

associate the place with adventures in which the moose bore a prominent part. One of these traditions says that "in the olden time men and animals grew to an immense size. The Indians thought the moose were too large, and sent a hunter to make them smaller. He killed a big bull, Kineo Mountain, and reduced his size by cutting slices from his body. The rock at the foot of the mountain to-day looks like steak; streaks of lean and fat can be plainly seen in it. The hunter cooked his meat, and afterwards turned his kettle, Little Kineo Mountain, on its side, and left it to dry. So the moose grew smaller and smaller."

This legend, in almost the exact words given above, came indirectly to the writer from Louis Annance, then an aged Indian, who had been educated at Hanover, New Hampshire, and was afterwards "Sangamon," or chief, of the St. Francis tribe, and later an inhabitant for ten years of the Moosehead forests. He is no longer living.

Another legend says that there was an old Indian, who, in the words of the writer's informant, "was chief of the whole nation. He was capable and could do anythin', same as God,—make anythin'." While on his way through the forests, one day, he came upon two moose, hurriedly dropped his pack, and started in pursuit of them. The smaller moose, Kineo Mountain, was soon overtaken and killed. The chief, after boiling some of the meat, turned his kettle upside down, so that it should not rust, took up the trail of the larger moose, and followed the latter down to Castine, where he killed and dressed it. The heart, liver, and other entrails, he threw