

of the Cascade Range commence.

Here it encounters a great low surface paved with enormous polished sheets of basaltic rock. These plates came to be known as The Dalles, from the Gallic dalles, for the Canadian voyageurs of the Hudson's Bay Company's service had a hand in the christening of all this vast region, giving to it the peculiar mixture of French, patois, pure Indian, siwash, and anglicized Indian, plus English proper and improper, which has left the nomenclature of today such a hybrid and interesting affair.

The Columbia, a mile wide not far above, finds but a narrow rift in this gigantic pavement for its passage. To borrow the description of Theodore Winthrop, taken from an account of his pioneer journeyings in the middle of the last century, "the rift gradually draws its sides closer, and at a spot now (188') called The Dalles, subdivides into three mere slits in sharp edged rock. At the highest water there are other minor channels, but generally this continental flood is cribbed and compressed within its three chasms suddenly opening in the level floor, each chasm hardly wider than a leap a haunted fiend might take."

And, indeed, the legend of the red men asserts a diabolical origin for these narrow channels. The weird explanation of nature's peculiar hand work is as follows:

When the world was in the making, the mighty elements warred each with the other. There were earthquakes, deluges, primeval storm, and furious volcanic outbursts. And in those strenuous and uncivilized days, man was a fiend.

The Pacific Northwest was one of the centers of volcanic action. The Cascades

were aglow with craters, from which issued dreadful streams of molten lava, bearing destruction to all they encountered.

Where are now the great and peaceful plains of the Upper Columbia, along the Umatilla and in the lovely valley of the Grande Ronde, was an enormous inland sea, filling the interior of the continent and on the west checked and hammered in by a rampart of hills, just east of the desolate plains of The Dalles. Every Winter there were fresh volcanic convulsions, and fresh sheets of lava hurled forth to harlen upon the far-reaching layers of fire-hardened dalles.

As ages progressed the eruptions and earthquakes diminished in violence and frequency. And then came a winter when there was none, and finally there were periods of two and even three years when the western world was free from the giant convulsions.

But, says the legend, the fiends continued to war as previously, despite the peacefulness that seemed to be coming to the land in which they dwelt. They were mighty monsters, were these fiends, the mightiest of their destructive weapons were their tails. With these fearsome affairs they could cleft assunder rocks and even mountains, wreak terrible havoc among the rocks of their enemies.

Stoutest in heart and tail of all the warlike fiends of that region was one particularly wise fiend, the Devil. Being of a thoughtful disposition the Devil had noted the growing peacefulness of nature, and perceiving it, had more and more come to adopt the ways of peace himself, despite the unpopularity this course aroused among his fighting neighbors. In a crude way the Devil was a reformer, and as such evoked the scorn of brethren content to continue things in