

very sick, and he retched violently, trying to throw up the witch, but could not succeed. His retchings and writhings were so violent, that he finally crawled out of his skin, leaving the witch encased in his cast-off covering. Not knowing what had become of her, he looked back and cried out, "Where are you, old witch?" She repeated back his words, mockingly, "Where are you, old witch?" Since that time, witches have lived in the cast-off skins of snakes, and have mocked the passers by, repeating over their exact words. White people call these mocking sounds echoes. The Indians attribute echoes to the tauntings of witches in the snake skins. We find that the Indians have some way of accounting for all the works or phenomena of nature, and for every peculiarity in them, so that his mythology becomes his philosophy and cosmogony.

We read, in the mythology of the Grecians, of the many headed Hydra, the three-headed Cerberus, who was the watch dog of Hades or Orcus. The Klikitats and Chinooks have a myth, in which horned dogs figure. Ages ago, Speelyai was traveling in Oregon, and came across a man who had a wonderful horned dog. The dog was so fierce, that it was with difficulty that its owner prevented him from biting even the Indian god himself. Speelyai did not feel pleased with the encounter, and studied up a plan to get rid of the dreadful canine. To accomplish his purpose, he resorted to a peculiar artifice. The evening after meeting this stranger and his dog, Speelyai took a little piece of mud, or clay, and made of it, by some sort of magic, a dog much more wonderful and mighty than the one-horned prodigy. Speelyai's dog had two horns, and was therefore one horn ahead of the other. Taking his dog to the other man, he proposed that the two dogs test their strength by fighting. The man was

afraid, seeing that the new dog had two horns, and was very savage. "Well then," said Speelyai, "let us see whose dog can tear down that cliff." So the man sent his dog at the cliff, but he returned, after tearing down only a few rocks. Speelyai then sent his dog out, when he tore the cliff down level, at one blow of his horns. Speelyai then offered to trade even, but the man refused. "Well then, let us fight them," said Speelyai. The man was now more afraid than ever. Speelyai then said, "Your dog can't dig up the ground like mine." The man sent his dog out, but he tore up a small hole in the ground, and then quit, when Speelyai sent his dog to see what he could do, when he tore up the earth furiously, making great rents in it. Then Speelyai made another offer to trade, which was accepted. Having traded, he took the one-horned dog and departed out of the country. The man thought he had made a remarkable bargain, in getting a two-horned dog for one with one horn.

He felt very proud of his new acquisition, and amused himself by sending it to tear down great mountains. The dog had made four remarkable exhibitions of his power in this way, and the new owner sent him out the fifth time against a great stone wall, when lo! it did not tumble down, as the others had before, and the dog suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. When he ran up to butt the cliff down, he stuck fast and was gone—*charko halo*. The man went up to investigate the matter, and found no dog—only a small piece of mud, stuck fast to the rocks. The magical two-horned dog was *non est*, and the man had nothing but a little lump of soft clay to show for his wonderful prodigy. His loss was the people's gain, for they were now permitted to live in peace. What Speelyai did with the one-horned dog, the story does not recite.