

were to line up against the hill, and the Moosehides opposite them. The medicine man then would work his charm, and they would see what would happen.

The directions were carried out. The feast was prepared, and after all the food was eaten, the dance commenced. Toward the early part of the morning, the braves separated. The visitors were in line at the very base of the hill, when the medicine man made strong medicine. Instantly there was a loud grumbling heard in the hillside, the earth began moving, and before the startled visitors could escape, they were buried in the slide.

This was the occasion for great rejoicing. The princess remained with her people until the end of her days.

The old squaws still caution the youngsters not to venture too near the slide after dark. On moonlight nights, to the accompaniment of loud wails, the ghosts of the buried braves can be seen treading the steps of the ancient dance on that fateful night, and while the youngsters scoff at this and contend that the howls emanate from a pack of malamutes in a voice-testing chorus, the old squaws, with many a wise nod, say they know better.

The Big Flood

A Legend of the Yukon Indians

MANY YEARS AGO, on a drowsy summer afternoon, a caribou waded out into the Yukon River to escape the horde of flies which were tormenting him. He reached a depth where his entire body was submerged with the exception of his head and neck. The air was warm, but the water was cool and soothing to his heated body; and the soft wind from the south lulled him to sleep.

As he slept he nodded, and with each succeeding nod his head lowered until his nose reached the water. A small grayling came swimming along nearby, and feeling in a playful mood touched the caribou on the nose. At this the caribou awakened with a start, and he was very angry. To think that a mite of a fish should have the audacity to disturb the slumber of a mighty caribou! He would dole out the proper punishment for so grave an offense. He would place the felon on the highest mountain peak where there wasn't a drop of water. That would show him what happened to small fish who molested big caribou.

So he picked up the grayling on his antlers and waded ashore. Looking around he spied a very high mountain. In fact it was the highest mountain in the world. That, he decided, would be the final resting place of this mischievous fish.

It was a long walk and a hard climb, but revenge was uppermost in the caribou's mind, as he plodded along to the foothills of the mountain. When he reached them he picked out the best