

great ease and comfort, and having things all his own way. Speelyai, the Indian god, had a hard time, and a slim bill of fare, depending on what mice, squirrels and gophers he could pick up for a living. Seeing Upsha, the tick god, having so easy a time, he determined to kill him and take possession of his herd of game, and appropriate it to his own use. With this object in view, he went up to the hunting ground, and on reaching the home of old Upsha, he found him engaged in heating rocks and steaming and sweating himself, in his sweat house. The place where the sweat house was, is still pointed out. Speelyai begged permission to enjoy the luxury of a bath, when the tick god complied with his wishes. While Speelyai was inside, steaming and sweating himself, Upsha staid outside and heated rocks and passed them in to the bathing god.

Speelyai found the sudatory made of the body of an enormous deer, the ribs coming down around the sides, instead of the bent poles generally used by the Indians. This was as commodious as the Trojan horse, and the heat from the hot rocks caused the fat to drip down from the ribs upon him, while the odor of the frying grease was so delicious to the hungry Speelyai, that he held up his mouth and caught the dripping fat. It was so good that he was now fully determined to make way with old Tick, and take possession of his herd. While he was meditating on this project, the tick god understood his thoughts, and was ready for the encounter. Speelyai enjoyed the hospitality of Upsha that night, and, during the darkness, attempted to murder his host by choking him. The tick was so thin and flat, that Speelyai's efforts were futile, for when he thought the tick god was dead, and let go his hold, he got up and went to the door, and shouted at his herd of ani-

mals, telling them to fly for life, when they stampeded and ran away. At the same moment, the deer, whose bones formed the frame-work of the house, came to life and started off with a bound, old Upsha, the tick god, clinging to his hair. While being carried off in safety and triumph, at great speed, the tick raised up and shouted back, taunting the discomfited Speelyai, saying, "You can never squeeze a tick to death. If you wanted to kill me, you should have put me on a rock and cracked me with a stone." This made Speelyai exceedingly angry, and he pronounced this curse on Upsha: "You shall never kill and eat any more deer, or other game. You shall be a little, crawling thing, of no strength, more than to suck a little blood from animals." Immediately he became a little tick, of the size of those that exist now, which are his descendants. So the tick has been a blood sucker ever since, clinging to the hair of animals, and is as hard to kill, by squeezing or pressure, as was his progenitor.

According to the mythology of the Indians of the Northwest, the rattlesnake god anciently had three heads and three tails. He was an incessant talker, and boasted of his superior power. His rattles cast a spell over the people, and "made them crazy," and then he swallowed them. Wák-a-poos, or rattlesnake, lived in a fine stone mansion, and came out often to watch and waylay passers by. He was finally "put down" by Speelyai. The Ute Indians have a story, which represents, that once in the "long time ago," a certain witch was pursued by the eagle, and was near being captured, when she fled to her grandfather, the rattlesnake, for protection. The serpent god was basking in the sun, and could offer no assistance or protection. Opening his mouth, the witch ran into it, and into his stomach. This caused him to become nauseated and