

reached the Upper Cascades. Here, word had preceded us, and we were met by an officer, who took charge of our persons and property. He played the part of sheriff in further proceedings. That night he took us to a great lodge made of poles, matting and bark, and hung overhead with tons of smoked salmon swung to the rafters. The beating of a drum told when the queen's court was opened, and our sheriff ushered us into her presence. The great lodge was ablaze with pine knots, and other pine knots blazed without. Chiefs and warriors were seated around her, according to their rank, and common members of the tribe stood beyond and in front of her. Queen Pomeray occupied a seat covered with valuable furs. Skins of bear, elk, buffalo, wolves, deer, and many of the finer furs, were scattered around. Such surroundings well became the barbaric sovereign. She was a remarkable woman to look at—young, and in youth's prime. Her head was dressed with beautiful feathers of strange birds. Her neck and arms were bare, with strings of shells and natural gems of remarkable beauty. Her noble bearing would have distinguished her in any company, but in the midst of this throng of savages she was indeed a queen, a Zenobia, and yet so womanly withal as to impress us most favorably. In complexion and features she differed from the rest—the features more Roman and the complexion a clear olive. Her immediate attendants were young women, who always accompanied her and were almost as attractive. We had little time for observation; Pomeray asked questions that called out the facts, and after a brief conference with the sheriff and our witnesses, court adjourned until morning. That night we occupied a new bark tent; our possessions were all there and faithful Zip was standing guard.

"The next morning our case was opened with more aboriginal formality. When the sun was two hours high two officials, clad in rich costumes, came for us, and we were taken to a newly-erected building, where the tribe seemed already gathered. Pomeray occupied a raised dais covered with skins, and the chiefs in their order, all dressed in barbaric costumes, rich in color and strange in material, stood around. Eagle feathers and rare skins shown from many a head—they were made into caps, in which the heads and tails of the animals played an important part. On each side of her stood a gigantic warrior, clad in furs and armed with strange weapons, each with a great spear in his right hand. Four young women, the usual attendants of her person, sat on the step below her and served as foils to her remarkable beauty. The scene and surroundings were of wild, barbaric splendor, and savage to the extreme.

"I must be brief, so I will omit the details of conversation, and say that we were accused of trespassing upon her territory, and dangerously wounding one of her braves. Ned was a splendid worker or fighter, but no talker, so he threw the defense upon me. There was an interpreter who knew just enough to misunderstand half I said. I undertook to interest her by explaining how and where we traveled, to satisfy their curiosity as

why we wanted to climb their Klickitat mountains. My story interested her, evidently, and her tribe crowded near to hear it. I finally wound up with 'Ask Queen Pomeray whether we would dare deceive her, or harm her or her people and then put ourselves in her power.' Nothing strikes an Indian like actual performance. I had explained that we could have killed all of the men who followed us, yet we only wounded one, to keep them back while we escaped. I then asked to have a rifle brought, and set Ned to prove his marksmanship. On the top limb of a dead pine, a long way off, sat a carrion bird; seeing this, and after having calculated the distance he carefully regulated the sights and fired. The bird fell, and the audience sent up a murmur of surprise. This was all very fine, and no doubt had some effect; but she sternly reiterated the question 'Why did these strangers wound one of my people, who was peacefully sailing on the river?' It was useless to say 'they began it.' We were in the minority and had placed ourselves in their power. There is a demand for vengeance in savage natures that no helplessness can allay. I had studied medicine, and had some practice before I took to savage wandering, and I suddenly thought that my art might heal the wound and thus end the difficulty. Ned modestly informed the court that his friend was a medicine man, and would like to see and attend the wound. This produced a marked effect. Court adjourned and we went to see the patient. It was short work to probe the wound and take out the ball, as it was a flesh wound and not deep. Taking care to salve the wound and bind it with lint, we returned to the waiting court. There was a sensation when I held up the ball and proved by one of the few who were allowed to be present that it was the veritable bullet in the wound. I had made a powerful enemy of the Indian medicine man, who had, until now, attended the patient. He wanted to undo my work, scorned the story of the bullet and called me a liar. But I proved all I claimed, and was left in possession. Determined not to have his ill will I made a visit to his lodge, in company with an interpreter, and proposed an exchange of professional secrets. I gave him some of the salve and lint used, also some other simple remedies I could spare. I got him to tell me some of his own 'tricks of trade.' By doing this and promising soon to turn my patient over to his care, and to speak well of his ability, to his queen, I made friends with him for a time and prevented the wounded man's life being sacrificed to prove his case, for with him professional pride would slay patients if necessary to sustain his fame. As I could not stay with the wounded man, I feared the jealous Indian doctor would do something in my absence to kill my patient, if only to show that I really had not cured him.

"Meantime, a hostile party had organized, at whose head was an old warrior who retained all the prejudices known toward whites. Day after day the court met to hear the cause argued. The closing effort was a speech made by this old man, who was eloquent in his denunciation of the whites and praise of the good old times.