

"It was long ago," said Nis-sú kai-yo, one night after he had lighted his pipe and had smoked it for a time with true Indian impressiveness—"it was long ago: the Buffalo was the great Chief; he was Chief of all the animals. At first he was kind to them, but after a while he began to treat them badly. He made them all work for him—the Indian, the Antelope, the Bear, and all of them. When they were sick he took no pity on them. Matters went on from bad to worse until one day this Great-chief-with-the-black-beard became very angry and went about killing whomsoever he met. Everybody was now very much afraid, and the Indian most of all, for almost every day some of his people were slain by the hard-hearted Buffalo. In his distress the Indian concluded to pay a visit to his old friend, the Chief of the Beavers, as he always did when in trouble. On reaching the Beaver village he found the old Chief busy at work on his new house but very glad to see him.

"They sat down and had a long talk.

"'If it goes on this way much longer,' argued the Indian, 'he will kill us all. Let us then go to war and die like braves. It is better to die than to endure such wrongs.'

"'My friend,' answered the Beaver, 'let us first talk to our friends and neighbors and see what they think about it, for without their help we can do nothing. We have all had a pretty hard time of it, and we should be willing to help one another.'