

near the fire, spreading the birch bark to put the meat on. He stuck the pieces of meat on sharp sticks. When they were well roasted, he spread them on the bark to cool off before eating them. He left the bear's head for the last, then he began to eat lots of the bear's fat and the meat. He had a great big pile of it. He sat down to enjoy his meal.

Now, just as he was ready to begin, the wind began to blow a little, and at the same time from above came a little cry, "Whun!" He looked around, because it bothered him, but could not see anything, so he started to eat again. Then the same little cry sounded again, "Whun!" and he stopped to look around, but couldn't see anything. The third time he started to eat, the same cry sounded, and then he got up and hunted for the cause, for it bothered him and was spoiling his good time. When he looked up, he saw a tree that had been blown down, resting in the crotch of another tree over him that rubbed when the wind blew and made this noise. Said Wiske'djak, "You had better stop that noise until I get through eating. I don't like it at all." "Oh!" said the tree, "I have to do it. I can't stop it." Whenever Wiske'djak started to eat again, the wind blew a little. Then Wiske'djak climbed the tree and put his hands in between the tree and the crotch to stop the rubbing, and when the wind blew a little the space spread and closed again. It pinned his hands in the crotch and held him fast. "Let me go! Let me go!" he begged of the tree. "I must get down to my meat." But the only answer he got was, "No," and there he stayed.

Pretty soon when he looked down, he saw a Squirrel come and take some of his meat. He shouted for him to go away without any success. Next came the Marten, then the Fisher, then some Wildcats, then Ravens, and in fact all kinds of animals came and began to eat up his supply of meat. He tried to drive them away, but couldn't. The more he shouted at them, the more they danced and sang and ran off mocking him. They carried away all his pieces of meat to their dens, but didn't touch the pail of grease. By the time all the meat was gone, a little breeze arose and the tree let him go. When he got down, all was cleared away. There were not even bones enough for