the whole, and not exactly slaves, until a war was declared against the little people by the swans and geese. After a great battle in which many were slain on both sides the birds retired, leaving the little people pierced with feathers. The men then made themselves useful in pulling these out. For the hands of the little people were not like those of men. The dwarfs grateful for their service, determined in payment to send them home and for this purpose, hired a whale to carry them. The whale took them on his back and started, but though some feared them off, when they became grampuses, the dorsal fin of the fish, representing the saddles and the beard(?) the brush at the bottom of a canoe. They since assist their S'Homamish brethren by driving seals ashore, and they abstain from injuring their canoes. The mother of the young men it is added, on the loss of her sons, went down to the eastern shore of Vashons Island, and looked for them, straining her eyes to see if they would not return. She was there turned into a rock, which the passers by, can yet see in proof of the tale. The little men are Kwakwastaimish.

The Mo-kwo-tah-oom related by Ke-kai-ee-mi-loot, a Skallamish. A chief and his wife had a daughter who was of marriageable age. One night soon after dark, a great many canoes filled with people came to his house, and one of the visitors proposed to purchase the girl. The father supposing them to be other Indians agreed, the sale