

the thunderer shot back fierce lightning at Speelyai, sending the fire at his eyes; yet he neither dodged nor winked, but answered thunder with thunders more loud, and lightnings more fierce, which cut a great chasm in the earth. Then the thunder god shot lurid lightnings back, and sent flaming thunderbolts at Speelyai, which tore up the earth around him. He, in turn, answered thunder with thunder more terrific, and lightning with hot thunderbolts, knocking the thunderer from his throne.

The enraged combatants then raised high in the air. There they fought amid the rollings and crashings of thunder, and the demoniac play of forked lightnings and flying thunderbolts, while the clouds darkened the sky and rain deluged the earth with fearful violence.

They came together, at last, in a death grip, in the midst of thick clouds, and tempestuous warring of elements, and thus locked, they fell to the ground, with such momentum that they shook the whole world. Speelyai fell on top of the thunder god, and held him down and began to pummel him with his five war clubs. The thunderer begged for mercy, but Speelyai turned a deaf ear to his pleadings and continued to use his clubs until they were all broken, and then he said, "You will no more make it your business to terrify and kill the people. You may live, and thunder on hot summer days, and may flash lightning, and rain a little, but you will not destroy so many people any more." So, from that day until this, the thunder god has been robbed of his power, and only thunders on hot summer days, and seldom kills any one with his lightnings.

The sun has been conquered, and made to take a subordinate position to that he formerly occupied. In ancient times, this great god of the day used to roam over the earth, in a kind of capricious, self-willed manner, without regu-

larity. He would come so close as to scorch the people, and then he would wander away and leave them freezing in the dark. His home was in a dark cave—probably in the west.

According to the myths of the tribes in the valley of the Upper Snake river, the sun staid away a long time once, and the people were anxiously waiting his return. The hare god, with his family, was sitting by his camp fire and watching for the sun to return, and became so weary that at last he fell asleep, and while sleeping, the sun came so near as to scorch his back. When the hare god awoke, he was very angry, and told his children he was going to fight the sun. He accordingly took his bow and arrows and started to the East, and after a long journey, he at last reached the edge of the world, where the sun came up, and there he waited and watched. After a long time, the sun god was seen coming, when the hare shot an arrow at his face, but the heat was so great that the arrow was consumed. He continued to shoot, and each arrow shared the fate of the first. At last only one was left, and it must do the work, or the mission of the hare god was a failure. In this extremity, he held up the arrow and dropped a tear upon it from his eye. This was the last, the magical, arrow. He put it to his bow, and then drew the string, when it flew straight to the sun's face, and split the orb into ten thousand fragments, scattering them all over the world, setting fire to everything. Then the hare god had to fly before the fire he had made. The earth became hot, and burned off his feet, then his legs, and then his body, but still he continued to go. Finally, nothing was left but the head, which, like the tails of the Killenny cats, kept going. Over mountains and valleys, far away, rolling and tumbling through the world went the head of the wonderful rabbit god, until