

wanted to make the flint large. After he had rolled and rubbed the flint all night, it was four or five feet long, and as thick and wide. He let the block fall to the ground and it made a great noise, a very loud noise; people heard it for a long distance. Hilit went out then and said, —

“Go in, all you people, and look at that good flint.”

They went and looked. It was almost daylight at the time, and each one said, —

“Well, I don’t know what is best to do; perhaps it would be best to send this off. It may be bad for us to keep it here; bad for us to have it in the sweat-house or the village.”

They did not know who could carry the great block, it was so heavy. “Perhaps Patsotchet can carry it,” said they.

Torihas went outside and called Patsotchet, saying: “Come into the sweat-house a little while. You come seldom; but come now.”

Patsotchet left his house, which was near by, and went into the sweat-house.

“What are you going to do?” asked he. “It is too late to do anything now. I have known a long time about Katkatchila. He is very strong. He will do something terrible as soon as daylight comes.”

“Patsotchet,” said Torihas, “you are a good man. I wish you would take this big flint and carry it far away off north.”

“I don’t want to take it,” said Patsotchet. “It is too heavy.”