

yield. The waters calmed down, the whirlpool and animals disappeared, the enchanter stood once more on the beach, and the water-king emerged from the placid lake, in the form of a mighty serpent. "What wilt thou of me?" he said. "Give me the recipe," he replied, "which will make me healthy, rich, and prosperous." "Dost thou see," the snake said, "what I wear on my head, between my horns? Take it: it will serve thee. But one of thy children must be mine in return for it."

The Indian saw between the horns of the water-king something red, like a fiery flower. He stretched out his trembling hand and seized it. It melted away in his finger into a powder, like the vermilion with which the Indians paint their faces. He collected it in a piece of birch bark, and the serpent then gave him further instructions.

In accordance with these, he was to prepare a row of small flat pieces of wood, twenty or more, and lay them in a semicircle around him on the beach. On each board he must shake a pinch of the red powder, and then the water-king counted all the diseases and ills to which Indian humanity is exposed, and also all the wishes, desires, and passions, by which it is usually animated, and each time that the enchanter shook some powder on one of the boards, the wicked water-spirit consecrated the powder, and named the illness which it would avert, or the good fortune it would bring.

"Every time that thou mayst need me," he then added, "come hither again. I shall always be here. Thou wilt have, so long as thou art in union with me, so much power as I have myself. But forget not