skins of them in the same manner, and said to his father, "My father, do you make me a pair of moccasins, for I run about every day like a slave, barefooted and my feet are sore." His father replied "My son, do not talk so, for I too go about everywhere barefooted." Then Whyema rolled the skins up in two bundles, put them under his arms, and pressed them to his sides and immediately they became moccasins, one hundred and ten pair, and all embroidered. The third day the young man killed five caribou, and brought them home, and said to his father, "My father, make me a pair of leggings, and speedily a shirt with fringe, and garnishing on them." His father answered, "My son, I understand, I know how to make them. So he made him a shirt and leggings of caribou skin. The fourth day the young man killed five black tailed deer, and the fifth he went after the white tailed, for he always killed a different kind each day. He saw a band of five, and followed them; but they were not real deer; they were false ones that the captain's daughter had made to deceive him. The young Whyemas had never known a woman, and did not wish to marry. He preferred to hunt. The chiefs around had all offered him their daughters; but he had