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SALISHAN TRIBES OF THE INTERIOR

NUMEROUS tribes of the Salishan stock inhabited the country lying between the Rocky mountains and the Cascades, and south of the Canadian border to the forty-seventh parallel (in Montana to the forty-sixth). To describe each of these tribes in detail would involve endless repetition, as the culture of the people of this area was quite uniform. They will therefore be treated in a single chapter, with special mention of the history of each tribe, and generalizations on the customs of the entire group.

FLATHEADS AND PEND D'OREILLES

The Flatheads controlled that portion of Montana in which lie the valleys of Clarks fork of the Columbia and its tributaries, the Bitterroot (or St. Marys), the Hell Gate, and the Flathead. The Flatheads proper, who now sometimes call themselves by the place-name Sinchitsuhtétuqi ("red willow river" being the name applied by them to the stream on which they lived), occupied the valley of the Bitterroot; but closely related to them were two other bands which were accustomed to camp with them in the summer. One of these claimed as its own the country about the foot of Flathead lake and along the short Flathead river; the other the region on Clarks fork (Pend d'Oreille river) at Horse plains, below the mouth of St. Regis Borgia river. No native names for these two bands are now current,[16] but officially they

[16] Lewis and Clark name four bands as parts of the Flathead tribe. The "Oatelashschute Tribe of the Tush-she-pah Nation" are the Flatheads proper, the band in the Bitterroot (St. Marys) valley, which they met on their way to the Columbia. The "Mick-suck-seal-tom Tribe of the Tushshepah reside on Clark river above the great falls of that river," and are the Kalispel, who have never been known to live elsewhere than on Clarks fork (Pend d'Oreille river) above the falls of Box cañon. The "Ho-hil-pos. a tribe of d° on Clarks river, above the Mick-suck-seal-toms," are probably the Colvilles (see page 62). "Tush-she-pah's Nation reside on a N. fork of Clark's river," and are the Salishan band which lived on Flathead river and around the foot of Flathead lake, the present Pend d'Oreilles. See *Original Journals of Lewis and Clark,* Thwaites ed., III, 54; VI, 114, 119, 120. The word Túshipa is said by Gatschet to be a term applied by the Shoshoni to the tribes to the north of them, not

are known as Pend d'Oreilles.

There is no evidence either in history or in tradition that the Flatheads ever lived elsewhere. The tribal memory reaches back no farther than the time of the head-chief *Skuti-hlá,* Big Hawk, near the close of the eighteenth century. He was of the Tunáha, a tribe (probably Salishan) that was all but exterminated by small-pox, and the few survivors, including the boy Big Hawk and his mother, came to live among the Flatheads. Big Hawk is said to have been treacherously killed by the Piegan, who first stole his bow in an apparently friendly meeting, then murdered him when he returned for it accompanied by only one man. This occurred in the buffalo country on the upper Missouri, and there the Flat-heads remained inert for many days without a leader. Then in a council they selected for their chief *Chéhle-skaiyimí,* Three Eagles, who held this position at the time his people first saw white men. These were the members of the Lewis and Clark expedition[17], who on September 4, 1805, at the head of Bitterroot river, found a camp of thirty-three lodges sheltering about four hundred inhabitants. The native tradition of the meeting is interesting.

"The two captains advanced and shook hands with the chief, who commanded his people to refrain from any evil-doing toward them. The white men removed the pack-saddles from their horses and sat down on the ground. The chief said: 'They have no robes to sit on. Some Indians have stolen them. Bring them robes.' Buffalo-skins were brought, but, instead of sitting on them, the white men threw them about their shoulders. One of their men had a black face, and the Indians said among themselves: 'See, his face is painted black! They are going to have a scalp-dance.'"

Even then, at the beginning of the historical period for the Flatheads, their horses were abundant. A herd of about five hundred belonged to this band, and the white men, after accepting the hospitable offer of a share in the Indians' berries (their sole diet at that particular moment), purchased fresh animals for the arduous crossing of the Bit-

limited to the Flatheads.

[17] The explorers, however, record the statement of one of the tribe that some of his kindred had been at the mouth of the Columbia, where they saw an old white man living alone. (Op. cit., III, 61.)

terroot mountains. Like the Nez Percés, the Flat-heads, because of their numerous horses, were constantly harassed by war-parties from tribes less fortunate in this respect. Shoshoni, Bannock, Apsaroke, Piegan, Sioux, Cœur d'Alênes, and Kutenai were enemies of the Flatheads. There was never war with the Pend d'Oreilles, Kalispel, Spokan, or Yakima, and the only hostility with the Nez Percés resulted when a Shoshoni living among the Flatheads with a woman of this tribe was killed by the Nez Percés. The Shoshoni from the south, and the Blackfoot tribes, especially the Piegan, from the east, were the principal aggressors, and against the latter they were for a time almost helpless, since the Piegan were the sooner armed with guns. However, a few years prior to 1810, says the younger Alexander Henry,[18] the tribes west of the Rocky mountains began to acquire guns from the traders of the Northwest Company, and in the summer of that year a party of Flatheads and other Indians, travelling eastward into the buffalo country, came unexpectedly on a number of Piegan, and in a fiercely fought battle killed sixteen of their warriors.

Annually in the fall practically the entire tribe, usually accompanied by some of the Pend d'Oreilles, Kalispel, Cœur d'Alênes, and, according to Lewis and Clark, sometimes even the Lemhi River Shoshoni,[19] travelled overland up Hell Gate river and across the mountains to the waters of the Missouri, thence into the northern buffalo plains, where they spent the autumn hunting, preparing skin robes, and feasting on meat as a delightful change from their customary diet of berries and fish. And constant watch was maintained against a surprise, for the hunting grounds of the upper Missouri were overrun by Piegan, Atsina, Assiniboin, and Apsaroke, against whom such western tribes as entered the plains usually allied themselves. These parties returned about the end of December, except when winters of unusual severity compelled them to defer crossing the mountains until spring. The few families which remained at home during the hunting season kept their lodges well concealed from possible marauders. West of the Bitterroot mountains the Flatheads went only just beyond the summit to the heads of the creeks discharging into the Clearwater, where they

[18] *Henry-Thompson Journals,* Coues ed., New York, 1897, page 713.

[19] Lewis and Clark, III, 49.

constructed weirs across the streams to take salmon.[20]

The country of the Flatheads is a mountainous region, its valleys girt with forested ranges from which flow rushing torrent and broad clear river. Dotting the plains and hidden in the shadow of the mountains are pellucid lakes, and the pine forests are broken with sunny glades. While they spent much time in the buffalo country, they depended for the greater part on the game of their mountains and the fish of their streams.

About the year 1800 traders began to operate regularly among the Flatheads, and with them came, as hunters and trappers, a number of eastern Indians, principally Iroquois. According to Palladino,[21] a party of that tribe, twenty-four in number, under the leadership of Ignace La Mousse, commonly known as Old Ignace,[22] left the Caughnawaga mission near Montreal between the years 1812 and 1820, and went to live among the Flatheads. Ignace taught the Flatheads some of the forms of the Catholic service, and in 1831 a number of Flatheads and Nez Percés set out for St. Louis, to ask that priests be sent to them. At Council Bluffs, according to the missionary, Marcus Whitman, three of the party turned back, and the remaining four went on to St. Louis, where during the fall two of them died and, having been previously baptized, were buried from the cathedral. In the spring of 1832 the other two embarked on a steamer of the Missouri Fur Company, which also carried the artist Catlin. One of them died at the mouth of the Yellowstone, and only one, who seems to have been a Nez Percé, returned to his people.

In 1835 Ignace La Mousse (whether Old Ignace or a son is not

[20] Ibid., 66.

[21] *Indian and White in the Northwest,* Baltimore, 1894, page 9. See also Alexander F. Chamberlain, Iroquois in Northwestern Canada, *American Anthropologist,* n.s., VI, 459—463, Lancaster, Pa., 1904, and Chittenden and Richardson, *Life, Letters and Travels of Father Pierre-Jean De Smet,* S.J., 1801-1873, 4 vols., New York, 1905.

[22] It is quite possible that this is Ignace, the Iroquois, who appears as a Northwest Company employe at Rocky Mountain House on the North Saskatchewan in 1810, and at Fort George (Astoria) as late as 1814. See *Henry-Thompson Journals,* pages 647, 908.

certain) went to St. Louis with his two sons, who were there baptized. Still no "black-robes" came, and in 1837 three Flatheads set out for St. Louis in the company of Mr. W.H. Gray, a missionary who had been with Spalding at Lapwai mission among the Nez Percés, and was now returning to the East with an escort of Indians. All the Indians were killed by the Sioux at Ash Hollow, in northwestern Nebraska. Finally, in 1839, two more messengers from the Flatheads reached St. Louis, Ignace and another of the Iroquois, and they were assured that priests would be sent.[23] A native tradition of this quest for priests, confused as it is, is here repeated for what it may be worth.

"Tuhuspé, an uncle of Moïs,[24] who sits there, having lost his wife by death, left the people and went alone into the high mountains. He travelled away over the main ridge of the Rocky mountains, and there he met a man who was dressed like a woman. After many days he returned to his people and told them that he had seen a man wearing the garments of a woman. Some Iroquois living among the Flatheads told him that this was a priest, and that there were many of them living in the East. 'Such people,' they said, 'never fight, nor steal, nor lie, nor gamble, nor do they ever marry.' The head-chief thought he would like to have such a man among his people, and Tuhuspé promised that if the people would congregate he would sing a song he had heard beyond the mountains. When the people were assembled, he turned to the east, placed his palms together, closed his eyes, and from the expression of his face he seemed to be suffering the greatest agony.[25] Then he sang, sobbing at intervals, and at the end he raised his right

[23] Snowden, *History of Washington,* New York, 1909, II, 111-112.

[24] Moïs (a corruption of Mousse) says that his mother was half Iroquois. He is, of course, a descendant of Old Ignace La Mousse, as are also Pierre Lamoose and Joe Lamoose, and Tuhuspé was one of the Iroquois who migrated to the Flathead country.

[25] At this point in his narrative Not Indian (Big Sam) said: "Watch my face, and you will see what Tuhuspé did." He closed his eves and raised his hands with palms together; the muscles of his face began to twitch, the movement increasing in violence, and in a few seconds tears were streaming down his face, while he began to sob brokenly, his voice rising now and then in a peculiar cadence. At the end of a brief interval, probably less than two minutes, his eyes opened and his hearty laugh pealed forth.

hand, palm outward, and said, 'I wish that you may pity me, you who live above, that I may be free from affliction; for I am poor!' To the people he said, 'After we are done with this singing I will go away and look for a black-robe.' Then he and a brother and eight others went away with a white man. Travelling eastward, they met some Indians with horses and took them. From there all, except Tuhuspé, another Indian, and the white man, returned home. The three went on, and reached the country of the Cheyenne, where the white man had a store. He gave each of his companions white men's clothing and a horse, and Tuhuspé went on eastward, while his friend returned home. The Flatheads never heard directly of him again, but the Cheyenne told them they had killed him."

In 1840 Father Pierre-Jean De Smet and a party of Flatheads met at Green river on the Oregon trail in what is now southwestern Wyoming, and the priest was escorted to the Gallatin valley in southern Montana, where he remained for some weeks instructing them. In the following year he returned with five assistants and established St. Mary's mission on Bitterroot river, near the site of the town of Stevensville, Montana. The restrictions imposed by the priests were probably too severe for people accustomed to almost absolute freedom of action, for, in the words of Palladino, they became "estranged, careless, indifferent, and pretentious to a degree that all endeavors of the fathers in their behalf, and for their spiritual welfare, were unheeded." In 1850 the mission was closed and remained so until 1866.

In July, 1855, having concluded treaties with the Nez Percés' Yakima, Wallawalla, Umatilla, and Cayuse, Governor Stevens arrived at the mouth of Hell Gate river a few miles from the site of Missoula, Montana, where he found a camp of about twelve hundred Indians — Flatheads, Pend d'Oreilles, and Kutenai. He proposed to create either below Flathead lake or in the valley south of Missoula a single reservation for the three tribes, and for such other tribes as the Government might see fit to place there. Victor, whose band occupied the Bitterroot valley, claimed also authority over the country about Flathead lake and river, and he not only refused to cede his valley but objected when Alexander, of the Pend d'Oreilles, expressed a willingness to give up the Flathead river country. After eight days of speech-making by the Indians, and persistent urging by Stevens that the three chiefs come to an agreement, Victor said: "We will send this word to the Great

Father. Come and look at our country. When you look at Alexander's place, and say the land is good, and say, 'Come, Victor,' I will go. If you think this above [the Bitterroot valley] is good land, then Victor will say, 'Come here, Alexander.'" Hereupon Alexander and Michelle, the Kutenai chief, suddenly found themselves unalterably opposed to giving up the Flathead river land in the event that the President should choose the valley as the better place for the reservation. However, it required very little astuteness on the part of Governor Stevens to see a safe passage through the rocks that threatened his one reservation scheme with shipwreck. Said he: "Both tracts shall be surveyed. If the mission [St. Ignatius, in the Flathead river and lake region] is the best land, Victor shall live there. If the valley is the best land, Victor shall stay here. Alexander and Michelle may stay at the mission." One can hardly suppose that the Governor entertained any doubt as to which tract would be found to be the best — for the reservation. It is improbable that he was so solicitous for Victor's welfare that he hesitated to confirm the chief's title to the valley lest the land there might not prove to be quite so rich as somewhere else. Certainly no one who knows the Flathead reservation and the Bitterroot valley would hesitate to say that the negotiations with Victor's people, when it was decided they must leave the Bitterroot, were not ingenuous. The land thus secured from the three tribes under the treaty of July 16, 1855, included all of Montana west of the continental divide and a small area in the extreme northern end of Idaho. The reservation made for their use was enclosed on the east, south, and west by the Mission range and the ridge of hills extending northwestward from Evaro, Montana, and on the north by an east-and-west line through the middle of Flathead lake. To this day the Indians insist that this line should have been run through Little Bitterroot lake, fifteen to twenty miles north of the actual boundary, and there is no doubt that they really thought it was to be so drawn.

The Flatheads continued to live in their valley, and some of them cultivated little farms; but white men were not slow to see the desirableness of the land, and they began to settle there in ever-increasing numbers. In 1871 President Grant issued an executive order setting forth that "the Bitter Root Valley.... having been carefully surveyed and examined.... has proved, in the judgment of the President, not to be better adapted to the wants of the Flathead tribe than the general

reservation provided for,... it is therefore ordered and directed that all Indians residing in said Bitter Root Valley be removed as soon as practicable to the reservation." It is to be feared that the President was playing on the word "surveyed," for in the following year Congress passed an act directing that the Indians be removed from the valley, and further providing "that as soon as practicable after the passage of this act the surveyor-general of Montana Territory shall cause to be surveyed, as other public lands of the United States are surveyed, the lands of the Bitter Root Valley."

James A. Garfield, then a member of Congress, was commissioned to obtain the consent of the Indians to removal. Victor had died in 1870 of a wound in the leg, which proved fatal, his son thought, because he had been baptized and thus lost his magic power, which had saved him in many dangerous situations. His son, Grizzly-bear Claws, commonly called Charlo,[26] was the next chief, and he it was whom Garfield met in 1872. Charlo and the other principal men unequivocally refused to consider any terms upon which they would be expected to leave the valley. They pointed out that as seventeen years had passed since the treaty was made, and the Government had not yet surveyed the lands, they had assumed this to be tacit consent to their retaining possession. But the two subchiefs, Arlee and Adolf, the former hoping thus to become head-chief, were induced to sign an agreement to move to the Jocko reservation. Charlo did not sign, but when the agreement was printed in the annual report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, there appeared below it, "Charlot, his X mark, First Chief of the Flatheads." Who was guilty of this pseudo-forgery is not known. Before leaving the reservation, Garfield had written to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Montana Territory: "In carrying out the terms of the contract made with the chiefs of the Flatheads for removing that tribe to this reservation, I have concluded, after full consultation with you, to proceed with the work in the same manner as though Charlot, the first chief, had signed the contract. I do this in the belief that when he

[26] "Charlo, the Iroquois," was in 1810 and 1811 an employe of the Northwest Company in the Rocky mountains and the Columbia river region. Probably the Flathead chief was a descendant. See *Henry-Thompson Journals,* Coues ed., page 647. Locally his name is written Charlot, and pronounced as a French word.

sees the work actually going forward, he will conclude to come here with the other chiefs and thus keep the tribe unbroken."[27]

But the process of removal was slow. The houses promised in good faith by the commissioner, and ordered to be built at once for those who would move, were not finished until a year later, and at the end of another twelvemonth the only Flatheads on the reservation were the families of the ambitious Arlee and four mixed-bloods. The following of Arlee was small indeed. The tribe stood with Charlo. In the next year, 1875, there were twenty families on the reservation, but between three hundred and four hundred Flatheads remained in the valley. In 1889 a law was enacted by Congress, providing for a renewal of negotiations with Charlo, and this time success was achieved; for he agreed to give up the Bitterroot valley in consideration of remuneration for the improvements made by his people, which were appraised at more than twenty-seven thousand dollars. In 1891 the band proceeded to the reservation and established homes in the valley of Jocko river. Charlo died in January, 1910. In spite of the questionable treatment accorded them, the Flatheads were never at war with the Government.

The population assigned by Lewis and Clark to the Flatheads proper was four hundred persons in thirty-three lodges, and to the Pend d'Oreilles on Flathead river four hundred and thirty persons in thirty-five lodges. George Gibbs, in 1853, estimated the former at three hundred and twenty-five, but Governor Stevens, two years later, credited them with five hundred, and an unusually reliable informant, who was a young man at the time of the treaty council, says there were then eighty lodges of the Flatheads (which is equivalent to about seven hundred persons) and about three hundred Pend d'Oreilles. In 1875 there were reported eighty-one Flatheads on the reservation, and, as above mentioned, between three hundred and four hundred in the Bitterroot valley. More recent figures are meaningless because of the impossibility of properly classifying the children of intertribal marriages. The remnant of the Flathead tribe is probably a more heterogeneous group than any other in the Northwest. Its representatives are the offspring of marriages not only with such kindred tribes as the

[27] *Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs,* Washington, 1872.

Pend d'Oreilles, Kalispel, Cœur d'Alênes, Spokan, Colvilles, and others, but with the Nez Percés, Shoshoni, Piegan, Tunáha, Delawares, Iroquois, and white men of various nations. Father Ravalli, who first became acquainted with the Flatheads in 1844, declared more than twenty-five years ago that there was not in the tribe a single person not known to be of mixed lineage.

KALISPEL

The Kalispel lived in northeastern Washington, in the valley of Clarks fork (Pend d'Oreille river) of the Columbia, from about the place where the Idaho boundary crosses the stream down to Box cañon. The following tribal tradition indicates a more northerly region as their earlier home.

"Coming from the north, the people stopped at Priest lake, which was a good country, for there was abundance of fish and game. After a time, however, the chief said, 'Let us travel about and look for a better place.' So they did, several men. In their search they reached the top of a mountain [Mount Carlton, northeast of Spokane], and looked down into a valley, where they saw what they took for a large lake spread out before them, shining blue in the sunlight. So they came down toward it, but when they reached the valley they found that the sea of blue was not a lake at all, but an immense field of camas in bloom.[28] In the valley was a large river [the Pend d'Oreille], into which flowed a smaller stream [Mission creek], and they decided that this would be a good place to live, for there were fish in the streams and game in the mountains. After returning to Priest lake they described to the chief and the people what they had found, and it was decided that they would move to the new country. Since that time the Kalispel have lived in the valley of Pend d'Oreille river."

Formerly the Kalispel went down the river in June to spear and trap salmon at the falls below Box cañon, and in the late summer or

[28] "The quawmash is now in blume and from the colour of its bloom at a short distance it resembles lakes of fine clear water, so complete is this deseption that on first sight I could have swoarn it was water." —*Original Journals of Lewis and Clark,* V, 132.

early autumn a party started for the buffalo country, proceeding up the stream in canoes while boys, travelling overland, drove the horses. The route lay up the Pend d'Oreille and the Flathead to the mouth of Jocko river, where the canoes were cached. The journey was resumed on horses along the Jocko, across to the waters of the Big Blackfoot, up that stream into the mountains and then across to the Dearborn, and so down to the Missouri. The canoe trip occupied about eight days and the journey ahorse about nine. In the buffalo country the winter was spent, and then in the spring the hunters started homeward with as many robes and as much meat as they could carry.

Like the Flatheads and the Pend d'Oreilles, the Kalispel, although not addicted to war, were reckless fighters when aroused. In the buffalo plains there were frequent encounters with Blackfeet, Apsaroke, and Sioux. Many of their horses were obtained by raids into the territory of the Cœur d'Alênes, the Nez Percés, and the Yakima, and they were at enmity also with the Kutenai, who sometimes invaded their country for horses. It was from the Flatheads that they acquired the custom of scalping.

In 1844 Father Hoecken (whom the Indians now speak of as *Pelihúkun* — Pére Hoecken) established St. Ignatius mission at the mouth of Mission creek and began to teach the Kalispel the outward forms, if not the inward meaning, of Christianity. They proved docile and tractable, but in 1854, on account of the annual floods in the valley due to the obstruction at the narrow Box cañon, it was deemed best to remove the mission to its present location near Ravalli, Montana. The majority of the two hundred or more Kalispel under their chief Victor *(Nskaltá)* accompanied the priests, but after spending two years in the upper country many of them returned to the valley, and it was not long ere nearly all the others had joined them.

In their tiny village on the eastern bank of the Pend d'Oreille they now receive periodical visits from a priest, and on Sundays, when he is absent, the chief assembles his little band in his canvas-covered tipi, and conducts a form of service in which hymns are chanted and prayers recited in the native language.

The tribe now includes not more than a hundred persons, whose cabins here and there dot the valley on the eastern side of the river for a distance of some fifteen miles southward from Mission creek. Timothy planted by the priests more than sixty years ago has taken

possession of broad meadows, which now yield the hay upon which the people depend almost wholly for their support. Each summer they leave their ill-ventilated cabins and pitch small lodges in a camp at the camas meadow opposite Cusick, Washington, where some semblance of their former life may yet be observed. The smoke curls upward from a dozen tipis. Women, old and young, are scattered over the fields plying their root-diggers and filling their baskets with camas bulbs. A bark canoe slips silently through the water toward the paddler's favorite fishing ground, and on the sloping grassy bank, among other upturned canoes, another boatman bends over his craft, deftly caulking its seams with spruce-gum.

Through several generations of youthful marriages and too close inbreeding the people have degenerated into a band of undersized weaklings. Their chief, Masselow (a corruption of the French name Marcellon), son of his predecessor, Victor, controls them more by the aid of tribal custom and the strong right arm of the peace officer, who at his command administers punishment with the lash, than by force of character, which he conspicuously lacks. They have never made a treaty with the Government, and have held their homes only by right of occupancy, but in 1909 steps were taken to grant them in severalty lands sufficient for their maintenance.

CŒUR D'ALÊNES

Directly west of the Flatheads were the Cœur d'Alênes, or, in their own language, Schítsui, occupying the territory surrounding Cœur d'Alênes lake, or what is now that portion of Idaho lying between the forty-seventh and the forty-eighth parallels. On the headwaters of Spokane river they adjoined the Upper Spokan, with whom they were on intimate terms. Lexically also the two tribes were closely akin. Lewis and Clark, who met men of this tribe among the Nez Percés on Clearwater river, give it a population of two thousand persons dwelling in a hundred and twenty lodges, but Stevens's estimate, in 1855, was four hundred and fifty. Within recent years the number has been about four hundred, although there has been so much intermarriage, and there are so many individuals of other tribes on the reservation, that accurate figures are not available. Their reservation at Lake Cœur d'Alênes was established by executive order in 1867, and its boundaries were altered

in 1872 to include an area of about four hundred thousand acres of excellent land. The Cœur d'Alênes received allotments in severalty in 1909, and the surplus land was subsequently opened to settlement. They have for some years been a community of farmers, and afford scant material for a study of their tribal life. Historically they are noteworthy only as having participated in the war of 1858, their rôle in which will be described later.

SPOKAN

In eastern Washington, along Spokane river below the Cœur d'Alênes, were three small tribes known collectively as the Spokan, and distinguished as Upper, Middle, and Lower Spokan, according to their respective positions on the river. The first-named held the country on both sides of Spokane river from Post Falls, in Idaho, to the mouth of Hangman creek, a little below the Spokane falls and the site of the present city of Spokane; and from Mount Carlton, on the north, to a line about thirty miles south of the river. In their own language they were *Sintutuúli,* the Muddy (Creek) People, *Ntutuúli-mátq* being the name of Hangman creek. Their permanent winter camps were along this stream. Adjoining them on the west were *Sinhoméne*, the Salmon-trout People, who claimed the country along the river from a short distance below the mouth of Hangman creek to the present Tumtum, Washington. Their more permanent camps were on Little Spokane river. The *Tskaistsíhlni,* whose name is derived from the native appellation of the Little Falls of the Spokane, about which their camps centered, held the territory from Tumtum to the mouth of the river. These were separate tribes, not bands of the same tribe. Each exercised exclusive control over its fishing and camping grounds along the stream, although they all shared the prairies south of the river for root-digging, and the hills on the north for gathering berries and hunting game. The language of the Lower Spokan was very slightly different from that which the other two tribes used in common. The Sintutuúli and the Sinhoméne were closely allied by friendship as well as by language, and in the times of which we have our first definite information, shortly before the middle of the nineteenth century, they were practically one.

At that time *Ilumhú-spukaní,* Chief Sun, or Garry (the Indians

pronounce the name as if it were Jerry), was chief of the Sinhoméne. Born about 1813, at the age of about twelve years he was taken by Sir George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, to be educated at the company's post on Red river. After five years of schooling he returned to his people, and began to preach and to institute some of the forms of Christian worship among them. As the report of his new teaching spread, people from other tribes came to hear him, and his influence increased until he was head of his tribe. Also, in the place of *Nahutumhl-kó,* Erect Hair, the senile chief of the Sintutuúli, he caused to be recognized a nephew of the latter; but because of his education and knowledge of the ways of the white men, he himself was in effect the head-chief of both tribes. All this occurred before the first mission in that part of the country was established, in 1839, by the Reverend Elkanah Walker and the Reverend Cushing Eells, among the Lower Spokan at the site of Walker Prairie. This tribe was probably as fertile soil as could have been found in the Northwest for the planting of Christian teachings. The chief, *Chisaíakn,* Bad Head, or, as he was afterward called, *Lilímuhhlimíla,* Chief Raven, had, in company with a man named Odhopáhin, spent years in going among the neighboring tribes, urging peace; first he went to the Nespilim, then successively to the Nez Percés, the Colvilles, and the Kalispel. He was everywhere successful, and from his day to the present time the Lower Spokan have taken part in no fighting. He was succeeded by his son, *Hustl-púsimn,* Walking Heart (whom the report of the Federal Census of 1890 amusingly dubs "Whistlepossum"), commonly known as Lot. The latter became an ardent supporter of the mission. It is related of him that, having made a visit to Washington in the company of three chiefs from the Colville reservation who asked for annual money, he justified his request for a boarding-school on the ground that money would do the people little good, for when it was spent, it was gone; but a school they would always have, and what their children learned there they would always know.

Following the practice of some of the more westerly Salish, such as the Sanpoel, Nespilim, and Sinkiuse, who respectively called the three tribes collectively Spokénih, Spokénik, Shpokénuh, our name

spokan[29] has been applied to the group as if the three were one.

The Lower Spokan have a vague tradition that they once were enemies of the other two tribes. In ancient times there was war between the Middle Spokan and the Cœur d'Alênes, the last fight taking place about the beginning of the eighteenth century; but the Upper Spokan were on friendly terms with both parties. In those days also ceased the old hostility between the Nez Percés and the Upper and Middle Spokan. Horses were obtained, judging from native tradition, in the first decade of the eighteenth century, and guns were acquired a few years later, for the traders were in their country at an early date. The Northwest Company established Spokane House on upper Spokane river early in the nineteenth century, and not long afterward, in the summer of 1812, the Pacific Fur Company, commonly known as the Astoria Company, built a competing post on the same stream at the mouth of the Cœur d'Alêne. Possessing horses and guns, small parties of Spokan sometimes joined the Flatheads, Nez Percés, Yakima, and Shoshoni in expeditions across the Rocky mountains into the buffalo country, and there they frequently met the Piegan and the Apsaroke in battle. But these journeys to the plains never became of periodic occurrence with

[29] Etymologically the word seems to be related to *spukani',* sun, but the force of the reference is not apparent. It may conceivably have originated among a tribe which thus described a related people living "toward the sun"; however, in the speech of the three tribes mentioned above, *spukani* does not appear as the word for sun. In explanation of the term an informant said that when Garry was taken to the Red River country to be educated, he was asked what was his name; that he replied, *"Ilumhú-spukani"* (Chief Sun); that by a misconception the white men took the last part of the word to be the name of his tribe. Intrinsically this is highly improbable and chronologically impossible; for the word "Spokanes" was used by the fur-trader Alexander Henry in 1811, and Garry went to school about 1825. No less impossible is the proposed derivation from a word meaning "wheat": it is hardly to be supposed that wheat was an article of such importance to the Spokan as to have given them a well-established cognomen as early as 1811. Incidentally the question whether the word is Spokén or Spokán (as it is pronounced throughout the West) is left unsettled. If the derivation is through *spukani,* the name of the city should, in strictness, be Spokan; if it comes to us through the Salish of Columbia river, it should be pronounced as it is written. The fact that in its earliest recorded form the name of the Indians appears as "Spokanes" is an indication that the city of Spokane is mispronouncing her own name.

the Spokan, as they did with the Flatheads, Kalispel, and Nez Percés. A man born about 1834 tells of a journey made in boyhood down the Columbia to a white settlement near the mouth, probably Vancouver, Washington. The party, consisting of nearly a hundred people in seventeen canoes, visited the Indians of the lower river and worked occasionally at sawing wood for the white men, and returned after an absence of a year. On another occasion he and seven others, men and women, made the same journey on horses.

From hearsay Lewis and Clark judged the population of the Spokan to be about six hundred, dwelling in thirty houses, and Gibbs, in 1853, estimated it as four hundred and fifty. Two years later, however, the number was given by Governor Stevens as eleven hundred, and in 1865 the Indian agent reported twelve hundred Spokan. In 1910 the agency census returned six hundred, of whom ninety-six were in Idaho and five hundred and four in Washington.

Only once did the Spokan engage in hostilities against the United States. After the conclusion of the Stevens treaties with the Yakima, Nez Percés, and others in 1855 the Spokan regarded with apprehension the nearer approach of the multiplying white men; for Governor Stevens had informed them that he would make a treaty with them also. His plan was thwarted by the uprising of the dissatisfied Yakima, Wallawalla, and Cayuse, as well as the numerous coast tribes, and no treaty was ever made with the Spokan. One of the immediate causes of the outbreak was connected with the discovery of gold in the Colville district in northeastern Washington, by which a sudden swarm of prospectors was attracted to that quarter. Inevitably there was friction with the Indians. The Yakima attacked and killed several of the white men, and war broke out. Active hostility ceased in 1856, and Kamaíakin, who had been most tireless in arousing the war spirit, crossed the Columbia and began to spread discontent among the Cœur d'Alênes and the Palus, his own tribe.

The Cœur d'Alênes and the Spokan were most anxious lest the white men, and especially the soldiers, should enter their country. After the outbreak of the Yakima, when Governor Stevens, hurrying to the coast from a treaty-making council with the Blackfeet, stopped for a conference with the Spokan chiefs, Garry said to him: "I hope that you will make peace on the other side of the Columbia, and keep the soldiers from coming here.... If there were many French-men [former

employés of the Hudson's Bay Company, many of whom had settled on Indian lands and made notification under the Donation Act] here, my heart would be like fighting. These French people here have talked too much. I went to the Walla Walla council, and when I returned I found that all the Frenchmen had gotten their land written down on a paper. I ask them, Why are you in such a hurry to have writings for your lands now? Why don't you wait until a treaty is made? Governor, these troubles are on my mind all the time, and I will not hide them. When you talk to your soldiers and tell them not to cross Snake river into our country, I shall be glad." A Cœur d'Alêne chief said: "You have many soldiers, and I would not like to have them mix among my people." Another repeated the same hope and the same fear: "I would not like to have the whites cross to this side. If the whites do not cross the river, the Indians will all be pleased. We have not made friendship yet... When we see that the soldiers don't cross the Columbia, we shall believe you take us for your friends."[30]

In the winter of 1858 rumors began to be heard to the effect that the Indians in the Colville district were becoming restless, and then occurred the killing by the Palus of two white men on their way to the mines. On the sixth of May, Lieutenant-Colonel E.J. Steptoe, with about one hundred and fifty dragoons and infantry and two howitzers, left the newly established Fort Walla Walla[31] to investigate conditions at Colville. He crossed Snake river and marched northward, and on the sixteenth, in the country south of Spokane, he was confronted by about six hundred Indians - Cœur d'Alênes, Spokan, and some Palus - mounted and painted. These offered no violence, but remained massed in his front, shouting and gesticulating. Steptoe moved on slowly and went into camp. The chiefs came to inquire why he had brought soldiers into their country, and although he said his purpose was only to

[30] Stevens, *Life of Isaac 1. Stevens,* Boston, 1900, II, 136-138.

[31] Not the same as the Northwest Company post (afterward, by consolidation of the two companies, a Hudson's Bay Company post), which was built in 1818 by Donald McKenzie, at the mouth of Walla Walla river, about a mile from the present Wallula, Washington. The United States military post was built by Steptoe in 1856, on ground now occupied by the city of Walla Walla, some twenty-five miles east of the trading-post.

visit Colville on a peaceful mission, they insisted that he turn back. His force was too small, and for some reason too ill-supplied with ammunition, to admit of forcing a passage, hence he agreed to withdraw. At three o'clock in the morning the retreat began, and at daylight the troops were surrounded by an excited mob of Indians, more numerous than ever. In a little while firing began, and a general attack followed. A position was taken on a hill near what is now called Steptoe butte, and the fighting continued until nightfall. Several of the soldiers, including two officers, were lost, and a number of others wounded, and several Nez Percé guides were killed. After a consultation among the remaining officers, the two howitzers were buried and a hurried retreat was begun. Scarcely a halt was made until they reached Snake river, where they were ferried across by some of the Alpowa band of Nez Percés. The following account of this affair by one of the Indian participants is exceptionally clear.

"In May the Sintutuúli, the Sinhoméne, and the Cœur d'Alênes were camping in small groups on the prairie in the vicinity of what is now Spangle, a town South of Spokane. Soldiers on the way to Fort Colville were seen by a hunting party of the Cœur d'Alênes, who brought the news and proposed that we should kill the white men. The soldiers camped after we had surrounded them and had made threatening movements. The headmen were having great trouble in keeping us young men quiet. After the soldiers had camped, Garry and others went and talked with them and persuaded them to go back. In the morning the soldiers started back, but we kept thronging about them, and when the troops came to a narrow valley, we swarmed up on the flanking bluffs. All the time the head-men were trying to hold back the young men. Mountain-sheep, of the Cœur d'Alênes, was one of the elder men. He was also named *Milkápsi,* Eagle Robe. His younger brother, Tsitsíuhsimú, and Steláam, another Cœur d'Alêne, angry with the chief for his efforts to restrain them, rode forth and shot at the troops. The firing became general on the part of the Cœur d'Alênes, but the Spokan chiefs succeeded for a time in holding us; before long, however, all were engaged in the fighting. The soldiers alternately retreated and halted, but all the time fighting, and always pursued by us. Night came on, and the soldiers halted, while some of us surrounded them, and the others returned to their own camps. Three Cœur d'Alênes had been killed, and I saw four soldiers-lying dead. In

the night the soldiers went away, leaving their mules provisions, blankets, and pack-saddles, and in the morning we took what they had left. I got one mule and one horse and three blankets, and my brother got five mules and three blankets. There was no pursuit. We returned to our camps, and at the end of the season for digging we moved back to the river, and the Cœur d'Alênes to their lake. Kamaíakin took no part in this fight; he was camping with his three wives and children toward the Cœur d'Alênes country, and intentionally kept away. By this he lost some of his influence."

Preparations were at once set under way to put an effective force in the field. The garrison at Fort Simcoe in the Yakima country was strengthened by three hundred men, and seven hundred dragoons, infantry, and artillery under Colonel George Wright set out from Fort Walla Walla early in August, 1858. On the morning of September first, near Medical lake, southwest of the present city of Spokane, Indian scouts were seen on near-by hills, and skirmishers were thrown out to scatter them. When the troops reached the ridge overlooking the lakes, they saw the plain filled with a seething multitude of mounted and highly excited Indians, dashing hither and thither, shouting, singing, brandishing their weapons. While the artillery threw shells into the pines that fringed the lakes, the infantry in open order advanced down the slope, and the Indians, for the first time opposed by soldiers armed with rifles, were forced into the open level country, where the dragoons, charging down between the open ranks of the infantry, quickly put them to flight. At least seventeen were killed, but not a soldier was even wounded. After three days of resting his forces Wright moved northward in the direction in which, his Nez Percé scouts informed him, the enemy had fled. Some twenty miles below the site of Spokane, Indians were seen gathering on the flanks of the troops. The column entered a prairie and found that the grass had been fired, and the smoke, driven by a strong wind, made the position difficult. However, a charge was made through the blazing grass, and the Indians were driven from cover to cover. Fighting constantly, the troops marched on fourteen miles and pitched camp a few miles below the falls of the Spokane. Two days later Wright moved up the river to a point above the falls, and there Garry and others came in to talk about peace. They were told that the surrender must be absolute, and that those who had been concerned in the murder of miners must be given up. Wright

detained Pólotkin, a chief of the Middle Spokan, and a Palus suspected of complicity in the murder of two white men. The latter was judged guilty and was hanged, but Pólotkin was released a few days later and told to assemble his people for the surrender.

A few points of information not available in the official reports are furnished in the Indian account.

"In the summer came news that soldiers under Colonel Wright were already camping on Snake river. A messenger was sent out among the Sintutuúli and the Sinhoméne, and another to the Kalispel, and all of our people and the Cœur d'Alênes gathered at Stlupútqu ("swift water" — Spokane falls). Every night war-dances were held, and every day we practised riding, especially did the Cœur d'Alênes. A few days later, about twenty young men of the Kalispel joined us, but the Tskaistsíhlni took no part in the war. The next day, scouts having reported the soldiers at Medical lake, we moved in that direction and camped. Some of us did not wish to fight, but went to look on. But the others taunted us with being cowards. After making camp, the women went out to dig camas, and at the same time a few men on horses rode to the top of the hills and saw the soldiers approaching. They at once turned back and reported what they had seen, and at that moment the soldiers appeared on the ridge. We mounted and rode to meet them. We were driven back. Kamaíakin was in this fight, and some Nez Percés were present. We were pursued, and driven to the Spokane river. That night we danced, and on the fourth morning we started again toward the soldiers. Scouts had reported that they were advancing toward us, and we met them in a large open prairie. We fired the grass, but it did not burn well. We were driven back into the woods, and retreated up the river. Above the falls Garry and the other chiefs held a council with the soldiers, and Pólotkin and a guilty Palus were given up. The chief was released when the soldiers reached St. Mary's mission near the lake, but the Palus was hanged. After the council, the Sinhoméne went to the Kalispel country, and the Sintutuúli to the region between Spokane falls and Cœur d'Alêne lake. The Cœur d'Alênes and the Palus, who also had been in the two battles, fled to the lake, but they were unable to get away with all their horses, and a great many were captured and killed by the soldiers."

After rounding up and killing these eight hundred horses belonging to the Palus chief, Wright continued his march up the Spokane and

around to the east of Cœur d'Alêne lake, where on September seventeenth he met four hundred of the Cœur d'Alênes in council. They surrendered on his terms, agreeing to abstain from further hostilities, to give up those who had begun the attack on Steptoe, return the goods then captured, and furnish a chief and four men as hostages. Encircling the lake, Wright returned to the Spokane country, and on September twenty-third, at Hangman creek, met by appointment the Sintutuúli and the Sinhoméne. They surrendered on terms similar to those imposed on the Cœur d'Alênes. On the following morning Qáhlchun, the young war-chief of the Pshwá-noapam, came into camp and was at once hanged for the murder of certain miners. On the next day fifteen Palus were taken, and six of them, found guilty, were hanged. Thus originated the present name of Hangman creek, which previous to that time had been known by its Indian name as the Lahto, or Latah. There were no executions for the Spokan, because they had taken no part in the treacherous killing of the miners, but had fought openly against the troops. Wright next marched southward into the Palus country, and received their surrender, hanging one of their number and three refugee Yakima and Wallawalla, and taking a chief and four warriors as hostages. Returning to his post he called a council of the Wallawalla and hanged four of that tribe. Altogether Colonel Wright disposed of fifteen Indians on the gallows — an amazing record for a man who only two years before had received some of these same murderers in his camp and allowed them to depart with assurances of his firm friendship. Whatever may be thought of the harshness of Wright's methods in this campaign, it must be admitted that they were eminently successful. If in the march of civilization the Indians were to be dispossessed of their lands, conflict was perhaps unavoidable, and decisive measures were more humane for all concerned than the temporizing policy of the army in the trouble with the Yakima.

In 1887 an inspector of the Interior Department met the Spokan head-men in a conference on the subject of a suitable reservation. Garry, speaking for the Upper and Middle Spokan, asked that the land on both sides of the river from the city of Spokane to Tumtum be given to them, and the land between Tumtum and the Columbia to the Lower Spokan. What they were permitted to hold was much less. In 1881 President Hayes reserved for their use the two hundred and forty square miles included within Spokane river, Chamokane creek,

the forty-eighth parallel, and the Columbia. This was only a portion of what had belonged to the Lower Spokan alone, and nothing was said of remuneration for the lands added to the public domain at the expense of the three tribes. The Upper and Middle Spokan mostly continued to live in their usual camping places, and in 1887 they consented to removal to the Cœur d'Alêne reservation, receiving in return for the relinquishment of all claims to territory outside of existing reservations the sum of ninety-five thousand dollars, payable in ten annual instalments. Fewer than one hundred went to the Cœur d'Alêne reservation, the remainder, about two hundred, remaining on Spokane river. Later they were gathered on Spokane reservation, which was allotted in severalty in 1909, and in the same year the surplus land was opened to settlement.

COLVILLES

Occupying the country bounded by the divide between Clarks fork (Pend d'Oreille river) and the Columbia, the divide west of Okanagan river, the Columbia river, and Lower Arrow lake and Okanagan lake in British Columbia, were five Salishan tribes speaking similar dialects: the Colvilles, Lakes, Sanpoel, Nespilim, and Okanagan.

The Colvilles lived in the valley of Colville river and along both sides of the Columbia from Kettle falls to the mouth of the Spokane. They called themselves *Sohhweíhlp,* and were known to the Spokan and to some others as *Shuyáhlpi.* By Lewis and Clark they were variously styled Wheel-po, Que-al-po, Ho-hil-po, and Se-lal-po. These explorers obtained their information about the Salishan tribes from Indians on the lower Columbia, mainly Shahaptians, and naturally it was not exact. They supposed these four names to represent as many different tribes, and located them at various places along Clarks fork (Pend d'Oreille river), from the mouth of the Flathead to the region below Box cañon. They indicate on the map that the Whe-el-po are "noumerous," and in the Statistical View credit them with a population of twenty-five hundred, in one hundred and thirty houses. Based on the statements of tribes far removed from the people in question, the estimate is worth little. Stevens, in 1855, estimated their number at five hundred, and twenty years later the Indian agent reported six hundred and fifty. In 1910 the population was about four hundred.

The Colvilles early took kindly to agriculture, and as the families scattered and occupied their farms they years ago lost all trace of tribal organization. There is a very considerable admixture of white blood in the Colvilles of the present day. In April, 1872, President Grant established the country bounded by the Columbia river, the forty-ninth parallel, Clarks fork (Pend d'Oreille river), the one hundred and seventeenth meridian, the Little Spokane, and Spokane river, as a reservation for the Colvilles, Methow, Okanagan, Sanpoel, and Lakes, as well as for the Kalispel, Spokan, and Cœur d'Alênes. None of these had entered into treaty relations with the United States. Three months later this tract was restored to the public domain, and in its stead was substituted, as the Colville reservation, the country bounded by the Columbia, the Okanagan, and the forty-ninth parallel. There was great opposition among the Colvilles to the exchange, for it meant that they must give up their homes in the Colville valley and move into territory claimed by the Lakes, Sanpoel, Nespilim, and Okanagan. Eventually, however, they yielded and crossed the Columbia. The Kalispel and the Cœur d'Alênes, on the other hand, and most of the Spokan never settled on the Colville reservation. In 1900 the northern half of the reserve, excepting such portions as had been allotted to Indians, was opened to settlement.

LAKES

The Lake Indians, or, as they call themselves, *Sinuaítskstuk,* formerly held the Kettle river valley and that of the Columbia from Kettle falls to Lower Arrow lake, in Washington and British Columbia. The fishing season, from June until autumn, was spent in the south around Kettle falls, a splendid fishery which they shared with the Colvilles. The two tribes were very closely related, and used practically the same dialect. In 1875 the Lake tribe was reported by the agent to number two hundred and forty-two on the Colville reservation, but there were probably some across the border who were not enumerated. In 1910 the number was returned as two hundred and ninety-four, including some Colvilles.

SANPOEL

The Sanpoel occupied the valley of the stream that bears their name, and the shores of the Columbia between the Spokane and the Sanpoel, its tributaries. They have been called Sans Poils, and even Sans Puelles, in the belief that their name is corrupt French. In reality it is of native origin. They call themselves *Sinpoélihuh,* and to all their Salish relations from the Rocky mountains to the Cascades they are known by variants of this name. Each spring the Sanpoel crossed the Columbia to camp in the neighborhood of the present Coulee City, Washington, and dig roots; about the first of July they returned to the river to build their fish-weir at the mouth of the Sanpoel. They were few, probably never exceeding two hundred: certain estimates of agency officials, placing the number in excess of three hundred, were the result of duplicate counting by two enumerators, one on each side of the river. In 1910 the number returned was one hundred and eighty-nine.

NESPILIM

The Nespilim occupied the valley of the river of that name, which flows into the Columbia about thirty miles west of the Sanpoel, and the adjacent portion of the lands bordering on the Columbia. They called themselves *Sinspílih,* and their river *Nspílih,* the word referring to a large, open meadow beside a stream, in particular the meadow just below the village of Nespilim. Early estimates of their number are not available, for the reason that they, like their neighbors and close friends, the Sanpoel, long refused to hold any communication with representatives of the Government, although they were altogether within the bounds of the Colville reservation. In 1892 they were said to be sixty-two. In 1910 the number was reported as forty-five; but in 1907, and again in 1909, the testimony of the natives themselves was that there were very few Nespilim living.

OKANAGAN

On both sides of the Okanagan from its confluence with the Columbia to its source north of the Canadian boundary lived the Okan-

agan, in the Salishan dialects known by many variants of the form *Okinákén.* Strictly speaking, the Okanagan were only one of several bands residing along this stream, but because of its numerical strength its name was used to designate the entire group. About the middle of the nineteenth century, *Hustás-summahaiakin,* Walking Grizzly-bear, chief of the Sinstupítsah, a band at Omak lake, was influential among all the Okanagan bands. It was he who prevented them from becoming involved in the hostilities of 1855 and 1856 by advising the head-men to deprive their young men of ammunition. Stevens, in 1857, gave the number of the Okanagan as six hundred, and in 1910 the agent reported five hundred and thirty-eight, all on the Colville reservation.

METHOW

Speaking dialects that differed little from one another, but somewhat more from those spoken by the Indians of the Colville group, was a considerable number of tribes on the Columbia below the mouth of Okanagan river, the westernmost of the inland Salish within the United States. These fall into three groups — the Methow, the Sinkiuse, and the Wenatchee.

The Methow (Mét-hô), or, in their language, *Mitôi,* lived on the Methow river. By some informants their name is applied as well to the tribes on the western side of the Columbia as far down as Entiat creek; but others include these under the term Wenatchee, which demonstrates the lack of any real organization among these Salishan groups. Lewis and Clark, in 1806, found eleven scattering lodges of the "Metcowwee" (probably a misprint for Meteowwee) on the northern side of the Columbia a few miles above John Day river, but there is no evidence that the body of the tribe ever inhabited that region, or that any portion of it was permanently there. They were given rights in the Columbia reservation, established in 1879, and when this land was restored to the public domain in 1886, some of them settled in the Nespilim valley on the Colville reservation, while others exercised the privilege of accepting allotments of six hundred and forty acres in their own country. In 1870 they were estimated to number about three hundred. A few are still living in the Colville reservation.

SINKIUSE

Sinkaiéus[32] is the name applied by the Colvilles, as is*Sinkáeusi* by the Kalispel, to a group of bands geographically associated in the region between the Columbia and that series of depressions in the earth's crust beginning in the Grand coulée and continuing in a number of small closed lakes, the lower course of Crab creek, Moses lake, and the sink of Crab creek. They are variously known as the Columbias, the Isle de Pierre (referring to Rock island in the Columbia below the mouth of the Wenatchee), Moses Band, and Sinkiuse (an adaptation of the Kalispel and Colville form). These tribes had their village sites along the Columbia at places where the rapids made good fisheries. Near the mouth of the sink of Crab creek were the *Sinkumkunátkuh,* and above them the *Sinkolkolumínuh*. Then came in succession the *Stapísknuh,* the *Skukulátkuh,* the *Skoáhchnuh,* the *Skíhlkintnuh,* and, finally, the *Skultaqchímh,* a little above the mouth of Wenatchee river.

The Skoáhchnuh, at Rock Island rapids, opposite the mouth of Moses coulée, were at one time the most important of the group, because of their chief Sukutáhlkósum, who was practically head-chief of all the bands, as well as very influential among the Salishan tribes west of the Columbia. According to his son, Qaiítsa, he was a rover and a fighter. He was accustomed to lead some of his people into the Missouri River plains for buffalo, travelling in company with hunters of the Okanagan, Spokan, Cœur d'Alênes, Kalispel, and Flatheads. One year a Blackfoot chief sent a challenge to them to remain in the plains until summer, when he promised them a good fight. Sukutáhlkósum had always been victorious in his encounters with the Blackfeet, and believed himself invulnerable to bullets. He decided to remain. In the summer he was attacked by double his number. The chief, who was left-handed, was shot in the left arm, his followers fled, and he, left

[32] Mr. James Teit supplies an interesting bit of information. He was told by a reliable member of the tribe that the Sinkiuse, according to tradition, had migrated to the upper Columbia from a region lying south of that river, a region which was known as Kaiyús; hence the tribal designation. From this it is reasonably certain that these Salish bands formerly lived south of the Columbia, probably near Walla Walla river; and that the Cayuse, occupying the country after them, came to be known by the Salishan name of the region.

alone, was surrounded and killed. This occurred, says Qaiítsa, about 1840; Stevens, from information received in 1853, says, "He was killed a few years since in a fight with the Blackfeet."

Besides Qaiítsa he left two sons, Qultnínak, whom the Yakima called Kultemínee, or, as Stevens wrote it, Quiltomee, and his younger brother, Moses, who for a time had attended the mission school of the Spaldings at Lapwai. Qultnínak gradually grew into the place left vacant by his father. He attended the treaty council in the Walla Walla valley in 1855, and spoke favorably for the treaties, although he did not sign, at least not under this name. His people, and all other Salishan tribes as far up the Columbia as the Okanagan, were to be placed on the Yakima reservation.

When the war of 1855 began, Kamaíakin sent a messenger to Qultnínak and Moses, asking their help. They took as many as would go, a few men from each band, and arrived at the scene of hostilities at the close of a skirmish with the command of Major Rains at Union Gap, on Yakima river. A spent bullet struck Moses, and, failing to wound him, caused him to think himself invulnerable. A year later the two brothers and some followers were with the Yakima and the Pshwánoapam at Nachess creek when Colonel Wright's force was encamped on the opposite bank, and Qultnínak and Moses were two of those who crossed and made promises to observe peace. But, instead of gathering their people within five days to surrender, they hurried away and crossed the Columbia, and Wright saw them no more. "In the following year," says Qaiítsa, "Moses began to express hatred of the white people, and said he would fight the soldiers, but his brother restrained him. One day Qultnínak crossed the Columbia to visit his wife, who was of the Wenatchee people. He saw soldiers crossing the Wenatchee river. Someone began to taunt him, saying he was a coward, and not a man like Moses, whereon Qultnínak seized a gun and shot the officer dead. The soldiers immediately wheeled, and fighting began. Qultnínak was killed. That night, Tkólukn, chief of the Wenatchee, went down from the village to see his friend's body, and the soldiers killed him." The reference here is probably to a detachment of sixty men sent by Major R.S. Garnett in August, 1858, to arrest some refugee murderers of miners. Moses became the next chief of the Skoáhchnuh, and his influence among the neighboring tribes along the Columbia was almost as great as had been his father's.

In 1878 friction between the pioneers and the Indians of the upper Columbia became acute. Moses was arrested, and the garrison of Fort Simcoe in the Yakima valley was strengthened. In the following spring Moses was sent to Washington, and President Hayes created for him and his people, and such other tribes as it was deemed advisable to settle thereon, the Columbia reservation, consisting of a large portion of the land bounded by the Okanagan river, the forty-ninth parallel, the Cascade mountains, and the southern shore of Lake Chelan and its principal tributary. In 1880 the reserve was enlarged to include all the land within these boundaries. But certain miners and settlers claimed prior rights in parts of this area. Another source of discord was the dissatisfaction of other Indians, principally Okanagan, who had remained on the western side of their river and hence were within the limits of the Columbia reservation, that Moses, whom they characterized as a gambler, thief, liar, drunkard, and murderer, had been made chief over them, who were peaceable, law-abiding, industrious farmers. In their indictment of Moses they were probably overstating the case, notwithstanding the fact that all uncivilized Indians are gamblers, and most of them have no compunction in stealing the horses of those who have taken their land; and that Moses had participated in the war twenty years before and may possibly have killed one of the few soldiers who fell. Probably the objections of the slighted Okanagan chiefs weighed less than the protests of the interested white men in determining the course of the authorities.

In 1883 General Miles summoned Moses to his headquarters at Fort Vancouver, and then sent him with three other chiefs to Washington. There they signed an agreement that the Indians within the Columbia reserve should either move into the Colville reservation or else receive, within the former, allotments of six hundred and forty acres for each head of a family. This agreement was ratified in the following year, and Moses was accompanied to the new home on Nespilim creek by four bands — the Skoáhchnuh, Sinkolkolumínuh, Stapísknuh, and Skukulátkuh. The total population of the tribes included under the name Sinkiuse was estimated in 1870 to be about one thousand. Those living on Colville reservation in 1910 numbered five hundred and twenty-one, but this enumeration takes no account of those who received allotments outside the reservation.

WENATCHEE

The Wenatchee were a group of small tribes whose territory extended from Lake Chelan to Wenatchee river. The name by which they are commonly known is of Shahaptian origin, the Yakima words *Winátsha* and *Winátshapam* designating respectively the fishery at the forks of the Wenatchee river and the band which lived at that particular place. The Wenatchee call this band *Sinpusqôisoh,* whence the name Pisquows, or Piscaous, which is sometimes applied to them. Individually distinct, but generally included in the term Wenatchee, are the following bands: *Stsilámuh,* at the outlet of *Tsilán,* or Lake Chelan; *Sintiátqkumuh,* along *Ntiátq,* or Entiat creek; *Siniálkumuh,* on the Columbia between Entiat creek and Wenatchee river; *Sinkumchímulh* ("mouth of river"), at the mouth of the Wenatchee; *Sinhahamchímuh,* higher up on the Wenatchee; and *Sinpusqôisoh,* at the forks of the Wenatchee, where the town of Leavenworth, Washington, now stands. Closely related to these bands were those of the upper Yakima river, beginning with the *Kítitash,* on Kittitas creek.

The Wenatchee proper, through their chief Tkólukn, and possibly the other bands, were parties to the treaty of 1855. It was planned to remove to the proposed Yakima reservation all of these upper Columbia tribes. The treaty meant little to them, however, and very few ever joined the Yakima. Some eventually settled on the Colville reservation, but the majority of the Wenatchee bands exercised the privilege of taking allotments within their native range. Since early days they have been on intimate terms with the Yakima bands, and are much intermarried, so that many Shahaptian words have been incorporated into their language; and indeed the remnants of the Salishan bands of the upper Yakima river have adopted the Shahaptian tongue.

SALISHAN CULTURE

The type of dwelling constructed in primitive times by the Salishan tribes of the interior was the framework of poles covered with tule, or cattail, mats. It was as often elliptical as circular, and the Sanpoel always used the elliptical form. In winter related families occupied an elongated lodge with an entrance at each end, and a fire and a smoke-hole for each family occupying the house. The easterly tribes

to a greater or less extent used buffalo-skins for lodgecovers, and, in fact, the Flatheads have no recollection of the mat covering. Their average lodge was covered with ten skins; many were smaller, and a few required the use of twelve skins. The mat lodge of the Spokan was about fifteen feet in height. In winter an underground house with a single small opening in the roof was in general use for sleeping quarters.

All of these tribes subsisted largely on salmon, such roots as camas and kouse, and berries, especially choke-cherries and huckleberries. Extensive game-drives for deer were held in the fall, and the more easterly tribes, especially the Flatheads and the Kalispel, and to a less extent the Cœur d'Alênes and the Spokan, hunted in the buffalo country.[33] Two methods of driving game were practised. A wooded gully having been surrounded, the men advanced simultaneously and drove the deer before them past hunters stationed at a narrow passage. The other method was learned, according to the Spokan, in a dream. The originator collected all the old moccasins available, and hung them on trees around a fairly extensive basin. Then he sent four men in to drive the deer out to the edge. Of course the animals would not pass the man-smelling moccasins, and they were shot whenever they came into view and stopped in fright. A Spokan informant says that he himself saw a hundred and ninety-nine deer killed in the first drive of this

[33] Buffalo formerly ranged in the basin between the Rocky and the Bitterroot mountains, but became extinct there at an early date. Whether these tribes began to cross the mountains to the plains of the upper Missouri before they acquired horses is a question impossible to decide. Ross Cox, in 1814, was told by the Flatheads that "their forefathers had always claimed and exercised the right of hunting" east of the mountains. It is quite probable that the custom followed as a direct result of the increasing difficulty of killing buffalo in their own country. About 1869 a Flathead named *Kaushi,* Broken Leg, who was commonly known as Samuel, crossed the mountains to the Sun river country. The following spring he returned driving with the pack-horses two pair of yearling buffalo. He had taken them as calves after killing the cows, and had kept them all winter. At night he tethered them. They had become quite used to the sight and scent of people. The four increased to ten or more, which were sold to Michelle Pablo, a half-breed Mexican and Piegan, for five hundred dollars. The herd grew to number approximately four hundred and fifty, and in I907 the greater portion was sold to the Canadian authorities to be placed in Banff Park, Alberta.

kind used by his people. Governor Stevens describes almost the same practice. "I have heard of an ingenious method of hunting deer which is practised by the Indians. When the Cœur d'Alênes, Pend Oreilles, Spokanes, and Nez Percés meet together to fish and hunt, they form a large circle, and upon the trees, around its circumference, attach pieces of cloth made to resemble the human figure as much as possible. Then the hunters enter the area and start up the deer. Each cloth having the effect of a man, the deer, being afraid to pass them, are kept within the circle and easily killed. Last year the Pend Oreilles killed eight hundred in one hunt; the Cœur d'Alênes, more than four hundred."[34]

In the spring roots were dug, and about June the people returned to the streams and speared salmon. As soon as the water fell below the highest stage, they began to construct weirs across the smaller streams and to fish with dip-nets at the rapids of the Columbia. In July began the season of digging fresh camas, which continued indefinitely until a sufficient supply had been accumulated. After the great fall hunt the tribe disbanded, each small group of a few related families building its long lodge in a sheltered place in the valley.

The fishing implements of the Spokan may be taken as typical of the region. The fish-spear consisted of a shaft and a detachable barb made of three pointed bits of bone bound together and connected with the shaft by a line. The construction of a weir was begun by erecting a tripod of stout posts in the water at each bank, and similar tripods at intervals across the stream. These were used to support two lines of six-inch poles, one at the surface, the other at the bottom of the water. The space between the two lines of poles was protected by interwoven tules, and on the downstream side a single panel of similar fencing was constructed at an oblique angle from the shore to one of the tripods in the stream. This contained two openings large enough to admit the passage of the salmon, which, entering the quiet water thus enclosed, were speared from the shore or the top of the weir. In the fall, when the salmon-trout were running downstream, the trap was built on the upper side of the weir. At waterfalls a stout pole was thrust horizontally into the bank, and from it was suspended a very large tule basket in such a position that fish trying to ascend the falls

[34] Stevens, *Life* of *Isaac I. Stevens,* Boston, 1900, I, 390.

would strike a framework above the basket and drop back into it. A conical basket-trap with a funnel-shaped opening at the larger end was made of cattails and used at the bottom of smaller streams for taking trout and salmon-trout. It was sometimes used in connection with the weir, being placed above the opening in mid-stream. The fishhook consisted of two sharp bones crossing each other at right angles.

Canoes were of two kinds. The one manufactured by the Kalispel, Pend d'Oreilles, Colvilles, and Lakes consists of a single large piece of white-pine bark shaped over a framework of strips, usually cedar, and requires six days for the making. It rides low in the water, and is fourteen to sixteen feet in length. Among the Spokan and the westerly Salishan tribes dugouts, fifteen to twenty-five feet long and carrying three to eight men, were made, the Spokan using pine logs, the others cedar. The tree was felled by means of elk-horn chisel and stone maul, hollowed out by burning with hot stones, and finished with a horn-pointed adze. All these tribes used the single-bladed paddle, shifting from one side to the other after two or three strokes.

Basketry was an art common to all these tribes. Vessels made of coiled cedar-roots bound together with white or dyed bear-grass were used for boiling food by means of heated stones, and also for gathering berries. The designs formed by the use of black bear-grass, made so by immersion in a bed of blue clay, usually represented animals. For containing dried fish, roots, and berries, were the bags woven of twisted cedar-bark, and the flat wallet so common among the Nez Percés was made of wild hemp. The mortar, consisting of a cedar-root basket lined with rawhide, was used in reducing seeds to coarse flour, and wooden bowls were hollowed out of wood by burning and cutting. Knives were slivers of flint chipped into shape. When steel knives were first brought among the Colvilles, one of them was considered an excellent price for a wife. Among the Columbia River tribes yarn of the hair of the mountain-goat was woven into blankets of rather coarse texture, and the Nespilim and the Kalispel women also made robes of strips of fur from the muskrat, the beaver, and the otter, while the Sanpoel sometimes used a long, soft grass.

Men and women bathed together in the stream, usually after a sweat-bath. Occasional baths were taken in a pit filled with water heated with stones.

The clothing of both sexes was made in the common style of the

plains. Much attention was bestowed on the hair. The men doubled it up behind and tied it in a knot, cut the forelock square at the level of the nose and curled it upward by first rolling it on a heated stick. This was done every morning after the bath. About 1850 they began to leave the forelock uncut and to throw it back above the forehead, while at the sides the hair hung in two braids in front of the shoulders, and at the back fell loosely. As a rule the women made a braid at each side, doubled it up, and wrapped it with strings of bone beads. They now allow the braids to hang in front of the shoulders. Until about 1845 the custom of wearing a small bone spike or a dentalium shell in the nasal septum was in vogue.

Chieftainship was hereditary. The council, consisting of the elder men and the younger ones of proved ability, met to select the successor of the deceased chief, but by custom their choice was limited to the men of his family; and as a rule his eldest son was named. If more than one relative was available, there might be some discussion. Speeches were made in favor of the various candidates, and, as a Spokan informant says, "after all the speeches were made, everybody all at once came to the same opinion." The expression aptly describes the usual method of the Indian council in reaching an understanding: in most cases the minority *felt* itself in the minority and said nothing to oppose the general verdict. It was expected of the chief that he would preserve peace within the tribe, select the camping places, and decide when to move. As occasion arose he would summon by name the old men and the sub-chiefs either for the discussion of important questions or merely for a feast. One of the duties of a chief was to bear a present to the lodge of a dying person, and there to offer good advice and consolation.

Among the Flatheads, who have adopted more of the plains culture than the others, the chief, mounted or afoot, went every morning and every evening about the camp, exhorting the people to be honest, to avoid lying and stealing and quarrelling, to be brave, hospitable, and kind. Before setting out for the buffalo hunt, he made a speech: "You know there are many widows and orphans among us. You" — here he addressed the owners of the best buffalo-horses — "are the ones to take pity on the poor." After the hunt those who had been lucky in the chase shared their meat with the needy. A visitor to the tribe went first to the lodge of the chief, who at once gave up to him the seat of honor

at the back of the lodge, and called for water, of which he himself gave the guest to drink. He filled the pipe, and they smoked. Unless the visitor had friends among the people he remained there until some newly made acquaintance invited him. The chief urged the people to give presents to the guest.

It is said that several generations ago, before the time of any one now living, it was the practice for the parents to send a daughter to the family of the man whom they wished for a son-in-law. This was superseded by the custom of the father, or the young man himself, or the chief, going to the parents of the girl desired, and concluding the match with them. Among the Flatheads and the Spokan there was no payment or exchange of presents, but the Kalispel and the Colvilles required a trifling remuneration, such as a robe, or a pair of bear-skins, or a wedge and maul, to soothe the feelings of parents not too well satisfied with the prospective son-in-law. Often a desirable young man, that is, a successful hunter and fisher, was sought by parents as a husband for their daughter, even after the later mode of match-making had been adopted. A typical love-song of the Sinkiuse is here given. The air was repeated *ad libitum* with such improvised words as these: "I love you, I love you dearly. I am thinking of you; how I love you. When I see you, we will go far from here, where there are many people. You will ride a horse: we will go on pretty horses. I am lonesome: when I marry you, I shall be happy. Let us go travelling to different places, where there are many people. We must go. Do not think about your mother. Why do you like your mother? When you come with me, we shall be happy always."

There were neither clans nor gentes, and recognized blood relationship was the only bar to marriage. Polygyny was practised by those who could support more than one wife, and the younger sisters of a man's first wife, on attaining the marriageable age, usually became his wives as a matter of course. When a man died, a portion of his property was divided among the children, and the remainder was appropriated by his brothers. The wife retained her own belongings, but had no share in the husband's portion. The discrimination thus recognized was compensated by the provision that one of the deceased man's brothers was expected to marry her, as a mark of respect to the dead. She could marry another only with their permission, and a man who should take her without their consent could be killed with perfect right. There

was no prescribed form of procedure in cases of adultery: the settlement was entirely in the hands of the woman's husband. Whipping as a punishment for various offences, such as adultery, theft, drunkenness, murder, was introduced by the Spokan chief Garry, after his return from the Red River school. It gradually spread among many of the Salishan tribes of the interior, and is still in force among the Kalispel.

Children were named a few days after birth, usually by the father or the grandfather, in the presence of the family and relations. The name chosen was that of some deceased person, either an ancestor or a well-known personage. Since a name was regarded as a part of the individual, it could not be given to a child or assumed by an adult without his permission. A "good name" — one believed to be capable of bringing its bearer good fortune — sometimes was sold for as much as a horse.

Customs attendant upon the attainment of puberty by girls differed somewhat among the tribes. A Nespilim girl's hair was braided, and the two braids doubled up and bound with strips of fur; this was indicative of her womanhood. Then a circular piece of deerskin, fringed at the circumference, was placed on her head. Just after sunset she left the little wickiup in which she lived alone and went to the top of a hill, where she danced and prayed to the sun: "Give me long life, health, long hair, and good looks!" This she repeated in the morning just before sunrise, and so continued to do until her ten days of solitude were ended. The practice was abandoned soon after the arrival of white people in the country. Among the Spokan a girl just arrived at puberty was sent to a small, rude shelter erected especially for her. At sunset she painted her face with red ochre, and then after darkness had fallen she went into the hills and at various points piled up stones, and returned late at night. This was intended, by supernatural means, to give her strength of body, and to afford the spirit creatures an opportunity to speak to her and grant her their protection. During the day she gathered wood, which the old women carried from her lodge to their own. The girl remained apart from the people for ten days. The custom fell into disuse about 1850. A Kalispel girl was despatched by her grandmother into the hills. As she went she offered a prayer to every conspicuous object — to an old stump, for example: "I pray that I may become as old as you are!" To a large tree she would pray: "I ask that I may become as strong as you are!" At intervals she would build

cairns, usually on mountain peaks. She took no food and was expected to eat nothing during the six or eight days she remained out. At night she kindled a fire by means of the fire-drill. When passing a fine patch of berries, she would gather a few, but would not eat them; instead she built a little platform of sticks and placed them on it while she prayed: "When I am a woman, may I have success in gathering berries like you!" After this experience she was called a woman, and was ready to be married.

A corpse was deposited in a grave just large enough to receive it, or was laid at the foot of the hills and covered with stones, the place being marked with poles. When any one died, the chief announced the fact to the camp and directed that all preserve quiet and remain as much as possible within their lodges until the burial had taken place. The relations and friends assembled in the lodge, wailing, and one of the same sex as the deceased was chosen to prepare the corpse for burial. After he had washed the body from head to foot, and painted the face red, it was raised and made to assume a life-like appearance, while the relatives and friends bore, as tokens of affection, usually some article of their own personal apparel. In as many of these articles as could be used the body was then dressed, and a blanket spread over it. Thus it was carried to the grave by the chief and some assistants, and interred reclining on the back with the head toward the east. The gifts not already used in clothing the body were placed in the grave with it. Horses were sometimes killed at the grave and skinned, the hide being hung on a near-by tree and the meat left lying on the ground. It was not believed that the spirits of the horses accompanied the soul, for there was no definite conception of the future world, but the animals were killed as a mark of respect for the dead: he had liked them, hence no one else must use them. When a woman was buried, the thatching of the lodge was rolled up and tied in a tree near the grave. After the burial the people returned to the lodge, and the chief brought food, calling out, "We will waste our food for this dead person!" It was divided among the old people, who took it to their respective lodges. He then commanded all not to paint their faces for four days, nor to permit children to play noisily. In earlier times men and women in mourning cut the hair at the level of the ears and refrained from painting their faces until the hair had grown to its normal length. Men also docked the tails of their horses. Mourners frequently went alone into

the mountains to fast and weep. The practice of giving away all of one's possessions when a close relation had died was sometimes observed, and on such an occasion a woman also "threw away" even her name.

The religious ideas and the ceremonial practices of these Salishan tribes were characterized by great simplicity. They held the common animistic conception of the universe, but none of the supernatural powers had advanced to the rank of a formally and generally worshipped deity. The Flatheads, on account of their closer association with the plains tribes, had begun to adopt their form of the sun and earth cult before the arrival of white priests among them. Whenever they filled a pipe they symbolically offered smoke to these two deities; the aid of the sun was sought in difficult and important undertakings; and before food was eaten, a prayer was uttered: "To have a good meal, and to live long and free of affliction and grief, I pray." Then, holding a piece of food up toward the sun and down to the earth, the suppliant placed it in a little hole in the ground. They never acquired the Sun Dance.

Among the tribes of the Columbia the so-called dreamer cult was in evidence. It was strongest, or at least survived longest, among the Nespilim and the Sanpoel. An aged informant of the latter tribe thus described its origin among the Sanpoel:

"A very old man had a dream. He called his children and his grandchildren, arranged them in a circle, and passed the pipe. He said: 'I am going to tell you of the dream I have had.' 'We shall be glad to hear this dream,' they replied. He began: 'I will tell just as it appeared to me. The dream told me that we are to assemble and stand in a circle, and dance. It is not to be a dance of merriment, but a dance of worship.' 'We will do anything you say,' they answered; 'perhaps this will be a good thing for us.' 'Then let all stand up!' commanded the old man. There was a song given to me in the dream, a song of worship, which I will sing to you. When I cease singing, you will sit down and hold your open hands on a level with your heads.'

"So it was done, and this was the first religious worship our people had. After the dance a spirit came to each one and transformed his nature, made him without desire to do anything except to sing and dance, and to each was given the song the leader had used. This dance continued throughout the winter; men, women, and children did nothing else. When spring came, the dreamer said: 'There is another

thing: we will be tempted in many ways. Some, perhaps all, will go to eat, and the food will fall suddenly to the ground. Do not take that. Let it go, it is a temptation of evil. If any are digging roots, and something drops to the ground, do not pick it up, for it is evil. Let the pickers of berries observe the same rule.'

"And just so it happened. When the time came to gather roots, things would drop, apparently of their own accord, spilling in spite of everything the people could do; and later, berry-baskets would be knocked over through unknown causes; but nobody was tempted to pick them up, for they belonged to an evil spirit. The dreamer commanded that when any one gathered food, or articles for any purpose, the things should first be placed on a robe, while a prayer of thanksgiving was offered for each article."

"Before this time there had been a great famine. The people had then had no prayers, no worship, only the belief in the animal spirits which appeared in dreams and fasting. In the famine nearly all the people died; only a few were left. After the worship-dance was dreamed, just divisions of fish and game were made, and there were no more quarrels between individuals striving for leadership. People then went hunting, only in regularly organized parties, and the game taken was divided equally among the people who needed meat."

The belief in the efficacy of dreams and the power of prophecy was absolute, and still persists among the older Sanpoel. Some years ago the dreamer Skoláskin predicted the end of the world, and commanded the people to build an ark in which to ride the flood that was to destroy the earth. A considerable amount of timber was whipsawed, and still remains piled up, a witness to their confidence in dreamers. The remarkable feature of the incident is that Skoláskin, although he lost some prestige with the younger members of the band, still remained the most influential person in the tribe. The Colvilles have been known to destroy their winter's supply of dried fish at the command of a prophet, in the belief that the end of the world was at hand.

Simple as were their conceptions and rituals, these tribes ordered their daily life with due reference to the supernatural powers. This may be illustrated by the customs of the Spokan in fishing and hunting.

About the first of June, at the beginning of the season for spearing

salmon, a man known as *etsshiitétqish*[35] moved his lodge to the fishery and passed several nights there with his family. He slept alone, that dreams might come. When he had dreamed, the people moved camp to the river, and after the lodges were pitched he related his dream, which always was one of prediction, as, for example, that a certain kind of animal would be found at a certain place. If the prediction was verified, it was regarded as an omen of good luck, and the fishing season was open. Seldom did any one attempt to take fish before this formality had been observed. An informant once saw a man using his spear before the dreamer had performed his function, but, try as he would, he could not bring out a fish. The ability to act in this capacity was believed to be obtained from the spirit creatures which appeared to boys in lonely places. When at the winter ceremony he first announced that he possessed medicine, he said that it was good for the purpose of opening the fishing season. Then, in the following summer, an old man who had been performing this function might go to him and bid him try his magic power. If the novice's dream proved true, he was regarded as a genuine dreamer, and he thenceforth had the right to act in this capacity; but if his dream proved false, it was known that his medicine was not good, and he was not allowed to act again. It was necessary then for the older man to start the season auspiciously, which he accomplished by spearing a fish before anyone else attempted it. Men who performed a similar duty at the beginning of the net-fishing season were called *etschemtiwíli*. Occasionally one man filled both positions.

When the first snow fell, the autumn hunting began, practically every person in the tribe participating, and each family taking its rush lodge. A man whom some spirit had supposedly endowed with supernatural ability particularly applicable to hunting, who, furthermore, had revealed this fact at the winter ceremony and had later proved himself, was the director of the hunt. He always led the party of hunters, and when he reached the edge of the gully or basin which he proposed to beat, he halted, sat down, and smoked. Then he directed the men to surround the area and drive the game out of cover, while

[35] *Etsshiít* means "first," but the significance of the remainder of the word is unknown.

he himself walked through the middle. If his medicine was potent, the deer were found to be not wild: they stood and looked at the hunters. If the hunting continued to be unsuccessful for some days, the leader would say to the others: "I have not dreamed of a deer. For many days we have hunted, and I have been lying awake, but I cannot dream of a deer. I am afraid. Perhaps some one of you has dreamed." If in the party there was anybody who as a child had been promised by some spirit animal that he should always be a good hunter, he would come forth and say that he had had a dream. He would then relate it, and predict the killing of a certain kind of animal at a certain time of day. If the prediction proved correct, he became the leader of the hunt, and would sing his songs in the coming winter's ceremony. An old Spokan illustrated the part religious belief plays in hunting by the following narration:

"Before white men came, animals and people used to talk to each other. One year we were having very bad luck in the tribal hunt. Some days the whole party, which was a large one, killed one or two deer, never more. We were in the Okanagan country. I was feeling very sorry. One night, while I slept, Badger, who was my medicine, said to me: 'Look at that gully. I will appear on the other side in the form of a grizzly-bear. Tomorrow go into that gully, and if you kill me you may as well turn back to your own country, for you will not kill any deer. If you do not kill me, you may stay here and hunt, and you will have good luck. When you reach that gully, do not put any one on the western side of it, but go on that side yourself. If you put any of your boys on the western side, I will kill one of them.' When, the next day, we arrived at the place Badger had shown me, the head-man told us which way to go. He sent my son and my grandson to the western side, one above and one low, and I went in the middle. I was anxious, wondering if the grizzly-bear would kill one of my boys. By and by I heard the bushes crack, and the noise of something coming. I thought it was one of my boys. Across the creek I waited on a rocky bench. I could hear my boy near by whistling. Then I heard the grizzly-bear coming behind me. He was following me. I went back a little way and saw him; I raised my gun and he still came on, so I shot, and he threw himself down, but quickly jumped up on a rock, where I shot him again. He then ran into the brush. My son came, and we chased him, but he got away. We three camped there, but all the others went on.

I said: 'I think I am the head-man of us three. If we kill a small buck to-morrow when the sun stands there, we will have good luck.' On the next day I said: 'If we go to a certain place, and if we kill that small buck there, we will continue to hunt, but if not, we will go back.' So we started out. Just as I approached the place I had named, I heard a shot, and when we met, my grandson told me he had killed a small buck. We three, with the family, camped in that place during the fall, and I did not have to hunt at all. One boy killed forty deer, the other thirty. Badger told me not to kill the grizzly-bear, but I did not quite believe it, so I shot to try it. I did not kill him, and we got many deer, which proved that Badger spoke the truth. Since then I have had him as chief."

Since all objects, inanimate as well as animate, were believed to possess supernatural attributes, it was natural that efforts should be made to obtain their assistance. Hence children, especially boys, were sent at frequent intervals to solitary places, in order that one or another of these spirits might take pity on them. These journeys were begun early in life, among some tribes even at the age of five years. In such cases the child was sent, after sunset, to a near-by sweat-lodge, or some other place not far from the home. Usually some article was purposely left there, and the child was told to fetch it; or the father would hang his medicine-bag in some lonely place, in the hope that when his son was bringing it home, the spirit which it represented might speak to him. If he showed fear, he was admonished that failure would bring punishment; or a fur cap was placed on his head and the parent assured him that nothing could now harm him. As he grew older, the length of the trips was gradually increased, until at about ten years he was sent as much as a mile or more to the top of some hill or mountain, there to remain all night. He was permitted to sleep and to have a fire, but food and water were forbidden. When the boy reached the age of thirteen to fifteen, the father, if he had medicine, would have him carry the medicine-bag to his vigil. "Go into the mountains alone," were the instructions, "and starve for many days. Something may tell you what to do in order to be wealthy, to save the sick and those who have been wounded, to be a good fighter who cannot be shot." When such a command was laid upon the boy, he fasted either one night or many nights, as his inclination was. Luison, a Flathead, when less than fifteen years of age, remained in the mountains five days, during which time

he ate nothing, although he did not abstain from water. Nevertheless he experienced no vision.

In seeking visions journeys of considerable length were sometimes made - as much as forty miles, according to a Sinkiuse informant. Among this tribe also the quest for supernatural power was abandoned as soon as the boy reported that a spirit had spoken to him. Boys of other Salish tribes, however, continued their journeys up to the age of puberty, when, as they were men, it was not likely that spirits would hold communion with them. In most of the tribes the custom was that one who had seen a spirit would not reveal the fact until he had attained maturity, when at a performance of the winter ceremony he would sing his sacred songs and tell what he had seen and what the spirit had said to him. Thus it was known what his supernatural power was good for, whether for fishing, or hunting, or healing. The Flathead, however, like the plains Indian, kept his secret until there was occasion to make use of his power, as when he was wounded or in great danger, or when he wished to expel sickness. The following medicine-song is a characteristically Salishan air; it was obtained from the Skunk in a vision by Qaiítsa, a son of the Sinkiuse chief Sukutáhlkósum.

Among all these tribes it was possible to possess the power of more than one spirit, but such power could not be purchased nor inherited. When a supernatural creature appeared to a boy, it always not only gave him songs by means of which to exercise its power, but informed him how he was to paint and what symbols of the tutelary spirit he was to wear. These symbols were, if the spirit represented an earthly creature, nearly always that creature's body or a portion of it. After reaching manhood he obtained this necessary article by killing an animal of that species, and not by purchase. A Spokan man thus describes his experience in acquiring medicine:

"At ten years of age I was with a Party of six men, who were hunting mountain-sheep on Stukuqáus [the mountains at the head of Yakima river]. They left me at a large lake and went on to hunt, up among the high rocks. I was frightened, and was crying, when a finely dressed man suddenly appeared, and said: 'Young boy, what are you afraid of; what are you crying about? Your hair will be white before you die. You will be a very old man. If you are shot with a bullet or an arrow, or cut with a knife, that will not kill you, for you are going to die of sickness. Do not be afraid of being shot. 'That is why I was so

foolish [reckless] when I was a young man. 'When the hail comes,' he said, 'it strikes my body, but it does not go through. That is the way it will be with you when the bullets fall on your body. Look at me now. Here is the way I do.' Then he showed me how, when I was wounded, to spit out blood, and turning he walked away. I saw that it was Badger. Many times Badger has come in dreams and told me what was going to happen, and it always has happened. He promised me songs, some of which he gave me then, and others of which came to me later in dreams. He told me to wear a belt consisting of a strip cut from a badger-skin, including the nose and the tail; and a cap of badger-skin with an eagle-feather attached to it."

The supernatural creatures which appeared to those seeking their aid were called, in the dialect of the Flatheads, Spokan, and Kalispel, *su'másh* (Wenatchee, *sumáh*), which corresponds to the term "medicine" as used in this connection. Any one possessing *su'másh*, or medicine, no matter for what special kind of magic it fitted him, was *ephltsúut*. One whose *su'másh* had given him power to cure or to expel disease was *tleqílsh* (Wenatchee, *tlaqíluh),* which corresponds to "medicine-man." Most ailments were believed to be caused by some evil influence which only the magic of the medicine-man could counteract. This evil influence emanated either from malign, unseen powers, or else from some malevolent medicine-man. It was combated by a treatment consisting of singing and either blowing the disease away with the breath or sucking it out with the lips. The following song of the Pelican, like many of the sacred songs of the Salish, is a conventionalization of the voice of the creature from which it was supposedly obtained. It was used by one of three shamans (the other two having the songs of Mudhen and Loon respectively) who were trying to relieve a patient of a spell cast upon him by another shaman jealous of his success in catching nearly all the salmon that were being taken.

A few vegetal substances likewise were employed by some of the shamans. The *tleqílsh* also were the men who treated wounds. Payment was made for a cure, but failure was not punished, nor was any resentment entertained by the family of the patient. A not unusual form of the exercise of supposed supernatural power was the conveying in the naked hands of heated stones into the sweat-lodge. Like many incredible things, this feat is a simple matter. A Christianized mixed-blood Nez Percé reluctantly and with much embarrassment confessed his

former adherence to "heathen practices," and in so doing explained the handling of heated stones.

"When I was young and unused to the sweat-lodge (because I had been living with my father, a Frenchman), a certain boasting fellow burned me during the sweat by suddenly throwing on too much water and making too much steam. I vowed revenge, and secretly with the help of my chum began to take daily sweats, each time remaining in the lodge longer than on the preceding day. Before the stones became too hot we would each take one in our bare hands and walk as far as possible with it, shifting it from one hand to the other. Gradually we increased the heat of the stones and the distance. This we continued for many months, until I was so used to sweating that I could have lived in steam. My hands too were hardened so that I could carry red-hot stones into the sweat-lodge.[36]

"Then one morning the man who had disgraced me by blistering in skin entered a sweat-lodge where a number of us were preparing for a bath. When the cover was lowered, the old man who had received the water-vessel passed it to me, knowing my desire for revenge. I poured the water on the stones with scarcely a pause, and soon the men began to slip out under the cover, until only my enemy was left with me. 'You must be trying to burn me!' hesaid. The steam was so dense I could not see him. After a long time some one outside shouted, 'Do you mean to kill that man?' Then the cover was thrown up and they carried him out. He was unconscious, and his back was blistered. If the others had not interfered, probably I would have killed him.

"In the winter came a challenge from a medicine-man at Hasótoïn: anybody who could show medicine equal to his for carrying red-hot stones should have his herd of horses. My chum and I had made our preparations to go and get his horses, when two Christian Yakima arrived and began to preach. That night I threw away my old ways."

It must not be supposed that because some special power was acquired by perfectly natural means the Indians were therefore wholly insincere when they called it supernatural power. The very fact that it

[36] At this point he exhibited the palms of his hands. After the lapse of more than twenty years they were still lined with incredibly thick callosities, and the tendons had become so shrunken as to stand forth prominently.

was a special ability furnished the basis for the belief that it was therefore enjoyed by the favor of some guardian spirit.

Among all the interior tribes of the Salishan stock, excepting the Flatheads, there was observed a winter ceremony for all persons under the protection of guardian spirits. It was in general similar to the medicine-chant of the Shahaptian tribes, and even more closely resembled that of the upper Columbia Chinookans as represented by the Wishham. It was evidently derived from the coast. The Nespilim called it *Siniuhwám, or Sinuqiním;* the Kalispel, *Stleqihlchstsú* (*tleqílsh*, medicine-man); the Spokan, *Átstilakamísh (stilakám,* dance). A Spokan man's description of the ceremony as it was practised by his people will suffice.

"Átstilakamísh was observed in midwinter, after the people had begun to live in the long-houses. One lodge of four fires was made, for the medicine-chant. It was occupied like any ordinary lodge, one of the families being that of a medicine-man whose title was *niuhwiuhumíhl.* He was the one who had charge of the ceremony, and the right to do this was given him by his guardian spirit. In midwinter [January], in the middle of a night, this man would be heard singing his medicine-songs. To any one who came inquiring why he was singing (although everybody knew what it meant), he said, as he sat by the fire, "We are going to have this*Átstilakamísh.'* He named the day on which it was to begin."

"On the appointed night those who had *su'másh,* and any others who so desired, assembled in the long house. In the centre stood a slender fir pole beside a small platform of hewn logs. The leader advanced, stepped upon the platform, grasped the pole with his hands, and began to sing one of his medicine-songs, at the same time dancing up and down, while the people joined in his song and half marched, half danced, in single file round the pole. When the leader felt that one song had been repeated a sufficient number of times, he started another, and so continued to do until all of his personal songs had been used. Then any other person, man or woman, who had a guardian spirit, took his place on the platform, and his songs were repeated. If there was present any one who, though he possessed medicine, had never revealed the fact, this was his opportunity, if the spirit so directed him, to declare himself; which he did by grasping the pole, singing the songs given by the spirit, and relating what it had told him. All night,

and usually for four nights, this continued. Excitement ran high. Occasionally a man would have some one gash his scalp until the blood streamed, believing that unless this were done he would die. Throughout the entire night, except when he stood singing his own songs, the leader sat beside the pole.

"About daylight the leader opened a roll of tule matting, inside of which appeared several feathers of a kind of woodpecker. These all at once would arise and stand on end, without visible aid,[37] and the medicine-man would then call the name of some person present and say that a certain feather represented his soul, that he was going to be very sick and die on a certain day; but that he, the medicine-man, would tie the feather on the head of the person named, and if it was allowed to remain there all the day, and if the person would eat a certain food which the medicine-man named and on the following night brought back the feather, still tied in his hair, the evil spell would be thus overcome and no harm would be done. Sometimes he would point out two feathers, and say that they represented two young persons, whom he then named, and they were to be married. Or he might say that two feathers represented a man and his wife who were separated, and promise that if the woman tied both in her hair, the husband would come back to her. On the following night the people returned to the lodge, and as each one to whom a feather had been given entered, he, or she, went to the medicine-man, who took the feather out of the hair and imposed on the person some trifling commission, such as: 'Get a blanket of a certain kind in the early spring and wear it until the end of the summer, and you will have good luck.' To others he would tell what was going to happen to them, or that had already happened. After all was over, he would say: 'Now, next winter we will see how you are then. My *su'másh* will be with you all the summer.' As he took each feather, he laid it back on the tule matting, which at the end of the ceremony he rolled up.

"Each dancer tied some offering to the pole, and at the conclusion of the ceremony the pole and the offerings were carried to the hills and

[37] This may have been accomplished by the same means employed by the Menominee magicians, who operated sets of figurines by means of threads attached to the toes.

placed among the branches of a tree in a place known only to the one appointed to perform this duty."

Normally this ceremony was never given twice in one winter in the same camp, but it might be performed several times in the tribe, because the people lived in small groups in that season. Two observances, however, were never set for the same time, and the ceremony was always well attended by visitors from other bands.

The Spokan, and probably others of the western Salish, performed a rite of tribal purification in the early winter, after the fall hunt and before the winter hunt. Ability to conduct *Shtáhwe,* as it was called, belonged to the medicine-man who had charge of the hunt, and was the gift of his guardian spirit. His title was *shiitús.* He first ordered certain young men to make a sweat-lodge and place the stones in the fire. Then he entered the sudatory and directed a man, choosing him at random, to bring in two of the red-hot stones in his bare hands. The man, it is said, did so, and the medicine-man would call upon others each to bring two stones, until all the heated stones had been carried in. Then these men went in to sweat, as well as any others who were going to hunt, until the lodge was filled.

At night the medicine-man took his place beside the fir pole in the long-house, and two assistants sat, one at each end of the lodge, on a platform raised above the floor, in order to see that the people did nothing frivolous. The singing of medicine-songs and dancing lasted all night and the following night. Then at sunrise the people in the camp stood in a row in front of their lodges, while the medicine-man with a besom of leafy twigs went along brushing out each lodge and passing his bunch of twigs over the body of each person. To the last person in the row he gave the besom, telling him to run away with it. As the man started to run, the other people pursued him, and if they caught him they were at liberty to strike him with sticks and whips. This was believed to drive sickness out of the camp. That same day the hunters set out from the village.

The Kalispel before inaugurating a hunt held a dance called *Sink$^{\hat{a}}$kuá,* in which at night the men gathered around a stiff rawhide, spread upon the ground, and beat upon it with sticks, their bodies swaying and their voices raised in song, while three or four women stood behind and aided in the singing. This was in supplication to the spirits for aid in the hunt. In the intervals between the songs some would tell

what they were going to accomplish on the hunt, and others what the spirits of the animals and birds had told them in the mountains on their journeys of fasting. Each man sang his own medicine-song, being aided by the others, and then narrated his visions, the others repeating his words after him. Among the Flatheads this dance, which they called *Sinkaká,* was given for the purpose of encouraging men to join a war-party, and such songs as the following were employed.

Said by the Indians themselves to have been derived from the coast tribes was a rite called by the Nespilim*Skep,* and by the Spokan *Skaip*. Its chief feature was the dancing of a medicine-man forward and back on a hewn log, to the accompaniment of his own medicine-songs, after which others, one by one, took his place and danced while their own songs were repeated. According to the Kalispel, *Skaip* was a spirit who talked to people in their sleep and made them ill. If the sick person recovered, he sang and danced, and this performance also was called *Skaip*. The following narrative illustrates their practice.

"A woman who is still living fell sick in the winter. She was very ill until spring and then her body began to waste away. She was very thin, but she could still walk. A medicine-man, Holaíakn, and a Spokan medicine-man named Schicheitsín, came to cure her. One of them blew his breath over her, from the feet to the head; then the other did the same, and when they had finished, she was dead [in a faint]. In a little while the medicine-men returned and made her alive again. When she was better, she sang a song, which said: 'I was going to die, by the name of Skaip; but now Skaip is going to leave me, and Skaip wants to take that black horse. If we give him that black race-horse, we will receive a little bay horse in two days, and in two days more I will receive a little bay mare, each with a name.' Her husband owned a very fast race-horse. It was very valuable, but he said: 'I love you more than my race horse. It is swell; we will give away that horse.' They began to dance in their lodge, and continued throughout the day and the night, and in the morning they gave away the horse and everything else they had, until nothing was left in their lodge.

"About two days after this the woman was well, and they moved to the Kalispel river [Clarks fork], where other Indians were encamped, gambling. Her husband began to play, and won a couple of blankets. A man came to him and said: 'Give me one of those blankets, and I will give you a pony. Yonder it is, a little bay horse. His name is Billy.'

So they traded, and the man swam the pony across the river and asked his wife if he had got the right bay horse, the one of which Skaip had told her, and she answered: 'That is the one. I will receive my little bay mare in two days more.' Two days later some Spokan were there, and one of the men, Schkaiúshi, was preparing to return to his tribe. Said he to the woman's husband 'I am getting ready to go home, but I have no blanket. If you have one, give it to me, and I will give you this pony.' 'Go and ask my wife' said the man. The Spokan tied his pony outside the lodge went in, and said, 'If you have a blanket give it to me and I will give you a pony, a little bay mare by the name of Lower Front.' So the exchange was made." Following is a song used among the Sinkiuse by a man dancing *Skep:*[38]

In ancient times a ceremony (called by the Flatheads *Eshainúhwe,* "they stop the cold ") was performed by a medicine-man who had power to bring the warm wind. He would walk naked round the camp on the outside of the circle of lodges, singing. This was done when the snow was deep and the wind cold, and the people feared that the winter would not end. An extended description of this ancient practice cannot now be obtained, but two songs were recorded.

The Flatheads show the effect of contact with plains culture in their ceremony for calling the buffalo, *Eshatltstemá* ("they call buffalo"). If game of this sort was scarce, a medicine-man would announce to the people that it was necessary to call for the buffalo, and that a lodge should be erected. When at night all had assembled in this lodge, the medicine-man sang, and at the beginning of the third song all arose and danced. The medicine-man joined in the dancing, and after a long time he announced what he had seen with reference to the buffalo. He would say, for instance: "The buffalo are a long distance from here, and if we have cold weather here, it will be certain that the buffalo will arrive and will be found mingling with our horses." This closed the ceremony. Two of the songs are here given.

The influence of the tribes of the plains accounts for the presence among the easterly Salish of the war-dance, *Suwénch,* and the scalp-dance, *Esyúli* ("rejoice"), which were here quite the same as among

[38] On this dance among the Nez Percés, see Volume VIII, pages 72, 183, and note the similarity of the Sinkiuse song above given to the Nez Percé song.

the prairie tribes; and for various war customs, such as the taking of scalps and the striking of coups.

The mythological tales of these interior Salishan tribes deal mainly with the adventures and exploits of the transformer, Coyote; and a long account of his progress as he led the salmon from the sea, up the Columbia and its tributaries, closely resembles the myth recounted by the Shahaptians and Chinookans of the Columbia. It is worthy of remark that the Spokan word *spílye* (coyote) is the Yakima *spilyaí,* and probably is connected with the Wishham*iskólya*.

The songs of the Flatheads have taken on to a considerable degree the character of those of the plains, but the product of the musical faculty of the other Salishan tribes is much more in accordance with our idea of the beautiful. The following examples possess a high degree of excellence of descriptive qualities:

MYTHOLOGY
ORIGIN OF DEATH[39]

Coyote's daughter fell sick and died. As he wandered about mourning, he came to a little hill, from the top of which he saw a stream below, and signs that some one was living there. Going down he saw two long lodges on the other side, and heard the sounds of a gambling game. He called out, "Take me across!" But no answer came. In lonesomeness he lay down on the shore, and becoming sleepy, he yawned, when some one, hearing him, said to the others , Somebody is calling." Still no one paid any attention to him. He continued to lie there, and he thought, "How am I going to make them hear me and set me over?" Again he yawned, and people looked out of the lodges and said: "Some one is calling. Go and bring him over." Coyote saw one of them start from the other side, and when the person got to him he saw that it was his daughter, the one that had recently died. Said she: "Why are you here? I think you should not be here. But come into the boat."

Coyote saw that the canoe was merely a framework of bark. His daughter told him to close his eyes, and he obeyed and got in, but half-

[39] A Kalispel tale .

way over he thought, "I should like to know how things are going." So he opened one eye, but the boat began to fill, and his daughter told him quickly to shut his eye or they would sink. They landed, and went to the lodge, and Coyote entered. It was empty, the gamblers being in the other one. His daughter told him he must not go to look at the game, and he said, "I will not leave you, for I was very anxious about where you had gone when you died." Yet all the time in his heart he was thinking he would go to look at the game. He fell asleep, but some time later he again heard the sounds of the game, and, opening his eyes, he saw that it was now daylight. Listening, he perceived that his daughter was still sleeping, so he got up quietly and went into the other lodge, where he saw that there were two parties, and that all had their hair tied up on their heads, with some sort of weed in the knots. Seeing that one side had no good players, he decided to join them, so he sat down in the crowd; but they paid no attention to him. He wondered what was the cause of their coolness, and he decided to make himself look like them by tying a piece of weed in his hair. By and by his side was almost beaten, and Coyote began to make the guesses, choosing the correct hand each time without difficulty. Then he started the song and juggled the bones, and at last he had all the counters except one, when at that moment his daughter wakened and heard her father's voice. Just as she came in to see about it the others guessed and lost their last stick, and they all suddenly fell back dead. She entered and said: "Those are my children and your grandchildren whom you have killed. Why did you not obey me when I told you not to come here? You have killed them. If they had won, you and your side would have died, and they and I would have escaped from this place of the dead." Then she called him to her own lodge. There lay a large bag filled with something. She told him he must go home and take that bag with him; also that he must not open it before getting to the top of the hill on the other side of the stream. He promised, put the bag on his back, and started to the boat. On the other side of the stream Coyote placed the heavy bag on his back and set out, but something in it hurt his shoulder.

On the way up the hill he stopped to rest, being very tired, and sweating. As he sat there he wondered what could be in the bag, so he untied it, thinking just to peep in and quickly tie it again.

The moment a small hole was opened, a child leaped out and ran

off, and Coyote followed as fast as he could. The child was not to be caught, however, and Coyote went back to the bag, only to see another child jump out. This one, too, he pursued, but he could not catch it. Returning again to the bag, he saw a third leap out, and a fourth, both of whom he let go, thinking there might be more inside, which he would tie up, but he found the bag entirely empty. He decided that he had better go back to his daughter and tell her what he had done; so, returning to the river, he looked across, but he could see nobody there, nor could he hear a sound. At the landing-place he called loudly, but he received no answer. A second shout brought his daughter from her lodge. She called: "Did I not tell you not to look into the bag? If you had waited until you got some, you would have found your grandchildren, but now you have lost them forever, and I am lost too!" Coyote turned sadly away.

When the daughter died and was buried, the spirits carried her from the grave, and she became the mother of their children. The game in the lodge was to decide the question of life and death; had the children won, life would have conquered, and there would now be no death.

ORIGIN OF SUN AND MOON[40]

Coyote and Antelope lived together, and each had four sons. Said Coyote to Antelope, "Let our sons go out and become wise, and learn how to steal the moon." For the moon was the property and plaything of a certain tribe of animals.

So the eight young men went out to fast in the mountains to obtain the aid of the spirits, and in a few days they returned. Coyote's sons had the bottom of their moccasins worn out, while the sons of Antelope had only two holes in theirs, one in the heel and another in the toe. Coyote said, "Your boys must have stayed close about here, and mine have gone far off in the mountains." They were sent out again after a short time, and again and again. And each time the moccasins were worn in the same way. At last Coyote said: "Well, we must get ready to go for the moon. Our boys should be good enough now to steal it."

[40] A Kalispel tale.

So the eight young men were sent to steal the moon, and, coming to the playing ground where the people were rolling the great round shining moon from one end to the other of an open space, they hid themselves at one end. But the owners of the moon knew all the time that the eight were coming to try to steal it; so they rolled it toward the boys because they thought it could not be taken away, for it was heavy. The big moon came rolling near the youngest Coyote, when the eight leaped up and started to roll it away to their home. The eldest Coyote pushed it first, and the owners started after the eight. When they caught up with the thieves, the next older Coyote took the ball, and the people killed the eldest. In this way also the other three were killed, when the four Antelopes took the moon, and the people were not swift enough to catch them.

When they arrived near home, one of them called loudly, "Antelope, your boys are dead!" Hearing this, Coyote got up, took a stick, struck Antelope roughly, and said: "Your boys are killed. You did not instruct them well; you let them stay near home when they fasted, and now they are dead!" A little later another of the four called out, "Coyote, your four boys are killed!" Coyote heard them plainly, and now he did not know what to think. At dark they reached home with the moon, and when Coyote found his sons missing, he began to cry loudly, and he said, "Put out the fire and hand me that moon." They put out the fire and gave him the moon, which he carried away, leaving behind him his spittle, which was his medicine-spirit, crying like himself to deceive the Antelope into thinking he was still there.

Coyote thought, "The people over there must be very wise and very powerful, and if I give the moon back to them they will make my boys alive again." About daylight the people saw him coming. Said one: "There is Coyote coming back with the moon. We had better make his boys alive again." When he reached their camp, they said, "Here are your children waiting for you," and, seeing them there, he said, pretending to be ignorant that the moon had been secured by theft, "I know my boys wanted wives, and, seeing this large fine tribe, they wished to marry into it, and that is doubtless why they are here." So Coyote and his four sons left the camp of the people who owned the moon.

In another place lived Sapsucker. To his grandmother he one day said, "Let me go and steal the moon." He set out. When the people

saw him coming, they knew his object and began to laugh, saying, "Look at Sapsucker coming for the moon!" One said, "Roll that moon toward Sapsucker and see what he will do with it." This was done, and the moon lay right in front of him.

He tried to raise it, and the people only looked and laughed. So Sapsucker made off with the moon, but he could scarcely walk with such a weight. The people kept on laughing, and said, "Let him go as far as that ridge, but if he passes over it, we will kill him." Sapsucker disappeared over the brow, and the people gave chase; but when they reached the top they beheld Sapsucker at the summit of the next hill, for he had rolled the heavy moon down the slope of the first one and its own momentum had carried it nearly to the top of the next one. And so the chase went on, until the people were exhausted, and Sapsucker got the moon home in safety. The people turned homeward, very sad because they had no moon, and they said: "Let us make a moon, for we have none. And let us place it in the sky."

So they discussed the question, who should be the moon, and they decided upon Yellow Fox, who agreed. The moon was to shine by day as well as by night, and Fox made it so hot in the daytime that they did not like it, and they took him down out of the sky. They asked Coyote if he would be a good person for this, and he thought he would. When he came up in the morning the temperature was satisfactory, but whatever wrong was being done, he called out loudly the name of the person and what he was doing. This displeased those people who wished to do things secretly, so Coyote was taken out of the sky.

There were two young men in the tribe, finely dressed fellows. Near by lived four Frogs, who wanted these two young men for their husbands, but they did not know just how to get them. One of them proposed a plan, and, following it out, she one day made everything wet while the young men were in the forest, and as there was no dry place in which to sit, except only the cedar-bark lodge of the Frogs, they entered. Immediately one of the Frogs leaped on the face of one of the men and remained sticking there in spite of all he could do. The others blinded the other man in one eye. When the people found the young men, they were not able to remove the Frog from the face of the one without cutting his flesh, nor could they help the one-eyed man. So the latter said, "I had better be the sun, for I am ashamed to go about as a man with one eye." The other said, "I would rather be the

moon than go about among my people with this Frog on my face." So the two were placed up in the sky to be the sun and the moon, and the spots we see on the moon are only this Frog still sticking on his face; while every one knows that the sun has only one eye.

COYOTE DEFEATS THE WOLVES[41]

Four brothers, Wolves, lived beside the river. From his home below came Salmon, who stole the wife of one of the Wolves and fled down the stream, pursued by the four brothers. Since he refused to give up the woman, a battle began, and as their arrows were unable to strike Salmon, they were compelled to retreat, followed by him. Then it was that Rattlesnake saw his relations, the Wolves, in danger of being killed, and forthwith he drew his bow and arrows, shot from across the river, and struck Salmon, who fell dead. The scar of Rattlesnake's flint arrow-point still can be seen on Salmon's head. The Wolves returned in safety to their camp.

Now Snipes were related to Salmon, and, learning that he had been killed, they fared out to find his body. They discovered it, dry and still, beside the stream, and carried water and poured over it until it was quite wet, when his life returned to him. Then together Salmon and Snipes went toward the home of the Wolves, but on the way they passed the camp of Rattlesnake, who inside was singing a new war-song, how he had killed Salmon. Just then his enemy made a noise, and Rattlesnake, looking out, saw Salmon and was frightened. "He is going to kill me," thought he. He spat on his hands, rubbed them over his face to simulate tears, and began to bemoan loudly the death of Salmon. The latter then entered, and Snake looked on him in apparent surprise, saying: "Why, you are alive again! I have been crying for you four days. It is true. I am glad to see you." "It is well," answered the other. "I am going toward the camp of the Wolves." Then he went out and set fire all around Rattlesnake's lodge, and Rattlesnake was burned. This is why his skin is marked with scars.

Salmon entered the lodge of the Wolves while they were absent, and there he beheld two women, Louse and Wood-tick. Said they,

[41] A Kalispel tale.

"You will be dead in a short time: the Wolves are very wise." He answered: "You had better hide me; I will repay you. To you," he turned to Louse, "I will give power over the heads of people, so that you will have little trouble to get food. And to you," he addressed Wood-tick, "I will give the hind quarters of every kind of animal for your food." They agreed to aid him. "We will tell lies and hide you," they promised. The eldest brother will be here in a very short time; but he is so wise, he will know you are here." Soon Salmon heard the eldest Wolf approaching. From a little distance came his voice: "I smell Salmon!" The women went out and said: "Did you not kill Salmon? How then can he be here?" Still Wolf continued to cry out, while the women kept up their denials. Then when Wolf entered the lodge, Salmon cut him in two with a long knife. In a similar way he disposed of the next two brothers. Then came the fourth, and the wisest, and from behind the mountain he began making a great outcry. When he reached the summit he called, "Salmon is in my camp, and Louse and Wood-tick have been paid to lie about it!" Then the women went out and assured him it was not true; yet, when he approached the camp warily, he suddenly leaped back to the mountain. Four times he did this, but at last Salmon rushed out and succeeded in reaching him with his knife, cutting him in two. One half flew off to the prairies, the other to the mountains. In the night that half which went into the mountains began to howl, making such a terrific noise that the people moved their camps. But still the howling filled their ears. Soon one of the people fell sick and died. He was buried at once, but on the next day the body was found to have been removed from the grave. Another died, and his body also was stolen. Wolf was putting the sickness on them; he intended to kill them all and to take their bodies for food.

So a great hunting party was organized, but when they came near the top of the mountains, the howling ceased, and they could find no trace of Wolf. A great many of the people died. Then said Ashes, "I will go to look for him." He flew up into the air before Wolf knew of his plan, and at the top of the mountain he beheld Wolf, and beside him a huge pile of bones. Now it was known certainly that Wolf was killing the people for the sake of their bodies, and the people said to Coyote, "You are wise; do something before we are all dead!" Therefore Coyote set out, and first he deposited his medicine-spirits [his feces] on the ground in four places. They told him: "Wolf is very wise. If you do not

kill him, he will destroy all of you." The youngest said: "I will be the wise thought. When Wolf digs for the body, I will make it sink ever deeper." The eldest said: "I will be the burned camas. When you make a grave, I will be on the top of it. Also," said he, "I will be the baby, and when Wolf comes, I will say, 'My father is buried here.'"

So it was, and when Wolf came to the grave that night, he saw a baby beside it picking the burnt camas and eating it. As the baby placed some burnt camas in its mouth, it said, looking at Wolf, "*Pápa, pápa, pápa*." Wolf did not know that any one had died that day, and he thought about the wisdom and power of Coyote. He asked, "Where is your father?" The baby pointed to the grave and said, "*Pápa*." Still suspicious, Wolf demanded again, "Where is your father?" But the baby only repeated its action. Then Wolf began to dig. After he had dug the usual distance and found nothing, his suspicions revived, and he said to the baby: "You must be Coyote. Where is your father?" Once more the baby pointed to the grave, and repeated, "*Pápa*." Then Wolf dug deeper. He touched the body, but he could not get it out, and dug deeper. When the hole was very deep, the baby jumped in, took the shape of Coyote, and thrust a spear into Wolf. He cried, "You shall always be Wolf, but you shall not eat people, only animals."

COYOTE KILLS A MONSTER[42]

Coyote was once coming from the buffalo country, and near Flathead lake he found a camp, whose people said: "There is a dangerous place down below, where you are likely to be killed. You had better go around it." "No," said he, "I had rather be killed. I will go through." Continuing his journey, he passed into some thick timber and plucked one of the largest tamaracks to carry with him. He bore it crosswise on his back. He entered one end of a narrow gulch, and an end of the tamarack caught, but, turning, he loosened it and went on. He soon approached some people, who told him that he had already been swallowed by the dangerous monster for whom he was searching, and that they too had been swallowed by this creature, whose form was a gulch. Some of them were dying, others dead; some were gambling.

[42] A Kalispel tale.

When Coyote knew he was caught, he began to cry. Said they, "Coyote, you are wise, and you should know some way for us to get out of this." "I will do something," he promised. He went on a little distance and deposited his medicine-spirits [his feces] on the ground in four places. The four sat there and said, "You are dying; you are in a dangerous place." The fourth one, the wisest, said: "Take me for a spear. I am going to be a sharp spear." The third said, "I am going to be a drum." The second said, "Take me for a large hoop." The first said, "Take me for another hoop." Coyote then went back to the people and proposed a war-dance. He made the dead ones alive, and the dance began. After placing the two hoops in position, one at each end of the evil gulch, he found the monster's heart, and told the people that as soon as he thrust his spear into it they should run out as fast as they could. Coyote began to leap about, making three feints at the heart, then he pushed the spear into it, and shouted, "All run out!" All hurried out, all except Wood-tick, who was caught by the contracting jaws of the creature as the hoop in its mouth slipped; still he managed to squeeze out, though he has always since then been quite thin and flat. When the beast was dead, he was found to be a huge Whippoorwill, who had taken the form of a gulch to make killing easier. Coyote stood by, and, raising the enormous dead bird, he said: "In the future you shall not kill people. And when you sound your voice, which shall be only at night, the women will say to their children, 'Be quiet, or Whippoorwill will come for you!"' Then he threw the bird across the river upon the rocks, which began to turn yellow. Finally Coyote set the big tamarack in the ground, saying, "You will be the tamarack tree." This tree is still there, the only tamarack in that part of the country.[43]

COYOTE TRANSFORMS EVIL CREATURES[44]

Coyote married Gopher, and they had four sons. As he was one day travelling about, he saw a lodge pitched close beside a small lake. He heard singing. He stopped and listened more closely, and then heard speaking, the voice telling how Coyote was coming down the hill. He

[43] The scene of the myth is near Ravalli, Montana.

[44] A Kalispel myth.

wondered if they were speaking about him, and in order to decide if they were, he turned and walked up the hill, and truly enough, the song now changed and the words explained that Coyote was going up the hill. Then he went forward to the lodge, and inside he saw a crowd of women, handsome women with fine ear-rings.

He entered and began to dance with them. After a while one of them seized him, then another, and then all crowded around him. They raised him from the ground, bore him out of the lodge, all the time dancing, and went toward the lake. Seeing that they intended to enter the water, Coyote begged that he be permitted to remove his clothing so that it would not be wet, but they answered, "Never mind your clothing, you will get better garments." Then they walked into the water, and in the deep water they held him until he was drowned. They let his body go. It floated to the surface, and drifted away to the other shore.

Coyote's friend, Yellow Fox, found the body there, and to himself he said: "Here is Coyote, my friend. You must have been doing something to the Clams, and now you are dead." He stepped over the body, and it arose, alive once more. "I must have been asleep," said Coyote. But Yellow Fox was not to be deceived, and he said, "You must have been doing something to the Clams, and they killed you." "Yes, it is true," admitted Coyote, "I will go back and destroy them." "You had better not go back," remonstrated his friend; "they may kill you again."

Nevertheless Coyote returned and placed fire all around their lodge; then going to the hill above, he sat down to watch, and when the fire was well started, he called to the Clams: "There is a fire starting around your home; it will destroy every one of you! You are handsome women!" The Clams came running out, while Coyote sat and laughed at them, advising them to run to a dry place, which they in their ignorance did, but the fire still pursued them, and some of them were burned in the back. He laughed, and said: "Don't you know anything? Go toward the trees, where they have been barked, and rub your backs in the pitch, and the fire will go out." They did even that, knowing no better. "Go down into that slough, where it is dry and the grass is thick and long, and you will save yourselves," advised Coyote. They went into the slough, and all were burned. Then Coyote called out: "You do not know anything. You do not deserve to be a people. Go down to the water, and always live there!" So they went into the water and saved

themselves from being completely consumed, and since that time they have been like the clams which we find in the water.

Resuming his travels, Coyote encountered a lodge in which he found no people, but a great mass of utensils of every sort piled up inside. Thinking to take away as many rolls of tule matting as he could carry, he tried to open a roll, to see how large and good it was, but as soon as be started to handle it, the matting began to envelop him. Then the other rolls came and wrapped themselves closely around him, and soon he was dead, smothered by the Tule people. They cast his body outside. By and by came Yellow Fox, who saw his friend, paused, stepped over the body, and made it again alive. Coyote sat up, rubbed his eyes, and pretended that he had been sleeping; but his friend was not deceived, and said, "You had better not go back there, for you were killed by the Tules." Coyote, however, insisted on returning and destroying them by fire.

Back he went and set fire all around their lodge, saying to them, "In the future you shall not have power to kill people; you shall be good only for covering lodges."

Next Coyote came to a lodge which contained many beautiful women, two of whom he thought he would take for his wives. They began to brush his hair, and he lay down to enjoy the sensation, but the brushing became violent, and soon all the hair was scratched from his body, and he was thrown out of the lodge dead. Again he was restored by Yellow Fox, who told him he had been destroyed by the Brush people. Coyote went back to the lodge, and set fire, around it; then as the people burned, he said: "You shall no longer be a people with power to kill others, but you shall be used only to brush hair, or to brush berries from the bushes."

Many other evil creatures Coyote transformed into useful articles.

THE LAZY BOY OBTAINS BEAR-MEDICINE[45]

There was a chief a long time ago who had a son both lazy and disobedient. Furthermore, he was a thief, for when he was hungry he would go to other lodges and take food slyly. He was fat and dirty.

[45] A Kalispel tale.

One day the chief said to his people, "We will go to camp in another place." So on the next morning they took down their lodges and began to pack; but the chief's son continued to sleep, awaking just as the last blanket was taken off him. "I am going to leave you," the chief said, "for you are of no use to me." The people set out in their canoes across the big lake, and the boy was abandoned.

Left to himself, the boy struck out across the country. It was early autumn. He wandered about in the valley, then into the mountains, where he came upon a Grizzly-bear and her two cubs. Said he, "I will let this bear kill me." As they were travelling in the same direction as he was, he made a detour, thinking to place himself in their way. So he lay down where they must pass. Now the old Bear knew he was in the trail, and she meant to pass around him, but the cubs, playing about in advance of her, found him and ran back to tell her: "There is a boy lying yonder." "Leave that boy alone," she said, "for he has been left. He is not good." When they passed by, he went around them again and placed himself in their way. Once more the old Bear tried to avoid him, but the cubs found him, only to be commanded to leave him, since he was an ill-looking boy. A third time he put himself in their way, and this time the Bear came to him and slapped his fat belly, when suddenly out popped several stones, such as are used in boiling meat. These he had swallowed in his greedy haste, while licking them. He was now a better-looking boy. The Bear said: "Come with us, for we are going to our den. It is nearly winter."

He went with the Bears, and they entered their den for the winter. There he remained, and when he grew hungry the Bear gave him two berries, but as fast as he ate them two others appeared in their place. Once, on awaking from a sleep, he heard the old Bear singing. On the next morning she said to him, "We shall leave the den the day after to-morrow, and a little way from here, down the hill, we shall meet a young man." So they went out, and at the hill came to a large rock and sat down. Soon a young man came toward them. When he was a few steps away, the Bear seized him and killed him. Then she pointed out the way to the boy's people, saying: "In that way is your home. Go!" He looked in the direction indicated and saw the smoke of camp fires. As he approached he smelled the smoke and fell unconscious; for he was not used to human odors. After a while some boys from the camp happened upon him, and, though they noticed that he looked like the

chief's son, they thought it could not be he, for he had been left behind many months, and this youth was but just dead. They hurried back to the camp and said to the chief, "We saw a man lying there, who looked like your boy, the one who was left behind last year." The chief answered: "The boy who was left had a scar on his nose. You can tell by that." Then they returned to the body, and, finding that there was such a scar, they reported this fact to the chief, who went, and recognized his son. He said: "I do not believe he is dead. Let the medicine-men make him alive." The medicine-men took many kinds of herbs and made smoke over his nose, but it did no good. Then they tried leaves of parsnips, and the smoke brought life to him. He was called a chief, for he was very handsome. His father said, "A man has been missing for two days, and we do not know what has become of him." "I know about it," answered the young man. "He was killed by a grizzly-bear in the hills. I have just come back from the time you left me. The Bear has taken care of me." Then they knew he was a great chief, for the Bear had given him power.

THE POOR MAN OBTAINS HUNTING MEDICINE [46]

A family were camping in a place where game was very scarce. It was autumn, and they were starving. Winter was approaching, and they were growing weak and thin. On a morning the father said, as usual: "I am going out to hunt. If I have good luck, I shall be here at sunset; if not, I shall return earlier." He went out and tramped through forests and meadows, through gulch and over hill, and at sunset he was far from home, without game. He turned and made for home, and when long after dark he approached his lodge he heard his little son crying and his wife saying, "Your father will soon be here with some meat." With those words in his ears, he had not the heart to enter without food, so he turned back to hunt further. After a while he went to the head of a gulch and lay down to rest. Soon he heard the sounds of a big game-drive. It seemed to be coming down the hill. By daylight the drive had completely encircled him, and after a while Jay came upon him and reported to the other hunters: "I find here a person,

[46] A Kalispel tale.

alive, but very thin. He is starving." The others gathered around him.

Now the wisest hunters of all were Cougar, Lynx, and Wolf. All stacked their arrows beside a tree and looked at the man, who was thinking to himself, "Perhaps I can frighten them, and when they run, I will take their weapons." Suddenly he leaped up with a yell, and the animals turned and ran, leaving their arrows and bows, which he seized at once.

At a little distance they stopped, and counselled with each other: "If we have no arrows, we will surely starve." In those days all the animals hunted with arrows, not with tooth and claw. "Jay," said Cougar, "go to that man and get the arrows, and pay him something for them." So Jay went to the man, but the latter refused to treat with him, saying: "Let Cougar come — Cougar and Lynx and Wolf. If these three come, I will talk to them." So the three came to him and said, "You must give us those arrows, and we will pay you with one of each of our own." The man agreed to this, and said, "Tell me then how to use your arrows." "When you see a narrow draw," answered Cougar, "shoot my arrow into it, and it will strike a deer; for the draw will be the shoulder of a deer." The man took the arrow and returned the rest of the sheaf to Cougar. "When you take my arrow," explained Wolf, "and see a little bald hill, shoot my arrow close to the top, and when you come to the place yourself, you will have a deer. That little bald hill will be the heart of a deer." So Wolf's arrows were returned to him, all except one. Lynx spoke: "I will tell you how to use my arrow. When you come to a great hole filled with brush, use my arrow: shoot into the thicket, and you will shoot a deer's liver." Retaining one of Lynx's arrows, the hunter gave back the others, and then set out for his home.

Near his lodge he came upon a thicket in a deep hole, and he decided to try Lynx's arrow. He took aim and shot, and immediately heard the noise of a deer struggling in the undergrowth. Quickly he hurried into the brush and found a deer, shot through the liver, and he knew that what the three animals had asserted was true. He bore the deer home. His wife said, "I was right when I told our son that because you were gone so long you must have had good luck."

After he had eaten, the man went out to make trial of the other arrows. Seeing a little bald hill with a narrow draw near the top, he shot at the summit of the hill, and heard the sound of the struggles of a stricken deer. Then he sent the arrow of Cougar into the draw, and

another animal was brought down. Now he knew that he had three good arrows, and would never starve.

BEAVER STEALS FIRE[47]

A long time ago the sole inhabitants of the earth were the animals, who then were people, and the only fire was in a world above the sky. The animals assembled to discuss the question of how to obtain this fire, and it was decided that the leader of the expedition should be he whose war-song was the best. Muskrat sang first, but his song was not good. Others sang in their turn. A short distance away stood a little knoll, whence they heard the sound of someone whistling, and when they all hurried over they found there Coyote and his companion, Wren, who had a thick bundle of little arrows. Coyote was invited down to the council-place, and when he there began to sing his war-song it was found so good that the others immediately began to dance. He was at once given the task of obtaining the fire.

The next question was how to get into the upper world. Wren said he would shoot an arrow up into the sky, then another after it, and so on until there was a line of arrows reaching from the earth to the world above. When he had done this he, being the lightest, climbed up, taking with him a rope of bark. He at length reached the land above and let down the rope, to strengthen the string of arrows, and the others all started to mount. The last one was Bear, a greedy fellow, who took two baskets of food, which were so heavy that when he was half-way up, the rope broke and Bear tumbled back to the earth.

In the upper world it was found that Curlew was the keeper of the fire and the guardian of the fish-weir. Seeking to find in which house he lived, they sent Frog and Bullsnake to the village. These two crept over, and near the village stopped to listen. Frog was in the lead, and Bullsnake, becoming hungry, began to lick Frog's feet, and finally swallowed him with a gulp. He then returned to his companions, and when asked where Frog was would make no reply other than that Frog had been eaten. But he told where the fire was, and Coyote sent Beaver to steal it. The latter said that he would go to the river and float down

[47] A Sinkiuse tale.

on the water, pretending he was dead, and Curlew, watching the fish-weir, would drag him out and take him home for the sake of his soft fur. Then Eagle was to come, and, alighting on the house of Curlew, act as if he were wounded and unable to fly away, when Curlew's family would run out to capture him, and Beaver would thus be left alone in the house with the fire.

This plan was carried out, and Beaver started back for the river, carrying the fire; but just as he reached the water the people saw him and started in pursuit. He dived, and Spider was sent ahead by Curlew to spread his net in the river and thus catch Beaver, but the latter had already gone by, carrying the fire under his claws. Thrice more Spider attempted to set his net ahead of Beaver, but each time he was too late. So Beaver reached the rope and climbed down, and the others quickly followed. When those above saw that the others had fire, they ordered Frog to let the rain fall and put it out. It rained for a moon, but the fire was given to Prairie-chicken, who sat over it and kept it burning.

WHITE OWL AND HIS FIVE WIVES[48]

White Owl was a great chief. With him lived his five cousins, three Eagles and two Sparrow-hawks. Every day the five went hunting, and their fame as hunters became so widespread that Otter heard of it and sent his five daughters to marry them. When the girls arrived, the five were absent hunting, and when White Owl heard of their mission, he insisted that they marry him, and would not release them until they consented. He concealed them.

That night, after all had eaten, there was some meat left, and White Owl laid it where his wives could reach it, saying to his cousins that he would leave it there until morning. But in the morning it was gone, and the five cousins, noticing this, thought it strange. In order to find out about it they told White Owl that they had left a deer in a certain place, and asked him to bring it in while they hunted. Then they left, but quickly circled about and returned just in time to see White Owl in the company of his five wives. When after a while he went out to get the deer, the five came out of hiding and asked the sis-

[48] A Kalispel tale.

ters whence they had come, and why. When they learned that the girls had come to marry them, and that White Owl had taken them, they were very angry, and said: "We will kill White Owl!" But, not knowing how to accomplish this, they decided to take the girls and flee. So they set fire to the lodge and with the five girls passed up and away on the cloud of smoke.

When White Owl returned he could find no trace of their tracks, for the smoke had disappeared, leaving no trail. Then he, too, built a fire, and the smoke took the same direction as the smoke on which the others had gone, and so he followed them, turning himself into a stone. He caused the wind to be very cold. In the meantime the others had descended to the earth and were hurrying on, but it became so cold that one of the Sparrow-hawks unable to proceed, was overtaken by White Stone and killed. Soon the same misfortune befell the other Sparrow-hawk, then two of the Eagles. But the third Eagle kept the five girls and hurried on. It became so cold they could go no farther, and stopped to build a fire; there White Stone came rolling along, resumed his other form, attacked Eagle, and killed him. Then White Owl took the five girls back to his home, and sent four of them to their father, Otter.

In Otter's country Coyote was chief. After a while White Owl's wife desired to visit her father and sisters, and White Owl accompanied her in his form of White Stone. When Otter saw his son-in-law, he was displeased, especially as he was so ferocious that he was inclined to kill anybody who came in his way. So he asked Coyote to kill him, and the latter prepared a sweat-lodge for him. When White Stone entered, Coyote made it so hot that his enemy was split into pieces.

TURTLE RACES WITH FROG AND EAGLE[49]

A large number of the animal-people were in camp together, competing in foot-races. Frog and Eagle had proved the best. Near by in another camp lived the Turtle brothers, sixteen of them, and they all were as like as so many berries. As the eldest looked on his fifteen

[49] A Kalispel tale.

brothers and noticed that they were exactly alike, he had a thought. "Let us go to the races to-morrow, and run against Frog," he proposed. Then he unfolded his plan, and the others agreed that it was good.

They arrived about nightfall on the following day. The camp was on the shore of a small, clear lake, along the edge of which grew tall grass. In the darkness the eldest Turtle arranged his brothers at equal intervals around the shore of the lake, and bade them lie close in the grass.

At daybreak, when the people began to assemble at the race-course, they saw Turtle laboriously crawling about and heard him calling a challenge to race. Knowing him to be the slowest of all creatures, they thought he was only joking, and asked him if he wished to run against the champion Frog. "Yes, it is true," he answered, "I wish to race with Frog." In great glee they called to Frog: "Here is the swift Turtle, who wishes to run with you! Are you not afraid of him?" "We will run at noon," answered Frog. When the time came, there were not many wagers laid, for all were afraid to bet on Turtle; but a few backed him, regarding the whole affair as a great joke. Said Turtle to Frog, "I will bet against your tail: if you lose, I will take it and wear it." Frog agreed.

The two stood ready, and at the word they started. Frog soon took the lead, but he did not hurry, for he felt confident he would win. Looking back, he could not see his opponent, but in front he heard a voice calling him, and there was Turtle ahead of him, creeping industriously around the lake. Again he passed Turtle, but again, on looking behind, he could not see him, and again the creeper appeared ahead of him. Time after time this happened, and Frog, being slow of wit, did not know he was being cheated. As he neared the end of the course, there a little in front of him was Turtle crossing the line. The winner dropped on a pile of the wagered blankets and pretended to wipe the perspiration from his body; then he took his knife and cut off Frog's tail. Frog, ashamed of his loss, sat quiet, unable to move about without exhibiting his shame, and at last he leaped into the water, saying that he would forever remain where his disgrace might be concealed.

Then said Turtle: "I will beat two good racers to-day. I will beat eagle!" "Will you race with me?" asked Eagle, incredulously. "Yes, I am willing to race with you, and I shall beat you," said the other. Then the others began to think that Turtle must be a runner after all, and

they staked wagers on him. When all the bets had been made, Eagle said, "Where shall we start, at the beginning, or half-way around?" "Half-way around," answered Turtle, "and in the air." "But how are you going to get up into the air?" asked the other. "You shall carry me into the air," said Turtle. To this Eagle agreed, thinking, "I wonder how Turtle will get down without killing himself. We will start from not very high, so that he will not be hurt."

So Eagle carried Turtle up to about the height of a tall tree; but his opponent insisted that it was not high enough, so up he went still farther. When they had gone quite high, Turtle said, "Put my head down, and when I am ready, then let me go, and we will both race to the ground." Eagle was still anxious lest Turtle be killed, but when the word came, he released his hold and down shot Turtle. And after him swooped Eagle, trying to catch him, for he thought surely he would be killed in striking the ground. But he could not grasp the slippery body. Turtle struck on a heap of buffalo-chips, but Eagle was afraid to strike the ground, and glided away without alighting. As Turtle arose and began to wipe his eyes, he saw Eagle still in the air, and at once claimed the race, for he had reached the ground first. Eagle protested that he had not been fairly defeated, but the others decided in favor of Turtle.

CRAWFISH AND GRIZZLY-BEAR CONTEND[50]

Crawfish considered himself a great fighter, and Grizzly-bear entertained the same opinion about himself. Coyote, a cunning trouble-maker, went to tell Grizzly-bear what he had heard Crawfish say; then he reported to Crawfish what he had heard the other tell about his own power. Said Crawfish, "If Grizzly-bear says that he is the greater, he had better come and fight." Then Coyote arranged that the two were to meet at a certain place and decide which was the stronger. When the fight began, Grizzly-bear tried to seize his opponent in his teeth, but the latter caught him by the lip and pulled until Grizzly-bear gave way and followed, howling with pain. Crawfish held on until the other promised to go home at once and cease his boasting, but as soon as he was loose Grizzly-bear tried again to bite, only to be caught

[50] A Sinkiuse tale.

again by the lip and dragged about. At last Grizzly-bear gave up and went home, but as he started away Crawfish caught hold of the hair under his belly and thus was carried along. When Grizzly-bear got home he sat down and said to himself, "I will not tell any one that Crawfish got the better of me." Crawfish reached out and pinched him by the neck, and demanded, "What was that you said?" "I did not say anything," protested Grizzly-bear. "I heard what you said," insisted the other; "I heard from where you left me and jumped all the way here!" Grizzly-bear was then convinced that Crawfish was the more powerful, and acknowledged it.

SEEKING MEDICINE, A BOY FINDS A WIFE[51]

The Kalispel were in camp on Tacoma creek, a tributary of Clarks fork of the Columbia. Said Suhwímuti to his son: "You had better go off into the mountains, because you are a poor gambler, and it may be that there you will become wise. Start from the point of yonder hill to the south, and go to the top, and there make a fire at nightfall." So the boy did, and he remained in that place on the mountain-top all night. On the next day he moved to the next hill and built another fire, and so it went for two days more. Then on the fifth morning his father paddled his canoe down the stream to the place where his son was and took him across the river, and the boy went to the summit of the first hill to make his fire for the night. On the sixth day he went to the next hill, and on the seventh he moved into the mountains to the highest peak of all. He crossed the mountains and on the next day returned to the top, and when in the afternoon he began to gather sticks for his fire, he found in the highest spot of all a woman, almost dead. She was very thin, and she could scarcely speak.

He went to her, and she made signs that she was thirsty. He hurried far down the hill to the creek, stripped off his deerskin shirt, soaked it in the water, and carried it back. The water trickled into her mouth, and after a while she spoke: "But for you, I should be dead. Now I am alive, and I will marry you." Said he: "My father did not send me around in the mountains to get married, nor to find women,

[51] A Kalispel tale

but to become wise, and to know how I can win in the games and become rich; and I think your father did not send you out to get a husband, but also to become wise."

"That is true," she said; "my father did not send me to get a husband; but I was glad to see you, and that is why I asked you to marry me. I am to meet my parents at the third hill below here. I am a Colville."

Just before sunset they parted, and the woman went toward her home, while the boy remained there on the mountain and built his fire. The next day he started homeward, and arrived there in the evening. He told his father what had happened to him, and the father said, "That is so; I did not send you out to get a woman, but to get wisdom, for we are poor people."

When the young woman reached her parents' camp, she told her father that a young man had found her when she was nearly dead, and had saved her life; and that she had asked him to marry her, which he had refused to do. She was still very thin. Said her father, "We will go back to our country, and in a few months, when you are plump again, we will go to the Kalispel people and you shall marry that boy you met on the mountain." So they went to their own country and remained there two months, by which time the daughter was looking well and handsome, and they then prepared for their journey, packing quantities of dried salmon to use for presents.

Four days' travel took them to the land of the Kalispel, and at the end of that time they camped not far from the village. In the morning they washed the girl and dressed her in her finest clothing, combed her hair, and tied it, intertwined with many strings of beads, in a knot over each ear.

Before noon the Kalispel people saw some persons on the other side of the river, and one said, "Go and bring them across." So it was done, and the girl's father at once asked for the lodge of Suhwímuti. Before the one pointed out to them they put down their packs, and then entered. Suhwímuti was there. *"Aá!"* said he in greeting. "I come to you, Suhwímuti," said the Colville. "My daughter was nearly dead on the mountain, and your son saved her. But for him she would have died. So I bring my daughter for your son to marry." "It is good!" said the Kalispel, and so the marriage was arranged.

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