

of traveling through the water over the swells of the ocean at a railroad rate, drawn by a monster inhabitant of the deep.

The procession moved in a circle of about fifteen miles in diameter, and it was well in the afternoon of Monday, the third, before the leader commenced to fag. However, before the darkness set in, the monster of the sea had succumbed to the inevitable and lay floating on the bosom of the ocean. All this time the wind had blown fiercely, and nothing had been heard from the missing canoe. Little attention, however, was paid to this latter fact, as, after separation from the others and from the whale, an isolated boat would be expected to return to shore.

All Monday night and the succeeding day the two remaining canoes kept tugging at their prize to land him, and succeeded in bringing him within a few miles of the shore. The wind, however, became so violent on Tuesday afternoon that they were forced to leave him to the fast flooding tide to beach and make a landing themselves before darkness rendered it extremely hazardous, feeling confident, however, that the coming ebb tide would leave their game high and dry on the beach within view of the point where they must necessarily spend the night. Their hopes were fully realized, for at dawn of day a Siwash who had kept early vigil announced that the whale was stranded at high water mark a short distance below their camp, at a reef of rocks called by the natives "Coph Palis," or leading rock, about two miles northward from the Chepalis river, and a race began to see who would be the lucky one to first touch its body, for he would thereby become eligible for the office of *hoa-chin-i-ca-ha* should the present one be deposed or die.

After the eyes of the whale had been removed by the dreamer, as the custom goes, and had been carefully laid away for succeeding ceremonies, fleet-footed messengers were sent in every direction to notify the Indians, who live within a day's run, and the work of removing the blubber and cutting up the remains began.

The whale was found to be of the species known as the black, and measured fifty-five feet in length by eight or nine feet in diameter. He had a mouth about six feet long, which seemed to corroborate the time-worn Jonah story. The entire skin of the animal was about a half inch in thickness, and, with the exception of the throat and belly, was jet black. The throat and belly were beautifully striped black and white, what a Mexican would call a *pinto*. The blubber was from six to eight inches in thickness and resembled very much the fat of a hog. The Indians estimate that they will obtain from 1,000 to 1,500 gallons of oil from the blubber.

In the evening the Indians of the surrounding country, who had been reached by the runners, assembled,

and a "cultus potlatch" was held. Formerly the "cultus potlatch" was a meeting of the Indians to trade amongst themselves, but since the advent of the whites it has degenerated into a drunken debauch. On this occasion the ceremonies opened with incantations over the eyes of the whale, after which the skin of the animal was passed around to be eaten by the guests raw, being considered by them a rare tidbit. After this the flowing bowl was brought forth, and from the howling we heard above the ocean's roar, at a distance of half a mile, we judged that the "wolf was on the hill."

We left the coast on the following day, and up to that time nothing of the missing canoe had been heard, and the Indians were convinced that it must have been wrecked and the occupants, seven in number, must have perished.—*H. D. C. in Oregonian.*

COURSING CAYOTES IN MONTANA.

QUITE a novel sport is indulged in by horsemen in Northern Montana, who course cayotes with greyhounds in true sportsman style. Every one who has read "Roughing It" remembers Mark Twain's humorous account of the dog that was led to run himself nearly to death by the careless and deceptive trot of the cayotes that hovered along the overland trail. Swift as is the speed of the cayote, and hold in contempt as he may the mongrel cur of the emigrant or the shepherd of the sheep herder, he finds more than his match in the long-limbed greyhound, and when those veterans of the chase undertake the task of running him down, nothing but rare good fortune will save him from capture and death. Along the valley of the Marias, not far from Fort Benton, Mr. Daniel Toney, of the Benton & St. Louis Cattle Co., has a pack of six greyhounds, and with these he makes sport for himself and occasional guests. They procure the best mounts to be had, and sally forth with the dogs, certain of finding cayotes skulking about in the vicinity of the cattle, looking for a chance to catch a young calf. The dogs are held under perfect control until as near an approach to the marauder as possible has been made, and then, when the cayote begins to move off with some speed, they are after him. In an instant all is excitement. The fleet animals take the trail of their prey, their long limbs carrying them over the ground with great bounds, while the horsemen go thundering after at break-neck speed, being barely able to keep near enough to the chase to see the sport. In one day, a short time ago, three runs were made, and in each case the dogs had no difficulty in overtaking and dispatching their game. Cayotes are so common and so destructive on the broad plains and valleys of the west that coursing them will probably become a widely extended sport.