

bouillon. There was only the grease in the pail. "Well," said he, "I'll have grease anyway."

The Bear's bladder was hanging in some willow trees where he had thrown it when he had cut him up. And he went over and filled the bladder with the grease, so that he could cool it. He tied the neck of the bladder so that it would hold the grease. "Now," said he to himself, "even if they have taken all my meat and bones, I'll have the grease. I'll just tie it by a string to a stick and let it float in the river until it is cool, and then I'll make a good meal of that anyway." So he tied the bladder of grease to a stick and let it swing in the current of the river to cool it. A Muskrat came along. "Kwe, Muskrat! Where are you going?" said Wiske'djak. "Oh! anywhere," answered the Muskrat. "Well, then, come work for me," said Wiske'djak. "Come, tie this bladder on your tail and swim further out in the deep water where it is cold and cool it for me. Don't swim too fast and go easy or you might break the bladder and spill my grease." "All right," said the Muskrat, "I will do it for you and you will tell me how fast to go." Then Wiske'djak tied it to his tail and the Muskrat started off with it. He made a plan meanwhile. The Muskrat swam way out. "Hold on," said Wiske'djak, "you're going too fast." But the Muskrat swam farther and when he got far enough, he snapped the string with his tail, broke the bladder, and dove out of sight. The grease spread all over the water. Wiske'djak cried and ran out into the water and tried to scoop up the grease in his hands to save some of it, but it all escaped him.

When he had lost his grease, he thought of his bouillon, and went back to his pail, but when he got there, he found that the Wolverine had come and eaten it all up. Then he searched about to see if he could even find a small bone. There was not a thing left. After a while he saw a string of little ants going back and forth from under a log. "I wonder what they are doing," thought he. "Maybe they have something hidden under there." He followed them and looked under the log, and there were the ants eating away on the Bear's skull, devouring the brains. "If I could get in there myself, I could get some of those brains," said he. He tried different ways to reach in, but could not get at it. "If I could only put my head in