

and are displeased at having the waters troubled, and in consequence, cause the rain to pour down upon the troublers. This belief was formerly general, so that they often were deterred from getting water for cooking purposes, or for their ponies, from the lakes, while camping in the mountains.

They have a fabled "snow plant" and "rain plant," both of which grow in the mountains, in lonely, secluded places, so they say, and whoever, by accident or intentionally, plucks up or breaks off one of these plants, will surely cause rain or snow to fall.

An intelligent, educated half-breed Indian assured me that he believed the myth connected with the lakes, and related his experience, which he regarded as conclusive. Being up in the mountains with a crowd of Indians, after huckleberries, he one day became warm, and wanted to cool and refresh himself by taking a bath. The weather was fine and clear. He, accordingly, stripped himself, and plunged into a little lake and had a swim. Very soon, the sky was darkened with clouds, and the rain poured down violently. This was in the afternoon. When the company were gathered at camp in the evening, inquiry was made if any one had been disturbing the lake. The young man acknowledged the misdemeanor and was charged not to repeat his indiscretion. The next morning the sun rose bright and splendid, with a clear sky, giving promise of a beautiful day. Having his curiosity aroused, he went out to the lake again, and finding a large stone on the hillside above the water, he detached it and sent it crashing down through the brush, when it plumped into a deep, dark hole in the water, which bubbled and boiled for a long time, and, as it seemed to him, very strangely. In a short time the heavens were black, and the rain poured down in torrents again.

In consequence of this second warning, the party broke up and left the mountains, feeling sure that if they remained longer, some misfortune would befall them.

The Indians relate marvelous stories about strange animals, that live in these lakes. The animals, they say, come out at night and feed on the banks. Some of the lakes are believed to be the abodes of the spirits of monsters, or strange beings, that existed on earth in ages past. In some of the lakes dwell the souls of little children, who lived in the long, long ago. They tell of hearing their cries in the night, and finding the prints of their little naked feet in the mud and wet sand about the margin of the water. Deep in the solitudes of the mountain forests, gathered about their camp fires, beneath the shadows of lofty pines or firs, while the cool mountain winds made soft and mournful music in the swaying branches, the wild, untutored savages, spell bound, listened to the stories of the wonderful events that took place amid these scenes in the wat-tee-tash times.

The majestic rocks along the Columbia were no less objects of wonder to the Indians than to the whites, who to-day glide up the river in commodious steamers, or go whirling along in the shadow of the lofty mountains, in the railway cars. Between the White Salmon and Little White Salmon rivers, something like two miles apart, on the Columbia, there is a large ridge, or body of rock, lying endwise to the river, and reaching out into it. This the Indians have called, from time immemorial, "baby on the board." In the wat-tee-tash times, when Speelyai, the Indian god, was traveling over the country, subduing giants, putting down monsters, and introducing laws and new customs to the people, this rock was a huge, living baby, which was suspended by cords, high