

it, but that the sage-hen (*hutsi*—*Centrocercus urophasianus*) nestled down over it and fanned away the water with her wings. The heat scorched the feathers on the breast of the sage-hen and they remain black to this day. Afterward the Paiute got their first fire from the mountain through the help of the rabbit, who is a great wonder-worker, "same as a god." As the water subsided other mountains appeared, until at last the earth was left as it is now.

Then the great ancestor of the Paiute, whom they call *Nümi'naä'*, "Our Father," came from the south in the direction of Mount Grant, upon which his footprints can still be seen, and journeyed across to the mountains east of Carson sink and made his home there. A woman, *Ibidsi'*, "Our Mother," followed him from the same direction, and they met and she became his wife. They dressed themselves in skins, and lived on the meat of deer and mountain sheep, for there was plenty of game in those days. They had children—two boys and two girls. Their father made bows and arrows for the boys, and the mother fashioned sticks for the girls with which to dig roots. When the children grew up, each boy married his sister, but the two families quarreled until their father told them to separate. So one family went to Walker lake and became *Aga'ih-tika'ra*, "fish eaters" (the Paiute of Walker lake), while the other family went farther north into Idaho and became *Kotso'-tikära*, "buffalo eaters" (the Bannock), but both are one people and have the same language. After their children had left them, the parents went on to the mountains farther east, and there *Nüminaä'* went up into the sky and his wife followed him.

THE WASHO

Associated with the Paiute are the Washo, or *Wä'siu*, as they call themselves, a small tribe of about 400 souls, and having no affinity, so far as known, with any other Indians. They occupy the mountain region in the extreme western portion of Nevada, about Washo and Tahoe lakes and the towns of Carson and Virginia City. They formerly extended farther east and south, but have been driven back by the Paiute, who conquered them, reducing them to complete subjection and forbidding them the use of horses, a prohibition which was rigidly enforced until within a few years. Thus broken in spirit, they became mere hangers-on of the white settlements on the opening up of the mines, and are now terribly demoralized. They have been utterly neglected by the government, have never been included in any treaty, and have now no home that they can call their own. They are devoted adherents of the messiah, but usually join in the dance with the nearest camp of Paiute, whose songs they sing, and have probably no Ghost songs in their own language. We quote a gloomy account of their condition in 1866. The description will apply equally well today, excepting that their numbers have diminished:

This is a small tribe of about 500 Indians, living in the extreme western part of the state. They are usually a harmless people, with much less physical and mental