

Thus they lived for a long time, until finally a change in their fortune came. There was pestilence in their midst, famine in the valleys, and death and devastation everywhere. What should they do?

Once the chief Wakima, leader of the tribe, came to the banks of the lake and sat there pondering in sorrow till he fell asleep. In his dream he saw a vision and heard a voice. The voice counseled him to address in daily prayer the great spirit Manitou, the ruler of all things upon earth and sky, and to ask for his help. For the great spirit, he said, was angry because the tribe had worshipped all the lesser gods and had forgotten the all powerful Manitou.

"Go to your people," continued the voice, "bid them pray, and when you have prayed long and well return to the lake with all your tribe. If Manitou is satisfied he will send a token to show that his anger has been appeased."

Then Wakima assembled his people and told them all that had happened. The whole tribe prayed to the Great Spirit, and after some time assembled all upon the lake. As they were rowing about the pond in their canoes there suddenly appeared in their midst a beautiful shining swan, which rested upon the waters for a while, and then slowly disappeared. The next day on that very spot rose a new island, which the Indians called Swan Island.

CHIEF SEATTLE

MONUMENT IN HIS HONOR UNVEILED

The following article, written by Charles Eugene Banks for the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, appeared in that paper of the date of Nov. 14, and we take pleasure in reprinting it:

When Miss Myrtle Loughery, great-great-granddaughter of Chief Seattle, at 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon pulled the cord, the American flag draped about the heroic figure in bronze erected in Tilikum place fell away, revealing the heroic figure of the great Tilikum chief, by Wehn. The people stood breathless for a moment, then gave long and continued applause.

It is an imposing statue of this splendid type of the primitive American. The artist has caught him just as he is arriving to the succor of his pale face friends. He stands upon the point of resting from a hurried advance, one foot still only half resting upon the ground, his right hand raised, the palm extended in the well known sign of peace, his face lifted and glowing with courage, kindness and supreme power. Sculptor Wehn has finished a splendid work, one of which Seattle may