

and had not the benefit of the bracing air of the plateau of the Klickitats' country.

The Klickitats were bold and fearless riders. Their marauding journeys carried them from the present international boundary line on the north to Rogue river on the south. They were masters everywhere until they reached the Rogné River tribes, who rightfully gained their name through cunningness, or until they reached the Indians of the plains, on the eastern watershed of the Rocky mountains, whither they went on annual expeditions to trade and gamble, carrying the wampum from the coast, dried salmon and other articles, to trade for dried buffalo meat and robes.

They went down to the ocean on the west, carrying the wild hemp dried and twisted into neat bundles and much sought after by the coast Indians for fish nets, to exchange for the wampum or dentalia, a small shell collected in those days at Nootka. The wampum was the circulating medium, and Alexander Ross said in 1814 three fathoms bought ten beaver skins.

The Klickitats held the gateway between the East and West, for the river was the natural and only easy route for passage from the Western valleys to the Eastern world.

Their domain included Mount Adams on the north and Mount Hood on the south of the Columbia river, but territorial bounds did not confine them, for they were everywhere, robbing, trading, horse-racing, and holding under burdensome tribute many lands they did not own.

They had a complete and euphonious language of their own, as became a people who influenced the world around them, and possessed both statesmen and warriors whose enterprise covered so broad a field.

Before the white man came to occupy and pervert, the Indians were numerous. They had their great annual gatherings, for exchange of products and to regulate affairs. They owned their special privileges, as fisheries, berry fields and camas grounds, and hunted their own territory. All seasons had appropriate duties. It was no light or