

human beings, for the bones there show for themselves." The owl was greatly astonished, and proposed that they try again, which they did. The operation was repeated five times, Cayote every time appropriating the owl's bones. The fifth time Cayote said, "Since you vomit nothing but mice bones, after all your pretensions, I must take your head off." The astonished and terrified owl man surrendered himself, whereupon Speelyai cut off his head with a great stone knife. He then said, "You have been killing and destroying long enough," and taking up the owl's carcass, he pitched it off into the mountains, pronouncing sentence upon him thus: "You may stay there in the mountains, and startle the traveler in the night with your hoot and scream, but you will never destroy life any more. A new kind of people are coming soon, and they will have no use for you." From that day to this, owls have always been small and harmless, and they stay in the timber and hoot at people, and make them sad, but they have never killed anyone since the Indian god pronounced the curse upon the owl tribe.

The spider, in the wonderful animal age, was a giant rope maker, who made great rope webs, with which he entangled the people, and then he pounced upon them and sucked their blood. The present race of mosquitoes that plague man and beast, are insignificant insects compared with their ancient progenitors, who were larger—if we may believe the Indian myths—than an ox, and drove the other animal people almost to distraction. Speelyai finally killed the mosquito god, by splitting open his head, from which millions of little mosquitoes, such as now exist, swarmed forth. The Indians say it was the god Cayote who gave them salmon. A very long time ago, five young women had an immense fish trap across the Columbia, near where Astoria

now stands. This trap prevented the salmon from going up the river, and the people above were suffering for food, but could get no fish. Cayote was hungry among the rest, and determined to get the fish up the river. He transformed himself to a little Indian baby, on a pappoose board, and got into the Columbia and floated down to where the women had the fish dam. They saw him and took him out of the water, like Pharaoh's daughter, of old, did Moses, taking him to their homes. Having no husbands, they intended to raise the infant to be a man for them. But when they left him in their hut, while they were gone, he found out how everything was, and by craft succeeded in getting the dam broken, and the salmon went up with a rush, and all the people above were supplied.

Most of the phenomena of nature are ascribed to some being or beings, without the intervention of natural laws. The winds are the breath of some being. The Eastern Washington and Oregon Indians say that the warm Chinook wind, and the cold east wind, were anciently five brothers each. The Chinook wind brothers lived down somewhere toward the mouth of the Columbia, while the cold wind brothers lived somewhere east of Walla Walla. The Chinook wind anciently blew much stronger than now, tearing up trees and blowing down the people's habitations, while the cold wind blew hard, and was so cold as to freeze them, so that, between the two winds, they were constantly kept in trouble. A great while ago, the cold brothers sent a challenge to the Chinook brothers for a wrestling match, the conditions of which were, that whoever was thrown should be beheaded. Speelyai, the Indian god, was to be umpire, and to execute sentence by cutting off the unsuccessful parties' heads with his big stone knife. Agreeable to this understanding, the brothers on each side met. In the