

nomah, the grand old chief of the Willamettes. This man had been chief for many years and to his great leadership the Willamettes owed all of their success in their battle.

Down at the mouth of the Willamette river, at the junction between it and the Columbia, is a little island called Sauvies Island. but in the days of the Indian supremacy it bore the name of Wapatoo Island. Here was the meeting place of the Willamettes. Under the shade of the great cottonwood trees which grow upon it, the Indians held their war councils. It was here that the fate of a tribe was decided and many a captive heard with grim determination the words that would soon send him into eternity. These men knew how to die, and even when the flames of the stake enveloped them, they gave no sign of the terrible torture they suffered.

Wapatoo Island still exists. The great cottonwood trees are there but the Indians are gone. Death has called them to their last resting place. The hand of the white man has changed this island into farms. Civilization has taken from it its former glory.

This story is told by the surviving Indians of today. There was a great natural bridge across the Columbia where the Cascade locks now are. This bridge was the good luck omen of the Indians. As long as the bridge of the Gods stood, the Willamettes would be victorious in all their battles, but if the bridge should fall, their fate would soon follow. As the story goes on, Mt. Hood was an active volcano in those days. It was in a state of constant eruption and the Indians called it the great mountain of fire. One day as Mt. Hood was in eruption there followed a terrible earthquake and the bridge of the Gods fell. The doom of the Willamettes had come. Already the great war chiefs of the tribes were singing their death songs and disease and pestilence fell upon the tribes. Slowly but surely they began to die and the doleful songs of death music resounded throughout their camps. At last old Multnomah, their greatest war chief, fell ill and in a few days died.

Now the tribes of the Puget Sound heard of the calamity of the Willamettes and their war bands eagerly swooped down on this dying race. Stubbornly the Willamettes fought but in their weakened state they were no match for their foes who easily overcame them. At last the supremacy which they had held so long was lost to them.

Far up the Columbia River is Mimaloose Island, the great