

him to this goddess, who swam owed him. very high, and that part of the country. The swan deity was not pleased to have about The Dalles was still deeply submerged. Too many fish taken from the water, nor merged in water. It is possible that at to have roots dug from the banks of the that time the Klickitat valley may have lake. When she caught persons fishing, been, wholly or in part, covered with water digging roots, she caused the water to rise, though it hardly seems possible that a chase them, and unless they dropped tradition could be handed down from so whatever they had, they were engulfed. remote a period. That elk once abounded. If they dropped the fish or roots they found in the mountains around is a fact. Had taken, the water returned to the level. Most of the legends and myths of antiquity have some shadow of foundation, the trespasser unharmed. Ages ago, and if we could only follow the stories back beautiful young maid of the Wisham through the mazy labyrinths through tribe, hoping to enjoy the benefits of the which they have traveled down the magical waters of this wonderful lake, generations. If we could follow all these ventured into them to bathe, and while windings, and see the changes, additions doing so got into the antlers of an elk, and deviations made from time to time, that, coming down from the mountains we would not so much wonder that these to drink, had lain down in the water. myths come down laden with so many He immediately sprang up and bore her extravagances and absurdities. Even away to the mountains toward Mount in our own times, the fact of a man's Adams, but she succeeded in escaping having vomited something very dark, by cutting off his horn and falling to grows into the story of his having thrown the ground. Returning to her home at up "three black crows." By some such Tumwater, she afterward bore a child process, perhaps, the myths of barbarous nations have come into existence which was half elk and half human, like ours and grown to such absurd proportions. the fabled centaur of old. Being both and angry and ashamed she destroyed the Some actual occurrence, of a seemingly young prodigy, which mortally offended unusual or mysterious character, takes the elk tribe and they refused afterward place. The fact of there being a substantial truth for the foundation of the to come to the lake for water, and since story gives it a permanency. If there have staid away off in the mountains, be a stone, mountain, or other natural and the Indians have had hard work object, standing to attest the accuracy of hunting them. the story, it is taken by the savage mind as a verity. The untaught mind of the

For a part of this myth there may be some foundation. The little lake at one time was undoubtedly much larger. If barbarian mistakes the permanency of it be true that back in the remote ages the stone or mountain for that of the of the past the Columbia river valley myth connected with it. A large part was a lake, whose waters were barred of the history of antiquity is wrapped in from the ocean by the Cascade range of a web of mystic uncertainty. There is, mountains, and that the great gorge somewhere, a kernel of truth, but it is through the mountains, which forms the concealed in a mass of error, and the bed of that river, was gradually worn by key for unraveling the mythical rebus its waters, there must have been a period is, perhaps, lost forever.

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To be Continued.