

away. Her husband heard her crying for kelp; but, when he had reached the beach and launched his boat, the killer was almost out of sight. He summoned his friends, and they went in pursuit; but soon they saw the killer dive, taking the woman to the bottom of the sea. When they came to the place where this had happened, the husband tied a rope of deer-skin around his waist, and said to his friends, "Stay you here and hold to this rope. I shall descend to the bottom of the sea and recover my wife. Do not haul in the rope until I return." Then he jumped into the water. When he arrived at the bottom of the sea he found a trail, which he followed. After awhile he met a number of old women, one of whom dished out food to the rest. The man saw that they were blind, and took the full dishes from the hands of the old woman. After she thought each of her companions had received her share, she asked, "Have all of you got your dinner?" They replied, "No, we have not got anything." Then they smelled the stranger, and said, "Oh, let us see you, O stranger!" The latter asked, "Now, tell me, grandmothers, did not somebody go past here carrying a woman?" They answered, "Oh, yes! they went to the house of the killer." In reward the man opened their eyes. Then they said to him, "Beware of the crane!" "Never mind," replied the man, "I have my fish-spear with me."

He walked on, and met the crane, who sat near the fire and warmed his back. The chief pushed him with his foot, and the crane fell into the fire and burnt his back. He cried with pain. "Tell me, crane," said the man, "did not somebody go past here carrying my wife?" "Yes, they went to the house of the killer," answered the crane. Then the man cured him of his pain, and gave him his fish-spear in reward. The crane warned him of the slave.

The man walked on, and, arrived at the place where the killer's slave split wood for fuel. Then he crawled underneath the log, and broke the point of the wedge. When the slave saw this he began to cry, and said, "Oh! it is growing dark, and I have not finished my work. Certainly my master will punish me." Then the man came forth, and the slave said, "What is your name, O chief! Where do you come from?" "I come to look for my wife." "I am fetching wood here for my master, who wants to cook and to eat her. Oh! have pity upon me, and mend my wedge, else master will kill me." The man complied with his re-