

that Hiyoke could not get along in peace with any wife. He knew a book full of laws, but he did not know Indians and animals."

The women cried for him bitterly and told of his good deeds. One woman said, crying, "When my poor little baby died for the want of mother's milk because he stole the beef and I was starving, he gave me a cotton-wood board and some nails to make a box to bury her in. He was so kind to me when my poor little baby died! Oh, I never can forget his kindness. It makes me suffer to see him suffer."

And another woman said, "I was starving for a dipper of coffee, and he gave me eleven great kernels of coffee when he stole the rest of the coffee. I was eighty-seven years old that day. It was the day that I died. That dipper of coffee tasted so good! Oh, I can't forget his kindness. It makes me suffer to see him suffer." The Medicine Men were trying all night to get the stone gate out of his stomach.

HE BECOMES THE TERRIBLE RAT

In the morning Wosna-Kage (a priest), dead a thousand years, came along and said, "We pity you. We will cure you. Your heart is good, but your mouth and stomach are bad. It is the stomach that makes a bad man. It is hunger that makes a man steal. The mind of a white man is hungry for many things, and so the white men are thieves. We will get the stone gate out of your stomach and give you water from the sacred water spring and then you will be a good man like an Indian.

By this time the Indian Agent was frantic, and he said, "I ca-a-n't stand this pain. Cut me—oh, do something with me! Turn me into a living white man and send me back among living men. I'd sooner be a living wicked white man than a good dead Indian." So the old priest tried to turn him into a living white man, but he could not, and he said, "It is impossible to turn you into a living white man. We will turn you into a living Indian and send you back among living men. And the Indian Agent said, with a faint voice full of pain, "Please don't! Oh, please don't! If I am a living Indian I shall have to live on an Indian reservation. Turn me into something, oh, be quick! Turn me into a coyote or an army mule, or anything but an Indian, and send me back. Oh, do be quick. I ca-a-n't stand this pain!"

The old priest made mystic motions over him while the people prayed for him, and he became the terrible rat with wild looking eyes and a hairless tail.

HIYOKE CHARMS THE TERRIBLE RAT

Then Hiyoke danced around the terrible rat, half as afraid of the terrible rat as the terrible rat was afraid of him. And whatever way the terrible rat turned, Hiyoke kept in front of him and looked into his eyes. And when the terrible rat was charmed and stood still, Hiyoke took him by his tail and threw him toward