

place in a rather novel manner. With them, as with the Columbia river tribes, Cayote was the great *fac totum*. Those Indians were all cayotes anciently, but in process of time, the cayotes began to evolve into Indians—a toe, finger, ear or nose at a time—until the cayote came out, at last, a noble red man, without even so much as a caudal appendage to attest his origin. This is evolution with "variations," and outdoes Darwinism itself. The Darwinians and these ancient philosophers ought to try to meet on some common platform, for the benefit of science.

Some of the Lower Columbia river Indians say that when the Indian god,

Cayote, first made the Indians, they were in rather an imperfect condition, having their eyes shut, and having no mouths with which to eat. Cayote afterward found some of them wandering about this way, blind and hungry, when he kindly cut mouths for them and opened their eyes with a stone knife, and being in somewhat of a hurry, and having a rather bad cutting instrument, he got some of their mouths very crooked, and this accounts for the crooked and ugly mouths still seen among some of the lower river tribes. The reader may smile, but this is a myth that undoubtedly is very old, having been handed down for many generations.

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To be Continued.

THE AUTOGRAPH STONE.

HAL arose, as a veiled woman appeared in the doorway. He could not identify her, and was a little puzzled and vexed. He did not enjoy mysteries, but his native gallantry returned and he wheeled forward the easiest office chair, and said quietly, "Please to take a seat, Madam."

The woman sank into the chair with a sigh, and put aside her veil. Hal gasped in surprise, for, after all, he knew his visitor, only she was so wholly unexpected. The face revealed, was that of good Mrs. Randall; but she was actually pale, and attired in her best "bib and tucker." She seemed another woman.

"My sakes!" she began. "Didn't yer know me? Law! Well, I s'pose 'twas

the veil. I came to see ye on business; are you busy?" she added.

"No, not at all; I can hear anything you have to say," returned Hal, cordially.

"Well," began Mrs. Randall, "I've been that worried sence that snow slide that I've growed thin over it, an' I told Jim I couldn't, an' wouldn't, stay there no longer'n I could help. But Jim, he says he can't leave a stiddy job, jest on 'count o' a whim; an' to tell the truth, I can't blame him. He says when I git him a job some'rse else, he'll go, an' not before. An' it struck me, Mr. Thornton, that you'd want help on the ranch, an' likely the women folks'd want help, too, an' if ye'd put up a little shanty on the