

with the whole Dorsch family peering over his shoulders. They saw nobody, but just outside there lay a splendid Christmas tree, with great bunches of scarlet berries scattered all over it. What a bright Christmas morning!

Good old Gotlieb did not rest till he had followed the miners up the canyon to their home, where he thanked them for restoring his son, and also for the kindly gift. You may be sure he invited them to a grand party the next day, to which they all came; an orderly one, too, and joyous, for did not gentle and kind Mrs. Dorsch preside? And no party could be noisy or rough where she presided.

Heinrich entered into it all with a full realization of what a debt of gratitude

he owed his preservers, and he did not feel just right when his father offered the toast of the day and they all stood up as if he was a hero. And how they laughed when old Gotlieb, the only German on the canyon, gave the toast in this language—

"Shentlemens, dis vas mine leetle Heinrich, as vas swallowed oop mit de volfes, already again, but is here; who dought him got some Grismus drees, und den he don't got 'em, as dey cooms valked in by his own self."

The Christmas tree shone and sparkled as though dressed in diamonds, and joined in the merriment of the evening—such a happy one, high up in the Rockies, that Christmas day!

WILL M. McCONNELL.

THE DALLES AND WASCO COUNTY.

ONE of the most familiar names of the entire Columbia basin is The Dalles, one of the four leading cities of Oregon. It is situated on the south bank of the river, ninety miles from Portland, and just below that famous cascades of the same name, which forms that almost unsurmountable obstacle to continuons navigation of the great "River of the West."

From the earliest settlement of this country, the commercial importance of The Dalles was recognized; first, by the fur companies, and then by the pioneers. Owing to the obstructions to navigation, it was necessary that a portage of all goods going either up or down the river be made here, and the importance of the point was only a question of how much traffic the river had. Even before the advent of white men, this was a com-

mercial point, the Indians of various tribes congregating here for trade and barter. Here was the chief village of the Wascos, who lived on the south side of the stream, and who were one of the most powerful tribes of Oregon. The name has been perpetuated in that of the county of which The Dalles is the seat of justice. Here congregated the tribes from the Willamette valley, the Klickitata, Yakimas, Walla Wallas, Spokanes, Cœur d'Alenes, and others of Washington and Idaho, and the Umatillas, Cayuses, and others of Eastern Oregon. The river was the great highway, and canoes the medium of conveyance.

One thing has been noticeable in the settlement of the West—that the centers of Indian traffic and population have become the trade centers of our own peo-