

in the air, across the river. There this prodigious infant, on the pappoose board, hung for ages. Speelyai was coming up the river, in the "long time ago," and finding the giant pappoose swinging over his way, was not pleased with the arrangement. He, therefore, took his stone knife and cut the cord that held up the titanian infant, when it came down, with a splash, and was drowned. The feet being still held by a cord, it swung over to the Washington side, only the head part falling into the water. It was transformed to rock, and is called, to this day, "baby on the board."

What is now called "Eagle rock," was anciently a goddess, the daughter of Speelyai. She was rather slim and bony, and neither handsome nor attractive, and in consequence, lived to be an old maid. Owing to a grave lapse in morals, she was very much humiliated, and turned into stone, as a warning to future generations. A short distance below Eagle rock, or Speelyai's daughter, old Speelyai anciently built a dam across the Columbia, intending to make rapids there, to form a fishing place for the Indians, who were soon to be made. Changing his mind, he went on down, and made the rapids at the Cascades. Having made good fishing places for the coming race, he threw huckleberries away off into the mountains, and scattered the edible roots, and other articles of Indian food, in different places, saying, "It will not be good for the people to get their food too easy; they will become lazy, or get rich and independent. It is better that they should work hard for these things."

Somewhere, not far from Mosier's landing, the steamboat traveler will observe a ledge, or wall of rocks, on the shore. This the Indians call "Speelyai's wall." At this point, god though he was, while nearly dying from hunger, he one time committed a low and de-

grading crime. Immediately, he was filled with remorse and shame. He felt that, somehow, his crime would be found out, and set about building a great wall, to stop the news of his sin going up the river. In spite of him, the news, or knowledge of the crime, broke over the wall and spread. As fast as he repaired one breach, the rocks tumbled down in another, and kept the poor guilt-stricken god flying from place to place to keep up his wall. Finding his efforts useless, he abandoned the project, and, sorrowful and ashamed, he journeyed on up the river to the Klikitat country. Nearing a house, the first thing he overheard was the inmates, talking about his sin. Weary, and filled with remorse, he moved on toward Tumwater, or the home of the Wishams. Everywhere he went, he overheard the story of his sin and shame. This myth contains a fine picture of that sense of guilt and consciousness of a criminal, that his sin is known by every one. It might well have the moral appended, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

With the other improvements introduced by Speelyai among the people, was the use of fire and the art of cooking. The legends of the Indians say that their ancestors, anciently, were very ignorant and helpless. They had nothing in which to cook, and were even unacquainted with the use of fire.

A few miles above the old steamboat landing at the upper cascades, on the Columbia, there is a large, round-bottomed hole in the rock on the shore. This hole, the Indians say, was anciently Speelyai's pot for cooking salmon. The people long had been eating their food raw, or drying it in the sun. In this way, they baked their bread of roots and dried their berries and salmon. Speelyai taught the people how to cook, at this pot hole on the river. Having caught a quantity of salmon, he put