

One of us, he said, was a medicine man; who could tell what spells we had laid on their country, on the game in the mountains or the fish in the stream. He denounced the story of the bullet. As he went on, working upon the fears and superstitions of his people, many a warrior grunted assent, and his venomous words carried conviction that no civilized argument could meet. The interpreter arose, when he had finished, and restated our case; showed that we had done no harm, the wounded man was getting well, and we wanted to go home. He showed and explained a map we had with us, and traced upon it the long and dangerous journey we had come. He told of our custom of traveling to see the world, and other matters we had told him. As he spoke, quite a sensation was created by the appearance of the wounded man, who walked with a cane and looked as well as ever. This relieved our case of its worst feature—there was no longer a wounded man to take vengeance for. He made our case good by saying we had sent to Vancouver for blankets and various other things as a peace offering. So court adjourned, finally, and the great case of Klickitat vs. Englishmen ended. It only awaited the arrival of the goods from headquarters to be forgotten.

"All the while this trial was progressing, I had no fear. I had read Pomeray's face and saw that she had some ulterior purpose, and that it was not hostile to us, but rather intended to detain us at the Cascades. From the first she had taken an interest in Ned, had watched him, and shown a liking few besides myself had noticed; but as I noted it I feared it far more than the result of the trial, for 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.' After the trial was over she sent for Ned and questioned him concerning his various journeyings. Before that I had jokingly asked how he would like the idea of being king of all the Klickitats. We were in the toils, and how to get out without danger was the question. It was no trifling matter. She had cut off intercourse with our people and had us in possession. I could see that escape was not easy, and that delay was dangerous. I look back on that period with pleasure, because it furnished a life episode that was strange and startling, yet possessed of features that were delightful and charming. Having little else to do we learned their language, and within a short time could understand and be understood. This improved our situation greatly. We soon made a pleasant family, consisting of Pomeray, her four maids, her wise counselor and her musician or poet laureate, a real genius in his way. The counselor was a wise old cynic, who had been a friend of Kamiakin, father of Pomeray, and was left her 'guide, philosopher and friend.' He was head of her household, and his advice was often sought. We learned to like and trust him because we perceived that he saw and averted all dangers threatening us. Pomeray enjoyed our presence and did much to make us happy. Her beauty and grace were natural and unaffected, and grew upon us as we knew her better. On moonlight evenings we gathered under the grand trees, sitting or reclining on mossy rocks as old as the hills that towered above. Her young

musician improvised verses, which he chanted in monotone to wild music drawn from instruments of his own devising, making weird melody that suited the moonlit scene and dashing waters. Pel Mox-a-mox, the ancient, and the four maidens were always there, and we were indeed a pleasant company.

"One of the medicine men came to her lodge one day and announced to Pomeray the near approach of the summer solstice, for they kept account of the seasons and had festivals to correspond. The longest day in the year was devoted to sun worship, for the sun was believed to call up the salmon from the sea and to call down the floods from the mountains—which is literally true. Old Mox-a-mox explained to us their customs, and invited us to join in their festivities, which invitation we accepted with thanks. We found every avenue of escape guarded; under some pretense our arms were detained, and it was evident that our steps were watched. I had risen in the night to breathe the fresh air at the river's brink, and could see dusky shadows flit from tree to tree. There were no canoes left near our camp or where we could go, and to attempt to leave by the river trail was useless. We did not appear anxious, as that would have excited Pomeray's fears; all we could do was to make the best of it and enjoy the beautiful summer as it came. We had unavailingly tried to send a message to the fort, and had finally sent for the indemnity goods, and requested that a peace commissioner should be sent up to place matters on the old time footing; but for some cause neither the goods nor commissioner came, and the weeks went by leaving us there as the queen's guests. The great salmon feast of the sun worship was a success. At the earliest dawn we arose, and climbing the rocky ledges stood upon the last shelf to watch the sun's rising. The royal family was all there, and as the first gleam of gold shot up in the east a chorus rose, wherein the Klickitat nation welcomed the sunlight. From every shelf and from the river's side rose this chant, an ancient, rhythmic recitative, taught in childhood and handed down, none knew for how many generations. The medicine men had their own outlook and chanted their own lay, offering up at the time a sacrifice of fire on stones that had been immemorial altars. The warriors, from a shelf below us, waved and threw their spears and let fly their arrows, and had a peculiar cry that welcomed the god of day. All had their special rites, finishing with a grand barbecue of baked salmon which the squaws were preparing at the lower level. The largest and richest fish procurable were used, seasoned with salt and fragrant herbs that were swathed around them in the hot pit where they were baked. Many other dainty things eked out the feast, which was served on clean, flat stones laid on the mossy rocks that stood everywhere under the great firs.

"Ned was hardly an unwilling victim all this time. The fellow had many a talk with Pomeray, in which he learned her language thoroughly. He yielded homage to her graces and qualities, and wondered how such a creature was ever produced in such a wilderness. He