

solved to make an attempt to kill his pursuers by a ruse. He built a fire and roasted a porcupine that he had caught. The Xūdēlē saw the smoke and smelled the roasting meat. When they came to the snow-field it had grown dark. They shouted down: "Where are you? Let us have some of your meat!" The Ts'ets'ä'ut shouted back: "You must slide down this snow-field, then you will find me. I invite you to take part in my meal!" Then the Xūdēlē began to slide down the snow-field one after the other, and were precipitated into the abyss. Finally only one of their number was left. He did not dare to slide down, and shouted: "Where are all my friends?" The man replied: "They are all here." But the Xūdēlē could not be induced to slide down. He cut steps into the snow, and climbed down as the man had done. Finally he reached the man. When he did not see his friends, he asked what had become of them, and the man told him that they had all perished because they had slid past his shelter. Now the Xūdēlē, who did not dare to attack the man single-handed, offered to gamble with him, and said they would stake their lives. The Ts'ets'ä'ut refused. He had employed the time while the Xūdēlē were sliding down the snow-field to make a heavy club, which he had placed near his fire. While he was talking with the Xūdēlē he watched his opportunity, and slew him with his club. Then he returned to his village and told what had happened. The people were afraid that the friends of the Xūdēlē might come to look for them, and moved to another place.

At another time a man had gone out hunting. It was in summer. He discovered a vast number of Xūdēlē coming right up to him, so that he could not escape. There happened to be a swamp close to the trail which he was following. He jumped into the mud, and lay down, keeping motionless. He looked just like a log. He extended his arms, so that they looked like limbs of a tree. The Xūdēlē came, and one after the other passed him without noticing him. Finally, one of their number noticed the resemblance of the supposed log to a human figure. He raised his axe, and was about to strike him. But since the man did not wince, he concluded that it was nothing but a log and passed on. When all had passed, the man jumped up and ran on the nearest way to his village. There he told the chief that the Xūdēlē were coming. He called a council, and they resolved what to do. They killed a number of dogs and cut them up, skin and bone and intestines. Then they pounded flint to dust, mixed it with the meat, and made a soup of it. When the Xūdēlē came, they invited them to the chief's house and set the soup before them. Before they began eating, a little boy happened to walk past a Xūdēlē, who seized him, tore out his arms and legs, and ate him. The Ts'ets'ä'ut did not dare to remonstrate. Now the