

"But that is well-nigh impossible. While he is in his wigwam, no living creature can destroy him. There is but one way to kill him; but it is a sure way, I never knew it to fail. I have a piece of punk which my grandfather, the White Otter, gave me, that will do the work."

So next morning, it being very windy, he went to the foot of the big tree where Mosique lived, put the punk close against the tree, set it on fire, and it soon blazed up. Now this was sure death to Mosique.

(Here part of the story seems to be missing, telling how the Worm escaped this "sure death," but I have been unable to recover it, in spite of all my efforts. — A. L. A.)

Mosique, in his rage, gathered together all the Little Birds, and told his sad story to them.

"That White Bird," said he, "has not treated me right; but I will have my revenge. I want you to take me where he lives."

"We will take you to his wigwam, Grandpa," said the Little Birds. So they sewed the leaves together again,¹ and placing Mosique on them, flew off with him. They soon reached the

¹ A worm, of course, could not fly.