

"Dear little sister," said the Indian hunter, "be of good courage and I will return and punish the otters."

Then the Indian returned to the lodge.

"The otters have stolen our sister, brothers," he cried. "Come and we will punish them."

Each of the four brothers took a heavy club and they went down to their sister's prison. First of all, they unbound and released her and then they waited; at last they heard a slight noise; then a great white light filled the room. Up went the club of the four Indian hunters, and the white otter lay dead.

A moment later a soft yellow light filled the room, and the yellow otter met the Indian hunters and was killed without a struggle. Then the red otter came into the cave, and the brothers acted swiftly, and he soon lay dead beside the other two.

The little black otter did not come for a while longer, for he was bearing food for the poor little prisoner. The brothers could hear him coming along the passageway, but as he had no light they could not see him. Quietly they waited until they saw his little black nose thrust through the hole, and then they caught him in their hands and brought him with them to the upper world.

The poor little black otter was miserable, for he did not at all like the idea of being a prisoner, and he asked the brothers to let him go.

"Of course we will," said the elder brother, "for you were kind to our sister when she needed a friend, and so we will have mercy on you and set you free."

And since that day there has been no more yellow or red or white otters, but they are all black, like the kindly little black otter in the story.

