

the world of living men. And he fell into the water of the Missouri river on the sun rising side of the Rocky mountains.

THE TERRIBLE RAT GOES TO AN INDIAN RESERVATION

When the terrible rat awoke from the charm, he was swimming in the current down the river. He was deathly hungry. He did not go ashore in the day-time, for a dog might throw him back into the river. And in the night he did not pass any village or camp. So he swam on and on in terrible hunger.

At last he came to Fort Berthold. It was midnight. It was dark. The people were asleep; the dogs were asleep. And the terrible rat said, "U'G'L'K! K'L! this is an Indian reservation. I just remember when I was the Indian Agent here. No, I do not remember it. I am not a man. I am the terrible rat, U'G'L'K! I feel myself a beast so terrible that I could fight and eat all men and my own son and nephew.

The terrible rat went to the food house and from that time on he ate the people's food as much as ten pony loads a day, and the more he ate the more he wanted to eat.

THE FORT BERTHOLD INDIAN AGENT WONDERS.

When the young Indian Agent saw the food disappearing, he wondered and he said, "Who is stealing the food? Nobody but me has a door key, and I have not stolen it yet. It is strange!"

Then he saw the terrible rat, but he did not kill him, because "something holy" told him the terrible rat was his uncle who had been to the spirit village and come back again. He took some of the food to his own house, and then he locked the door and did not unlock it again.

THE STARVING TIME

The next winter there was a starving time. The storms were wild. The buffalo went away. There was no game. There were no rabbits. The people had no corn. In the spring time when the corn came up there were no white corn plants, all the corn plants were green and blue and so the people knew the corn would not grow that summer. And in the harvest-time the women found only a few small nubbins.

And when the sun was low in the early winter time the people were so hungry that they boiled rawhide doors of houses, and raw hide bull boats and cherry tree bark and rose buds for food.

THE INDIAN AGENT REFUSES FOOD

When hungry old Indians went to the Indian Agent asking for food he laughed and said, "Now don't lie to me, you have food hidden away somewhere, you are fat."