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cruel and treacherous. In the days when England, Russia and Spain were pushing their several claims to possess our Northwest territory, they suffered so severely at the hands of the savages that many shipwrecks and massacres were the records left in these wilds of tragedy and defeat.

Our little party, through the kind offices of the allotting agent for Indian lands, F. R. Archer, secured for us conveyances to visit the Quinault agency during the summer months. The distance is something over 14 miles, and the first five miles is a beach road, terminating at abrupt headlands, one called Point Granville, standing out into the sea a huge sentinel, against whose sides the waves break from time into eternity. Great rocks stand out beside the other, and on these the sea birds live and nest and rear their young. A road is made over this mountain or hogback that takes us on towards the agency. This road is on an angle of 45 degrees, and built and kept in repair by the Indians. We descended on the other side of Point Granville to finish the journey by the beach. It being high tide, we got through it as quickly as possible. We saw ahead of us the majestic Point Elizabeth towering high above the sea, and whose tall sides of shale and sandstone were being lashed furiously by the ocean waves. The agency suddenly came into view, and before we were aware we found ourselves in a little horseshoe nook, right among the Indians. This nook shut out the roar of the ocean, and it seemed a transformation.

This agency lies right at the mouth of the lovely Quinault River. Indians of all sizes and condition, children playing

on the river's bank, some in their sharp-pointed canoes on the river, others sitting on their upturned boats, painted red or green—the fantastic colorings and costumes of the Indian women, their stolid, staring indifference, their little houses and any number of children and half-fed dogs—the whole formed a little mountain and sea picture, quaint and indescribable. We visited some of the Indians and their houses, examined their basket work, and said something nice about their babies. They do not seem to understand much English and we tried to remember some Chinook jargon without much success. There are the school buildings, the resident agent's home and the store of the post trader. The latter, Mr. Green, entertained us and gave us some interesting information of Indian character. These tribes are in their decadence, and one is deeply impressed with the fact that the vigor and life, especially of the Northern Indian, is fast departing. When the Paleface comes, to stay among them, the tale is soon told.

We were told by the allotting agent that each Indian, young and old, gets 80 acres of land. This includes the mixed bloods also, and any whom the Indians choose to adopt into their tribe. The Department of the Interior is pushing this work as fast as is possible. The nature of the country is such that it is attended with great difficulty and hardship in cutting the way through the jungle to lay the surveyors' lines. It has to be done almost hand to hand, it being necessary to remove the undergrowth in places with machetes. All surveying thus far has been on the south side of the Quinault River. This river and all other that empty into the ocean at this point have their rise in the Olympic mountains. The Raft River, the Quinault, the Humpstulips and, from the north, the Hoh.—Exchange.