

that sit in here!" A loon came up, uttering its sharp screams, and flapping its wings, on the surface. "Not you!" said the Indian—forthwith, the loon disappeared. An otter came up next, when the spirit was called again. "Not you" repeated the Indian; "begone!" "Come forth! you wizard that sit in here!" repeated the Indian. Presently, the water began to rise, as if caused by some huge animal moving upward; a white panther emerged from the spring, its body partly remaining under water, and looking eastward. The Indians at the altar, started anew their songs and burnt offerings, when the panther was pierced in its side, with an arrow from the bow of their leader. Some of the blood trickled down the arrow from the animal's side, into a small pan which the Indian was holding, with a long handle, and the moment it filled, the blood-tinged surface of the pool closed over the white panther's head; then a rumbling sound was heard, and the turbid waters seen by the Indians, rising in volumes to the surface, indicated the course the white panther had taken down the river. No sign of it was ever seen afterwards by the Indians at the spring.

And these members of the Prairie or Land Turtle Clan, now formed themselves into a secret society, and deified the white panther, some of whose blood (in their possession) became coagulated and somewhat hardened in a short time. Part was broken up in small bits, and distributed among them, to be kept in their *medicine bags*,* reserving the main or a whole piece, to be broken off in bits, and given to new members, after being admitted and initiated

*The Indians generally use a whole skin of some furred animal, unripped, their medicine or conjuring bag—Otter, Mink, Fisher, &c