M'LOUGHLIN AND OLD OREGON

CONTINUATION OF MRS. EVA EMERY DYE'S CHRONICLE

XXXIX. The Whitman Massacre. 1847.

STILL the procession was on the plains. Still echoed the crack of the ox-whip Still echoed the crack of the ox-whip and the Captain's call-"Close up! close Why don't you keep close together? The Indians could kill all in the forward wagons before you'd know it, and then ne back and scalp the last one of you fellows here behind."

In the morning they milked the cows and put the milk in the churns. Up hill and down dale they went, jiggety-jog, all day long, until at night the butter was

And the Indians on the plains? At first they watched the invading whites. Still there were buffalo, still they were rich. But scant and scanter grew the pastures der the trend of immigrant cattle. Farther and farther retreated the buffalo. The aber by the streams disappeared. Bare and more barren grew-the land. Unrest, Tom?" distrust, collisions came. The Indians on the plains began to scalp the invading whites. More and more the march from the Black Hills to the Dalles became a rout, a retreat, a flight from pursuing famine. The measureless plains stretched under the bruzen sun. The stony mountains, the grandest and most desolate on the continent, rimmed in the distant sky. sand scorched, the dust suffocated, wagons went to pieces. Furniture thrown overboard; claw-footed tables and carved oak bureaus, the relies of an ancestral time, were left to warp in the prairie sun. Sentinel wolves lay in wait to devour the lagging cattle; Indians hovered in front and rear and ambuscade. Killed by Pawnees, plundered by Daco-who acalyed by Story compelled by Chay. tahs, scalped by Sloux, compelled by Chey mes to pay iribute for passing through eir country, corralled by Blackfeet, cossing the battleground of hostile takes, still on the immigrant pressed with the same restless spirit that inun-dated Europe and broke up the Roman Empire. The migration of races ebbs and flows live the waves of the sea. What if men's hearts died and women wept by the roadsides — the tide swept on. Fever and olera and Indian arrows decimated their anks. The road to Oregon was strewn ith graves. Some buried their loved ones t dead of night in the middle of the road, hat no red man might discover and descrate the tomb.

Guided at last into the Grand Ronde by Whitman's beacon, 'the flery banner of friendship," 'the pillar of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by night," the weary limmigrants for the first time in months fell asleep without a guard, leaving their cattle to feed at will.

Five Crows camped close beside the traff. Here and there he peered into the wagons, offering, offering everywhere horses and es and blankets to buy a white wife. And others besides Five Crows were looking for wives. Spruce young settlers dressed in their best, gray-beard widowers and grizzly hunters all went out to

Immigration broke up the peaceful life at Whitman's mission. The Indians graw t Whitman's mission. The Indians grew xcited and distrustful. "I have been over to the Willamette Valley," said an old lilef, "The Bostons are as many as the ands of the beach. If something is not ne they will overwhelm the whole coun-

Past the open prairies of Illinois, past a in her primeval verdure, past the erican Desert that since has blossomed like the rose, five thousand people came in the Autumn of 1847. Happily the granaries of Oregon were packed with wheatthousands of bushels without a market.
The lands of the Cayuses lay directly in
the path of immigration. They realized
as others could not the impending danger
of annihilation.

Mrs. Whitman wrote to her mother The poor Indians are amazed at the overwhelming numbers of Americans coming into the country. They seem not to move what to make of it. Husband is rearing out fast; his heart and hands are o full all the time that his brethren feel citous about him. His benevolence is

solictions about him. His benevolence is imbounded, and he often goes to the extent of his ability and beyond in doing cood to Indians and white men."

Over in the Valley the Williamette Indians shrank back and back as the settlers staked their ancestral pastures into farms. Their faces assumed an habitual cok of grief nd sorrow. There were some collisions.

"Pay me for my land," cried a Williamthe chieftain.

The settlers went on and built their

"Pay me for my land," demanded the He kept up such a disturbance that the eople sent for Governor Abernethy,
"Just wait a little," said the Governor,
oothingly, "A chief will come out from
washington to pay you for your land,"
"When?" demanded the Indian chief.

"When?" demanded the Indian chief.
"With the immigrants some time this
"all," answered the Governor.
"So you said before," retorted the chief,
rushing the grass with his haughty
tride. "Wait, wait, wait. This Fail, this
'all, and this Fail. We are dying. We
hall soon be gone. Our game is gone,
ur camas gone. You take our land, but
we get no pay, no food, no blankets."
There was friction from the Willamette
o the Walla Walla. In fact, from St

the Walla Walla. In fact, from St. to the Pacific the Indians began to on the immigrant as lawful prey.
don't Government protect us?" ied the immigrants.
"Why don't they build that line of posts. guard these citizens of our country

they are fiddling still at the nigger rings," sang a careless happy-go-lucky. So one great National question colleged

as killed and two wounded. A chief and

as anied anied and two wounded. A chief and sweral followers fell. Governor Aber-ethy hurried up there. "The Indiana steal our horses," said the migrants. "They insult and annoy us a every way."

The white men destroy our pastures."
wered the Indians. "They have driven
the game from this part of the coun-

The Governor settled the matter. He ad scarcely reached home when news of second outrage reached his ears. "Why don't the Government come to ur aid?" cried all the distressed people. An Indian war may break upon us."
Up in the mountains Dr. Whitman had sawmill. The Cayuses did not love toil, were a haughty race of herders; yet the Cayuses had kept to work until had fenced their little farms. But they frowned and threw down their

we was sickness in the immigration 1847, the sickness of moving bodies sub-et to privation and exposure, mountain wer, dysentery and measles.

The measies is an aggravating disease en to the whites in their cool homes in a East, very aggravating indeed to imparate to indians it is death, but to Indians—it is death, but to Indians—it is death, but it is indicated the traditional sweat-bath and turns for the side of the indians. imp into the river. Day and night Dr. Itman visited their ledges, warning and ching, but the moment he turned his k, moaning and grouning in the height ever, they jumped into the cold Walla. to pop up-dead.

he tew-ats! the tew-ats!" cried the old p. 'The Great Spirit is ungry because have discarded the tew-ats.' The tew-came, but the sick ones died. oct' Whit'n," said Tamsucky, "In-a say kill all medicine men. They say big one first, take you."

Whitman went over to the WillamValley to consult with Dr. McLough-

"I am worried about you, Doctor," said Tom. "The Indians think you are the cause of their sickness. And now since the Catholic priests are come the dians want you to move away and let the Black Gowns open a mission. "I know it," answered Dr. Whitman,

groaning in spirit. "My poor Cayuses are distracted by their troubles. And the large number of whites stopping at the mission acreases their suspicion. But what car do? I cannot turn the poor immigrants sick and impoverished away. Can you not come and spend the Winter with me,

"I cannot, Doctor," answered the sick man. "But you must leave the Cayuses." Pio-pio-mox-mox came up from Cali-fornia in October with heart still sore. Elijah was still unavenged. But what is this? His warriors fall sick around him. Death, plague, contagion lurks on every passing breeze. In every lodge the wall is heard, and yet—the immigrants are pour-ing over the mountains.

The immigrants had warning. Far out

on the foothills there came a letter from Dr. Whitman,—"Make haste, the Indians are rising. Keep close together and under arms." So into the Oregon Country came the worn-out immigrants of 1847, "Be careful," sald Dr. Whitman, "I

fear there will be trouble. Do not provoke the savages." So with bated breath they endured every insult and pushed on into

endured every insuit and pushed on into the valley.

"Shall we arm?" asked Mrs. Whitman.

"I have not a charge of powder in the house," answered the doctor.

Tom Hill was not there; he remained

with Fremont in California: Dori not there, but the seed of their sedition was growing in the hearts of the fright-ened Cayuses. "Let us go to war," said Chief Tiloukalkt in the Indian council. "War not," said Pio-pio-mox-mox. "The Americans fight like cogles. I have seen them in California. You will all be tilted."

them in California, You will all be killed."
"Dr. Whitman does this," said Jo Lewis,
a half-breed renegade, who came that utumn sick and starving with the immigrants. Dr. Whitman took him in, doc-tored, fed and clothed him, and gave him work. He heard the whisper of discon-tent; his evil nature delighted to swell

and spread it. It puffed his pride to see the eager Indians hanging on his word.

"Yes," said Jo Lewis, in the Indian council. "Dr. Whitman has been writing for two years to his friends in the East for poison to kill off the Cayuses. It has just come. When I was lying sick in the doctor's room I heard them talking." doctor's room I heard them talking."
"That must be so," chimed in Nick Fin-ley, another half-breed. "One hundred and

ninety-seven Indians have died already "He wants to get your beautiful spotted horses," added Jo Stanfield, a third half-

breed.
"In a lodge on the Umatilia the cor spirators whispered-not with Taultau, Five Crows and Plo-pio-mox-mox. "They would betray us." said the half-breeds. "I am a Cherokee," said Jo Lewis. "A few missionaries came, then thousands of Americans came, and drove us away from

"That is what the Delaware said," cho-"That is what the Delaware said," chorused the Indiana.

"Yes, yes, yes; so they do always," added Jo Lewis. "Dr. Whitman writes to the Americans that this is a vast country, with healthy climate, rich soil and bands of horses Now, see how they come and bring the polson. Did not Jason Lee kill off the Willamettes? Who gave the small-pox to the Blackfeet."

off the Willamettes? Who gave the small-pox to the Blackfeet?"
Tamahas snatched his battle-ax. "If this be true—" said Tiloukaikt.

"Of course it is true. The priest said so," said Jo Lewis, as ready to lie about the priest as about Dr. Whitman.

"My wite is sick," said Tamsucky. "Let the sive her medicine, and if the dies."

My wife is sice, said Tamsucky. Let him give her medicine, and if she dies—" the death-wall in a neighboring lodge ended the conclave. Over at Lapwai Mr. Spaiding's little daughter was 10 years old.

"Elize talks Nez Perces like an Indian," said Mrs. Spalding "Let us send her to Waillatpu, where there are more people." Elliza, mounted before her father, rode over the trails that terraced the hillsides. Behind them followed a dozen packhorses laden with grain to be ground at the doctor's new gristmill. Half-way between Fort Walla Walla and the mission lay the camp of Plo-plo-mox-mox Mr. Spalding stopped to rest with the friendly chief. As he sat on the buffalo run a Cayuse lifted the door-curtain. "Is Dr. Whitman killed?" he asked.

That night the niece of Pio-pio-mox-mox died. They buried her at Fort Walla Walla in the morning.
"My heart shall ever be with the Americans" said Piosic more be.

icana," said Pio-pio-mox-mox, grasping Spaiding's hand as he set out for the funeral. Seventy-five souls were sheltered under

the roof of Whitman's mission-orphans, and sick immigrants, who had found here and sick immigrants, who had found here an asylum for the Winter. Day and night, like an angel of mercy. Mrs. Whitman passed from couch to couch. Her face was thin and her cheeks white with long and incessant watchings and labors with the sick.
"Doctor, I have my doubts," said

Spalding, "about your turning your house into a hospital."
"I have no doubts about it," answered the doctor, "Looking after the immi-grants is a part of my mission. That's what I'm here for."

"I hear that the priests are going to open a mission near you," said Spalding. "I know it," answered the irritated doc-Just then a measuring relief up at the gate. "There is sickness at the lodges of Five Crows and Taultau," he said.

of Five Crows and Taultau," he said.
"They want you."
"I will come," said Dr. Whitman. It was 30 miles to the Umatilla.
"I will go with you," said Spaiding.
They set off about sundown, and rode all night in a beavy rain. The Indian cocks were crowing when, drenched and chill, they reached the lodge of Sticcas in a low ravine. Sticcas spread fresh blankets and piled fuel on the lodge-fire. The missionaries lay down and slept till dawn. sionaries lay down and slept till dawn.

The morning hymn of worship broke The morning hymn of worship broke their slumbers. There was an appetiting breakfast of potatoes, squash, fresh beef, and wheat-bread baked by Sticcas' wife, and when the area of siccas wife, taught by Mrs. Whitman. There was deathly allence in the lodge and in the village. After breakfast Dr. Whitman went over the Umatilia to the lodge of Five Crows and Taultau. As he rode the red

men peeped and whispered:
"Bad Medicine."
"Kills our people."

"Takes our lands."

"We ought to avenge Elijah."

"Black Gowns better teachers."

Mr. Spalding preached to the Indians at the lodge of Sticcas. At 4 o'clock Dr. Whitman returned, pale and weary. "I met the blabop and two pricets at Taultau's house," he said. "They invited me to tea, but I had not the heart to partake. They want to buy my mission." He dropped his head in thought. It was very hard for Dr. Whitman to give up his beloved mission, and particularly to rivals. "I told them to come over Tuesday," he resumed, absently. "Now I must go."
"Not tonight," said Sticcas.

"Not tonight," said Sticcas.

"Oh, yes; there are many sick, and I am needed." So at sundown the good horse of Dr. Whitman bore him over the hillis homeward. He was weary and disheartened. How still it was! How dismail their names the Spartan band of 56 were

man. "My house is full of sick immigrants. I cannot leave. Besides, "the hireling fleeth because ne is an hireling."

All the way back Dr. Whitman met the plundered immigrants. They noted his careworn, anxious look. War hung in the air.

Tom McKay and his Canadians were driving cattle up the river to Fort Colvile when the mensics overtook him at Fort Walla Walla. He sent for Dr. Whitman.

"I am worried about you. Doctor." said inght. On either side of him an Indian night. On either side of him an Indian woman recked to and fro and chanted the death song. "For whom do you mourn, good woman?" he asked. But they made no answer. Only the depressing death wall broke the silence.

Two days later Mr. Spalding turned to Walliatpu. An old Indian woman put her hand on his horse's mane and whispered: "Go not to Walliatpu. Look out for the people there. They are had people." "But I must go, good mother: my child them." is there.

Fear made him fleet. The very air whis-pered. Across the Walla Walla he met a horseman coming to meet him. It was the priest who was to visit that day at Waillatpu. Riding ahead of the interpre-ter and the son of Tiloukatkt, who were lighting their pipes, he motioned to Mr. Spaiding.

Apprehensive of evil, "What is the he asked. "Dr. Whitman is dead," answered the

"Mrs. Whitman? "Dead also. Killed by the Indians."
"And my child?"
"Is safe with the captives. Escape!

as he saw the interpreter and the son of Tiloukalkt approaching. "Here is my wallet—there is bread in it. Go!" "But where shall I go?" was Spalding's

"But where shall I go?" was Spalding's despairing cry.

"I know not. You know the country better than I. All that I know is that the Indians say the order to kill Americans has been sent in all directions." Dazed, stunned, the missionary took the bread and turned into a bank of fog just as the interpreter and the son of Tiloukalkt approached Father Brouillet.

Over the super-loaf herren hills a mea-

approached Father Brouillet.

Over the sugar-loaf barren hills a messenger came riding post to Lapwat. He dashed through the mission flower beds, crushing the bachelor's buttons with-his moneyals as he works and the sugar and the sugar as he was a sugar as the suga crushing the bachelor's buttons with-his moccasina as he passed. An Indian never knocks. He sets his gun outside. lifts the latch, enters edgewise, shakes hands and sits upon the floor. This messenger did not shake hands, did not sit down; he sidded along the wall of the schoolroom to the fireplace. Mrs. Spaiding was teaching a class. Resting his elbow on the mantel, he clutched his fingers in his tangled locks and looked at her. There was excitement and giltter in his eye. Mrs. Spaiding felt nervous. She sent the Was Spaiding felt nervous. She sent the children out of the room. "What news?" she asked in the Nes Perces tongue. "Doct" Whit'n killed. All killed. Injun coming. Hurry." The runner sided out

of the room, strode over the flowers, dashed over the sugar-loaf barren hills and out of sight. Although naturally nervous, Mrs. Spaiding was very wise, very quiet, and in an emergency calm. She turned to her as-sistant: "What shall we do?"

"Escape as quickly as possible," he an-"No," said Mrs. Spaiding, "we will throw ourselves upon the sympathy and protection of our Indians. Call Jacob and

The two friendly chiefs were close, by They took Mrs. Spalding and her children to their camp Scarcely had they gone to their camp Scarcely had they gone when a troop came tearing over the hills, led by their own Chief Joseph, the New Perce. The house was ransacked, beds and bedding were stripped and taken away. Every drawer was opened, and the precious little keepsakes, brought from home, were taken and divided among the pillagors.

lagers.
"Chief Joseph!" exclaimed Mrs. Spalding, in amazement. "I cannot think it. We trusted him more than any other. His conduct has been most exemplary Alas, indeed. I am confused! The more we know our Indians the less we know that." Half crazed, worn and torn, on foot up

Half crazed, worn and torn, on foot up the River Touchet (Tooshay), in six days Mr. Spaiding reached Chief Timothy's camp. He listened. His Nez Perces were calling his name in prayer. It gave him hope, He entered. His Indians leaped with joy, and bore him to his wife, safe in the care of Jacob and Eagle. But his danghier? daughter?-

daughter?—
There were dead people lying all around at Wailiatpu. Narcissa Whitman's fair hair floated in blood. A few escaped; the women and children were captives; the rest, fifteen or more, were dead. There was a smell of blood and powder in the air, the windows were broken, the mission plundered.

"Mamma, mamma," cried the parched line of little Helen Mer Meak sick with

lips of little Helen Mar Meek, sick with the measles. But mamma could come no more, and the sweet child died of neg-

Narcissa, the snowy Joan, led all the host of women to the conquest of the West, an innumerable train that is following yet to this day. The snowy Jean led her hosts; and, at last, like Jean of old, she seconded to God with the crown of a martyr.

Again the Cayuse lifted the door curtain.
"Doct' Whit'n is killed."
Plo-plo-mox-mox sat very quiet while
the voluble young man ran over that day

of horrors.

"What part had you in it?" inquired the chief, fixing his Egyptian eye upon the herald. Proud of his exploits, intent only on making them great as possible, the runner said: "Me? I wounded one, I struck one, and I killed one." of horrors.

"Take that young man and hang him to the nearest tree," cried Pio-pio-mox-mox, in a tone of thunder. The attendants seized the boaster, and

before he realized it was not a jest the noise tightened about his neck. In a few moments a corpse dangled from the boughs of a rugged old cottonwood. Five Crows heard the awful tale. Ther Five Crows heard the awful tale. Then he rode over to the mission. There was a beautiful girl there, a young school teacher, with eyes like Mrs. Mhitman's. She was just from the East, and sick with a fever. Her rose-and-illy beauty captured the heart of the savage who had tried so long to buy a white wife. They dragged her shrieking to his lodge. The rest were distributed among the Indians.

Indians.

McKinley had removed to another post. The new man in charge at Fort Walla Walla seemed afraid to assist the Ameri-Walla seemed afraid to assist the Americans in this time of trouble. He turned away the few fleeling fugitives that struggled to his door. He did, however, dispatch a messenger to Fort Vancouver. The thunderboit had fallen. Douglas at once sent word to Governor Abernethy at Oregon City. Chief Factor Ogden sent out the same day with 16 armed Canadians. In Docember, snow, and relevant Canadians, in December snow and rain, up the inclement Columbia to ransom the captives.

The Colonial Legislature was in ses-

The Colonial Legislature was in ses-sion when the panting messenger from Fort Vancouver landed at the Falls. All that morning they had been listen-ing to the Governor's annual message, treating chiefly of the embarrassments of the Indian question. When at 2 o'clock Governor Abernethy communicated the fact of an actual massacre, the excite-ment knew no bounds. Nexmit leaned knew no bounds. Neamith leaped to his feet with a resolution to dispute

to his feet with a resolution to dispatch for rifemen to protect the mission at the Dalles. The session adjourned to call a mass meeting of citizens that night. Several members went over immediately to consult with Dr. McLoughlin.

"Dead? Oh, those treacherous Cayuses! I warned him, I warned him, cried the old doctor, pounding the floor with his cane. "Why did he not heed?" Presently recovering himself. "Yes yes.

on their way to the upper country.

The Governor issued a call for 500 mento rendezvous at Oregon City on Christmas day. Those whom Whitman had befriended leaped to avenge his death; heroes who had tolled at his side in 1843, and immigrants of succeeding years who had halled his mission as the first civilized landmark beyond the Rockies.

Applegate, Lovejoy and Abernethy on their personal credit secured a loan at Fort Vancouver. The women of Oregon City baked and sewed and tore up their last sheets for shirts, and out of bits of bunting made a flag. Trembling fingers sewed the stripes and stitched on the stars. Farmers on horseback came packing through the woods old buffaloguns and fint-locks, beans and bacon, and lead and blankets—whatever could be spared from their scanty stores. Joe Meek, the trapper, resigned his seat in the Legislature to go overland as a delegate to Washington with dispatches for ald.

The Indians regarded the settlers at

The Indians regarded the settlers at Champoeg as their own people. "Will they desert us? Will they join their Indian kindred?" queried the anx-

ious settlers.

Happliy Tom McKay solved that. Like a centaur he rode up and down the prairie. In French, in English, in Chinook he gathered them in: "Pierre, Francois, Antoine, come, come to the war!"

The snow proved too deeep to get word over the Slerras to California. Shut in, Oregon must fight her way alone.

THE CAYUSE WAR.

T the peril of his life Ogden went into the Indian country and dispatched couriers calling for a council. The chiefs came to Fort Walls Walla to treat with their old friend, the fur-trader, and if possible to ward off the retribution they feared from the angry Bostons. The great fire of driftwood from the Spokane forests roared in the chimney. The chiefs spread their palms to the blaze and waited. Ogden oted a troubled look in certain faces, but he was not there to secure the murderers. He only hoped to secure the unhappy captives before news came up from the lower country. His short, fat figure, in marked contrast with their tall ones, appeared still more rotund from his bulging, ample cloak. His otterskin cap lay on the floor. With the grizzly locks trailing over his shoulders and his keen eye fixed on theirs, the

trader began: "Friends and relations, I regret to see that all the chiefs are not here. peat to them what I say. We have been among you for 30 years without shedding blood. We are traders, and of a differ ent nation from the Americans. But recollect, we do not supply you with ammunition to kill the Americans. They are the same color as ourselves, speak the same language, are children of the same God. Their cruel fate causes our hearts to bleed. Besides this wholesale butchery, have you not robbed the Americans passing peacefully through your country and insulted their women? Tou tell me your young men did this without your knowledge. Why do

women? You tell me your young men did this without your knowledge. Why do we make you chiefs, if you have no con-trol over your young men? You are un-worthy the name of chief. You, hot-headed young men, you pride yourselves on your bravery. You think no one can match you. Do not decelar yourselves. on your bravery. You think no one can match you. Do not deceive yourselves.

"If the Americans begin war, war will not end until every one of you is cut off from the face of the earth. Tour people have died. So have others. Dr. Whitman did not poison them. God commanded they should die. We are weak mortals. We must submit. It is merely advice that I give you. I promise you nothing. We have nothing to do with your quarrels. On my return, if you wish it. I will see On my return, if you wish it, I will see what can be done for you. I do not promise to prevent war. Deliver me the captives. I will pay a ransom. That is all."

Silence followed for a space of ten min-

utes. Then Taultau rose up slowly and spoke with deliberation:
"The-fur-traders-are-married-to-Indian-women. They-are-our-brothers. I cannot-refu

Another allence; then Tiloukaikt rose, tall and dark, dignified and savage:
"They are our brothers. They bury their dead along with ours. Chief, your words are weighty, your hairs are gray. We have known you a long time. You have had an unpleasant journey to this place. I cannot keep the families back. I make them over to you, which I would not do

to another younger than yourself."

"I have nothing to say," said Plo-plo-mox-mox. "I know the Americans are changeable. Still, I agree with my brother. The whites are our best friends; we follow your advice. The captives shall be given up."

All day the council lasted, and at night they still talked by the flickering light of the driftwood fire. Outside, the snow beat up against the windows. Blankets, shirts, guns, ammunition, to the value of \$500, lay on the council floor.

"There," said Ogden, as an attendant displayed the tempting array, "these are for you. Hasten, now; bring me the capives and receive the ransom."

On Christmas eve the messengers were speeding over the new-fallen snow to Lapwai, to Umatilla, to every lodge where a prisoner lay waiting her un-What joy to the poor captives, terrified by the old women fierce as Waskema,

he came round flourishing their dull tomahawks, only too easer to put them to death; girls who had seen their fathers shain, women who had been snatched from their husbands and brothers, all to be dragged to lonely lodgings, a prey to sav

age passion.

It was yet early morning when the chiefs came to the lodge of Five Crows. On a couch of costly skins lay the beautiful white girl. For a savage Five Crows had been kind to his wates wife.

"Don't go," he pleaded. "All horses,"
he waved his hand toward the herds or the hills, "all cattle," feeding in the lower meadows, "all skins," they were heaped in the lodge of this rich Indian,

"all slaves," there were dozens at his command, "all house," close by stood Five Crows' loghouse with glass windows, "all land," with a gesture toward the young woman-"yours. She only shook her head. "Then let me go with you, live with white people," begged the Indian suitor. Still she shook her head.

Still she shook her head.

He waved the staring domestics back. With his own hands the Cayuse chief broiled her venison and brought her tea and knelt before her couch of skins. Tradition says he was a handsome Indian, taller than his half-brother, Chief Joseph, and fairly educated. But the white girl dreaded his eagle plumes and raven hair; she shrank from the

white girl dreaded his eagle plumes and raven hair; she shrank from the touch of his moccasined toe, the brush of his painted robe. She did not hate, she feared him.

The impatient chiefs outside kept calling and spatting their hands, "Oh, Five Crows! Five Crows! Five Crows!"

Those voices seemed her deliverance.

Still fushed with fever she totaged. Still flushed with fever, she tottered toward the door. Five Crows sprang to her assistance, pleading at every step. He spread a new blanket and a tanned robe on the saddle of her horse branch.

A D. CHARLTON, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 255 Morrison st., corner Third, Fortland, Or. -and still he would detain her. was a lover's parting, rejuctant, seek-ing every pretext for delay. The chiefs interfered and ended the scene. Sup-

ported by her savage escort, the poor girl reached the fort.

Mr. Ogden came out. The tender-hearted trader lifted her in his arms

last! I had to pay the Indians more for you than for all the other captives, for you than for all the biner capture, and I feared they would never give you Scarcely were the captives in his hands when a rumor reached the fort, "the Americans are coming up the Co-

"Tell it not to the Indians. Twill be our death," said Ogden.

It turned his hair white to think of the situation with all those suspicious Indians camped around the ill-defended fort. The Spaidings had not arrived. Dare he wait? They might be cut off Two days and two nights Ogden paced the fort and listened; he dared no sleep. Then came the Spaldings, es-corted by their Nez Perces from Lap-

corted by their Nez Perces from Lapwai. Ogden paid their ransom and hurried them into the ready boats.

It was the morning of New Year's
day of 1345.

"The wind is cold; cover, cover," said
old Sticcas, taking off his cap for one
of the rescued ones. "Cover ears," he
said, compassionately tying his handkerchief over the head of another.

"How fisrcely yon Indians rides!" exclaimed Spalding, as the boats shoved
off with their shivering passengers.

A howling horseman came into sight,
lashing his pony, white with foam, with
the cruel double-thonged whip tied to
his wrist. Another came, and another,
50 infuriated Cayuees dashed down to
the water and followed along the river's edge with angry shouts. They had

er's edge with angry shouts. They had caught the rumor, "the Bostons are coming." The trader and his ran-somed had but escaped.

Ogden prudently kept his boats on the farther side, and his Canadians rowed for life. It was an exciting mo-"Sing," cried Ogden, in tense agita-

The Canadians struck up the spir

"Sur la feuille-don don don," to "Sur la feuille—don don don," to steady their strokes as they shot away. Outwitted, sold, the wrathful Indians jerked up their steeds by the cruel horsehair bits. Blood dripped with the foam. The usual Indian adleu is a gay yell. This was a taunting, scornful, satanic laugh, as they waved their tomshawks and watched them, singing, glide beyond their grasp. Then they turned to the lodge of Pio-pio-mox-mox and threatened his life, because he and his Walla Wallas would not arm to meet "the Bostons."

Even Taultau said: "If the Bostons come to fight us I will not raise my gun. I will sit in my house. If they will, they may kill me. I shall not re-

The Nez Perces refused to join them The Nex Perces refused to join them.
Only Five Crows and the murderers
were left to lead the hostiles.
Swiftly gliding down the Columbia
the rescued ones met the 50 riflemen
landing at The Dalles. Ogden was
amazed at the daring of this handful.
"Go back with us go back." he

"Go back with us, go back," he urged. "You can do nothing. All the tribes will unite against you. The idea of sending a party up there this Winter is the wildest notion I ever heard. of. You had better burn the mission buildings here and go back to the valley."
But the Americans firmly answered

"no," and proceeded to fortify the mission at The Dalles.

Worried, troubled, nervous from loss of sleep, Peter Skeen Ogden went on to Fort Vancouver. Douglas immediately despatched a letter to the anxious set-

tlement at the Fails.

It was Sunday morning when the courier arrived and found the Governor and his people at church. The welcome message was read from the pulpit: Mr. Ogden has this moment arrived with three boats from Walla Walla, and I rejoice to may he has brought down all the women and children from Walliatpu and Mr. and Mr. Ogden will visit

In haste, your respectfully,

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anned robe on the saddle of her horseand still he would detain her. His
vas a lover's parting, reluctant, seekng every pretext for delay. The chiefs
nterfered and ended the scene. Supborted by her savage escort, the poor
rirl reached the fort.

Mr. Ogden came out. The tenderlearted trader lifted her in his arms
a father would.

"Thank God; I have got you safe at

"Thank God; I have got you safe at

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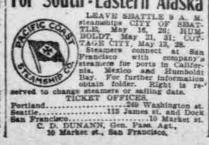
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