

Weekly Chemawa American.

CHEMAWA, OREGON.

FRIDAY, MAY, 30, 1902

Class Poem

Class of 1902.

Life is labor. Ours to conquer,
Though the way seem level and long,
Greet each sun that beams the morn,
With a happy, hopeful song.

We must labor so that even
Fields us with our duties done;
Storms gather thick to stay us,
Will fly like mist before the sun.

All our tasks that loom before us,
Like great mountains rising black,
We can prove to be but foot hills,
And surmount them if we try.

Then let us work for day is being,
Swiftly pass the hours away;
All our work must be completed,
E're we pass through endless day.

Us three classmates on to battle,
Swiftly pass the hour-but yet
There is time for us to conquer,
E' to the golden sun shall set.

When our work on earth is ended,
And to each duty we've been true;
May we be among the crowned ones,
We, the class of nine-teen-two.

—[ALFRED GILLES.

A LEGEND OF FIRE.

Once upon a time there lived, near one of the picturesque rivers of Washington, an old Indian woman and her beautiful granddaughter Sappattie.

Sappattie was about sixteen years of age sweet and winsome, but alas! she had a cruel heart and spent much of her time, and found great amusement and delight in killing birds which she would skin, and of the skin and feathers make quilts.

At the dawn of each morning when the mists were lifted from the beautiful river

and ruffled back from the forest of tall fir that stretched out from its banks, Sappattie would start out on her cruel quest, and thus she spent most of her time in hunting and killing the innocent birds.

Finally all the remaining birds called a great convention to talk the matter over and to provide for their mutual protection. They came to the conclusion that Sappattie must be gotten rid of, so the birds chose a band of magpies to do what they could toward the getting rid of Sappattie. These magpies had a magic boat and they decided to deceive Sappattie, and beguile her away from the lovely forest, their home. So they went to Sappattie who was standing near the river and asked her to go for a boatride. Now Sappattie was very fond of going out on the water and not thinking of being deceived, she stepped in and they rode away over the silvery waters. The magpies took her a long, long way from home.

Then they began singing, and so soon as they began singing a terrible storm arose and such a fog settled that Sappattie could not tell where she was, and, of course, was terribly frightened. In the midst of her distress the magpies all flew away and left her alone. As soon as the birds had fled on way the boat changed to a small plank, so there poor Sappattie was away out on the river in such a storm and fog, clinging to a frail plank, for only support. Finally by the help of the waves she drifted ashore. Looking around for help she saw no one. She then began digging houses a kind of Indian food, which grew very plentifully there. After walking a little way she saw in the distance, smoke arising from an Indian Tapes, she concluded to go there and make friends with the people. When she arrived she found no one at home.

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