

"When the Great-chief-with-the-black-beard heard what had been done, he was very angry, but he had no fear, for he thought he was wiser than anybody else and especially clever at the Hiding of the Bone.

"Night after night the moon grew bigger and bigger, showing that the awful moment was approaching. Nothing else was talked of, and when at last the morning of the appointed day arrived everybody was at the place of meeting, awaiting with anxious face the beginning of the great game. Never before had all the world been gathered together. Never before had so much been risked on the Hiding of the Bone.

"Just as the sun was highest in the heavens the fateful game began. The Buffalo played first against the Indian and won; then he played against the Fox and lost. Then with the Bear and the Elk and the Bighorn and the Badger, sometimes winning, sometimes losing. Thus all day long the game went on with varying success and no one could tell who was to be Chief. The sun went down and the moon rose, and still it was not settled. Finally it came to the last and least of the animals, the Mouse; and lo and behold! the game stood just even. As the Mouse picked up the bones to play, the excitement became intense. But his medicine was strong. He tossed the bones in his little hands so deftly that the Great-chief-with-the-black-beard, with all his cunning, was bewildered and at last was beaten.