

ACADEMIC ITEMS

Irving Shepard is now working in the printing office.

We are glad to get through with the prune drying.

David Billings returned from his home in Southern Oregon last Wednesday.

Jennie Vandle is now working for Miss Skipton. She likes to work for her.

Annie Williams received a package from her home yesterday, and she was glad to get it.

The senior class has bought a half dozen books of Myer's General History for the use of the class.

We all like Mrs. Chalcraft for our teacher in the fourth grade. The girls all take an interest in their school work.

Mrs. Teabo took some girls out for a pleasant walk Sunday afternoon, and they all enjoyed their walk very much.

The small boys are very busy organizing football teams to see which one can defeat the other. The leaders are John Lee and John Beyers. We all hope that John Beyers' team comes out victorious.

FIRST VS. SECOND.

An interesting game of football, played on Saturday afternoon between the first and second teams, was enjoyed by all who witnessed the game. This was a try-out for the first team, and everybody played hard, but not rough. Star plays were made on both sides.

Paratrovitch, of the second, carried the pigskin from the middle of the field for a touch-down, the only one that the

second team scored. Long end runs and forward-passes were made by the first team. The first team were larger and more experienced players and easily won the game by a score of 35 to 5.

INDIAN LEGEND.

Continued from page 3.)

But enough of the bravest were left to make a quick death for the devil should they reach him. And the poor reformer had just enough time to give one last terrific blow with his tired tail. Mustering at his remaining strength, he struck the rock, and a third crevice, mightier, wider and deeper by far than its predecessors, opened up and blocked the way behind. And it left a mighty gorge through the Cascades, opening a way from the inland sea to the Pacific.

A few of the pursuing fiends tried the leap. But all fell far short of the edge, where the Devil lay panting and exhausted. Those who dared not attempt the forward leap tried to retreat, but in vain, for they, tired and without the rage of pursuit to strengthen them, were unable to leap the lesser cleft, and, falling in its raging waters, also were swept to destruction.

So perished the race of fiends.

And the Devil, after due repose, sprang across the chasms of his making, and returned to his family. Each year he brought his children down to The Dalles and told them the story of his escape.

The fires of the Cascades burned away; the inland sea was drained and replaced by a fair prairie.

Such is the legend of The Dalles of the Columbia, as handed down by the Indians.—George Palmer Putman in the Journal.