

burying place of the Indians. It was here that the great Indian chiefs were buried. Here and there are strewn the skulls and bones of many Indians. The ever curious white man has plundered this graveyard for the trinkets and arrowheads that the Indians carried with them to their graves.

The old Columbia still flows onward to the sea. The night wind blows down its canyons as of yore. No more is seen the graceful canoe upon its surface. No more is heard the sound of battle along its shores. All that is left of the Indian is his history.

—Ronald S. McKenzie, '11.

