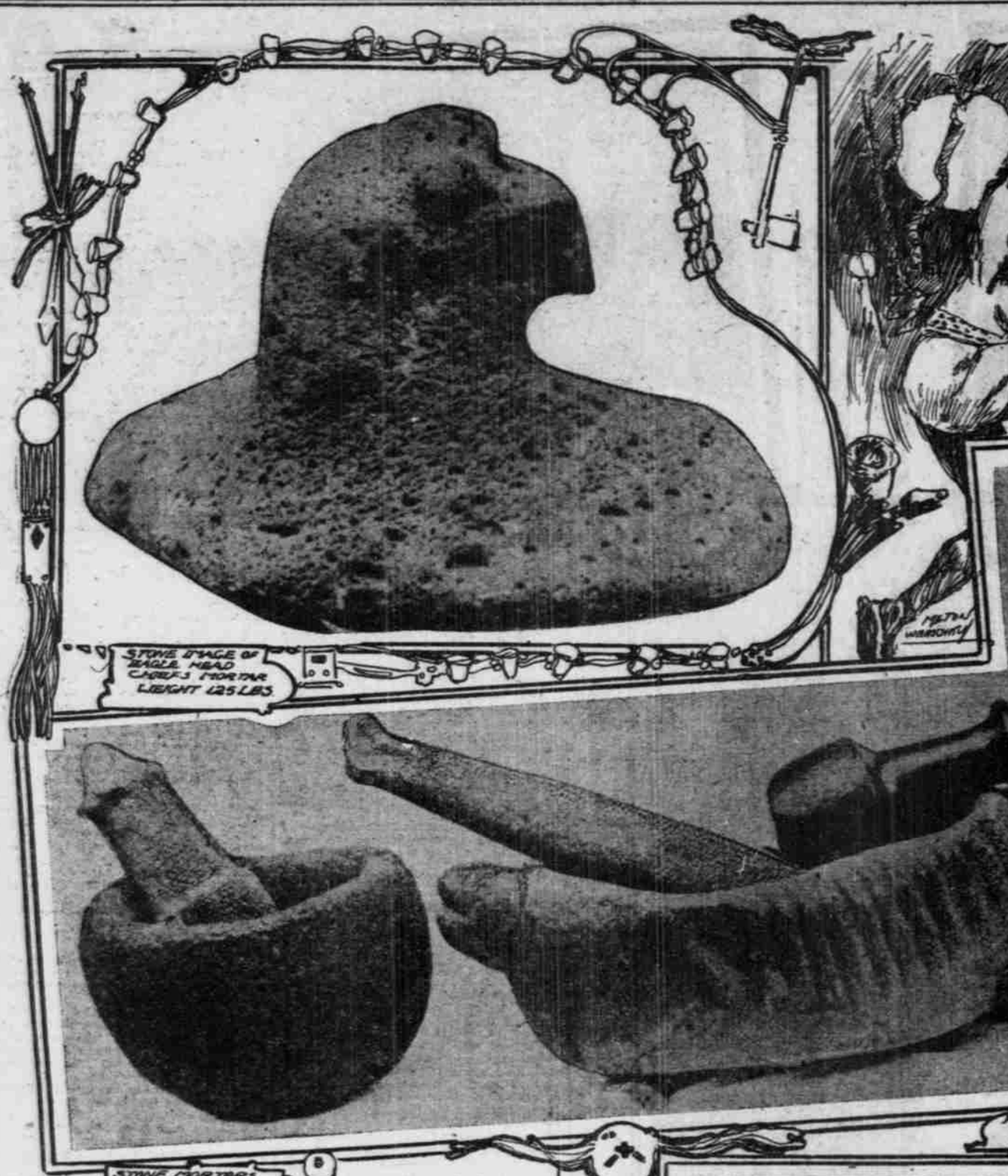
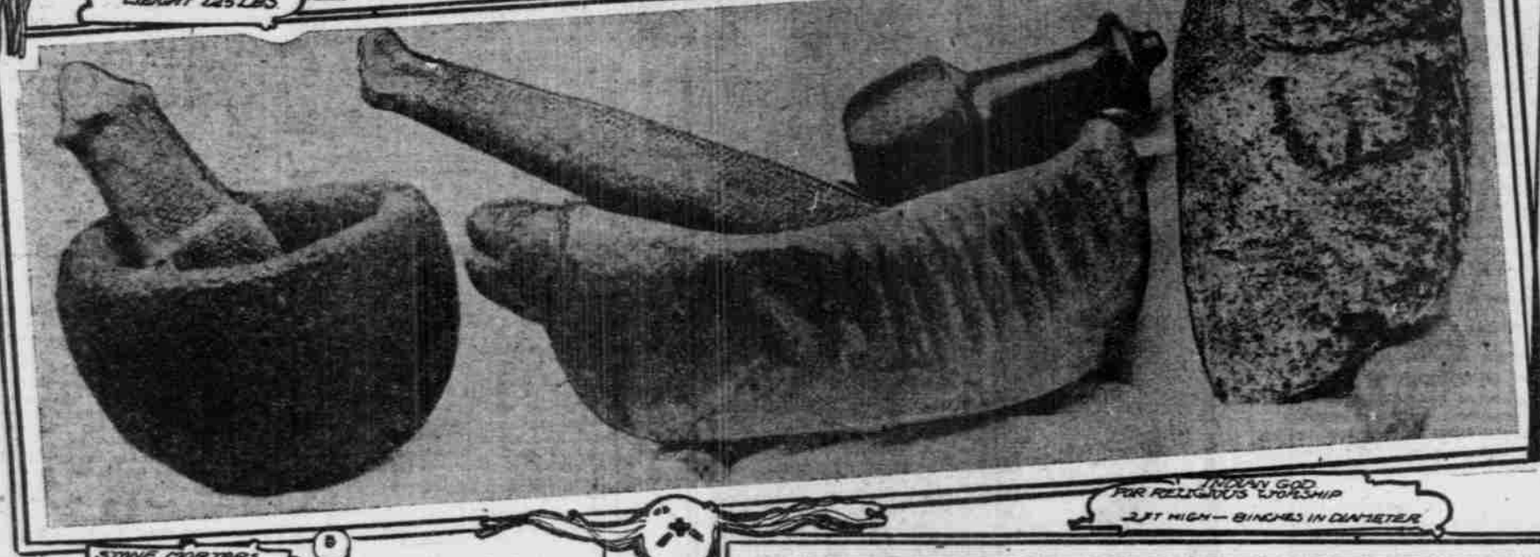
Stone Implements Used by the Oregon Indians

They Have Been Found in Abundance Near Portland. Their Uses.



STONE IMAGE OF EAGLE HEAD CHIEF'S MORTAR WEIGHT 425 LBS

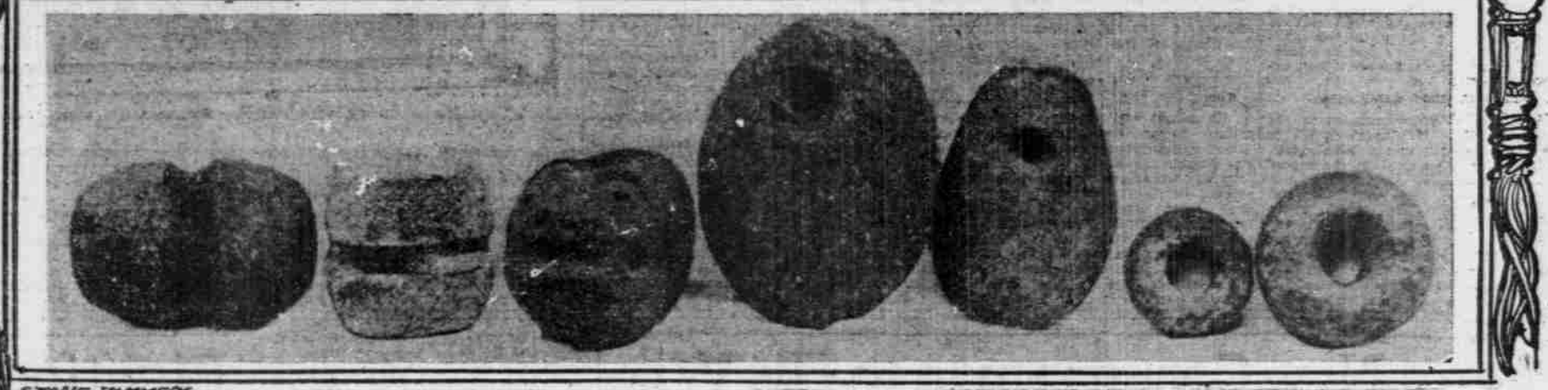
JOHN CASINO



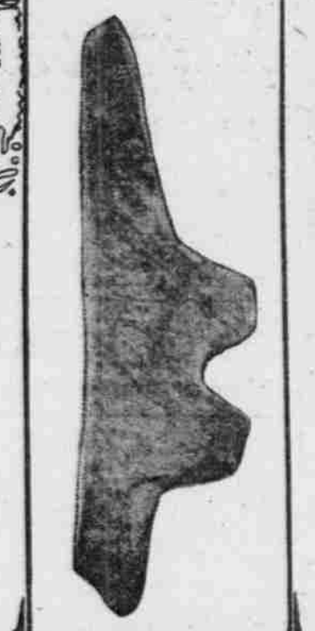
INDIAN GOD FOR RELIGIOUS WORSHIP 2½ FT HIGH — 8 INCHES IN DIAMETER

STONE MORTARS 75 LBS. FOR GRINDING AND POUNDING FOOD STUFF

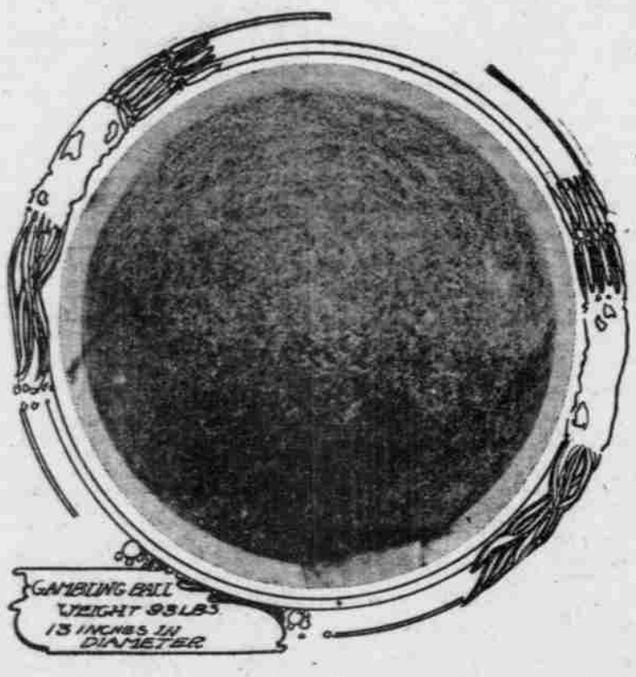
STONE TARGET FOR ARROW PRACTICE



STONE HAMMERS BREAKING BARK FOR FIRE WOOD



IMPLEMENT OF TORTURE DESTROYING THE EYE SIGHT OF MEDICINE MEN AND OTHERS OF HIGH AUTHORITY



GAMBLING BALL WEIGHT 93 LBS 13 INCHES IN DIAMETER

NINETY-NINE years ago Lewis and Clark, in their descent of the Columbia River, found many different tribes of Indians, each subsisting upon such game as the country produced, with the addition of the run of salmon taken at the falls and the rapids along the river each year. It was noticeable that stone implements were more commonly found below the Cascades than in the Upper Columbia region. Both sides of the river at the Upper and Lower Cascades, Sauvie's Island and the Willamette Falls were noted places for their annual gatherings. The different kinds of rock material used in forming these stone implements would indicate that tribes from many parts of the Pacific Coast migrated to and from these fisheries, and from the broken implements found strewn broadcast on the surface, compared with those thrown up by the plow, and found in crumbling banks along the streams, it would seem that there was a continuel strife and war for the mastery at the fisheries. It was very common in the early '50's to find in a pioneer dooryard, brought in and thrown down, many fine stone implements, to be carried off by any curio collector or scientist that wanted them. Those that were plowed up look more ancient than the dark greasy ones on the surface, and the buried ones are almost always perfect. This was on account of the secretiveness and selfishness of the Indian. If the mortar or pestle was too large to be carried on a journey, or if he did not intend to return, he would break the pestle and punch a hole in the bottom of the mortar, rendering it useless, and leave it; otherwise he would bury it for future wants on return.

Below the Oregon City Falls on the Willamette, where the banks are being gradually undermined and are falling away into the river's edge, may be found even today arrow points and stone workings from the ancient graveyard. Sauvie's Island was another rendezvous or place where they held their big potlatches and conventional dances. The early pioneers found many places strewn with skulls and bones of the Indians, together with large quantities of stone implements. Captain Clark on visiting the Multnomah tribe, somewhere near the present site of the town of Milwaukie, was informed by an old Indian, who brought forward an Indian woman whose face was covered with smallpox pits, that some 39 years before a disease had been contracted that killed them off by the thousands, almost depopulating the tribe of Multnomah. Hence it is to be inferred that more Indians died by pestilence than by warfare. The location of this island at the junction of the two rivers, with its many lakes filled with wapatoes, the greatest number of water fowl and other game in abundance, made it an asylum of refuge for all tribes and explorers. A very large Indian god, carved out of basaltic stone and weighing very nearly a ton, was found on Oak Island, and remained there until some 22 years ago, when an ignorant tenant, not knowing or caring about its value, needed some stone to build a chimney and broke it to pieces, thereby destroying one of the largest and grandest pieces of stonework that Oregon ever produced. The Indians worshiped it, imploring it for rain or dry weather; for food, or success in journeying to the happy hunting grounds.

Each and every stone implement or carving had its use. Mortars were for grinding food, the stone gods for religious worship, the round stone balls (shown in the illustration) for gambling. The stone hammer was for breaking bark, as bark is always preferred by Indians as firewood. It blows up better and holds its heat longer. The round rocks with holes through the middle were arrow targets; the flat rocks with holes near the edge were net-sinkers. The instrument of torture was used by tying the captive or bad doctor unable to cure his patient, to a tree and jabbing out his eyes. The round notch in the stone was to prevent the disfigurement of the nose. The carving of eagle heads, turtle heads, squirrel heads, etc., were matters of fancy on some work, for ornament or to "te he he" about. The large gambling ball weighs 93 pounds, and is perfectly spherical. The owner, being a large powerful Indian of his tribe, would be pitted against a similar Indian of another tribe. The wager was made by each tribe putting up everything they had outside the clothes on their backs, consisting of horses, blankets, skins, dogs, camp fixtures, etc. Holes were made in the ground at the proper distance, and the game was to roll each by turn the stone balls for the holes. The Indian scoring the greatest number of balls in the holes won, the winning side carrying off everything in great glee and eclat, while the losers were sullen, sour, broke and hungry.

Indian John, or John Casino, described the game in his own way, as follows:

"Nan-itch kla-hop copa illahe ict yockwa. Nan-itch kla-hop copa illahe yah-wa. Hy-u Siwashes, hy-u cultin, hy-u skins, hy-u ictas inati yock-wa. Hy-u Siwashes, hy-u cultin, hy-u skins, hy-u ictas inati yah-wa.

"Spose you comtux hy-as skookum klosh-Siwash wake me-sah-chie yock-wa. Spose you comtux inati yah-wa hy-as skookum hy-as klosh wake me-sah-chie.

"Hy-as skookum tillicum mamook okok stone ict kla-hop copa illahe. Hy-as skookum inati Siwash mamook okok stone moxt, kla-hop copa illahe. Inati tillicums hy-as yi yi, te he hee. Ict kla-hop tillicums hy-as sullox, hy-as poor, hy-as olo."

The stonehead, reflecting the facial expression of the baboon, with the eyes, lips and mouth of the monkey tribe, is possibly evidence that our North American Indians are descendants of Oriental inhabitants, coming to this Continent at a very early date in their canoes, by way of the Aleutian Islands, and engraving in memorial stone data of ancient origin. At many places on Sauvie's Island and along the river bank, clam beds may now be found, covered in sand by the overflows, and many ancient shell beds from 2 to 12 inches deep, containing arrow points and other stone workings.

It is interesting to know the Indian process of manufacturing arrow points, and why so many are found broken. They procured obsidian rock or any kind of rock material that they can spall or break in sharp and flat pieces, selecting such bits or pieces as will require least shaping. They have two sticks of bone, usually made from deer legs, about six inches long, and placing the flat, flinty piece of rock between the two bones, they hold it firmly with one hand and with the other grip the outer ends of the sticks, and by prying up and down they spall off bits of stone, each time going round and round until it assumes the required shape. Many times, however, it is broken through the middle, and thrown away while another takes its place. Thus the perfect ones and the broken ones may be found together.

Many of the islands in the Columbia and Willamette Rivers contain ancient clambaking beds that are found rich with Indian curios when uncovered. One of these beds may be seen on the west side of the Vancouver Railway, just after it crosses the first lagoon, it having been exposed. It shows the piles of shells from 2 to 12 inches thick, and was evidently a place of camping and a burial ground many long years before the Lewis and Clark exploration to the Oregon country.

DR. DAV. RAFFETY.

Painless Spanking.

Father (cutting the whip smartly through the air)—See, Tommy, how I make the horse go faster without striking him at all?

Tommy—Papa, why don't you spank us children that way?

Comparative Freedom.

Atchison Globe.

The widower whose children watch him closely is as free as a bird compared with the bachelor who lives with an old maid sister.

NEW YEAR FOR THE SCOTCH SCHOOLBOY

Not Christmas, But the First Day of the Year Is the Time for Rejoicing.

IN THAT slow-going part of Scotland, which is still known as Galloway, New Year's is considered the most important holiday of all the year.

Before reading of the manner in which the Scottish schoolboy celebrates it, the American youth would do well to look on his map and find among the numerous towns and villages situated on the bays and estuaries of the Solway Firth, one which is called Monniepool.

There is an obscure tradition connected with the name which was first given to the famous trout stream in the vicinity of which Sir Walter Scott laid the scenes of his novel, 'Guy Mannering," and the caves and ruined castles which he mentioned in this book may be seen today by the interested visitor.

There is scarcely a house in Monniepool that was not built centuries ago and that is not occupied by the descendents of the original owner. These ancient houses are constructed of great blocks of stone, laid together "dry," or without mortar. The roads and fences may also be said to speak of the solidity of the "Galvidian" m'nd, being of the same lasting material. These roads, as is well known, are a perpetual monument to one of Scotland's sons—McAdam—whose name is world-renowned, and who was born and reared in the Northern part of East Galloway.

Not in that country, as in ours, is Christmas looked upon as a time for merrymaking and giving of gifts, and Santa Claus is an unknown personality to the little ones of Galloway, but the coming of "Nevday" is the talk of the whole community as Winter advances. Sometimes it is two weeks "this side" or prior to New Year's that the school children begin the round of homely pleasures which mark the season.

This opening of the holiday time with them usually takes the form of a surprise to their teacher. The unrest which has been noticeable by him for a number of days, finally culminates in the absence of several on a certain afternoon. If the teacher is forgetful of dates, he may be planning a sound thrashing for the truants on their return. As the afternoon wears on, the latch of the inner porch clicks and the door swings slowly and mysteriously open, admitting a huge "bubbly-jock", (gobbler), who struts into the room.

After the laughter which his entrance provokes dies down a little, a shower of parcels, great and small, follow through the open door. Occasionally one or two are shoved in and the teacher counts on something breakable; perhaps a vase for "Mistress" or a doll for the "wean," for he understands, of course, that this is all for his benefit, and that New Year's day is near.

The bundles offend the gobbler, who struts and gobbles and pulls at the strap which is held by an unseen hand, whose owner keeps out of sight in the entry, and whom the teacher ignores, understanding, too, that this is part of the game of surprise.

Sometimes one of the truant youths appears in fantastic dress and makes a presentation speech, in which the "meester" and his wife are extolled as worthy of far better gifts, and if there are any bairns, they also come in for their share of praise, and the presents for each one specified.

"An' here's a pair o' bonny blu' mittles for little Annie, the very color of her een. Mither's been knitting them these twa months agone."

If the lad reeling off the presentation speech is not rigged up in some supposedly disguising character, he is blushing and embarrassed and blunders over his words; his schoolmates, however, drink in his stuttered sentences with open-mouthed admiration and a chuckle of satisfaction is heard even from the porch, where crouches the owner of the hand holding the turkey tether.

The teacher responds heartily to the speech and warmly thanks his scholars for their substantial gifts, dwelling at length upon the good points of the "bubblyjock," which he remarks is "the finest a man e're picked a wing of," which is bringing the future into the present with a vengeance, with the turkey strutting, gobbling and dragging the great, strong wings, alluded to, in challenge to some invisible enemy.

At the end of his speech, a Scottish schoolmaster invariably tells the tale of "The Carter and the Cheese," and finishes the oft-recurring ceremony by announcing that school is dismissed until after New Year's.

As a rule, the children stand very much in awe of their teacher, but the gifts and speeches have a magic effect on their ordinary behavior, for in the battle of snowballs that immediately follows the close of school, the "meester" and his numerous and willing volunteers are set upon and pelted unmercifully and, laden as they are with the teacher's gifts, cannot punish their assailants.

The sports indulged in at that season by the young men of the country are engally harmless, comprising coasting, skating and choosing followers for a great battle of snowballs in which the leaders of the two opposing sides fancy themselves, and are likened by their adherents to the great historical chieftains of their country.

Such games and pranks are indulged in almost without cessation save when they eat, sleep and pay "duty visits" to old and feeble relatives in adjacent towns, until New Year's eve, which throughout the length and breadth of the lands is known as "Hogmany."

C. I. RAVN.

Plea for the "Dago."

New York Times.

When the poor benighted "dago" gets his dagger and his gun,
And proceeds to "do" a member of his race,
When with base alloy he tampers with your Uncle Sammy's "mon,"
And he "shoves the queer" with cunning and with grace—
When his rude, untutored spirit chafes beneath the lawful yoke—
Whate'er his mind suggests he thinks he'll do—
Then a wild, insistent clamor echoes from the outraged folk,
And it's "Back to 'sunny Italy' with you!"

Wherever there is work to do, on track or in the ditch,
To build the road or rear the towering wall,
To get the labor finished, right on time, without a hitch,
Trust the "dago" to be kingpin of them all!
Then it's "'Dago,' get a move on—get your shovel and your pick!"
He's the man that has to bear the brunt of toil—
And he'll go to work in sun or snow without a single kick,
Just to wrest his scanty living from the soil.

Oh, the "dago" is a terror when he's cooped up in a town,
For he keeps the wires busy night and day;
Sure, he doesn't care a snapper for the law's judicial frown,
And the "cop" in "Ginny-town" deserves his pay!
But you get the "ginny" settled in a quiet little place,
Far away from many others of his clan,
You examine him quite careful, without malice, face to face,
And you'll find him much like any other man.

The Nun.

Leigh Hunt.

If you become a nun, dear,
A friar I will be;
In any cell you run, dear,
Pray look behind for me.
The roses all turn pale, too;
The doves all take the veil, too;
The blind will see the show;
What! you become a nun, my dear
I'll not believe it—no!

If you become a nun, dear,
The bishop Love will be;
The Cupids every one, dear,
Will chant, "We trust in thee!"
The incense will go sighing,
The candles fall a-dying,
The water turn to wine.
What! you go take the vows my dear
You may—but they'll be mine.