

ed to burst the bonds of class fellowship, above our heads slowly arose a tall and imposing figure and above the tidal of voices was heard the quiet tone of our class pacificator, Thomas Young addressing peace and the class of 1902 lived on. There were social meetings too where all were jolly banquets where feasting and boasting was the order, and of class meeting with a treat of ice cream reserved for the class. But best laid plans of men and women to gang all geley for when the girls were ready to serve, it had mysteriously disappeared. The boys were happy and called it a sell, but the girls declare it a "Sweetness long drawn out."

We are now about to part and start out to fight the battle of life with the knowledge we have gained in Chemawa as our weapon. We can not reach the top but with advantages given us here we can rise above the common level. I hope in the future that we may be able to make the teachers and employees of this school feel that the time and energy they have spent in helping and teaching us has not been in vain, now as we are to part and leave this school, some to go the North and others to the South, I hope we will meet what ever comes to us with unflinching courage and be conquered.

We have begun to write our life's history here. May we finish it with credit to ourselves our teachers and our school later on. —[WILLIAM INGRAM.]

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She saw a string of dried salmon hanging up in the tops and also noticed there was a fire burning brightly within the wigwam. As a fire was already burning she concluded there would be no harm in roasting some of the noses that she had dug, which she did but when she came to look for it she found it was gone. She put some more in until finally she had none left, each time, however, it disappeared. Finally a young man tall and strong came in with much salmon which he put down by the fire and Sapputtie noticed that it also disappeared as did her noses. Finally the man began talking and to her surprise a voice re-

sulted in the name of the fire, but Sapputtie could not understand what was being said for they spoke a language unknown to her tribe.

The fire was the man's mother and she was telling him how Sapputtie had given her the noses to eat and a boy how Sapputtie had dug at her to get it back. Of course Sapputtie did not know it was a woman but thought it was a real fire.

This young man fell in love with Sapputtie, but unlike other young men in love he did not tell all his goodness, answer all her questions satisfactorily as to what the voice in the fire had said to him and to whom the voice belonged. So they were married but still he kept the secret of the fire to himself. Finally a child was born to Sapputtie which she loved very dearly.

Every day her husband would go out fishing or hunting and Sapputtie would go out and dig noses and also always took her baby with her but on her back as was the custom of her people. One day her husband told her to leave the baby at home which like an obedient wife she did though she was very uneasy all day. When she came home she found the baby washed and dressed as though for company. Sapputtie grew curious and resolved to investigate the matter. So the next day instead of going out to dig noses she went out and hid where she could watch her child. Long she watched but finally she saw a most beautiful woman come right out of fire and the fire quickly died out and nothing but a heap of ashes remained.

The lady then put the wigwam to order and the rest of the day took care of the baby.

After awhile Sapputtie who was very tired staying in one position so long moved. The woman discovered that she had been seen and thus was the enchantment broken and she could no longer be a fire, and so this day the Indians say and believe that had it not been for curiosity of Sapputtie, a trait which has descended from her to all women that their fires would burn forever and the curse of curiosity would not be placed on all women. And so ends the legend of the fire. —[VINA WOODWORTH.]