

fly the other way." But the eagles, instead of answering, only flew more rapidly towards the mountains. Again Wesakchak called to them and again they did not reply. He now saw that they did not intend to take him home, and he began to wonder what he could do.

In a few moments the eagles slowly circled around the top of a mountain from whose summit a large piece of ice was just ready to slip. When the eagles were directly above the ice, they suddenly turned with a jerk and hurled Wesakchak from their backs. Down, down he fell, alighting on the ice, which at once slipped from its place and began to descend the mountain side with terrible rapidity. Wesakchak clung desperately to the icy block, and felt himself going with it and the loose pieces of rock and the small trees which it uprooted on its way. As they came down, the speed became greater, until at last they were bounding over huge stones and across chasms, and with one terrible leap Wesakchak flew through the air and alighted on the ground at the foot of the mountain. Behind them their pathway down the mountain side was marked by a deep ravine cut in the rocky sides of the hill. And around Wesakchak lay ice and stones and uprooted trees.

He lay perfectly still, for he was rendered insen-