

the way they always had been done.

Now it happened that there was a custom among the fiends to gather upon the plains of The Dalles each Autumn, when the erupted lava had become agreeably cool and there hold a grand tournament, somewhat as the collegian warriors of today battle upon the grid-iron, or the statesmen meet for recreation and wordly combat at the places of parliamentary assembly.

From these fiestas of blood and turmoil the Devil had absented himself for three successive years. So when he finally reappeared he was the object of considerable comment and speculation. Every brother fiend realized that against his strength there was no hope of individual opposition. And as up to that time the Devil had never become particularly hated, the idea of a combined attack upon him had not occurred to the others.

So the Devil approached, after his absence, his massive and destructive tail vibrating proudly. And he said:

"Fellow fiends, the earth is quieting. Eruptions and earthquakes are coming to an end. The elements are becoming peaceful. Cannot we learn a lesson from them? Would it not be well for us to give up war?"

So spake the Devil, intending peace, and precipitating war. Immediately there arose from deviltry in general a howl of hatred and disapproval.

"He would lure us to peace, that he may destroy us easily" they cried. "Death, death to the traitor!"

And all the legions of fiends, united for the first time, made at the initial reformer.

The Devil, evidently a wise politician, pursued a fabian policy, and took to his heels. And as he ran his heart was heavy within him, sayeth the chronicle,

for he had experienced the first bitter experience with reform. He flagged sadly as he sped over the dalles, toward the defiles near the great inland sea, intent upon reaching some craggy position whence he could defy attack.

But the foremost fiends were upon him. There were a hundred to one. The moment was critical, and all seemed to be lost for the devil, and reform appeared to be at the end of its brief career.

However, the devil was equal to the emergency. Without stopping he smote mightily upon the rock with his tail. The basaltic pavement yielded to the Titanic blow. A chasm opened and went riving up the valley, piercing through the bulwark hills. Down rushed the waters of the inland sea whirling boulders through the narrow trough, and making a fearsome guard between the retreating Devil and the pursuing fiends.

The main body of the devil-hunters shrank back, cowed by the obstacle. But many essayed the leap, and continued in the mad chase, now doubly thirsty for the blood of the fainthearted reformer.

Again, and more fiercely smote the Devil upon the rocky floor with his terrible tail. A larger and more awe inspiring cleft shot among the rocks, and through it another seething torrent from the inland sea poured forth to block the way.

Still the leading fiends were not appalled. Many took the leap. Some succeeded in the crossing, others fell in the boiling waters and were swept away to a watery grave or crushed against the sharp rock walls by the swift flood.

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