

"Jump Off Joe."

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sickness and death. And the great spirit answering, told the wise man the cause of the plague that had stricken the people. It was not right and could not be he said, that the chief of the Siletz should wed the daughter of an unknown race, whose skin was white and not red, whose hair shone golden like the morning sun through a mist and whose eyes were blue like the skies of the spring-time. Unless the lovers stifled their affection and walked their paths apart, the plague would pursue the people until all were gone, the great spirit said. If, however the match were broken off and the young chief took a wife from among his own people, all would be well again. The sun would shine. The crops would grow. The streams would run to the sea once more. The game would come back to the mountains and plenty would fill the land.

Grieved beyond words at the message of the great spirit, for the wise men shared the universal love for the golden haired princess held by all the tribe, they yet bore the tidings to the tribesmen.

A council was called by the old men of the Siletz and the lovers were summoned before it, where the words of the great spirit were told them, but the lovers, blinded by their affection, spurned the high command and refused to obey. Then the council, determined to save the remainder of the tribe from the divine displeasure, decreed that the girl should die, and that the young chief should be held captive until the sentence had been carried out.

Standing in the doorway of a council lodge the young chief looked out upon the sea, restless, surging along the sands.

With a whispered word to his sweetheart, he suddenly dashed away with her to where, half buried in the sand stood a vast stone shoe, cast off from some giant foot in ages gone, its heel to the shore, its toe washed by the never ceasing surf.

Clambering up the steep and slippery sides of this rock the lovers begged the pursuing tribesmen for a short time in which to make their vows of renunciation one to another, and, their prayer granted sat down hand in hand while the tide crept in and dashed higher and higher on the rock.

There, amid the dashing spray, the two lovers, the young chieftain and the nameless fairhaired girl, plighted their undying love, and, when the tide had cut them from the land shouted defiance at the wise men watching the shoreward rocks.

The tide reached the full, paused and fell again, and still the young lovers hurled insults at the tribesmen and challenged the great spirit to separate them.

The waves washed lower and lower about the base of the great rock until at last the avenging warriors clambered through the spray and up its sides pledged to carry out the sentence of the council. But the young chief, standing on the highest point, clasped the princess in his arms and lifting her high sprang out into the open sea, shouting wild defiance as he fell.

And today the summer pilgrim resting in the crevices of the giant stone shoe, may listen, if he is wise and knows the way to the heart of the red man, to this tale from the lips of one of the last of the Siletz, whose age-dimmed eyes light with the fire of youthful memory, as he tells the white man how Jump Off Joe received its name.