

every living thing that came near the lake. A great many had tried to kill the monster by spearing him, but had always failed, as the beaver dragged them under the water and drowned them. Some had even died of fright, without ever attacking him. The beaver had been killing and destroying the people a long time. In the lake was an abundance of fine fish, and all the people around were hungry and wanting the fish for food, but were kept from getting any by the selfish old beast god. Speel-yai came along one day, and seeing the state of affairs, determined to bring it to an end by killing the water god. He accordingly fitted himself out with a great spear, the handle of which he fastened to his wrist with a strong cord of Indian flax. Armed with this, he went up to the lake, and threw his spear into the beaver, who plunged down to the bottom, dragging Cayote with him. On and on the two went, plunging and swimming through the lake, tearing through the mountains, and on down to the lake that covered Kittitas valley. From there, they floundered on down, cutting the Natches gap, and then thrashed through the ridge below Yakima City, cutting the Yakima gap. On, and still down, the monster beaver dragged poor Cayote, until he reached the Columbia. Then he began clutching at the trees along the bank to check his speed. He caught hold of large firs, and they tore out by the roots; he tried the pines, cottonwoods and willows, and every other kind of tree, but all were pulled out by the roots. In despair, he grasped at the stones along the bank, but everything had to give way to the invincible power of the beaver god; and so Speel-yai was dragged on down, fighting as he went, to the mouth of the Columbia, where, floundering among the breakers, he found himself so far exhausted that he had to call on the musk-rat, who had been laughing

at him, to help him out. When he came ashore, he wiped the water from his face and eyes, and then took the beaver, which he had brought out with him, and cut it up, and of it made the present race of Indians. Of the belly, he made the coast tribes, saying, "You will always be fat, short people, with big stomachs." Of the legs, he made the Cayuses, saying, "You will always have strong legs, and be swift runners." Of the head, he made the northern tribes, saying, "You will be intelligent, and strong in war." Of the ribs, he made the Yakimas; and of all the parts he made tribes having characteristics represented by the several parts. Finally, he scooped up the remaining blood, and flung it off toward the country of the Sioux and Snakes, "You will always be people of blood and violence." Having completed his work, he went up to the junction of the Columbia and Snake rivers, somewhere in the region of Ainsworth. There he stood, with his arms stretched out to the east and west, and then he reached them out over the north and south, and said, "The earth is now full of people, and there is no place for me." He then ascended to the sky. The Palouse Indians account for the falls in the Palouse river, and the origin of the tribes, by a similar myth. Nearly every tribe, or sub-tribe, relates these myths, with variations suited to their own people.

The Wigwam Indians, at Tumwater, above The Dalles, say that, back in the days of animal people, there was a monster woman living in the Columbia, under a certain deep whirlpool. She was described as a sort of huge water nymph, with reddish colored hair, that flowed down to her waist. She never came entirely out of the water, they say. She was a ferocious, destroying monster. When the fishermen came near her place of resort, she caused the water to seethe