

residence of Raven. Mosique had with him a lot of "tebequenignel," or Indian birch-bark torches. The Little Birds set him down within a few feet of the tall spruce-tree where the Raven lived. Now the Raven is an early riser, and goes to bed equally early; so, as soon as it was dark, Mosique crawled up the tree, and soon came to Raven's door. He slipped in without being seen or heard, and bound Raven while he slept. Then he easily made his way down again, lighted his torches, and soon had the tree in flames. When the fire reached the Raven, he awaked and cried out: "Oh, Mosique, have pity on me, and untie me!" but Mosique heeded him not.

These bark torches always make a dense smoke, which soon blackened the Raven. As the flames drew nearer, the cords which bound the Raven were burned away, or snapped asunder, and he escaped uninjured. But his beauty was gone forever. Up to this time, he was a snow-white bird; but ever since he has been as black as charcoal, down to this very day.

THE END.