor says without it she will surely die; this"—and she looked down at the cage lovingly—"belonged to my own daughter who died six months ago. It was her dying request that I take it to her little cousin," and her eyes filled with tears.

"Pretty Polly," said the bird, turning its head to one side and looking up at the captain, "Good day," and it tried to put one foot through the wires of the cage to shake hands.

"Come," said the captain, as a huge breaker struck the schooner, making it pitch and roll and its timbers creak and groan. When they reached the deck they found the other passengers had clambered over the side, one by one, in the charge of a sailor, and were working their way along the rope with one hand, often swept from their feet as the waves buffeted them.

"I'm afraid it can't be done, Mrs. Burns, unless one of these ladies," indicating Mrs. Eadle and her mother, "will give up their bag of clothes."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Eadle, "what few clothes we are saving are in mother's bag and she cannot give it up," and the old lady was lifted over the rail. "My own carpetbag is too precious to give up."

"Harri-at, I'll take the bird and let this go."

"Mother, you will do no such thing," screamed Mrs. Eadle.

"Then you had better give this up if it's not clothing," said the captain, "for the sake of the sick girl," and he reached for the bag. "It may be such a thing we can get everything in the morning—but the bottles may break and the bird die before that."

"No!" And she jerked the bag away and prepared to step over the side, "I want my bag—I'll not run any chances—I want my own. Why, the things belonged

to poor dear Mr. Eadle, and I would not part with them for worlds."

"Only keepsakes from the dead—and these are life to the living—hurry and decide, Madam; quick."

"I want me bag—I want me bag"—and she stepped to the side of the boat and over, and was let down into the blackness by "Captain Kid," who then turned to help Mrs. Burns.

"Which one, Madam," said the captain gently, "I will take the one you leave to my cabin when I go for the ship's books and another sack of food."

"Medicine is life," she said, and her voice quavered with the grief she felt. The captain took the cage and turned quickly away. The bird seemingly realized its fate and screamed above the roar of the surf: "Papa, papa? Mamma, mamma?" The captain's eyes filled with water and it was not the spray that was in them, either, as he hurried to the cabin and returned, his arms loaded full, and as he and Pat clambered over the rail, the last ones to leave the fast breaking schooner, Pat said: "It's meself will return when I see the ladies safe ashore." But later when he tried to feel his way along in the darkness he found that the incoming tide had covered the rocks, over which they had crawled, with dashing foam.

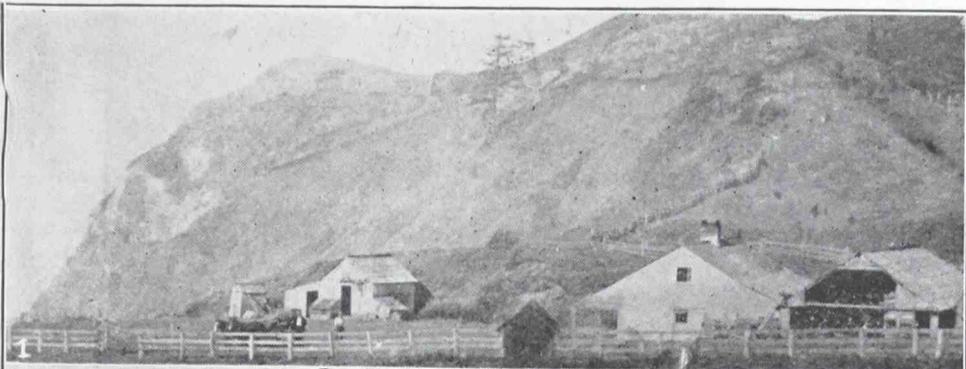
To construct a shelter for the poor, shivering women, was the captain's next thought, and feeling around in the intense darkness, sticks and bits of logs were found. These the crew dragged together and made a wind break behind which all crept.

"This is awful, Harri-at."

"It might be worse, but I've got me carpetbag," said Mrs. Eadle.

"What yer got s'precious in that 'ere bag?" enquired one of the sailors who had heard part of the conversation on board.

"My own property," sniffed the lady.



1. Briggs-Megginson home, Agate Beach; p. 232. 2. Wreck; p. 131. 3. First house erected in Newport and Ocean Hotel; p. 250. 4. Rhododendrons; p. 257. 5. The breakers; p. 265.

"Oh, Harri-at's got some keepsakes her husband used to fight with when he sailed the south seas."

"Mother!"

"What's the harm in telling, Harri-at? There is cutlasses, and swords, and belts for knives, and knives, too, ain't there Harri-at? and you got his silver watch, too, haven't you, Harri-at? And there is grandmother's candlesticks she brought around the Horn from England with her, and—"

"Mother, for goodness sakes!"

"You are cold, Mrs. Burns; here have my coat; it's wet but will be some protection," said the captain as he stripped off that article.

"We are all cold," said Mrs. Eadle. Another sailor slipped off his jacket and laid it around the mother's shoulders, but none were offered to Mrs. Eadle.

"Where is 'Captain Kid'?" asked some one.

"Gone to take a swim among his south sea islands," answered one.

"He shouldn't swim too far out for they say the Pacific Ocean is full of sharks, and when you move your feet the sharks comes up and bites 'em," said another voice in the darkness.

"It's time Pat said something," said another, "never knew him to be still so long before."

"I almost think he has gone to try and get aboard again," said the captain, "there was something he wanted to get."

"If it's meself yer a talkin' of, Cap'en, I've jest been after explorin on me own hook."

"A noice, pleasant, sun-shiny day you've had for it," said a sailor.

"I'm after making discoveries all the same, and I'm thinkin' I've found a cave."

"What's it like?"

"How far?"

"Where at?"

"Go azy; wan at a toime. It's just up here a few fate—it's that dark yez can't hardly see to brathe—but it's out o' the wind, so come along all av yez and take a bit av a walk."

"You are not fooling, Pat?" It was the captain's voice this time.

"It's no foolin' I fale loike, Cap'en, jist follow me," and he felt around where he had left Mrs. Burns. He put a protecting arm around her, and the precious box of medicine he lifted to his shoulder. "Jist put yer roight hand on the rock and follow me, all av yez."

The water roared and boomed as it dashed on the rocks; the wind shrieked as it buffeted them about, its cold blast penetrating their wet garments, as they stumbled along in the darkness.

The cheery voice of Pat from far ahead reached them. "Here's the dure, ladies and gentlemen, walk roight in and make yersilves to hum."

"Where are we?" said the captain, reaching his hands out in all directions. He could feel nothing above, but he could easily touch either side of the opening at once. Further and still further they crowded in. They ceased to feel the bitter sting of the cold spray-laden wind, and the roar of the surf grew fainter and fainter.

"Where are we now, Pat?" 'Twas the captain's voice again.

"Bedad, and it's more nor I can be after tilling yez, with the poor vision av me. My oi sight failed me wonderful sin' yisterday, but some ways I fale as though we are not in a hole, but we are out av the wind. The sands are that dhry and warm, jist fale av thim, it'll be a comfort to slape on 'em."

And so indeed they found it, and there was not one, unless it was Mrs. Burns, who did not soon forget their woes. But she—poor little body—could not forget the

bird's last call, or the harsh tones of Mrs. Eadle as she said "I want me bag."

When the gray dawn of morning broke it revealed Pat's south sea islands. They found that they had passed through an arch in the darkness, and that they were not in the cave, but on a broad sandy beach at the entrance of a bay. A sharp point of land jutted out from the main bank several hundred feet, which came to an abrupt end in a pile of jagged rocks on which the "Juliet"—now battered nearly to pieces—was resting part way out of the water, which had calmed down somewhat as the tide went out. It was easy to get to the schooner now, but the rocks were slippery with the seaweed that the storm had washed in and over them. The angry waves were still beating on the high cliffs far to the north and the ocean was lashed to foam, but the bitter winds had lost their fury.

"The first thing we must do," said Captain Collins, "is to see if we can rescue anything from the boat."

"Oh, do try to fetch our chest ashore," piped up Mrs. Eadle.

"I called on volunteers last night to leave the craft; I call on volunteers now to enter her. I'll compel no man to go—it's too risky—who will come with me?"

"Cap'en, I'm the kid," and with a bound Pat was at his side. Together they worked their way over the treacherous rocks to the side of the boat, over which a bit of rope still dangled — it had nearly all been whipped away during the night. The masts were gone, in fact the decks were washed bare, and once aboard they could see that the stern was all battered in.

Together they started for the captain's cabin, as though their two minds had been one. Not a word was spoken as they entered, and in the gray light that filtered through the darkened windows, they saw the cage floating in the water that nearly filled the room. The captain

splashed forward and rescued it, and held it toward Pat. His face was ashen gray as he drew his lips in until nothing but a straight slit marked where his mouth was. Not so with Pat. He appeared to swell to double his size, his mouth opened wide and what came therefrom—it is not well to say.

“There, there, Pat,” said the captain at last, “that kind of talk won’t bring the little body back to life, or—”

“But jist ter think,” Pat interrupted him, “that its purty life had to be given up fer that trash the muther was a sayin’ was in that ’ere rag bag. Jist yez be afther markin’ me words—now listen: ‘Where-ye-at,’ will niver lave these blissed shores wit ’er bag!”

“Dont do anything rash.”

“Rash!” And the look of scorn Pat bestowed upon the captain brought a smile to the latter’s face as Pat continued: “The baste av a woman—it’s niver a bit she’d be out—if she had accomidated the little widda. The poor burred would av had its loife, and the little gurrel wat’s sick would av been ’appy. We would av loved her foriver and iver for her sacrificize—but nary a sacrificize wud it av been, for we would av rescued her bag the morn none the worse. But no, begorry, because she had the power to do it, she did it regardless of another’s loss or faleings.” And Pat swelled up again and spat savagely.



CHAPTER XXI.



AND that's all you could get?"

"Absolutely all. The whole place was a-wash. Pat did manage to crowd into one state room and get something."

"Is it my chest?" enquired Mrs. Eadle, pressing forward, and a moment later, "No, it's not. Why my room was the first one, how could you pass that and get into another?"

"It's sorry I am, Misthress Eadle, but this was the best I could do."

"Is there no getting back?"

"I forbid anyone to enter the ship again," said the captain, "the tide is coming in, the wind is raising and any minute the hull may go to pieces. We can hope to get only what may wash ashore. I found the tea-kettle floating, and these pans. We managed to get the chest of hardtack and here is a tin can marked 'tea'—that's about all."

A search brought to light a few dry matches and a fire was started, while two of the seamen went in seach of water. A short distance to the right they found a little rivulet trickling down the high bluff.

It was not long before the kettle was singing merrily on the coals, as though to cheer the poor creatures huddled around. The hot tea revived them somewhat, and they sat nibbling the biscuits—and as far as they knew—the last meal they ever would have. The company formed a circle around the fire. Mrs. Eadle sat on the sand—her back to the water—facing the high bluff which was crowned with fir trees of all sizes. Slowly she let her gaze follow the bluff along, until suddenly she threw up her hands, the biscuit partly eaten, flew onto the coals,

her chin dropped down, while her eyes nearly popped from her head.

What was the matter?

All were curious at once. They looked in the direction of her gaze, but could see nothing. Presently her mother spoke as she shook her shoulder.

“Harri-at, why Harri-at?”

Then in a whisper she said as she pointed upward, “I saw the devil, truly I did.”

“It’s glad I am she’s afther seeing something,” whispered Pat to one who sat near him, while the others arose in confusion, and although they looked in all directions, nothing could be sighted. But the bushes on the brink of the cliff appeared to be unduly agitated, then suddenly something dropped through them—as it were—and came rolling and tumbling down the steep bank.

The women screamed as they ran toward the arch they had come through in the dark the night before. (The very same arch Miski’s wedding party had such difficulty getting through twenty-seven years before.)

In the meantime the object that some took to be the stub of a tree, came tumbling down and lodged on the sand at the foot of the cliff and with a bound stood erect. For a moment every one appeared to be petrified, for the object before them was a naked Indian boy. For the brief part of a minute he was dazed, then suddenly he came to life as it were. His eyes flashed in all directions as though to see where he might escape. The cliffs were impassable. To the right on the beach was his only chance, and he gave a bound, but as quick as he was, Pat’s mind worked quicker.

“Don’t let the beauty get away,” he shouted, and in a moment the gap was filled and the lad was surrounded.

Not a sound did he make, but his lithe brown body quivered in every muscle. Quickly the shipwrecked crew

closed in, then Pat gave a leap and threw his arms about the boy, who, in a moment showed fight.

"Aisy there, aisy," said Pat, "it's not a shred on yer handsome body we'll be afther damagin' ef yez'll hold yer hosses. There," as he tied his hands and feet with a red scarf taken from one of the sailors, who wore it about his waist. "Lend me yer coat, Cap'en, it's not over-dhressed the lad is, and loidies about."

"What's your idea, Pat," said Collins.

"Jist this, sor; whin I beheld the brown beauty, sez I to meself, sez I, we are not a-knowing where we be or what we'll be afther ating, and here was a baying somewhat human, and thinks I he lives and can tell us how."

"Well, what better off are you? It's not likely he knows a word of English and I'm sure you don't know Indian. Is there any of you lads can talk Indian," and he turned and looked at all.

"Well, sir," spoke up one, "there is an Indian hunt I have heard my father tell about; if I can say it."

"For the love of Pater, say it quick, or he will be off on some kind av a hunt soon, as it is all mesilf can do to detoin him."

"As near as I can remember it, it's like this, but I don't know its meaning: "Is-kum e-na-poo; yah-wa; nika na is-kum'?"

They all looked at the boy whose eyes, although his head did not move, searched every face, but looked the longest at his captors.

"Bedad, and I belave yez is on the roight thrack; thry it again."

The speaker came a little nearer and the lad appeared less frightened as the sentence was repeated. He looked at Pat's head, his neck and face, then down to his hairy chest, which was bare to the weather, the collar of his shirt being torn.

1—Catch the louse; there it is; did you get it?

"What's the maneing av the gibberish, I'd like to know."

"I haven't the slightest idea, as I said, only my father said it was a famous hunt among them; they were all experts at it, and all their spare time was taken up with it.

"Then for the love av mercy, sing it agin."

Again it was repeated and quicker than ever the black eyes swept Pat's head, face, neck and chest, and leaning a little toward him peeped inside his shirt. Then looking timidly up at the speaker he said—

¹"Wake."

Pat nearly fell over in his excitement, he was about to yell with joy when a bystander clapped his hand over Pat's mouth with "You fool, do you want to frighten him to death?"

"Thin I'll be askin' his pardon."

"I'll tell you what to do," said the captain, "we'll unbind his hands and feet and take these gay rags and put on him and let him go."

"I like that," from the one to whom the sash belonged.

"Well, here, I'll give him this handkerchief," and the captain brought a big bandana of many colors and tied it around his neck, and many were the articles offered. But he warned them that they had better be careful, they might need all they had themselves, but here the little widow came forward with a scarlet bundle in her hand.

"I think this would be useful; 'twas in the chest."

A laugh went up when they saw it was a night robe, but it was put on and then all stepped back. The lad looked down at himself, then appeared to puff out with pride, took a step or two, and finding none hindered him, bounded away a scarlet streak, down the beach, around a bluff and was lost to sight.

"Just wait a few minutes," said Collins, "when he gets home and shows all that finery—if there are any others around they will all be here in a jiffy. Then look out if there is anything you want to keep. Mrs. Burns, you had better lock your chest and sit on it."

"Where is me carpetbag; I want me bag," and Mrs. Eadle made a grab for it, "and mother, you hang onto the satchel."

"Yes, Harri-at."

Had the company on the beach only taken time to glance upward, they would have seen many brown faces looking down at them from the bushes.

They huddled together in the shelter of the bluffs, and discussed the situation. The tide was coming in fast, and with the rising water, which threatened to drive them from their poor shelter, the wind grew stronger and to add still further to their misery, it began to rain. Some of the crew was dispatched to see if better shelter could be found, and while the remainder crouched over the fire—which was almost whipped out by the rain and wind—the water arose higher and higher, coming through the arch and bringing with it bits of wreckage, that battered the rocks as they were forced through, breaking off great chunks of the soft rock that fell with a roaring splash.

"There is the last of the 'Juliet'," exclaimed one, "she will never survive this sea."

"And what day is it she dies?"

"Let me see. Why, I think it's the 28th, yes, it's January 28th, in the year of our Lord, 1852."

"The very day Mr. Eadle died two years ago," sniffed Mrs. Eadle, dabbing her handkerchief to her eyes with one hand, and with the other hugged the carpetbag closer to her.

"Lucky man," said Pat in a whisper.

"Whist, Pat."

Shortly the searchers returned, and none too soon,

for the tide left but a narrow strip at the foot of the bluff which led around to a cove-like beach. Here they were protected from the winds for a time, and as they clambered up to a grassy shelf—where apparently the water never reached—they saw ample signs of life.

“An Indian camp ground, sure,” said the captain.

“And Indians, too,” said another as he pointed upwards at the many forms among the trees who turned and fled when they saw they were discovered. It was some time 'ere the natives could be induced to come near enough to be talked to, and then none would come close up, until a bent and withered old man made his appearance, who did not seem to be as timid as the rest.

“That do be bating me; I niver did say an Injun with whiskers afore.”

It was none other than ¹“Le-moo-to Yake-so Se-ah-wust,” Miski's father.

It was not hard to make them understand that they were in need of succor, but Captain Collins tried long to make them understand that they wished to go away, and would wave his hands out over the bay, and every time the old chief would wave his hands too, and smile as he would say ²“Aquinna.”

The repeating of the word was so frequent that the captain got to thinking, and at last he sprang to his feet and said “I have it, I have it! I know just where we are. Why, this is the Yaquina Bay that so many have been trying so hard to find a sea entrance to. Let's give three cheers,” and the “Hip, Hip, Hurrah!” that echoed through the hills set to flight all the dusky forms but the old chief—who could not run—and was captured and brought back.

After much gesticulating he was persuaded to let one of the young braves—as a messenger—carry a note to the outside world.

¹—Wool Face. ²—Black water.

All through the stormy month of February, and most of March, Captain Collins spent in exploring the bay. Clams and oysters he found in plenty, and the abundance of fish that were caught, enabled the shipwrecked crew and passengers to live comfortably, if not luxuriously. Collins also found that the bay was navigable for vessels drawing from six to eight feet of water, but the entrance was a bad one, as the fate of his own vessel testified.

There was sorrow in the camp of the Aquinnies. One day, they bore to their burial ground on the high bluff just inside the entrance, the body of their old chief, "Wool Face." Armaca, Miski's brother, a man now grown, was proclaimed chief in his stead.

It was not until the latter part of March that horses sent to the shipwrecked sufferers by McLaughlin, Burns, Griswold and Barnhart, reached the coast, and a very exciting time ensued.

Pat appeared to take complete charge of Mrs. Eadle. She must have the "purtiest baste," which proved to be the highest spirited, and when she showed timidity to mount, it was Pat who said, "Indade, Misthress Eadle, it's mesilf that will lade the purty crayture; for niver was there tew beauties so well mated, and its prancin' jist sets yez off."

He left her side long enough to return to the hut that had sheltered them so long, and pressed into the hand of the young messenger the much prized carpetbag. Then running to his charge he kept that lady so well occupied with her hold on the animals bridle, and many times when the "purty beauty" would have walked along quietly enough, a gentle "persuasion" from Pat's toe would cause it to rear and plunge.

It was not until they made their first stop for lunch, that Mrs. Eadle discovered her loss, and great indeed was her agitation. "Would no one go back for it?" Then she must go herself. She was told that that was out of

the question.

“Then, where was Pat?”

That gentleman was discovered at last, busy with Mrs. Burns' chest which he was tying more securely to a horse's back, and when approached by the sorrowing lady said, “It's no doubt at all, at all, Misthress Eadle, but the young loidies and gintlemen we've been after laving behind us are injoying thimselves with the treasured contints av yer bag. If only now they had the parrot.”

But he was not allowed to tell what the savages might do if they had the bird, for Mrs. Eadle, with her gray eyes “spatting blue blayzes,” as Pat put it, lit upon him with:

“Me bag was me own and I wanted me own. It was a dastardly trick, for I see now that you did it on purpose. I'll have the—”

“Hist, loidy, it's little faleing yez can look for from a mon to a woman—when wan woman has none for another. Had yez helped the dear little widda with her burd for the sick baby, I could have got yer bag all roight the next morn and nary a damage would ha' been done to it, but where wan woman has nary faleing for another and could not put herself out a bit for a sister—” and Pat turned to his task and appeared to completely dismiss the enraged lady, who went back to her own horse and prepared to mount.

“Ah, ‘Captain Kid,’ how could you do it?”

“If ‘Where-yer-at’ had shown a spark of Christianity the noite of the wreck I'd have been her bound slave for loife, I would. But vengeance do be swate, so it do.”

CHAPTER XXII.



APPY years passed by.

Many children were born to Miski and Chee Chee, and Jumping Elk was very proud of his family.

Now and then word would come to the camp of the pale-face traders, who would give them many beautiful trinkets for their furs, and Jumping Elk would make long journeys with his wives and children over the plains in quest of wolves, foxes or coyotes, or taking canoes would paddle far up or down the many rivers in search of the beaver homes.

There came a day when fear entered all their hearts, for it was noised about how the pale-faces were digging holes in the sides of the great mountains, and what was it for? Many a legend was told of the bad spirits that were confined in the lofty hills, and if the pale strangers were digging ways that they might get out, what dire disasters would befall them.

And they would tell the legend of the very high mountain far to the south, Mount ¹“La Shandel.”

There were many pretty maidens in the tribes that dwelt about the foot of this beautiful mountain, and there were many bad spirits that roamed over the sides of the mountain. At last they told the fathers of these maidens, if they would not let them have the maidens for their wives, they would cause all the waters of the springs to be bitter, so that no man could drink and all would die of thirst.

But the fathers of the maidens would not let them go. So the bad spirits grew very angry, and they took hold of the mountain and shook it so that it trembled

1—The Candle (Lassen).

and all the country around trembled—but the fathers would not give their daughters up. Then the spirits grew very angry and they all assembled on top of the mountain and spit fire from the top, so that it ran down the sides and choked the streams and burned the trees, and killed all the wild animals, and all had to flee far away.

Then the "Ekone" grew angry and chased all the evil spirits down through the hole in the top of the mountain that they had made themselves, and he sealed it up tight that they might not get out. But sometimes they grow very angry inside and shake the mountain—but there was no way for them to escape.

And now, if the pale-faces, who did not know of the evil spirits, and through their ignorance should dig holes deep enough to let the evil spirits out, what would all the nations do? What would become of their maidens? And the once happy tribes—who knew no fear before the white man came—would hold many councils.

Joe and his playmate, Cry Child—the cast-off son of Shell Head and Andeal and whom Chief Black Bear had kept as his own—had grown to manhood. They had—like their fathers and their father's fathers—been feasted and then gone far into the forests by themselves alone, where they had met their "good spirit" who gave them their names.

When Joe returned he was sorrowful; he liked not the name of "Ap-seik-aha," he liked better the name his mother gave him—"Joe"—but when Cry Child came home he was very gleeful for hereafter he was not Cry Child but "Ho-ne-nis-to."

Honenisto's foster father, Chief Black Bear, was getting very old and liked not to go to war. So Honenisto was only too glad to take the old chief's place, and long would he talk when they gathered for council, urging

1—Good spirit.

them all to battle for their rights—for the spirit and the longing for vengeance and blood which his parents possessed—had descended to their child and the same war-like spirit was large in him.

“Should they allow the strangers to come among them?”

Jumping Elk would tell them what his wives had told him about the great white chief, and how good he was, and how the white men meant them no harm, and when he had done speaking — Honenisto, with others, would get up and tell how the strangers they had seen wandering about, had sticks that spoke fire and they knew that there must be evil spirits among them. Jumping Elk liked not to disturb the travelers. “Could they not wander at will as the Indians themselves did?”

Others would tell how the strange people would find a grassy meadow near some river—the feeding grounds of the deer and elk—and they would build strange wigwams and put great high walls made of trees and logs around the meadow, so the wild game could not feed and they could not gallop where they wished.

Now and then word would be brought home that some of their members had been killed, not with bow and arrow, but with the strange sticks that spoke fire, and the brave dropped dead, and they would find a hole in his body.

“No, the pale-faces were bad; they were stealing their lands, their game, their freedom—they must be kept away.”

And so little by little the spirit of revenge and hatred was planted in the red breast, and as the years passed the lawless whites were the first to teach the savage heart to steal and plunder, to lie and kill, and with bitterness they would sit around the council fire and plan to get even with the interlopers.

But Jumping Elk—with his sons—would plead for

the white man.

"They not all bad."

"Was not some of their own tribe bad?"

"Had they forgotten Shell Head? How he led them into a bad and shameful war on the Umpquays?"

There was plenty of ¹"pe-shah Si-wash."



CHAPTER XXIII.

— 1852 —



JOE was to wed!

The maiden of his choice was very fair to look upon, and was highly prized by her father, who, thinking Joe was very rich, demanded much ²"wam-pum."

Long Joe and his mother sat discussing how many beautiful furs, and how much wampum. The long beautiful slender shell was gathered far to the north, from the deep waters of a bay, by Indians, who would dive for them, and craftily carve and string them on strings, a knot between each.

Yes, the maiden was beautiful and he loved her, and would give many strings for her, so gathering up what he thought right, he made them with the furs into a bundle and started for the maiden's lodge, accompanied by many of the young bucks of his own tribe.

Much bantering went on at the home of the maiden's father. Experts were called in to measure the value of the ³"hyk-wa." They sat down on the ground and taking

1—Bad Indians. 2—Shell money. 3—Indian money.

the end by the knot between the fore-finger and thumb of their left hand, stretched it to meet the tattooed marks on the upper arm, of which there were three. Much time was spent stretching these strings of shells, and Joe would grow restless waiting for the decision to be reached—waiting for the father of his chosen one to be satisfied.

But at last it was accomplished, and in triumph he entered his native lodge, the proud possessor of a highly paid-for wife. Not long was he to enjoy her, for daily the signal fires were seen on mountain crag and distant hills, calling the young braves and warriors forth to battle with the foe, who were getting more numerous all the time, and threatened to take the land, which had been theirs, forever.

Joe, with many others, would have let them peacefully alone, and would have agreed to the white man's terms but for Honenisto (whom the soldiers had named John.) He stoutly refused to be friends with the whites, and many were the bloody battles fought between them, and when in the camps they talked the white man's offer over—the offer to feed and clothe them, if they all would repair to a bit of land which the whites would reserve for them, and they would be taught to live as the white man lived—John would rise up in wrath, and dark, indeed, would be the days that followed.

There were other troubles in the camp of the Klamaths besides the question of the white intruders.

“Chief Black Bear was dead,

“Who would be chief in his stead?”

Honenisto (now always called John) asserted his rights.

“Was not he the son of the great chief, and should he not be the leader of the tribe now?”

But no! He was—as all the older ones knew—a “salt chuck,” deserted by Shell Head and Andeal and

would the Klamaths be ruled and led by such as he? "No; he could be a fighting chief, but not the head of the tribe."

"No salt chuck would ever rule over a mountain tribe."

Sorrowful were these days for all, but more so for Miski and Chee Chee. They were growing old and the troubles of the tribe weighed heavily on their partly christianized souls, and they talked much to Jumping Elk and Joe of their surrender, and little by little they convinced the principal war chiefs to give themselves up.

"Mother, I go!"

"But my son, the way is long and rough, you are not yet a man; if you could reach some of my own people, the Umpquays, you would find friends; but the 'Toot-toot-any' I fear for my son if they think you are a friend of the pale faces, they would slay you, Elsic."

"But I go, mother," and the tall slender form of the young lad—so straight and supple—walked away with a stately air, and Chee Chee smiled as she looked on him, then called him to return. She warned him—if go he must—that if he saw the white man he must be friendly, he must assist them if they were in need of help, and warn them if they were in danger.

He promised her and was gone.

Long she sat on the ground, rocking to and fro, thinking of her son; one day he would make a great warrior. Presently she was joined by Miski, who came with her basket work, and together they talked of the days gone by, when they were first married. How peaceful they used to be, but now? "Was it right that the white man should come and drive them from their lands? They took for themselves the fertile valleys — the feeding grounds of the moose and deer—and left only the hills

and mountains that they could make no use of, for the red man. True, they offered pay, but was it enough to recompense them for all they were forced to give up?" And talking thus they wondered if, after all, the white man was not bad.

Long they talked of their woes. Then their minds trailed back to the long ago, and they thought of the great White Chief and his teachings as Almeta had told it to them, and their hearts softened.

They talked much to those they came in contact with, and slowly—very slowly at first—the seed thus scattered began to take root and grow.

In the meantime, Elsie, Chee Chee's son, speeded down the great river toward the ocean. Now and then he would stop and listen intently. He was getting well into the enemy's country now, and he must not be surprised. He had seen plenty of evidence of the white man's passage—would they be able to evade the bands of hostile Indians he knew infested that region?

"What was that?"

Far in the distance—like the breath of the winds that murmured in the tree tops—came the sound of a savage yell.

Still he stood, and listened. There it was again and he bounded forward. Like a deer he sped along the narrow trail, dodging beneath the low swinging boughs or climbing around great rocks where the trail led close down by the river's side.

He could not be far from the large waters his mother had so often told him of. He certainly was not far from the great commotion—he must be more cautious—so leaving the trail he skirted around through the undergrowth until he came close down to the river, then peering cautiously through the branches of a low willow—his heart grew sick within him.

Savages thronged the opposite shore armed with bows and arrows, long knives and war clubs. Near the shore were several canoes from which some white men were trying to land. All was a horrible confusion, and the yells of savage triumph mingled with the blows and the shrieks of the unfortunate whites. In mid-stream he could see a couple of men battling for life with an Indian, who stood in a canoe hitting them over their heads, and as his eyes beheld the blood stained waters, his heart could stand no more.

Glancing about he beheld a canoe close up under the bank where he stood, and dropping down on the muddy beach he shoved the canoe out into the stream and springing lightly in—standing erect—he paddled straight to the scene of conflict, helped the two drowning whites into the canoe, handed them the paddle, then springing into the water he swam back to shore where he watched the two men land, crawl up the bank and into the thicket. He waited long enough to see them strike the trail southward, then retracing his steps he passed the same way he had come, back to his own home far over the mountains to the beautiful Klamath Lake.

Here he told the gathering tribes of the cruelty of their own people, and what he had to say did much toward convincing his people to go quietly on the reserve.



CHAPTER XXIV.

— 1854 —



SEVERAL children had been born to Shell Head and Andeal in the years that had passed since they had been driven from the Klamaths and forced to return to his own tribe, the "Toot-toot-onies." They occupied the lower "Spo-ah Chuck," or Rogue River, as the soldiers of the brigade had named it on account of the rascal Indians of whom Shell Head was the leader. The children had inherited their parents' ferocity, and so treacherous were they that the troubles were many with the whites, who were trying so hard to be friends.

He had been joined by his son, John, (Honenisto) who, although he had his father's fighting spirit, was not so cruel as his brothers and sisters, or parents. But always it was Shell Head who planned the bloody battles, and kept the flame of hate forever kindled in the savage heart of the tribes.

The night of the 22nd of February was black.

The rain beat in fitful dashes against the windows of a big log cabin that was brightly lighted and warmed inside, by the burning logs in the open fireplace. The merry gathering was celebrating the birthday of the "father of our country" with no thought of danger.

Across the Rogue River to the south, in a little hut, several Indians were squatting around a smoking fire, in the center. They were Shell Head and Andeal with the most bloodthirsty of the tribe. All was silent save for an occasional grunt as they would look toward the door now and then. At last it opened and a young squaw entered. She was almost handsome in her savageness, her black eyes sparkled, and a cruel, triumphant hate

curled her full red lips as she sat down upon her feet. Low they talked, and fast, then Jennie, Shell Head's daughter, (whom the whites had named and given the job of interpreter at the camp) arose and slipped out into the night.

Then another and another followed, and stole down to the white camp, where but fifteen men stood guard. So suddenly did the savages fall upon them—and with such fury—that their work was soon ended, one alone escaping.

In the meantime Toot-tooteny Jennie entered among the dancers and told one, Benjamin Wright, a great friend of the Indians, to come quickly, he was wanted at the village to quell a brawl a bad Indian was making, and she led him out.

It was well that darkness enshrouded the scene that followed, but there were three that separated themselves from the rest, and while the massacre that followed, went on in all its horror—these three entered the hut, stirred the fire to a blaze and held suspended on a stick over it something that they watched roast.

Then Jennie, holding it high above her head, let it drop in her open mouth and all watched her as she ate it.

It was a piece of the heart of Ben Wright—their victim!

Out into the darkness and rain they went again; there was too much to be done for them to remain behind, for not one of the white settlers that had taken their lands away from them should be spared. So with parting directions to Jennie, they, for it was Oneatta and Andeal—known better among the whites as Shell Head and the Wasp—hurried along the banks of the river.

It had stopped raining now, but the air was hot and the blackness could almost be felt with the exception that here and there over the little settlement a bright

light would shoot up that told them another home had been destroyed.

With grunts of satisfaction they hurried on. They were near the little home they intended to destroy, but, so as not to warn them of their approach, they thought to skirt a low rocky mound above the river bank. As they climbed up the slippery crags a flash of lightning illuminated the surrounding hills for a moment, then another and another, each one more brilliant than the last. Then with a deafening roar the forked tongues shot from the black canopy overhead.

In sympathy their hands met as they struggled upward, when suddenly with a lurch, Shell Head fell forward and down. Another peal of thunder shook the hills, a forked tongue of fire appeared to strike the very rocks they were upon and revealed to Andeal their awful situation.

She saw before her a yawning cavern, as it were, eight or ten feet across and as many deep, with almost perpendicular sides, that were covered with moss, which the late rains had turned to slime. As Shell Head slipped, or fell, over the edge, still cling to her wrist, she had thrown her free arm out and had encountered a dead stub to which she now clung with desperation, but the weight of Shell Head's heavy body was slowly dragging her over and down with him into a mass of hissing, writhing slimy snakes.

Already his almost-nude body had sunk to half its length in the wriggling mass, while their red forked tongues eagerly licked the dark skin over which they were crawling and squirming, sinking their white fangs deep into the quivering flesh.

In vain Andeal pulled and strained to free herself from the death-like grip of Shell Head; her arms were nearly pulled from their sockets. Slowly her arm grated around the tree, cruelly tearing the flesh. No sound

escaped the parted lips that were drawn back in a thin streak above her white teeth, which were tightly clinched together.

And Shell Head; his lips shut tight together, gazed upward into her face, made pallid by the blue blazes that darted above her head, his eyes, nearly bursting from their sockets on either side of his noseless face, gleamed as they reflected the lightning's flash.

Her arm could stand the strain no longer. Slowly it untwisted and parted from the stub, leaving a bloody streak behind, as her body—head first—slipped over the edge and downward, mid peals of crackling thunder—into the rattlesnakes' den.



CHAPTER XXV.



DOWN where the blue waters of the Upper Klamath Lake stretch away into the east, away from its shores of green, a lodge of a dozen or more wigwams and tepees circled about a grassy meadow, which was hedged around with low drooping willows and the stately oak. They were just putting forth their tender young leaves and the air was fragrant with the perfume of many blossoms that carpeted the ground. The songs of the birds fill the air with music. Spring had come again, but none of the wild creatures proclaimed it more than the frogs that croaked so loudly among the reeds down by the edge of the clear blue waters.

In a large wigwam under one of the trees sat Miski

and Chee Chee, one on either side of the stricken form of Jumping Elk, who lay quiet, now that the fever had left him. The medicine man had been busy over him—had confined him in the ¹“shaesly,” then given him the bath in the cold waters of the lake which was supposed to cure all ills—but the patient had shivered first with a great shake, then had lain still, his eyes closed while his pulse grew feebler and his breath shorter.

The two squaws never moved a muscle save to raise their heads now and then to look at each other, then look down again on the face of him they had both learned to love so well.

Presently from outside came the monotonous drone of a chant, accompanied by the beating of ²“tom-toms” by all the tribe that was present. As it drew nearer it grew louder, and as the performers passed by the wigwam in the rhythmic tramp-tramp of the medicine dance (which was supposed to drive away the evil spirits) the sufferer opened his eyes wearily, then lifted his two hands—one to each—of the silent figures on either side, he said:

“The spirits. I hear the beat of their wings.

“They call ³‘So-pe-na Moo-lok’ and I go. Miski; Chee Chee;” here with an effort he placed his hands upon his breast, still tightly holding theirs:

“I go to the land beyond the sun that you have told me of—it’s so bright—so bright—” the voice trailed off as the chant grew fainter and fainter outside, and died away in the distance.

Long the women sat in silence, then realizing that Jumping Elk was theirs no longer, they set up such a wail, and when those outside peeped in they beheld them rocking to and fro.

And the word was passed to all.

“A great one of their tribe had passed to the ‘Spirit

1—Sweat house. 2—Drums. 3—Jumping Elk.

Land,' to the 'Happy Hunting Ground'."

By and bye the two women came forth and passed to the campfire, where they raked together some coals, and pulverizing them made a paste with which they smeared their faces—for they mourned greatly the loss of their warrior.

Preparations are made for the funeral.

Mourners are hired who wail and chant the many virtues of him who had left them forever.

They brought his canoe and in it they put all his belongings. They fetch his ponies from afar, and his spears, bows and arrows—nothing was left—and selecting a high hill, they dig a grave deep and long, and lower the canoe—into which they lay the warrior, dressed in his robes of state.

Then they replace the sods—heaping them high—and after all is done Miski and Chee Chee together form a cross of willow twigs, and plant it at his head.

His ponies are then driven up, sleek and fat, their long manes and tails waving in the wind, and one by one they lie down upon the mound as an arrow finds their heart, for in the Happy Hunting Ground he will need them all.



CHAPTER XXVI.

— 1855 —

ISKI was sick.

The eye that was once so bright had lost its sparkle.

The plump cheeks had grown thin and hollow. The once round shoulders drooped sadly, and she lay curled up all day at the door of the wigwam on a pile of soft boughs that Chee Chee had gathered for her, and all night she lay wrapped in robes of fur in a corner of the tent, and she would cough

and cough until her poor body would shake as though it might fall to pieces.

Those about her were helpless.

Had not the medicine man done all in his power to heal her? Long had she lain in the "shaesly" and many herbs had they gathered and steeped and given her to drink—all to no effect. She grew weaker and thinner as the days went by, for the "white man's disease" had gotten a firm hold of its victim, and she, like many another, who had contracted it, was slowly passing to the "shadow land."

At last, feeling that she must have more protection than the tents afforded, they built her a hut of logs and bark. They chinked the cracks with moss, and for further warmth lined it with skins. They dug a shallow hole in the center and in this they built a fire—that Chee Chee never let go out—the smoke of which made its escape through a hole in the roof. In a corner they arranged a bed out of poles, on which they heaped dry leaves, and in the blankets that had been given them by the whites—the wasted body lay.

And they would come to her, these warriors of her



tribe, and tell her of the battles fought—of their victories or losses—and ask her advice although she was a “salt chuck” squaw.

As Jumping Elk had told her many years before, she had grown to be a mighty woman of the tribe, but always did she advise them to make peace with the pale-faces. Many times she had gone herself—she and Chee Chee—and warned the whites of the red man’s intention to attack, and it was during one of these visits, when she and Chee Chee had told them that the Indians were preparing for a great battle (and the whites were waiting for them to come and sign a treaty) that the whites had kept them both for many days for hostages, and while they lived in the white man’s home, eaten the white man’s food and slept in the white man’s bed, the seed of disease had been planted in the lungs that had always breathed the pure air that nature had provided.

It was in the little hut by her side that the great chiefs, one by one, had been persuaded to give up the wars they had been waging, go on the reservation and cease from bloodshed.

All but Honenisto, or more commonly called “John,” the son of Shell Head and Andeal, who stoutly refused to give up his arms, and as she talked to him her dimming eyes could not help but see the look of hatred on his face which reminded her of his cruel parents. She had persuaded her own son, Joe, Elsic, Chee Chee’s son, and also Bill, Jim and Sam—fighting chiefs to whom the whites had given these names—to bury the hatchet, which they did. It was Joe who brought the news to his mother of their surrender.

He had ridden hard from the scene of battle.

He had climbed the high bluffs along the rivers, had splashed through waterfalls and had ridden along the very edge of death, as it were, so great was his haste to reach the little hut that was screened among the cedars,

that clothed the shores at the junction of the rivers.

He told all he knew as he squatted on the ground beside the lowly cot that held the wasted form of Miski.

Many of both the "Salt Chuck" and "Mountain" tribes were to be moved far to the north, to a place called "Grand Rond." It was not far from the "Aquinna," of which she had so often told him was her birthplace, and the eyes of Miski grew bright as stars as she slowly rolled her head, the better to gaze at her son as he talked. And as he talked she listened and smiled, and when he had finished she closed her eyes and lay still. So still and quiet—apparently breathless—that Chee Chee put her ear close to her face to see if she still breathed.

The darkness came down, and but for the bright blaze of the fire burning in the center of the room, all would have been blackness within.

At last she opened her eyes and looked about her.

All had left the hut but Joe and Chee Chee, and she motioned them to sit close to her, then she spoke. Long did she talk, stopping at intervals when a spasm of coughing would seize her, and at last she said:

"I have told you all the past, Joe," and here she reached out her thin wasted hand, "I only ask you to promise me one thing"—here she looked straight into his eyes:

"Promise me that you will always be the friend of the white man, Joe, and the 'Great Spirit' who lives beyond the sun, and to whom I go, will be your guardian spirit, for 'Joseph' means chosen of God, and your name is Joe."

As she finished speaking she opened her hand toward him, he took it in both of his, and long did he sit—his head bowed low over it—the feathers of his "tarmah" lightly brushing her face as she lay with closed eyes.

Chee Chee quietly arose and went out into the night,

sank down on the damp earth beneath a spreading cedar tree, and burying her face in her hands, cried softly.

“Joe?”

He raised his head as the faint voice reached his ear.

“Joe, will you do something for me?”

“If I die not before I have the time.”

She put her hand inside of her dress and drew forth a small black bundle tied with a bit of hide.

“This is the moccasin I told you of. Go to the ‘Aquinna’ as soon as you can, Joe; go to the rock I told you of, climb to the top and when the sun is going down throw—throw this out—far out into the foaming waters.

“He, the other Joe, said he would come there to get me, and when you throw it out I go to him; I die then, Joe!”

She dropped the bundle in his hand and watched him as he stowed it in his belt.

There was excitement in the little band of Klamaths who had pitched their tents for their winter lodge about the hut where Miski lay.

A soldier had come to tell them they must get ready to go to their new home on the morrow. They were told they would have houses and land, clothes and food, and that they would not want for anything. They would be taught to live the white man’s way. All must go that could, but it was plain to see that the little sick old woman must remain, and Chee Chee flatly refused to leave her, although she was told that the white women at the fort would take good care of her.

But Chee Chee said:

“She gave me a home in her wigwam;

“She gave me clothes to wear;

“She gave me food to eat;

“She gave me the love of her heart;

"She gave me her husband;

"And now I give her all I have to give—myself—I stay by her till she die.

"I will never leave her!"

And she squatted down in the door of the hut. The soldier who had been a witness, brushed his coat sleeve across his eyes as he wheeled his horse and galloped to another part of the camp, said:

"True, all right; Injuns never forgit!"

The 31st of January, 1856, was late in dawning.

The dark, sullen clouds hung low over the mountain tops, completely veiling them. Now and then a few big splashes of rain would fall, as though the very elements were mourning the departure of the red man who so long had made his home unmolested in the shadow of the mountains or beneath the tall stately trees.

"No more would their light canoes glide down the sparkling waters of the rivers they knew so well."

"No more would they fearlessly roam the wild wood."

"No more would they hunt the otter and the beaver, or chase the buffalo o'er plain and hills on their fleet-footed ponies."

"No more would the smoke of their campfire rise up among their wigwams."

"No more—no—never more."

They gathered from all directions, coming sorrowfully out of the gray mists that crept lower and lower among the crags and canons that surrounded the "Meadows," the appointed meeting place.

Robert Metcalf with a handfull of volunteers received them. Forming them in line they slowly started on their long march, all unmindful of a pair of keen dark eyes that watched their every move from the rocks on a hillside, that were mirrored in the calm surface of the majestic river that flowed at its feet.

As the five hundred braves, warriors, chiefs, squaws, maidens, bucks, and children filed slowly along the trail that led to the north, the rain drops came thicker and harder, and shortly the white man that led the way was lost to view in the heavy shower. On they went in groups of twos and fours, and sometimes more. Few now remained in the meadow, then these passed out and were followed by the rest of the soldiers, and last of all, Metcalf. Then at last he, too, disappeared in the gray mist and all was silent.

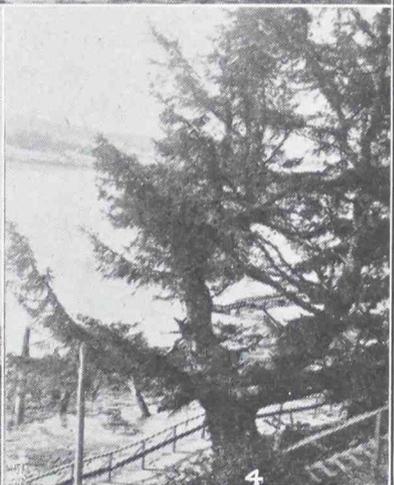
Still the lone watcher did not move.

She—for it was Chee Chee—pulled her grass hat down closer on her head and tightened her blanket about her shoulders, watched the huge rain drops grow larger and take on a light, feathery appearance. They grew thicker and thicker until at last the quiet air was filled with the white downy flakes, that floated over the tree tops and sank noiselessly on twig and bough, grass and boulder, and sinking into oblivion as they landed in the blue waters of the river.

A bear sniffed along the denuded slope above her; a squirrel ran among the rocks close to her face; an eagle flew noiselessly across the silence below, but still she kept her vigil.

Through the part in the trees that had grown so white with their load of snow, she had watched her children disappear to their new home, and her mother-heart swelled nearly to its breaking point. Her head sank low upon her bosom and two large teardrops coursed down the brown wrinkled cheeks and fell on the pure white glittering snow at her feet.

Then slowly turning she plodded through the snow to the little cabin that was nearly covered beneath the white blanket.



1. Jump Off Joe; p. 325. 2. Ocean Beach; p. 325. 3. First Church in Newport; p. 321. 4. Old Historic Tree; p. 302. 5. Nye Beach; p. 295. 6. Newport Cottages; p. 255. 7. Toledo; p. 325.

CHAPTER XXVII.

— 1856 —



YOU are a great chief."

"So am I!"

"This is my country. I was in it when the trees were very small."

"My heart is sick with fighting, but I want to live in my country."

"If the white people are willing I will go back and live among them as I used to do. They can visit my camp and I will visit theirs, but I will not lay down my arms

and go with you on the reserve. I will fight!"

"Good bye."

It was the sonorous voice of John—alias Honenesto—alias Cly Tenas—the son of Oneatta—alias Shell Head, and Andeal, who spoke, and fight he did.

It was not until the 29th of June, 1856, that he was forced to lay down his arms—reluctantly—when deserted by the majority of his warriors. With all his barbaric strength, and courage, and the valor, and treachery of his ancestors, his career was drawing to a close. His resources were exhausted and his people tired of pursuing and being pursued. He, with many of his followers, arrived at Port Orford July 2nd, from which place he sailed with 1000 Indians of different tribes to Portland, Oregon, and thence to Fort Hoskins, to which place Joe with the 500 had preceded him the previous winter.

"Well, and what are you thinking of now, Joel?"

The one addressed shifted his position in the saddle, threw one leg up and over the neck of his horse, clasped his knee with his two hands that still held the bridle, but said never a word. Like a bronze statue he stood—motionless—upon the top of a round hill that arose up in the center of the beautiful Siletz.

Around him—far below—the silvery river swept

in a graceful curve, seven miles or more in length, coming back to within less than one-half mile of itself, almost forming an island with the knoll—125 feet high—in the center, on the top of which Joel Palmer and Robert Metcalf stood.

Palmer had just completed the task of laying out the reservation; all that land from Salmon river to the north, and south to the Alsea river, extending east to the summit of the Coast Range.

Now all was ready for his savage wards.

Metcalf had been appointed first agent, and the two men—well pleased with their work—had climbed the hill for a final look around.

"I was thinking, Bob," Palmer said at last, "right here is where you had better build the blockhouse, in fact, I believe this hill was made for it. It would be pretty hard for an Indian to steal up on you and surprise you here, should they get unruly. I almost wish I was in your place, for this is the most ideal spot I've struck in Oregon yet!"

Silence for a few moments, then:

"What a crooked river, how long is it, I wonder?"

"About 120 or 125 miles, I believe."

"And how far are we from the ocean—direct?"

"Scarcely nine miles, they say. The source is about 25 miles from the ocean; it flows down one valley, turns here and runs down another."

"Well, what fishing!" said Joel, looking longingly down at the river.

"Yes, but I'll have something else to watch besides the bait on a hook."

"You are right, Bob, and that reminds me. You will always have to aim to keep the 'mountain' and the 'ocean' tribes apart. Never do to let them mix. The 'Mountains' despise the 'Salt Chucks,' as they call them, so you had better put the 'Mountains' on the upper farm

and the 'salts' on the lower. You can have the middle farm right here and this be the Agency. If you have some good farmers to oversee them you may be able to make something out of them yet."

Metcalf shook his head.

"Oh, I'm afraid I will never be able to do much with the old heads; the next generation, though—"

"Well," and Palmer swung his foot down to the horse's side again and put his toe into the stirrup, "you had better get them in here as soon as you can. You will know how to manage them better than I can tell you. Where is your horse?"

"Down there," and Metcalf pointed to the foot of the hill.

In silence they descended, and Metcalf untying his pony, they took the narrow trail that led over the low green mountains to Fort Hoskins in the Willamette Valley.

Before the winter rains of 1856 set in, huts had been built for nearly all the dusky warriors (although they much preferred their wigwams) and the block house had been constructed on the top of the hill—as Palmer suggested—and a few roads or trails laid out.

If one should think that Robert Metcalf had a picnic in the reservation—well, maybe they would be right. From the very first the Indians were restless.

They did not like the white man's food.

They did not like the white man's dwellings, although they were very fond of his clothes, and queer were the costumes gotten up with the odd garments they secured from different sources.

But they still delighted in the "ca-po," which was formerly made from the beautiful skins of various animals, which now, on the reserve, were hard to get, so they constructed the blankets the government furnished into "capos."

But ah, the warmth they were so used to was not there, and many times—so poor was the material—they would throw the blankets in a pile, touch a burning brand and watch them as they were reduced to ashes.

Then, too, the food. Wild meat they could not get as of yore, and the small portion of beef and the potatoes the government furnished—"bah, no good."

No! They would rebel. And often times parties would steal away and start for their old homes, only to be chased up, captured and brought back to the reserve again.

The mountain—or Klamaths—as they were usually called, appeared more content. Maybe Joe and Elsic (Miski and Chee Chee's sons) who were still leaders, accounted for that. But the Salt Chucks—especially the tribes from the Rogue River district—and of whom John (Shell Head and Andeal's son) and his son, Adam, still ruled over to a certain extent, conceived the idea that if the white man could be exterminated, they would again be free. Nevertheless there were a few who willingly came under the white man's rule, and did their best to follow their teacher, Robert Hill, the first instructor to take charge of the upper farm, of whom Joe and his half-brother, Elsic—sons of Jumping Elk—with their brothers and sisters, wives and children, were a part.

At the agency—or middle farm—there was but one farmer, the Indian Agent, Robert Metcalf, who later was followed by Benjamin Simpson. George Maggenson with Thomas Briggs were overseers of the "Salt Chucks" on the lower farm, where Rogue River John with his brothers, Jim and Jack, his sisters, Mary and Jennie—the latter the most feared woman of all the tribes, a daughter true to the blood of her cruel parents, Oneatta and Andeal—were the ruling spirits as of old.

So, while harmony to a certain extent, reigned over

the rest of the reservation, there was always broils and contentions to be quelled among the "Salt Chucks" which were sometimes taken in hand by the "Mountains," who would pursue and punish them, at one time chasing them so hard as to drive them into the Siletz river, many being drowned. Many times were the whites warned of an impending attack by "Klamath Joe," or "Joe Tyee," as he was often called.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

— 1857 —



THE night was intensely dark, save occasionally when the wind would send the black clouds scurrying across the face of the new moon. Its silver thread-like semi-circle lying well on its back was a proof, as any hunter or Indian would tell — that the month to follow would be a wet one.

The dry leaves rustled ominously as a puff of wind swayed the tree tops. The birds even appeared to be hushed, and only occasionally a lone owl would hoot to its mate.

A faint swish, swish, would now and then be heard as a predatory mink pushed its way through the dry grass as it wended along the shore of the quiet Siletz, which now in the darkness appeared like a black chasm.

The continued drouth of the late fall had lessened the water considerably, forming in some places a broad beach below the high shores, which were clothed with willow, larch, cedar, spruce and fir, beneath which the darkness was so intense as to almost be felt.

Under these shrubs on the pebbly beach, a dark

shadow was stealing. Sometimes it would remain motionless as the trees above it—when the moon would show its face—then steal on again when the clouds veiled it. Noiselessly as a ghost—crouching under the overhanging banks when an open spot was reached—or lying flat on the beach at the sound of a crackling twig overhead.

The "shadow" stopped at last in the inky blackness of an overhanging cedar; from its roots the soil had been washed by the winter floods. Back of the tree was a small grassy meadow that was in turn backed by high hills of dense, unbroken forests.

In the center of this little plot a tiny fire was burning and by its feeble light a few dark forms could be seen moving around. The shadow on the river bottom raised up noiselessly, and very cautiously lifted its head above the bank among the tall drooping ferns—of which it appeared a part.

More and yet more dusky forms came out from the blackness and added themselves to the circle about the fire.

At last one arose.

It was "Rogue River John"—chief of the "Tootootnies"—whom the childless Klamath chief had adopted as his own, when the parents of the babe forsook him, and those gathered about him were the "Salt Chucks," his own tribe by birth, and most despised of the Klamaths.

Although they spoke in low tones, the shadow-head among the ferns heard all. First one, then another arose, and as they pranced around the fire, told how greatly they had been wronged.

They were starving. They had nothing to eat but "wapato" where once the fishes of the river and the deer of the mountains were theirs for the taking.

They were cold! For the blankets the white man gave them were as nothing compared to the furs and skins with which they were once robed.

"Must they stay there and die?"

"Once the hills and the valleys were theirs to roam at will, and why not again?"

"No! They would kill the white man at the block house, and return unmolested to their hunting grounds to the far south."

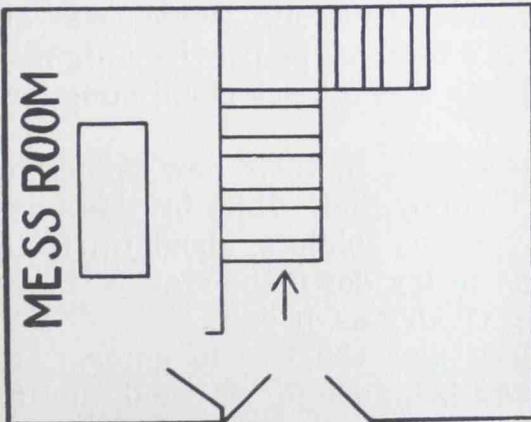
As though in sympathy a few large drops of warm rain—like tears—fell from the black clouds overhead and sputtered on the dying embers, as they planned the attack of the morrow.

Then as silently as they come they disappeared, and the shadow crouched long amid the roots of the cedar, until at last, assured that all had departed, it stole up the river again—over the banks, across a meadow and into a dusty road. But the soft pat-pat of the moccasined feet could not be heard above the sighing of the winds in the bushes by the road side.

At last the shadow reached the foot of the hill on which stood the blockhouse. Stealthily it wormed its way up the steep hill—past the sentinel it stole like a spirit. It wriggled like a serpent toward the tent in which Ben Simpson, the Agent, lay sleeping—as could be heard.

Slowly and noiselessly it raised a corner of the tent

and wriggled under and to the side of the sleeper, who, must somehow have been awakened by the "presence," for he moved uneasily. But at the moment a hand was clapped tight over his mouth, and the hot breath on his cheek as the lips got near



Ground Floor Plan of
Old Siletz Block House.

his ear, made him steal his hand under his pillow for the weapon concealed there. But the words that reached his ear caused him to drop his hand and listen to the voice, for in the blackness nothing could be seen.

Out and down the hill to a little cabin went the shadow, as silently as it had come, and scarcely had it closed the door behind it, before the rain came down in torrents, and with its patter on the shake roof, lulled the shadow to sleep.

“Toot, toot-a-toot, toot-a-toot, toot, toot, toot.”

It was the bugle call for dinner.

It echoed and re-echoed in the trees around the blockhouse, down the hill, over the valley, across the river and lost itself in the tree-clad mountains beyond.

From here and there, by ones, twos and threes the soldiers came trooping into the big log building. The mess room was situated at one side of the first floor, but the entrance was directly in front of the steps that led to the floor above, where the soldiers were wont to stack their arms, and descend to the mess room below.

But today as they came straggling in out of the bright sunshine and the sweet fresh air—which was all the sweeter after the earth’s bath of the previous night—there was nothing to indicate that a black cloud hung low over the peaceful scene.

The Indians had been quiet in their new homes of late, doing the tasks set them by their white brothers uncomplainingly, and today as the soldiers, about thirty in number, ran up the steps to lay down their arms, there was the same jesting and rivalry as of yore.

The bugler—as usual—was the last to enter. He closed the big double doors behind him, as usual, and to carry the farce still further, several of the young chaps ran clattering up and down the steps, thus conveying to

the lurking braves outside, that all were descending to their dinner, two alone remaining below—one on either side of the doors.

But above stairs there no stacking of arms. They stepped back out of sight of the landing and waited. Not long did they have to wait, when the double doors were thrown open noiselessly, and a band of dusky forms stole by the closed mess room door, headed by Chief John.

With soft tread they rushed up the steps to arm themselves with the rifles the soldiers were supposed to have left there. Once in possession of these, the whites would be at their mercy. In the diabolical grin that overspread the face of the chief, one could see the likeness of the parents that begot him. Upward on the landing they crowded, and turning to secure the arms, halted as suddenly, for there before them stood a solid row of soldiers, their keen eyes looking down the shining barrels.

The look of amazement that overspread their faces can be better imagined than told, as like one man they turned to flee down and out of the building. Here another surprise awaited them. The double doors had been silently closed and bolted behind them and before them stood the two soldiers, their rifles raised, ready to fire at the first move.

“Trapped!”

Too amazed to resist, they were soon made prisoners. Chief John and his son, Adam, were soon on their way to Alcatraz Island, California. But even then they could not resist the temptation to make one more break for freedom and held at bay for a time the ship's crew. They were eventually landed in their prison home, Adam to nurse a broken leg, and John—alias “Ho-ne-nes-to,” alias “Cly Ten-as”—to think of the days of freedom and power, now forever gone by.

CHAPTER XXIX.



SEE here, Lint, if yer don't 'urry up with that 'ere fish Jim'll 'ave all the flapjacks did afore yer git 'em a fryin' even."

"Yer take mighty good care yer never do nothin' mor'n give orders. It's mighty glad I'll be when we git back to c'vilation and hog meat."

"Wat yer complainin' about? Didn't I give yer a mess o' clams fer yer dinner yester, and then wasn't it isters afore that?

Say, if them 'ere people back there in 'Marysville node we had sich fine eatin' here."

"Ete? And how much—shiney—do you s'pose we'd git if people go a runnin' round here, an—"

"Say, you boys, what are you doing there, fooling? Here I've got the 'jacks baked and not a fish to eat with them yet."

"I'll 'ave this 'ere fish a frizzeling in no time. Wish 'twas good beef stake.

"When Gil brought that 'ere fire arm with 'im, said then he'd keep us in all the fresh meat we'd want, an' we've only had one bar yit," and Linton Star held the fish he was roasting over the coals, so low that it slid off the stick, wriggled as though it still had life, down into the ashes.

"You are doing it up brown, Lint. Oh, I'm agoin' to eat the 'jacks before they get cold; come on, Gil."

"Here is some black-strap," he said a minute later, passing the can to Gil, who sat on the other side of the log that served for a table.

Gilbert Quiva and James Star ate in silence for a few minutes, during which time they were joined by Linton Star, younger brother of James, who shortly re-

marked:

"I wish you would go and get that bear I saw up there by that cape last night, Gil, he looked a beauty from where I was."

"An' yer a mile an' a 'alf away! Yer shud be the 'unter an' carry the stick, with the marvalis oie sight yer 'as."

"There is an Indian camp up there this year again and I don't doubt they have it before now," said Jim.

"Well, then a deer will do," said Lint, getting up from the log he was sitting on and drawing his coat sleeve across his mouth, "or a moose, or—"

"Or wat?" said Gil looking up at the speaker who had straightened to his full height and ceased speaking.

"Wat yer see?" and the other two men arose and followed the gaze of Lint, who faced the morning sun as he looked over the dark, rippling waters of the bay of "Yaquina," shading his eyes with his hand.

"What do you see, Lint?" his brother, Jim, asked as he too shaded his eyes.

"Well, I'll be darned, if it isn't a moose, and a comin' straight this way fer yer to shoot it, Gil; where is your gun?"

"Not too fast, brother, it don't act like an animal, wait until it gets from under that shadow," and Jim moved down nearer to the water's edge, but Gil mounted a stump that had been washed up on the sandy beach, and a moment later he gave a low whistle and said:

"Wy, it's a canoe wid a lone Injun in it."

For a few moments all were silent. The incoming tide lapped lazily at the yellow sands with a soothing swish. A few seagulls screamed overhead as if to remind the miners—for such they were—that they had not yet had their breakfast of the leavings on the camp table. Ever since "the boys," as they called themselves, had camped in this little cove where they had come at the breaking

up of winter, to wash the black, golden laden sands of the ocean beach, the gulls had been daily visitors, and could sometimes be coaxed to eat out of their hands.

At last the canoe shot over the surf and grounded on the beach, and the tall, dark, almost black, form of a stalwart brave stepped ashore. The small, piercing black eyes took in the forms of the three men before him, then, seemingly pleased with their looks, he said:

"Klahowya, six."

But he could not be induced to say more. They brought some food and set before him, and he grinned his thanks and ate, then pulling his canoe well up out of the reach of high tide, he squatted in a warm hollow in the sand, drew forth his pipe, prepared it, got up and took a coal from the fire and put into the bowl, and then went back to the hollow and sat down again, appearing to forget entirely his hosts of a few minutes before.

"From the reservation up there, I'll bet," said Jim, "some one will be around hunting for him before long, I wouldn't wonder."

"I won't have ter tramp ter that 'ere cape for ther bar Jim seed yester—this feller is bar enough—scarc'ly a scratch but 'is quills on 'is 'ead."

"Ah-h, Gil, yer don't know nothin' an' always will," and Lint kicked out viciously at the stooping figure before him who was cleaning away the cooking utensils, and would have been hastened with his work, had Gil not seen the approaching toe, and run out of its reach on all fours.

"Look out, Gil, or you will be taken for a bar," laughed Jim, but Gil said nothing, only shouldered his gun, picked up the trail that led over the hill, passed up and was soon out of sight. The two brothers, with a last look at the silent figure, strode down the beach, around the point and disappeared also.

1—Good morning.

Long the motionless figure of the swarthy warrior sat thus. The tide reached its highest, then turned and started to run out. The sun climbed the heavens and started its descent to its bed in the west. The water-fowl spored and splashed in the surf, while the birds sang for gladness in the trees on the hills above him.

Not a cloud darkened the sky and all nature was at perfect rest.

At last he arose, as from a dream. He went down to the canoe and took therefrom a gaily colored blanket, which he threw about his bare shoulders, fastened the strings of his moccasins tighter, then wrapping the blanket tightly about his naked brown body, he, too, passed down the beach and around the point seaward.

But he soon came to a halt, and long he looked up the side of a high bank to where a thrifty fir tree was growing.

"Ugh!" he said. It was the same little tree—grown larger—that his mother, Miski, had requested his father, Jumping Elk, to get her a twig of—had she not told "their son, Joe," all?

As he passed around a bold headland he came in view of the vast ocean and there ahead of him was the arch he had heard of.

"Could it be the same one?"

Yes, for the water was splashing over the toe that projected far out. No rocks around could be seen. Sand, smooth, shining sand, only in one place was it broken, and that was where the rotting timbers—like skeleton bones—of a ship that had been wrecked, stuck up a few feet out of them.

But the arch!

Once it was wide enough only to squeeze a pony through, and that with difficulty, now many ponies with warriors on their backs could gallop through with ease. He walked through, then turned and looked back at it,

and when he was apparently satisfied he said "Ugh!" and went on.

His keen eyes took in the bold wooded bluff, the murmuring surf, the broad sandy beach, and the black ducks as they gracefully rode the foam-crested breakers—nothing escaped his eyes. He came at last to a narrow ravine reaching far up through the bluffs, which were very high on either side, and were crowned with stately trees that nearly met overhead forming a canopy over the fern clad sides, and the mossy bed through which a babbling brook ran chattering, and singing as it made its way to the beach before it mingled its pure fresh waters with the briny waters of the Pacific Ocean.

A narrow, well beaten trail led up from the beach, winding along by the side of the creek, until lost to view in the dense shrubbery. It was a beautiful spot and he reluctantly turned away with the "Ugh!" of recognition and proceeded still northward.

Higher and more perpendicular were the tree crowned cliffs. He rounded a sharp point, then saw before him a promontory which appeared shrub-covered, but the trees stood well back, following the shore line.

"Yes, that was the place." He stopped perfectly still and gazed at the object of his search.

Boldly it stood. Its sharp outline cutting the hazy distance. The outlines of two mountains could be seen stretching seawards. The water, although at low tide, was splashing around a toe-like point of rock that projected out from its base, and low down on a level with the beach and back somewhat from the toe, could be seen a dark dent. "Was that the cavern where Jumping Elk had nursed Miski through the long night many, many years ago?"

Eagerly he started forward on a little trot, glancing up occasionally at the bluffs at his right, or at the rippling surf on his left. Once he halted long enough to

gaze into a low cavern, which the storms of winter were starting to carve out of the solid rock, then on again, just a little further and he was at his journey's end.

The spot he thought a cave proved to be only a dent in the bluff. The cave must be on the other side. "But how to get there?" He could not get around for the splashing waters on the toe of the rocky point—he must climb up and over.

It was then he saw how impossible it was for Joseph to make his escape, for there was not a foothold in the sheer rock that formed the little cape, and he had to go well to the mainland 'ere he could—by hard work—reach the high shore above.

Drawing his blanket well about him he stepped out along a narrow path that led to the very point.

"How very beautiful it was."

The sun was swinging low in the western sky by this time, and the path he tread was overhung with the salal and huckleberry bushes, whose tiny white blooms scented the evening air.

"Was this where his mother stood long years ago?"

He doubted not, for on the very brink the sands were being gouged where the top sods had broken away and exposed them to the elements.

Far to the right—over the bay—he saw the curve of the hills, his mother's childhood home. Shading his eyes he could see a smoke there and a few tepees. There was an encampment there now—maybe his mother's people. His eyes followed the ridge of hills that formed the bay, the "Lovers' Lookout," pointing gracefully upward, but he could not see the "Siwash Rock" although he could plainly see the "Crouching Dog that helps guard the birds that embody the souls of babes."

His eye ran along the horizon southward. The green waters cut sharp against the blue of the sky, with here and there a fleecy white cloud floating upward.

The sun was very near the line of green now, and as the silent figure stood motionless, gazing out over the wide expanse of waters a flock of sea birds flew across the rays of the sun—northward—to their home roost in the rocks around the distant cape.

As the sun's limb touched the waters, the Indian flung back his blanket, which fell unheeded to the ground, unfastened the broad belt about his waist and took therefrom a small black bundle that was rolled up tight and tied with a strip of hide. He raised it far above his head, and throwing his arm around in a circle, then out from his body, he flung the black wad into the boiling surf.

"It was Joseph's moccasin."

As it sank from view over the edge of the cliff, it disturbed two white seagulls that were resting on the rocks below. Rising gracefully they circled above the head of the warrior, then, closely following each other, they sailed off over the shining waters, and were lost to view in a brilliant glory—just as the sun went down.



CHAPTER XXX.



LONG through the twilight did the lone figure stand on the edge of the bluff, his eyes riveted on the red glow that the sun had left on the sky and water. The night winds fanned his naked body and played with the long plumes in his hair. His blanket and belt lay unheeded at his feet. At last he appeared to recall himself, and bending down picked up a handful of sand and reverently sprinkled it on his head, for he knew—had not his mother told him—that she had passed to the "Spirit Land" through the sun which is as its door,

and had not the soul of him she had loved so well, gone with her to those happy shores?

No fog banks came over the waters this evening, as it did that other night so long ago, but in the deep blue heavens, and far to the south the thin half-circle of a new moon hung low; the stars came out in groups and gazed with twinkling eyes upon the solitary watcher of this peaceful scene.

But he must find a place to lay him down.

Where better than the selfsame cavern that had sheltered his father and mother. So keeping along the edge of the bluff to the north, he searched in vain for the path, and the tree that had assisted his father to descend, for it had long since fallen a prey to the winter storms.

After some difficulty, in the semi-darkness, he gained the beach. There, too, he met with disappointment, for where the cave had been was a yawning chasm. A pile of rocks to the north showed all that was left of the outer wall.

The curse that Miski had put upon the rocky point was slowly being worked out by nature.

“Where did you find it?”

It was Jim Star who addressed the “Green Huntsman,” as they sometimes dubbed Gilbert Quiva, for he always wore a green flannel shirt, and was forever hunting for game.

“I say, where did you get it?” he repeated as Gil, with the Indian at his heels, came up to where the Star brothers were busy washing the black sand on the ocean beach (near where Arcadia now is.)

“Didn’t git nothin’, he got me. I was a comin’ roun’ that ’ere point,” and he jerked his thumb over his shoulder to indicate where, “and over the rocks, thot I heerd sumthin’ and looked aroun’, thar he were—guess

he dropped down from the sky. I talked at him a bit, but all he says was 'How.' Then I says my talk all over agin, and agin he'd say "How"; last I gin 'er up; yer can try it ef yer wants to."

Then Jim stepped to the side of the old chief—who stood looking from one to the other during Gil's harangue—and speaking plainly, said:

"Where-were-you-all-night?"

The old chief looked up and smiled as he said "How."

Gil dropped to the sand and started rolling over and over, while Lint put his hands on his sides and nearly bent double with laughter, even Jim, with his sedateness, had to turn his back to the brave for a minute.

It was some time—with their meagre knowledge of the Indian language—before they could make him understand that they wanted to know where he had spent the night. Then he pointed to the rocky headland and said:

"So-pe-na; Joe, so-pe-na," and he acted the word by springing far out.

"That means jump, I think," said Jim.

"But who is Joe, and where did he jump?"

But question as they might, they could only make out that some fellow by the name of "Joe" had jumped off there some time, and the old warrior, disgusted at last at their ignorance of his language, drew his blanket around him tightly, said "How," and walked majestically away.

"There, that word 'How,' is some kind of a salutation, I think," said Jim. "He has been trying to pass the time of day with us, or something to that effect. If we stop here long we'll have to get in and learn some of their language."

"Well, if I has any say in the matter, we'll stay some time," said Gil, "I was jist a noticin' as I kum along this mornin', away up thar above the place where 'Joe jumped

1—"Jump off, Joe, jump off."

off—not that fust creek, but the leetle one further up—the sand looks to me to be heaps richer’n this ’ere.”

“Yer was a lookin’ fer gold in the place of game? Ye’ve fergot that we promised to let yer off if yer got some meat in the place of that ’ere eternal fish. What did yer bag?” and Lint walked around him as though to see if anything was on his back.

“Wall, it’s like this,” said Gil, “when I got up thar where Jim said he seed that ’ere bar yester,” and he winked at Lint, “I seed a commotion in the Enjin camp, and a goin’ over, thar was that ’ere Father wat-yer-call’im?”

Father Crockett,” corrected Jim.

“Father Crack-et,” continued Gil, “and he war a preachin’ and makin’ ’is hands go, and the Enjins was a cryin’ and a bollin’ and it teched me ’art, and I hadn’t the face to spill blood.”

“Yer a tempen me ter spill it, though,” and Lint made a dive at him with a shovel, as Gil drew his sleeve across his eyes.

“Yes,” said Jim, as though he had been asked the question, “Father Crockett makes the trip once a year, I guess he is a Spaniard—a Jesuit priest—and he takes the Indian coast trail—makes his home on the Columbia river, I think. Not a bad kind of an old chap—mighty good to the Indian. I’ve heard how some of them were too lazy to bury their own dead, and he comes along, makes a coffin and digs the grave himself. I do really believe he is touching their hearts, though.”

“’Arts,” said Gil, “’ave they ’arts?”

“Ef yer ad one alf as big as the avrage Enjin yer would take that ’ere shovel away from me and pitch sand a bit,” said Lint as he raised the shovel full of sparkling black sand and threw it into the sluice.

“How much did we make yester?” enquired Gil.

“We? And not a shovel full did yer lift; it’s me and

Jim is doin' all the work, and yer supposed to feed us."

"Why, I guess we panned about five dollars," said Jim, ignoring his brother's remarks. "If we could get it all—but so fine are the particles, and so light, much of it floats off with the water we wash it with.

During this conversation "Klamath Joe" walked around the beach to the bay side, took off his blanket and belt, and tossed them into the bottom of the canoe, shoved it out into the water, stepped lightly aboard as it shot forward, took up the paddle, and, as the three miners rounded the headland and came into camp they saw a speck, as it were, disappear from view behind a tree-covered point far up the bay of Yaquina.



CHAPTER XXXI.

— 1858 —



GEORGE Meggenson—farmer of the lower farm at the Siletz reservation—was busy.

He had made a little clearing in an elbow of the beautiful "dream river." With the logs thus obtained he had formed and built a little cabin, which he had roofed over with troughs. The boards of the floor he had hewn from the large trees. Cut out squares of the logs—that formed the walls—served for windows, which, when he wished them closed, simply slipped the logs back in place.

At one side he had built a stick chimney, chinking the cracks and lining the structure with the clay and gravel from the bottom of the river.

Then he proceeded to make the furniture.

For a table he had hewn a plank from a huge fir

tree, and the legs he had procured from the small, but strong, smooth barked alder trees.

Blocks of wood neatly trimmed served for chairs.

For a bed, he made a platform on one side of the room by boring holes into the logs and inserting alder stakes on which he piled the boughs of the spruce and the hemlock.

Then he stood to one side and surveyed his work.

"Yes, it would do for now, bye and bye there would be better—much better."

Many days he had been working, and the soldiers strayed down from the blockhouse by twos, and threes, and watched him, and jollied him, and asked him to tell who the maiden was. But he only puffed harder at his pipe, and worked harder at his hewing.

No wall was complete—all done—even to the pegs over the low door that held his gun.

In the twilight of an Autumn evening of the year 1858, after the work in the fields of the reserve was done, and he had eaten his supper in the mess-house, he took the trail that led down to the river, crossed that babbling stream on a footlog, passed along its banks until he came to a small settlement. Many wigwams and a few huts were scattered in a circular form around a clearing, in the center of which—as of old—a camp fire was burning.

As the twilight deepened, the one-time warriors squatted around, smoking their pipes which were filled with "kinnikinick"—mostly—while the squaws gathered in bunches, talking in their native tongue. The children, youths and maidens danced, played, and laughed in the fire light.

There was one maiden whose every move was watched by George. Her glossy black hair—neatly braided—hung far down her back, her bright eyes reflected the firelight as she passed to and fro, and her brown cheeks would grow crimson when she happened to look in his

direction and find his gaze fired on her.

At last she took a basket and started toward the river. As she passed by a foot path down its banks, he arose from his seat and followed her, and when she lifted the basket of water from the river, he took it from her and sat it down on the beach, then turning, took her little brown hand in his and led her to a fallen log which was lying partly out of the water, and together they sat down.

Long they remained silent, watching the moonbeams and the sparkling waters as they danced together over the riffles.

At last he spoke, talking in her own soft language: "Won't you come with me tonight, Matilda?" The house is all done now, it wants just you, and then I will have a home. Won't you come?"

His hand stole around her shoulders and toyed with the black braids of hair that rested there, then his arm slowly dropped down to her waist and he drew her close to him as he pleaded:

¹"Chah-co."

She raised her head at last and long they gazed into each other's eyes, then, bending his handsome head, he kissed the full red lips.

When he made known his intentions to the throng about the camp fire, they pressed upon the young couple many articles that would be of use to them in their new home, and loaded with their gifts of baskets, skins and robes, they took the trail by which George had come, along the bank, crossed the log over the river and entered the new made cabin.

"George Megginson was a squaw-man."

But in after years when a minister of the gospel visited the shores of the fair Yaquina they took the vows that made them one in the sight of man, and their three beautiful children legal heirs to his vast wealth.

¹—Come.

Thus this little maiden, born far down on the river "Coquelle," and to which tribe she belonged, became the honored wife of one of the builders of Newport, and is living to this day, loved by all who know her.

But all was not so peaceful throughout the reservation as this little incident just referred to. Ben Simpson was very busy trying to keep peace—somehow the word reached Fort Hoskins in the Willamette Valley, thence passed on the McLaughlin at Fort Vancouver, Washington, that the reserve was in need of soldiers as they feared an uprising among the Indians—and quickly a messenger was sent to Auberg, California, to send troops to quell the savages.

— 1861 —

"Generally speaking—"

"Yez, you iz."

"What?"

"Generally speakings."

A large boot-jack that was lying harmlessly on the floor, suddenly flew through the air and landed with a "smack" on the side of Selestia Jaquen's leg, which he had thrown over the side of an upturned barrel. The impact sent that young gentleman sprawling on all fours to the floor, and the barrel, which had served as a table and contained two bottles in which tallow candles had been stuck, thus thrown on its side rolled off to another part of the large room. The candles were extinguished, leaving this part of the room in darkness.

"Ah, come now," said Tom Espy, "how yer specs I'm goin' to thread this 'ere needle; wats the matter with yer, anyhow, Selest?"

"Nozzing, nozzing, only zat 'Ben-zeal' you call 'Rial,' he zay zome-zing all ze time," answered the young Frenchman.

"You look out there, I hear a chair moving, you may get something worse than the first," came a voice from out the darkness.

"Some one strike a light."

Who's got a match?"

"Good for you, Sam," as young Case held a lighted match aloft, that came from the usual striking place—the seat of his breeches.

"Get a candle, quick, there, Si, is one at your feet; good job the bottles did not break."

"Yes, we are mighty short of beer bottles around here," answered Josiah Copeland.

The wick having been smashed into the soft tallow as it fell, the candle could not be lighted by Sam, who said:

"I've only two hands; here, you pinch this," and he held the candle toward young Bensell.

"You think I'm going to soil my pretty fingers?" and Royal leisurely fished for a couple of nails in his pockets.

"You don't give a d—n for my fingers, this blaze is getting mighty close to them," said Sam, "and to think you were the cause of it all."

The barrel rescued and the lighted candles placed upon it—sending their feeble glow over that part of the room—revealed a bunch of young soldiers. It was early evening in the latter part of October and the double doors of the outside entrance of the barracks were closed, for at Auburn, Placer county, California, the fall nights are none too warm.

The big, shed-like building that house the soldiers, was divided into two parts, one half reserved for the married men and their families, while the other half was filled with young recruits. There was much speculating among them as to when they would "go East," as they expressed it, and fight the "niggers" and much boasting

of what they would do when they "got there."

This evening, as usual, there was much talking about the East by the different groups as they huddled about the flickering candles, sewing on buttons, mending clothing, or putting patches on shoes.

"What was you going to say awhile ago, Royal?" said Will Hammond, as he held a needle toward the light endeavoring to put a large thread through a small eye.

"Oh, I was just remarking about my going to Volcano, down in Amador county, to enlist the 10th of September so I would get a chance to go East and—"

But he was destined never to finish that sentence, for a sudden hush fell upon the roomfull of youths as the sound of running feet was heard on the graveled walk outside. The door burst open and John Howar, a young recruit, bare headed and coatless, dashed in, closed the door behind him, and stood with his back against it, breathless.

Every face was turned toward him as he panted:

"Oh, boys, we're going to go, right away, quick!"

"Where?" burst from a dozen throats.

"Don't know; 'spect East. I was coming along—I saw the Captain reading a letter—and I heard him tell—the Lieutenant—to come and tell us boys—to pack and get ready—to march at daybreak tomorrow."

Dead silence fell upon all the room.

Through the thin partition came the sound of a creaky rocking chair, as a young mother sang in a low, sweet voice to the child she was hushing to sleep:

"Flow gently, sweet Afton,
Amid they green braes,
Flow gently I'll sing thee
A song in thy praise."

Just then the slow military tramp-tramp was heard coming up the walk, and soon they had the official order to pack knapsacks and be ready to march on the morrow.

As the gray dawn was breaking, the bugle called them from their slumbers to dress, and grabbing a few mouthfulls of food, they assembled on the parade grounds—800 strong—consisting of part of the 2nd and 4th volunteer regiments. With a mighty “Hip-hip-hurrah” they started on their march to the coast.

It was a long hot walk to Folsom, but here they were loaded on flat cars—running on the first railroad that was built in the West. It had been constructed for the removal of stone from a quarry, which was worked by convicts, and although it was a little better than marching in the hot sun, it was very difficult to remain upon the moving flats with no protecting sides. Not until the following day, however, were they allowed sufficient time to eat, and if they had not all been husky young chaps, they could not have endured the long march and fast, and must surely have fallen by the way.

In the pretty bay of San Francisco the steamer “Cortax” lay tugging at her moorings. They boarded her, but it was not until they had sailed through the “Golden Gate” and the nose of the old boat was headed north, that they were told their destination.

“Boys, oh, boys!”

It was Will Dunn who somehow found it out first. He almost staggered as he walked to a bunk in the soldiers’ quarters and dropped, rather than sat, down upon it.

“Well, spit it out, spit it out,” urged the bystanders.

“What now?”

“Well, where do you suppose we are going; where do you suppose this old tub is heading us for?”

Many were the guesses, but to all of them he shook his head.

“Then tell us!” commanded young Earhart.

“Well, we are going to Oregon, to shoot Injuns!”

“W-h-a-t?”

“Do you like to hear it, that you want it repeated?”

he asked with a sickly grin.

A large number of them had come West during the great gold rush, but the fever having abated, and the longing for home taken its place, they had volunteered to fight in the great struggle then going on in the far East, thinking to get a free passage to their beloved home and friends.

Now to think they were going to the wilds of Oregon!

But they were helpless, and, getting more so every minute, now that they were well out on the billowy ocean, and as the days passed by more, and yet more were stricken with what Selestia Jaquen said was the "zee-zic-e-nez."

Oh, the misery of it all.

Selest, who had boasted that he had crossed an ocean once when he had come from "Franzie," was found lying in a heap on the deck, and begged to be let alone "until I'ze deed." This was "de-fer-an, so de-fer-an" from anything he had gone through before.

He was not alone—oh, no—for nearly

"All were leaning o'er the rail
With their faces deathly pale,
Were they looking for a whale?

Not at all, not at all!

They, the son of every mother,
Doing the same as many another,
'Casting bread upon the water,'

That was all, that was all."

Five long days the old "Cortax" labored through the waters with her load of human freight of home-sick boys. The ocean was very calm, scarcely a white-cap, but few had enjoyed the voyage, and glad indeed they were to "feel their feet" under them again, when they landed at the mouth of the Willamette river, a few miles west of Fort Vancouver, Washington.

A march up the north shore of the Columbia river—over a corduroy road to the fort, where the second division was sent to release the regulars in Washington. The 4th was ordered to Fort Yamhill, where it was again divided, half going on to Fort Hoskins, a little further to the south.

But not long did they remain here.

It was feared that Ben Simpson (head agent at the Siletz) had need of them, and as the fall was far advanced, it was deemed advisable they should cross the mountains before the rains of winter set in.

They were a little too late. Already the ground was saturated with water, and up through the dense forest of the foothills on the eastern slope of the Coast Range, the marching was very difficult. On reaching the summit they were halted and the order given. They knew not how bad the Indian troubles really were; already they might have broken through, the woods on the hills and the mountains, might be full of the lurking blood-thirsty rascals.

It behooves them to go silently. No noise whatever was to be made. If talk they must, it must be in whispers.

They started on single file, down the narrow trail that so many had passed over. The rain came drizzling down through the tree tops, and as they descended the western slopes came heavy enough to wet their clothing through.

“Now, boys.” said the Captain in a hoarse whisper, “we are getting pretty near the danger zone—be cautious—keep your eyes and ears open, and not a word.

“You had better put that dog down, Brown, he is as fit to walk as you are to carry him.”

The little beast—the mascot of the regiment—thus released, took the trail ahead of the soldiers, but it appeared to know that it must not bark. All went well. They were nearing Rock Creek, and the canon was

crossed by a broad log, whose bark was rendered slippery by the rains. As usual the dog darted forward—all was silent save the muffled tread of the soldiers.

Scarcely had the little beast reached the middle of the log, when he slipped and fell with a splash into the raging torrent below.

“Gist look at that 'ere dog!” came the voice of Huntsucker in sharp, shrill tones, that echoed and re-echoed through the canon.

The spell was broken. If there had been a redskin within a mile, he surely would have heard, and now the whole regiment broke out into laughter. The dog was rescued and they proceeded on their way less cautious.

When they arrived at the “Agency” and had climbed the hill to the blockhouse, they were given a hearty welcome by Simpson, who, hearing of their coming, had provided a steaming hot supper, which soon put the poor, wet, bedraggled marchers in good spirits again, and the long hard tramp was soon forgotten.

“And you say the difficulty is settled; how did you manage it?” asked the Captain as they gathered around the blazing fire in the blockhouse.

“Well, it's like this;” answered Simpson, “the Indian has a great deal of Irish blood in him. He will fight. They had no arms to speak of; only a few old pieces they had stolen here and there, so they kept harrowing us here—tried to massacre us once—you heard about that? So I got to thinking.

“You know the ‘mountain’ Indians and the ‘salt chucks,’ or coast Indians hate each other. The idea came to me and I fully armed both sides. The difficulty was settled. Now when they want to fight they go at each other. They never think to turn their weapons on us, they only think to exterminate each other.”

“But who is that old fellow there? He has sat there, hunched upon his toes ever since we came. I thought you

did not allow any Indians inside here?"

"That," said Simpson, as he smilingly looked at the old warrior, "is 'Klamath Joe;' we have to have him here for his life is in danger outside. He is the one that informed on old Chief John, when he planned to murder us all, and so the government has taken charge of him and will protect, clothe and feed him the rest of his life."

"Clothe him? I should say! What is he doing with a linen duster on at this time of the year? Is that all the government can afford him this kind of weather?"

"Just wait. If you are here next summer when it gets hot—and it does get warm in this valley—you will see him strut around with a heavy winter overcoat and a fur cap."

"Why?"

"Don't know; just his way of thinking, bless his poor old heathen heart." And Simpson took a plug of tobacco from his pocket, walked over and gave it to old Joe, who said:

"Mes-see."



CHAPTER XXXII.

— 1861 —



THE year 1861 was slowly dying.

A few more hours only remained.

On a cot in the corner of a little white-washed room in the fort on the Grand Rond, in Yamhill county, Oregon, Father Crockett lay dying.

Only a few more hours and his useful life would be ended. The trails and the tribes he knew so well, would know him no more. The watchers moved silently about the room; one gray robed figure sat by the cot and slowly fanned the fevered brow. Now and then she

¹—Thanks.

would place a finger—lightly—on the fluttering pulse, then brush away a tear.

Bye and bye the door opened and a doctor entered, crossed to the side of the cot, looked at the patient for a few moments, placed his ear on the sufferer's heart, then straightening up shook his head, turned slowly to the little stand, picked up the bottles and boxes thereon, and put them in his satchel, then opened the door, passed through and softly closed it after him.

In the passage he met another gray-clad nurse.

"They were not worth it," he said.

"Then there is no hope?"

He shook his head. "Don't know which will go out first, his life or the old year. He would have lived for many years yet—he is only 65—but he thought he had to give that old Indian a decent burial. The cold, wet tramp over to the Yaquina was too much, and now—"

He turned away and passed out into the night.

The nurse entered the room and stood by the side of the cot for a few minutes, then kneeling by the bedside folded her hands in silent prayer.

Hours passed.

Outside the rain had ceased, the clouds disappeared and the stars came out, glittering like diamonds in the velvety blackness above.

Inside the watchers watched. They saw the eyes of the dying priest slowly open. He saw first the watcher by the bed, then he looked to the kneeling figure by the side, his lips moved and his voice—low and soft—reached their ears:

"Pray not for me, sisters, pray that the Lord of heaven will send them some one in my stead; pray that the poor Indian—"

But his voice trailed off and grew silent, just as the bell in the fort tower rang out its welcome to the New Year.

They folded his hands on his breast and as they stood looking down at the calm, saintly face, one repeated: "Inasmuch as ye did it onto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me'."



CHAPTER XXXIII.

— 1862 —



THE Indians had been pretty quiet since the arrival of so many new soldiers on the reserve the previous winter. No doubt, the removal of "Chief John" had considerable to do with it, but his brothers and sisters still remained, and always there were quarrels brewing, and little uprisings to suell. They had all — more or less — inherited their parents' vindictive and cruel dispositions, and although Oneatta (Shell Head) and Andeal (the wasp) had passed away in person, their spirits still lived in the hearts of their offspring, and often—when gazing on the cruel face of old Jennie—a feeling of loathing would make one shudder, as they thought of her feasting on the heart of the one man, who was the Indians' best friend—Benjamin Wright.

Great were the exploits of the boys, set down, as it were, in this (almost) wilderness.

Over hill and dale, through forests, and up and down rivers, even to the very brink of the ocean they wandered. But no place was quite so fascinating to them as the beautiful bay of Yaquina.

Indian wigwams dotted its shores, against which the waves lapped lazily, and many canoes skimmed over its black waters. Its name, "Aquinna," had come down through the ages, for the high wooded hills about it, cast a dark shadow over waters which it times looked almost black. But the first white men—missing the soft Indian



MISS AUGUSTA SMITH, of Siletz, Oregon
A descendent of "Chee Chee," the Umpqua maiden.

accent—had called it “Yaquina.”

The fishing was great sport, the clams were so plentiful, but it remained for J. J. Winant to make the wonderful discovery in

— 1863 —

of oysters—great, big, fat, juicy oysters. True, Captain Collins had discovered them when he and his shipwrecked crew had been marooned on this—then desolate—shore in 1852, 11 years before.

But it remained for a company in San Francisco to develop the industry.

Shortly after young Winant formed a company on the bay—who leased it from the San Francisco company—and started the little berg called “Oysterville,” from which place in

— 1864 —

the schooner, “Anna Doile,” made her first trip loaded with this delicious sea food.

Many were coming to the bay now, both by boat and the overland trail. People were squatting here and there, disregarding the fact that this was an “Indian reservation” and that everything thereon belonged to the Indians; the land, the timber on the land, the fishes in the rivers—even the gold on the beaches—had the government given them in exchange for their lands they had been forced to give up to the whites. So it was the soldiers’ duty many times to gather up these white squatters, and drive them from the Indians’ property.

True, the Indians did not, and could not inhabit, nor could they cultivate all the land reserved for them and turn it to good advantage, so, when people from afar began to encroach on the Indians’ rights the government took things in hand, and purposed throwing the reservation open to settlers, reserving the valley of the beautiful Siletz for the redman’s home alone.

But while the bill was being passed in the House,

men still mined the black sands for gold; men still shipped out oysters; men, and then a few women, wandered over the long, narrow trail seeking for pleasure, excitement, or adventure, on the shores of this beautiful gem of the West.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

— 1865 —



OWN the winding, ever-widening, river of Yaquina, between hills of living green, a whaleboat was gliding, filled with a bevy of chattering, laughing maidens.

It was early morning in the month of May, 1865.

“Oh, isn’t this the most delightful ever?”

“I believe this beats the Columbia river.”

“Oh, bosh! You are only talking.”

“Well, I have lots of company, besides I—”

“Say, girls, aren’t you glad you came? Now, just look there, and there, and there,” and the handsome young creature pointed her finger in as many directions at once, “I tell you, you can’t beat this any place.”

“Oh, Mary, you are always so enthusiastic over everything.”

“Who wouldn’t be enthused over this? You think your old Columbia is the only place one must admire. What’s that delicious smell?” and the speaker, a tall, slender girl of some 17 summers, raised her stately head and inhaled full, deep, breaths of the fragrant air.

"That's the salt water you smell, Mam."

"We are near the ocean, then?"

"Yes'm, just around that point there."

"This water salt?"

"Yes'm."

Silence for a few moments as the long slender whale-boat shot through the dark waters around the high wooded bluff, and then—

"Oh!"

"Oh!"

"Oh!" From the different members of the party as the bay opened in a beautiful sweeping curve, then—

"What's that over there?"

"That's the bar, Ma'am; that's the ocean you see beyond."

"Oh, how glorious."

"May Sturtevant, there you go again."

All laughed, but their attention was drawn to a graceful tree that was clinging to the side of the high shore they were approaching so rapidly.

"Such a rich dark green against the grass covered banks—oh!"

"Mary is seeing as much beauty in that old tree as she did in those 'beautiful burnt stubs' that cover those bald old mountains around Pioneer as we came through," remarked one.

All laughed at the one thus spoken of, but she only tossed her head. Soon their attention was called from the scenery to the boat landing, as the craft pulled up to the shore.

Almost the identical spot where the fire-chased youths and maidens took to the water long years ago, when they were forced to cross the bay on a fallen tree, and the very place where Captain Collins erected huts for his shipwrecked crew—the spot where Miski embarked on the first stage of her journey to her new home

—and where but six years before “Joe Tyee” had grounded his canoe when—at his mother’s request—he had visited the place where “Joe Jumped Off.”

“Such a wharf!”

“Isn’t it beautiful, Mary?”

“Yes it is; such a huge log, how did it get here?”

But her question remained unanswered, for the long-suffering captain was busy with the landing of his passengers and cargo. With laughter the passengers ran along the log to the soft, sandy beach.

“Now, where will we go?” as the captain joined them.

“You want to see the ocean?”

“That’s what we came for.”

“Now, see here, ladies, I’m going to be here nearly all day. I do advise you to have one of my men to go along with you, and see that you don’t get lost. Here, you, Gil? Gil Quiva?” raising his voice and shouting to a stalwart youth who was sauntering in the opposite direction, and as the said youth joined them, “You don’t have any objections to showing these young ladies around? They want to see the sights, and you have been here some time, and know.”

“Yah, sure”—to the captain. “It’s the ocean you’ll be wanting to see fust,” and Gil turned to the four waiting girls.

“Let’s come up this ’ere way and go along the bluff—git the best view,” and he led them toward the high shore, then, turning to his left climbed the steep hill by a narrow trail. The girls followed close behind—panting for breath as they reached the top.

“Oh, let’s sit down here and puff,” and Mary dropped to a grassy knoll. “Why, I do believe that’s the top of the little tree I saw from the boat. Say, Mr. Man, can’t you get me a sprig of that tree?”

"Sure, Mum," and he disappeared over the edge of the bluff.

Isn't this glorious?" said Mary.

"So you have remarked before."

"Here is yer tree, Mum," and Quiva handed her the little end of a branch.

"The dear little tree."

"That tree is bigger around 'en my wait, Mum."

"Do tell!" and she tucked the spray in her bodice—a spray from the very same tree that Miski had requested Jumping Elk to get for her.

"Yes, sir: Right here is where I'm going to stay and live—if I live to be fifty."

"Won't she be ancient, though?"

"Yer don't mean right here, Mum; why, this is an Injun buryin' ground!"

"How interesting!"

"Let's see it."

"Such a place to want to live!"

"On these shores somewhere," persisted Mary, "is where I'll live, and where I'll die, and—"

"Be buried, right in this cemetery," finished one of the girls.

"Come, let's read some of the epitaphs," said another, and leading the way up the sloping hill top.

"What's this?"

The speaker bent low and dug among the shrubs and grass, and brought to light a bit of broken crockery.

"That 'ere is a grave," said their guide.

"The one that lies sleeping there, was chief cook to her Majesty, Queen Victoria, or more likely, George Washington."

"Where do you get all that?"

"That's the epitaph as I read it. Look at the broken dishes. He must have been a cook."

"I guess the young lady be right, Miss," laughed the

guide. "It's the Injun's way of burying. When one dies they bury all 'is belongings with 'im. They fill the grave full as they can, then break up and destroy all the rest of his property an' put it on top."

"Why?"

"What for?"

"Oh, so he will have it when he gets to the 'Appy Unting Ground.' Ef he has any ponies they kill 'em on the grave, too, then he can 'ave 'em to chase the deer, and do 'is other 'unting with."

"Ugh!" with a shudder, "let's get out of this."

They proceeded along the very edge of the bluff, admiring as they went, the water far below over which the seagulls were flying, the shore beyond on the south beach, and the high wooded hills far to the south, then, as they neared the entrance to the bay and looked down on the boiling surf they spied the projecting point. They begged to go there, although their guide told them it was dangerous.

"When I fust knowed that ere point, it reached away out to the toe of that 'ere rock down thar," and he pointed to where the white foam-crested breakers leaped over and around a low, flat rock.

"Quite good sized trees grew right where we now stand, but the wind an' the waves are fast eatin' the soil away. It won't be long afore the entrance to the bay will be much wider."

"Let's go down to the beach," said one, as she leaned far over the edge and looked down on the sands, that were being washed by the ocean waves.

"There ain't no trail that I knows of"—they retraced their steps—"but 'ere, ef yer don't object ter slidin'."

They had come to the mainland, where the cliff had broken away and had formed a steep incline of pure sand that reached to the beach, some 80 or 100 feet be-

low. Down this the girls started—sliding—tumbling—impossible to stop—once started—and at last brought up on the beach where a halt was called until all had shaken the sand from their dresses, and shoes.

“There, now; guess we are ready to go some more,” and Mary jumped to her feet, and looked in all directions.

“Oh, see there, girls,” and she ran toward the point from which she had just descended. On turning they beheld the arch—the same one that Miski’s wedding party had such difficulty in forcing their way through—the same one that the shipwrecked crew had taken refuge in, and the same one that years later Klamath Joe had admired so much.

“Let’s go through and see what is on the other side,” and away they all scampered, climbing over the loose sand that partly filled it.

“When I fust saw this,” said their guide, “it was much smaller, but every winter it is made larger by the heavy storms; it gits awfully rough here.”

They turned their faces northward and sauntered up the beach, admiring the high bluffs to their right, and the splashing surf as it washed the reefs, which their guide told them were full of oysters.

“Rock oysters! Who ever heard of the like?”

“Yes’m, yer have to take a pick and break the rocks ter bits. They say as how there ain’t none no where else but on the coast of Spain.”

“And are they good to eat?”

“Yes’m, very sweet an’ tender.”

“Do tell,” from Mary.

A little farther on up the beach one remarked: “If that bluff was standing out by itself one would take it for an old castle.”

“It may stand out some day, Miss. When I fust saw it it were a smooth, straight bluff, like ’tis all along thar. The north wind has eaten into it so on that side an’ made

it look like an old buildin' sure enough."

On they scampered, chasing the waves as they washed up over the smooth sands, and rounding another point they fired a volley of questions at young Quiva again.

They had sighted the beach "gold mines," and as he had at one time been occupied in that business, he was fully prepared to meet the many questions, and it was not until all the works had been fully explained, and commented upon, and the fine flour-like gold critically examined, could they be induced to move onward.

"What are all these pretty shiny things? They look like little rocks but you can see through them."

"There was a young chap from back East here a spell ago—he called 'em 'agates.' He gathered up a lot an' took 'em with 'im; said he was goin' to make jewellery out of 'em."

They rounded a very sharp rock point and a little further on they came to a small brook flowing over the yellow sandy beach until it was lost in the breakers.

"Oh, here is a river; what its name?" said Mary.

"Don't know that it has any; we just call it the 'creek'."

"Where does it come from?"

"Back up in the canon there."

"Who does this place belong to?"

"Wy, this is a Injun reservation, yer know, but a young feller by the name of 'Nye' has squatted jist up there, a way."

"Then," said Mary, "if this land belongs to Nye, why, this must be Nye's creek, too."

"Don't yer misunderstand me, Ma-am; I said it was an Injun reserve, but wouldn't wonder it'll be thrown open some day, and young Nye may claim it then."

But the name that was given so lightly then to the little stream, forever clung to it, and the adjoining beach.

The girls lifted their skirts and prepared to jump

over the stream, when their guide said: "I guess we hadn't better go any further up or we won't git back to the bay in time for the boat. There's an old Injun trail leads up over them 'ere hills—we'd better take that."

"Too bad; I'd like to see what is around that point ahead."

"Oh, thar is only another point called 'Jump-Off-Joe,' an' yer can't git aroun' that unless the tide is awful low."

"'Jump-Off-Joe,' what a name."

"How did it get that name?"

Briefly young Quiva told his experience with the old warrior—who was Miski's son—and as they wended their way to the shore and entered the narrow canon down which the little creek flowed, they little dreamed of how much importance the place would be in after years.

"Oh, isn't this delightful?"

"Did you ever see such beauty?"

"Isn't this enchanting?" were the remarks as they got higher and higher up. At last the trail took a sharp, upward turn and they found themselves in a little clearing, in the midst of which stood a tiny shack made out of shakes.

"I do declare, if here isn't a residence."

"It's whar young Nye lives."

"Is he young?"

"Is he married?"

"Sure, I don't know, Miss."

"We might enquire, if you want to stay on these shores with Mary."

"Thank you, I don't want to."

"Wall, let's move on ef you young leddies have finished explorin' the young gintleman's diggins," for they had encircled the cabin, peeped into the low window, looked under the overturned pan that served for a wash basin that stood on a block of wood by the side of the

door. One had even gone so far as to pull the latch string, but did not dare to enter—all unmindful of the pair of sharp eyes of the owner watching them from the undergrowth nearby.

The trail across the peninsula led through tall trees, under which the beautiful rhododendrons were blooming profusely. The salal and the huckleberry were loaded with their delicate pink bell-like blooms which—the girls declared—were beautiful enough for bridal flowers.

Another zig-zag up a steep ridge, and they found they had gained the highest point between bay and ocean, and which commanded a most beautiful view of both.

“Look at that point running out in the ocean—see those mountains so green—see the waters dash around and over the rocks—what a glorious view!”

“Don’t you want to live right here, Mary?”

“Yes, I do. This is the land that I will take up, if the reservation is ever thrown open, as Mr. Man, here, seems to think.”

“Well, we may as well go on, then, if you have fully decided,” they laughed.

After viewing a tiny lake covered with water lilies, that nestled among the hills of the up-land, they passed over a ridge, and down a sloping wooded canon to the bay beach, where they found the captain and crew awaiting them. As they walked the log and seated themselves in the boat, the captain enquired if they had enjoyed themselves, and how they liked the scenery.

Profuse, indeed, were the praises of all, and one remarked, “Well, the government is sure of one white woman settler.”

“That so?”

“Yes, it is.”

“And who?”

“Mary Sturtevant, here; she declares she is going to spend the rest of her life here.”

"And be buried up there in that cemetery."

"You goosie! An Indian cemetery indeed—who ever heard of an Indian cemetery?"

"And you are going to stay?" and the captain looked with surprise toward the young lady addressed.

"Yes, sir, that is what I said."

"And mean?"

"Yes, sir; mean! This is the prettiest, most perfect place I ever struck in my life."

"Her long life," remarked one in a low voice.

"Where do you hail from?" from the captain.

"Pennsylvania; I came by the way of Panama, so guess I've see some—yes, sir," and as the oarsmen began to row she waved her hands in a sweep of the receding shore—"Some where on those green hills I'll spend my days. I will never leave these shores."

"Then you will have the honor of being the first white woman to live on the bay of Yaquina."

"Do tell!"

The 15th day of November, 1865, a company of young soldiers stood in the council room of the barracks at Vancouver, Wash. Thirty-three of them had been honorably discharged, and Captain Stewast was solemnly shaking hands with them, thanking them for the service they had rendered their country. "And you, Bensell," he said as he wrung the young man's hand, "appear to have such excellent control of the wild man, that I am going to appoint you head farmer at the Siletz reservation, during the absence of Simpson, who must go East on business."

"I thank you for your re-enlistment, gentlemen," and he turned toward a row of stalwart youths standing at attention, "but I sincerely hope you will have no more Indian troubles."

And they did not, so far as the Siletz Indians were

concerned, for their only troubles were brawls among themselves, which were easily controlled by the handfull of overseers stationed there.



CHAPTER XXXV.

— 1866 —



THE 9th of January was dawning.

All night the wind had blown a gale, and the rain had pelted down in fitful gusts, but now at daybreak, the wind had died away and the rain ceased, the atmosphere was clearing although it was still cloudy.

Here and there in the semi-darkness figures might be seen stealing noiselessly along the many Indian trails on the peninsula that separated the bay of Yaquina from the Pacific Ocean.

Along up the beach to what is known as the "Cape," in fact, a mile to the north of that point, and to the Alsea river to the south, and extending east to the summit of the low Coast Range, the long expected had come at last.

At daylight "Senitor Jas. N. Nesmaith" was to throw the reservation open to settlement.

As daylight increased, the figures before mentioned could plainly be seen, with axes on their shoulders and their arms full of stakes. They were Earhart, Megginson, Briggs, and Copeland, and they were the first to drive the stakes on the claims they had chosen. George

Megginson and Thomas Briggs, who had long been friends, staked their claims together, choosing their allowance of land at the cape, and shortly after erected their joint residence on the same spot that had been occupied for many years by the tribe of "Aquinnas" as a summer camping ground. And the same spring from which Miski and her family drank in the long ago, now supplied water for the thirsty inmates of the Briggs-Megginson home.

Great, though, was the desire of many to take claims along the wagon roads, and the usual trading and selling went on among the settlers.

"T-o-o-o-t."

The long drawn whistle floated on the clear air one bright morning in the middle of April, and a little double-decked side-wheel steamer was seen bobbing on the heavy swells on the bar at the entrance of the bay. Directly she had gotten inside, the onlookers perceived she was in trouble of some sort, for the crew could be seen working hard at the pumps. But she proceeded on up the bay headed for Oysterville, which place she reached the following day.

It was then found she had sprung a plank by hitting some rocks—not known by her pilot—a man by the name of Wood.

It was the "Rover," from Portland. Dr. Kellogg, her captain and owner, with a crew of eight men, were nearly exhausted.

A few days sufficed to restore all, and when repairs had been made to the little craft, she was rechristened "The Pioneer" and immediately put on the run from Newport to the head of tidewater, Elk City. And so it was that this "new-old" boat was the first steamer plying on the bay.

"I never was so thankful in all my life," said Mrs. Davis, as she tucked her skirts about her feet, folded her hands in her lap and watched the remainder of the party embark on the steamer.

"Now, this will take us right to the bay?"

"Yes, Ma'am, right to the bay."

"What brook is this?"

"The Yaquina river, ma'am."

"And what 'city' is this?" Mr. Davis enquired, with a droll twinkle in his eye.

"This is 'Pioneer,' sir," answered Captain Kellogg, looking up at the few 'shake shacks' on the narrow strip of land above the banks of the stream. "Head of navigation, sir," he continued.

"So I see, so I see."

"Had a pleasant trip up the trail?" enquired the captain, and he leaned against the pilot house thoughtfully stroking his long beard, while he watched the crew as they finished piling the wood for the engine on the lower deck.

"Pleasant journey!" echoed one of the lady passengers in a dejected tone as she looked at the captain with a baleful eye. "If you call the stops and waits we had to endure while the men filled big ruts in the wagon track before it would go over, or sawed a tree out of the way and chopped limbs so they would not hit us in the face, and—"

"My, my; not so bad as all that!"

"Bad!" from another passenger. "They knew what they were up against, for when we started out from Philomath I saw them chuck a cross-cut saw, an axe and a shovel under the seat."

"But I thought it was a toll road?"

"So it is," began Mr. Davis.

"Yes, it took toll of me all right, when I had to walk up every hill," finished Mrs. Davis.

"Yes," continued Mr. Davis, "the legislature granted a charter for a 16-foot road to tidewater, but it's not much better than a trail."

"No one appears to be keeping it up."

"I think we did our share toward fixing it."

With a hoarse "t-o-o-t" the boat shoved away from the tiny wharf.

"I'd like to stop here and fish a bit," said one of the party, "you can see the fish right to the bottom."

As they rounded a curve in the river some three miles further on, they came to quite a collection of shacks and a few pretentious houses standing on a broad green shelf, as it were, on the south banks of the river, which here widened out considerable.

"Well, this—is—a city."

"What do you call this town, may I ask?" as the captain steered the steamer toward the landing.

"This, sir, is Elk City," and he brought the boat to a standstill.

"What a funny name for a city!"

"For any place, you mean."

"Plenty of game around here by that name, I suppose?"

"Well, no, sir, I can't say there is."

"Where did it get its name, then?"

"From an Indian legend, I believe," said Captain Kellogg, and having taken on some more passengers he headed for mid-stream.

"Oh, tell us."

"What is this legend?"

"Oh, my! Are there many Indians around?"

The captain smiled and answered, "Not much of a story as I know it; only that a young Klamath brave stayed over here long years ago and took a maiden from the tribe of Aquinnas for his wife. He camped here, I believe, on his way home."

"Well, where does the name come in?"

"Why, his name was 'Jumping Elk,' I am told."

Silence for a time, then:

"Many Indians around here?"

"Yes, quite a lot. There was an old chap died not long ago—he was chief of the bay tribe.

"What was his name?"

"Why, Kate, what made you ask that? Don't you know little girls should be seen and not heard?"

"Well, all the rest of you were asking questions"—half crying.

"Quite right, Miss; why, his name was 'Armaca'—he was about 75 years old, they say."

"That's not old for an Indian."

"Did you ever see a real old Indian, Mister?"

"I never knew their exact age, but I've seen some that might have been 150 years old, by their looks."

"Yes, by their looks. But an Indian ages very fast, once they start to look old—all except their teeth. I've seen them worn off nearly to their gums — but they scarcely ever lose them as we whites do."

"Tickets, please."

It was the purser who interrupted, and when Mr. Davis, who carried the tickets of the entire bunch, delivered them, the pursuer saw none for the tall young girl that was standing close beside the captain and he mentioned the fact.

"Why, she is only a child," declared Mr. Davis, her father.

"Tell him to count your teeth," said the captain, and the purser, grinning, went below deck.

Remember, Miss Kate, they call you, don't they? in the future when any one asks your age, just you open your mouth and tell them to count your teeth."

"How do you get grub in here, Cap?"

"Oh, some is brought in over the trail, but it mostly

comes over the bar, both from Portland and San Francisco. Quite a store at Oysterville, this next town we are coming to."

A little later, as the sun was sinking to rest behind the high lands above the little hamlet that a few called "New-Port," the "Pioneer" landed those of her passengers (quite a colony of which had come from Eugene, Oregon) who wished it, on the south beach of Yaquina bay, where but one shack stood. They were informed, however, that a sawmill had been built on an inlet of the river, called "Depot Slough," not far from the Siletz river, by Meggenson, Bensell, Earhart and Copeland, four enterprising young gentlemen. 'Ere long Davis had a comfortable home erected for his family—the same house that he lived in until his death—many years later.

"Say, boys, let's celebrate."

"All right; come on, boys, the first is on me, come right in," and the speaker headed in the direction of the new saloon, which was operated by Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Abbey, who had just lately arrived.

"Here, where are you headed for?" said Bensell, the first speaker, "I mean let's have a real 4th of July."

"Where are your flags and firecrackers?"

"Where is your band?"

"Who'll do the speaking?"

These were some of the questions asked by the half-dozen cronies who sat on upturned boats on the bay beach.

"Why, this old log will do for a platform, and we have a reverend gentleman here to give us a speech or two. Come, what say you all?"

"I'm with you"—"and I," spoke up several.

Bits of stumps and logs were soon pulled and rolled into place to serve as seats, and when the other arrangements had been made they solemnly took their places—some 16 strong.

There was no "Old Glory" to raise, but in lieu of that the National Anthem was sung—or was it sung? Maybe they were out of practice, but their hearts and voices were in it.

Then arose the Reverend Callaway, and in a solemn voice—befitting the occasion—delivered an oration.

After sundry remarks—made by nearly every one present, an adjournment was called for refreshments, and—

And so ended the first celebration of the "Glorious Fourth" ever held in this gem of the far-far West.



CHAPTER XXXVI.

— 1867 —



"OR the love of Simon, look at that!" and the speaker, Jim Huddleton, sprang to his feet and shading his eyes with his hand gazed down the beach in the face of the noon-day sun.

He, with Abe Peek and Lem Davis were very busy — doing nothing — except idly gossiping, as they sat on a pile of driftwood on the south beach of the bay of Yaquinna.

A few fishing boats floated lazily on its shimmering waters, and here and there a few Indian canoes were moored to the mud-flats, while their occupants, mostly young squaws, were diligently digging for clams. Some half-dozen youngsters, children of the white settlers, were

romping noisily down the beach, and it was their yells of glee that had drawn the speaker's attention, and hearing a queer commotion, had jumped to his feet the better to see.

"I do declare! Ain't that your girl, Lem?"

"Well, I wouldn't wonder. Yes, I guess it's Kate all right, and bless her hide, if her mother sees her—or finds it out even. I'll be blowed, if that's not Tracy sitting on behind," and the three men watched a fleeting Indian pony disappear around the head of a sand dune, with a slip of a girl of about 11 summers on its back, and closely clinging to her waist with both arms was her young brother, his chubby legs sticking straight out on either side.

"'Pears to me I'd be a little worried if that was a kid of mine on one of those wild horses," said Peek.

"What's the use worrying; couldn't catch them," answered Davis.

"I've found with my kids," said Huddleton, "if they get into a scrape, just leave them alone and they'll come out on top. But you go trying to help them out, and some one is going to get hurt."

"It's a shame those big children have nothing to do all the day long—ought to be going to school."

"Where in thunder would you find a school here?"

"That's it; there should be one."

"I don't think the government would think it worth while to spend money away over here on a half-dozen kids."

"There must be about a dozen over there," and the speaker nodded toward the other side of the bay.

"If some one would speak about it maybe there might be a school by another year."

"Why not one now?"

"Now? What are you talking about?"

"Well, now, for instance, why could we not go in for

one right here, and—”

“Explain yourself.”

“See here, don’t the most of us live in houses made of shakes?”

“Well?”

“How much better are our kids away from us than with us? Couldn’t we build a schoolhouse of the same? Plenty of material right here to split shakes out of,” and Davis kicked some logs at his feet while he glanced about the beach.

“But the teacher?”

“I guess I know the chap we could get, for the last time I was out in the valley he was asking me if I thought he could get any kind of a job over here. He wanted a vacation and did not think he could afford one unless he could find something to pay his way.”

“Who’d pay him?”

“What’s the matter with us?”

“Do you think he would teach for twenty-five dollars a month?”

“Sure of it.”

“Well, then, let’s get busy. Right up there in the shelter of that sand dune would be a good place for the house.”

“I’ll run up and get my ax and—”

“Fetch a grub-hook along if you have one. I’ll go get my broad-ax and shovel.”

In less than half an hour three men were very busy splitting the logs on the beach—leveling the sand—cutting young trees which they drove like stakes into the ground for corner posts. By the time the sun had set a lean-to-like structure, eight by ten feet, was beginning to look quite like many another building in that part of the world.

“There,” said Huddleton, as he gathered up his tools for the night, “you fellows can finish this and get the

seats and desks in. I'll go up tomorrow morning on the "Pioneer" and fetch in the teacher."

It was about a week later that Captain Kellogg headed his steamer toward a sand bar at the south side of the bay, ran out a plank and landed two passengers, one being the new teacher which all were expecting, and the other was his "captor," as he expressed it, Mr. Hudleston."

On the following morning as Luther Kenedy entered the tiny structure, that was the first schoolhouse erected west of the Coast Range in the vicinity of Yaquina bay, he saw sitting at the desks, that were made of packing boxes, seven bright eyed little urchins. Their faces had been scrubbed until they shone, their hair combed and plastered slick to the sides of their heads, and they wiggled their bare toes in the sand, which was the only floor the new school room possessed.

That same fall, when the government—seeing the determination of the settlers to provide an education for their children, made the first appropriation toward a school and hired J. L. Gregg.

Now, that sawmills were in operation better houses were built, and the very first—other than shacks—to be erected on New Port beach was placed at the corner of—what is now—Case and Front streets. The main part is still standing to this day, but in 1866 it was used for a store and operated by one A. W. Wright, who was a slender little man, but who had an eye for business.

He was desirous that all should bring their produce to his store and he was also desirous that all should come to him to buy, and he hesitated not to tell any one so.

One day a gardener who lived on South Beach, as it was always known, brought a basket of truck, as it was then called, to some friends of his at New Port. Wright, having heard of it, soundly harangued the gardener, who,

on being asked by Wright "Why he did not bring his produce to his store" made answer:

"I never bring fruit to an orchard."

For once Wright was silenced.

The "Fountain House" was also built the same year, but as fish was so often served at its tables—especially the flounder—its name was changed and it was known to many for many years as the "Flounder House."



CHAPTER XXXVII.

— 1867 —



HERE, boys, did you hear that?"

"Hear what?"

That boat whistle."

"You're just a hearing things."

"No, I am right, there it is again."

There was no mistaking the sound now, and what was more they were signaling for a pilot.

Captain Winant, who was sitting on a big log diligently mending a fish net, sprang to his feet and demanded:

"Who will help me row out there?"

It was not long before a large rowboat was bobbing merrily over the curling breakers at the outlet of the bay, and then striking the comparatively calm waters of the mighty Pacific, was soon alongside the U. S. lighthouse tender "Shubrick."

"You whistled for a pilot?" yelled Winant, and he tried to balance himself in the bobbing boat as he looked

up at the faces peering down at him over the rail.

"I did that," answered the captain as he ordered his men to assist the boatmen aboard.

"You are the manager of this craft?" asked Winant as he gained the deck.

"Captain John Jasson, at your command, replied the captain with a polite bow, "I want very much to enter the bay, but was afraid to risk it by myself."

"Never has been so large a steamer cross the bar yet," said Winant, "but I know it pretty well," and he fearlessly took the wheel and deftly piloted the first ocean-going steamer into the quiet harbor of Yaquina.

It was the 4th of July, 1867, that the first real celebration was held on the shores of the Yaquina.

Quite a little town was springing up now, and those that made it their home thought it should have a name, and they also thought no other time was quite so fitting as the "Glorious Fourth."

So the news was spread far and near. It even reached out to the valley beyond the mountains, and many traveled the long, tedious trail—which was indeed very pretty at this time of the year—to reach the coast and participate.

There were flags and real music this time, and plenty of fire-crackers to gladden the hearts of the youngsters. Every one was in their holiday attire and had also doned their holiday manners as well, and it was with difficulty order was restored that the services of the day might be performed.

When Mr. Richard Williams arose at last it was amid a hush, not thought possible a few minutes before, that he read the Declaration of Independence.

The Hon. J. C. Chenowith and the Hon. John Kelsey ably delivered orations that were greatly applauded, and after all the program had been successfully carried out,

Mr. Samuel Case arose, and with many flourishes, he said that he thought since the city in which they lived had so far received no official name, in his opinion there was no better one could be applied than the name "New Port," and all those in favor, and not objecting to said name, arise to their feet.

The entire gathering, as one man, arose, and three cheers were given for the new town thus created. Order was again restored, when Judge Kelsey arose and asked if the assembly did not think it was advisable to shorten the name to "Newport," as in so doing it would be but one word. He continued: "I believe it was through the persistence of some of the first settlers, that the word 'Yaquina' was shortened, for it was originally spelled—and unnecessarily, with two n's. So why not now, for the convenience in the future, have it plain "Newport."

And so it was.

Early and late the rasp of the saw, and the rap of the hammer could be heard on the south beach of Yaquina bay, as Abe Peek, Jim Huddleton and others moulded, fashioned and built a little schooner—the first of its kind to be built in these regions.

But what would the men of South Beach not attempt now that they had started a school and hired a teacher, they must raise money to pay him. So, while they were driving the many nails home that were to hold the little craft together, others were employed in fishing and barreling the salmon that visited these waters in such great numbers.

At last the vessel was completed, and her builders looked on her with pride as she took to the water like a duck. But such a pretty little craft must have a "pretty little name," and what prettier than "Flora Maybell," at least so thought her builders. But it may be that in the back history of one of them, a little maiden by that name

might have figured and was yet still dear to his heart. However, be that as it may, the "Flora Maybell" was soon loaded with fish and was headed over the bar for a San Francisco market with Captain Ed. Edwards as master.

But ah! The trust in fellowman. For no sooner did Edwards draw her up to the wharf in San Francisco bay, than he sought the customs house where he entered here as his own property. Shortly after he sold her to a Mexican, pocketing the proceeds of both boat and cargo. He was never heard of again, and the poor owners, who had worked so faithfully, never saw a dollar of their hard-earned money.

Nothing daunted, another schooner was started, this time by Captain Hillyer, Call Miers, T. J. Craghton and J. M. Monroe on the W. M. Hoag property on the north shore of the bay—known in later years as "Olsonville."

"What you reckon we'll call this craft when we get her done?"

"We won't call her no such hifalutin name as the South Beachers gave their schooner."

"Haven't they heard anything from that yet?"

"Naw. And they have had lots of time by now to make the return trip."

"Well, give them a few more weeks."

But the "Flora Maybell" never returned; and the new schooner grew slowly. So much lumber was wanted—the mill "up the slough" was kept pretty busy.

It was during this same summer that Samuel Case first conceived the idea of building a "grand hotel."

"Just think of the 'nobility' that's coming our way, now that the city has a registered name, and no swell place to entertain them," he said.

"See how many houses have been erected in our metropolis."

"There is about fifteen, all told."

"Where do you purpose to build your 'Nob house'?" he was asked.

"I was thinking right up there," and he pointed his cane over his shoulder in the direction of the old Indian burying ground.

"What? Up there among all those graves? I'd be afraid they would rise up and scalp me."

"Oh, I'd thought of that."

"What? The scalping?"

"Na-h; the graves. I thought as how I would level the whole thing off—make it flat on the top and—"

"Well, it's your own claim, and I suppose you can do as you wish, but I wouldn't want to tamper with those old warriors' remains."

"Warriors nothing!"

"When are you going to begin?"

"Right away. I saw the mill company the other day up at Depot Slough, and gave them the order to saw out the frame work—want to get that up this fall."

"Why, I thought the lads up there were busy getting the timber out for some kind of a boat."

"They are. The keel is laid for a schooner over there; can't you see them at it?"

"Lots of things doing around here. I understand we are to have another—"

"Saloon; yes, no one need go thirsty," broke in a bystander.

"Who's building this one?"

"Why, where have you been that you don't know the news?"

"Oh, I have been over there on the Siletz fishing—but who's building the new 'pub'?"

"P. M. Abbey. He came in with his missus and two kids this spring."

"What did you say they were going to call that new raft?"

"Louise Simpson; but they won't get her done this year—she is bigger than the first one. Guess I'll stroll over and see it." The speaker arose to his feet, stretched himself lazily and strolled off, up, around the bay beach to a cove on its northeast shore.

"Didn't miss Litchfield, guess he likes to be among the Injuns."

"It's like old times to him."

"Old times! Why, it's only been about five years since we were sent over here to watch the herd. Who'd thought then so many of the old crowd would stop around here?"

"To see this place once is to remain forever." So spoke several of the old cronies that had been sitting, as usual, on a pile of driftwood near the boat landing. But the company now broke up; Sam turned and climbed the hill, and surveyed the grounds he intended to improve.



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

— 1868 —



ELLOW!"

" 'Low!"

"Gitten any?"

"Enough for dinner, maybe. Where yer bin?"

"Up to the sawmill—but 'taint runin'." Shut down?"

"Shut up."

"Smartie!"

"Never mind yer talkin' over thar and and mind yer hook; thar, yer might have had that feller."

"I'll get him yet." And the speaker, John Mackey, grabbed a small home-made hand net, and made a dive

toward a large trout that was nibbling at the bait on his hook.

"Look out, there," yelled Joe Graham, who was silently fishing a few feet away. But his warning came too late, for John, over-reaching himself, lunged head first into the clear cold waters of Depot Slough.

Will Clark—the newcomer—made a dive for the seat of John's pants, but missing, sat down with a heavy thud on the wet mud bank, just in time to get the benefit of the flying spray kicked up by John's plunge.

"There! See how you have riled the water and skeered all the fish away," said Joe with none too soft voice. "No more fishing in this spot now," and he drew in his line as John, with many a splutter and sneeze, waded out of the water and climbed the bank.

Roars of laughter came from Will as he viewed his dripping companion, but he stopped suddenly and said:

"Why, you got your fish!"

"Didn't neither."

"Wall, what's that in the net, then?"

"Mud!"

"And something else, too—it's—wall, what is it?" as he emptied the contents of the net on the ground and picked therefrom a round black object and held it up for inspection.

"Only a rock, you simp," said John.

"Wash it off and see, Joe," and a moment after three heads were bending earnestly over the outstretched hand in which the black lump lay.

"Boys, say, boys; don't you know what that is? That's coal—yes, sir, coal."

"Oh, get along."

"It is, too. Say, let's hunt up Bensell; he'll know."

But where in thunder would coal come from, here?"

"Maybe there is more where that came from," and Joe bent over the water, which by this time had grown

quite clear again.

"There is another piece; where is the net," excitedly.

All were interested now. Even John forgot his discomfort of his wet clothes, in fact he courted dampness by stepping down in the water and securing several lumps. On shore they again examined the—now quite a pile of—the black rocks, after which they gathered them into the fishnet, and Clark lifted it to his shoulders all started in the direction of the mill in quest of Bensell.

A few fellows were lounging around on piles of logs and idly watched the three men until they came up and exhibited their "catch," as Joe put it, and all agreed that it did look like coal—"But where was Bensell? Royal Bensell would know.

But no one appeared to know his whereabouts. He had told them a couple of days before, that they could "lay off" if they wanted to and celebrate the 4th of July. He was going to.

"He went down to Yaquina, I suppose."

"Who you talking about?" a newcomer stood among them.

"Rial Bensell."

"Ump! And don't you know?"

"Know? What?"

"Why, he went outside."

"Where? To the valley?"

"Yep."

"What for?"

"Well, if yer must know—guess it's no secret now—he's gone to get married."

"Married?"

"When?"

"Who?"

"Royal Bensell, married?"

Their informer waited a moment, then, "Yes, Ben-

sell—married—outside somewhere—to Mary Sturtevant.”

“What? Mary Sturtevant?”

“The lady what keeps the grub house at Oysterville?”

“The same.”

“Then with all my heart I say God bless them.”

Immediately every head of the half-dozen or so men gathered there was recently bare.

The news soon spread that coal had been found in Depot Slough. A company was formed, tunnels were dug and holes drilled and it was found in veins sufficient to satisfy the company that there was plenty of it. It was near Yaquina City a little later in the year, that “Bensell & Ayles” had heaped a pile of 25 tons or more, as a sample. They also sent a lump weighing 30 pounds to the San Francisco market where it was assayed by California experts, who pronounced it to be the only coal on the coast that was suitable for working steel. But who among them was wealthy enough to work the mines?”

“Takes lots o’ money to do them ’ar things, and who here I’d like ter know could raise snuff enough to sneeze that ’ar coal out o’ the ’arth,” remarked one old timer, and strange to say, with the exception of a few tons, no more was mined. The black diamonds still lie sleeping.

It was the same summer that the government—hearing of the harbor that might be—ordered Captain A. W. Chase and Lieutenant J. W. Forney to survey the bar and bay, and it was then that the settlers in the bay country began to dream of a railroad.

“Yes,” some would say, “dream on—maybe some day there might be—but not in our time, old man.”

CHAPTER XXXIX.



OW-da, how-da."

"Good day, sir."

"Come right in."

"Thank you, sir, but we only called to ask if you would please tell us which trail to take to reach the next point, or cape, to the north?"

"Had dinner?"

"No, sir—we have our lunch with us."

"Just come right in and sit down. We are just beginning and everything is hot. Here, wife, set down plates for these here gentlemen."

"But sir."

"No trouble at all—none at all. We always have some to spare," and Thomas Briggs assisted his wife to "make room," while the two young chaps, thus urged, swung their packsacks from their shoulders to the floor of the broad porch, their caps following, and they entered the door of the large room that served for both kitchen and dining room. Snugly seated at the well filled table with steaming plates full of food, Briggs said:

"Lovely day, this."

"Ideal."

"Come far?"

"From Corvallis."

"Walk over?"

"To Elk City. Took the boat from there."

"Going hunting, eh?"

"Yes, hunting and fishing."

"Do much of that kind of sport?"

"Some—just around Corvallis."

"Corvallis growing any?"

"Very slow," answered Frank, the only one that had spoken so far. "My chum here, Jack," and he nodded his

head sideways, "is a mighty hunter." They all laughed, and Jack thus spoken to, said:

"I'm out with either gun or rod most of the time. Got much game around here?"

"Oh, yes," said Briggs.

"Mostly what?"

"Nearly all kinds, but elephants."

"Do much hunting?"

"Some."

"Been here long?"

Tom smiled good naturedly—the tables had turned—but he answered:

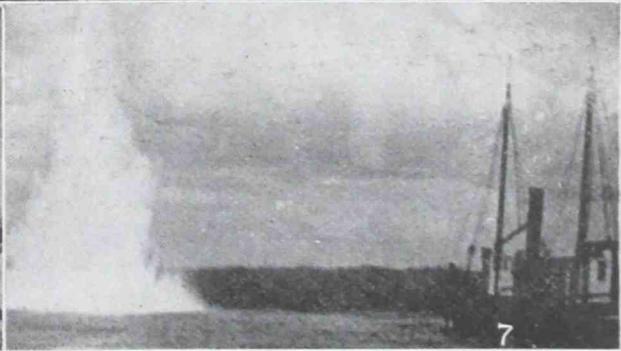
"Somewhere about a couple of years here," then seeing his visitor preparing to fire more questions, continued: "I was born in Yorkshire, England, in February, 1828, and came to this country—Jacksonville, Illinois, when I was a lad of fourteen years. Came to Oregon in 1848. Was in the Indian war of '55-'61. Ran a pack train from Crescent City to Yreka and later went up to the mines on the Frazier river, Canada. I was farmer at the Siletz reserve before I moved here. Mr. Megginson, my partner, and myself took up claims here when the reservation was thrown open two years ago. We built a partnership house, he lives in the other side," and he jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction.

Dinner finished, the two young men elaborately thanked Mrs. Briggs, and stepping out on the porch looked out over the beautiful expanse of water before them.

"It's beginning to look choppy out there again—wind coming up," said their host.

"Well, I guess we had better go," said Frank, pulling his cap well down on his head and lifting his pack. "Now if you will kindly tell us where the trail starts, we are very much obliged to you, sir, for our dinner."

"Don't mention it, don't mention it. I'll show the



1. Mr. Geo. Litchfield. 2. Mrs. Geo. Litchfield; p. 334. 3. Madame Calusa, the Indian; p. 339. 5. Madame Calusa, the white woman; p. 340. 4. Lovers' Lane; p. 344. 6. A papoose of today; p. 339. 7. The death of channel rock; p. 334.

trail—just come around this way,” and he led them to the back of the house. “Wouldn’t you like a drink of nice, cool, spring water?” and he led them to what they called the “spring house,” where a pool of clear water bubbled up from its mossy bed.

“Wouldn’t this have been a nice place for Indians to camp,” said Jack.

“There used to be lots of them camp right here. I find plenty of traces of them. There was quite a group of big trees around here, but they sheltered the ground too much so I had to cut them down. Yes, old Chief Armaca just died last year.”

“How old was he?”

“What tribe was it?” Both spoke at once.

Briggs laughed and said, “He was chief of the ‘Aquinan’—that’s where we get our ‘Yaquina’—and I think he was about seventy-five.”

“Know him well?”

“Oh, yes; not many of that bunch left, now. There is one of his sisters living yet—she is a beauty, all right!”

“There is your chance for a wife,” said Frank.

“Ah, I don’t want to be bothered with any; they hear and talk too much,” said Jack.

“Then, she’s the one for you, for she is deaf and dumb.”

Frank laughed, but said Jack, “I must marry one a good bit older than I, so she will die first. I want to marry twice.”

“She is no spring chicken—she must be about 40.”

“There you are again,” said Frank, slapping his companion on the back. “Come on, or you will be getting married the first thing you know,” and they all turned away from the spring—the same one that Miski with her little dumb sister had drank from many a time. As they started to climb the hill at the back of the house Briggs said:

"There is one thing that I'd like to caution you boys about, and that is fire. Everything is mighty dry just now—hasn't been so dry for years—and we have such high winds that if a fire should get started it would sweep everything. So look out where you shoot and put out your camp fires before you leave them."

"We'll take care," they promised him as they extended their hands to him in farewell.

"Call and let us see what luck."

"Thank you, we will," and with a wave of their hands they disappeared.

"Do you know, I don't like such kids as that going off by themselves. They are nice and polite, but youngsters like that haven't any judgment," Tom said to the waiting group on the porch.

"What's their names?" asked Megginson.

"Well, I didn't ask them," and he laughed. "Did you notice that one fellow turn and ask questions when he thought I wanted to know too much?" and he looked toward his wife, who nodded and said:

"Glad there is some one to get the start of you."

"There, I guess that fire is out enough," said Jack as he laid another clump of wet moss on the deadened coals.

"You had better get some water; remember what the gent said."

"But that's smothered out."

"I hope so," and the two youths shouldered their guns and tramped away through the unbroken forest.

The deadened, but not dead, coals left to themselves slowly dried the moss above them. A little puff of wind fanned the charred rootlets and they glowed a dull red. A leaf was caught up by the passing breeze and whirled gently onto the moss, and at once its parched fibres ignited, and glowed a bright red. It was again picked

up by another puff of wind, which carried it only a short distance to a clump of pine cones. The pitch soon ignited, and blazing they were rolled around by the ever-increasing wind. Some low fir twigs near by caught the flame-enveloped cones, and soon they were burning merrily, and as they grew close to the foot of a huge tree of their own species, the pitch that had oozed from a wound far up its side, was caught by the red tongues. As the flames ran nimbly—as it were—up its rugged bark they encountered dead branches, and soon the living boughs that crowned the top were sending out myriad jets of flame that crackled, and sizzled as they were caught by the unrestricted wind and whirled to another tree top a short distance on. The burning pitch sent forth curls of black smoke that was carried far up by the strong north wind.

1“Nika hum-m smoke!”

“Oh, no, Julia, I guess not.”

2“Nika mam-ook!” and Mrs. Meggenson held her head as high up as her small stature would permit, turned her face toward the north and sniffed.

“I don’t know where it would come from,” said Meggenson, as he diligently spaded up the dry earth under his wife’s directions.

“What’s this all about?” demanded Briggs, as he passed by leading a span of mules.

“Why, Julia thinks she smells smoke.”

“Smoke?” and instantly Briggs straightened up with a jerk.

“Why, what’s the matter?”

“Do you know, I’ve been thinking of fire ever since those two striplings left yesterday.”

“But I do smell—from there,” said she in her broken English, and pointing northward.

"I'll just run to the top of the hill and see," said Briggs, throwing the halters over a nearby post. A few minutes later he came dashing down the hill, yelling, and rushing up to the waiting couple, who had been joined by his wife, he informed them—breathlessly—that a terrific fire was swooping down upon them.

"Run," he ordered his wife, "and drive the cows in from the wood lot, while I go and haul over the wagon," and quickly plans were laid to fight the onrushing foe.

Like the fire of long ago, it rushed with terrific speed. It enveloped the little settlements scattered here and there over the new country, scarcely giving the settlers time to save themselves, and many a little home was licked up by the greedy red tongues.

"I've just one more load of stakes to get; they are already cut, and it may take me an hour or such a matter—the road is pretty rough into them—then I'll turn the oxen out. You have everything all ready, and we'll go over to the bay and get some clams," and Fred Olson shoved his three-legged stool back from the table.

He and Anna, his young wife, had just finished their noon-day meal, which they had eaten leisurely, discussing the merits of the roast duck he had shot the evening before. They had talked of their happy young courtship away back in sunny Sweden—of his desire to make his fortune in the new world—of his departure and her long, long wait of seventeen years for his return—which time she put in as house-maid in a nobleman's home in "Stockholm."

They had laughingly reviewed what a time they had to get married, as in that country, each must have witnesses present to testify that they are not already married, and that is not what Fred could procure. "How were they to know that he did not have a wife far over the sea?" It was not until the blue eyes of the little

sweetheart were nearly washed from her head with weeping that the clergy at last gave its consent, and they sailed happily away to their new home in the far distant "West."

Not content with landing in the new world, Fred and his wife had journeyed across the continent, landing at last in Oregon City—Tumwater—where their little babe, whom they called "Oscar," was born, and when the Indian reservation was thrown open he took up his claim on the bay.

"Mannikin can do some fishing while dad and mam dig in the mud, eh?" and Fred stooped down to the floor and lifted his son, and heir, from the quilt that was spread in front of the door, where he appeared to be thoroughly enjoying himself trying to catch his shadow on the floor, or cramming his fat little toes into his mouth.

"You won't want to fool there long or I'll beat you," challenged his wife as she stacked the dishes and ran for the dishpan.

"Muvver finks her is awful smart, don't her?" and the young father kissed the chubby fist of his babe, sat it down quickly and made a dash for the stable.

Little Mrs. Olson hummed snatches of old tunes as she hurried to and fro from fireplace to table, from table to the shelves across the corner that served for a cupboard.

"Now, babykin," she said, "you must have just one little nap while daddy is gone, then we will go away, up over the ridge," and lifting the babe high above her head, she stood with him poised thus, as a shadow darkened the doorway and her husband jumped in view.

His face was red and his eyes were fairly popping from his head, but before she could ask the meaning, he shouted.

"The woods are all afire; for heavens sake hurry

and come down to the spring!"

He rushed to the bunk at one side of the room and grabbed the bedding, tucked it under one arm, then almost jerked the baby from her grasp and leaped out of the door as he yelled, "Quick! Fetch some buckets!"

They were standing on a bench under the window and she snatched them up and ran after her flying husband, but at the door the close, pungent smell greeted her. A few more steps and she could see to the north and west, far up in the tall tree tops that surrounded the little clearing of ten or twelve acres, a dense blue haze. Already it was drifting overhead at the speed of a race horse, and the sun looked like a huge copper plate. Down to the little spring she flew, but Fred was there before her, dipping the blankets into its shallow depths. He could only wet part at a time.

"Oh, let's run down to the road," she panted.

"Where to?" he demanded. "Just listen and see if you can think how far we could get?" and as they stood still for a few seconds they could plainly hear a distant roar, that sounded like the unbroken war-cry of a thousand throats.

Although it was not 2 o'clock, a darkness and gloom—as of twilight—settled over the little clearing, as black clouds of smoke-like thunder-heads rolled between them and the sky. Blasts of hot wind struck them, and the black clouds took on a copper color, and a moment later red tongues of fire could be seen leaping from tree to tree, while the wind—which by now had increased to a hurricane—swept the blinding, choking smoke down on the little group by the spring.

Fred had spread the wet blankets on the ground. "Lie down," he told her, "both of you, on your faces."

She obeyed, but the child objected strenuously, until a choking blast, as though from a furnace, struck him full in his little face, then he shut his eyes and allowed him-

self to be covered by another blanket which Fred kept drenched with water. Now and then he would dip another blanket in the cool waters, which he threw over his head while a tidal wave of flames leaped over and around them. It whistled and roared overhead, and when he dared to look zipping tongues of fire were licking up the grass on the banks above them. He could hear the falling of trees above the roaring of flames, and he thought of the little home he had just completed—with a sickening sinking of the heart. But his mind reverted to the two beloved forms beneath the blankets at his side, and with a prayer of thankfulness he reached for another pail of water and dashed it over them.

Once, when he opened his eyes, a shower of hot ashes was flung into them by the parched wind, but he saw enough. A corner of the blanket that covered his wife and child had ignited. How quick the parching heat had dried the blanket; it even heated the water in the spring hole, but he dipped and dipped and it grew less and less; it was nearly half mud; would it hold out?

But the roaring hurricane swept over, and leaped to the forest-covered ridge beyond.

The strong trade winds that had swept the devouring monster over them, also swept the hot fumes and smoke away from them, and when the cool breeze began to fan his almost-blistered body, he threw back his blanket and looked up. But the sight that met his eye made him exclaim, "My God!" But he bent over and lifted the covering from the forms that had grown so still that he almost turned sick with another fear.

Not long was he kept in doubt.

The cool breath of wind that swept down on their drenched bodies told them that the worst was over, and they raised their heads, the babe to crowd and laugh, the wife to weep, as the clouds of smoke blown from the burning trunks of trees around the little clearing, they

could see the smoking ruins of their cozy home.

"The oxen; where are they?"

"I turned them loose; it was all I could do." But when the ground had cooled sufficient for them to investigate, they found the charred remains of the two faithful beasts in the ruins of the little stable, whither they had returned for safety and shelter when danger threatened them.

"But Anna," he said, as he gathered his wet and dirty loved ones in his own smoke-begrimed arms, "we have each other left."

"And we are young," she finished.

As the onrushing flames passed them, they raced down the canon to the very edge of the bay beach, and before the workers on the "Louise Simpson" knew there was any danger from anything, they were surrounded, and not only a fight for the safety of the boat they were building, but a fight for their own lives was on. The smoke choked them, the blaze burned them, but still they worked, dashing water on here and there where burning brands fell on the new timbers—they dared not stop.

Animals of all kinds raced by them to the beach which, haply at this time was quite broad owing to an extreme low tide, their fur singed and with blistered feet.

The fire swept over the peninsula consuming all vegetation, and every tree, with the exception of a few isolated giants that grew down on the bluffs close by the ocean. Trees that had struggled to existence after the huge fire of two centuries before, and had grown to be landmarks from far out at sea, were caught in the terrible whirlpool of flame—and laid low. As the smoke and spark-laden winds whirled along, they waved over the frame work of Case's "Nob hotel," threatening to consume its skeleton, and hard were the workings of the few gathered there, for—as the lofty trees above it burned

through—they often fell blazing on top of the structure.

Along the bay front and up the river flew the fiery monster, and at last—finding a narrow spot—leaped with ease to the southern shore, and began its mad race down the coast. Blinding, suffocating smoke gathered in the hollows and no one could see what damage was being done. Their thought only was to save life, and down to the ocean rushed Indian and white man, alike.

“I’m afraid I can’t stand this, Lem,” said Mrs. Davis, recovering herself from a fit of coughing.

“Here in the clearing I don’t think we are in any danger, but I will go get the mules and hitch them to the wagon, and we’ll go down to the shore—it’s bound to be clearer there.” So gathering some food and calling the children, they all piled into the waiting vehicle and were soon out of danger. But as the day drew to a close, the wind died down and the smoke settled down in a dense fog everywhere.

“Oh, if only it would rain. Do you think there is any chance of a shower, Lem? My, if the wind raises tomorrow where will this fire end?” said Mrs. Davis.

“Don’t appear to be any wind at all, now, but I’ll try the Indian way of telling,” and Mr. Davis drew a finger through his mouth and held it above his head. “Well, we can look for a shower all right,” he said.

“Thank heaven!”

“I guess we may as well go home, now,” he remarked a little later, and in the semi-darkness they found their home in safety, and in the blackness of the night that followed, listened to the patter of rain on the roof, which told it was doing its utmost to choke out the “monster” that was doing so much damage.

For several days the rain continued, and when it ceased at last, and the clouds had lifted, what a sorry sight met the eye. Where once the hills were bright with living green—now black desolation.

The burnt district extended from Otter Rock on the north, and as far south as Alsea bay, and, too, it had eaten its way eastward until it had come to the end of vegetation, where the former fire of 1650 had stripped the mountains bare of even soil, and nothing but a few blackened stubs remain to this day.

“This is clearing land in a hurry!”

It was young John Nye that spoke. His little shake shack was gone, but he did not grieve much, for now he could have a really and truly house built of boards from the new mill at Depot Slough.

Not long did it take the strong young brave, as the Indians would have called him, to clear off the partly burned logs, and the following year an immense field of oats waved and nodded their loaded heads in the wind, all over the upland south of the creek that was named for him.

Several years later in a little hollow on the side of a bald mountain to the north of Yaquina bay, some surveyors found two rusty gun barrels among a handful of partly burned bones. To whom they belonged to was never found out, and remains a mystery to this day.



CHAPTER XL.



ELL, stranger, and what do you think you are up to?"

"I guess you be the strangers," and the tall, bent form of Baysdale raised to its full height and keenly scrutinized the two bearded men who stood before him.

"You're right, boss, we haven't been here long, a day or so or—such a matter—but you haven't answered our question yet."

"What be I a doing here? Well, sor, I'm putting a dam across this here creek."

"So we see; but we can't seem to see why."

"Oh, I'm just going to make a fish pond," and he eyed his visitors keenly.

"A fish pond, here?" And all that big water full of fish out there?" And they looked at the tall figure that was leaning on his shovel handle.

"Yep."

"Ugh," they grunted, and after scrutinizing the narrow canon, the little brook that went babbling through it, and which was known as "Nye Creek," they sauntered off down the beach toward the bar.

"I wonder, now, if those fool men thought I was going to tell 'em what I was doing here? That I was a going to tell 'em I was a fixing this up for mining purposes; I wonder now?" and he resumed his work as they disappeared around the sharp point a little to the south.

As he toiled his work too shape. A flood-gate was built, then a water wheel was installed with a sluice leading from it, and his task so far was done.

Slowly the water gathered behind the dam, and when the winter rains set in, it filled up higher and further back in the canon, until a large pond or lake, of several acres was covered.

In the meantime, John Baysdale busied himself erecting a home on the crest of the hill south of "Nye's Creek," the second house—if young Nye's cabin could be called a house—to be erected on the beach, and when the ocean calmed down in the spring of 1869, "Loony John," as he was familiarly called, started shoveling the black sand of the beach into the sluice in quest of gold.

But was Baysdale joking about his fish pond? Maybe he was at the time, but the quantities of mountain trout that found their way into this beautiful clear water pond of his, delighted the few that lived in the vicinity. Often, when his day's work was ended, "Loony John" would stray over to Nye's new cabin and partake of his hospitality—new potatoes and mountain trout—that were roasted in the stick fireplace that was built in the corner of his one room.



CHAPTER XLI.

— 1869 —



HERE were busy times at the tiny little berg of Pioneer, far up the river—about 23 miles above Newport.

Sure, there had been a few schooners built by different parties down on the bay, but the Kellogg brothers—George and Jason—had conceived the idea of outdoing the other shipbuilders, and early and late they toiled at the task they had set for themselves, that of constructing a steamer.

"Yes, sir, it is going to be a side-wheeler," they answered, when asked the question by some of their rival shipbuilders.

"When are you going to launch her?"

"How will you turn her around in this little brook?"

"We'll manage that; please don't fret or worry on our account," they replied.

"Ain't yer afeared ye'll git stuck on some ov them 'er sand bars down on the bay with them 'er side wheels?"

"Do you know; its puzzling to think how they will turn around at Elk City, the river is scarcely one hundred feet wide there."

"Wy, they'll have 'ter back 'er down the river a bit 'till they find a turnin' place."

"I guess they can get turned at Yaquina, don't you think?"

"Say! What you fellows talking about? Didn't we tell you not to bother your little brains about us?" said George.

"We can't help but take interest in 'yer," piped in another bystander. "Wat yer goin' ter name 'er?"

"Oh, we have given that job to Bensell; he is going to paint her. . Go along and ask him."

"Where is he?"

"Right around there; oh, here he comes," as that gentleman emerged from a pile of lumber, with a square in one hand and paint pot in the other.

"Hi, there, Rial; Jason tells us yer goin' 'ter name this 'ere craft. Wat's it ter be?"

"I bet you it will be called after some pretty girl, like all the others have been."

"You are wrong there," answered Bensell, "I'm going to call her 'Oneatta'."

"Where did you get that?"

"Oh, after an Indian chief."

"(More like some pretty squaw, I bet") said one in an aside-laughter.

"Then you'll have to call the boat 'he,' not 'her'."

"Why do you give it such a name?"

"It's just like this," said Bensell, "Oneatta was a

real courageous, bad, dare-devil Indian, and we want the steamer to take after him."

"And be bad, and a dare-devil, eh?"

"No, 'brave' and 'courageous'."

"Oh, I see," and thus the chaffing went on good naturedly.

At last the boat was completed and launched, and she churned the dark waters of the bay and river for a year, when she was taken into the Columbia river and converted into a stern-wheeler, and carried the mail between Portland and Astoria, and what is more, was said to be the "fastest boat on those waters."

The fall and early winter of 1869, settlers were gathering through the hills over Newport way, and barefooted urchins roamed wild through them. It was thought advisable not to let South Beach beat them—a school they must have. Of public buildings they had none suitable, but at last a frame residence was procured, its partitions removed and the interior transformed into a school room.

— 1870 —

"Yer a shiverin'."

"It's cold I am."

"Yer afeared."

"Ain't, neither."

"Who's afraid?"

"Ralph, here."

"No, I'm not, neither."

"Sh—ee, here he comes."

"Wot's 'e got in 'is 'and?"—sotto voice.

"It looks like something' ter make yer behave."

The babble of voices dwindled down to a whisper as

Samuel Case came around the corner of the school building, that was situated just off the main street on the water front at Newport, and confronted a group of, now silent, children.

"Good morning," he smiled, but only a very few found tongue enough to answer, "Morn'."

A moment later he passed indoors and the chatter began again, this time though, in whispers.

"Why did he have that ox-whip?" that was the question, but shortly after, when Case had rapped on the door frame to attract their attention, and they had all filed past him into the room, they saw the "said whip" hanging on a nail near the entrance.

More or less confusion reigned for a short time, until all had been properly seated, and their names and ages registered. Then the "teacher" taking his stand near the door, reached up and carefully lifted the whip from the peg it was hanging on, and while he fingered its length from end to end, he talked to them in not unkind tones. He had taken it upon himself to try and instruct them in all the knowledge he himself possessed. If they would be studious, and give their whole attention to their books, he would do all in his power to make this "the first school to be taught in Newport," a great success. It pleased and encouraged him very much to see so large an attendance on the first day, and if they expected to succeed, they must obey the rules of the school, obey the teacher, and above all things must be constant in attendance, that no lesson be missed, and the thread of knowledge remain unbroken.

Then he hung the whip back on its peg, and there it remained to the end of the term.

The remainder of the morning was taken up in forming classes, assigning lessons, and everything being adjusted at last to his own satisfaction, he opened the big register and proceeded to call the first roll.

The first name called was:

CLARKE

Malissa Present

DAVIS

Catherine Present

Tracy Present

Zenas Present

JUNKIN

Ralph Present

LEABO

Joseph Present

LANDRETH

George Present

McLAIN

Charles Present

James Present

SMITH

Joesphene Present

William Present

Charles Present

Lincoln Present

TITUS

Alford Present

George Present

Franklin Present

WRIGHT

Albert Present

Frederick Present

Anna Present

Emma Present

Many, indeed, that answered the "roll call" on that bright morning, were destined to help build the most extreme western city in Oregon.

As the season advanced, more and yet more pupils were added to the roll, as the parents, far and near, hear-

ing of the privilege their children might enjoy, moved to the slowly growing town, down by the sea.

By the time the first term had expired, the teacher, Mr. Case, realized that the small room could not accommodate the swelling classes, so he took the responsibility upon himself (which he so often did where improvements of the town were concerned) of selecting a site for a new school building, then proceeded to canvass the town and country for funds to build the new school house. Not only was the money freely contributed, but all the labor of putting up the new structure—which was built of logs.

But it was not until the fall of 1877 that all the buildings were completed, and the new school started on the same site that in 1870, the first public school house was built.



CHAPTER XLII.



FOR a long time Stormy Jorden sat, his eyes riveted, as it were, on a little steamer that rocked lazily at its moorings at the City of Yaquina. Sometimes he would puff vigorously at his corn-cob pipe, and then again he would, apparently, forget it and almost let it go out, then bethinking himself would puff excitedly until the contents of the bowl glowed red, then relax into quiet again.

“By gum! I’ll do it!” he said at last, and knocking the ashes from his pipe, he slipped it into his hip pocket, strolled over to one of the saloons and peered at the occupants. He was turning away when,

“Who are you looking for, Stormy?” from the bartender.

But Stormy hedged not. He went to the next, doing likewise, and was about to turn away, when he espied the object of his search and he entered. When he emerged therefrom an hour later he was as good as "Captain" of the "Elk," a little stern propellor, that had come up loaded with freight from the Umpqua river.

"Wat yer goin' to do with 'er, Stormy?" enquired some of his chums, who were watching him overhaul her.

"Just watch me and see," was all the answer they got, and not until he had improved her to his own satisfaction, did they see him pull into the bay and head toward Newport, where he announced his intention of running the new craft—as another passenger boat—between Elk City and the bay towns. And many availed themselves of the opportunity to ride on the swift little boat—the fastest propeller to run on the bay.



CHAPTER XLIII.

— 1871 —



IT was eleven o'clock in the morning of the 9th of March of the above year, that Major Bruce, in his slow, easy manner, tied the little row boat he had come up from "Newport way" to the dock in front of the big sawmill at Oneatta, one mile above the city of Yaquina. Seating himself on a nearby log he proceeded to fill his pipe and light it, after which he sauntered leisurely up a narrow roadway between piles of newly sawed lumber to a bunch of workmen who were busy stacking more of the fragrant boards just brought from the noisy mill.

"Well, well—one by one—all are going the same way," and Tom Espy, one of the workmen, eyed the newcomer as he stepped among them, "Soon it will be your turn, Maje."

"What you talking about?" enquired Bruce.

"Getting married."

"Not for awhile," and the Major smilingly shook his head.

"Everyone says the same thing — so did Sy six months ago."

"Where is Sy? I came up to see him this morning."

"Oh, he has other business to attend to—no time to talk to everyone who comes along. Sy Copeland is a busy man this morn."

"What doing?"

But just at that moment the mill whistle blew and the workmen, hurriedly divesting themselves of overalls and jackets, started toward their several homes in the place of going, as usual, to the mess house (as it was called) where they usually partook of their midday meal.

"What's up?" enquired the Major again as the noise ceased.

"Haven't you heard?" enquired Espy, folding his discarded clothing and preparing to depart.

"Heard what?"

"Why, Sy Copeland is getting married this afternoon and the mill is closing down in honor—in fact had to—we are all invited over to the wedding. Yap, one by one," as he bent down to recover a fallen garment, "all will travel the same road. So will you Maje."

"Sure thing—bye and bye—just as soon as I can find some one that is able to support me. But who is old Sy going to get? Any one I know?"

"It's Lem Davises' girl."

"Not little Kittie?"

"Yaah!"

Major Bruce's mouth dropped open and he stepped back a pace or two in astonishment and when he could get his breath said: "No, I guess I won't now. I was waiting for her myself." And he sank a dejected heap on a freshly started pile of boards and began kicking the sawdust at his feet.

"Poor old Maje! I didn't think it was that way," and Tom looked with real sympathy on his old soldier friend, who had dared many a redman in battle, the bravest of the brave—on the Rogue River in Southern Oregon. After standing in silence a moment he said: "I guess I must go now, but cheer up, old boy, as good fish in the sea as ever was caught," and he slapped the drooping shoulders encouragingly.

Bruce shook his head, then said, "When?"

"About two o'clock," answered Espy, "but I'll tell you, Maje, I'll arrange to let you know when the ceremony is over. You stay around hereabout," and Tom disappeared among the piles of lumber.

Major Bruce, left to himself, slowly arose to his feet, and taking a cow path that led up the steep hill by the side of the mill, found a shady spot where he could look down on the mill and surrounding buildings, in one of which he knew his old friend was robbing him of the girl he had hoped some day to win as his own. Many instances crowded into his mind.

He remembered once, dressed in his Sunday best, he started to see the girl of his choice, when on crossing a small stream that was bridged by a plank, he had gotten midway—suddenly the plank broke and let him down into the muddy depths of the creek, completely spoiling his appearance. Upon examining the plank he found that it had been freshly sawed nearly in two in the middle. He wondered then—now he knew it was Sy who did it, and he sighed.

From his elevated position he could look down on

the front entrance of the Davis residence and he could plainly see the guests assemble. His attention was drawn to one. Yes, it was Tom Espy. He scarcely knew him though with a "biled" shirt and all those "glad rags," but he saw him take Kittie's young brother, Tracy, around the house and talk very earnestly to him, then go inside. The little lad followed Espy as far as the door, but there he remained, apparently watching the doings that were going on within.

The minutes dragged on. When would they be married? How was Tom going to let him know? He watched the door thinking Tom would appear, but no move from the inmates of that house; only the kid left his post and the Major saw him run with all his might down the little path to the mill yard and disappear among the tall piles of lumber, and Major Bruce's eyes wandered back to the doorway again, and a heavy sigh started to shake his big frame, when it was cut short and he was fairly raised to his feet as a mighty bellowing scream burst from the black throat of the mill whistle—just at his feet.

"What did it mean?"

He bounded down the path as he saw the guests pouring out of the little cottage—for they, like him—thought a fire must be raging in the big sawmill. One look around convinced him that that was not the case. But the whistle kept on blowing, and the sounds of it echoed and re-echoed over the hills and through the canons.

Bruce stepped back out of sight as some one advanced, but seeing only Espy, enquired, "What's it all mean, Tom?"

"Why, didn't I tell you I would let you know when the marriage was over? Didn't think though that the youngster would take so long to do it."

The Major turned slowly away and as he did so Tom said: "Cheer up, cheer up, and try it again, Maje."

But he answered back, "Never again, no, never again."

He took a by-path to the landing, slowly untied his boat and slowly rowing down the river Yaquina, and though he lived to be an old man, never did he take unto himself a wife.

Another scow of lumber had been towed down the bay and run upon the beach at high tide, and was being unloaded. The several mills along the bay and river were always busy these days, but what was going on now? Sam Case's house was nearing completion, plenty of lumber around it to finish it. But soon it was known that there was to be another hotel erected, and that by P. M. Abbey, who had been running a saloon since their arrival four years before.

Before the rains of another winter begun to fall, the Abbey House, which was to be a landmark on the bay front, was completed, and many a weary traveler was cheered by the motherly care of the congenial landlady.

The hills and canons on the bay were beginning to recover themselves after their baptism of fire. They were hiding their nakedness under a blanket of wild strawberry vines, through which young fir and rhododendron bushes shoved their heads. The huckleberry and salal, too, were giving color to the dark green body, and on the western slopes the jack-pines were thickly coming up and growing apace, for so quickly had the fire passed over, and so quickly did the rains start—that the soil and roots were scarcely injured—as they were in the fire of long ago.

Over the dark waters of the beautiful bay of Yaquina, over the flower bedecked hills that surrounded it, and out over the shining billows of the great Pacific a quiet, peaceful hush had fallen. Even the seagulls appeared to realize it was the Sabbath morn, for they flew

low over the rippling waters with scarcely a call to their mates.

Now and then a bird, seemingly unable to restrain itself longer, would soar far up into the blue heavens, singing for the very joy of living its beautiful song of love and praise.

Two or three little boats rocked lazily at their moorings on the bay beach, for even the surf appeared to realize it must not be boisterous and break the beautiful calm.

Although there were natives in plenty encamped among the hills, not a canoe skimmed the water, not an Indian to be seen, not a soul, in fact, was visible, but one lone being who long stood on the deserted beach looking toward the entrance of the bay, and watched the ocean swells as they rolled noiselessly over the bar.

At last he raised his eyes to the top of the bluff. There a large building could be seen, which as yet, was only partly completed. It was roofed and sided but the windows and doors were but holes. For a few moments he gazed up. Then taking hold of his trousers by the waist he gave them a hitch upward, and tying the long red woolen scarf he wore a little tighter, he climbed the shore and took the trail that led up to the house above.

As he wound his way among the piles of lumber, he could hear sounds of moving boards, and, as he drew near and walked up the planks that led into the front door he saw the owner, Samuel Case, busy arranging seats around the sides of the incompleated interior. For a few minutes he watched him in silence, then said:

“Lo, Sam.”

“Hello,” said Sam, without looking around.

“Wat yer think yer doin’? Gitten’ ready for a political meetin’?”

“Yes, a meeting, alright.”

“W’en?”

"This afternoon."

"An' it's Sunday; I did thought yer 'ad more 'ligion nor that, Sam."

"Well?"

"It's Sunday."

"And isn't Sunday the day for meetings?"

"Do yer mean it?"

"That I do."

"Who's goin' ter do the chinnin'?" after a moment's silence.

"The Reverend J. P. Kiblinger."

"A real riverence, eh? Who is 'e an' whar did 'e come from?"

"He came over the trail yesterday."

"Um."

"Here, Stormy, take hold of the end of that plank and help me make a place for his reverence to stand on," and the two men tugged away at the heavy boards until a platform was built, on which they placed a barrel with a square board on top to serve as a "pipit," as Stormy put it.

"Now," said Sam, "all we need is a congregation."

"I'd like ter know whar yer goin' ter git one 'ere?" and Stormy Jordan's eyes wandered over the forsaken looking bay and hills to the back.

"It's up to you to scare one up."

"Will Injuns do?"

"Any one will do."

"Well, I'll see," and he gave his trousers another upward hitch and stepped out of the door, preparing to depart.

"When did you come down, Stormy?"

"Last night, after dark."

"Any mail?"

"Naw, not much."

"Well, get along, then, and get an audience."

When the Rev. Kiblinger walked up the teetering plank at the door of the improvised meeting house that lovely May afternoon, 1871, his heart swelled within him. He had been told that he was the first preacher to be appointed to this far away "gem of the West," and he had taken particular pains to prepare an elaborate sermon. One that would pass down through history, and proudly he walked up the aisle, a bible in one hand and the precious writings in the other.

He stepped upon the platform, advanced to the rude stand—on which some one, maybe one of the gentler sex, had spread a white cloth and placed a large pitcher containing a huge bunch of rhododendrons,—and laid the bible thereon. Then slowly he turned to view his audience.

He turned first to his right, and the first one he saw was Stormy Jorden, the Elk City mail carrier. Then he glanced quickly around the circle—some forty souls—all told, a few ladies with calico frocks and sun-bonnets—men—he noted not what kind of clothes they wore—and many children, both boys and girls—and a few Indians.

One group—at his extreme left—attracted his attention the most. They had refused the seats provided and squatted close to an open window, drawing their gaily colored blankets close around them. One maiden there was, and his gaze lingered longest on her face, whose bright eyes, fair skin, red lips and shining hair rivaled many a city belle in beauty. But he knew not that the shell-like ears that peeped through the silken tresses, heard no word that he spoke. It was "Ik-poo-ye Kwo-lon" (Shut Ear) the baby sister that Miski had left behind her on those shores forty years before.

No, that sermon, over which he had labored so faithfully, would never do, so he walked to the stand and placed the roll of paper by the side of the bible, and clasping his hands together, looked down upon the up

turned faces before him and said:

"We will begin the services by singing the 'Doxology,' and slowly he repeated the lines:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,

"Praise Him, all creatures here below,

"Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,

"Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

"Let us sing," and as the mixed assembly arose to its feet he set the tune himself, and one by one a few of his audience joined in—some with full, rich voices—others quavering and hesitating.

When they had taken their seats he advanced to the edge of the platform, and sweeping the gathering with his eyes, said:

"Brothers and sisters—In Mark 16th chapter and 15th verse,' and he laid his hand reverently on the bible, "it says 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.' And again in John 15th chapter and 13th verse, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.'

"For love of you, my brethren, I have passed through many dangers, that I might come to you here—in this—the uttermost part of the world, as it were, to preach to you the love of the God that sent me. Love is the fulfillment of the law. 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believed in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"I see among you, men, whom I know have been eager miners for gold. What one of you, or among the vast army all over the world that are engaged in that occupation, but what would give his life,—and many have already given their lives and found nothing,—to find the 'mother lode,' but here," and he picked up the little book reverently, "tells where to find the 'mother lode' of love, for it says 'God is love.' The supply is inexhaustible and from that 'mother lode' is the world supplied. Then

again: 'God so loved the world that He gave His only son,' and that Son so loved the world that He gave His life that we might live the life everlasting. 'When Christ came among us all former religions were done away with.' No more sacrificing of the young of the flocks and herds, for 'He,' was the sacrifice for all time, so great was His love for us.

"Under the old Mosaic law there were ten commandments to follow, but He did away with those also. In John 14th chapter and 15th verse He says: 'If ye love Me, keep My commandments,' and in the 12th verse of the 15th chapter He says: 'This is My commandment, that ye love one another.' Love is the keynote of His teachings."

Here the speaker stepped toward his audience, and, in so doing it gave a clear view to Stormy Jorden of the little bunch of Indians who crouched beneath the window opposite him, but he saw none but "Ikpooyee Kwolon," whose eyes were riveted, as it were, on the speaker's face, who continued:

"If you have the God-given love you will worship none but Him. The second command is not to take His name in vain. If you love Him, you will not lightly utter that sacred name. If you love Him you will remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. If you have that love you surely reverence your parents, you will not kill a fellow man, commit adultery, steal, bear false witness or covet anything that belongs to another. 'If ye love Me, keep My commandments,' and that command is: 'Love one another'."

Here again Stormy looked over to the handsome maiden squaw, and this time their eyes met, but the speaker took a step or two backward, and right between them as he continued.

"If you love one another you will do no evil, commit no sin, the one to the other. If all the world would obey

that one commandment of the Lord Jesus Christ, then would sorrow cease.

"Let us pray."

He stepped to the front of the platform and reaching to the back of his long, black coat, he inserted his hand in a pocket concealed there, and brought forth a large white handkerchief, gave it a gentle shake and as it opened out, spread it on the rough new planks, then knelt upon it as he invoked heaven's blessings on those that dwelt here, and this beautiful place they had made their home.

As the preacher descended among his audience and cordially shook their hands, the little band of natives arose and stepped out of the window, and passed up a trail at the back of the house, silently followed by Stormy Jordan, who had made the same exit. Up over the hills by the well beaten trail they went, which led to Nye Creek, thence down on the beach. Here they were joined by Stormy, and all proceeded up the coast in silence, one after the other in true Indian fashion.

When the propeller of the "Elk" started to churn the black waters of the bay the following morning Stormy Jordan swung a big bundle in on the tiny cabin floor, and then proceeded to help the much blanketed "Shut Ear" to embark. He stepped ashore for the mail pouch, and as he was about to lift it from the beach, several of the bystanders stepped between, with:

"No, sir, not till you explain."

"Tired living alone," he grunted.

"Squaw man, eh?"

"Yep."

"Stick to her, Stormy."

"Yer bet yer," he answered back, as he stepped aboard, and the little boat turned its nose toward the river Yaquina with the newly joined couple.

"Ikhoon Kwolonn" had found a home at last.

CHAPTER XLIV.



HAT'S the matter, Bagsdale, you appear in the dumps, tonight?"

"I'm tired of the measley business."

"What business?"

John Bagsdale shifted the quid of tobacco to the other side of his mouth, unwound and wound up, as it were, his long legs as he stretched them out toward Johnny Nye's cheery fire before he answered.

"Ef I could sell out the right to my claim, I would. Wouldn't have staked here ef I hadn't thought there was a gold mine on that beach, but it needs money ahead to git money out, and that I haven't got."

Silence for a long time, while the wind moaned fitfully through the shrub around Nye's little cabin, and the dull booming of the distant surf could be heard.

"Such a beastly place, anyway," muttered Bagsdale.

"I love it," said Nye.

"You're welcome to it," and then the thought struck him, "Don't you want to buy me out, John?"

"I was a thinking."

"Then think quick; I'll give you possession tomorrow, if you want."

"Think I've got that, now."

Blamed squatters," said Bagsdale as though to himself, "more than one squatter on my claim and—"

"How much do you want?"

Bagsdale stated his price and the two sat in silence again for a long time. The wind died down and the rain ceased to fall, and the nightly visitor — for such had Bagsdale got to be—arose, picked his cap from a peg near the door and started out.

"I'll take you up," Nye hallowed after him, the door slammed to and Loony John followed the narrow path

that led to his own cabin on the hill above the creek.

John Nye, left to himself, leaned far back in the low rickety chair he had sat in all evening, stretched his stocking feet toward the fireplace and let his gaze rest on the glowing embers as they slowly turned to white ashes and died out.

"Well, if I do it," he said aloud at last, "I'll have to write a letter tonight so it will go up on the boat tomorrow—I'm sure Agnes' man will go in with me.

In the semi-darkness he found the tallow dip and lit it, procured paper and pencil and wrote several sheets which he folded, placed in a home-made envelope, sealed and wrote on the outside:

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thompson,
Corvallis, Oregon.

Then he pulled on his long rubber boots, slicker and cap, and stepped out of doors, and with nothing but the stars to light his way, took the Indian trail that led over the hills to Newport.

"There," he said as he slipped the letter through the crack in the board panel of the window at the tiny room that was used as a postoffice on Front street, "I'd aught to get an answer to that directly. And he did, for not long after he and his brother-in-law, R. M. Thompson, proved up on the 160 acres which was already, and was ever after known, as "Nye Beach."

On the western outskirts of the pretty little town of Warsaw, Indiana, the afternoon sun shone warm and bright. Under the vine-covered porch of a little cottage two young people sat, enjoying the first warm days of spring.

They were fast becoming friends, this fair young girl and the slight young man by her side, so much so that when he told her he must soon leave to go to his far

Western home, a very worried look come into the face of Olive Stinson, and the fingers of her hand, which rested on the arm of the settler, clasped and unclasped nervously. She had known John Nye (for such he was) but a short time, as he had only recently come to her town to visit relatives of his own.

As they sat and watched the sun slowly sink to the horizon, John's hand, seemingly unconscious, stole over the arm of the seat they were sitting on and possessed itself of the little hand resting there. She did not withdraw it—to the contrary—the white finger tips closed—ever so faintly—over the long shapely fingers of his hand, and a happy sigh escaped his parted lips. After a brief pause he said:

"If I were home in Oregon, down by the ocean, I'd be going down to the little lake to catch fish for my supper about this time."

"About this time? Why, it's nearly dark!"

"About the middle of the afternoon there."

"Oh."

Silence for a few moments, then:

"Is that all you do?"

"What?"

"Fish. Is that all you have to eat?"

"You should see the pretty garden I had last year. Everything grows there but sweet potatoes, I tried them once, but—"

"But what?"

He evaded the question and continued:

"It's hard work to farm—make garden—"

"And grow sweet potatoes?"

But he would not tell her that this attempt at their cultivation resulted only in tiny rootlets, for which he was greatly joshed by his many friends.

"And do all the housework, too," he finished.

"Yes; every house needs a woman."

"You mean that, Olive?" and the other hand closed over the little white one, which now was completely concealed between his two palms, while the brown eyes of their owner sought the gray ones of the young girl by his side.

The gray eyes forgot the sunset they were so intently watching, but found something of greater interest on the ground at the feet of their owner.

"You will go with me then, will you, Olive?"

"Oh, John, as I told you before, it's so far from all my people."

"I'll be your people, then, Olive."

"I'd get awful lonely, I know."

"With your housekeeping and me to look after, you would have no time to get lonely."

"But there are Indians there, you say."

"Oh, they are harmless—only one old family to be feared—an old 'Toot-toony' family, and only one of them that is vicious enough to harm anyone—'Old Jennie'—she will never come your way."

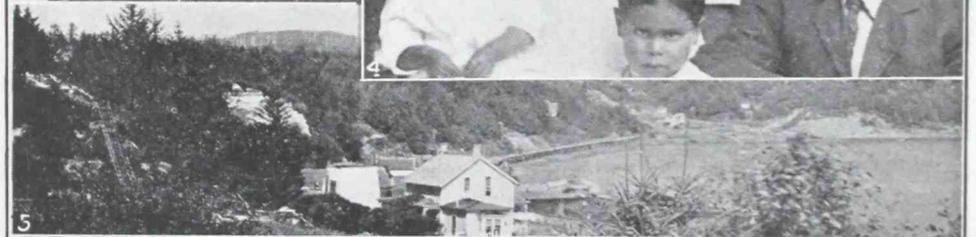
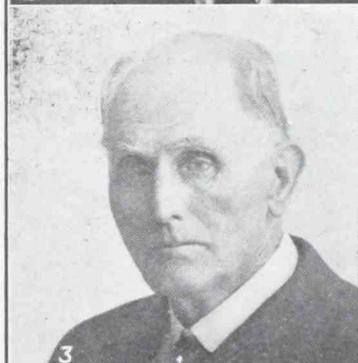
"Jennie? Where did an Indian get that name? I thought Indian women were known as 'North Star' or 'Rainbow,' or some such names."

"When the government took hold of the natives, they gave every one some kind of a white name by which they might be known. But as I say, they won't bother you, and you can pick the wild flowers, and berries, and in the evenings we'll go fishing in Loony John's lake that he made just below my cabin; oh, Olive." And he gave the little hand a vicious squeeze.

But she slowly shook her head.

"You said you went over by ox-team. I could never stand such a journey."

"That was in 1859. There is a good railroad to San Francisco now; we'll go on that to the sunset country, and—"



1. Front Street, Newport; p. 345. 2. The Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Bensell; p. 358.
3. Dr. F. M. Carter; p. 345. 4. Joe and Calusa of today with their family; p. 345.
5. The Bensell residence; 358. 6. The Agency at the Siletz Reservation; p. 339.

"No, we won't, John," drawing her hand quickly away, "I couldn't stand it away out there in that wilderness, where you say it rains so much."

Silence.

John Nye's eyes never left the setting sun. The corners of his mouth drooped sadly, and a gray look came over his face, and he remained perfectly motionless—even his two hands remained in the same position as when she drew her own from them—then he spoke in a low voice, as though to himself, thinking aloud:

"It will be awful lonely for me there in the little cabin, sitting all alone by the fireplace—the wet wood sizzling—and listening to the rain beat on the low roof and slap against the one small window—nothing else to hear but the booming of the angry surf on the reefs and the wind shriek over and around the cliffs, and when the morning comes—nothing but the gray mists hanging low and wet over the bare hills—and hear the plaintive scream of the seagulls and—"

But the little hand had stolen back between the two palms again, and the white fingers were clinging around the long firm ones, when John—seemingly returning from the far away vision,—looked down at the little figure by his side, clasped the hands so tightly as he said:

"You'll go, Olive, you will?"

But she did not need to speak, he saw his answer in her eyes, and he held her close to him as he said in low soft tones:

"I'll see that you never regret it, darling. I know you will like it there. Many a time we will sit in the cabin door and watch the glorious sun set behind the beautiful blue waters, and listen to the murmur of the white crested billows break on the golden sands of the seashore. When I am busy you can roam at will over the beautiful green hills, and pick the luscious fruit, and the beautiful flowers, and listen to the song of the seagull calling to

its mate, and—”

But his voice trailed off into silence, as with heads close together they watched the sun sink out of sight behind the distant prairie.

“John must go.” Yes, the lure of the West was upon him and he must go; so they hastened their wedding, which took place on the 25th of May, and two weeks later they boarded the train that landed them in San Francisco.

When the “Oriflame,” one of the largest passenger boats then running between San Francisco and Portland, sailed up the coast, it carried a very happy bridal couple, and when off the Oregon coast, opposite Yaquina Head, John did his best to show his bride the little home he had built on the west slope of the Yaquina peninsula—the home she was not to see for several years. After landing at Portland they took a river boat for Corvallis, where for four years John worked at his trade, that of tailoring.



CHAPTER XLV.

— 1872 —



ONE morning in the early spring of 1872 Mr. H. Ebright stood on the high point of the extreme end of the peninsula at Yaquina, stepping off, and otherwise, measuring a bit of land back a short distance from the edge of the bluff.

“Right here, boys,” and he gave directions for the digging of a basement, then hastened to superintend the hoisting of some material up the bluff and showing where the huge loads of lumber and timbers, — being hauled by ox-teams over the hills,—were to be deposited.

Twenty thousand dollars had been appropriated by the government for a lighthouse at the entrance of the bay. He hastened its construction; for so many boats were now crossing the bar, and going through the narrow entrance of the bay, that it was unsafe for them to enter over the—as yet—unimproved bar.

The brick basement, containing huge brick pillars on which the building was to stand, was soon completed, and it did not take long to erect the strong frame structure above, and in a few months a bright light shone from the round glass tower that crowned the top, over a hundred feet above high water level, revealing to the boats that would enter, their whereabouts.

As usual, at the beginning of July, the cool trade winds set in, and as usual, they tore away at the soft sand, and wherever they could gouge out a few loose grains, it whirled them to other parts. It was slowly eating under the top soil and undermining the sods that had grown over the sand covered rocky bluffs—in some places laying the rock entirely bare—for the storms and rains of winter to batter and dislodge.

It was slowly but surely doing its destructive work around the point where “Joe had jumped off.” All traces of the cave where “Jumping Elk” with “Miski” had taken refuge had disappeared. The only thing remaining was a long, oval boulder with all the dirt washed from its top, which lay to the north of the main rock. Sometimes it was called the “Whale,” because of its resemblance to that animal. A big abyss was being dug out all along the north side of “Jump Off Joe” where the wind whistled around in great eddies.

Further down the rocky coast, near the harbor entrance, it was making great changes, and the cliff front, which had reminded so many of an old castle, was getting

to look like one indeed. It stood out more and more as the soft sand was blown and washed from behind the more solid rock, until at last the sharp winds carved their way through at the back, the last of the protecting sods fell to the beach below, and the mocking winds played with the loose soil thus laid bare.

Before the summer ended "Castle Rock" stood out boldly from the mainland, a feature of the ocean beach.

"Pappa, oh, Poppie!"

"Dad, dad; see here, quick!" and two or three little girls ran up the slope to the Briggs-Meggenson home at "the cape." Their long, black hair was flying out behind, for each one was doing its best to outrun the other, that they might be the first to break the curious news.

"For the love of Jimminy, kiddies, what's up?" and both Tom and George dropped their work to see what all the excitement was about.

"Oh, come, quick, and see; here is a ship—a great big ship—coming right to our house!"

"Nonsense, children."

"Oh, it is, it's so; just come," and the children laid hold of the two men and dragged them around the corner of the house, and pointed triumphantly—with none too clean hands—to a trim, good sized craft, headed—sure enough—straight for the cape.

"Well, I'll be gosh-darned!"

"Guess it's the 'Elenor' alright."

"Guess so," and the two men looked at each other then out to sea, while the children danced about in great excitement.

They had been making mud pies down in a little hollow by a brook, and were as happy a little bunch of urchins as could be found anywhere. Three of them belonged to the house of Megginson, the other four, of

which "Baby Joe" was the youngest, belonged—as they would have told you—to the Briggs side of the house.

It was a beautiful warm day in the early summer of 1872. The air was clear and the three-masted schooner could be seen very plainly as she sailed up and came to anchor, just off the cape. She had been built the year before by the Newport Transportation Co., on the Boon property on the south side of the Yaquina river, by Ben Simpson as president, R. A. Bensell as secretary and superintendent of the company, and cost about \$16,000, as trim a little craft as one would want to see.

She had loaded lumber at Oneatta Mills for San Francisco, and now—on her return trip, she was loaded with material for the Cape Foulweather lighthouse, for the building of which the government had appropriated \$80,000.

It was impossible for the schooner to get close enough to the iron-bound shores of the cape to unload her cargo, so her captain, Allen, by name, thought it advisable to procure lighters, which were loaded with bricks for the tower. During high tides they were floated in to the little cove to a floating wharf. From this wharf a tramway was built that led to the bluff above, up which the material was hauled on little cars that were pulled by a long cable to which mules were attached, away up on the high shore. Thence it was hauled by ox-team along the trail that skirted the south side of the two low mountains to the building site.

Mr. Hiram Ebright was superintendent of the works, and under his able management the buildings were nearly completed the first year. Much iron was used in the construction of the tower which was brought from Portland, Oregon. On this windy point all precaution had to be taken, so that the structure would withstand the terrific gales that so often blow upon the Oregon coast.

It had been remarked that, with the vastness of the

undertaking, not a man lost his life, and only one was injured, and that by his own heedlessness. At the point where the material was unloaded, a fierce wind was whistling around when one of the workmen—Bushnell by name—started to walk up the narrow tramway, before spoken of. He had been warned of the danger, but maybe he did not know, or realize, the force of the wind, for when he had climbed the narrow unprotected tramway about half way, a strong blast struck him, hurling him from his feet and out over the abyss, where its strength was so enormous as to hold him for a brief moment, suspended in midair, then slowly let him drop to the cruel rocks below, where, if he had fallen unprotected, as it were, he would have been dashed to death.

At last the huge brick tower was completed and preparations were made to hoist the immense lenses, that were made in France at a cost of \$12,000, to their resting place, 161 feet above the sea level.

It was the first of August that Sy Copeland conveyed to their new home the first keepers of the light sent by the government, namely, Fayette S. Crosby, with Jasper C. Mann, first assistant, and John Jassep, second assistant.

On the evening of the 20th of August, 1873, the great eye of the fixed light gleamed out over 19 miles of watery waste—a first order white light of 13,000 candle-power. The first light was produced by lard oil, but it was changed later to a five-wick Rochester burner of 8,750 candle-power, thence illuminated by oil vapor made from kerosene oil, which proved the most satisfactory of all.

Many were the visitors to the cape to see this great curiosity, but it was not until November 28, 1886, that the keepers of Cape Foulweather light politely invited J. M. and N. S. Smith, from Illinois, to be the first

visitors to register their names, and thereafter thousands followed their example.



CHAPTER XLVI.

— 1874 —



THE morning of September 6th dawned bright and beautiful. Not a cloud was visible in the blue heavens above or floated over the round face of the golden sun as it peeped over the Coast Range, and looked down on the tranquil bay of Yaquina and on the peninsula of Newport, and lit up the twin mountains on the cape.

The vast ocean—that stretched to the far west—was as smooth as glass; not a ripple disturbed its green waters. It appeared to be resting after the blow of the cool north winds of summer.

Seagulls, white and gray, flew low over the breakers on the beach, watching each little curling wavelet as it broke on the sandy shore and then recede, to see if it had washed up any morsel with which they might break their fast. Now and then a fish would be stranded on the sand, or a little butter clam would be washed in, or a rock oyster, or some other tit-bit, then a battle royal would ensue. The victorious one would soar upward, followed by the screaming, squalling flock for a short distance, when they would return to watch the next wave—leaving the fortunate one to pursue its way to some high bluff, where it could devour its prey in peace.

This morning their antics had been watched by a soli-

tary figure—a man dressed in immaculate black. The long frock coat, the snow-white shirt and collar and the little black bow at the throat, marked him at once as a minister of the gospel.

Slowly he wandered along the trail on the edge of the high bluff, drinking in the beauty of it all. He noticed a flock of birds arise from the rocks that surrounded the distant cape on which the lighthouse was built, and fly almost over his head to their feeding grounds on the bay.

As he wended his way northward he crossed first Nye Creek, then Big Creek and a little further on, Little Creek. No houses anywhere impeded his way. The trail was unbroken save where it was crossed by another.

The sun had reached the zenith before he at last pulled up at the Briggs-Meggenson pleasant home, where he was cordially invited to remain for dinner.

It was not long, however, before the congenial host learned that his guest was the Rev. J. A. Hanna, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Corvallis, and that he had arrived at Newport beach the day before, coming down on the mail boat, and that he was going to pay a visit to the inmates of the lighthouse, and "Yes," in answer to one of Tom Briggs' numerous questions, stop all night and maybe a day or two. Something in the tone of the minister's reply forbade Briggs to ask any more questions along that line, and not long after his reverence took his departure.

He took the winding trail that crept along the south side of the twin mounts, and as he rounded the last one came well out into the open. He stopped in wonder and admiration, and reverently took off his hat, and stood holding it as he gazed about him.

To his right—far to the north—another point of land could be seen, similar to the one on which he stood. Then his eye scanned the wide expanse of ocean which the afternoon sun had—by now—changed to purple and

gold. Far out on the horizon the white sails of a boat were visible, moving lazily along. Then his eye wandered southward and far, far to the south there was another cape. A little nearer up the coast he could discern a bunch of rocks, and a little nearer still he saw the entrance to the bay, and the old lighthouse—now dead since the new one had been built.

He let his eyes wander along the bluff where he had walked that very morning, and then to the water all about the point on which he was standing.

“How-do, Reverence?”

He was brought to himself suddenly, and turning to his right he beheld his host, Mr. J. H. Blair, who was then second assistant keeper of the light.

“I had stopped to admire,” apologized the reverend gentlemen, “It is grand!”

“Yes, on a day like this it is pretty nice—but—”

“But?” repeated the minister.

“You take it on a day when there is a bad storm and there are times when one must creep on hands and knees from the house to the light, and inside it is no unusual thing to have the stove door blown open. When the wind is at its height the timid would rather be on the mainland; but come, if this is your first visit here, let’s walk around the edge of the bluff—some very pretty rocks.” He drew out a large turnip watch. “Lot’s of time; over an hour yet.”

They passed along the bluff to their left, and as they looked over the perpendicular cliffs the minister remarked:

“What a queer shaped rock that is?”

“That’s the ‘Siwash Dog’.”

“Siwash?”

“Yes. There is an old Indian legend about it, and a rock around the point there—I never did hear the right of it—but that’s his dog, and his squaw is supposed

to live in a cave that's right under the light tower!"

"Why, it's a wonder they would build such a heavy structure as that over a cave."

"Guess they didn't know it was there; it's awfully hard to get at—can't only at low tide. It's low tide tomorrow morning; we'll try to get around down there then if you wish."

"Would dearly love to, alright."

"There is the 'Siwash Rock,' see?" and Blair leaning over the bluff pointed to the tall slender column, around which the incoming tide was slapping.

"Lots of young birds all over the rocks."

"Yes; 'spirit birds,' some call them. We call them 'shags'."

"Good to eat?"

"No, I guess not. No one ever does eat them anyway. They have something to do with the legend, also that mountain there," turning and pointing to the hill behind them. "That's called the 'Lover's Lookout'."

They passed on around to the north side of the point and to the front of the house and entered, and the "reverend gentleman" was soon busily engaged in talking to the little group of people seated in the decorated parlor dressed in their Sunday best.

Across one corner of the room was an arch of ferns and evergreens, that told plainly the nature of the gathering. Just as a clock in some distant part of the house chimed the hour of five, the parlor door opened and the tall straight form of young Dr. F. M. Carter entered, passed up the center of the room and took his place beneath the arch.

A moment later the swish, and rustle of skirts was heard. All looked toward the door as the bride, Miss Olive E. Barker, appeared, arrayed in dazzling white, leaning on the arm of her step-father, Mr. Blair, who escorted her to the side of the waiting bridegroom. They

were followed by Mrs. T. H. Sautell, who acted as bridesmaid.

The Rev. Mr. Hanna now took his place before them, and—after the few conventional questions—solemnly pronounced them “man and wife.”

But it was not until they were seated at the daintily laden board in the spacious dining room, where all were so heartily enjoying themselves, and giving the newly married pair much advice, that his reverence contributed his bit by saying: “Well, my dear young people; roam whither thou wilt over this vast continent—but my advice is—don’t go any further west.”

The young Dr. and his bride departed immediately for the Siletz reservation, where he had been appointed by the government as Indian Physician, worthily filling that position for twenty years or more.



CHAPTER XLVII.

— 1875 —



FROM under the iron heel of oppression there so often springs the little plant of freedom.

The farmers of the beautiful valley of the Willamette had grown tired of giving all the profits of their labor to the owners of a railroad, running east of the Coast Range to San Francisco, and at first wondered, then were convinced of the fact that if a railroad could be built over the low Coast Mountains to the bay of Yaquina, their products could be shipped much cheaper by boat from that point.

So, the enterprising men of Benton, Linn, Lane and

Marion counties raised the sum of \$35,000 to make a survey for a narrow-gauge railway from Corvallis to tide-water—Elk City—on Yaquina river.

It was during the summer of this same year that Mr. E. E. Cooper, C. E., with a corps of assistants, climbed the foothills and began their tortuous windings in and out, around and through the many mountains and canons through which the picturesque Mary's River flowed.

They followed up the ever-narrowing stream as it wound around the majestic Mary's Peak, (known to the Indians as "Chintimini") until it at last dwindled to a tiny brook, and eventually ceased.

"They had reached the summit of the Coast Range."

They reasoned that there must be a water way down the opposite side somewhere near, and after considerable searching by the different members of the party, they discovered an almost-hidden rivulet, oozing from the moss-covered earth, which as they descended the mountains, grew into a babbling brook—a creek—a tumultuous stream—and slowly emerged into a small river as they neared Pioneer, the head of navigation. Here it was that many travelers left the tedious trail, and finished the journey to the bay by boat. Two miles further on they came to Elk City, the head of tide water, but not satisfied they pressed onward by the side of the ever-widening river of Yaquina, following it as it flowed around the base of many bald mountains.

At last one calm evening they arrived at the flourishing little berg—city it was called—of Yaquina, and entering one of its many saloons stacked their several surveying instruments, and other equipment in a corner of the room, and soon they were plied with numerous questions by the inquisitive loungers.

"Was the railroad sure coming?"

"Who was building it?"

"How long before it would be in?"

"How many men would they require to do the grading and such, and how much did they reckon it would cost?"

To all these questions—and many more—Cooper and his assistants pleaded ignorance. They were hired to survey the road—not build it. No, they could give them no information, and after their departure, the settlers around the pretty bay talked and dreamed of the coming road.

"There! I will never go over that road again. I will never leave this place until I can go out by train, and if a railroad never comes in—here I'll be buried alive."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, I'm just nearly jolted to death—and they call it a road—holes big enough to swallow the team, almost."

Laughter.

"Oh, you wouldn't laugh if you had been shaken until you saw stars," and Mrs. Nye gathered her baby,—who was as tired as she,—into her arms, and prepared to follow her husband.

John Nye, when he heard talk of a road into the bay country, took up a homestead of 160 acres on the county road four miles east of Newport, and it was to this home that he brought his wife and child.

Long, they had been on the road over from Corvallis, for he had driven his own team, bringing all their belongings. They had stopped at Elk City for the night, and greatly to Mrs. Nye's chagrin, had been forced to sleep on a home-made bed, sit on home-made chairs and dine off a home-made table. But even that—as she said—could have been passed, but never, no never, could she forget the greasy bacon, black coffee and sour dough biscuits with which they had been served.

Now, at their journey's end at last, her husband led

her into the house that was to be her home for the remainder of her life.

They had talked many times of his cabin by the sea, but they never lived there, for shortly after, Mr. Nye and his brother-in-law laid off and platted the Nye Creek homestead into town lots, which is now known as Nye and Thompson's addition to the City of Newport, Oregon.

But to recompense her, as he said, for the loss of the privilege of living in his little cabin (which was built on High street) he named one of the streets "Olive," after her, and Thompson, not wishing to be outdone, gave the name of "Agnes" to another street, after his wife.



CHAPTER XLVIII.

— 1876 —



THE fall of 1875 was exceptionally mild. Soft, mellow sunshine, balmy breezes and blooming flowers. A few of the older inhabitants when questioned would say:

"Don't git skeered, but ye'll see some blowin' yit afore yer leave—ef yer stay long enough!"

One beautiful afternoon in the latter part of January, 1876, a soft, southwest breeze came floating over the low swells of the ocean. A light haze began to gather over the blue of the heavens, dimming the brilliancy of the sun—around which a big, bright halo circled—which faded into fleecy clouds as it sank from sight. Little puffs of hot wind, that came more and more frequently, tossed the green

branches of the jack-pines on the cliffs, and as darkness settled down, it moaned fitfully along the sand dunes and through the canons.

The bright eye of the Yaquina Head light alone, shone undimmed in the intense blackness that settled everywhere—over land and sea—along the Oregon Coast.

Stronger, and more frequent came the blasts until suddenly—at the turning of the tide—a mighty roar came rolling over the swaying billows, making them heave and toss. It struck the bluffs with a savage slap, that tore the loose sand and rocks from the soft ledges, hurling them to the beach—far below. Then more, and heavier winds came tearing at the sturdy little trees and shrubs, twisting and bending the larger ones as though to rend every branch from them.

One monster fir tree that had stood on the outer edge of a rocky point just north of "Castle Rock," that had escaped the devouring flames of the conflagration of 1868, and which had withstood the tempests of a hundred years or more, appeared to be the special object of the wrath of the winds. Long had the elements beaten the cliffs, and tore the sands at its feet. Now, the wind twisted the green bushy head, until at last it snapped and fell with a crash to the sands below. The ever-rising tempest thrashed and wrench its many long limbs, until its mighty trunk swayed and bent like a reed. It scooped and whirled at the sand around the roots, loosening the fibres that held it to its crumbling bed, until at last, a fiercer blast than all the rest came screaming and howling over the foaming billows of the vast waste of water, hurling itself with such fury against the already-weakened roots, tearing the last of its clinging fibres loose, and it, too, fell with a breaking, rasping crash, down the jagged rocks to the waters of the incoming tide, followed by immense showers of loosened rock, sand and sods.

The sea roared as it beat against the cliffs, and now

and then a vivid flash of lightning was followed by deep, booming, heavy crashing of thunder, which shook the solid rocks.

The southward flowing waters of the Japanese current, which here strikes the Oregon coast with such force, picked up the fallen giant fir tree as though it were but a twig, and dragging it along to the outer reef—hurled it around Castle Rock to the entrance of the bay. Here the little inlet by the side of the arch appeared to suck at the inrushing waters, as it boiled through the opening.

The tempest was at its height now.

The wind-driven rain lashed the cliffs and the shrubbery on their crests, and to the wild roaring of the surf, was added the almost- ceaseless crashing of the artillery of heaven. Blinding flashes of lightning like vivid streaks of fire flashed through the intense blackness. The breakers, as though enraged because they could not accomplish more destruction, lifted the rolling, battered tree up on their foam covered crests, and dashed it with fury against the stone bridge of the arch. But it succeeded in dislodging only a small portion of rock, as the trunk struck it sideways, and it fell to the angry, foaming surf.

Back rolled the maddened waves, bearing the tree with them. It was caught by an immense billow rushing landward; higher and higher it was raised, then, as the billow leaped toward the arch, it hurled the tree—root-end first—like, and with the force of a battering ram, against the already weakened arch, while the wind screamed, the onrushing billows roared, and the lightning rent the black sky, to the accompaniment of the ceaseless cannonade from the clouds.

With a mighty crash, the old tree struck the crumbling rock and rendered it to fragments, that fell into the surf like cannon balls, and the tree shot through the abyss it had made—into the quieter waters of the bay, and at

last, it was rolled by the swells upon the soft, sandy beach, where it rested.

As though weeping for the damage that had been done, the heavens opened its flood-gates, and sent forth such a deluge of rain and hail as to beat down the angry billows, and the wind—apparently satisfied with the havoc it had wrought—died down gradually, until it was but a murmuring whisper in the tree tops on the uplands, and shortly the rain clouds drifted by and the elements were at rest.

The vast ocean, relieved from the heavy flatening forces of both wind and rain, began to rock and heave in great billows that rolled shoreward, where it dashed over the reefs in great geysers of white foam, ten and twenty feet in height, sending forth a sound like musketry.

When the night shades had been chased away by the birth of a new day, and the glorious sun shone forth on the fleeing clouds, it caught the spray of the surf and held it, while its beams kissed the snow-white mists—which glittered and sparkled with blushes that turned into myriads of colors, forming the huge semi-circle of a rainbow. And not satisfied with its brilliancy, it created a smaller inner bow, less brilliant but perfect, over the entrance to the bay and the broken and shattered arch.



CHAPTER XLIX.



ALL day long on the 3rd of July, 1876, the Indians had been coming over the trails and by canoes from the Siletz reservation to the bay of Yaquina.

They had been given leave to visit Newport, for had they not promised to dance the great "Feather Dance," most loved of all the Indian dances, on the afternoon of the 4th. All around on the hills and shores of Olsonville they had erected their tepees, and many were already down on the mud flats digging for clams, of which they were dearly fond, especially the "Salt Chucks."

The saloons were very busy, although it was unlawful to sell the "fire-water" to the redman—the law was forgotten, seemingly—or, it might be said, the law forgot and many a bottle found its way to the Indian campgrounds. Far into the night there could be heard the wild chants and shouts as the fiery fluid got a better and better hold of them—promising nothing good for the morrow.

Among the most prominent in the whole camp there was none, maybe, so conspicuous as the one family of "Toot-tootneys," the children of Oneatta. Now that John had been removed, Jack was next in line and claimed to be "hereditary chief" of the entire tribe. Bold, indeed, he was, and very brave when he had imbibed freely, but a great coward at heart. He shared none of the daring of his parents, although nothing was too mean and savage he could do on the sly, which was, indeed, different from his sister, Jennie. He had just lately taken unto himself another wife, and maybe it was in celebration of that event that, when the morning of the 4th dawned, it found

him in none too good spirits, after the debauchery of the previous evening. He started forth from the camp with the vow that he would kill the first white man he saw—which man happened to be Thomas Boyle—who had arisen early to get a breath of fresh morning air, for who can say how Tom had spent the previous night?

As Tom pranced along, he well knew that his jaunty airs were watched by the two bright eyes of his lady-love, who resided in a cottage close by, and he might have, at that very moment, been hoping something would turn up that would distinguish him in her sight.

As he sauntered along the beach close to the Indian camp, he was suddenly startled and confronted by Jack, who, with a whoop sprang at him. Tom, who was seldom unarmed, at once reached for and took from his pocket a small "Derringer" pistol, and gallantly flourished it at the Indian, and as Jack advanced, Tom discharged the weapon full into his face, the ball entering the brain through the forehead, killing him instantly.

At the sound of the discharged weapon, the entire band of savages emerged from their wigwams, and when they found out what had been done they swore vengeance on Boyle, declaring they would have his scalp. But Tom did not wait to oblige them, preferring to keep that part of himself intact. He started at full speed down the beach toward town, followed by the entire band of 500 Indians, who, with mighty whoops and yells, dashed after the fleeing Tom. Knowing that they would overtake him if he remained on the beach, he sprang up among the bushes on the shore, skulking along under cover he made for the Ocean House. No thought now of the fair one he wished so much to charm. If he could but save his own neck.

When the fierce war-whoop sounded on the morning air, all the women and children of the town at once took refuge in the Ocean House, while the men stood guard

outside, not knowing what the trouble was; or, how it might end.

And thus Tom found them as he came panting and staggering to the "house of refuge," as it were, and it was not until he had entered and rushed wildly up the stairs, crouching in the corner of a dark closet, did he tell them what had taken place.

Dark, indeed, did the situation look. The half-crazed savages led by Jack's sister, Jennie, cried for revenge. If they (the whites) did not deliver Boyle into their hands, they would burn the house and massacre all that were in it. It was no use to talk to them and tell them that Boyle was defending his own life; one of their number had been murdered, and if it were they that had killed a white man, they would be hung or shot at once.

Then it was that Royal Bensell stepped out among them, greatly against the pleadings of his friends, who thought the Indians would rend him limb from limb. He had always been a friend of the red man, and much loved by all the tribes, and when he talked, telling them that there would be justice done, that they would have Boyle arrested and punished—if guilty—they at last dispersed, but not until Jennie had warned them that if they did not do for Boyle, she would.

Jack's young bride, who had gone early that morning to gather the little butter clams and rock oysters on the reefs at Nye Beach, when she heard of her husband's murder, forgot her oysters and the coming feast; forgot all, save her warrior dead, as she flew with winged feet over the bluffs, over the ridges and canons, through tangles of brush, down to the shores of the bay where her dead brave lay.

A few days later Tom was arrested, taken to Portland and tried in the Federal Court before Judge Deady, and came clear, just as the Indians said he would; for

the different rounds of the dance, the youths and maidens they said, "No white man was ever found guilty of anything he ever did to the red man."

But the Indians always had it in for Tom Boyle, and never did he go unarmed, or did he ever feel real safe, although he never changed his abode, but spent all the days of his life on the shores of the bay of Yaquina.



CHAPTER L.

— 1877 —



THE year 1877 was ushered in, in the usual manner at Newport, Oregon. The inhabitants of that place and the surrounding country for many miles, had gather, as usual, at the Ocean House, which was ably run by Dr. Bailey and his wife, assisted by Samuel Case and his young wife.

Pretty Indian maidens there were in plenty, who could not resist the temptation to display their gaudy finery, consisting of —to them—strings of beautiful beads, while here and there, some place about their persons, the young bucks had tucked the much loved feather. True, the whites did not much like to mingle with the natives. The ladies did not object strenuously to the gentlemen dancing with their dusky sisters, but on the other hand not one gentleman was pleased to see the arm of a dark brave about the waist of his lady-love, and sometimes there was serious trouble.

But tonight, the last of the old year of 1876, all were joyously happy, for of late the Indians had been quiet, and while some one—old in the profession—called off

whirled about the spacious ball room to the strains of a fiddle as they danced the old year out and the new year in.

The following morning, January 1st, 1877, Samuel Case took his place as teacher in the new log school house which was built on the grounds that the public school buildings now occupy.

Hop picking was in full swing.

All through the Willamette Valley the autumn sun looked down through a golden haze on hundreds of acres studded with poles—wired—over which the dark green vines drooped in graceful festoons. Thousands of people, from both city and plains, tore and pulled at the hanging clusters of hops, singing, talking, laughing and whistling, having a picnic generally.

Many of the very large yards provided camping grounds, that the pickers from a distance might make their home near the yards during the picking season. Places of amusement were provided—booths and dancing pavilions—where the workers forgot the dust-laden heat of the day, in the pleasures and gaiety of the cool evenings.

One such yard was situated not many miles from Corvallis, the well known town, "out in the valley"—as they say in Newport. Many from the vicinity of the Yaquina repaired there in the hop season, and also, it was the delight of many of the Indians from the Siletz reservation. A large meadow at one side of this yard had been given over for the tents of the campers, and amusements; while, on the opposite corner about one-half dozen wigwams and tepees of the dusky pickers were pitched. A little brook ran across the meadow—but was confined to a ditch, which ran around two sides of the hop field, and by this ditch, which was bordered and overhung by hazel bushes and other shrubs—in the far corner, the company campfire of the Indians was kindled.

A wagon track skirted the entire field, which many used as a walk, and it was down this road that a lone footman sauntered one evening in the fall of 1877. He had been enjoying the refreshing drinks provided by the owners of the boots, but when the sun had set, and the music of a wheezy old organ and a scraping violin started, and the dancers gathered for their usual amusement, he remembered that he had promised a friend that lived on the other side of the yard that he would call and see him.

The cluster of wigwams was deserted. Their owners had, as usual, gone to watch the dancers, and as the solitary pedestrian rounded the corner of the field where they stood—still following the wagon road—he passed by a clump of low shrub, and ran headlong into an old Indian woman who was coming up from the ditch by a steep path just back of the bush, with two buckets of water. For a moment neither realized what was taking place. The buckets flew from her grasp, showering both with their contents, and went clattering to the ground, where they were almost followed by the two.

Quickly the man recovered himself, and reaching out a hand, prevented the old woman from falling, then with a polite "I beg your pardon," he stooped and gathered the buckets and handed them to the woman. As he did so he, for the first time, saw his assailant. It was "Toot-tootny Jennie," the terror of the reservation and his arch enemy. And she, when she arose to her feet and saw who it was that had spilled her water, a fierce look of hate came into her cruel old eyes, but his "I beg your padon" softened her somewhat, so that when their eyes met she smiled, in her way, and said:

"Tank oo, Tom Bile!"

No need to say that Tom was shocked. His hand went immediately to his hip pocket, but he did not feel the bit of cold steel that he most always carried there. Oh, how he would love to get even with her, and now

that there was no one near, how quickly he could lay her low. He knew better than to lay hands on her, for her enormous strength was more than he could manage single-handed. He was turning to continue his journey when she stopped him with:

"Oo good, Tom Bile; 'oo come, I make 'oo cany for dat!"

"Haven't time," answered Boyle, "Got to go over here."

"Oo 'top, 'oo come back," she pleaded.

"Alright," he agreed and strode on in the gathering darkness. "Yes, I'll come back," he mused. "I'll borrow Sim's revolver and down the old hag, if I swing for it. I'll never be safe, an way, while she lives. She'd ought to be killed just for killing "Ben Wright." Yes, sir, that's what I'll do. I'll avenge "Wright's" death when I go back."

He had reached the end of the field by this time, where a broad plank lay across the shallow ditch that he had to cross to get to the house that he was going to visit. Some way, in the darkness that plank looked too narrow over that "deep, wide ditch." He could hear the water "roaring" far down in the dark abyss. He put one foot on the plank. It "tipped." No, sir," he would not risk his life crossing "that"—not now—as he was about to have revenge for the wrong done "Wright"—no—he had to do that first. He would just sit down by those bushes and wait until the moon came up. Then he could see. He did so, removing his hat and mopping his face with a big blue handkerchief, and leaning his head back against the bushes.

Just then the full round face of the moon came up over the top of the distant Cascade Range, and shed its bright light over the hop yard at his right. Then it shone down on the waters of the ditch where it gurgled,

and sputtered over some driftwood which had formed a miniature dam at the turning of the ditch. It did not sound so loud, now that the moon revealed its sparkling flow. But what was that it was saying?

"Yes, it was talking," and his head bobbed, and nodded, as he tried to listen. "There!" It was saying, "I, I, I shall—I shall—vengeance—I shall repay—repay—vengeance is mine—mine—I shall repay—vengeance is mine—I shall repay!" Yes, that was what those gurgling waters were saying to him. Well, if there was some one else going to do it, that would suit him better. It would be done, and that was all he wanted, and—

But his brain refused to work further, his head dropped forward until his chin rested on his blue cotton shirt front, his hands dropped to his side and he slept.

"But what of old Jennie?"

As Tom turned away and passed out of sight, she retraced her steps down the path and refilled her buckets, climbed up to the dying campfire over which a big iron kettle hung, and emptied part of the water therein. Then, squatting down she blew the dying embers until they glowed red, laying fresh chips and twigs on the coals, she blew some more until they blazed merrily.

Getting to her feet she brought an old sauce pan, in which she had placed some sugar and water—and held it over the flames, watching it boil, the while she talked low to herself in her own native tongue.

"Ah, ha! Tom Bile go on, but come back soon. Old Jennie will be waiting for you—she will make candy—Jennie likes candy—Jennie will make this nice and sweet, Tom Bile, and you will eat and eat—then you will want a drink—old Jennie will watch you, and old Jennie's heart will be glad and she will dance and dance—but you won't see her—you won't want all the candy—oh no—lots left. I'll take it to Joe—Klamath Joe—I say long

time ago, when Joe tell on us when we going to put white man out of the way so we could go back to our homes they drove us out of—I say then I get Joe yet—I fix him—now I will carry some candy to him—all Indians like candy.” And she laughed, or rather, cackled.

The syrup having boiled enough to please her, she sat the sauce pan on the ground and entered her tepee, emerging shortly with a tiny glass vial, which she held up and looked through at the fire light. Two or three drops only remained in it, but she grinned and said, “Lots, heap lots—enough for two—three—men, maybe,” and she emptied the contents into the pan and threw the bottle away. Then picking up a little piece of stick she held the dish over the coals again, while she stirred the contents vigorously—so vigorously—that the stick broke under the pressure of her gnarled old hand—one part floating off in the boiling syrup. She threw the bit away that remained in her fingers, and made a dive for the piece in the pan, but she miscalculated the distance and plunged her thumb and forefinger into the hot syrup.

With a cry of pain she sprang to her feet, dropping the sauce pan, while she danced around in misery, waving the injured member, but the pain would not stop. Then quickly—without thought—she thrust the two fingers into her mouth, sucking the burning candy off. For a moment her blistered fingers were relieved—but she was thirsty, she must have a drink, and lifting the bucket of water to her lips she drank greedily. Then she dropped the bucket to the ground as she felt a red-hot streak go down her throat. It seemed to penetrate to every part of her body, shot up to her head and filled her brain—her eyes—her tongue.

’Twas then she realized what she had done, and a wild terror seized her. She must halloo for her people. She tried to turn, but her feet refused to move. They were rooted, as it were, to the ground. Her legs and arms

burned, as though they were being consumed by fire, and pained as though being torn from her body, her entire body, in fact, was tortured with racking pain. Her tongue had swollen black, and protruded from her mouth, her knees began to wobble and give way under her. They would no longer hold her flaming, swollen body, they bent under the weight of her, as red tongues of fire danced before her tortured eyes.

She straightened up only to give way again, and she fell, with a thud, to the dusty roadway, her face buried in the gritty dirt, that filled her eyes, her nose, her mouth, and choked her. She had not the strength to raise her head, her hands clutched and dug at the dirt and sod, but the arms could not bear the body up. She gasped, and a spasm of intense pain warped the entire frame. Her bare feet kicked the dirt where they lay.

Stillness a moment, and then one long drawn quivering shudder, and the once-powerful body lay motionless. "Toot-tootney Jennie," daughter of Oneatta (Shell Head) and Andeal (the wasp) sister of John and Jack, the slayer of "Ben Wright"—and many others, the terror of the reservation, and last of her family, "was dead."

"Hi, there! What you doing here before sun-up? Washing your feet in the ditch? Expect they need it."

Tom Boyle opened his eyes and looked around him dazedly, then arose stiffly to his feet.

"Nice fellow, you are," went on the first speaker, "I sat up half the night looking for you."

"I started," confessed Boyle.

"Yes, I see! But you got tired before you got there. Say, Tom, keep away from that booth!"

"Tom bent down and picked up his hat and slapped it about his trousers, knocking off the dead grass, dirt and leaves, and then the two strode down the path, the way Tom had come the night before.

The sun was just swinging clear of the hills to the east and not a cloud was visible.

"Looks like another hot day."

"Yep, but that's what the growers want."

"Yes, a rain now would do a lot of damage. Hello, what have we got here?" and Sim lowered his voice as they neared the corner where the Indian camp was.

"An ever-gathering crowd was standing quietly around, and as each new arrival appeared, the circle would open and allow the newcomer to look down on the "thing" they had all seen.

As the two men approached, those before them did likewise, and it was then that Tom realized what had taken place the night before, as he gazed on the prostrate body of the old woman lying on the grass. Some one had spread a handkerchief—if it was dirty—over the distorted face, but the cramped and twisted hands, still clinging to a wisp of dry grass, were to be seen, and the dust-covered red and blue calico dress, from beneath which the black, swollen feet protruded. The circle opened again, this time to admit the coroner, who had gotten out of bed to hasten to the scene of the tragedy. Examinations were made, and the burns found, and traces of the poison, also the little vial that had contained the rattlesnake's venom—which she always carried, so her companions said. They had come home late the night before and in the darkness had not seen the dead body.

"Yes, she was fond of candy," but why she should add the poison, none could tell.

As the crowds dispersed, Tom Boyle turned away muttering "Vengeance is mine, I shall repay."

"What you say, Tom?"

"Oh, nothing."

Over the range on the reservation, how different it was to what "Toot-tootney Jennie" had planned.

The revenge that she had plotted with such chuckling had rebounded—as it had in the past—for had not all her family met with violent deaths, and now she was the last with the exception of her younger sister, Mary, who was but a papoose at the time of their parents' death, down on the Rogue river in 1854.

All summer the sun had shone down brightly on the little log cabin at the foot of the hill at the Agency on the reserve, sending its rays of warmth over the withered, and bent old body of the one time "brave" who sat beneath the vine-covered porch that shaded the low door.

One would know at a glance, by the military clothes that he wore, that it was "Apseikaha," or more commonly known as Klamath Joe, son of "Jumping Elk" and "Miski." At his feet lay a lean hound, who would look up at his master, wag his tail and then drop his nose between his paws, every now and then, when the crooked stick in the gnarled old hands would give him a loving poke. The bees and humming birds would flit among the flowers on the vines, making a buzzing drone, sometimes lulled the old warrior to sleep, and in the evening, when the sun had set behind the distant hills the cool sea breeze would drift in over the Siletz reservation to where the little cabin stood. Then he would get up, stiffly, out of his bark-seated chair and hobble through the low door and disappear from view, not to appear again until a new day dawned.

But one day the sun came up over the hills to the back of the cabin, the dog lay down in his usual place and waited, and although the door opened many times, the old familiar figure did not appear. When the door opened the dog would look up, lay back his ears as though smiling, start to his feet and then drop back to his old position, when he saw that it was another member of the family. After a while he would only roll up his eyes and then close them again.

Inside the cabin there was but two rooms, the outer one serving as a living room and kitchen combined, the inner one contained a bed, in which lay the body of the old man, that scarcely made an impression under the bright patch-work quilt. The dark face lay sharp against the white pillow. He appeared scarcely to breathe, as from time to time the watchers bent over him.

Dr. Carter came at last, and as his tall, familiar form bent low over the quiet body, he looked in the wrinkled face, laid his hand on the wrist of the patient, then straightening up to his full height, which almost made him bump his head on the low beams above, he shook his head sadly and turned away. He picked up his satchel and slowly left the room, passed out of the door by the dog, which opened its eyes and then closed them again, while a disappointed sigh escaped him.

All day the watchers went to and fro between the two rooms.

Slowly the sun climbed to the zenith and then as slowly, sank down to the west, and as it neared the low hill-tops, it shone brightly through the window and across the bed.

Presently the eyelids fluttered and opened, the dim eyes looked wonderingly around, and at last rested on the bedpost at his feet. For some time he looked steadily at it, then his lips moved and one of the watchers put a few drops of water between them.

Then he spoke in his own native tongue, but scarcely above a whisper:

"There! There it is!"

"What, Joe?"

"Miski, the Miski!"

"On the bed post, see?" and he tried to raise a hand and point a finger.

"Open the window," said the one by the bedside, "and let some fresh air in."

"There! It has flown out, see it?" said the quavering voice. The two watchers moved to the window, and there on the top of a low post sat a pure white seagull, daintily pruning its beautiful plumage.

The watchers looked at each other, then back at the old man on the bed, whose eyes shone brightly as the sinking sun sent its shafts of yellow light over them, then out at the sun whose limb was just touching the hill tops far to the west. Then they looked at the tree. Two snow white seagulls sat side by side now! They fluttered their wings for a moment, then slowly extended their broad pinions and raised their heads. The watchers glanced toward the bed again, but the eyes of old Joe had closed forever on this world and its turmoils.

In the blue sky above the little cabin they saw the two seagulls circle for a few moments, then turn and fly straight toward the sinking sun, and were lost to view in its brilliant glory, just as it went down.



CHAPTER LI.

— 1878 —



NE spring morning in the year of '78 the tall form of John Jessup might have been seen—and was for that matter—pacing, stepping and otherwise measuring off a plot of land, a bit of his homestead, west of the Olson claim.

The spot was a beautiful one, far up on the hills above the bend of the bay of Yaquina, commanding a sweeping view of the bar and the distant ocean. Now and then he would pause and look seaward, then resume his self-appointed task.

At last, unable to restrain his curiosity longer, a blond middle-aged man stepped out of a clump of bushes nearby and with a laugh enquired, "What under the heavens are you doing, John?"

Jessup gave a start, "Didn't know I was being watched—you will only laugh should I tell you—but you needn't."

"Tell me and see."

John rested a moment, clinging to the ten-foot pole he was measuring with, and then, looking his neighbor in the eyes, said, "Fred, we all have to die—our time will come some day—we can't get around it. Here and there, every now and then, some one around here crosses the bar, as we say, and there is no place to lay them but in some fence corner. So I thought as this is such a pretty, quiet spot, what a nice resting place it would make for the 'passing ones' of Newport."

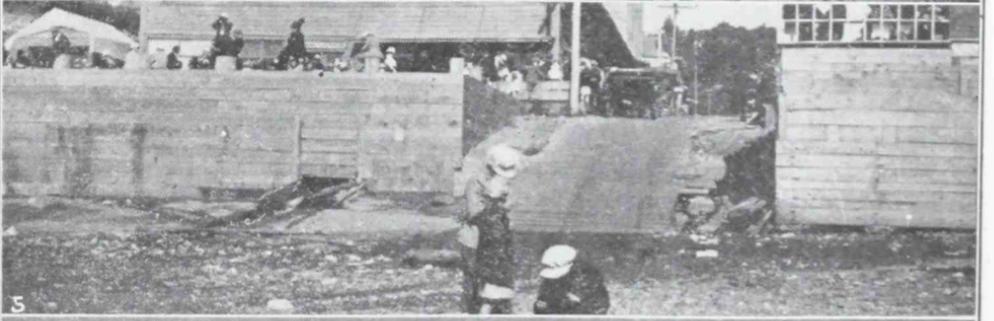
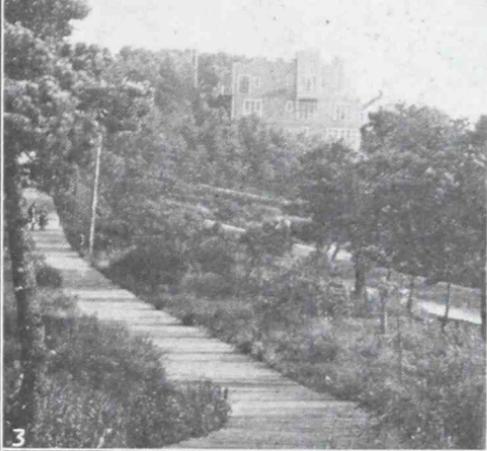
Fred Olson's laughing face sobered down during these long, hesitating remarks from Jessup, for as a rule Jessup was a man of few words, and at their conclusion, reached his hand for the pole that John still held and said, "Let me help you, it's the least I can do," and together they surveyed and staked the parcel of land that was afterward known as "Eureka Cemetery."

After their task was completed they sat long under the shade of a little spruce tree discussing what improvements were to be made, and Fred, looking away over the beautiful vista, said, "Here is where I want to be buried, such a view from here!"

"As though you will see much of the view."

Fred laughed as he asked, "Where is your choice, John?"

"Well," hesitating, "I think I will reserve that spot right there," pointing with the pole. "Don't make much



1. Nature fulfilling the curse put on Jump Off Joe by Miski; p. 370. 2. Nye Beach of today; p. 359. 3. House built over coastwise Indian trail; p. 361. 5. Where Nye Creek now flows to meet the ocean; p. 359. 4. Beautiful Siletz; p. 349. 6. Nye Beach, part of town; p. 360.

difference, though, let the people please themselves if I go first."

'Ere the summer had ended Fred led the way to the spot John had indicated, and with a sorrowful heart, dug the first grave in the new cemetery, in which they tenderly laid the body of its donor, John Jessup.



CHAPTER LII.

— 1880 —



THE Yaquina bay district was becoming very popular. Many settlers and tourists were coming over the mountain trails, or by boat over the bar, which was in none too safe condition for the traffic that was now coming and going over it. By the persistent efforts of the dwellers on the bay, Congress was at last persuaded to take a hand toward its improvement, and on June 14th, 1880, made the first appropriation, appointing

Captain A. W. Chase, and Lieutenant John W. Forney to make the final survey.

"My cookie recipe calls for two eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in hot water, one-half cup of sour cream and just as little flour as you can get to—go around you—and bustles are sure to come in—I won't wear them if they do—you said the same when pinbacks were coming and your skirts were as tight as any—I don't like those

broad sashes—away out in the middle of the stream—and right first slap there was a tug and I began slowly to play him—my, he was a big fellow—must have been six feet—and had a long black moustache and was dressed awfully swell—and all the girls were running after a man under the bed—no, it wasn't either—and you think it was a real ghost?—think it, I know it and will tell all about it if you don't mind."

The frown that had been settling deeper and deeper between the two bright eyes of the young man seated at a table that was drawn up in front of the parlor windows of the Ocean House, suddenly vanished. He stacked a litter of papers, rolled, tied and dropped them into an open satchel by his side.

He had been vainly trying to concentrate his thoughts on the work before him, but the babble of voices that floated in to him from the broad porch just outside the window, where some half-dozen or so ladies and gentlemen—guests of the hotel—sat whiling away the noonday hour. The creak of rocking chairs, the shuffle of feet, the different tones of voices, and different subjects—completely upset him.

"But a ghost story"—that was something different. Ghosts were his hobby, and he quietly lifted his chair around and reseated himself, the better to hear. The rest had also—evidently—heard, for there was a hush, broken only by the click of the knitting needles of the ladies who sat rocking to and fro. After the lady, who had just spoken of the ghost, had turned a corner in her work, she said:

"Don't mind? No, indeed! I think it's my duty to warn people of the place. I, for one, will never go to that resort again. It was just like this:

"Neddie—that's Mr. Bell—went down with me to help take care of the baby—what with her and the two girls and the luggage—it was more than I felt I could

do, so when we got to our boarding house we asked the landlady if we could get a room with two beds. She said she didn't know—she was pretty full—she could see if there was any left. Presently she came back and said, 'This way, please,' and led us up stairs and along a long hall to a darker one, and at the further end she shoved open a door and ushered us into quite a nice, bright, cheerful room. It had a nice carpet, a little old, but clean, and there was a nice, bright rug in the center of the room. Two beds that looked clean and nice, a table and chairs, muslin curtains at the window, and we says 'That would do nicely, only it was so far to get out if there should happen to be a fire.' But she says, 'I'm letting you have it cheap for the risk you run.'

"Well, I put the children to bed real early, two in the one bed and the baby in the other. We weren't long behind them for we were tired. I told Neddie—Mr. Bell—I would crawl in with the girls so as to not wake the baby, and as he was the last one to go to bed, he blew the light out and it was real dark then. I did notice that it got awfully cold shortly after, so I pulls the bedding up tight under my chin, careful like so as not to wake the girls. I lay on the outside of the bed and just a little while after I noticed the quilts getting tight across my chest. I thought one of the girls had rolled over and was pulling them and I loosened them a bit, but right away they were tight again, but this time I noticed they were getting tight from the outside of the bed.

"Now, I want you to remember that I am not afraid of ghosts or anything—always laughed at anyone who was—but when I tried to pull that bedding back, I couldn't it kept on going.

"Now, mind you, it was dark—couldn't see the window hardly—but when I leaned out of bed I could plainly see a hand clutching the corner of the quilt from under the bed. I first thought that it was Neddie—Mr. Bell—

then I listened and could hear him sleeping—and the bed clothes kept going. Then I thought a burglar was under there and that I would let him know that I was not afraid, so I gets up and goes to Neddies—Mr. Bell's—bed and I says real loud, 'Neddie!' so as to let the robber know that I had a man in the room, and he woke up quick and says, 'What you want, Maggie?' Then I says, 'I can't rest in that bed—too many of us—you put the baby in there—don't light the lamp, you'll wake her up.' So he takes her up careful, and I jumps in bed for I felt cold. Then I thinks if its a robber he won't attack the bed with the children, he'll come over here. So I gets Neddie's knife from his pocket so it would be handy.

"Well, we were just dozing off to sleep when I feels the bedding getting tight across my chest again from the outside of the bed. Then I slips the knife over close to his hand for him to open just as he says, 'What you pulling the bedding for, Maggie, ain't I giving you enough?' and he shoves a lot more over and away they go over the edge of the bed. 'Oh, Maggie,' says Neddie—Mr. Bell—don't take them all; I'm getting cold,' and still they kept going. Then I raised up and looked and there was that hand. I wasn't afraid, even then, mind you, but I whispers in Neddie's ear what I thought it was, and just then, as though what ever it was heard me tell him about the knife, I feels the hand under the bed clothes searching for it, and I makes a grab for it and gets it, but the fingers are working as though clutching something and I yells to Neddie—Mr. Bell—and I says, 'Here it is, quick, get it,' and he reaches over and gets hold of the hand and pulls it right across me and there appears to be yards and yards of arm, for he pulls it right over on his side. Then I looks for the man, and turning to the outside of the bed, there he lay, right beside me with his head on my pillow. I will own up that I did feel scared then, and cold, too, and it was a hot night in July. Then I lands right

on his face and chest with my fist, but laws! all I hit was the pillows. I could see him plain if it was dark, and he was grinning at me. Neddie—Mr. Bell—yells 'What you doing?' and I turns to tell him—he is still holding that arm—and if there isn't some one sitting right on top of him, and Neddie—Mr. Bell—says, 'Ouch!' and just goes a gurgling like he was being strangled, and the thing reaches over and takes the arm from Neddie—Mr. Bell—and holds it up to his shoulder where there wasn't any, and sticks it on and it stays. Then it looks at me and grins, and I can't take my eyes off it, but I see it just as plain—if it was dark. It had on dark blue pants and a light blue shirt. The features were young looking, but oh, such ears! They were like half saucers on each side of its face, and they flopped and flopped as it grinned at me, a sitting up there on Neddie—Mr. Bell. I was so cold I shivered and it hopped off the bed and took up that pretty rug in the center of the floor and shook it, and then, somehow, I don't see it any more—guess I must have fainted.

"When I opened my eyes it was daylight and we were cold. The bedding was nearly all on the floor. I didn't say anything to Neddie—Mr. Bell—thought I'd let him speak first, and after awhile he says, 'Guess I will go home today'—he was going to stay a week. After awhile I says, 'Guess I'll go, too.' Then he says, 'You seen it, too, eh, and it's no dream? Then I told him all I see after he swoons, and he says, 'Let's look under that rug.' So we got up—and we were all scared yet—and went to the rug and were almost afraid to touch it, but we did, though, and when he raised it up there was a big, dark, reddish-brown blotch under it in the old carpet. We just looked at each other and says 'We'll all go home.' So we gets ready, children and all, and taking our grips go down to the parlor. The landlady was there as well as four or five others, and I think they must have been

talking about us, for when we came in one says, 'There they are,' and the landlady says, 'Going so soon?' kind of surprised like. 'Yes, says Mr. Bell, as he plunks down the money for the night's lodging, 'We think we'll go where we can get a clean room,' and we all turn away, and as we did so the landlady turns to one of the girls and says, 'We'll have to cut that ink stain out of that carpet today.' Outdoors the fellows follow us down to the gate and one fellow says, 'You saw that under the rug, did you? Nobody stays there the second night—they all see things,' and they went down the path laughing."

"Maybe you wouldn't have had that dream if you hadn't seen that spot under the rug," ventured one of the listeners.

"Neither one of us touched that rug and did not know there was anything there, and wouldn't have if I had not seen the thing disappear there."

"Where did you say that place was?" enquired the old man who had been telling the fish story.

"Astoria; and never again will I go there—some one told us about Newport, and so here I am."

Lieutenant John W. Forney, for he it was who sat inside the Ocean House, as the story ended, raised to his feet, shook himself, as it were, stepped out of a side door and strode across the broad lawn in front of the hotel. He was met by Captain A. W. Chase, and together they descended the flight of steps that led down to the bay beach.

"Pretty old looking tree, that," but getting no answer from his companion, turned and looked at him. "Why, what's the matter? You look as gray as ashes. What's happened? Seen a ghost?"

"Let's sit down here and I will tell you," and the two men sat under the sprawling fir tree from which Jumping Elk had broken a sprig so many years before.

"We've got to hurry and finish this survey, Cap.—I'm going to Astoria."

"What for?" and a little later—after Forney had repeated the ghost story, "You are always ferreting out things—would have made a good detective. Well, if you are in a hurry, come," as he arose to his feet, "Let's cross to the south side now. The new steam ferry is making her 'maiden trip' this afternoon, and I bet you there will be many an accident with that boat on these sand bars."

"Say, Cap., how much do you reckon the jetties will cost?"

"I should judge by what I know of it now that it will cost close on to \$400,000."

"Whew!" But Forney would have said something stronger than that, if he had known then, that the actual cost of the one jetty alone was \$465,000.

The two men passed up the beach to the ferry landing where the "Rebecca C." with her captain and owner, Lem Davis, was just pulling out for the south beach. The prophecy of an accident that Captain Chase made that day, was destined to be a false one, for, although Davis ran his steam ferry—the first, if not the only, one on the bay—for fifteen years, not an accident did he have in all that time.

"Why, I always thought you two gentlemen were brothers? I pronounce your names the same," and the honorable gentleman slowly blotted the freshly written names on the paper before him.

"Our father always spelled his name 'H-o-g-g,' and I have always kept my father's name," answered Colonel Edgerton.

"To tell you the truth," said Major William, "I would not be a 'hog' like my brother, either in name or deed, so I write mine 'Ho-a-g'."

"I see."

And so it was that Major William Hoag and his brother, Colonel Edgerton Hogg, had just signed an agreement to build the "Oregon Pacific Railroad" over the mountains to the bay of Yaquina.

"There is another thing that has puzzled me somewhat," said the first speaker, "and that is how you gentlemen purpose to build a road, and no capital to start with?"

"Oh, any man can build a road—or anything else—with capital, but it takes a wise man to build it without," said the Colonel, "Just watch us."

The Major tapped the nicely tied roll on the desk and said, "Is there not a deed for 60,000 acres of land west, and 80,000 acres east of Corvallis, in there to us? Every other section along the military road, for which we have only paid two-bits an acre! Therein lies our wealth. Then, too, the farmers and people along the way have subscribed \$35,000 and have promised to help, giving us all the labor they can spare."

"It will cost us nothing to survey, as that is already done," continued Colonel Hogg, and he tucked the huge bundle of documents under his arm, and the two brothers, Hogg & Hoag, passed out of the office to turn up—many days later—in New York City.

When they represented the land, they had so recently gotten, at double its value—they had no difficulty in bonding it to trust and loan companies, and bankers for an immense sum.

It was during this visit to New York that they became acquainted with a young Englishman—so the legend goes—who, upon hearing their scheme, accompanied the brothers to the far West, and after passing over the barren mountain trail that had been surveyed for a railroad, at once took it upon himself to write a book—describing the district through which they purposed running the new road—as beautiful prairie lands, well wa-

tered with numerous rivers. The illustrations therein, showed slick cows, lying in grassy meadows, peacefully chewing their cud. Armed with this beautiful piece of literature the brothers proceeded to England, and succeeded in securing the remainder of the money necessary for the completion of the road as far west as Elk City.

At last the work was begun and was speedily carried on by a large army of workmen—constructing the most crooked railroad in the world! Crooked? Yes, wasn't it to their advantage to put as many feet on the road as they could, for which they were to receive extra mileage; and many times long, tedious curves could have been avoided and the road not only made straighter and shorter, but safer.

The farmers, who so eagerly helped with the building of this long-looked-for road, were given notes and promises to let them ride on the trains and free transportation for their produce to the water front.

No steel rails, as yet, had been made in the United States, so they were brought from Issen, Germany, and Barno-on-Thames, England. They were the first steel rails in fact, that Oregon had, and the duty alone was \$24.00 a ton.



CHAPTER LIII.

— 1882 —



F Newport was growing, so were the other little towns around the pretty bay. Oyster-ville, the first berg to spring up (outside the business that gave her her name) appeared not to be advancing very rapidly, but Yaquina City was making great strides. Ships from San Francisco, Portland and other ports could always be seen moored at her docks, loading with the products of the surrounding country, and waters. Many a huge schooner, loaded to the water line with building rock—the finest to be found anywhere on the coast—would sail away over the bar to the Golden Gate. Warehouses, stores and saloons there were in plenty, and as Call Van Cleve looked about the little city he thought the prospects good for starting a newspaper, and on the 31st of May, 1882, the first edition of the “Yaquina Post” was presented to the world.

“Wall, an’ can yer tell me wat’s it all about? Is it a boy?”

“Boy, nothing!” And as B. F. Colimore came to a standstill with his heels tight together, and his erst-while round shoulders braced back, he stood at attention as straight as a stick.

“Wall, then, why that attitude?”

“Do you mean to tell me you don’t know; you haven’t heard?”

“Heard wat?” and as Colimore did not answer, “The only thing Iv’e heard besides the screech of those pesky seagulls, blame ’em, is that the City of Newport is originated by charter from the government!”

“Well, that’s just it!”

"Don't see that you have anything more to strut about than the rest of us. Guess I'll do the same in honor of the fact," and the speaker, Clarke Copeland, who had been sitting on a bench, grabbed up a crooked stick, sprang to his feet and started strutting about with high steps, while he balanced the stick on his shoulder.

"Mighty smart, you are."

"See here, B. F., what's the racket, then? I wish there was some one here and I would have you arrested," said Copeland.

"Me? Arrested?" and Colimore puffed out his chest, and blew the wind into his cheeks until his whole face was like a turkey gobbler. "It's me you are talking to, Clarke Copeland, and if you don't look out I'll run you in."

"Will, eh; how's that?"

"I'll let you know that the City of Newport has a 'Marshal' and I'm HE!"

"Well, I'll be—" Clarke dropped his stick and sank limply into his former seat, and burst into a roar of laughter that might have been heard for half a mile. At last, subduing his merriment with an effort, he enquired, "Since when? When did all this take place and who appointed you?"

"Why the Council of Newport, of course."

"Council of Newport?" slowly.

"Where have you been, Cope, that you don't know the city has a Council, and—"

"Been out fishing."

"Ah, that's it, then."

"Only been out two days, though, but we got the prettiest bunch—"

"Lots can take place in two days," interrupted the new marshal.

"When did all this take place?"

"The evening of the 4th of November,"

"Just last night?"

Colimore nodded his head.

"Ah, come down off your high heels and tell me who is who."

"Well, the city elected Alonzo Case to be its first President."

"Whew!"

"Then for Councilmen they put in Bill Hammond and Hank Hulse. Know them?"

"Copeland kicked out toward his informer's shins. "Just as though I don't know every blessed soul around here!"

"And R. M. Burch," continued Colimore, "and Bill Neal and oh, yes, George King."

"City of Newport made a pretty good choice, couldn't have done better meself, if I'd been here. Who's the rest of the officials?"

"They appointed W. S. Hufford, Recorder, and G. P. Williams, Treasurer."

"And who did you say they put in for Marshal?"

For reply Colimore raised the toe of his heavy boot, letting it land unceremoniously under the corner of his tormentor's leg that hung over the end of the bench, sending that gentleman running on all fours into the dusty street, where he landed on his face in the loose sand. Springing to his feet instantly, Clarke Copeland looked about for his chastizer, but the "Marshal of the City of Newport" was no where to be seen.

But Copeland did not look for him long. In his fall he had bruised his hand, and stooping to see what might have done it, unearthed a long hard substance. Stepping down to the water's edge he carefully washed it.

"What are you looking at so intently?"

Clarke did not look up, bunt answered, "Come here, Sam," and as Case stepped down to the sandy beach, Copeland held the object toward him.

"Of all things," began Case.

"What you call it?"

"Why, it's the hilt of a sword!"

"But how under the sun did it get here?"

"Tell me how that silver watch case with the initial 'E.' on it got over there in that shell-bed where Dunn found it?"

"Yes, and I heard once of some one finding part of a silver candlestick."

"And that reminds me, one day I saw an old Indian with a battered up silver snuff box strung around his neck with some sea shells. I asked him how he came by it, but 'Found it' was all I could get out of him."

"Well, I do wonder where they all come from," and he scraped the rust away from the carving with his pocket knife.

"I wonder."

A few moments later he held the sword hilt toward his companion, who, upon examining it plainly saw engraved upon it the one word "Eadle."



CHAPTER LIV.

— 1883 —



WHILE James Booth laid out the grounds, planned and built the first house of any account at Nye Beach, which he afterward sold, it was ever after known by its new owner's name and called the "Osborn House," boats were crossing the bar from San Francisco laden with disjointed parts of trains, and landed them on the docks at Yaquina City. Here they were stood up and put together, and late in the fall of '83

a mixed train of passengers and freight steamed slowly out of Yaquina on the new road, headed for the valley,

with C. Kennedy, Conductor, and Jim Brennan, Engineer.

Strange to say, no demonstrations were held. Very few, outside of those interested, knew of its departure. It took nearly the entire day to make the trip of 85 miles to Albany, and it did not return until the following day.

It was not until the 4th day of January,

— 1884 —

that the road was completed at a cost of \$11,000,000, and Conductor Kennedy with Engineer Ford, brought the first passenger train over the mountains from the east—and landed them at Yaquina, three miles up the bay from Newport. A ferry was installed to carry the passengers to the latter place, their journey's end.

It has always been regrettable to the traveling public that the road was not continued around the bay to Newport, but the "Newporters," like all other individuals of all other towns of the country, held their property so high, and demanded so much from the road that it balked, stopped short a few miles from its intended destination.

But the builders, Hogg & Hoag, of the road, could not complain, they were doing just the same in a little different way, maybe, all along the line. The farmers had gotten very busy, and two freight trains a day landed their loads on the wharfs at Yaquina, and by the spring of '84 the "Oregon Pacific Railroad," as it was called, had connected with the "Development Company's" line of steamers—three steamers running between San Francisco and the bay—carrying both freight and passengers.

Money began to flow into the pockets of the "Hoag-Hoggs" and to add to their gains they completely ignored their promises to let those who helped build the road, or their produce, to travel free; and very few of all those they owed, ever got a cent for their hard labor, and many

a curse settled on the heads of the ones who bore the name that so rightly fitted them.

“Soo, soo, bossie! Quit yer behaven, can’t yez? Plague take yer auld toil, anyway!”

“An’wy don’t yez be afther toin’ the toil about her purty leg?”

“Ouch! Wy, Patrick Murphy, an’ it’s a frightenin’ ave me ye are,” and the fair milk-maid gave such a start as to almost throw her from the three-legged stool on which she sat by the side of the offending bossie.”

“Whist, Mollie, it’s not mesilf that’s aimin’ to alarm so fair a crather, Oi was but givin’ yez a bit ov advice for yer own good.”

“An’ it’s moighty thankful Oi’m ter yez, Pat, an’ Oi’ll toike it at oncet,” and she proceeded to separate the long hairs of the restless tail and fastened them securely about the “purty leg” of the otherwise docile cow, who, unheedingly, went on chewing her cud.

“Don’t yez be a toyin’ it so toight yez can’t ondo it,” warned Pat, “Yez better be a lettin’ me show yez how,” and he vaulted lightly over the bars that separated the road, down which he had just come, from the pasture in which several milk cows were feeding. “Oi’ll tell yez wy Oi’m afther bein’ so parthicular,” and while the white fluid flowed unceasingly into the ever-rising creamy foam in the bucket, Pat told of how his “Pore auld grandfayther, now gone these many a long day—may the saints rist his soul—tauld me the thrick when Oi was but a slip ave a lad, long years agone, away back in the auld counthry.

“Oi was a milkin’ jist the same as yer own swate sel’, Mollie, darlin’ an’ the floys kept a botherin’ ave me bossie tha same, an’ me grand fayther happened along an’ tells me to toy her toil, an’ so Oi did, as purtty a bow knot as yez iver say. But in a jiffy she had jerked it

loose, then Oi toied a rale hard one. She objected, put the blissed fut ave her in ter me pail ave milk an' stharterd on a gallop acrost the field, straight in ter a clump av stub bushes an' got the toil av her caught on a 'not. Oi hasthened to ondo her, an' so did an auld ram hasthen, an' he got there furst. Ah, Oi can hear the moighty groan av thot bossie now, as the auld ram landed the head av him sthstraight in ter the soide av her. She gave a mighty lunge an' snap went the toil av 'er an' she groaned aloud for the very misory av her, as she sped away a swingin' her injured toil.

"An' me fayther say it an'—but Oi'll not be tillin' yez what he says nor what Oi feels to this day."

Mollie laughted as she arose to her feet, her task completed, and Pat gallantly took the brimming pail from her hand, and they started toward a pile of low buildings on the outskirts of Corvallis.

"Oi was no' expecting av yez so soon."

"Ah, Mollie, me darlin', it's mesilf that could no' keep away from the swatest crayture on 'arth."

"Git along wid yez," and she threw a handfull of clover blossoms at him that she had picked from the side of the path. "Ah, Pat, but yez av the winnin' ways!"

"The thruth is they sint me over for supplies from the Boi, an' Oi shud be on me way back, but Oi had to come to see yez, Mollie, thruly Oi did."

She smiled and a bright pink flush overspread the fair young face of the Irish maiden.

"Oi'll tell yes," Pat continued, "They are a oven av me nearly ivry cint yit. Oi've bane a worken for thim Hog boys for thray years or more an' about all Oi've got so far is me grub."

"An' about all they could afford," said Mollie with a sidelong glance at her tall, elderly lover.

"Och! Mollie, but jist yez be afther waitin' till yez haf to do the cookin'."

“But—”

“Oi’m not a goin’ to boind yez down, Mollie, me darlin’, whin they pays me, Oi’ll sind it roight to yez, and yer con bedeck the little cabin we ’ad pickèd on, eh? An’ if Oi doan git the saim (an’ Oi sometoimes av me doubts) well, Mollie Malone, it’s mesilf that thinks that much of yez Oi’ll no’ boind yer down.”

“An’ it’s what are yer fearin’, Patrick?”

Pat thought a moment, then said, “It’s loike this, them Hoag-Hoggs haven’t paid them boys down there for four months or more, an’ they do be a talkin’ av raisin’ a row, seize the office, an’ sich, an’ no tellin’ the outcome.”

They had reached a stile at the further side of the field, and Pat lifted the bucket over and sat it on the grass, then assisted Mollie to the upper step on which they sat and watched the twilight deepen in the darkness of night, and the stars come out like jewels in the deep blue of heavens. Long they talked, he telling her of the struggle he had had, his parents’ long illness, then their death two years before, which had taken all their savings. But he had worked steadily for the Hogg brothers on the new railroad, and he thought that, now, he might start the home he had been looking forward to.

It was with a light heart that he kissed Mollie good-bye, and on the following day took up the old Indian trail that led over the Coast Range to the shores of the Yaquina.

“It’s no use coming to me, Pat, my brother is the paymaster, he is the one that keeps the accounts. There he is; go to him.”

“Oi’m jist afther comin’ from ’im, an’ it were ’imsilf as tould me thot yes was the one thot carried the chink!”

Major William Hoag threw back his head and laughed.

"What's the joke?"

It was Henry Wolf, more commonly called "Hank," the keeper of a saloon at Yaquina City, in whose doorway the big, good natured Irishman stood, when he accosted the Major.

"Oh, nothing," said Hoag as Pat turned away, and when he got out of ear-shot continued savagely, "The impudence of them!"

"What?"

"Oh, he, like lots of others, have been dogging us for pay for their work."

"Didn't they work?"

"And didn't we give them their board?"

Hank drew in a long breath but scarcely dared to say a word, for were not the brothers—Hogg—the builders of this much-needed road, his best customer? But the Major went on, "The cream is ours. Such as those," and he glanced at the drooping figure of Pat as he stood on the edge of a dock, "can have the skim milk. We build this road for our own pockets, and we've had hard enough work getting hold of that money—to go and share it with every one who asks of us," and he thrust his thumbs into the arm holes of his vest, and lazily sauntered up the street after his brother.

"Don't stand too close to the edge, Pat," said Hank in not unkind tones a few minutes later, and he led him back to the saloon and up to the bar. "Here, have a swallow of this and drown dull care, Murphy," and the good hearted keeper put a small glass of liquor into Pat's trembling hand. "Drink it," as Pat only held it, and at the command did as he was bid, then, seating himself, he tilted his chair against the wall, pulled his hat down over his eyes and appeared to sleep. The Sabbath evening was drawing to a close when the Major and the Colonel again entered the saloon, strolled up to the bar and asked for drinks.

At the sound of their voices Pat sat up straight and shoved his hat back from his forehead, gazed with blood-shot eyes at the two men, then slowly arose to his feet and confronted them. "It's mesilf hasn't axed yez for scarce a dime these two year Oi've been a slaven for yez—now Oi wants me poy so that Mollie an' me kin start our home."

"Go hang!" said one.

"Let Mollie wash for the home," laughed the other, and they downed their grog, turned and left the room.

Pat started to follow them with clenched fists, but Hank was too quick for him, and sprang in front of the door before Pat could get out.

"Go easy, Pat; wait until tomorrow, you will feel different then," and he treated him to another glass. Pat gulped it down.

"Wat's the use of liven, anyway? Who cares? The whorld don't appear to be haven nary a thing for me. Ef Oi can't git me own, wat's the use of a liven?" and he walked out into the darkness of the Sabbath night.

In the kitchen where Mollie was busy doing up the evening work, singing snatches of songs as she walked to and fro, a bit of the "Yaquina Post," dated May 31, 1884, had strayed. As she glanced at it Pat's name met her eye, and hastily she struck a light and laboriously she spelled out the words:

"A man named Murphy, an employe of the railroad, supposed to be about 45 years of age, was found in the bay early Tuesday morning, a short distance above Oneatta, dead. An examination indicated that he had been in the water about 40 hours. He had been drinking some and had remarked at various times on Sunday that he had nothing to live for."

Dazed, she staggered, rather than walked, out into the cool night air. She stumbled along in the darkness, not knowing whither she went, until at last she dropped in sheer anguish in the long grass of the meadow.

Long long she sobbed, great heart-breaking sobs that shook her frame, her very soul even. Then looking up to the heavens, vaguely her eyes took in the stars. Springing to her feet she clasped her hands together and raising them toward the brilliant, far-away points of light, from her heart she implored "The wrath of heaven and the curses of Hell to rebound on all those who knowingly, and intentionally hurt, injure, distress, deprive or in any way, wrong a fellow being."

"Oh, Patrick, Patrick, me darlin', ef we'd ounly had what's comin' to us—we ounly wanted our oun—an' noo yer gone—gone."



CHAPTER LV.



TELL you, it would improve our property wonderfully!"

"But it's a big undertaking."

"Oh, we'll get the city to help us."

"Even then?"

"Well, even then. There has got to be a road built somewhere."

"Why not follow the canon around where we always have?"

"It's not on a surveyed line."

"If it isn't?"

"Now see here, how close will it come to our property? We'll be away back from the street and it will cost

us a lot, individually, to build drives out to the canon, and if we can persuade the people of the town that it's going to benefit the town, we'll get the road to our door without it costing us anything, see?"

"Yes, I see, but I also see how high taxes will be, for it will cost a heap of money to remove all that dirt," and the speaker turned and looked up at the high ridge that arose almost perpendicular at their backs, as the two men conversing, sat on the end of the sidewalk in front of a little store on the only street in Newport. They puffed at their pipes in silence for a few minutes, then:

"What will you do with all that dirt? Thought of that?"

"Yes, I'd thought of that."

"Well?"

"Well, some day there will have to be a road up to Olsonville, that trail up on the bluffs is going to crumble, in fact it's giving away now in spots. I've been thinking that if we could only get a tramway built, we could fill in behind it with that dirt, and in that way widen the street here."

"What brains you have!"

"Don't be sarcastic."

"It looks feasible, but will it be practicable?"

"Certainly."

"It will cost \$10,000, and who is there here to pay that \$10,000? There are not 500 inhabitants here, all told, and it will take us years of taxes to pay that off. And then, another thing, can we go digging in that sand?"

"Why?"

"Won't it have to be bulkheaded? Look up there," and he pointed in another direction at his back, "See how that sand keeps drifting down?"

"It can be dug sloping so that it won't drift much, until a sod grows over it."

"Ugh," grunted the other and went on smoking.

But the little plot thus hatched, started to grow—and kept growing. First, the tramway was started, the piling was driven into the soft mud and sand, and part of it was bulkheaded, and then one day in mid-summer, a little bunch of men gathered on top of the “offending hill.” As they cut and tore at the top sods, and soil, the sun hid his face behind a bank of clouds and began to weep. Great, large, round tear drops fell into the soft sand that was being laid bare. More and faster they came, until the workmen at last were forced to quit. “Guess the elements is agin us,” remarked one, and he shouldered his shovel and started for home. The elements were weeping to think that man was disfiguring these beautiful “banks and braes.”

But the elements might just as well have spared her tears, man had made up his mind that he would dig down the hills, and fill up the hollows at any cost. And cost it did—just twice the \$10,000 that was thought of at first—and then it was only a steep hill, after all, that all had to climb, and was justly called “Fall” street. If they had gone but a few rods to the south, a very gradual grade could have been attained, on the “old Indian trail” up the beautiful canon, at very little cost and not have spoiled nature’s beautiful face.

No, it would not have been on the survey, but one cannot keep to the survey and still keep the echanting beauty of Newport’s wooded hills and dales.

As yet the bar improvements were not completed, and many small accidents occurred. But the first of note was when the large ocean-going steamer, “Willamette Valley,” a passenger boat which ran between San Francisco and the bay, was wrecked on South Beach, outside the bar.

“Why?”

Ask the pioneers.

Some will look at you sideways, hitch their shoulders up significantly and leave you to imagine. Others will tell of a strange pilot who appeared on the bay and started over the bar—which at that time was perfectly calm—and after the wreck, was never seen again.



CHAPTER LVI.

— 1886 —



ACCIDENTS like the one related in the foregoing chapter set the people of the bay region thinking, and while the O. P. R. R. Co., who had erected large mills at "Mill 4," built a tug they christened "Resolute," the strongest of her kind ever built on the coast, and which cost \$40,000, the men of Newport erected a life saving station on South Beach, a few miles below the harbor entrance.

The first men to sign up for the life saving crew under Captain O. Wickland, were: Jacobson, Peterson, Whitten, Fogarty, Bullus and Kellerhalls. About their first duty was to take the tug, "General Wright," to the rescue of the crew and passengers of the S. S. "City of Yaquina," which went ashore just inside the entrance to the harbor and was a total loss of \$300,000.

If men alone have been mentioned as the builders of this new country, it must not be supposed that the women, the wives and mothers of these men, took no hand. But truly, if it was not for the women's efforts, both physically and mentally, man, long before would have given up the struggle and decamped to other fields.

Was it not the women who clothed and fed them

while they toiled, and, in very many instances, worked as hard, or harder, than he did by his side, as she reared, fed and clothed his babies. Who can say but her share in the building of this new world was not the greatest, and did she not deserve a few of the simple social functions that from time to time took place here.

It was at a quilting-bee at one of the several homes, where a number of the ladies had gathered, that one remarked:

"Did you hear that we were to have a really, truly, church?"

"No, who said?"

"Where will we get money for such a thing?"

"Well, I don't know very much. Some lady in the East is giving—as a memorial—money to buy the lot and build the church."

"Oh, yes, I did hear that, too. The pastor was telling about it at the prayer meeting last Wednesday night."

"Do you remember who it was?"

"Yes, a Mrs. Stephens, of Philadelphia, and I believe that Mr. Booth has been around looking for a suitable lot on which to build."

"How I wish he would find one up our way, overlooking the bay."

"I was thinking that down here to the south, toward the entrance, would be a pretty place."

"There is nobody living there—see the distance we would all have to walk. Now, my idea would be to have it near our place, somewhere up above where they are cutting that new road, then we could see the cape as well as the ocean."

"No one lives over in that direction—Nye Beach will never amount to much. There are several nice places close to us near Olsonville."

But while the ladies were discussing this weighty question, the Rev. Charles Booth was tramping the high-

lands above the bay beach, trying to decide for himself, without the aid of others, the best location for the edifice.

It was late in the fall of the same year, that the Rev. Mr. Glespy, assisted by the Rev. M. Booth, dedicated the little chapel, and the members of the "Episcopal Church" had a home, a place of worship—all their own. The able pastor, beloved by all who knew him, preached in the same church for 12 years, and in the long, dark evenings of winter, from all directions, lights could be seen bobbing along as their bearers wended their way to church over the many trails of the peninsula. And for many years the lanterns thus provided, were the only illumination the first church in Newport had.

Other denominations there were, but they did not, as yet, feel themselves wealthy enough to build them a home, but held their services in different residences that were thrown open to them, and one place, especially, seemed to be more favored than the others—up overhead in the village blacksmith shop on Front street. Who can say but that their hearts were just as happy listening to the Word of God delivered to them there, as if they sat in carpeted pews in a magnificent edifice.



CHAPTER LVII.

— 1888 —



IN the beginnig, as far as man knew, there were three channels to the entrance of the bay of Yaquina. The south one was most generally used, but the building of the south jetty forced the sand to accumulate in the other two channels, almost choking navigation, so in the year '88 it was thought advisable to build a jetty on the north side, and in so doing force the outgoing waters to scour out, as it were, and maintain a middle channel.

Already the south jetty had been run out 3,748 feet and the north one was built 2,300 feet, and thus the south channel was permanently closed and the entrance to the harbor made safe.

“Safe,” did we say? It could hardly be called so, for now and then strange accidents would happen that no one could account for.

Propeller blades would be knocked off, keels smashed and bottoms of boats staved in, when apparently there was a depth of from ten to thirty feet of water under them. Such things did not happen when they used the old South Channel, and sound as they might, it was a long time 'ere they found in the center of the middle channel a huge boulder, over which many vessels sailed—almost to their death. It was found that its crown was not unlike the roof of a house which accounted for the difficulty in locating it.

There were busy times in Newport these days. No thought of Indian troubles, no thought of hard times even, for both railroad and boats were busy and the town was fast building up. Quite a little village was spring-

ing up around the northern bend of the bay, and the inhabitants thereof thought to give it a name, and what more fitting, than that of the one on whose property it was being built, and as the owner had not objected, it was called "Olsonville." But on the ocean beach, the few scattered houses there were always known as Nye Creek, the name given by Mary Sturtevant (Mrs. Bensell) years before.

Roads were being cut through, leading in all directions, and, shame to say, the little trees that were struggling so hard to cover the nakedness of the hills and valleys and keep the shifting sand dunes to their places, were being ruthlessly cut down by "improving man," as he dubbed himself. But he was only helping the wild elements to destroy "beautiful" nature.

More and yet more people found their way over the low Coast Range, now that the railroad had shortened the long, tedious journey by trail, to the beautiful beach, and it was being recognized as an ideal summer resort. Might it not be possible that a great city would spring up, a western terminal to some of the great transcontinental railroads that were headed toward the west.

Whatever was in the minds of the Hoag-Hogg brothers it was hard to say, but it was soon evident that they had grasped at too much, and, as is so often the case, they lost all. Maybe it was the curses of the many they had wronged, and now "vengeance was rebounding on their own heads," but be that as it may, it was learned during the first of the year

— 1891 —

that the road had been turned over to the receivers.

When this became known Mr. John Blair, of New Jersey, a high owner in the Chicago Northwestern Railroad, thought to connect that road with the Oregon Pacific (now having to be sold) and thus have a harbor

terminal to his great road, right on the ocean. So Blair hied himself westward, and at the hour of 1:00 o'clock Wednesday, March 1st,

— 1893 —

appeared on the court house steps at Corvallis, Oregon, where he offered \$200,000 for said road and all the property, real, personal and mixed, including all boats and steamships belonging to the company. This offer Judge Fullerton, who was conducting the sale and by the order of the Hoag-Hoggs, refused, but afterward was glad to sell to one Hammond for \$90,000 as Blair headed his road for Portland, Oregon.

And thus the sun set for the time being on the prosperity of Newport.

But what of the two men who had thought to reap a golden harvest from the toils of others?

Major William Hoag slunk away to San Francisco, while Colonel Edgerton Hogg strayed back to the Eastern states, and both died in seclusion and poverty several years later.



CHAPTER LVIII.

— 1892 —



It was in the early spring of the above-named year, that Mr. J. E. Matthews, with his family, found his way to the bay country, and settled in Newport. Finding there no newspaper, although one flourished up the bay at Yaquina City, he at once set to work and 'ere the summer ended the "Yaquina Bay News," as he called it, was—and is still—read in many homes. If news was scarce to begin with there was plenty dur-

ing the following year

— 1893 —

For different reasons, too lengthy to be mentioned here, Benton county was divided, the western half—or—bay side, taking the name of Lincoln.

When a county seat was talked of it was decided to locate as near the center of the county as possible, and that spot happened to be at the junction of Depot Slough with the Yaquina River. There among the burnt-off hills the town of Toledo started to grow. The rich Siletz valley to the north, which was now being so successfully cultivated by the younger generation of Indians, was a great help to the new city, and for a time it was feared that Newport had a rival. But the ocean beach with all its surrounding charms continued to draw the crowds of pleasure seekers, and beauty loving home makers. Quaint summer cottages as well as permanent homes dotted the peninsula. Gold mining had ceased to a certain extent, but the wealth of beautiful gems in the shape of agates, moon-stones, jaspers, cornelians and many other stones unearthed and thrown up by the waves added more to the charm of the place.

CHAPTER LIX.

— 1896 —



URING the last few days of January, 1896, a fierce gale swept up the Oregon coast, doing considerable damage to shipping. Many a boat was forced miles out to sea to avoid being cast on the iron-bound coast. Several small boats had run into the cozy land-locked harbor of Yaquina, where they lay safe, rocking on the gentle swells.

Outside at the bar, along the beach northward, the wind had been terrific, but now, the morning of the first of February, had dawned. Not a cloud was to be seen, scarcely a breath of wind stirred the foliage on the trees—that the day before had been whipped nearly to pieces.

The vast ocean, whose waters had been flattened by the gale that blew, now—unrestricted—rolled mountains high, dashing with great force against the high bluffs along Nye Beach, around "Jump-Off-Joe," and filling the little bay toward the cape with foam flaked billows that lashed the high shores. Many spectators had crossed the hills from the bay side to witness the wild grandeur.

"That's pretty awe-ful."

The one addressed lifted his eyes reluctantly from the scene before him, and partly turning, confronted the speaker, a rough old seaman in oilskins.

"You are right, sir, it is pretty as well as awful. Does the ocean get in such a fury often?"

"Don't often lash up quite so hard, but I've seen 'er git in some pretty bad tempers. Stranger here, eh?" this last as his eyes ran up and down the black coated figures of the gentleman, whom he had been first to address.

"Well, yes and no. I have spent a few days here a couple of summers, but this is the first time I have

braved a winter. I wonder if we could get down closer to the beach?" and the Rev. C. R. Ellsworth moved toward the trail that led down the side of the bluff to the beach far below.

"Don't reckon the water will come much higher—high tide at 1:30, an' it's 1:00 now."

Thus talking, the two men, the opposite to each other in every respect, climbed down the zig-zag Indian trail a short distance below Big Creek, now known as "Monterey." The same creek, however, that Jumping Elk had quenched his thirst at when he carried Miski to her home at the cape. But how different the scene then, the broad sandy beach then that was now covered many feet deep with boiling surf.

"We are not the only ones to view the high tide from the beach," said Rev. Ellsworth, as he glanced back up the trail. "Who is that gentleman, I wonder?"

"Why, that is Tom Briggs."

"That lives up at the cape?"

"The same. Know him?"

"Yes—well. Good morning, Mr. Briggs," as the gentleman spoken of came to the foot of the trail, leading his horse.

"Morning, Reverence—morning," with a nod to the seaman, and he made as though to mount his horse.

"Surely you are not going to try to pass while the tide is so high," said Ellsworth.

"I'm not feeling well and I want to get home."

"But it's risky, Tom," said the old salt.

"Pooh, I can make it all right."

Mr. Ellsworth, seeing Briggs' determination and also how weak he was, assisted him on his horse, and as Briggs landed in the saddle and took up the bridle he said, "There is no time to waste," and headed his horse straight across the creek.

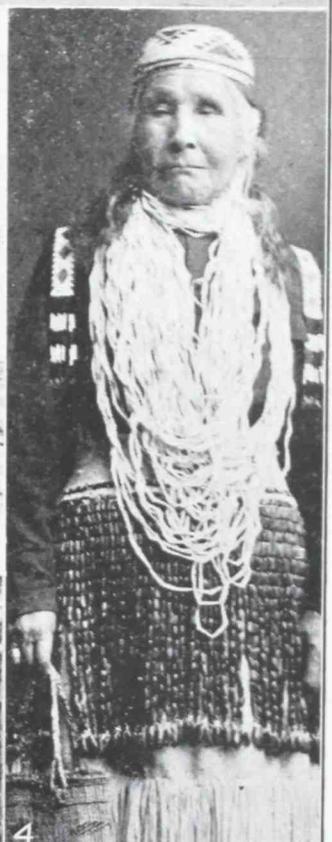
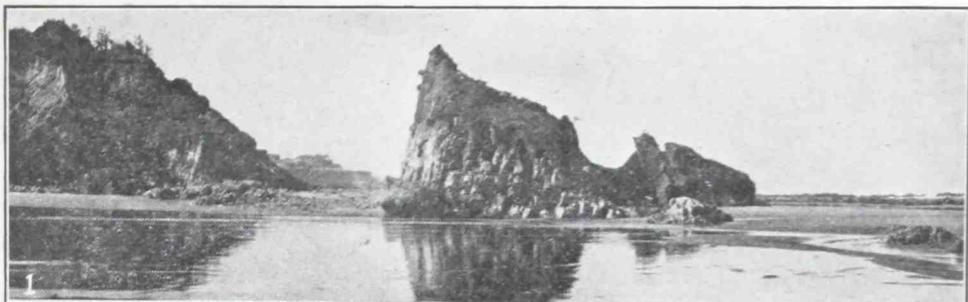
"I don't like the looks of things. Is there no other road but the beach?" Ellsworth asked.

"Nope!" replied the old man, answering the last question first. "It don't appear possible that Tom would venture if there is danger. For thirty years he has been a warnin' people not to be rash when the tide is high—but look!" giving a start forward and pointing.

Briggs was about mid-way across the creek when the onlookers—there were several on the high shore—saw a big breaker strike the horse and rider, knocking them down and passing over their heads, completely hiding them from view for a few moments.

As the wave swept in among the pile of driftwood and logs, it tossed them like so many matches, and as it rebounded and flowed out to sea again, it took a monster log with it. As it swept by the drowning man he climbed upon it, but by the time he had gained his feet and stood upright it was racing outward at no slow pace, and directly toward another swell, ten or more feet perpendicular in height, that was sweeping toward the shore. The log was 50 feet from this large swell—which resembled a tidal wave—when its helpless passenger, seeing the danger before him, and perhaps realizing that, in his feeble condition, he could never pass through and get back to shore alive with his clothes on, coolly and calmly—as one starting on a voyage—looked back where a dozen or more anxious men and women were watching every move he was making, and waved his hand "Good bye." If he spoke, those on shore heard nothing above the heavy roar of the surf. Then he began to pull off his oil coat, but before it was accomplished the huge swell reached and passed over him, and Mr. Briggs was seen no more.

After the return of two or three swells and nothing was seen of the unfortunate man, all knew too well that all hope was passed. It was then that the Rev. Mr. Ells-



1. Jump Off Joe, 1919; p. 359. 2. Mrs. C. Winant; p. 364. 3. Life Saving Station above Arch Rock; p. 370. 4. Mrs. Geo. Megginson; p. 364. 5. The quiet harbor of Yaquina; p. 371.

worth removed his hat and slowly and solemnly repeated:
 "Floating, floating,
 Out on the sea
 Of Eternity!"

After the cruel waves receded, and the tide went down, kind friends succeeded in getting the horse out of the wet sand with which it had been partly covered, but it died the same night. The bride and saddle had been torn from the poor animal, and they, like the unfortunate man, were never seen again.

The passing of Thomas Briggs deprived Newport of one of its best citizens. He was public spirited and did much—very much—to improve and advance the interests of the new country he had helped to build up.



CHAPTER LX.

— 1897 —



AS the sun sent its hot breath over cities and their surrounding country, the people who could, hied themselves to the many summer resorts that were springing up all along the Oregon coast. None was more favored, however, than Newport. Here on the broad beach at Nye Creek they could sit or lie in the soft, warm sands, while the cool breezes fanned away trouble and care — even sickness — for many indeed there were who found health and strength on the ocean's shore. Think not that those who lived here, always lived, for

one by one, the old pioneers—who had come here in the early “sixties” were passing to the “Great Beyond,” and of many it could be said: “They rest from their labors and their works do follow them.” For had they not picked this “bud” from the wild and turned it into a blooming flower?

All summer the grim reaper had been fought at the Ocean House. The most eminent physicians had been consulted, and everything that money could do was done to check the dread disease—all to no effect. In spite of the care of the loving wife and family, Samuel Case, beloved of all who knew him, and one of the builders of this fair Newport, was slowly passing away. All day Wednesday, August 25th, the sun shone bright and warm over the waters of the bay he had so often sailed upon, and the hills about the old home he had so many times traveled, but its beauty was unheeded within the Ocean House, where loving friends tread softly, lest they disturb the slumbers of the one that was about to leave them forever. Evening settled down warm and calm, and many of the old cronies that had come with him long years before, gathered on the broad porch that ran in front of his “Nob Hotel” and waited.

Low they talked—with hushed voices, and the stars came out in the velvety blackness overhead, and the harbor lights twinkled as the incoming tide flowed about them, and the night birds twittered in the trees on the hill behind the house. At last the dreaded, though expected, word came. A watcher from the bedside opened the door, through which a flood of light poured for a moment, then they passed out and closed the door behind them.

“Well?”

“It’s all over; he is gone!”

Silence, save for the distant murmur of the surf as it beat on the rocks at the entrance of the harbor, then

by ones, and twos, they stepped out of the shadow of the porch and disappeared in the darkness.

On the afternoon of the 27th, from far and near, o'er hill and dale, by boat, wagon and on foot came the numerous friends of the old pioneer, to pay their last respects to him they all know so well. The spacious grounds about his late home was packed with vehicles. On the broad porch, in the halls and rooms inside, the friends were standing until there was room for no more.

In the center of the large drawing room the flower-covered casket had been placed, and at 1:30 P. M. the Rev. Mr. C. Booth, the Episcopal minister, took his place by the side of the bier, and read the beautiful burial service of that church, after which he spoke of the distance deceased had strayed from his childhood home, and he continued:

“Our dear, departed brother was born in Lubic, Maine. in 1831, and after passing through college he came to California in 1853. In 1861 he enlisted and came to Oregon with his regiment—and to this region. He served under the flag until 1864, when he received his discharge. Later he settled on this present site, building this house, and he also located the land on which Newport now stands. There are others who may be missed as much, but none more so, than our beloved brother to whom we pay our last respects today, and as long as Newport stands he cannot be forgotten, and now we will sing the hymn he requested.” And as the full, rich tones of the organ pealed forth the strains of the well known tune:

“Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst't me come to Thee,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come.”

Not an eye was dry in that vast assemblage, and it was with sorrow that they looked for the last time on

the face of him, who in life they would see no more, and amid pitying sobs they closed the casket lid, and passed it to the veterans of the G. A. R. who stood at the door to receive it. Then the procession was formed, headed by Stodenmyer's Band, which was then visiting Newport, the long cortege passed down the main street and up and over the hills to the beautiful cemetery where his lowly bed had been prepared.

Reverently they lowered all that was mortal of Samuel Case to his last resting place and heaped the soft, warm sands over him, and covered the lowly mound with the beautiful flowers so lovingly bestowed. The procession was again formed, and to the accompaniment of the muffled beat of the drum his sorrowing wife and their six children returned to their sad home, leaving him alone in his last long sleep.



CHAPTER LXI.

— 1900 —



THEY have got that blast about ready to go off!"

"Yes, this morning, I believe," and a bunch of men seated on one of the wharves on Newport beach sunning themselves, one bright morning in the early part of August, looked out toward the entrance of the bay where a government boat was anchored.

"Well, that old rock has been a menace to navigation long enough. Now, with the bar completed things may pick up."

"Pick up what?" The three men turned at the sound of another voice.

"Why, hello, George!"

"Hey, there, Litchfield!"

"The top of the morning to you all," replied Litchfield as he shook hands all around and took his place in the row beside them, "Watching for the blast?"

"Yes; it won't be long now," answered Bensell, one of the party.

"Been working at it long enough—but just how are they doing it? You know I have been out in the valley so long I don't know what's going on here as much as I used to."

"Well," said Bensell, "they have laid a string of sausages all around the crown of that rock—you remember the rock all right?"

"Bet I do! Clarke Copeland, Major Bruce and I came in one night—just dark—low tide—on the 'Louise Simpson'—Winant was captain—you remember?"

"Yah, guess I do! I can hear the yells of you yet, and you all pretending to be seamen, ha-ha-ha," and roars of laughter broke from all their throats.

"Well, never mind so much laughing now and go on and tell about the sausage you had for breakfast.

"They are giving sausage to your old friend, the rock, for breakfast all right. Why the diver has lain a string of them made out of explosives all the way around it down below the crown, and they are attaching a fuse to that to set off the whole bunch of them together.

"Ah, why do you go into such details for, Royal, can't you see he knows all about it as well as you?" for the other men had noticed the corners of Litchfield's mouth twitch.

Just then a deep bellow sounded on the morning air over the quiet bay, coming from the anchored boat as a warning to those on shore to watch. A little row boat shot out from the side of the larger one, and, at a safe distance from the scene of action, a young fellow stood up and carefully leveled the eye of a camera in that

direction.

"Guess he is going to snap it."

"Who?"

"Billie Matthews; hope he will get it."

"Hope so."

The men on the wharf grew silent. The twittering of birds could be heard and the scream of the seagulls calling to each other. Then the silence was broken by a deep, guttural roar which terminated in a loud booming, as of many cannon, which shook the hills. The waters boiled, then lifted up like a huge geyser it spurted a foaming white spire, a hundred feet or more in height. It appeared to rest there a moment before it slowly settled back into the bay.

A cheer went up from the spectators scattered here and there on the beach and the surrounding hills.

"My, I wish Clarke Copeland could have seen that," said George.

"Nothing hindered me."

Litchfield turned quickly, as did the others, then stretched out his hand to the newcomer. "Didn't expect to see you. When did you come in?"

"Last evening."

"Just in time."

"Just in time. But I am glad the old 'Channel Rock' is gone forever. It came near being the death of us, Copeland."

"It sure did; going to stop long?"

"A couple of weeks, or such a matter. Want to see old 'Jump-Off-Joe.' My wife is interested in that rock. Every year we come over changes have taken place."

"You will see changes this time, then, for it has broken completely away from the mainland now."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, the winter storms are pretty severe on that part of the beach."

CHAPTER LXII.

— 1913 —



WHEN the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunlight warm and tender
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read loves shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away."

The full, rich, girlish voice rang out clear and sweet on the tranquil morning air. It drifted along the bluff, even floating down to the quiet beach where scarce a breaker broke the stillness. It sifted through a fringe of jack pines to the left of the singer as she stood on the edge of the high shore just back of "Jump-Off-Joe," and to the ears of a young man that sat on a grassy knoll by the narrow path that led along the very outer edge of the bluff.

For an hour or more he had sat there and watched the seagulls fly in and out of the dense fog, that enshrouded the beach seventy feet below. And then, as the mists receded—at the touch of the early sunbeam's kiss—he noted the tiny breakers far out from shore—now at ebb tide. Then the old battered rock came into view and slowly, as the mists rolled backward, he beheld the dark, green waters of the ocean. So calm and peaceful it was now, in this quiet hush, that the words of the old, old favorite were borne to him—so fittingly—on the wings of melody. As the first notes smote his ears, he straightened up, then arose to his feet and looked around.

He was not tall, on the contrary he was a little below medium height. His well built body was clothed in a light gray suit of tweed that fitted him perfectly. His rather small feet were cased in tan shoes, and just above their tops one got a peep at blue silk stockings. A blue

silk tie of the same shade adorned the snow-white bosom of his shirt, above which a clean-cut, but dark, face lit up with almost-black eyes, was framed with short, glossy, jet-black hair, a white straw sailor, lay unheeded on the knoll that he had just occupied, while a big white silk handkerchief, bordered in blue, lay in the path at his feet.

As the singer continued, her audience of one located from whence came the sound, and turning to his right he reached out his small, shapely, well kept hands and noiselessly parted the bushes, and peeping through, a look first of wonder, then surprise, and last, of pleasure swept his swarthy face. His lips partly opened and then closed again as he stepped through the opening and along the path, coming up behind the singer just as the chorus started. He stood still for a few moments looking at the form of the young girl before him. She was dressed all in white, with the exception of a broad pink sash about her waist which terminated in a tasteful bow in the back. Her hair was coiled low on her neck, and nestling in the glossy strands was a dew-laden pink rosebud. Dangling from one plump hand by her side was a white lace hat, daintily trimmed with ribbons and roses, which nodded and bobbed as the singer, her head thrown back, continued

“We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.”

“When the mists have cleared away,” repeated a voice behind her. She turned like a flash and confronted the speaker, whose eyes sought her own black ones, and for a moment both were silent and motionless. Then slowly a look of recognition stole into her eyes. A flush suffused the dark cheek and she reached out her hand in a hearty greeting, “Why, Joe—Joseph; is it you, really and truly?”

“Really and truly,” as his hands clasped hers tighter.

"Well, I'm surprised; but what are you doing here so early in the morning?"

"Why, the very same thing I guess, that you are doing."

They both turned and looked at the receding fog-bank, then laughed.

"Let's come and sit down here and watch it. I've been there an hour, I guess, waiting for this moment," and he led the way, holding the bushes to one side while she passed through, then following he stooped and reclaimed his handkerchief and spread it on the grassy bank motioning her to be seated. He seated himself by the side of her, and in silence they watched the mists roll back from the waters like a blanket, the same as did Jumping Elk, many years before. But now as the fog lifted from the hills it exposed to view the tall white shaft of the lighthouse, which was not there in those days of the long ago.

"Beautiful!" it was the girl that broke the silence and as she did so heaved a sigh.

"Why so long a breath, Calusa?" and he looked into a face that was almost as dark as his own.

"Oh, I have been looking forward to this moment for weeks—ever since my friend up here at the cape invited me to come and see her. I come here every time I get the chance, which is not often. But where did you come from, and when?"

"You mean when did I come and from where, don't you?"

"Oh, if you wish it that way," and they laughed.

"Well, I came from Carlisle, Pennsylvania; got in last night."

"You did not go to the 'Reserve'?"

"I thought it would be no use—knew you all would be here and no one at home—so I came on."

"You will see lots of changes then—so many of the

old people are passing

to the 'Happy Hunting Ground'," he finished.

"Yes, to the 'Happy Hunting Ground'," she repeated.

A few moments silence, then:

"It is four years since you left!"

"Four years!"

"Why didn't you come home in vacation?"

"You forget I had to work my way in college—mostly."

"It cost more than you thought?"

"If one sticks to the tuition fees alone—but there is so much attached to it—parties and plays—extra dress, and always there are games and clubs one must belong to. Grandfather was very anxious and would have helped me with it all if I had hinted, he was so anxious I should get through."

"Did he have no education himself?"

"Oh, he could write his own name and read some, but it was real labor and he never took kindly to it."

"I thought there were good schools when our parents were young?"

"You must remember that some of our parents were quite big children when they came north. My grandfather was quite a big boy; I have heard him tell of how he walked a good bit of the way up from the Klamath country."

The girl shuddered. After a pause she said:

"What do you aim to do, now that you have graduated?"

"Well, I took up several branches of work," and he told her of his school career. How he had put in the first year at Chemawa, Oregon, then they persuaded him to go East, to the industrial school at Carlisle, Pa. He told her of the progress being made by the students there, and how they were fast losing their native ways and becoming true American citizens, and that it would not

be long, when a few more of the old heads had passed, that there would be no more Indians in America, and in conclusion he said: "Now tell me what you have been and are doing."

She thought a moment then said, "Educating the Indian to be an American."

He looked at her and she returned his gaze.

"Yes, I am," she answered his eyes, "I'm teaching the 3rd grade at the Agency."

"Any success?"

"I'm surprised, Joe, actually surprised, to see the brains some of the little—"

"Papooses," he ventured.

"No, you can't call them papooses any more. Very seldom you see one now. But my children are quite youngsters, and are real cute—for them. For instance," she continued, "A short time ago I was teaching a class and wanted to know if they understood what I meant, so asked one little chap which he would rather have—a whole apple or two halves? Quick as a flash he answered, 'Two halves.' I asked him why, and he said, 'If the apple is cut in two I can see if it is wormy or not'."

They laughed and she continued:

"I had a little girl in my room when I first took the school. I doubt if there are any smarter children in Oregon. I should not say 'child,' for she is quite a young lady and handsome."

"Why don't you say pretty?"

"Pretty would not convey to you my meaning of her type of beauty. It would be hard for you to tell her from the other white girls when she is dressed as they, and she looks equally as handsome—yes, that's the word—when dressed in an Indian costume, as I saw her at a masquerade ball last winter in the Siletz."

"Don't all native women look their best in their own native clothes?"

"No! For instance, there is my mother."

"You was named after her, was you not?"

"Calusa—yes, that is her name; but you dress mother in Indian robes and she is a—"

"Squaw," he finished.

"Yes," said the girl, "that's it. But dress her as other white women and she will take her place among them anywhere."

"What was the name of that 'handsome' young lady you—"

"Oh," she laughingly interrupted him, "Agustia Smith."

"Little Gussie Smith? Why, she is a distant cousin of mine!"

"Is that so?"

"Let me see," he said thoughtfully, and his eyes narrowed down until they were but specks as he focused his mind on something, "Her great grandfather, 'Elsic,' and my great grandfather, 'Chief Joe,' were half-brothers—Klamaths."

"I did not know that."

"Yes; her mother married some Umpqua warrior on the reserve."

"Then Agustia is not a Klamath?"

"Well, no, I don't suppose you would call her one for," he thought a moment, "if I remember rightly, Elsic's mother was an Umpqua maiden, 'Chee Chee,' I think they told me her name was," he said as slowly his hand passed over his brow, and as he looked out over the waters he pointed his finger and said, "Look!"

Far out around the point a steamer could be seen emerging from out the fog bank that was rolling back and beyond the horizon.

"Ships odream, ships o'dream,
Come sailing, sailing
Out of yon mystery

Of time and distancy
That has enshrouded thee,
Over the boundless sea,
Over the soundless sea,
Come sailing, sailing to me."

"There is more, what is the rest?"

"Oh, by the way, I interrupted your song, you finish that first."

"The mists have rolled away. Would that all the mists have rolled away from people. Say, Joe, why don't you come to the reservation and teach?"

"I had thought of taking up civil engineering."

"There are plenty in the outside world to do that, and your people need you so."

"Would not a white person do more with them than one of their own blood?"

"No! There are white teachers in other grades, but there is not a girl in the whole school but apes my every act, and tries to dress just like me, and the boys would do the same with you."

He shook his head. "I'm afraid not," hesitatingly, "Besides I had set my mind on something else."

"But there are lots of others out in the world to take your place there. The school is in need of a principal, the old one is leaving."

"He made no reply, only gazed out over the quiet waters toward the distant steamer, whose black smoke trailed behind her like a long black veil, and Calusa continued as she looked up pleadingly into his face:

"If you knew that your being there would help them to rise above their old selves, oh, you would not want them to go back—you wouldn't go back, would you to what our fore-parents were, knowing all you do now? Would you throw it all aside and wear a blanket and feathers again?"

He looked at her then, when he heard the low earnest voice, and smiled as he answered, "No, I don't believe you

would look as well in a blanket as you do in that dress, and those flowers become you better than feathers, but,

“I hold it true that every man
Has deep within that breast of his,
A strain that reaches back to Pan
And stirs at woodland mysteries.”

She made no remark to his answer. Not a muscle of her earnest face changed, only a rich, deep blush beneath her dark cheek, and he thought as he saw it, “Was anyone ever so beautiful?” and his own pulse beat faster as he gazed on her face. She would not be turned from her subject though, and she leaned forward, partly turning, the better to look him full in the face, and unconsciously laid one plump warm hand on his knee as she said determinedly:

“Let the outside world take care of itself. You come back to your own people, Joe; come, they need you. Won’t you come, Joe?”

And as he looked down into those earnest black eyes and felt the pressure of the little palm on his knee his heart gave such a bound as though it might leap from his throat, and his lips parted with a rapturous smile as he laid his own hand on the top of hers and said:

“Yes, Calusa; if you will keep my home for me and guide me in my teachings. Will you?” and he lifted her hand and clasped it in both of his. For a moment she appeared not to realize his meaning, and then as the truth dawned on her mind, she dropped her eyes—as slowly he drew her toward him and gently rested her head on his shoulder.

They sat in silence thus for a few moments, then putting his hand under her chin he raised her head until their lips met in one long, carressing kiss.

How long they sat there they never knew, but their tranquility was broken by the fluttering of white wings close to their heads as a couple of seagulls settled to the

bluffs at their very feet with a plaintive scream, as they turned their heads to one side and looked up at the two silent figures. As Joe and Calusa looked at the fluttering birds he said:

"Miski's, the miski's. It's a good omen, dearest, don't you think so?"

She smiled. "Maybe they have come to warn us that it's time we should go, if we are going to see the 4th of July parade."

"The parade!" He had forgotten it, but taking a large gold watch from his pocket he laughingly said, "Well, I guess we won't see it this year; it's nearly 11 o'clock now and it was to start at 10. But do we care? Would you have missed our meeting for all the fourths that are to be?" and he held her close to him—so close that she could not answer—or did not anyway.

As they strolled along—regardless of time—they talked of many things of the past, for they had been brought up together and were schoolmates, but they had been severed when he had gone East to school.

"How Nye Beach has grown since I saw it last; it is quite a city now!"

"It will not be so long again, will it?"

"No, dearest, indeed it will not. We'll come every year after this."

"I would like to live down here."

"But—we can't leave that school. Those dusky urchins have got to be trained," and he looked sideways at the white-clad form beside him, with a droll expression.

"Say, you have forgotten you were to go East," she bantered.

He did not speak for a moment, then:

"One ship drives east and the other drives west
By the very same wind that blows;

'Tis the set of the sails and not the gales,
That shows which way she goes.
Like the gales of the sea are the waves of fate,
As we journey along through life,
'Tis the set of the soul that determines the goal,
And not the storm nor the strife."

"Yes?"

"Yes!"

They walked along hand in hand until suddenly he paused, dropped her hand, then darted to one side, bent down to the sand, recovered something and then returned to her holding a little rock in his hand.

"Isn't it a beauty? About the clearest moonstone I ever saw. Like it?"

"I should say!"

"Then I shall get it polished and mounted for our engagement ring, eh, darling? It's as pure as our own love, dear, isn't it?" and he held it up to the sun.

"It's like a drop of water," and they moved on. A few steps further and she said:

"There is a path that leads up the bluff somewhere here behind Castle Rock, if it hasn't disappeared like the old rock is disappearing. It's going even faster than Jump-Off-Joe."

"Why climb the bluffs?" he enquired.

She blushed as she answered, "There is a trail up there that leads to the life saving station, and there we strike the "Lovers Lane."

"Oh, hurry, let's find that path," and they climbed over the loose stones that were crumbling from the sides of Castle Rock, and up the loose sand path to the ledge above, where, all out of breath, they found the trail.

It was not hard to find the "lane" Calusa had spoken of, and down from the sand-blown station they found the plank walk that led—straight as an arrow's flight—through the tangle of trees, and which was bordered by

tall rhododendrons that nodded their heads in welcome to the happy couple as they strolled leisurely along.

"My, we must hurry or you will be starved to death. Beastly of me not to think of that before—but guess I've forgotten time."

"I'm not hungry—really."

Joe consulted his watch again. "It's almost 1:00 o'clock," he said, and he put his arm about her and they hurried up the last raise, then down the slope that overlooked the quiet bay, across a meadow, thence through the Ocean House grounds.

At their right and nearly to the steps that led down to—it might be said the only street of Newport—a long green bench stood close to the high bank overlooking the bay. Three men were seated thereon, but they did not notice whom they might be, for their eyes were focused on the tall, slightly bent figure that was slowly ascending the steps and coming toward them.

"Why, if that isn't Dr. Carter," said Joe, hurrying forward with outstretched hand.

As the couple passed behind the green seat, the sound of their footsteps on the graveled walk attracted the attention of its occupants, and all three men turned their heads. One, a slight-built little man of middle age, only deigned them a passing glance—and turned to the doings on the bay. The two others, both elderly, as shown by their snow-white hair, looked a little closer, then one of those turned away, but the remaining one—the one with the long white beard—straightened up and half turned to behold them the better, then, with a satisfied air, settled down in his seat again as he said:

"Yah, that's so, alright; do you remember Klamath Joe—Joy Tyee, George?"

"Well, I guess I do remember the old chap; why?"

"That's his great grandson just going along there," and the speaker, Royal Bensell, glanced in their direction

again. "There is Dock Carter—you remember Dock, don't you?"

"Ye-s—couldn't forget him. He still lives?"

"Good for a number of years yet. The old doctor remembers the little chap—bet he brought him into the world. The young fellow, you know, has been away for a number of years going to school—must have just come back."

"And the girl?" as they looked at the young couple again.

"I don't know her—one of the younger generation. They grow away from me—unless it is one like old Joe's descendants. But Professor," addressing the little stranger, "if you want to know more about the Indians you will have to see Dock. What he don't know about them isn't worth knowing—chuck full of Indian legends and lore. Hi, there! Dock, come this way," and Bensell beckoned for the doctor as the young people turned away and tripped down the steps that led to the street where so much noise and gaiety was going on, for the usual "4th of July" celebration was proceeding with all its blare of horns, and pop and bang of crackers.

As the doctor advanced around the end of the seat Bensell said, "Let me make you acquainted with Professor Newcome, and this is our oldest doctor, Professor, Dr. Carter."

"Pleased to meet you."

"Happy to make your acquaintance," said the two men as their hands met.

"Do you know this chap, Dock?"

The doctor looked at the broad-shouldered stranger a moment from under his shaggy eyebrows, then said:

"It's not George Litchfield, is it?"

"It sure is. Guess you didn't expect to see me here today?"

"No, I didn't; but I have been seeing quite a few old

faces that I haven't seen for years. Did you see me talking to that chap? That's old "Joe Tyee's great grandson."

"I recognized him—who is the girl?" enquired Bensell.

"His fiancee, he told me. She's a full blood Klamath, too." Then turning to the professor he enquired, "Stranger here?"

"Yes, this is the first time I have been in Newport," Professor Horner of Corvallis—do you know him?"

"Rather guess I do—old friend of mine."

"Well, I was visiting at his place and he advised me to come over this way for my vacation—says he had spent his here for the last twenty years."

"Not too bad a place," with a glance down on the highly decorated city at their left.

"I think it beautiful. I have fallen in love with it. I have been up in the Siletz country fishing and hunting, and have quite taken up with the Indians. But where did the river get its name?"

"Ah," said Bensell. "That's where the doctor and I fall out; he says from an Indian legend."

"That's so. See, I doctored them for about twenty years—got right into their homes, and they told me a good many things and legends."

"Legends, did you say? I wish you would tell me one."

"Never heard one?"

"I've read several, but never heard one told."

"Tell him, Dock," urged Bensell. "You don't mind listening, do you George?" turning to his visitor at his side.

"No; don't know as I ever heard how the river got its name—fire away." And they made room for the old doctor to sit down.

"Will we have time?" said the doctor, "You gentlemen have lunched?"

"Sure!"

"They are going to have the capsize drill."

"Who are?" from the professor.

"The life saving crew, see, there they go now in their new motor boat," and the four men looked down on the sun-lit waters of the bay where all kinds of light craft were skimming over its quiet surface.

"We can watch them capsize and listen to you, too," and whilst the three men lit fresh cigars and started puffing at them, the doctor plucked a few long blades of grass and carefully measured their length, then rolling them in his large hands, he fixed his eyes—not on the life and movement on the bay—that savored too much of the present day—but on the distant hills across the waters of the bay, that seemed to speak of the days that have long passed by.

After a few moments of silence, during which the muffled sounds of the distant gaiety floated up to them, he gave his customary little hack and began:



CHAPTER LXIII.



AR to the east amid the wind-blown sands of the plains many warlike tribes of Indians dwelt, who roamed up and down, and always there were great battles and shedding of much blood among them.

"One night a large band of warriors came marching home after a great battle,—in which they had been victorious,—bringing with them many women as slaves, droves of ponies and many scalps, and

Black Bear, their young chief, should have been very proud and happy. But he was down hearted, and long after the others had gone to sleep he sat brooding by the

dying embers of the campfire, over which the scalps hung in the smoke-curing. He liked not such slaughter, and he thought of the battlefield, and the silent forms lying there on the sands in the pale moonlight, and his heart grew sick within him. He thought of the suffering that had been inflicted, and he wondered if such must always be? The more he thought the sadder he grew, and at last, out of the depths of his heart he cried aloud to the "Great Spirit." From the far south a voice came floating on the night winds and he listened. As it grew louder he knew it to be the voice of the 'Great Spirit,' and it said:

"I have heard your cry of anguish, oh, mighty 'Black Bear,' and because of that cry I have come to tell you that I have caused a place to be prepared for you—the 'Celestial Home'—a Happy Hunting Ground where all is tranquil. Arise, go waken your wives and your children, take your ponies and load upon them all your belongings, and provisions enough to last a long journey, and turn your face toward the setting sun. Far beyond the mountains—that you have seen in the distance—lies the mighty waters, and I have caused a beautiful valley to be formed there which I will give to you and yours. There is a beautiful river flowing through the midst of the valley teeming with fish of many kinds, and through the valley and over the mountains that border it on either side, the deer and the bear roam unmolested. Beautiful birds fly over the valley and nest in the majestic trees that border the silvery river, while the ground is carpeted with the rarest of flowers and mosses. No cold winds ever penetrate to this beautiful region, and the thunder bird is never heard hovering near, and you shall never suffer more.

"One thing only you must do. You must keep your tribe pure, and not intermarry with other tribes that may wander through this valley that I give you. You must not give your daughters in marriage to the stranger, nor

allow your sons to bring a strange wife home. It is yours so long as you obey my will. "I have spoken."

"The voice ceased and the winds died down."

"Then Black Bear arose and did as he was bid, and when the sun came up on the morrow they were far on their way—Black Bear, his wives, his children and ponies. They climbed steep mountain sides, and crossed deep ravines. After many weary days of wandering they came to this beautiful 'Celestial Valley' down near the mighty waters, the Ocean of Time.

"They rested and were happy."

"Sometimes great storms would rage over the waters and o'er the high mountains, and huge fires would devour the trees on all sides, but always was this peaceful valley spared and no evil befell it.

"In due time, after Black Bear and his family arrived in this region of bliss, his favorite wife gave birth to a girl baby, and so beautiful did she grow up to be—"

("Yah, of course,") said Bensell in a low voice. But the doctor did not hear him, and with his eyes still fixed on the distant hills he continued:

"That they gave her the name of the lovely valley they lived in, which they called 'Celesta.' Her eyes were like the blue of heaven—"

("Who ever heard of a blue-eyed squaw?") said Litchfield.

"Her cheeks were like the full-bloomed wild rose, and her mouth like the rosebud—"

("Yah, yah,") chuckled two of the listeners, but the professor was silent and sober as he drank in every word.

"Her hair was like the golden clouds at sunset—"

("The only squaw who ever had that, I bet.")

"Her throat was like the swan—"

("Long, I suppose.")

—"so pure and white, and she was as graceful as the fawn, while her voice was like the rippling of the

waterfall when she laughed."

("Wonderful squaw, that.")

The professor had thrown away his cigar, and had clasped his two hands together, his head had sunk low on his chest but his eyes still gazed—unseeing—on the waters at their feet.

"Many happy years passed. Now and then small bands of wandering tribes passed through the valley on their way to other hunting grounds, but always the old chief would not let his children intermarry with them, for he remembered the words of the 'Great Spirit.'

"One day there came a party of many young braves and maidens and when the old chief visited their camp down by the river, one young squaw—particularly—attracted his eye. She had eyes—"

("Another beautiful squaw, I'll bet,") said Bensell.

—"like the midnight sky, and her hair was as black as the raven's coat, her plump young face was of a rich, red brown—"

("There, that's more like it.")

—"and the saucy look in those roguish young eyes at once captured the old chief's heart. He sought her father and soon had traded many rich furs for the young daughter.

"She did not like the chief's old wives, and she hated his beautiful daughter, whom all loved, and whose every wish was obeyed.

"She would not call her by her right name, 'Celista,' but in a spiteful voice called her 'Siletz.'

"A canoe came paddling along the river one evening. The young wife was the only one to see it, and a quick thought came to her, and she stole down unseen, and long she talked to the strangers, then as silently stole back to her lodge. Late at night when the darkness lay deep over the valley and all were asleep, they were awakened from their slumbers by a piercing shriek that rent

the midnight air. All started from their wigwams but could see nothing, nor did they hear another sound, so they returned to their slumbers again, but when morning dawned all appeared but Celestia, and on going to her tepee, lo, she was not there. They traced foot-marks to the river, and saw where a canoe had shoved off the beach—down stream. Quickly getting a canoe they started in pursuit, and although they paddled hard they did not come in sight of the thieves until they were near where the river and the ocean meet. Then the fleeing ones, seeing they were about to be captured, headed their craft toward shore and jumping out they bore in their arms the beautiful maiden, bound and tied. Through the bushes they sped and were soon lost to view.

“Quickly the pursuing ones followed, but they knew not the trail, and it was with difficulty they at last overtook them on the shores of a beautiful lake. Drawn up on the beach was a canoe and into this they placed the maiden and hastily paddled away, the golden hair of their prisoner, whom they had flung into the bottom of the canoe, trailed out in the blue water behind. The old chief cried aloud with anguish, he could go no further, for there was no boat.

“Far out into the middle of the lake they paddled and there rested. Infuriated, the old chief called on the evil spirits to punish the thieves, “to utterly destroy them but to spare his child. No sooner had he spoken when a big black hand with long, claw-like nails protruding from the fingers, reached up out of the waters and grasping the canoe and its occupants in its mighty grasp, slowly drew them beneath its surface, and never was there anything seen of them again.

“With fear and horror they flew from this “devil’s lake,” as they called it, and that night as Black Bear and his warriors paddled up the river toward home, he was very sorrowful—and he wondered why the ‘Great Spirit’

had allowed such a thing to be. In his anguish he looked toward the sky, and there in the inky blackness he saw his daughter. Her long golden hair was floating out across the heavens just as it had in the waters of the lake."

("It was a comet, I bet you,") Bensell winked his eye but the professor only heaved a sigh, and the doctor continued:

"From then, right on, dire misfortune befell the old chief. A great drought fell over the valley, no rains fell and the river, which they now called 'Siletz,' after the beautiful Indian maiden, went dry, so that all the fish died. The grass dried up so that the deer and the moose went far into the mountains, and even the birds flew away to other waters. Many strange tribes came into the valley, and, lastly, the white man. Then 'Black Bear' thought of the broken command and how, for the sake of a woman, he, himself, had brought such dire destruction on his tribe."

"As usual, there was a woman in the case," said Bensell.

"And that's where the Siletz gets its name?" said the professor.

"That's the way I heard it from a few of the survivors of the tribe—not many left now."

"Well, well," said Litchfield.

"Well, well," echoed Bensell, but the sarcasm, if such you could call it, was lost on both the doctor and the professor, for the former was expounding to the latter the merits and the vast wealth of the Siletz valley, the Yaquina district—in fact all the lands lying north, east and south of Newport's bay.

CHAPTER LXIV.



OW much timber do you reckon is, or could be harvested hereabout?"

"I have never heard of its all being summed up, but in the Siletz alone they claim that there are billions of feet of the finest timber to be found in the world, just ripe and ready to be cut."

"And why don't some of you go into it?"

"Capital, Professor, capital!"

"I see. If you could interest the outside world enough—"

"To run some more roads in here and start mills. If the government would restore the jetty, that has been allowed to decay, as it were, so that ocean boats could come in, and—"

"Ocean!" echoed the professor as he looked around, "I must see that."

"What's to hinder us from strolling along that way now? Been some time since I have seen it myself," said Litchfield. "Sam Case and I often walked around that way—poor Sam is gone now," and he glanced toward the Ocean House.

"Yah, died in '95."

"Say, Royal, not many of you left that came up on that old tub, 'Cortax,' in '61. Do you know the one that stands out the most prominent in my mind is Silestian Jaquan, he was so afraid of water. Do you remember this and that," and Litchfield brought to mind several amusing instances which made all laugh. But Bensell sobered at last and said, "Poor Silest, and to think he was drowned at last."

"That so? Then he never got back to 'Fran-zee;' poor fellow."

"You are one of the soldiers that came up from California in the early days, too, Mr. Litchfield?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Newcome, I was a soldier, but I came overland. I did not come to the Siletz until 1864, where I clerked in the Settler's store."

"You wasn't there all the time," said Bensell.

"And what is it you have reference to," enquired Litchfield as he saw his old friend looking at him sideways.

"I had reference to a certain gathering I remember taking place right down thereabouts," and he pointed to a spot below the old tree in front of them, and as the instance dawned on his visitor's mind, both men laughed.

"What's the joke?" enquired the doctor.

"Why, it was right down there I first met Miss Craft."

"Miss Craft?"

"Yes, Miss Mary Amelia Craft—or Mrs. George Litchfield—which she became on Christmas Day, 1866."

"O-h," —laughter.

"Yes," continued Litchfield, "after we were married we began housekeeping at the Siletz"—silence a moment and then he continued—"I was one of the three judges at the first election to be held west of the Coast Range—in 1866—it was Benton County then."

"The other two are dead, ain't they, George?"

"Yes, these many years."

"How did you find the Indians in those early days?" enquired the professor.

Litchfield thought a moment then laughingly related how once he tried to explain to one of the old bucks how the sun crossing the line caused the equinoctial storms. He appeared to understand but some time after there was another big rain and the old fellow came running into the store and said, "That d—d sun is crossing the line again."

All laughed, and even the professor had to join in.

"You was Indian Agent at the Alsea, wasn't you, George?"

"Yes, had a daughter born there—the first white child born in Oregon south of the Alsea."

Silence for a few moments while they watched some boats manoeuvre on the bay, then:

"Say, Royal, where are all the chaps that came north with you?"

"Passed over the bar—mostly."

"See — there was Case, Dunn, Espy, Hammond, Brown, Howard; is that all?"

"No, there was Hunsucker and Huse and Earhart."

And thus they talked of bygone days and the happenings of things as the country slowly awakened at the white man's touch.

"There is one time I have an idea that I'll never forget, and that is the time the ferryman ran under the docks at Yaquina City. Remember that, Dock?" said Litchfield with a wink at Carter.

The three men burst out into an uproarious laugh, while the professor looked bewildering at them.

"Say, Royal, it's a wonder you didn't get killed—didn't get your head taken right off."

"Providence, George, providence."

"I believe it."

"What was the joke, may I ask?"

"Tell him, Frank," said Litchfield, addressing the doctor.

"I wasn't there; you had better tell, George."

"I wasn't there either, but Royal was—you had better tell," turning to Bensell.

"Well," said Captain Bensell, taking the stub of a cigar—that he had been chewing—from his mouth, and puckering up that member that it might form the words he wished to speak, "I was running a ferry one time

between here and there," and he nodded toward Yaquina. "At night I used to steer for the landing by a certain light. But this particular night it was foggy. I saw a light and steered for it and ran plunk, right under the dock some distance from the landing. The pilot house was completely demolished, every spoke was knocked out of the steering wheel and I was knocked—don't know just where or how—but I wasn't even scratched, and the boat came to a standstill quick and nearly caused a panic among the passengers."

He laughed again as he review the past.

"But," said the professor, "if you steered for the light, how did you come there?"

"Yah, I steered for a light; there is just where the joke comes in. The light that should have guided me was hidden by the fog, and the light I steered for, was a lantern carried by some man down a zigzag trail from the top of the mountain back of the town, and—"

"I wonder how many times you changed your course following that light around before you finally landed?"

Bensell only shook his head as they all laughed again, and this time the professor joined in.

"I almost wish I had stayed here, now," said Litchfield at last.

"Stayed here?" said the little professor, "Why, I don't know how you could have left. Here is where I am going to make my home just as soon as I can straighten my affairs outside. Why, I never did see such a beautiful spot," and his eye took in the sweeping landscape.

"You should see all over these hills; some awful pretty places over at Nye Beach," said the doctor.

"It seems to me," mused Litchfield, "I heard of some one years ago saying the same thing—that they were going to live and die here."

"Yah," laughed Bensell, and he blew a puff of smoke skyward, "Mary said so the first time she came here."

"Mary?" from the professor.

"Mrs. Bensell."

"Oh!"

"She came here when quite young and fell in love with the place, and a little while after we were married we moved there," and Bensell pointed to a cream-colored cottage perched upon the side of the hill, overlooking Newport and the bay, "and there we have lived for forty years or more."

"Oh!"

"She was the first white woman here, wasn't she, Royal?"

"Yah, to stay."

"The first white woman to stay!" the professor spoke as though dazed by the news.

"Let's go around the beach and show him how it looks."

"Alright." And they all arose, throwing away the stubs of their cigars and straightened their coats. "They can get along down there without us—in fact don't appear to miss us a bit now by the sound of that racket."

They descended the long flight of steps that led down to the board walk above the bay beach, and as they passed beneath the branches of the old fir tree, whose trunk was showing signs of decay, the professor remarked

"Pretty old tree, that!"

"Wonder it hadn't burned when the fire swept through here time Sam Case was building that house," said Litchfield.

"That's it; you see he had just freshly leveled this place off and there was nothing to feed the flames to this tree."

"I see, yes, I suppose."

As they journeyed around the shores of bay and ocean they told the professor "bits of ancient history," as they dubbed it, and coming in sight of Nye Beach,

Bensell remarked:

"You remember that sharp point that ran out there, George? Well, he continued as the other nodded assent, "the water kept pounding at that rock until it wore a hole through, which soon grew to be a large arch (quite a feature of Nye Beach). One stormy winter about two or three years ago the arch broke and those few rocks are all that remain of it now."

"Do you remember the time the lady got stuck, Cap?" enquired the doctor.

Bensell laughed as he told of a gathering of some sort which was taking place on Nye Beach in 1903. A few had strolled off around the point—all unmindful of the incoming tide—and got caught. One lady thought to return to the crowd by crawling through the hole, which was not quite large enough for her buxom form and sad to relate, became stuck fast, much to the amusement of the crowd, and had to be pulled back and hauled up and over the bluff above.

As they rounded the one-time formidable point, the professor was indeed surprised to see the numerous houses, the pretentious hotels, and passing up the beach they came in view of the "notorious" old rock of Jump-Off-Joe, and they explained to the professor how at one time it was joined to the mainland, but that the fierce storms of winter were slowly, but surely, battering the old rock to pieces.

Returning, they passed up through the canon through which Nye Creek flowed to meet the briny ocean, he was astonished to see the many stores and public places of amusement.

"My, how 'Little Johnnie Nye Creek' has grown!"

The professor did as he usually did, looked at first one then the other as they all laughed. Then Bensell answered the unspoken question in his guest's eyes, and said:

"One of the old-timers that helped build up this place married a full-blood Indian and she could not speak or understand our English very well. The one this place was named after was rather small of stature, and so we called him 'Little Johnnie.' His name was Nye and the creek was called after him, but old Julia, when she spoke of this place, always called it 'Little Johnnie Nye Creek.'

"Where is she now?" enquired Litchfield, "Dead, I suppose?"

"Not much!" She lives over Newport way and is as lively as a cricket—see her nearly every day."

"Do you know I wouldn't have known this place. Do you remember the lake that used to be here? Reached away up through the canon where all those houses now stand. Where was it—that dam and the old water wheel that Bagsdale put in?"

"At the upper end of the Natatorium—no trace of it now?"

"And Nye's house?"

"Up there on High street, close to the brow of the hill. Many a good time we had in his little shack," and turning to the professor, "We are speaking of the first house built on this side of the hill; now, look!"

"Why, this beats Newport, but as yet I have seen no churches or schools. Where are they, or, are there none?"

The three men laughed.

"We will show you those tomorrow, we will all take a walk around, but we must take the shorter road to the bay, I'm due there for a speech of some kind," remarked Bensell.

"And they want me to head the 'Liberty Procession' as Uncle Sam," said the doctor.

"And a good one indeed you will make," said the professor, and he tipped his head to one side as he looked

up at the face of the tall figure by his side.

"It's up that street that the school buildings are on. The grade school is built on the same site the first one was, but we are erecting a high school which is costing us \$16,000."

"Whew!"

"Yes, there will be no better schools in the state of Oregon."

"And the churches?"

"They are also on the highlands and we'll see them tomorrow. There's the Presbyterian, Episcopal, Roman and Baptist."

"Now," said Dr. Carter, as they proceeded up and from Nye Creek on planked streets that ran between rows of picturesque summer cottages and permanent homes, "we are in what they call 'The Promised Land'."

"Why so?"

"It's a part of the old Case and Bailey claim. It's long been talked of adding it to the city, but only recently been done."

"What building is that?"

They had come in view of "Hilan Castle."

"Oh, that's a residence; some beauty loving people came in from outside and built a house to suit the surroundings."

"It does that."

"It's built, though, right over a bit of the old Indian trail that goes along the coast from the Columbia to California. The trail went right over that hill, followed a canon down to the bay beach where they crossed to the south shore in canoes, and then they took up the trail again."

The party had by this time reached the City Park, and Bensell with a laugh remarked. "It's so, isn't it Dock?"

"Yes, it is alright. There used to be a pretty water-

lily lake here, but the people of Newport thought to improve on nature, so started to dig down these hills and fill up the lake, and now, look for yourself, Professor, look! Can you tell me where there is beauty in that?"

"Never mind discussing the city's doings, but there is some kind of a legend concerning that pond; you know it, Dock; tell it."

"Want to hear it?" and the old doctor looked down from his height at the little professor, who scarcely came to his shoulder.

"That I would." And the four men seated themselves on a nearby sodbank, lit fresh cigars and the doctor began:

"There is quite a lot attached to it, but I will cut it short for we are due down there directly.

"Long ago a young brave of the tribe of 'Aquinnies,' that dwelt on these shores, brought home from an inland tribe a very beautiful bride. He was very jealous of her and thought that all the youths that saw her wanted to take her from him. She was very pure and sweet, but would get homesick and long for her people. Some way she got word to her people that she would like to have one of her brothers to come and see her. One day her husband was passing along the trail and he thought he heard voices, so stealing down through the bushes he saw standing on the shore of the lake his own wife conversing with a strange warrior.

"Jealousy sprang up in his heart, and he crept quite close before he was seen, then, the stranger, seeing him, darted away through the trees, for he liked not the look of fire in the other's eyes. But the bride turned and faced her husband. He demanded of her whom she was conversing with. She told him it was her brother, but he would not believe her and would not listen to her, but dragged her by her long hair down to the water's edge and plunged her in and held her there until she ceased

to struggle and was quite dead.

"Then he went away and left her, but he could not stay away and several days after he came back—thought to get her body for he felt awful bad. He had found out somehow that the stranger was her brother, but when he came to the lake, lo, there where she had died was a beautiful water-lily, the only one in the pond. He was so delighted that the pure flower was growing where she lay, and he thought to pick it and take it with him in remembrance of her, but when he stooped to pick it, he found that the mud on the sides of the lake was all turned to slime, and his feet slipped and as he fell into the lake, long slender arms reached up and dragged him under. But the water-lillies multiplied until they covered the face of the lake. But now," and the doctor looked sorrowfully at the filled-in pond, "they have defaced it and the lillies are dying."

They were loth to leave this pleasant spot, but the sun was getting low, so as they proceeded northward to Alder street, Professor Newcome fired another volley of questions.

"Yes," he was answered "This is—or will be—the center of Newport, if ever a railroad reaches the town. The terminus will be hereabout, for this is the residential district. Many beautiful permanent homes are in this section, schools, churches, and many up-to-date stores, as well as numerous places of amusement. The postoffice is in the Odd Fellows building—that huge frame structure up there."

"Scarcely a building here at all in my time," said Litchfield, "everything was down on the water front."

"Yes, if ever we get a road here the timber from the surrounding country will be moved, mills will be erected on the bay beach, boat building will be started again, and that will be the shipping point. But these 'highlands' will be the business section, and although

there are many beautiful residences at Nyebeach, that part of the city of Newport will always have the most attraction of the tourist on account of the ocean."

As the four men passed through the deep cut on Fall street, and by the new bank building they came in view of the throngs of merry-makers. The noise still continued but it was plain to be seen that they were making ready for something special.

The four men passed along the street, nodding now and then to those they knew, when suddenly a trio of girls in masquerades ran after them shouting: "Dock—Doctor Carter? We want you, quick," and seizing him by the arms was dragging him away, when he looked back and laughingly shouted, "I'll see you fellows tomorrow when we go for that walk."

"Alright," they answered and moved down the street.

"Isn't that Kittie Davis or Copeland over there?" enquired Litchfield.

"Yas—Mrs. Winant—married again, you know," said Bensell.

"That lady was the means of the first school being started here, Professor. Guess I'll go over and renew acquaintance; so long," and with a wave of his hand Litchfield was lost in the crowd.

As the two remaining men neared the end of the thoroughfare they glanced up a side street to their right when the professor enquired, "Who is that, do you know?"

"Guess I do. That's the old lady we were telling you of—Mrs. Meggenson. The Indians are going to have a feather dance and I guess she is going to take part," and after a moment's silence in which the two men watched the little old woman advance, "That's an Indian Princess dress she has on and she is very proud of it—wants to be buried in it—and——"

"Mr. Ben-sell?"

"Oh, Captain Bensell?"

They turned to confront several people who were hurrying to overtake them.

"Come, we are nearly ready."

"Will you go back with me?" looking at his companion.

"Thank you; I guess not, I'm pretty tired—long walk for me. "I'll go up here and sit down."

"You'll not forget the midnight banquet?"

"No, I'll be there."

As Captain Bensell turned away the professor climbed the steps to the Ocean House grounds. He went to the same seat that they had occupied earlier in the day, and as he sat down—rather heavily it must be confessed, as he was tired—he took off his hat and wiped his brow with a large handkerchief. Then he placed his hat, crown side down, on the seat by his side and stuffed the kerchief down in the crown, stretched his short legs out, crossed his feet, while he folded his arms across his breast. He heaved a sigh of contentment as he looked out over the bay. The sun had set by now, and purple shadows were creeping up the foothills, but Mary's Peak, "Mount Chintimini," was still bathed in a flood of crimson from the setting sun. Paler and paler it grew as the night shades crept up from the lowlands. One by one the stars came out in the dark blue of the heavens, and their bright points of light were reflected in the clear, calm waters of the bay at his feet.

But not always was the water calm, for innumerable craft of all kinds were skimming over its surface, gay bunting fluttering in the lights they were now decorated with.

At his left lay Newport, its streets lighting up as darkness descended, until it blazed with the festoons of electric bulbs of all colors, while here and there a sky-rocket would soar heavenward. The sounds of gaiety on the streets, and the tooting and whistling of the boats

as they darted hither and thither, floated, with a muffled sound, to his ear, and as he looked around nothing but the dim black outlines of the hills could be seen. Here and there twinkling lights in the many homes nestling among the hills relieved the darkness somewhat, but soon they disappeared as their inmates flocked to the celebration on the water front.

“Was he dreaming?” No, for he heard the shrill whistle as a gaily bedecked craft with many lights swinging from her rigging, shoved off in the water headed for the upper bay, followed by all the boats, large and small. Dreamily he watched their lights get fainter and fainter as they neared Yaquina City, some three miles away. Then they appeared to swing around, and faintly he could see them form, as in a procession, and head for Newport again.

As the snake-like regatta wormed its way over the waters toward him, he straightened up and looked with incredulous eyes on the scene before him.

“Dreaming?” Yes, he must surely be, or what he saw before him must be fairies work!

In amazement he gazed at a beautiful decorated barge. The bunting and flags that adorned it were lit up with myriads of Japanese lanterns of all colors that swayed and nodded and bobbed at the motion of the boat, and seated in the midst of this brilliant splendor on a decorated throne, was a fair young “Goddess of Liberty,” while about her—attired in brilliant robes—were her retinue of attendants. Out behind this “phantom” ship for nearly a mile trailed smaller craft, gaily decorated and lighted. Lighted not only with lanterns, but numerous colored fireworks of all descriptions, and as they shot skyward, their rainbow hues were caught and reflected in the calm waters about them.

Nearer and yet nearer they came.

“What was that?” He sprang noiselessly from his

seat, and going to the very brow of the grass-covered bank on which he stood, he leaned far out over its edge and listened.

No, he was not mistaken.

Over the calm waters, softened by the distance, came floating the harmonious music of a band, and as it drew nearer he could plainly discern the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner."

"Could anything ever be more enchanting?"

He stood spell-bound as the barge and its accompanying flotilla swept around in a graceful curve and came to a standstill amid the ringing of bells and the blowing of horns.

The little professor straightened up to his full height of five-foot-four, and as he drew in a long breath through parted lips that smiled, he spoke aloud:

"If this is not the
Isles of the Blest,
It is the Enchanted Shores
Of the West!"



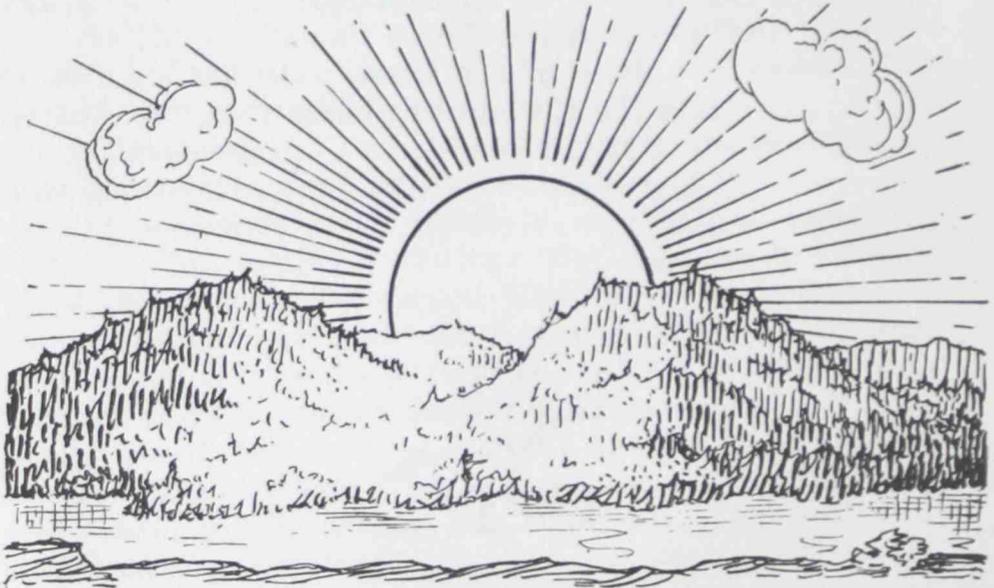
CHAPTER LXV.

— 1918 —



NE morning in the spring of 1918 as "Old Sol" rolled his head lazily above the white, fleecy "mist blankets" that floated about Mount Chintimini, (Mary's Peak), he peeped with one eye down through the valleys of the beautiful Siletz and Yaquina rivers. He let his gaze wander over the placid bay and to the shores of the mighty Pacific Ocean, then he raised his head and looked in wonder. Then amazement filled

his big, round face as he swung clear of the mountain peaks, for this erstwhile becalmed region, at it were, had taken on new life.



All about the bay and river of Yaquina and up and down the coast for many miles, hundreds—nay thousands—of khaki-clad soldiers labored early and late, laying many a stately tree low to be used in the construction of

the new railroads that were being built out from this point.

'Ere the summer ended the "toot" of the new trains echoed and re-echoed through the deep canons, over the low mountains and across the quiet bay, even floating out over the murmuring billows of the mighty Pacific.

Nor was that all. The old jetty, that had been allowed to decay, was being reconstructed, wharfs and landings were restored, to say nothing of the new mills being erected, at a cost of millions of dollars.

"The sun of prosperity," that had set many years before, was again rising above Newport's financial horizon and shedding its encouraging light over all the dwellers therein.

"Good-bye," some said, "to the most enchanting of summer resorts."

But that could not be.

The beautiful Siletz river would always flow down its fertile valley, that is being cleared of its valuable timber and cultivated by the educated and wealthy descendants of the "Nature Children" who had been, as it were, transplanted from the far south a little more than half a century ago.

There, but a short distance from where the river mingles its fresh waters with the bring billows of the ocean, is the beautiful and historic "Devil's Lake." Beautiful in spite of the dark legend that is woven about it and from which it gets its name.

All along the ocean shore southward is the most bewitching scenery, which is forever changing as the winds and the waves tear at the rock-bound coast. Caverns and arches are formed which in time give way to the pounding surf, only to leave another beauty as grand in its place.

Otter Rock, which at one time was joined to the mainland, now stands far out in the ocean. A huge cav-

ern has been scooped out of the cliffs behind it, a most wonderful sight to behold.

Five miles down the coast Cape Foulweather stands out, bold and defiant, the same as it always has in the memory of man, for old Neptune has found it hard to break down its iron-stone cliffs, on which the Yaquina lighthouse stands.

Agate Beach, the one time home of the "Aquinnies," would not be recognized by them if they should return from the "Happy Hunting Ground," for many pretty summer cottages stand on its bold bluffs, and the spring, around which Miski and her little sister, "Ikpooee Kwolonn," (Shut Ear) so often frolicked, is still to be seen.

One can scarcely imagine, to look at the battered heap of rocks a little further down the coast, that once the mainland extended out beyond the crumbling pile, which is all there is left of "Jump-Off-Joe." But a new feature, more wonderful still, is being carved out of the sandstone bluffs back of the old historic rock, a cavern, into which the boldest hesitates to enter.

Then there is the beautiful broad sandy beach at Nye Creek. Its headlands, too, are changing, not unlike all the coast, but its beds of precious stones, which are of so much attraction to the tourist, are being constantly washed up anew by the heavy seas of winter, which die down to the softest, fleecy breakers during the long summery days. No sign now of the arch that formed the southern boundary of Nye Beach. The bluffs there have been chisled by the winds to represent ramparts and batteries, and the few charred stubs on the high bluff speak dumbly of the fires of long ago.

One would not recognize the old gold beach in the grassy slope that stands back a couple of hundred feet from where the Star brothers—and many others—made small fortunes, or Castle Rock either, which is all but

gone, leaving in its place strange and fantastic shapes which the elements have sculptured.

But no place—in the minds of the old pioneers—has been so altered as that of the harbor entrance. The deep, sandy incline that reaches up to the very door of the life saving station gives no indication of the point that one projected seaward many hundred feet, or of the arch, that was once a feature of that part of the beach.

And so it is that this ever-changing scenery beckons anew to the toil-weary traveler to come and forget the trials of life in watching the work of nature.

And then as a last farewell message, nature shows them the bar and the ever-widening entrance to the quiet harbor, which cannot but remind them that "All must cross the Bar," and may the "harbor" they enter, be as placid and as beautiful to their soul as the "tempest tossed" ships of the ocean find the peaceful, land-locked harbor of Yaquina.

THE END

