

joins the greater river, and that about a half a century ago a pestilence, that must have been chills and fever or measles, or both, came among them, and that their practice of bathing while in the midst of the fever attack caused the death of thousands. The various ills that more civilized flesh is heir to, rapidly depopulated the villages and almost destroyed the tribes before the advent of American civilization, so the early emigrants found little hostility to their occupation of the Willamette valley and the early missionaries little material to work on. By disease and pestilence the victorious Calipooias were in turn defeated, and to-day the miserable remnants of those who were once Calipooias or Multnomahs are hardly to be found on the face of the earth. Very naturally they lay their troubles at our doors, but we have the satisfaction to know that while history may reproach us for not respecting the rights of the wild tribes who preceded us, there is scarce an individual left of them to rise up as our accuser. The aboriginal epoch is gone, and even in the interior, east of the Cascade range, where the native races included such great nations as the Nez Percés, Cayuses and others too numerous to mention, the little handful that remain are a mockery of the power and numbers they once possessed, and our so-called civilization has scarce left them a rest for the soles of their feet, while it envies them every acre of arable land where they feebly try to earn their bread.

The Indian is born to be a hunter, and yet, through the length and breadth of this vast continent no hunting grounds are left him. Within a few years "the plains" have ceased to exist as we knew them a generation ago, even the haunts of the buffalo will soon become the home of civilized man. If one could obtain a fair picture of this "Columbian" region, as it was in the time before the fur companies appeared here, or say, when the mouth of the great river was first discovered, it would be a rich contribution to history, which seems to lack any definite record of what tribes possessed the Northwest, their numbers and habits, prior to the nineteenth century. It would seem as if the early history of the fur traders should show all the facts needed, enough to found a definite idea of numbers and habits upon; but if they had

such information it has not been handed down. Bancroft's "Native Races" probably contains all the information extant, in brief summary, and he has given what idea was possible to be derived from such sources; but the Indian tribes that occupied our region have faded away, and what of their traditions have been handed down cannot be said to constitute authentic history, or to give any definite details of the life of the savage tribes who dwelt here previous to our coming.

Dr. W. C. McKay, himself partly of Indian blood, and an educated and accomplished man, whose father was one of those who accompanied Astor's unfortunate expedition for the settlement of Astoria, has given the writer of this the Indians' statement of how disease and pestilence spread first among them. Before the coming of the white man there were no such dreadful and deadly diseases, but the Indians assert that they were brought by the great ships that came into the Columbia river from the ocean. As they watched the first comer one evening when the sun went down, they saw a flash of lightning and heard a roar of thunder from her sides, and a black cloud came forth and spread upon the waters of the bay. This smoke, they say, spread far and wide. It ascended the great river, all the branches and the creeks, where the Indians had their villages, and wherever it went it carried the seeds of death and pestilence, and the Indians faded from the earth. Such is the belief they entertained at the time of the causes of disease. They accepted the issue as fate and made no complaint. It is not surprising in their ignorance and simplicity, blessed as they were with only the wild and untutored lessons of savage life, that they mistook what was an every day occurrence among civilized people, the firing of the evening gun on board the *Tonquin*, for a supernatural visitation and a signal of doom. The idea was poetic and the expression of it pathetic, while the facts almost bear out the conclusion. Everywhere the advent of civilization seals the doom of the native races.

Blessed is the man who gives his wife ten cents without asking her what she is going to do with it.

Sleighting all the year around—At the slaughter house.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF COOS COUNTY, OREGON.

There is scarcely a spot in Oregon that has not had its numerous attractions, beautiful scenery, etc., written up by the gushing quill-slinger, or extolled from the rostrum by the sentimental tourist or traveling lecturer. Without detracting in the least from any other locality, we assure the reader that our county possesses as many attractions for the pleasure seeker, as the most popular summer resort on the coast. If you are in search of game, here's where you will find it; water-fowl in abundance can be found along our shore, and our forests abound with the finest bear, deer, elk, quail, grouse, pheasant, etc., enough to satisfy the ambition of the most ardent sportsman. But perhaps you are a disciple of Walton, and prefer the rod to the rifle? The streams which meander through our picturesque woods, are the home of the trout, and it requires but a skillful cast of the fly, to lure them from their shady pools. To wander along our pebbled beach, or clamber over the rocks at Cape Arago, is a pleasure of which our valley neighbors should not fail to avail themselves; to watch the sea-lions sporting on the cliffs, or behold the setting sun color the water like a sea of blood; a ship fading from sight on the edge of the far-away horizon, appearing as a speck of gold in the sunset's last glow, is a beautiful sight even to the dweller down by the "deep and sea."

True, our resources in this line have never been so loudly lauded, as those of other localities of more frequent resort for pleasure, as the public have labored under a false impression in regard to Coos Bay, thinking that it was but a little coal mining district somewhere on the coast—they knew not where. But now and then, some adventurous tourist who has wandered from the great thoroughfares of travel, down through our woods and valleys, publishes a sketch from his note-book, descriptive of a sombre forest, through whose shadowy glades reigned an awful silence, a crystal stream whose banks were fringed with the loveliest of flowers, or some magnificent sheet of water, in whose clear waves he had seen reflected the fleeting clouds of a summer day, or the starry firmament of night.

You denizens of the valley may well envy us the cool sea-breeze which fans our brows, while you are sweltering in the scorching sun, with the thermometer wilting in the shade. Come down here to spend your summer holidays, where we don't dry up like Egyptian mummies in the summer, or freeze as stiff as a gate-post in winter. Come down and take a look at our country, and see the work of improvement on our bar—when we get it under way—