

be, for he could see no sign of rocks or cliffs of any kind. After what seemed to be hours to him, the eagles began to descend, and in a few minutes they alighted on the top of a very high crag. Wesakchak slipped from their backs and looked around him. Near him was the nest of the eagles, and in it were the young, crying loudly for food.

Below, Wesakchak could see the ground, which seemed miles away; above him the clouds, which looked low and stormy. The eagles fed their young, and after Wesakchak had waited awhile he said, "Now, my brothers, please take me to my home."

"You are tired of our cliff?" asked the eagles. "Well, you must go home yourself, for we are not going away for some hours."

"Oh, I cannot stay here that long," said Wesakchak. "Besides, I am tired and very hungry, and there is nothing here but bare rock. You must take me home."

The eagles did not dare to disobey Wesakchak, so they let him mount on their backs. Then they began to fly slowly away. After a while it seemed to him that they were going in the wrong direction. He could see snow-capped mountains, and, as his lodge was built on the prairies, he said:

"My brothers, you are not taking me to my lodge. You are going in the wrong direction. Turn and