

other moon, apparently as good as his, became so disgusted that he left, leaving the other two boxes behind. This was Ne-kilst-luss' opportunity. So he broke open the other two boxes and let out the moon and stars. These he placed in the heavens, where they have been ever since.

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HOW YEHL GOT FRESH WATER.

At this date the water on the earth was all salt, and unfit for use. So he, Ne-kilst-luss, or Yehl, as I shall call him in the following story, following the usages of the people of Southern Alaska, from whom I have this story, hearing that Kannuc Wolf had plenty of water, he went off to get some, and a drink as well. This chief, Kannuc, lived on an island to the east of Sitka. He had his house built over his well, in order to prevent any one from stealing his fresh water. Yehl took his canoe, and crossed over to the island. Going over he met Kannuc, so together they went to his house. In order to find where he kept his fresh water, Yehl asked him for a drink. This he got, reserving the residue for further use. After spending the evening in conversation both fell asleep. After awhile Yehl awoke. Seeing his host still asleep, he got up and drank what was left in the bucket, and flew away with it. So full was he with the water that he stuck fast in the smoke hole. Some say he picked up the bucket and flew away with it in his beak. This mishap awoke Kannuc, who, in order to punish him for stealing his fresh water, piled a lot of green fir boughs on the fire. This made such a smoke that Yehl was not only nearly suffocated, but was changed from a beautiful white bird to one of sooty blackness.

When he got out he flew over to the mainland, letting fall as he went along a few drops of water. Wherever those drops fell a large river commenced to flow, and has done so ever since. When he reached Hidery land only a few drops of dirty water remained. This accounts for most of the streams on Queen Charlotte's Island being black and dirty, unlike the others.

Having made the rivers, his next step was to stock them with fish. Having learned that Tsing, the beaver, had plenty of salmon, but kept them in a lake and river where no one could find them. He turned himself into a pretty little boy, and wandered away to the beaver's house. The old chief, seeing him to be a rather nice looking little fellow, made him welcome. The better to suit his purpose the boy, as I shall name him, was attentive to the old beaver's every want, and in all things tried to please him.

One day they had for dinner what the old beaver called his nice salmon, and asked the boy how he liked them. He replied they were the nicest fish he ever tasted, and asked where they