

Walla Wallas were quick to chase the prize. Much to their astonishment, however, the old man's boat would shoot forward at marvelous speed just as they were about to seize it and they were left far behind. The coveted fish were therefore landed safely, whereupon the young Chinook took his grandparents to the stream and washed from them the filth that had accumulated on them during all these years of privation and misery.

And then a miraculous thing happened! The filth was at once transformed into trout, and this is the origin of all this kind of fish along the Columbia.

The Walla Walla brothers soon learned that there was a new Chinook champion in the field, and demanded a fresh test of supremacy in the same form as before—a wrestling match. Although the young Chinook would be obliged to meet all five of his opponents, he had such confidence in his superior strength that he readily accepted the challenge.

The god Speelyei was again the umpire and again did he advise the grandparents of the belligerents to throw ice and oil, respectively, on the wrestling ground. But, remembering the cause of the fall of the Chinooks at previous test of strength, Speelyei told the Chinook grandfather not to throw the oil on the ground until the ice had been used up. The result was that the lone gladiator defeated four of the Walla Walla brothers, one after another, and they were duly decapitated by Speelyei, as arranged. Amazed at the fall of his brothers, the youngest Walla Walla lost courage and surrendered without struggle.

Although Speelyei saved the young Walla Walla's life, he took from him the power to freeze people to death, only permitting him to blow gently.

The god also curtailed the young Chinook's power, decreeing that he should only blow the hardest at night and furthermore, that in order to prepare the people for his coming, the mountain ridges must be blown on first. So it came to pass that the chinook wind is always the victor over the bitter northeaster.

As a result of the wisdom of the great coyote god, deliverance from snow and ice is always heralded by a black line upon the horizon at the place where the Chinook first blows upon the mountains.

This is an interesting legend, and Oregon has awaited patiently fulfillment by the sign that the gentle chinook is on its way to rid it of its recent burden of snow and ice.—The Oregonian.