

Native American Indian Myths

The Mythology of the Peoples of North America



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Introduction

The mythology of North America is a cultural treasure house, but many of these myths and legends are hidden away in various old and rare books. It would be difficult for the average person to track down and collect this material because the rarity of some of these books makes them hard to find and expensive.

So this vast body of wisdom lies out of reach of most people... until now.

We hope you enjoy this work as much as we enjoyed the 9 years of research and collecting that went into its creation.

Creation and Longevity

An Achomawi Legend

Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest, by Katharine Berry Judson, 1912

Coyote began the creation of the earth, but Eagle completed it. Coyote scratched it up with his paws out of nothingness, but Eagle complained there were no mountains for him to perch on.

So Coyote made hills, but they were not high enough. Therefore Eagle scratched up great ridges. When Eagle flew over them, his feathers dropped down, took root, and became trees. The pin feathers became bushes and plants.

Coyote and Fox together created man. They quarreled as to whether they should let men live always or not.

Coyote said, "If they want to die, let them die."

Fox said, "If they want to come back, let them come back."

But Coyote's medicine was stronger, and nobody ever came back. Coyote also brought fire into the world, for the Indians were freezing. He journeyed far to the west, to a place where there was fire, stole some of it, and brought it home in his ears.

He kindled a fire in the mountains, and the Indians saw the smoke of it, and went up and got fire.

The Destruction of the Bear

A Jicarilla Apache Legend

Frank Russell, Myths of the Jicarilla Apaches, 1898

An Apache boy, while playing with his comrades, pretended to be a bear, and ran into a hole in the hillside. When he came out his feet and hands had been transformed into bear's paws. A second time he entered the den, and his limbs were changed to the knees and elbows.

Four times he entered the den, and then came forth the voracious cac-tla-yæ that devoured his former fellow-beings. One day the bear met a fox in the mountains. "I am looking for a man to eat," said Bear.

"So am I," said Fox, "but your legs are so big and thick you cannot run very fast to catch them. You ought to allow me to trim down those posts a little, so you can run as swift as I."

Bear consented to have the operation performed, and Fox not only cut the flesh from the legs of Bear, but also broke the bones with his knife, thus killing the dreaded man-eater. Taking the leg bones of Bear with him, he went to the home of the bear family, and there found two other bears.

These monsters preyed upon the people, who were unable to kill them, as they left their hearts at home when off on their marauding expeditions.

Fox remained in hiding until the bears went away. When they ran among the Indians, Fox responded to the cries for assistance, not by flying to attack the bears, but by hastening to cut their hearts in two.

The bears were aware that their hearts had been tampered with, and rushed with all speed to rescue them, but fell dead just before they reached Fox.

Thus Fox destroyed one of the most dreaded of man's enemies of that primeval time.

The Beaver and the Old Man

A Jicarilla Apache Legend

Frank Russell, Myths of the Jicarilla Apaches, 1898

There was once an old man who was very fond of beaver meat. He hunted and killed beaver so frequently that his son remonstrated with him.

His son told him that some misfortune would surely overtake him as a punishment for his persecution of the sagacious animals, which were then endowed with the magic powers of the medicine-men.

The old man did not heed the warning, but continued to kill beaver nearly every day.

Again the son said, "If you kill them, they will soon catch and kill you." Not long afterward the old man saw a beaver enter a hole in the bank.

Disregarding his son's advice, he plunged head foremost into the burrow to catch the animal. The son saw him enter the hole, and went in after him. Catching the old man by the heels, he pushed him farther in.

Thinking another beaver had attacked him, the old man was at first too frightened to move, then he cried for mercy. "Let me go, Beaver, and I will give you my knife."

He threw his knife back toward the entrance, but received no reply to his entreaty. "Let me go, Beaver, and I will give you my awl." Again no answer. "Let me go, and I will give you my arrows."

The young man took the articles as they were handed to him, and hastened away without making himself known

When the old man returned to the tipi, he said nothing of his adventures, and his son asked no questions. As soon as the old man left the tipi, the son replaced the knife and other articles in his father's fire-bag.

"Where is your knife?" said the son when the old man returned. "I gave it to the beaver to induce them to let me escape with my life."

"I told you they would catch you," said the son.

The old man never hunted beaver again.

The Old Beggar

A Jicarilla Apache Legend

Frank Russell, Myths of the Jicarilla Apaches, 1898

There was once an old Apache who went begging from camp to camp every evening. His wife tried to reform the old beggar by playing a trick upon him.

One night during his absence she fetched a bleached horse's pelvis into the tipi, and painted it so that it somewhat resembled a face.

The old man came home about midnight, and beheld, as he thought, the head of a monster glaring at him in the bright moonlight from the door of the lodge. Twice the woman held up the pelvis, when he turned in terror-stricken flight, calling, "Help, help! Something has killed my woman. Bring spears, bring arrows!"

With a spear he cautiously lifted the side of the tipi, but his wife threw out the bone at the back, and he could not discover the cause of the apparition.

The next night he went out to beg again. He found plenty of buffalo meat at one of the lodges, some of which was given him to carry home.

There were several horses lying outside the lodge, and the old man mistook one of them for a log, and jumped upon its back. The frightened horse rose under him, and soon succeeded in bucking him off.

As the Indians came out of the tipi to investigate the cause of the stampede of the ponies, the old man said, "I told you long ago to break this horse, and now I must do it myself!" Thus avoiding, in some measure, their ridicule, he groped about until he found his meat again, and then hastened home.

The next morning he decided to move his camp. His family formed a large party, and he wished to precede them on the march. His sons were alarmed, and told him that the Cheyenne would kill and scalp him.

"Oh, no," said he, "nobody will attack a warrior like me," and he walked on ahead of the others.

His three sons painted their faces black and white, so that they were no longer recognizable, and then ran around in front of their father. As they ran toward him he shot all his arrows, but was too frightened to shoot straight.

The young men caught him; one ran his fingernail around his scalp, while another placed a fresh buffalo's heart on the old man's head. The blood from the heart ran down his face, and he thought he was scalped.

His sons allowed him to go back toward the party; on the way he came to a river, where he stooped to drink, and saw the reflected image of the raw flesh upon his head. He was then sure that he had been scalped, and sat down to die.

His sons made signs to him to cross the river and go back. Again frightened by their gestures, he ran until he reached the women, who all laughed at his story of being scalped by the Cheyenne.

The sons had explained the joke to their mother, and when the old man appealed to his wife for sympathy she only laughed at him, as he sat and shook with fear before her. At last they pulled off the strange head-covering, and a fresh burst of ridicule of the "brave warrior" followed.

The Two Blind Old Women

A Jicarilla Apache Legend

Frank Russell, Myths of the Jicarilla Apaches, 1898

Two old women were once cooking a pot of mush which two mischievous boys were trying to steal. Both were blind, so one sat on each side of the fire.

They kept their sticks waving back and forth above the pot, to prevent any one from taking advantage of their blindness and taking the vessel or its contents.

The boys found an empty pot, which they substituted for the one on the fire. Finding that the pot now had an empty ring when struck by their sticks, the old women concluded that the water had boiled away, and the mush must be sufficiently cooked.

"Let us smoke while it cools," said one.

"Very well," said the other, and they began to smoke alternately the single pipe in their possession. As they smoked they kept the sticks waving to and fro above the empty vessel.

The boys took the pipe from the hand of one old woman as she was passing it to the other.

"You are smoking all the time," said the second woman.

"I gave you the pipe long ago," said the first.

"You did not," said the second. Just then the boys struck the first woman in the mouth, and she, thinking it was the other woman, struck her companion, who, of course, retaliated, and they proceeded to belabor one another with their staves.

When they were tired of fighting they went to eat their mush; each thought the other had eaten it, which set them to fighting again.

Coyote Proves Himself a Cannibal

A Jicarilla Apache Text

Frank Russell, Myths of the Jicarilla Apaches, 1898

Owl was the one who had arrows. He had a club also with which he killed men whom he ate. "Up at the low gap I am watching for men, wuu hwuu woo," he sang.

Coyote came walking along in front of him. "Wuu hwuu woo," sang Owl, "I am looking for men in the low gap." The two came face to face there.

"Now," said Owl, "the one who vomits human flesh will kill men."

"Very well," said Coyote, "shut your eyes." Owl shut his eyes. When he vomited, Coyote put his hand under and took the meat.

The grasshoppers which Coyote vomited he put in Owl's hand.

"Now open your eyes," said Coyote. Owl looked and saw the grasshoppers lying in his hand. Coyote showed him the meat. "What did I tell you," said Coyote, "this is the meat I threw up."

"Where did I drink in the grasshoppers?" said Owl.

Coyote ran all around Owl. "Because I run fast like this I eat people," said Coyote.

"These legs of yours are too large, I will fix them for you. Shut your eyes." Coyote cut Owl's leg, trimming away the meat. He broke his leg with a stone and took the arrows away leaving him only the club.

Coyote ran around Owl who threw his club at him. He would say, "Come back, my club," and it would come back to him.

He threw it again. "Come here, my club," he called. He hit him with it. Coyote said, "Wherever a stick falls when one throws it there it will lie." The club did not return to Owl.

"Now you will live right here in the canyon where many arrows will be in front of you. Somebody might kill you," Coyote told him.

Owl hitched himself along into the canyon. "Arrows painted black may kill you," said Coyote. Coyote went around in front of him and shot him with his own (Owl's) arrows.

After that everybody was afraid of Coyote, who went around killing off the people.

Turkey Makes the Corn and Coyote Plants It An Apache Legend

Based on a tale reported by Grenville Goodwin in 1939

Long ago when all the animals talked like people, Turkey overheard a boy begging his sister for food.

"What does your little brother want?" he asked the girl.

"He's hungry, but we have nothing to eat," she said.

When Turkey heard this, he shook himself all over. Many kinds of fruits and wild food dropped out of his body, and the brother and sister ate these up. Turkey shook himself again, and a variety of corn that is very large dropped out of his feathers. He shook himself a third time, and yellow corn dropped out.

And when he shook himself for the fourth time, white corn dropped out.

Bear came over, and Turkey told him, "I'm helping to feed my sister and my brother, over there."

Bear said, "You can shake only four times to make food come out of you, but I have every kind of food on me, from my feet to my head."

Bear shook himself, and out of his fur dropped juniper berries. He shook himself again, and out dropped a cactus that is good to eat. Then he shook out acorns, then another kind of cactus, then gambel oak acorns, then blue oak acorns, then pinion nuts, then a species of sumac, then manzanita berries, then wild mulberries, then saguaro fruit.

Turkey said to the boy and girl, "I have four kinds of corn seeds here for you, and this is a good place to plant them."

The sister and brother cut digging sticks and made holes with them. In the holes they planted all their corn seeds. The next day the corn had already come up and was about a foot and a half high.

The girl said, "we still have some squash seeds here," so they planted them too. The boy and girl asked Turkey for more corn seed. "The corn is coming up nicely," they said, "so we want to make another farm and plant more corn there." Turkey gave them the seed, and they left him to look after their first fields while they started off to make the other farm.

When they came back, they heard Turkey hollering at the corn field. They ran down there and saw him dragging one wing along the ground on the side toward them. There were snakes on the other side of him, and he pretended to have a broken wing to lure the snakes away and shield the boy and girl.

The squash plants had young squash on them, and the corn had grown tall and formed ears and tassels. The tassels had pollen in them, and the snakes had come to gather the pollen out of the corn plants.

Turkey told the boy and the girl to stay away from the corn for four days, when the snakes would be finished. At the end of the four days, the corn was ripe.

Turkey told them, "This will be the only time when the corn will come up in four days. From now on it will take quite a while."

And it does.

By now, the brother and sister had planted corn three times, and they gave seeds to other people. Then Slim Coyote came and asked for some.

"The corn you planted is growing well, and the ears are coming out on it," he said. "I'd like to have some seeds to plant for myself." Coyote would have to do lots of work if he wanted to raise his corn, but that wasn't his plan. "These other people here plant their corn, and after it's grown they have to cook it. Me, I am not going to do it that way. I'll cook my corn first, and then plant it, so I won't have to bother to cook it when it's ripe."

Here's where Coyote made a big mistake. He cooked his corn, ate some, planted quite a patch of the rest. He felt pretty good about it. "Now I've done well for myself. You people have to cook your corn after you plant it, but mine will be already cooked," he said.

After planting, he went off with the rest of the people to gather acorns, but when they returned to their fields, Coyote's had nothing growing on it at all.

He said angrily, "You people must have taken the hearts out of the corn seeds you gave to me."

"No, we didn't do that," they told him, "but you cooked the heart out of them before you planted."

Coyote asked for more seeds and planted them the right way this time. So his corn grew the day after he planted it, it was up about a foot and a half. He felt good. The people who had planted their corn at the beginning were harvesting now and tying it up into bundles.

Coyote saw these and wanted some. People got mad at Coyote because he was always asking them for corn.

"I just want some green ears to feed my children," he would say. "As soon as my corn is ripe, I'll pay you back."

The other people had all their corn in and stripped now, but their squashes were still growing in the field. Coyote stole their squash, and the people all came to his camp. They wanted to know if he was the one who was stealing their squash.

Coyote pretended to get angry. "You're always blaming me for stealing everything. There are lots of camps over there. Why do you choose mine to come to with your accusations?"

But the people knew about Coyote's thieving ways. "From now on, don't make your farm near us. Move away and live someplace else!" they said.

"All right. There are several of you that I was going to repay with corn, but I won't do it now that you've treated me this way," he said. So Coyote's family lived poorly, and they never bothered to cook anything before they ate it.

The Origin of Corn

A Jicarilla Apache Legend

Frank Russell, Myths of the Jicarilla Apaches, 1898

An Apache who was an inveterate gambler had a small tame turkey, which followed its master about everywhere. One day the Turkey told him that the people were tired of supporting him, as he gambled until he lost everything that they gave him.

They had decided to give him one more stock of supplies, and if he made away with that he should be killed.

Knowing that he could not resist the temptation to gamble if he had any property in his possession, he decided to leave the tribe before their wrath should overtake him.

The next day he began to chop down a tree from which to build a boat.

The Woodpecker, Tsitl-ka-ta, commanded him not to cut the tree; the woodpeckers must do that for him.

They also cut out the inside of the trunk, so that he could get into the cylinder, after which the spider sealed him in by making a web over each end. The woodpeckers carried the log, thus prepared, to the Rio Grande River, and threw it in. The faithful Turkey followed along the shore.

In the whirlpool above San Juan the log left the main current, and spun round and round until the Turkey pushed it on into the channel again. Farther down the river the log caught in the rocks in an upright position above a fall, but the Turkey again started it on its journey.

At the pueblo of Isleta, the boys hauled out the log with others for fuel. The Turkey rescued the log and placed it in the water, and again, at another pueblo far down the river, the log was returned to the stream.

Far to the southward the log drifted out of the channel into a grove of cottonwoods. The man came out of the log and found a large quantity quantity of duck feathers lying about. That night he had no blanket in which to sleep, so he covered himself with duck feathers.

He killed a duck, and with the sinews of its legs made a bowstring.

After he landed, the Turkey soon overtook him, and they remained there for four days. During this time the man cleared a small space and leveled it.

"Why do you clear this place?" said the Turkey. "if you wish to plant something you must make a larger field."

Then the Turkey ran toward the east, and the field was extended in that direction: toward the south, the west, and the north he ran, until the field was large enough.

Then he ran into the field from the east side, and the black corn lay behind him; from the south side, and the blue corn appeared; from the west, and the yellow corn was made; from the north, and the seeds of every kind of cereal and vegetable lay upon the ground.

The Turkey told the man to plant all these seeds in rows. In four days the growing plants appeared.

The Turkey helped his master tend the crops, and in four more days everything was ripe. Then the man took an ear of corn and roasted it, and found it good.

The Origin of Curing Ceremonies

An Apache Legend

Based on a tale reported by Grenville Goodwin in 1939

This is how ceremonies started among us for the curing of sick people. Long, long ago, the earth was made. Then the One Who Made the Earth also planned for each person to have a piece of land that he could live on and call his own.

Our people were living in one such place, but they didn't like that particular spot. So the One Who Made the Earth told them to move to a new location, and when they did, they slept well, and liked it, and lived in a good way. Then two men among them became sick and grew weaker and weaker day by day. The people didn't do anything for them because no one knew then about illnesses and how to cure them. The One Who Made the Earth said, "Why don't you do something for those two men? Why don't you say some words over them?"

But the people had no knowledge of curing ceremonies. Four men among the people happened to be standing, one to the east, one to the south, one to the west, and one to the north. The One Who Made the Earth spoke to one of these men, telling him, "Everything on earth has power to cause its own kind of sickness, make its own trouble. There is a way to cure all these things."

Now this man understood that knowledge was available. Then those four stood there. On the first night, the one standing on the east side began to chant a set prayer all by himself. On the second night the one on the south started to drum and sing lightning songs. On the third night, the one on the west chanted a set prayer. On the fourth night, the one on the north began to drum and sing lightning songs.

They did not conceive this pattern in their own minds; it was bestowed upon them by the One Who Made the Earth. It was as if the knowledge was transmitted to them from outside. Then the One Who Made the Earth said to these four, "Why don't you go to the two sick men and say some words over them and make them well?"

So those four went to where the two sick men were and worked over them, and they were cured. From that time on, we had curing ceremonies and knowledge of the different kinds of sickness that may be caused by various things. That's the way all curing ceremonies started.

Death of the Great Elk

A Jicarilla Apache Legend

Frank Russell, Myths of the Jicarilla Apaches, 1898

In the early days, animals and birds of monstrous size preyed upon the people; the giant Elk, the Eagle, and others devoured men, women, and children, until the gods were petitioned for relief. A deliverer was sent to them in the person of Djo-na-ai'-yi-în, the son of the old woman who lives in the West and the second wife of the Sun.

She divided her time between the Sun and the Waterfall, and by the latter bore a second son, named Ko-ba-tcis'-tci-ni, who remained with his mother while his brother went forth to battle with the enemies of mankind. In four days Djo-na-ai'-yi-în grew to manhood, then he asked his mother where the Elk lived.

She told him that the Elk was in a great desert far to the southward. She gave him arrows with which to kill the Elk.

In four steps he reached the distant desert where the Elk was lying. Djo-na-ai'-yi-în cautiously observed the position of the Elk from behind a hill. The Elk was lying on an open plain, where no trees or bushes were to be found that might serve to shelter Djo-na-ai'-yi-în from view while he approached. While he was looking at the Elk, with dried grass before his face, the Lizard, Mai-cu-i-ti-tce-tcê, said to him, "What are you doing, my friend? "

Djo-na-ai'-yi-în explained his mission whereupon the Lizard suggested that he clothe himself in the garments of the Lizard, in which he could approach the Elk in safety. Djo-na-ai'-yi-în tried four times before he succeeded in getting into the coat of the Lizard.

Next the Gopher, Mi-i-ni-li, came to him with the question, "What are you doing here, my friend?" When Djo-na-ai'-yi-în told the Gopher of his intention, the latter promised to aid him.

The Gopher thought it advisable to reconnoiter by burrowing his way underground to the Elk. Djo-na-ai'-yi-în watched the progress of the Gopher as that animal threw out fresh heaps of earth on his way. At length the Gopher came to the surface underneath the Elk, whose giant heart was beating like a mighty hammer.

He then proceeded to gnaw the hair from about the heart of the Elk. "What are you doing?" said the Elk.

"I am cutting a few hairs for my little ones, they are now lying on the bare ground," replied the Gopher, who continued until the magic coat of the Elk was all cut away from about the heart of the Elk.

Then he returned to Djo-na-ai'-yi-în, and told the latter to go through the hole which he had made and shoot the Elk. Four times the Son of the Sun tried to enter the hole before he succeeded. When he reached the Elk, he saw the great heart beating above him, and

easily pierced it with his arrows; four times his bow was drawn before he turned to escape through the tunnel which the Gopher had been preparing for him.

This hole extended far to the eastward, but the Elk soon discovered it, and, thrusting his antler into it, followed in pursuit. The Elk ploughed up the earth with such violence that the present mountains were formed, which extend from east to west.

The black spider closed the hole with a strong web, but the Elk broke through it and ran southward, forming the mountain chains which trend north and south. In the south the Elk was checked by the web of the blue spider, in the west by that of the yellow spider, while in the north the web of the many-colored spider resisted his attacks until he fell dying from exhaustion and wounds.

Djo-na-ai'-yi-in made a coat from the hide of the Elk, gave the front quarters to the Gopher, the hind quarters to the Lizard, and carried home the antlers. He found that the results of his adventures were not unknown to his mother, who had spent the time during his absence in singing, and watching a roll of cedar bark which sank into the earth or rose in the air as danger approached or receded from Djo-na-ai'-yi-in, her son.

Djo-na-ai'-yi-in next desired to kill the great Eagle, I-tsa. His mother directed him to seek the Eagle in the west. In four strides he reached the home of the Eagle, an inaccessible rock, on which was the nest, containing two young eaglets. His ear told him to stand facing the east when the next morning the Eagle swooped down upon him and tried to carry him off. The talons of the Eagle failed to penetrate the hard elk-skin by which he was covered.

"Turn to the south," said the ear, and again the Eagle came, and was again unsuccessful. Djo-na-ai'-yi-in faced each of the four points in this manner, and again faced toward the east; whereupon the Eagle succeeded in fastening its talons in the lacing on the front of the coat of the supposed man, who was carried to the nest above and thrown down before the young eagles, with the invitation to pick his eyes out. As they were about to do this, Djo-na-ai'-yi-in gave a warning hiss, at which the young ones cried, "He is living yet."

"Oh, no," replied the old Eagle; "that is only the rush of air from his body through the holes made by my talons." Without stopping to verify this, the Eagle flew away. Djo-na-ai'-yi-in threw some of the blood of the Elk which he had brought with him to the young ones, and asked them when their mother would return.

"In the afternoon when it rains," they answered.

When the mother Eagle came with the shower of rain in the afternoon, he stood in readiness with one of the Elk antlers in his hand.

As the bird alighted with a man in her talons, Djo-na-ai'-yi-in struck her upon the back with the antler, killing her instantly. Going back to the nest, he asked the young eagles when their father returned.

"Our father comes home when the wind blows and brings rain just before sunset," they said. The male Eagle came at the appointed time, carrying a woman with a crying infant

upon her back. Mother and babe were dropped from a height upon the rock and killed. With the second antler of the Elk, Djo-na-ai'-yi-in avenged their death, and ended the career of the eagles by striking the Eagle upon the back and killing him.

The wing of this eagle was of enormous size; the bones were as large as a man's arm; fragments of this wing are still preserved at Taos. Djo-na-ai'-yi-in struck the young eagles upon the head, saying, "You shall never grow any larger." Thus deprived of their strength and power to injure mankind, the eagles relinquished their sovereignty with the parting curse of rheumatism, which they bestowed upon the human race.

Djo-na-ai'-yi-in could discover no way by which he could descend from the rock, until at length he saw an old female Bat, Tca-na'-mi-in, on the plain below.

At first she pretended not to hear his calls for help; then she flew up with the inquiry, "How did you get here?"

Djo-na-ai'-yi-in told how he had killed the eagles. "I will give you all the feathers you may desire if you will help me to escape," concluded he. The old Bat carried her basket, ilt-tsai-i-zis, by a slender spider's thread. He was afraid to trust himself in such a small basket suspended by a thread, but she reassured him, saying; "I have packed mountain sheep in this basket, and the strap has never broken. Do not look while we are descending ; keep your eyes shut as tight as you can."

He began to open his eyes once during the descent, but she warned him in time to avoid mishap. They went to the foot of the rock where the old Eagles lay. Djo-na-ai'-yi-in filled her basket with feathers, but told her not to go out on the plains, where there are many small birds.

Forgetting this admonition, she was soon among the small birds, who robbed the old Bat of all her feathers. This accounts for the plumage of the small bird klo'-kin, which somewhat resembles the color of the tail and wing feathers of the bald eagle.

The Bat returned four times for a supply of feathers, but the fifth time she asked to have her basket filled, Djo-na-ai'-yi-in was vexed. "You cannot take care of your feathers, so you shall never have any. This old skin on your basket is good enough for you."

"Very well," said the Bat, resignedly, "I deserve to lose them, for I never could take care of those feathers."

The Emergence

A Jicarilla Apache Legend

Pliny E. Goddard, Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, Vol. VIII

In the beginning, the people were coming up. He made a mountain that continued to increase in height. Then he caused reeds to stand vertically in the center.

The people were gathered about the mountain, watching. When the reeds were approaching the sky, four girls went up the mountain and twisted them.

They went down and left them in this condition. The people tried in vain to make the reeds grow. "Go up and see what has happened to them," he told someone. This person, on ascending the mountain, found the reeds were twisted and that those who had done it had gone down.

The messenger, when he came down, said, "The reeds are twisted."

Then four ladders were made and placed in position: one black, one blue, one yellow, and one variegated. Then whirlwind went to the world above and looked. When he came back he reported that there was much water there.

After a time, the one in charge, told Beaver to go and see how conditions were. When Beaver got to the upper world, he found the water receding and commenced piling dirt in front of it to retain it.

When Beaver did not return, Badger was told to go after him and see what had happened.

He found Beaver building a dam in front of the water. "When the people come up and the children are dying of thirst, they will drink this," said Beaver in explanation of his conduct. Badger went into the mud (producing certain markings). The two went down and reported that the land was already exposed.

The people prepared to ascend. The black ladder was placed in position and the people went up by means of it until it was worn out.

The blue ladder was next put in place. When it was worn out the yellow ladder was put up. By the time it was worn out nearly all the people had gone up. Last of all, the variegated ladder was placed in position. When the last of the people had gone up it, too, was worn out.

There remained behind a feeble old woman and an old man. The people went away and left them sitting there. "Take us out," one of them called after them. The people stopped and looked back at the couple but did not take them out.

Then one of them said, "You will come back here to me."

Then the people moved away towards the east along four parallel trails under four chiefs. Those who went by the first road had fighting. Those going along the second road were fortunate and came back without having had a fight. The people who had gone by the third road, having had a fight, returned.

The fourth man came back without having had any trouble. The leadership of the chief of the first band was unfortunate, that of the second band fortunate, that of the third band unfortunate, and that of the fourth band fortunate. They moved back to their own country near Taos.

The First War

A Jicarilla Apache Legend

Pliny E. Goddard, *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, Vol. VIII

Raven divined to see whether people would die. First, he threw in the stick over which the skins are stretched in dressing.

When this came to the top of the water he tried again by throwing the stone muller. It did not come to the surface and the people began to die.

The people moved away in four directions but they could not sleep. The old couple of the lower world to whom they came back gave them four lice, two of which were placed in their hair, and two in their clothes., When they lay down they were all very sleepy. It was the biting of the lice that made them sleep.

Some of the people occupied the country near the head of the Arkansas River; others, were living along the Sangro de Cristo Range; and the remainder on the west side of the Rio Grande. There were two chiefs of those on the east side of the river named, Indayedittsitdn, and Indakadigadn.

The first named chief made a corral and gave a feast to which he invited all the people. Indakadigadn, alone, of all the people, refused to attend. After being repeatedly called by name, he finally came, holding an arrow in place on his stretched bow, saying, "Why did you call my name?"

"I did not call it for any particular purpose," the other replied. "I thought you called it for some reason," said the first, from whom the people were going away, because he was making motions as if to shoot. He shot an arrow to the feathers through Indayedittsitdn's arm and then went home.

The wounded chief sent word to the one who had shot him asking him to come quickly and take the arrow out. When he refused, he sent to him again, saying "Hurry, come and take the arrow out."

Neither this, nor a third message to the same effect, had any result. The fourth time he instructed the messenger to say, "Do not be afraid, come to me, and bring some medicine." Then Indakadigadn quickly took up his medicine bag, looked inside, and selected the required herb. When he came to the wounded man he found the arm badly swollen. "My grandchild, I did not intend to shoot you." He then cut into the outside of the arm, took out the arrow, and applied the medicine.

"The swelling will be gone in four days," he told him. He was well in four days and became the grandson of the chief who had shot him.

Having moved the camp to the east side of the river, Indakadigadn, brought together five hundred men and started away to fight with the enemy. He took along ten horses for his own use in battle. When they came to the enemy and were surrounded by them, the chief said, "Wait until to-morrow and you will have some fun. Keep away from me."

The next morning, the chief said, "Now, we are ready." There were many arrows ready for his use. He selected four men, who, remaining out of the battle, should carry home the report of the outcome.

"Who is chief?" asked one of the enemy.

"I am the only chief," replied Indakadigadn.

"Who is your chief?" he asked of the enemy. There were four chiefs of the enemy. Indakadigadn rode his horse toward the enemy and commenced the fighting. A number of men were killed on both sides. When the chief's horse was killed under him, he jumped on another and continued fighting.

He continued to do this as his people decreased in numbers until five horses had been killed under him. When he had mounted the sixth horse and his people had all been killed the enemy pulled him to the ground and killed him with a knife.

The four men who had been selected for the purpose went back to their country and reported, "Our people are all dead." When Indayedittsitdn had received the message he cut off his hair saying, "My grandson has been killed, I will mourn for him properly."

The Fox and the Wildcat

A Jicarilla Apache Legend

Frank Russell, Myths of the Jicarilla Apaches, 1898

As soon as his life was restored, Fox went to the Buffalo head, and cut off the long pendent hair, i-yûn-e-pi-ta-ga, beneath its under jaw.

Fox took this to a prairie-dog village near at hand, and told the inhabitants that it was the hair of a man, one of that race dreaded by the prairie-dogs because of its attacks upon them, which he had killed. He easily persuaded the prairie-dogs to celebrate his victory with feasting and dancing. With a stone concealed in his hand, he killed all the prairie-dogs as they circled around in the dance.

Fox then placed them in a pit, and built a huge fire over them, leaving them to roast while he slept. Nîn-ko-jîn, the Wildcat, came along, and stole all the roasted prairie-dogs while Fox slept, save one at the end of the pit, leaving the tails, which were pulled off. Fox awoke after some time, and flew into a great rage when he found only the tails left; the solitary dog was thrown over his shoulder in his fit of passion. The gnawing of hunger soon induced him to search for the dog he had thrown away.

In the stream close by he thought he saw the roasted body; taking off his clothes, he swam for it, but could not grasp it. Again and again he tried, and finally dove for it until he bumped his nose on the stony bottom. Tired out with his efforts, he laid down upon the bank to rest, and, as he glanced upward, saw the body of the prairie-dog lying among the branches which projected over the water. Fox recovered the coveted morsel, ate it, and set off on the trail of the Wildcat.

He found Wildcat asleep under a tree, around which he set a fire. With a few quick strokes he shortened the head, body, and tail of Wildcat, and then pulled out the large intestine and roasted it.

Fox then awakened Wildcat, and invited him to eat his (Wildcat's) flesh, but to be careful to save a small piece, and put it back in its place, for he would need it. Fox then left him.

Wildcat followed Fox, intent upon revenge. He found Fox asleep, but instead of shortening that animal's members he lengthened them; the ears were only straightened, but the head, body, and tail were elongated as we see them at the present day. The intestine scene was repeated with the Fox as victim.

The Fox and the Deer

A Jicarilla Apache Legend

Frank Russell, Myths of the Jicarilla Apaches, 1898

As Fox was going along he met a Deer with two spotted fawns beside her. "What have you done," said he, "to make your children spotted like that?"

"I made a big fire of cedar wood and placed them before it. The sparks thrown off burned the spots which you see," answered the Deer.

Fox was pleased with the color of the fawns, so he went home and told his children to gather cedar wood for a large fire.

When the fire was burning well, he put the young foxes in a row before the fire, as he supposed the Deer had done.

When he found that they did not change color, he pushed them into the fire and covered them with ashes, thinking he had not applied sufficient heat at first.

As the fire went out, he saw their white teeth gleaming where the skin had shriveled away and exposed them. "Ah, you will be very pretty now," said he.

Fox pulled his offspring from the ashes, expecting to find them much changed in color, and so they were, -- black, shriveled, and dead.

Fox next thought of revenge upon the Deer, which he found in a grove of cottonwoods. He built a fire around them, but they ran through it and escaped. Fox was so disappointed that he set up a cry of woe, a means of expression which he has retained from that day to this.

The Fox and the Kingfisher

A Jicarilla Apache Legend

Frank Russell, Myths of the Jicarilla Apaches, 1898

As Fox went on his way he met Kingfisher, Kêt-la'-i-le-ti, whom he accompanied to his home. Kingfisher said that he had no food to offer his visitor, so he would go and catch some fish for Fox. He broke through six inches of ice on the river and caught two fish, which he cooked and set before his guest.

Fox was pleased with his entertainment, and invited the Kingfisher to return the call. In due time the Kingfisher came to the home of the Fox, who said, "I have no food to offer you;" then he went down to the river, thinking to secure fish in the same manner as the Kingfisher had done.

Fox leaped from the high bank, but instead of breaking through the ice he broke his head and killed himself.

Kingfisher went to him, caught him up by the tail, and swung Fox around to the right four times, thereby restoring him to life. Kingfisher caught some fish, and they ate together.

"I am a medicine-man," said Kingfisher; "that is why I can do these things. You must never try to catch fish in that way again."

After the departure of Kingfisher, Fox paid a visit to the home of Prairie-dog, where he was cordially received. Prairie-dog put four sticks, each about a foot in length, in the ashes of the camp-fire; when these were removed, they proved to be four nicely roasted prairie-dogs, which were served for Fox's dinner.

Fox invited the Prairie-dog to return the visit, which in a short time the latter did. Fox placed four sticks in the fire to roast, but they were consumed by it, and instead of palatable food to set before his guest he had nothing but ashes. Prairie-dog said to Fox, "You must not attempt to do that. I am a medicine-man; that is why I can transform the wood to flesh." Prairie-dog then prepared a meal as he done before, and they dined.

Fox went to visit Buffalo, I-gûn-da, who exclaimed, "What shall I do? I have no food to offer you. Buffalo was equal to the emergency, however; he shot an arrow upward, which struck in his own back as it returned. When he pulled this out, a kidney and the fat surrounding it came out also. This he cooked for Fox, and added a choice morsel from his own nose.

As usual, Fox extended an invitation to his host to return the visit. When Buffalo came to call upon Fox, the latter covered his head with weeds in imitation of the head of the Buffalo. Fox thought he could provide food for their dinner as the Buffalo had done, so fired an arrow into the air; but when it came close to him on its return flight, he became frightened and ran away.

Buffalo then furnished meat for their meal as on the previous occasion. "You must not try

this," said he; "I am a medicine-man; that is why I have the power."

Some time afterward, as Fox was journeying along, he met an Elk, Tsês, lying beside the trail. He was frightened when he saw the antlers of the Elk moving, and jumped to avoid what seemed to be a falling tree.

"Sit down beside me," said the Elk. "Don't be afraid."

"The tree will fall on us," replied Fox.

"Oh, sit down; it won't fall. I have no food to offer you, but I will provide some." The Elk cut steaks from his own quarter, which the Fox ate, and before leaving Fox invited the Elk to return the visit.

When Elk came to see Fox, the latter tried unsuccessfully to cut flesh from his own meager flanks; then he drove sharpened sticks into his nose, and allowed the blood to run out upon the grass. This he tried in vain to transform into meat, and again he was indebted to his guest for a meal.

"I am a medicine-man ; that is why I can do this," said Elk.

The Fox and the Mountain Lion

A Jicarilla Apache Legend

Frank Russell, Myths of the Jicarilla Apaches, 1898

Fox could find nothing to eat for a long time, so that he grew weak and thin.

While on a journey in search of food he met the Mountain Lion, who, taking pity upon his unhappy condition, said, "I will hunt for you, and you shall grow fat again."

The Fox agreed to this, and they went on together to a much frequented spring. Mountain Lion told Fox to keep watch while he slept; if a cloud of dust was to be seen arising from the approach of animals Fox was to waken him.

Fox presently beheld the dust caused by the approach of a drove of horses.

Fox wakened Mountain Lion, who said, "just observe how I catch horses." As one of the animals went down to the spring to drink, he sprang upon it, and fastened his fangs in its throat, clawing its legs and shoulders until it fell dying at the water's edge.

Mountain Lion brought the horse up to the rock, and laid it before the Fox. "Stay here, eat, drink, and grow fat," said he.

Fox thought he had learned how to kill horses, so when the Coyote came along he volunteered to secure one for him.

Fox jumped upon the neck of the horse, as Mountain Lion had done, but became entangled in its mane and was killed.

The Fox and the Porcupine

A Jicarilla Apache Legend

Frank Russell, Myths of the Jicarilla Apaches, 1898

As Fox was going along he met a Porcupine, Tson, which he overheard saying, "I shall search for pêc'-ti, a stone knife, with which to cut up this meat."

"What are you saying?" asked Fox, springing out of the bushes.

"I said that I must hunt for pêc'-ti for arrow-heads," replied Porcupine.

"That is not what you said."

"It was," insisted Porcupine.

"Where is that meat?" asked Fox, and then Porcupine admitted that he had killed a Buffalo.

Porcupine had commanded a Buffalo to carry him across a river.

"Don't shake your head with me, or I shall fall," said he, as he sat between the animal's horns.

The Buffalo told him that, if he was afraid there, he had better crawl into his anus. In that safe retreat Porcupine was carried across the river.

He repaid the service by gnawing the vitals of the Buffalo until it fell dead near where the Fox had come upon him. Fox was not disposed to allow Porcupine to retain possession of the Buffalo.

"Come," said he, " whoever can jump over the Buffalo can have it. You try first."

Porcupine jumped, but only landed on the top of the carcass, over which Fox, of course, leaped with ease. "Now the Buffalo is mine. You can sit over there and see me cut it up."

After cutting up the meat, Fox hastened away to summon all the foxes to a feast. Porcupine carried the meat piece by piece into a treetop, so that the foxes, when they came dancing in joyful anticipation, found nothing.

From a safe position in the tree Porcupine told the foxes that he would throw them down some meat if they would lie down, close their eyes, and cover themselves with their blankets.

They were hungry, so they obeyed the instructions of the Porcupine, who, as soon as their eyes were closed, killed them by throwing down the sharpened ribs of the Buffalo.

One little fox at the end of the line had a ragged old blanket, through which he peeped in

time to see and to dodge the rib hurled at him. This fox survived the massacre, and begged Porcupine to give him some meat.

The Porcupine gave him some small pieces at first, and then invited him to come up and eat his fill. The Fox accepted, and, when he could eat no more, asked where he could go to relieve himself.

The Porcupine directed him to the end of a branch, whence he easily shook the Fox, which fell to the ground and was killed, but sprang up alive again at the moment when the first tuft of hair was blown from the putrefying carcass by the wind.

The Fox and the Rabbit

A Jicarilla Apache Legend

Frank Russell, Myths of the Jicarilla Apaches, 1898

Fox one day met a Rabbit who was sewing a sack. "What do you intend to do with that sack?" asked he.

"I am making this coat to protect myself from being killed by the hard hail which we are going to have today," replied Rabbit.

"My friend, you know how to make them; give me this coat and make another for yourself."

Rabbit agreed to this, and Fox put on the sack over his head. Rabbit then hung him on a limb and pelted him with stones, while Fox, thinking it was hail striking him, endured the punishment as long as he could, but finally fell nearly dead from the tree, and looked out, to see no signs of hail, but discovered the Rabbit running away. Fox wished to avenge himself by killing Rabbit, and set off in pursuit of him.

When overtaken Rabbit was chewing soft gum with which to make spectacles. Fox's curiosity was stronger than his passion for revenge. "What are you making those for?" said he.

"It is going to be very hot, and I am making them to protect my eyes," answered Rabbit.

"Let me have this pair; you know how to make them and can make yourself another pair."

"Very well," said Rabbit, and he put the eye-shields on Fox, who could then see nothing, as the gum was soft and filled his eyes.

Rabbit set fire to the brush all around Fox, who was badly singed in running through it. The gum melted in the fire, and yet remains as the dark rings around his eyes. Fox again started on the trail of Rabbit, with the determination of eating him as soon as he saw him.

He found Rabbit sitting beside the opening of a beehive. "I am going to eat you," said Fox ; "you have tried to kill me."

"You must not kill me," replied Rabbit. "I am teaching these children," and he closed the opening of the hive, so that Fox could not see what was inside. Fox desired very much to see what was in the hive making such a noise. "If you wish to see, stay here and teach them while I rest. When it is dinner time, strike them with a club," said Rabbit, who then ran away.

Fox patiently awaited the dinner hour, and then struck the hive with such force that he broke into it. The bees poured out and stung him until he rolled in agony.

"When I see you again, I will kill you before you can say a word!" declared he, as he started after Rabbit again.

Fox tracked the Rabbit to a small hole in the fence around a field of watermelons belonging to a Mexican. The Rabbit had entered to steal, and was angered at sight of the gum figure of a man which the owner of the field had placed beside the path.

"What do you desire from me?" he cried, as he struck at the figure with his forefoot, which stuck fast in the soft gum. He struck at the gum with every foot, and even his head was soon stuck in the gum.

Thus Fox found him. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"They put me in here because I would not eat chicken for them," said Rabbit.

"I will take your place," said Fox ; "I know how to eat chicken."

The Mexican found him in the morning and skinned him, and then let him go, -- still on the trail of the Rabbit who had so frequently outwitted him.

The Attack on the Giant Elk

A Jicarilla Apache Legend

Frank Russell, Myths of the Jicarilla Apaches, 1898

In the early days, animals and birds of monstrous size preyed upon the people; the giant Elk, the Eagle, and others devoured men, women, and children, until the gods were petitioned for relief.

A deliverer was sent to them in the person of Jonayaíyin, the son of the old woman who lives in the West, and the second wife of the Sun. She divided her time between the Sun and the Water-fall, and by the latter bore a second son, named Kobachíschini, who remained with his mother while his brother went forth to battle with the enemies of mankind.

In four days Jonayaíyin grew to manhood, then he asked his mother where the Elk lived.

She told him that the Elk was in a great desert far to the southward. She gave him arrows with which to kill the Elk. In four steps he reached the distant desert where the Elk was lying.

Jonayaíyin cautiously observed the position of the Elk from behind a hill. The Elk was lying on an open plain, where no trees or bushes were to be found that might serve to shelter Jonayaíyin from view while he approached. While he was looking at the Elk, with dried grass before his face, the Lizard said to him, "What are you doing, my friend?"

Jonayaíyin explained his mission, whereupon the Lizard suggested that he clothe himself in the garments of the Lizard, in which he could approach the Elk in safety. Jonayaíyin tried four times before he succeeded in getting into the coat of the Lizard.

Next the Gopher came to him with the question, "What are you doing here, my friend?" When Jonayaíyin told the Gopher of his intention, the latter promised to aid him. The Gopher thought it advisable to reconnoiter by burrowing his way underground to the Elk. Jonayaíyin watched the progress of the Gopher as that animal threw out fresh heaps of earth on his way.

At length the Gopher came to the surface underneath the Elk, whose giant heart was beating like a mighty hammer. He then proceeded to gnaw the hair from about the heart of the Elk. "What are you doing?" said the Elk. "I am cutting a few hairs for my little ones; they are now lying on the bare ground," replied the Gopher, who continued until the magic coat of the Elk was all cut away from about the heart of the Elk. Then he returned to Jonayaíyin, and told the latter to go through the hole which he had made and shoot the Elk.

Four times the Son of the Sun tried to enter the hole before he succeeded. When he reached the Elk, he saw the great heart beating above him, and easily pierced it with his arrows; four times his bow was drawn before he turned to escape through the tunnel which the Gopher had been preparing for him. This hole extended far to the eastward, but the Elk soon discovered it, and thrusting his antler into it, followed in pursuit.

The Elk ploughed up the earth with such violence that the present mountains were formed, which extend from east to west. The black spider closed the hole with a strong web, but the Elk broke through it and ran southward, forming the mountain chains which trend north and south. In the south the Elk was checked by the web of the blue spider, in the west by that of the yellow spider, while in the north the web of the many-colored spider resisted his attacks until he fell dying from exhaustion and wounds. Jonayaíyin made a coat from the hide of the Elk, gave the front quarters to the Gopher, the hind quarters to the Lizard, and carried home the antlers.

He found that the results of his adventures were not unknown to his mother, who had spent the time during his absence in singing, and watching a roll of cedar bark which sank into the earth or rose in the air as danger approached or receded from Jonayaíyin, her son.

Jonayaíyin next desired to kill the great Eagle, I-tsa. His mother directed him to seek the Eagle in the West. In four strides he reached the home of the Eagle, an inaccessible rock, on which was the nest, containing two young eaglets. His ear told him to stand facing the east when the next morning the Eagle swooped down upon him and tried to carry him off.

The talons of the Eagle failed to penetrate the hard elk-skin by which he was covered. "Turn to the south," said the ear, and again the Eagle came, and was again unsuccessful. Jonayaíyin faced each of the four points in this manner, and again faced toward the east; whereupon the Eagle succeeded in fastening its talons in the lacing on the front of the coat of the supposed man, who was carried to the nest above and thrown down before the young eagles, with the invitation to pick his eyes out.

As they were about to do this, Jonayaíyin gave a warning hiss, at which the young ones cried, "He is living yet." "Oh, no," replied the old Eagle; "that is only the rush of air from his body through the holes made by my talons." Without stopping to verify this, the Eagle flew away.

Jonayaíyin threw some of the blood of the Elk which he had brought with him to the young ones, and asked them when their mother returned. "In the afternoon when it rains," they answered. When the mother Eagle came with the shower of rain in the afternoon, he stood in readiness with one of the Elk antlers in his hand.

As the bird alighted with a man in her talons, Jonayaíyin struck her upon the back with the antler, killing her instantly. Going back to the nest, he asked the young eagles when their father returned. "Our father comes home when the wind blows and brings rain just before sunset," they said.

The male Eagle came at the appointed time, carrying a woman with a crying infant upon her back. Mother and babe were dropped from a height upon the rock and killed. With the second antler of the Elk, Jonayaíyin avenged their death, and ended the career of the eagles by striking the Eagle upon the back and killing him.

The wing of this eagle was of enormous size; the bones were as large as a man's arm; fragments of this wing are still preserved at Taos. Jonayaíyin struck the young eagles

upon the head, saying, "You shall never grow any larger." Thus deprived of their strength and power to injure mankind, the eagles relinquished their sovereignty with the parting curse of rheumatism, which they bestowed upon the human race.

Jonayaíyin could discover no way by which he could descend from the rock, until at length he saw an old female Bat on the plain below. At first she pretended not to hear his calls for help; then she flew up with the inquiry, "How did you get here?"

Jonayaíyin told how he had killed the eagles. "I will give you all the feathers you may desire if you will help me to escape," concluded he.

The old Bat carried her basket by a slender spider's thread. He was afraid to trust himself in such a small basket suspended by a thread, but she reassured him, saying: "I have packed mountain sheep in this basket, and the strap has never broken. Do not look while we are descending; keep your eyes shut as tight as you can."

He began to open his eyes once during the descent, but she warned him in time to avoid mishap. They went to the foot of the rock where the old Eagles lay. Jonayaíyin filled her basket with feathers, but told her not to go out on the plains, where there are many small birds. Forgetting this admonition, she was soon among the small birds, who robbed the old Bat of all her feathers.

This accounts for the plumage of the small bird klokin, which somewhat resembles the color of the tail and wing feathers of the bald eagle.

The Bat returned four times for a supply of feathers, but the fifth time she asked to have her basket filled, Jonayaíyin was vexed. "You cannot take care of your feathers, so you shall never have any.

This old skin on your basket is good enough for you."

"Very well," said the Bat, resignedly, "I deserve to lose them, for I never could take care of those feathers."

The Culture Heroes and Owl

A Jicarilla Apache Legend

Pliny E. Goddard, Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, Vol. VIII

Kubatc'istcine and Naiyenesgani were companions. When they came to visit their grandmother, Yo'gaiistdzan they said to her, "Make us something to play with."

"Go and see your father," she replied.

When they came near the house of the sun, children put their heads out of the door and looked at them.

When their mother was told who was coining, she said to her husband, "You always claim that you do nothing wrong and here are your children, coming to see you."

"Come in and sit back of the fire," they were told when they arrived.

"Why did you come to see me?" asked the sun. "We want something to play with," they replied. He made the hoop and pole game and some arrows for them. "You must not roll the hoop toward the north," he told them.

They went about playing with the hoop and poles. After some time, they rolled it to the north. Although they threw the poles after the hoop it rolled straight on, without falling, into the house of Owl and fell back of the fire.

When Owl saw the two boys standing there, he said, "What sort of people have come to see me? Hurry up and put them in the pot to cook."

Kubatc'istcine said, "I am stronger than he."

Owl's wife chopped them up, put them in a pot, poured water over them, and put them by the fire to boil. Although the water was boiling, they stood in the bottom of the pot, telling stories to each other.

"Well, take them up for me," said Owl, "I want something to eat."

His wife poked a stick into the pot and one of the boys jumped out to one side. She put the stick in again and the other one jumped out.

Owl looked at them and said, "You are something bad, you are using supernatural power so that you may not die."

The boys were still standing there.

"Hurry, put them in the ashes to roast for me," Owl said. Naiyenesgani said, "I am stronger than he."

Then she separated the ashes, put them in the middle of the fire, and arranged the fire on top of them, They sat there in the middle of the fire telling stories.

"Hurry now, I want to eat," he said, "take them out for me."

When she poked in the ashes for them, one of them jumped out. Then she poked again and the other jumped out.

"Why did you come here practicing magic?" Owl said, "Give them the hoop and pole," he told someone. They were given to them. "Go right around the hill here," Owl said.

The two boys started off and came again to their father. "I told you not to roll it in that direction," he said to them.

They went back to their grandmother. "See here, our father made us something nice to play with," they said. They went around playing with it until sunset.

The Killing of the Monsters

A Jicarilla Apache Legend

Pliny E. Goddard, Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, Vol. VIII

Naiyenesgani came where Elk had been killing people. He could not get near it although he tried to approach it from every side. Then another person came to him to be his partner. "My companion," he said, "I will gnaw off the hair on his breast for you." Having done this he returned, saying, "Now go to him."

Naiyenesgani went to him, made motions four times, and then shot him. He hid in one of the holes that his partner had made. The elk broke out the uppermost hole. Naiyenesgani went into the next hole. The elk broke that out also.

He then went into mother which Elk also broke out.

He went into the bottom tunnel; just as Elk broke this out he fell down dead. The partner then came up to him and said, "The breast will be mine."

Naiyenesgani skinned it and took the hide. He also chopped off one of the horns. He filled two of the blood vessels with blood and spread out the hide in the sun until it was dry.

He started away toward the eagle. When he came to him he wrapped the elk hide about himself and went out into an open place. The eagle, when he swooped down, attempted to drive his talons into him but could not penetrate the hide.

He flew up without getting hold of him. He came to him again but failed to get his talons in.

He flew up again. He came back and having failed, flew away again. Then he came back and drove in his talons. He flew away to his home with the man. He brought him to his young. When they bent their heads down over him he said, "Sst."

"Father, when we put our heads down to it, it says 'sst,'" one of them said. "Do not mind it; go ahead and eat. It is the air coming out of the wound that makes that noise." Then the blood flowed through the opening. The old eagle flew away.

Naiyenesgani came up to them holding the horn in his hand. "When your father comes home, on what rock does he sit?" he asked.

"He sits on yonder point of rock," one of them told him. Naiyenesgani sat there with eagle's children until the father came again bringing with him a pretty dead girl which he threw down. Making motions four times, Naiyenesgani struck him and he fell into the canyon.

He heard him burst as he struck. "When your mother comes back, where does she sit?" he asked.

"She sit, here," one of them said. The mother came back. Naiyenesgani making motions four times, struck her, throwing her into the canyon.

Then he said to the young eagles, "You will be just as large as you are now. People will like your feathers."

"Those who take them will have their muscles draw up."

"You shall not talk," he said. Then they ceased talking.

In the distance, his grandmother (bat) was coming into the open from the timber. She walked along carrying a basket.

Then he shouted to her, "Grandmother, take me down," but she did not hear. He shouted to her again and then she heard. Then his grandmother came near him. "I shouted to you, 'take me down, grandmother,'" he said.

"Come up to me and take me down," he told her. Then she climbed up to him, carrying her basket. "Grandmother, this carrying rope on your basket is very small."

"Why, grandson, I carry very heavy things with this. Fill it with stones and see if it breaks."

When he had filled it she jumped with it. Then she took the stones out again and he got in. "Shut your grandson."

She started to go down with him. "Do not open your eyes, grandson," she cautioned him, the rock is sheer. We are falling, grandson, do not open your eyes. We are down." When they were at the foot of the cliff, Naiyenesgani said, "Grandmother, I have killed something, let us go to it."

When they came there he said, "Now, grandmother, I will give you some good property. Put down your basket here." He then filled it with feathers. "Now, you may carry it away but do not go along the hillside, go along the top of the hills," he told her.

She carried it away along the hillside, and the birds came and took away the feathers. She came back to him and he filled her basket again. "Do not carry the basket on the hillside," he told her.

Again, she carried it along the side of the hill and the birds came and took away all the feathers. She came back to him again and he filled the basket for her. "'Do not carry it along the sloping places,' I told you," he said. Then they took the feathers away from her.

When she came back to him this time he said, "You do not want to possess this good property which I have been giving you. For that reason your feathers will be poor. You will live in the clefts of the rocks and will use bark for your house. Your garments will be poor. You do not want things that are good. You will not have a shirt."

He went again where there was something bad. When he came among the people there

they said to him, "If you have supernatural power, take out our people from the marsh where they have sunk."

"Very well," he said, "I will take them out for you." When he came to the place he stood first at the east, then at the south, then at the west, and finally at the north. Then the water disappeared of itself and he went to the entrance and went in.

"I have come for the people you have taken away," he said, "bring them to me. Do not bring me just one."

"There are no people," replied the monster. "Just bring them to me, do not talk." Then he brought them to him. "Just one sits there," he said.

"I did not come for one," he told him. Then he sent one out to him.

"Are there many people where you are staying?" he asked.

"There are many people there," he said.

"Bring them all out," Naiyenesgani called. The people all began to crowd outside. Then they went up to the surface of the ground. "You may just stay in the marsh," he said to the monster. When all the people had come out he spoke to him (the monster), "You must not do it any time. Just soft mud does not talk. It must not speak words." Then he went out away from him and came where the people were.

"Four of you take charge of your people," he said. "Do not go close in among the houses." Then four of them came there. Now pick out your own people and go home with them," he told them.

"Now you pick your people," he said to another. Then that one picked out his people. Then he went to another place, "You pick out your people," he told the third."

That one selected his relatives. Then he called to another in the same manner and he picked out his folks. Then they were all satisfied. Naiyenesgani was sitting there. "I just speak to you," he said, "select for me four pretty girls. I wish to go with them."

Then he went away with them toward the west. At Kagodjae he left one; at Tsosbai, another; and at Becdelkai, the third. With the other one he went to the west where they remain forever.

Naiyenesgani Rescues the Taos Indians

A Jicarilla Apache Legend

Pliny E. Goddard, Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, Vol. VIII

Naiyenesgani went among the Pueblo Indians. While there he stole and concealed their corn.

When they came to him, they said, "Apache go outside."

Naiyenesgani made a motion over the corn with his hand, and it became snakes. Then they were friendly to him. He put his hand over the place again and there were piles of corn as before.

Again, they said, "Apache go outside."

He made passes before the piles of corn and they turned into snakes which moved about. Again, they became friendly with him.

He moved his hand over the place and the corn lay in rows again.

"Go outside Apache," they said again. He moved his hand over the corn. The rows changed into snakes having wings. "Shut the door," he said. They commenced throwing the corn away. They shut the door. They came to Naiyenesgani who passed his hands over the place again and the corn lay in rows.

"You certainly are a medicineman," they said. "Over here is a sinking place where our people have been taken into the ground away from us."

"Very well," said Naiyenesgani, and began taking off his clothes. He took off his moccasins, his leggings, his shirt, and his hat, and said to them, "Cover them all with turquoise for me." They put down a few pieces for him.

"Cover them entirely," he said, speaking as a chief. Then they covered a little more of his clothing.

He spoke again saying, "Cover them completely." Then they completely covered his clothing and gave the turquoise to him. His moccasins, leggings, hat, shirt, and all were completely covered, as he had asked of them.

He then went to the sinking place. He made a black hoop, a blue one, a yellow one, and one of mixed colors. He came to the place where there was much water standing. In this lake there lived a monster which sucked in the Pueblo people. Standing at the east, he made four motions with the black hoop, and then threw it in.

The water opened out at the center of the lake. He then stood at the south and making motions four times threw in the blue hoop. The water receded from the center. He stood at the west, made motions four times with the yellow hoop, and threw it in.

The water moved still further from the center. Finally, he stood at the north with the hoop of mixed colors. He made motions four times and threw it in. The water came together and vanished.

In the center of the place where the water had stood, the top of a ladder was sticking up. When Naiyenesgani started to go there a crane which was on guard was about to give warning. He gave him a red stone for a present and the crane did not make a noise.

When Naiyenesgani came near him, YeLagôLtsôde, the monster, held him by the sole of his foot. He kicked and the monster fell. When he went in, he saw an old man and an old woman lying there, human beings.

"I have come to visit you. I do not see any of the people," he said. "I am going to burn you up."

Then Naiyenesgani took the fire drill and twirled it until the place was full of smoke. "Now, go out," he said to the captives.

From each of four doors two people passed out.

"There are no other people," said the monster.

"Are these all?" he asked.

"There are innumerable people," one replied.

"All of you go out," he told the people, and again he filled the place with smoke. "Hurry go out with it," he told them. More people came out.

"Are these all?" he asked again.

Those who had come out said, "There are still people there."

Then he filled the place with smoke again by means of the fire drill. "Go out with it," he said. "All of you go out."

He asked again if there were no more inside. They had all come out. Then he sent the old man and old woman into the water. The Pueblo Indians followed him about. He sent them to their homes and they went off one by one.

Coyote Steals Sun's Tobacco

A Jicarilla Apache Legend

Based on a tale reported by Grenville Goodwin in 1939

One day Slim Coyote started out to Sun's house.

When he got there Sun was not home, but his wife was. "Where is my cousin Sun?" he asked.

Sun's wife said that he had gone out and was not home yet.

Coyote saw Sun's tobacco bag hanging up on the side of the house. "I came to smoke and talk with my cousin," said Slim Coyote, "so give me a smoke while I'm waiting.

He won't mind, he's my cousin." Coyote was talking to Sun's wife as if she were his mother-in-law.

She handed him the tobacco bag, and he used it to fill his own little buckskin bag. Then he quickly hid his bag and rolled a cigarette, so that he actually got off with a lot of Sun's tobacco without her noticing. "Since my cousin hasn't come back yet, I guess I won't wait after all," Coyote told her, and started home.

Pretty soon Sun arrived. "whose been here and gone again?" he asked, looking at his depleted tobacco bag.

"Somebody who said he was your cousin," answered his wife. She told him what had happened, and Sun was very angry.

"I'll get that fellow," he said. He went out front where he had Black Wind Horse tied, and saddled him up and set off after Coyote. Black Wind Horse could fly, and when he traveled he made a noise like lightening.

A light rain started to fall and covered up Coyote's tracks, but Sun could still follow the thief by the ashes from his cigarette.

It kept raining, and pretty soon the tobacco Coyote had with him started to grow. Soon it was putting out leaves then flowers. At last it ripened and dried, and the wind scattered the seeds everywhere.

When the Sun saw this, he gave up chasing Coyote and went home.

When Coyote got back to the Apache camp where he was living, he kept his tobacco for himself and wouldn't give any away.

The Apache held a council on how to get Coyote's tobacco away from him, and they decided to pretend to give him a wife.

"We're going to give you a wife," they told him.

Coyote said, "You're trying to fool me."

"No we're not," they said, "we're really going to give you a wife."

They set up a new wickiup for Coyote, dressed a young boy as a girl, and told the boy not to let Coyote touch him until just before dawn. They made a bed in the new wickiup, and Coyote felt so good that he gave them all his tobacco .

Just about dusk the boy dressed as a girl went over and sat down beside Coyote in his new wickiup. Slim Coyote was so excited he could not stand up but just crawled around on the ground. "why don't you come to bed?" he said to his bride. "Let's hurry and go to bed." But the boy just sat there.

After a while, when Coyote was more and more impatient, the boy lay down by him but not close to him. "I want you to lie close," Coyote said, and tried to touch the boy.

But the boy said, "Don't!" and pushed Coyote's hand away. This kept up all night, until just before dawn Coyote made a grab and caught hold of the boy's penis. He let go right away and jumped back.

"Get away from me, get back from me; you're a boy not a girl," he said. Then Coyote got up and called the people. "You lied to me," he said. "You didn't give me a wife at all. Give me my tobacco back!"

But no matter how loudly he yelled, they wouldn't do it. This is the way the people first got tobacco.

Splinter Foot Girl

An Arapaho Legend

Dorsey and Kroeber, from "Anthropological Papers of the Field Museum", v 153, No. 81

It was in winter and a large party was on the war-path. Some of them became tired and went home, but seven continued on their way.

Coming to a river, they made camp on account of one of them who was weary and nearly exhausted.

They found that he was unable to go farther. Then they made a good brush hut in order that they might winter there. From this place they went out and looked for buffalo and hunted them wherever they thought they might find them.

During the hunting one of them ran against a thorny plant and became unable to hunt for some time. His leg swelled very much in consequence of the wound, and finally suddenly opened. Then a child issued from the leg. The young men took from their own clothes what they could spare and used it for wrapping for the child.

They made a panther skin answer as a cradle. They passed the child around from one to the other, like people smoking a pipe. They were glad to have another person with them and they were very fond of the child.

While they lived there they killed very many elk and saved the teeth. From the skins they made a dress for the child, which was then old enough to run about. The dress was a girl's, entirely covered with elk teeth. They also made a belt for her. She was very beautiful. Her name was Foot Stuck Child.

A buffalo bull called Bone Bull heard that these young men had had a daughter born to them. As is the custom, he sent the magpie to go to these people to ask for the girl in marriage. The magpie came to the young men and told them what the Bone-bull wished; but he did not meet with any success.

The young men said, "We will not do it. We love our daughter. She is so young that it will not be well to let her go."

The magpie returned and told the Bone-bull what the young men had said. He advised the bull to get a certain small bird which was very clever and would perhaps persuade the young men to consent to the girl's marriage with him.

So the small bird was sent out by the bull. It reached the place where the people lived and lighted on the top of the brush house. In a gentle voice it said to the men, "I am sent by Bone Bull to ask for your daughter."

The young men still refused, giving the same answer as before. The bird flew back and told the bull of the result. The bull said to it, "Go back and tell them that I mean what I ask. I shall come myself later." It was known that the bull was very powerful and hard to

overcome or escape from. The bird went again and fulfilled the bull's instruction, but again returned unsuccessfully.

It told the bull: "They are at last making preparations for the marriage. They are dressing the girl finely." But the bull did not believe it.

Then, in order to free itself from the unpleasant task, the bird advised him to procure the services of some one who could do better than itself; some one that had a sweet juicy tongue. So the bull sent another bird, called "Fire Owner," which has red on its head and reddish wings. This bird took the message to the young men. Now at last they consented.

So the girl went to the bull and was received by him and lived with him for some time. She wore a painted buffalo robe. At certain times the bull got up in order to lead the herd to water. At such times he touched his wife, who, wearing her robe, was sitting in the same position as all the rest, as a sign for her to go too.

The young men were lonely and thought how they might recover their daughter. It was a year since she had left them. They sent out flies, but when the flies came near the bull he bellowed to drive them away. The flies were so much afraid of him that they did not approach him. Then the magpie was sent, and came and alighted at a distance; but when the bull saw him he said, "Go away! I do not want you about."

They sent the blackbird, which lit on his back and began to sing. But the bull said to it also: "Go away, I do not want you about."

The blackbird flew back to the men and said, " I can do nothing to help you to get your daughter back, but I will tell you of two animals that work unseen, and are very cunning: they are the mole and the badger. If you get their help you will surely recover the girl."

Then the young men got the mole and the badger, and they started at night, taking arrows with them. They went underground, the mole going ahead. The badger followed and made the hole larger. They came under the place where the girl was sitting and the mole emerged under her blanket.

He gave her the arrows which he had brought and she stuck them into the ground and rested her robe on them and then the badger came under this too. The two animals said to her, "We have come to take you back." She said, " I am afraid," but they urged her to flee.

Finally she consented, and leaving her robe in the position in which she always sat, went back through the hole with the mole and the badger to the house of the young men. When she arrived they started to flee. The girl had become tired, when they came to the stone and asked it to help them. The stone said, "I can do nothing for you, the bull is too powerful to contend with."

They rested by the side of the stone; then they continued on their way, one of them carrying the girl. But they went more slowly on account of her. They crossed a river, went through the timber, and on the prairie the girl walked again for a distance. In front

of them they saw a lone immense cottonwood tree.

They said to it: "We are pursued by a powerful animal and come to you for help."

The tree told them, "Run around me four times," and they did this. The tree had seven large branches, the lowest of them high enough to be out of the reach of the buffalo, and at the top was a fork in which was a nest. They climbed the tree, each of the men sitting on one of the branches, and the girl getting into the nest. So they waited for the bull who would pursue them.

When the bull touched his wife in order to go to water, she did not move. He spoke to her angrily and touched her again. The third time he tried to hook her with his horn, but tossed the empty robe away. "They cannot escape me," he said.

He noticed the fresh ground which the badger had thrown up in order to close the hole. He hooked the ground and threw it to one side, and the other bulls got up and did the same, throwing the ground as if they were making a ditch and following the course of the underground passage until they came to the place where the people had lived. The camp was already broken up, but they followed the people's trail.

Coming to the stone, the bull asked, "Have you hidden the people or done anything to help them?"

The stone said: "I have not helped them for fear of you."

But the bull insisted: "Tell me where you hid them. I know that they reached you and are somewhere about."

"No, I did not hide them; they reached this place but went on," said the stone.

"Yes, you have hidden them; I can smell them and see their tracks about here."

"The girl rested here a short time; that is what you smell," said the stone.

Then the buffalo followed the trail again and crossed the river, the bull leading. One calf which was becoming very tired tried hard to keep up with the rest. It became exhausted at the lone cottonwood tree and stopped to rest. But the herd went on, not having seen the people in the tree. They went far on.

The girl was so tired that she had a slight hemorrhage. Then she spat down.

As the calf was resting in the shade below, the bloody spittle fell down before it. The calf smelled it, knew it, got up, and went after the rest of the buffalo. Coming near the herd, it cried out to the bull: "Stop! I have found a girl in the top of a tree. She is the one who is your wife."

Then the whole herd turned back to the tree.

When they reached it, the bull said: "We will surely get you."

The tree said: "You have four parts of strength. I give you a chance to do something to me."

Then the buffalo began to attack the tree; those with least strength began. They butted it until its thick bark was peeled off. Meanwhile the young men were shooting them from the tree.

The tree said: "Let some of them break their horns."

Then came the large bulls, who split the wood of the tree; but some stuck fast, and others broke their horns or lost the covering.

The bull said, "I will be the last one and will make the tree fall." At last he came on, charging against the tree from the southeast, striking it, and making a big gash. Then, coming from the southwest, he made a larger hole. Going to the northwest, he charged from there, and again cut deeper, but broke his right horn. Going then to the northeast, he charged the tree with his left horn and made a still larger hole. The fifth time he went straight east, intending to strike the tree in the center and break it down.

He pranced about, raising the dust; but the tree said to him: "You can do nothing. So come on quickly." This made him angry and he charged. The tree said: "This time you will stick fast," and he ran his left horn far into the middle of the wood and stuck fast. Then the tree told the young men to shoot him in the soft part of his neck and sides, for he could not get loose or injure them.

Then they shot him and killed him, so that he hung there. Then they cut him loose.

The tree told them to gather all the chips and pieces of wood that had been knocked off and cover the bull with them, and they did so. All the buffalo that had not been killed went away. The tree said to them: "Hereafter you will be overcome by human beings. You will have horns, but when they come to hunt you, you will be afraid. You will be killed and eaten by them and they will use your skins.

Then the buffalo scattered over the land with half-broken, short horns.

After the people had descended from the tree, they went on their way. The magpie came to them as messenger sent by Merciless-man to ask the young men for their daughter in marriage. He was a round rock. The magpie knew what this rock had done and warned the men not to consent to the marriage.

He said, "Do not have anything to do with him, since he is not a good man. Your daughter is beautiful, and I do not like to see her married to the rock. He has married the prettiest girls he could hear of, obtaining them somehow. But his wives are crippled, one-armed, or one-legged, or much bruised. I will tell the rock to get the hummingbird for a messenger because that bird is swift and can escape him if he should pursue."

So the magpie returned and said that the young men refused the marriage. But the rock sent him back to say: "Tell them that the girl must marry me nevertheless." The magpie persuaded him to send the hummingbird as messenger instead of himself.

Then the hummingbird went to carry the message to the young men; but, on reaching them, told them instead: "He is merciless and not the right man to marry this girl. He has treated his wives very badly. You had better leave this place."

So he went back without having tried to help the rock. He told the rock that he had seen neither camp nor people.

"Yes you saw them," said the rock; "you are trying to help them instead of helping me. Therefore you try to pretend that you did not see them. Go back and tell them that I want the girl. If they refuse, say that I shall be there soon."

The hummingbird went again to the men and told them what the rock wished, and said: "He is powerful. Perhaps it is best if you let your daughter go. But there are two animals that can surely help you. They can bring her back before he injures her. They are the mole and the badger."

"Yes," they said, now having confidence in these animals.

So the hummingbird took the girl to the rock. He reached his tent, which was large and fine, but full of crippled wives. "I have your wife here," he said.

"Very well," said the rock, "let her come in. I am pleased that you brought her; she is pretty enough for me."

Soon after the hummingbird had left with the girl, the mole and the badger started underground and made their way to the rock's tent. In the morning the rock always went buzzing out through the top of the tent; in the evening he came back home in the same way. While he was away, the two animals arrived. The girl was sitting with both feet outstretched.

They said to her, "Remain sitting thus until your husband returns." Then they made a hole large enough for the rock to fall into and covered it lightly. In the evening the rock was heard coming. As he was entering above, the girl got up, and the rock dropped into the hole while she ran out of the tent saying: "Let the hole be closed."

"Let the earth be covered again," said the mole and the badger. They heard the rock inside the earth, tossing about, buzzing, and angry. The girl returned to her fathers.

They traveled all night, fleeing. In the morning the rock overtook them. As they were going, they wished a canyon with steep cliffs to be behind them. The rock went down the precipice, and while he tried to climb up again, the others went on. It became night again and in the morning the rock was near them once more.

Then the girl said: "This time it shall happen. I am tired and weary from running, my fathers." She was carrying a ball, and, saying: "First for my father," she threw it up and as it came down kicked it upwards, and her father rose up. Then she did the same for the others until all had gone up. When she came to do it for herself the rock was near. She threw the ball, kicked it, and she too rose up.

She said, "We have passed through dangers on my account; I think this is the best place for us to go. It is a good place where we are. I shall provide the means of living for you." To the rock she said. "You shall remain where you overtook us. You shall not trouble people any longer, but be found wherever there are hills."

She and her fathers reached the sky in one place. They live in a tent covered with stars.

The Star Husband

An Arapaho Legend

Dorsey and Kroeber, from "Anthropological Papers of the Field Museum", v 153, No. 81

There was a camp-circle. A party of women went out after some wood for the fire. One of them saw a porcupine near a cottonwood tree and informed her companions of the fact. The porcupine ran around the tree, finally climbing it, whereupon the woman tried to hit the animal, but he dodged from one side of the trunk of the tree to the other, for protection. At length one of the women started to climb the tree to catch the porcupine, but it ever stopped just beyond her reach. She even tried to reach it with a stick, but with each effort it went a little higher.

"Well!" said she, "I am climbing to catch the porcupine, for I want those quills, and if necessary I will go to the top."

When porcupine had reached the top of the tree the woman was still climbing, although the cottonwood was dangerous and the branches were waving to and fro; but as she approached the top and was about to lay hands upon the porcupine, the tree suddenly lengthened, when the porcupine resumed his climbing.

Looking down, she saw her friends looking up at her, and beckoning her to come down; but having passed under the influence of the porcupine and fearful for the great distance between herself and the ground, she continued to climb, until she became the merest speck to those looking up from below, and with the porcupine she finally reached the sky.

The porcupine took the woman into the camp-circle where his father and mother lived. The folks welcomed her arrival and furnished her with the very best kind of accommodation. The lodge was then put up for them to live in. The porcupine was very industrious and of course the old folks were well supplied with hides and food.

One day she decided to save all the sinew from the buffalo, at the same time doing work on buffalo robes and other things with it, in order to avoid all suspicion on the part of her husband and the old folks, as to why she was saving the sinew. Thus she continued to save a portion of the sinew from each beef brought in by her husband, until she had a supply suitable for her purpose.

One day her husband cautioned her that while in search of roots, wild turnips and other herbs, she should not dig and that should she use the digging stick, she should not dig too deep, and that she should go home early when out for a walk.

The husband was constantly bringing in the beef and hide, in order that he might keep his wife at work at home all the time. But she was a good worker and soon finished what was required for them.

Seeing that she had done considerable work, one day she started out in search of hog potatoes, and carried with her the digging stick. She ran to a thick patch and kept digging away to fill her bag. She accidentally struck a hole which surprised her very

much, and so she stooped down and looked in and through the hole, seeing below, a green earth with a camp-circle on it.

After questioning herself and recognizing the camp-circle below, she carefully covered the spot and marked it. She took the bag and went to her own tipi, giving the folks some of the hog potatoes. The old folks were pleased and ate the hog potatoes to satisfy their daughter-in-law. The husband returned home too, bringing in beef and hides.

Early one morning the husband started off for more beef and hides, telling his wife to be careful about herself.

After he was gone, she took the digging stick and the sinew she had to the place where she struck the hole. When she got to the hole, she sat down and began tying string, so as to make the sinew long enough to reach the bottom.

She then opened the hole and laid the digging stick across the hole which she had dug, and tied one of the sinew strings in the center of this stick, and then also fastened herself to the end of the lariat. She gradually loosened the sinew lariat as she let herself down, finally finding herself suspended above the top of the tree which she had climbed, but not near enough so that she could possibly reach it.

When the husband missed her, he scolded the old people for not watching their daughter-in-law. He began to look for her in the direction in which she usually started off, but found no fresh tracks, though he kept traveling until he tracked her to the digging stick which was lying across the hole.

The husband stooped down and looked into this hole and saw his wife suspended from this stick by means of a sinew lariat or string. "Well, the only way to do is to see her touch the bottom," said he. So he looked around and found a circular stone two or three inches thick, and brought it to the place.

Again he continued, "I want this stone to light right on top of her head," and he dropped the stone carefully along the sinew string, and it struck the top of her head and broke her off and landed her safe on the ground. She took up the stone and went to the camp-circle.

This is the way the woman returned.

The Trickster Kills the Children

An Arapaho Legend

Dorsey and Kroeber, from "Anthropological Papers of the Field Museum", v 153, No. 81

Nihansan was traveling down a stream. As he walked along on the bank he saw something red in the water. They were red plums. He wanted them badly.

Taking off his clothes, he dived in and felt over the bottom with his hands; but he could find nothing, and the current carried him down-stream and to the surface again. He thought. He took stones and tied them to his wrists and ankles so that they should weigh him down in the water.

Then he dived again; he felt over the bottom, but could find nothing. When his breath gave out he tried to come up, but could not.

He was nearly dead, when at last the stones on one side fell off and he barely rose to the surface sideways and got a little air.

As he revived, floating on his back, he saw the plums hanging on the tree above him. He said to himself: "You fool!"

He scolded himself a long time.

Then he got up, took off the stones, threw them away, and went and ate the plums. He also filled his robe with them.

John the Bear

An Assiniboin Legend

Lowie, *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, iv, 147

A man was living with his wife. It was summer. The woman was pregnant.

One day, while she was picking berries, a big bear saw and abducted the woman, whom he kept in his cave.

Before spring, the woman gave birth to a child begotten by her first husband, but with plenty of hair on his body, wherefore he was called Icmá (Plenty-of-Hair). In the spring the bear came out of his cave.

The boy looked outside and told his mother, "We had better run away to where you first came from."

But the bear had stopped up the entrance with a big rock, and the woman said, "We can't get out, the rock is too heavy."

The boy tried it, and was able to lift it. They fled before the bear returned. They were already near the Indian camp when they heard the bear coming in pursuit. The woman was exhausted, but the boy packed her on his back and ran to the camp. At first, the woman went to a stranger's lodge. Then someone told her husband that his wife was back. The chief then took both her and his son home.

The boy used to play with other boys. Once he quarreled with one of them and killed him with a single blow. This happened again on another occasion. Then Icmá said to his father, "I don't like to kill any more boys; I'll go traveling."

He started out and met two men, who became his comrades. One of them was called Wood-Twister, the other Timber-Hauler. They got to a good lodge, and decided to stay there together. On the first day, Icmá and Wood-Twister went hunting. They bade Timber-Hauler stay home and cook.

While they were away, an ogre that lived in the lodge came out, threw Timber-Hauler on his back, and killed him. The two other men found him dead, but Icmá restored him to life. The next day Icmá said, "Wood-Twister, you stay home, I'll go hunting with Timber-Hauler." At sunset Wood-Twister began cutting firewood.

He saw something coming out of the lodge that looked like a man, but wearing a beard down to its waist and with nails as long as bear-claws. It assaulted Wood-Twister, who was found dying by his friends, but was restored by Icmá. The next day Icmá said "You two go hunting, I will stay home."

As he was beginning to chop wood, the monster appeared and challenged him to fight. Icmá seized its head, cut it off, and left the body in the lodge.

When his comrades returned, Icmá asked them, "Why did not you kill him like this?"

Then he said, "I don't like this house; let us, go traveling."

They started out and got to a large camp. The chief said, "My three daughters have been stolen by a subterranean being. Whoever brings them back, may marry them all." Icmá told Timber-Hauler to get wood and ordered Wood-Twister to twist a rope of it. Then he made a hole in the ground and put in a box to lower himself in.

He descended to the underground country and pulled the rope to inform his friends of his arrival. He found the three girls. The first one was guarded by a mountain-lion, the second by a big eagle, the third by giant cannibals. Icmá killed the lion. The girl said, "You had better turn back, the eagle will kill you."

But he slew the eagle. Then the girl said, "The cannibals are bad men, you had better go home."

"I'll wait for them." The twelve cannibals approached yelling; they were as big as trees. The girl said, "Run as fast as you can."

But Icmá remained, and made two slings. With the first he hurled a stone that went clean through six of the men and killed them; and with the other sling he killed the remaining cannibals in the same way. One of the girls gave him a handkerchief, another one a tie, and the youngest one a ring. He took them to his box, and pulled the rope.

His two comrades hoisted up the oldest one. Both wanted to marry her, but Icmá pulled the rope again, and they hauled up the second girl. Then Icmá sat down in the box with the youngest, and pulled the rope.

As they were hauling them up, Wood-Twister said, "Let us cut the rope." The other man refused, but Wood-Twister cut the rope, and Icmá fell down. He stayed there a long time, while his companions took the girls to the chief.

At last Icmá begged a large bird to carry him above ground. The bird said he did not have enough to eat for such a trip. Then Icmá killed five moose, and having packed the meat on the bird's back, mounted with the third girl. Flying up, Icmá fed the bird with moose-meat, and when his supply was exhausted, he cut off his own flesh and gave it to the bird to eat. Icmá came up on the day when his false friends were going to marry the girls.

All the people were gathered there. Icmá arrived, saying, "I should like to go into the lodge before they get married."

When he came in, Wood-Twister was frightened. "I should like to go out, I'll be back in a short time," he said.

But he never returned. Then the chief asked, "Which of you three rescued the girls?"

Then Icmá showed the handkerchief, the tie and the ring given him by the girls, and got all the three girls for his wives.

The Child and the Cannibal

A Bella Coola Legend

Boas, Jesup North Pacific Expedition, i, 83

Once upon a time there was a youth whose name was Anutkoats, who was playing with a number of girls behind the village. While they were playing, a noise like the cracking of twigs was heard in the woods.

The noise came nearer and nearer. The youth hid behind a tree, and saw that a Snaik was approaching. She was chewing gum, which caused the noise. He advised the children to run away, but they did not obey. When they saw the gum, they stepped up to the Snaik and asked her to give them some.

The Snaik gave a piece of gum to all the children, and when she saw Anutkoats, who was advising the children to return home, she took him and threw him into the basket which she was carrying.

Then she took all the other children and threw them on top of him into her basket. After she had done so, she turned homeward. Then Anutkoats whispered to the girls to take off their cedar-bark blankets, and to escape through a hole that he was going to cut in the basket. He took his knife, cut a hole in the bottom of the basket, and fell down. The girls also fell down one by one until only one of them was left.

All the children returned home and told their parents what had happened. The mother of the girl who had not been able to escape began to cry, mourning for her daughter. She cried for four days and four nights. Then her nose began to swell, because she had been rubbing it all the time. She had thrown the mucus of her nose on the ground. Now when she looked down, she saw that something was moving at the place where it had fallen.

She watched it from the corners of her eyes, and soon she discovered that her mucus was assuming the shape of a little child. The next time she looked, the child had grown to the size of a new-born baby. Then the woman took it up, and the child began to cry. She carried it into the house, and washed the baby for four days.

Then the child, who was very pretty and had red hair, began to speak, and said, "My father, the Sun, sent me to ask you to stop crying. I shall go out into the woods, but pray don't cry, for I am sent to recover your daughter. I know where she is. Make a small salmon-spear for me, which I shall need." Thus spoke the boy.

Then the woman asked an old man to make a salmon-spear, which she gave to her son. His mother gave him ear-rings made of abalone shells, and the boy played about with his spear, and always wore his ear ornaments.

One day when his mother was crying again, the boy said, "Mother, I ask you once more, don't cry, for my father the Sun sent me down to bring back your daughter. He will show me where she is. I shall start today to recover my sister from the Snaik, who stole her.

Don't worry about me."

Then the boy went up the river. After he had gone some distance, he came to a tree which overhung the river. He climbed it, and looked down in order to see if there were any fish in the water. Soon he heard a noise some distance up the stream, and gradually it sounded nearer. Then he saw the Snaik coming down the river. When she reached the tree, she stopped and looked down into the clear water. She saw the image of the boy, who was sitting on the tree, and thought it was her own reflection.

She said, "How pretty I am!" and she brushed her hair back out of her face. When she did so, the boy imitated her movements in order to make her believe that she was looking at her own reflection. When she laughed, he laughed also, in order to deceive her. But at last the Snaik looked upward, and saw the boy sitting in the tree.

Then she addressed him with kindly words, and asked him to come down. She said, "What did your mother do in order to make you so pretty?"

The boy replied, "You cannot endure the treatment I had to undergo in order to become as pretty as I am."

The Snaik begged, "Oh, come down and tell me. I am willing to stand even the greatest pain in order to become as pretty as you are. What are you doing up there?"

Then the boy said, "I was watching for salmon, which I desire to harpoon with my salmon-spear."

The Snaik repeated, "Oh, come down, and do with me whatever you please in order to make me as pretty as you are."

The boy replied, "I don't believe you can endure the wounds that I have to inflict upon you."

She replied, "You may cut me as much as you please. I want to become as pretty as you are."

Then the boy climbed down the tree, and the Snaik asked, "What must we do first?"

He said, "We must go up this river to find two stone knives with which my mother used to cut off my head."

They walked up the river, and found the stone knives. Then the boy said to the Snaik, "Now lie down on this stone. Put your neck on this knife."

The Snaik did as she was bidden. Then the boy took the other knife, told the Snaik to shut her eyes, and cut off her head. The head jumped back to the body, and was about to unite with it, when the boy passed his hands over the wound, and thus prevented the severed head from joining the body again. Thus he had killed her.

Then he went to the Snaik's house. He found his sister whom the Snaik had killed

and smoked over her fire. He took the body down, and patted it all over with his hands. Thus he resuscitated the girl.

On looking around in the house, he found the dried bodies of other children, whom he also brought back to life. Then he took the girl and the other children home.

The Man Who Acted as the Sun

A Bella Coola Legend

Boas, Jesup North Pacific Expedition, i, 95

Once upon a time there lived a woman some distance up Bella Coola River.

She refused the offer of marriage from the young men of the tribe, because she desired to marry the Sun. She left her village and went to seek the Sun.

Finally she reached his house, and married the Sun. After she had been there one day, she had a child. He grew very quickly, and on the second day of his life he was able to walk and to talk.

After a short time he said to his mother, "I should like to see your mother and your father"; and he began to cry, making his mother feel homesick.

When the Sun saw that his wife felt downcast, and that his son was longing to see his grandparents, he said, "You may return to the earth to see your parents. Descend along my eyelashes." His eyelashes were the rays of the Sun, which he extended down to his wife's home, where they lived with the woman's parents.

The boy was playing with the children of the village, who were teasing him, saying that he had no father. He began to cry, and went to his mother, whom he asked for bow and arrows. His mother gave him what he requested. He went outside and began to shoot his arrows towards the sky.

The first arrow struck the sky and stuck in it; the second arrow hit the notch of the first one; and thus he continued until a chain was formed, extending from the sky down to the place where he was standing. Then he ascended the chain.

He found the house of the sun, which he entered. He told his father that the boys had been teasing him, and he asked him to let him carry the sun. But his father said, "You cannot do it. I carry many torches.

Early in the morning and late in the evening I burn small torches, but at noon I burn the large ones." The boy insisted on his request. Then his father gave him the torches, warning him at the same time to observe carefully the instructions that he was giving him in regard to their use.

Early the next morning, the young man started on the course of the sun, carrying the torches. Soon he grew impatient, and lighted all the torches at once. Then it grew very hot. The trees began to burn, and many animals jumped into the water to save themselves, but the water began to boil. Then his mother covered the people with her blanket, and thus saved them. The animals hid under stones.

The ermine crept into a hole, which, however, was not quite large enough, so that the tip of its tail protruded from the entrance. It was scorched, and since that time the tip of the ermine's tail has been black.

The mountain-goat hid in a cave, hence its skin is perfectly white. All the animals that did not hide were scorched, and therefore have black skins, but the skin on their lower side remained lighter.

When the Sun saw what was happening, he said to his son, "Why do you do so? Do you think it is good that there are no people on the earth?"

The Sun took him and cast him down from the heavens, saying, "You shall be the mink, and future generations of man shall hunt you."

The Sun Tests His Son-in-law

A Bella Coola Legend

Boas, Jesup North Pacific Expedition, i, 73

In a place on Bella Coola River, there used to be a salmon-weir. A chief and his wife lived at this place. One day the wife was cutting salmon on the bank of the river. When she opened the last salmon, she found a small boy in it.

She took him out and washed him in the river. She placed him near by, entered the house, and said to the people, "Come and see what I have found in my salmon!" She had a child in her house, which was still in the cradle.

The little boy whom she had found was half as long as her fore-arm. She carried him into the house, and the people advised her to take good care of him. She nursed him with her own baby.

When the people were talking in the house, the baby looked around as though he understood what they were saying. On the following day the people were surprised to see how much he had grown, and in a few days he was as tall as any ordinary child. Her own baby also grew up with marvelous rapidity. She gave each of them one breast. After a few days they were able to walk and to talk.

The two young men were passing by the houses, and looked into the doorways. There was a house in the centre of this town; there they saw a beautiful girl sitting in the middle of the house. Her hair was red, and reached down to the floor. She was very white. Her eyes were large, and as clear as rock crystal. The boy fell in love with the girl. They went on, but his thoughts were with her.

The Salmon boy said, "I am going to enter this house. You must watch closely what I do, and imitate me. The Door of this house tries to bite every one who enters." The Door opened, and the Salmon jumped into the house. Then the Door snapped, but missed him. When it opened again, the boy jumped into the house. They found a number of people inside, who invited them to sit down. They spread food before them, but the boy did not like their food. It had a very strong smell, and looked rather curious. It consisted of algae that grow on logs that lie in the river.

When the boy did not touch it, one of the men said to him, "Maybe you want to eat those two children. Take them down to the river and throw them into the water, but do not look."

The two children arose, and he took them down to the river. Then he threw them into the water without looking at them. At the place where he had thrown them down, he found a male and a female Salmon. He took them up to the house and roasted them.

The people told him to preserve the intestines and the bones carefully. After he had eaten, one of the men told him to carry the intestines and the bones to the same place where he had thrown the children into the water. He carried them in his hands, and

threw them into the river without looking. When he entered the house, he heard the children following him. The girl was covering one of her eyes with her hands.

The boy was limping, because he had lost one of his bones. Then the people looked at the place where the boy had been sitting, and they found the eye, and a bone from the head of the male salmon. They ordered the boy to throw these into the water. He took the children and the eye and the bone, and threw them into the river. Then the children were hale and well.

After a while the youth said to his Salmon brother, "I wish to go to the other house where I saw the beautiful girl." They went there, and he said to his Salmon brother, "Let us enter. I should like to see her face well."

They went in. Then the man arose, and spread a caribou blanket for them to sit on, and the people gave them food. Then he whispered to his brother, "Tell the girl I want to marry her." The Salmon boy told the girl, who smiled, and said, "He must not marry me. Whoever marries me must die. I like him, and I do not wish to kill him; but if he wishes to die, let him marry me.

The woman was the Salmon-berry Bird. After one day she gave birth to a boy, and on the following day she gave birth to a girl. She was the daughter of the Spring Salmon.

After a while the girl's father said, "Let us launch our canoe, and let us carry the young man back to his own people." He sent a messenger to call all the people of the village; and they all made themselves ready, and early the next morning they started in their canoes. The young man went in the canoe of the Spring Salmon, which was the fastest.

The canoe of the Sock-eye Salmon came next. The people in the canoe of the Calico Salmon were laughing all the time. They went up the river; and a short distance below the village of the young man's father they landed, and made fast their canoes. Then they sent two messengers up the river to see if the people had finished their salmon-weir.

Soon they returned with information that the weir had been finished. Then they sent the young man and his wife, and they gave them a great many presents for the young man's father.

The watchman who was stationed at the salmon-weir saw two beautiful salmon entering the trap. They were actually the canoes of the salmon; but they looked to him like two salmon. Then the watchman put the traps down over the weir, and he saw a great many fish entering them. He raised the trap when it was full, and took the fish out.

The young man thought, "I wish he would treat me and my wife carefully", and his wish came true. The man broke the heads of the other salmon, but he saved the young man and his wife. Then he carried the fish up to the house, and hung them over a pole.

During the night the young man and his wife resumed their human shape. The youth entered his father's house. His head was covered with eagle-down. He said to his father, "I am the fish whom you caught yesterday. Do you remember the time when you lost me? I have lived in the country of the Salmon. The Salmon accompanied me here. They

are staying a little farther down the river. It pleases the Salmon to see the people eating fish." And, turning to his mother, he continued, "You must be careful when cutting Salmon.

Never break any of their bones, but preserve them, and throw them into the water." The two children of the young man had also entered into the salmon-trap. He put some leaves on the ground, placed red and white cedar-bark over them, and covered them with eagle-down, and he told his mother to place the Salmon upon these.

As soon as he had given these instructions, the Salmon began to come up the river. They crossed the weir and entered the traps. They went up the river as far as Stuick, and the people dried the Salmon according to his instructions. They threw the bones into the water, and the Salmon returned to life, and went back to their own country, leaving their meat behind.

The Cohoes Salmon had the slowest canoe, and therefore he was the last to reach the villages. He gave many presents to the Indians. He gave them many-colored leaves, and thus caused the leaves of the trees to change color in the autumn.

Now all the Salmon had returned. The Salmon-berry Bird and her children had returned with them. Then the young man made up his mind to build a small hut, from which he intended to catch eagles. He used a long pole, to which a noose was attached. The eagles were baited by means of Salmon. He spread a mat in his little house, and when he had caught an eagle he pulled out its down.

He accumulated a vast amount of down. Then he went back to his house and asked his younger brother to accompany him. When they came to the hut which he had used for catching eagles, he gave the boy a small staff. Then he said to him, "Do not be sorry when I leave you. I am going to visit the Sun. I am not going to stay away a long time. I staid long in the country of the Salmon, but I shall not stay long in heaven.

I am going to lie down on this mat. Cover me with this down, and then begin to beat time with your staff. You will see a large feather flying upward, then stop." The boy obeyed, and everything happened as he had said.

The boy saw the feather flying in wide circles. When it reached a great height, it began to soar in large circles, and finally disappeared in the sky. Then the boy cried, and went back to his mother.

The young man who had ascended to heaven found there a large house. It was the House of Myths. There he resumed his human shape, and peeped in at the door. Inside he saw a number of people who were turning their faces toward the wall. They were sitting on a low platform in the rear of the house. In the right-hand corner of the house he saw a large fire, and women sitting around it.

He leaned forward and looked into the house. An old woman discovered him, and beckoned him to come to her. He stepped up to her, and she warned him by signs not to go to the rear of the house. She said, "Be careful!

The men in the rear of the house intend to harm you." She opened a small box, and

gave him the bladder of a mountain-goat, which contained the cold wind. She told him to open the bladder if they should attempt to harm him. She said that if he opened it, no fire could burn him. She told him that the men were going to place him near the fire, in order to burn him; that one of them would wipe his face, then fire would come forth from the floor, scorching everything.

The old woman told him everything that the people were going to do. Now the man in the rear of the house turned round. He was the Sun himself. He was going to try the strength of the visitor. When he saw the young man, he said to the old woman, "Did anybody come to visit you? Let the young man come up to me. I wish him to sit down near me." The young man stepped up to the Sun, and as soon as he had sat down, the Sun wiped his face and looked at the young man (he had turned his face while he was wiping it).

Then the young man felt very hot. He tied his blanket tightly round his body, and opened the bladder which the woman had given him. Then the cold wind that blows down the mountains in the winter was liberated, and he felt cool and comfortable. The Sun had not been able to do him any harm. The old man did not say anything, but looked at his visitor.

After a while he said, "I wish to show you a little underground house that stands behind this house." They both rose and went outside. The small house had no door. Access was had to it by an opening in the centre of the roof, through which a ladder led down to the floor. Not a breath of air entered this house. It was made of stone. When they had entered, the Sun made a small fire in the middle of the house; then he climbed up the ladder and closed the door, leaving his visitor inside. The Sun pulled up the ladder, in order to make escape impossible. Then the house began to grow very hot.

When the boy felt that he could not stand the heat any longer, he opened the bladder, and the cold wind came out; snow began to fall on the fire, which was extinguished; icicles began to form on the roof, and it was cool and comfortable inside. After a while the Sun said to his four daughters, "Go to the little underground house that stands behind our house, and sweep it," meaning that they were to remove the remains of the young man whom he believed to be burned.

They obeyed at once, each being eager to be the first to enter. When they opened the house, they were much surprised to find icicles hanging down from the roof.

When they were climbing down the ladder, the youth arose and scratched them. The youngest girl was the last to step down. The girls cried when the youth touched them, and ran away. The Sun heard their screams, and asked the reason.

He was much surprised and annoyed to hear that the young man was still alive. Then he devised another way of killing his visitor. He told his daughters to call him into his house. They went, and the young man re-entered the House of Myths. In the evening he lay down to sleep.

Then the Sun said to his daughters, "Early tomorrow morning climb the mountain behind our house. I shall tell the boy to follow you." The girls started while the visitor was still asleep. The girls climbed up to a small meadow which was near a precipice. They had

taken the form of mountain-goats. When the Sun saw his daughters on the meadow, he called to his visitor, saying, "See those mountain-goats!" The young man arose when he saw the mountain-goats.

He wished to kill them. The Sun advised him to walk up the right-hand side of the mountain, saying that the left-hand side was dangerous. The young man carried his bow and arrow.

The Sun said, "Do not use your own arrows! Mine are much better." Then they exchanged arrows, the Sun giving him four arrows of his own. The points of these arrows were made of coal.

Now the young man began to climb the mountain. When he came up to the goats, he took one of the arrows, aimed it, and shot. It struck the animals, but fell down without killing it. The same happened with the other arrows. When he had spent all his arrows, they rushed up to him from the four sides, intending to kill him. His only way of escape was in the direction of the precipice. They rushed up to him, and pushed him down the steep mountain.

He fell headlong, but when he was halfway down he transformed himself into a ball of bird's down. He alighted gently on a place covered with many stones. There he resumed the shape of a man, arose, and ran into the house of the Sun to get his own arrows. He took them, climbed the mountain again, and found the mountain-goats on the same meadow. He shot them and killed them, and threw them down the precipice; then he returned. He found the goats at the foot of the precipice, and cut off their feet. He took them home.

He found the Sun sitting in front of the house. He offered him the feet, saying, "Count them, and see how many I have killed." The Sun counted them and now he knew that all his children were dead. Then he cried, "You killed my children!"

Then the youth took the bodies of the goats, fitted the feet on, and threw the bodies into a little river that was running past the place where they had fallen down. Thus they were restored to life.

He had learned this art in the country of the Salmon. Then he said to the girls, "Now run to see your father! He is wailing for you." They gave him a new name, saying, "He has restored us to life." The boy followed them. Then the Sun said, when he entered, "You shall marry my two eldest daughters."

On the next morning the people arose. Then the Sun said to them, "What shall I do to my son-in-law?" He called him, and said, "Let us raise the trap of my salmon-weir." They went up to the river in the Sun's canoe. The water of the river was boiling. The youth was in the bow of the canoe, while the Sun was steering. He caused the canoe to rock, intending to throw the young man into the water. The water formed a small cascade, running down over the weir. He told the young man to walk over the top of the weir in order to reach the trap.

He did so, walking over the top beam of the weir. When he reached the baskets, the

beam fell over, and he himself fell into the water . The Sun saw him rise twice in the whirlpool just below the weir. When he did not see him rise again, he turned his canoe, and thought, "Now the boy has certainly gone to Nuskyakek." The Sun returned to his house, and said to his daughters, "I lost my son-in-law in the river. I was not able to find him." Then his daughters were very sad.

When the boy disappeared in the water, he was carried to Nuskyakek; and he resumed the shape of a salmon while in the water, and as soon as he landed he resumed human shape and returned to his wife. The Sun saw him coming, and was much surprised. In the evening they went to sleep. On the following morning the Sun thought, "How can I kill my son-in-law?" After a while he said to him, " Arise! We will go and split wood for fuel."

He took his tools. They launched their canoe, and went down the river to the sea. When they reached there, it was perfectly calm. There were many snags embedded in the mud in the mouth of the river, some of which were only half submerged. They selected one of these snags a long distance from the shore, and began to split it. Then the Sun intentionally dropped his hammer into the water, and thought at the same time, "Do not fall straight down, but fall sideways, so that he will have much difficulty in finding you." Then he sat down in his canoe, and said, "Oh! I lost my old hammer. I had it at the time when the Sun was created." He looked down into the water, and did not say a word.

After a while he said to the young man, "Do you know how to dive? Can you get my hammer? The water is not very deep here."

The young man did not reply. Then the Sun continued, "I will not go back without my hammer."

Then the boy said, "I know how to dive. If you so wish, I will try to get it."

The Sun promised to give him supernatural power if he was able to bring the hammer back. The youth jumped into the water, and then the Sun ordered the sea to rise, and he called the cold wind to make the water freeze. It grew so cold that a sheet of ice a fathom thick was formed at once on top of the sea.

"Now," he thought, "I certainly have killed you!" He left his canoe frozen up in the ice, and went home. He said to his daughters, "I have lost my son-in-law. He drifted away when the cold winds began to blow down the mountains. I have also lost my little hammer."

But when he mentioned his hammer, his daughters knew at once what had happened. The young man found the hammer, and after he had obtained it he was going to return to the canoe, but he struck his head against the ice, and was unable to get out. He tried everywhere to find a crack. Finally he found a very narrow one. He transformed himself into a fish, and came out of the crack. He jumped about on the ice in the form of a fish, and finally resumed his own shape.

He went back to the Sun's house, carrying the hammer. The Sun was sitting in front of the fire, his knees drawn up, and his legs apart. His eyes were closed, and he was warming himself. The young man took his hammer and threw it right against his

stomach, saying, "Now take better care of your treasures."

The young man scolded the Sun, saying, "Now stop trying to kill me. If you try again, I shall kill you. Do you think I am an ordinary man? You cannot conquer me." The Sun did not reply.

In the evening he said to his son-in-law, "I hear a bird singing, which I should like very much to have."

The young man asked, "What bird is it?"

The Sun replied, "I do not know it. Watch it early to-morrow morning." The young man resolved to catch the bird. Very early in the morning he arose, then he heard the bird singing outside. He knew at once that it was the ptarmigan. He left the house, and thought, "I wish you would come down!" Then the bird came down, and when it was quite near by he shot it. He hit one of its wings, intending to catch it alive.

He waited for the Sun to arise. The bird understood what the young man said, who thus spoke: "The chief here wishes to see you. Do not be afraid, I am not going to kill you. The chief has often tried to kill me, but he has been unable to do so.

You do not need to be afraid." The young man continued, "When it is dark I shall tell the Sun to ask you to sit near him, and when he is asleep I want you to peck out his eyes." When the Sun arose, the youth went into the house carrying the bird, saying, "I have caught the bird; now I hope you will treat it kindly. It will awaken us when it is time to arise. When you lie down, let it sit down near you, then it will call you in the morning."

In the evening the Sun asked the bird to sit down next to his face. When he was asleep, the bird pecked out his eyes without his knowing it. Early in the morning he heard the bird singing. He was going to open his eyes, but he was not able to do so. Then he called his son, saying, "The bird has blinded me."

The young man jumped up and went to his father-in-law, and said, "Why did you wish for the bird? Do you think it is good? It is a bad bird. It has pecked out your eyes." He took the bird and carried it outside, and thanked it for having done as it was bidden. Then the bird flew away.

When it was time for the Sun to start on his daily course, he said, "I am afraid I might fall, because I cannot see my way." For four days he staid in his house. He did not eat, he was very sad. Then his son-in-law made up his mind to cure him. He did not do so before, because he wanted to punish him for his badness.

He took some water, and said to his father-in-law, "I will try to restore your eyesight." He threw the water upon his eyes, and at once his eyes were healed and well.

He said, "Now you can see what power I have. The water with which I have washed my face has the power to heal diseases. While I was in the country of the Salmon, I bathed in the water in which the old Salmon bathed, in order to regain youth, therefore the water in which I wash makes everything young and well."

From this time on, the Sun did not try to do any harm to the young man.

Finally he wished to return to his father's village. He left the house, and jumped down through the hole in heaven. His wife saw him being transformed into a ball of eagle-down, which floated down gently. Then her father told her to climb as quickly as she could down his eyelashes. She did so, and reached the ground at the same time as her husband. He met his younger brother, who did not recognize him. He had been in heaven for one year.

The Bear Woman

A Blackfoot Legend

Wissler and Duvall, *Anthropological Papers of the AMNH*, ii, 68, No. 6

Once there was a young woman with many suitors; but she refused to marry. She had seven brothers and one little sister. Their mother had been dead many years and they had no relatives, but lived alone with their father.

Every day the six brothers went out hunting with their father. It seems that the young woman had a bear for her lover and, as she did not want any one to know this, she would meet him when she went out after wood. She always went after wood as soon as her father and brothers went out to hunt, leaving her little sister alone in the lodge. As soon as she was out of sight in the brush, she would run to the place where the bear lived.

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She always went after wood as soon as her father and brothers went out to hunt, leaving her little sister alone in the lodge. As soon as she was out of sight in the brush, she would run to the place where the bear lived.

As the little sister grew older, she began to be curious as to why her older sister spent so much time getting wood. So one day she followed her. She saw the young woman meet the bear and saw that they were lovers. When she found this out, she ran home as quickly as she could, and when her father returned she told him what she had seen.

When he heard the story he said, "So, my elder daughter has a bear for a husband. Now I know why she does not want to marry." Then he went about the camp, telling all his people that they had a bear for a brother-in-law, and that he wished all the men to go out with him to kill this bear. So they went, found the bear, and killed him.

When the young woman found out what had been done, and that her little sister had told on her, she was very angry.

She scolded her little sister vigorously, then ordered her to go out to the dead bear, and bring some flesh from his paws. The little sister began to cry, and said she was afraid to go out of the lodge, because a dog with young pups had tried to bite her.

"Oh, do not be afraid!" said the young woman. "I will paint your face like that of a bear, with black marks across the eyes and at the corners of the mouth; then no one will touch you." So she went for the meat. Now the older sister was a powerful medicine-

woman. She could tan hides in a new way. She could take up a hide, strike it four times with her skin-scraper and it would be tanned.

The little sister had a younger brother that she carried on her back. As their mother was dead, she took care of him. One day the little sister said to the older sister, "Now you be a bear and we will go out into the brush to play." The older sister agreed to this, but said, "Little sister, you must not touch me over my kidneys." So the big sister acted as a bear, and they played in the brush. While they were playing, the little sister forgot what she had been told, and touched her older sister in the wrong place.

At once she turned into a real bear, ran into the camp, and killed many of the people. After she had killed a large number, she turned back into her former self. Now, when the little sister saw the older run away as a real bear, she became frightened, took up her little brother, and ran into their lodge. Here they waited, badly frightened, but were very glad to see their older sister return after a time as her true self.

Now the older brothers were out hunting, as usual. As the little sister was going down for water with her little brother on her back, she met her six brothers returning. The brothers noted how quiet and deserted the camp seemed to be. So they said to their little sister, "Where are all our people?" Then the little sister explained how she and her sister were playing, when the elder turned into a bear, ran through the camp, and killed many people.

She told her brothers that they were in great danger, as their sister would surely kill them when they came home. So the six brothers decided to go into the brush. One of them had killed a jack-rabbit. He said to the little sister, "You take this rabbit home with you. When it is dark, we will scatter prickly-pears all around the lodge, except in one place. When you come out, you must look for that place, and pass through."

When the little sister came back to the lodge, the elder sister said, "Where have you been all this time?" "Oh, my little brother mused himself and I had to clean him," replied the little sister. "Where did you get that rabbit?" she asked. "I killed it with a sharp stick," said the little sister. "That is a lie. Let me see you do it," said the older sister. Then the little sister took up a stick lying near her, threw it at the rabbit, and it stuck in the wound in his body.

"Well, all right," said the elder sister. Then the little sister dressed the rabbit and cooked it. She offered some of it to her older sister, but it was refused: so the little sister and her brother ate all of it. When the elder sister saw that the rabbit had all been eaten, she became very angry, and said, "Now I have a mind to kill you."

So the little sister arose quickly, took her little brother on her back, and said, "I am going out to look for wood."

As she went out, she followed the narrow trail through the prickly-pears and met her six brothers in the brush. Then they decided to leave the country, and started off as fast as they could go.

The older sister, being a powerful medicine-woman, knew at once what they were doing. She became very angry and turned herself into a bear to pursue them. Soon she was

about to overtake them, when one of the boys tried his power. He took a little water in the hollow of his hand and sprinkled it around. At once it became a great lake between them and the bear.

Then the children hurried on while the bear went around. After a while the bear caught up with them again, when another brother threw a porcupine-tail (a hairbrush) on the ground. This became a great thicket; but the bear forced its way through, and again overtook the children. This time they all climbed a high tree. The bear came to the foot of the tree, and, looking up at them, said, "Now I shall kill you all."

So she took a stick from the ground, threw it into the tree and knocked down four of the brothers. While she was doing this, a little bird flew around the tree, calling out to the children, "Shoot her in the head! Shoot her in the head!" Then one of the boys shot an arrow into the head of the bear, and at once she fell dead. Then they came down from the tree.

Now the four brothers were dead. The little brother took an arrow, shot it straight up into the air, and when it fell one of the dead brothers came to life. This he repeated until all were alive again. Then they held a council, and said to each other, "Where shall we go? Our people have all been killed, and we are a long way from home. We have no relatives living in the world." Finally they decided that they preferred to live in the sky.

Then the little brother said, "Shut your eyes." As they did so, they all went up. Now you can see them every night. The little brother is the North Star. The six brothers and the little sister are seen in the Great Dipper. The little sister and eldest brother are in a line with the North Star, the little sister being nearest it because she used to carry her little brother on her back. The other brothers are arranged in order of their age, beginning with the eldest. This is how the seven stars [Ursa major] came to be.

Blood-Clot Boy

A Blackfoot Legend

Wissler and Duvall, *Anthropological Papers American Museum of Natural History*, ii, 53

Once there was an old man and woman whose three daughters married a young man. The old people lived in a lodge by themselves.

The young man was supposed to hunt buffalo, and feed them all. Early in the morning the young man invited his father-in-law to go out with him to kill buffalo.

The old man was then directed to drive the buffalo through a gap where the young man stationed himself to kill them as they went by. As soon as the buffalo were killed, the young man requested his father-in-law to go home.

He said, "You are old. You need not stay here. Your daughters can bring you some meat." Now the young man lied to his father-in-law; for when the meat was brought to his lodge, he ordered his wives not to give meat to the old folks. Yet one of the daughters took pity on her parents, and stole meat for them. The way in which she did this was to take a piece of meat in her robe, and as she went for water drop it in front of her father's lodge.

Now every morning the young man invited his father-in-law to hunt buffalo; and, as before, sent him away and refused to permit his daughters to furnish meat for the old people. On the fourth day, as the old man was returning, he saw a clot of blood in the trail, and said to himself, "Here at least is something from which we can make soup."

In order that he might not be seen by his son-in-law, he stumbled, and spilt the arrows out of his quiver. Now, as he picked up the arrows, he put the clot of blood into the quiver. Just then the young man came up and demanded to know what it was he picked up. The old man explained that he had just stumbled, and was picking up his arrows.

So the old man took the clot of blood home and requested his wife to make blood-soup. When the pot began to boil, the old woman heard a child crying. She looked all around, but saw nothing. Then she heard it again. This time it seemed to be in the pot. She looked in quickly, and saw a boy baby: so she lifted the pot from the fire, took the baby out and wrapped it up.

Now the young man, sitting in his lodge, heard a baby crying, and said, "Well, the old woman must have a baby." Then he sent his oldest wife over to see the old woman's baby, saying, "If it is a boy, I will kill it."

The woman came into look at the baby, but the old woman told her it was a girl. When the young man heard this, he did not believe it.

So he sent each wife in turn; but they all came back with the same report. Now the young man was greatly pleased, because he could look forward to another wife. So he sent over some old bones, that soup might be made for the baby. Now, all this happened in the morning.

That night the baby spoke to the old man, saying, "You take me up and hold me against each lodge-pole in succession." So the old man took up the baby, and, beginning at the door, went around in the direction of the sun, and each time that he touched a pole the baby became larger. When halfway around, the baby was so heavy that the old man could hold him no longer.

So he put the baby down in the middle of the lodge, and, taking hold of his head, moved it toward each of the poles in succession, and, when the last pole was reached, the baby had become a very fine young man.

Then this young man went out, got some black flint [obsidian] and, when he got to the lodge, he said to the old man, "I am the Smoking-Star. I came down to help you. When I have done this, I shall return."

Now, when morning came, Blood-Clot (the name his father gave him) arose and took his father out to hunt. They had not gone very far when they killed a scabby cow. Then Blood-Clot lay down behind the cow and requested his father to wait until the son-in-law came to join him. He also requested that he stand his ground and talk back to the son-in-law.

Now, at the usual time in the morning, the son-in-law called at the lodge of the old man, but was told that he had gone out to hunt. This made him very angry, and he struck at the old woman, saying, "I have a notion to kill you." So the son-in-law went out.

Now Blood-Clot had directed his father to be eating a kidney when the son-in-law approached. When the son-in-law came up and saw all this, he was very angry. He said to the old man, "Now you shall die for all this."

"Well," said the old man, "you must die too, for all that you have done." Then the son-in-law began to shoot arrows at the old man, and the latter becoming frightened called on Blood-Clot for help. Then Blood-Clot sprang up and upbraided the son-in-law for his cruelty. "Oh," said the son-in-law, "I was just fooling." At this Blood-Clot shot the son-in-law through and through.

Then Blood-Clot said to his father, "We will leave this meat here: it is not good. Your son-in-law's house is full of dried meat. Which one of your daughters helped you?"

The old man told him that it was the youngest.

Then Blood-Clot went to the lodge, killed the two older women, brought up the body of the son-in-law, and burned them together. Then he requested the younger daughter to take care of her old parents, to be kind to them, etc.

"Now," said Blood-Clot, "I shall go to visit the other Indians."

So he started out, and finally came to a camp. He went into the lodge of some old women, who were very much surprised to see such a fine young man. They said, "Why do you come here among such old women as we? Why don't you go where there are young people?"

"Well," said Blood-Clot, "give me some dried meat." Then the old women gave him some meat, but no fat. "Well," said Blood-Clot, "you did not give me the fat to eat with my dried meat."

"Hush!" said the old women. "You must not speak so loud. There are bears here that take all the fat and give us the lean, and they will kill you, if they hear you."

"Well," said Blood-Clot, "I will go out to-morrow, do some butchering, and get some fat." Then he went out through the camp, telling all the people to make ready in the morning, for he intended to drive the buffalo over [the drive].

Now there were some bears who ruled over this camp. They lived in a bear-lodge [painted lodge], and were very cruel. When Blood-Clot had driven the buffalo over, he noticed among them a scabby cow. He said, "I shall save this for the old women."

Then the people laughed, and said, "Do you mean to save that poor old beast? It is too poor to have fat." However, when it was cut open it was found to be very fat. Now, when the bears heard the buffalo go over the drive, they as usual sent out two bears to cut off the best meat, especially all the fat; but Blood-Clot had already butchered the buffalo, putting the fat upon sticks. He hid it as the bears came up.

Also he had heated some stones in a fire. When they told him what they wanted, he ordered them to go back. Now the bears were very angry, and the chief bear and his wife came up to fight, but Blood-Clot killed them by throwing hot stones down their throats. Then he went down to the lodge of the bears and killed all, except one female who was about to become a mother.

She pleaded so pitifully for her life, that he spared her. If he had not done this, there would have been no more bears in the world.

The lodge of the bears was filled with dried meat and other property. Also all the young women of the camp were confined there. Blood-Clot gave all the property to the old women, and set free all the young women. The bears' lodge he gave to the old women. It was a bear painted lodge.

"Now," said Blood-Clot, "I must go on my travels."

He came to a camp and entered the lodge of some old women. When these women saw what a fine young man he was, they said, "Why do you come here, among such old women? Why do you not go where there are younger people?"

"Well," said he, "give me some meat." The old women gave him some dried meat, but no fat.

Then he said, "Why do you not give me some fat with my meat?"

"Hush!" said the women, "you must not speak so loud. There is a snake-lodge [painted lodge] here, and the snakes take everything. They leave no fat for the people."

"Well," said Blood-Clot, "I will go over to the snake-lodge to eat."

"No, you must not do that," said the old women. "It is dangerous. They will surely kill you."

"Well," said he, "I must have some fat with my meat, even if they do kill me."

Then he entered the snake-lodge. He had his white rock knife ready. Now the snake, who was the head man in this lodge, had one horn on his head. He was lying with his head in the lap of a beautiful woman. He was asleep. By the fire was a bowl of berry-soup ready for the snake when he should wake. Blood-Clot seized the bowl and drank the soup.

Then the women warned him in whispers, "You must go away: you must not stay here." But he said, "I want to smoke." So he took out his knife and cut off the head of the snake, saying as he did so, "Wake up! light a pipe! I want to smoke."

Then with his knife he began to kill all the snakes. At last there was one snake who was about to become a mother, and she pleaded so pitifully for her life that she was allowed to go. From her descended all the snakes that are in the world.

Now the lodge of the snakes was filled up with dried meat of every kind, fat, etc. Blood-Clot turned all this over to the people, the lodge and everything it contained. Then he said, "I must go away and visit other people."

So he started out. Some old women advised him to keep on the south side of the road, because it was dangerous the other way. But Blood-Clot paid no attention to their warning. As he was going along, a great windstorm struck him and at last carried him into the mouth of a great fish.

This was a sucker-fish and the wind was its sucking. When he got into the stomach of the fish, he saw a great many people. Many of them were dead, but some were still alive. He said to the people, "Ah, there must be a heart somewhere here. We will have a dance."

So he painted his face white, his eyes and mouth with black circles, and tied a white rock knife on his head, so that the point stuck up. Some rattles made of hoofs were also brought. Then the people started in to dance.

For a while Blood-Clot sat making wing-motions with his hands, and singing songs. Then he stood up and danced, jumping up and down until the knife on his head struck the heart. Then he cut the heart down. Next he cut through between the ribs of the fish, and let all the people out.

Again Blood-Clot said he must go on his travels. Before starting, the people warned him, saying that after a while he would see a woman who was always challenging people to wrestle with her, but that he must not speak to her. He gave no heed to what they said, and, after he had gone a little way, he saw a woman who called him to come over. "No," said Blood-Clot. "I am in a hurry."

However, at the fourth time the woman asked him to come over, he said, "Yes, but you must wait a little while, for I am tired. I wish to rest. When I have rested, I will come over

and wrestle with you." Now, while he was resting, he saw many large knives sticking up from the ground almost hidden by straw. Then he knew that the woman killed the people she wrestled with by throwing them down on the knives. When he was rested, he went over.

The woman asked him to stand up in the place where he had seen the knives; but he said, "No, I am not quite ready. Let us play a little, before we begin." So he began to play with the woman, but quickly caught hold of her, threw her upon the knives, and cut her in two.

Blood-Clot took up his travels again, and after a while came to a camp where there were some old women. The old women told him that a little farther on he would come to a woman with a swing, but on no account must he ride with her.

After a time he came to a place where he saw a swing on the bank of a swift stream. There was a woman swinging on it.

He watched her a while, and saw that she killed people by swinging them out and dropping them into the water. When he found this out, he came up to the woman. "You have a swing here; let me see you swing," he said.

"No," said the woman, "I want to see you swing."

"Well," said Blood-Clot, "but you must swing first"

"Well," said the woman, "Now I shall swing. Watch me. Then I shall see you do it." So the woman swung out over the stream. As she did this, he saw how it worked. Then he said to the woman, "You swing again while I am getting ready"; but as the woman swung out this time, he cut the vine and let her drop into the water.

This happened on Cut Bank Creek.

"Now," said Blood-Clot, "I have rid the world of all the monsters, I will go back to my old father and mother." So he climbed a high ridge, and returned to the lodge of the old couple.

One day he said to them, "I shall go back to the place from whence I came. If you find that I have been killed, you must not be sorry, for then I shall go up into the sky and become the Smoking-Star."

Then he went on and on, until he was killed by some Crow Indians on the war-path. His body was never found; but the moment he was killed, the Smoking-Star appeared in the sky, where we see it now.

The Piqued Buffalo-wife

A Blackfoot Legend

Wissler and Duvall, Anthropological Papers of the AMNH, ii, 117, No. 28

Once a young man went out and came to a buffalo-cow stuck fast in the mire. He took advantage of her situation. After a time she gave birth to a boy.

When he could run about, this boy would go into the Indian camps and join in the games of the children, but would always mysteriously disappear in the evening. One day this boy told his mother that he intended to search among the camps for his father.

Not long after this he was playing with the children of the camps as usual, and went into the lodge of a head man in company with a boy of the family. He told this head man that his father lived somewhere in the camp, and that he was anxious to find him.

The head man took pity on the boy and sent out a messenger to call into his lodge all the old men in the camp. When these were all assembled and standing around the lodge, the head man requested the boy to pick out his father. The boy looked them over, and then told the head man that his father was not among them. Then the head man sent out a messenger to call in all the men next in age; but, when they were assembled, the boy said that his father was not among them.

Again the head man sent out the messenger to call in all the men of the next rank in age. When they were assembled, the boy looked them over as before and announced that his father was not among them. So once again the head man sent out his messenger to call in all the young unmarried men of the camp.

As they were coming into the head man's lodge, the boy ran to one of them, embracing his, said, "Here is my father."

After a time the boy told his father that he wished to take him to see his mother. The boy said, "When we come near her, she will run at you and hook four times, but you are to stand perfectly still."

The next day the boy and his father started out on their journey. As they were going along they saw a buffalo-cow, which immediately ran at them as the boy had predicted. The man stood perfectly still, and the fourth time, as the cow was running forward to hook him, she became a woman. Then she went home with her husband and her child.

One day shortly after their return, she warned her husband that whatever he might do he must never strike at her with fire.

They lived together happily for many years. She was a remarkably good woman.

One evening when the husband had invited some guests, the woman expressed a dislike to prepare food for them, he became very angry and, catching up a stick from the fire, struck at her. As he did so, the woman and her child vanished, and the people saw

a buffalo-cow and calf running from the camp.

Now the husband was very sorry and mourned for his wife and child. After a time he went out to search for them. In order that he might approach the buffalo without being discovered, he rubbed himself with filth from a buffalo-wallow.

In the course of time he came to a place where some buffalo were dancing. He could hear them from a distance. As he was approaching, he met his son, who was now, as before, a buffalo-calf. The father explained to the boy that he was mourning for him and his mother and that he had come to take them home.

The calf-boy explained that this would be very difficult, for his father would be required to pass through an ordeal. The calf-boy explained to him that when he arrived among the buffalo and inquired for his wife and son, the chief of the buffalo would order that he select his child from among all the buffalo calves in the herd. Now, the calf boy wished to assist his father and told him that he would know his child by a sign, because when the calves appeared before him, his own child would hold up its tail.

Then the man proceeded until he came to the place where the buffalo were dancing. Immediately he was taken before the chief of the buffalo-herd. The chief required that he first prove his relationship to the child by picking him out from among all the other calves of the herd. The man agreed to this and the calves were brought up. He readily picked out his own child by the sign.

The chief of the buffalo, however, was not satisfied with this proof and said that the father could not have the child until he identified him four times. While the preparations were being made for another test, the calf-boy came to his father and explained that he would be know this time by closing one eye.

When the time arrived, the calves were brought in as before, and the chief of the buffalo directed the father to identify his child, which he did by the sign. Before the next trial the calf-boy explained to his father that the sign would be one ear hanging down.

Accordingly, the calves were brought up for the father to choose, and he again identified his child. Now, before the last trial, the boy came again to his father and notified him that the sign by which he was to be known was dancing and holding up one leg.

Now the calf-boy had a chum among the buffalo-calves and when the calves were called up before the chief so that the father might select his child, the chum saw the calf-boy beginning to dance holding up one leg, and he thought to himself, "He is doing some fancy dancing." So he, also, danced in the same way.

Now the father observed that there were two calves giving the same sign and he realized he had to make a guess and he did so, but the guess was wrong. Immediately the herd rushed upon the man and trampled him into the dust.

Then they all ran away except the calf-boy, his mother, and an old bull. These three mourned together for the fate of the unfortunate man. After a time the old bull requested that they examine the ground to see if they could find a piece of bone.

After a long and careful search they succeeded in finding one small piece that had not been trampled by the buffalo. The bull took this piece, made a sweathouse, and finally restored the man to life.

When the man was restored, the bull explained to him that he and his family would receive some power, some headdresses, some songs, and some crooked sticks, such as he had seen the buffalo carry in the dance at the time when he attempted to pick out his son.

The calf-boy and his mother then became human beings, and returned with the man. It was this man who started the Bull and the Horn societies, and it was his wife who started the Matoki.

The Trickster's Race

A Blackfoot Legend

Wissler and Duvall, Anthropological Papers of the AMNH, ii, 27, No. 11

Now Old Man went on and came to a place where deer and elk were playing a game called "Follow your leader." Old Man watched the game a while.

Then he asked permission to play. He took the lead, sang a song, and ran about this way and that, and finally led them up to the edge of a cliff. Old Man jumped down and was knocked senseless.

After a while he got up and called to the rest to follow.

"No, we might hurt ourselves," they said.

"Oh!" said Old Man, "it is nice and soft here, and I had to sleep awhile."

Then the elk all jumped down and were killed.

Then Old Man said to the deer, "Now, you jump."

"No," said the deer, "we shall not jump down, because the elk are all killed."

"No," said Old Man, "they are only laughing."

So the deer jumped down and were all killed. Now, when the elk were about to jump over, there was a female elk about to become a mother, and she begged Old Man not to make her jump, so he let her go. A few of the deer were also let go for the same reason. If he had not done this, all the elk and deer would have been killed.

Old Man was now busy butchering the animals that had been killed by falling over the cliff. When he was through butchering, he went out and found a place to camp. Then he carried his meat there and hung it up to dry. When he was all alone, a Coyote came to him. This Coyote had a shell on his neck, and one leg was tied up as if badly hurt. The Coyote said to Old Man, "Give me something to eat."

Old Man said to him, "Give me that shell on your neck to skim the soup, and I will give you something to eat."

"No," said Coyote, "that shell is my medicine."

Then Old Man noticed that the Coyote had his leg tied up, and said, "Well, brother, I will run you a race for a meal."

"Well," said Coyote, "I am hurt. I cannot run".

"That makes no difference," said Old Man, "run anyway."

"Well," said Coyote, "I will run for a short distance."

"No," said Old Man, "you have to run a long distance."

Finally Coyote agreed. They were to run to a distant point, then back again. Coyote started out very slow, and kept crying for Old Man to wait, to wait. At last Coyote and Old Man came to the turning-point.

Then Coyote took the bandage off his leg, began to run fast, and soon left Old Man far behind. He began to call out to all the coyotes, the animals, and mice, and they all came rushing up to Old Man's camp and began to eat his meat.

It was a long time before Old Man reached the camp; but he kept calling out, "Leave me some meat, leave me some meat."

How the Worm Pipe Came to the Blackfoot

A Blackfoot Legend

As told to anthropologist George Bird Grinnell, 1900

There was once a man who was very fond of his wife. After they had been married for some time they had a little boy. After that the woman fell sick and did not get well.

The young man loved his wife so dearly that he did not wish to take a second wife. She grew worse and worse. Doctoring did not seem to do her any good, and at last she died.

The man used to take his baby on his back and travel out from the camp, walking over the hills crying. He kept away from the village.

After some time he said to his child, "My little boy, you will have to go and live with your grandmother. I am going to try to find your mother and bring her back."

He took the baby to his mother's lodge and asked her to take care of him, and left it with her. Then he started off to look for his wife, not knowing where he was going nor what he was going to do.

He traveled toward the land of the dead; and after long journeying, by the assistance of helpers who had spiritual power, he reached it.

The old woman who helped him to get there told him how hard it was to penetrate to the ghosts' country, and made him understand that the shadows would try to scare him by making fearful noises and showing him strange and terrible things.

At last he reached the ghosts' camp, and as he passed through it the ghosts tried to scare him by all kinds of fearful sights and sounds, but he kept up a brave heart.

He reached a lodge, and the man who owned it came out and asked him where he was going. He said, "I am looking for my dead wife. I mourn for her so much that I cannot rest. My little boy, too, keeps crying for his mother. They have offered to give me other wives, but I do not want them. I want only the one for whom I am searching."

The ghost said to him: "It is a fearful thing that you have come here. It is very likely that you will never get away. There never was a person here before." But the ghost asked him to come into the lodge, and he entered.

Then this chief ghost said to him: "You shall stay here for four nights, and you shall see your wife; but you must be very careful or you will never go back. You will die right here."

Then the chief went outside and called for a feast, inviting this man's father-in-law and other relations who were in the camp, saying, "Your son-in-law invites you to a feast," as if to say that their son-in-law was dead, and had become a ghost, and had arrived at the ghosts' camp.

Now when these invited people, the relations and some of the principal men of the camp, had reached the lodge, they did not like to go in. They called out, "There is a person here!"

It seemed that there was something about him that they could not bear the smell of. The ghost chief burned sweet pine in the fire, which took away this smell, and the people came in and sat down.

Then the host said to them: "Now pity this son-in-law of yours. He is seeking his wife. Neither the great distance nor the fearful sights that he has seen here have weakened his heart. You can see for yourselves he is tender-hearted. He not only mourns for his wife, but mourns also because his little boy is now alone, with no mother; so pity him and give him back his wife."

After consultation the ghosts determined that they would give him back his wife, who should become alive again. They also gave him a sacred pipe. And at last, after many difficulties, the man and his wife reached their home.

Ataga'hi, The Enchanted Lake

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

Westward from the headwaters of Oconaluftee river, in the wildest depths of the Great Smoky mountains, which form the line between North Carolina and Tennessee, is the enchanted lake of Ataga'hi. (Gall place)

Although all the Cherokee know that it is there, no one has ever seen it, for the way is so difficult that only the animals know how to reach it. Should a stray hunter come near the place he would know of it by the whirring sound of the thousands of wild ducks flying about the lake.

On reaching the spot he would find only a dry flat, without bird or animal or blade of grass, unless he had first sharpened his spiritual vision by prayer and fasting and an all-night vigil.

Because it is not seen, some people think the lake has dried up long ago, but this is not true. To one who had kept watch and fast through the night it would appear at daybreak as a wide-extending but shallow sheet of purple water, fed by springs spouting from the high cliffs around.

In the water are all kinds of fish and reptiles, and swimming upon the surface or flying overhead are great flocks of ducks and pigeons, while all about the shores are bear tracks crossing in every direction. It is the medicine lake of the birds and animals, and whenever a bear is wounded by the hunters he makes his way through the woods to this lake and plunges into the water, and when he comes out upon the other side his wounds are healed.

For this reason the animals keep the lake invisible to the hunter.

The Bear Man

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

A man went hunting in the mountains and came across a black bear, which he wounded with an arrow. The bear turned and started to run the other way, and the hunter followed, shooting one arrow after another into it without bringing it down.

Now, this was a medicine bear, and could talk or read the thoughts of people without their saying a word. At last he stopped and pulled the arrows out of his side and gave them to the man, saying, "It is of no use for you to shoot at me, for you can not kill me. Come to my house and let us live together."

The hunter thought to himself, "He may kill me;" but the bear read his thoughts and said, "No, I won't hurt you."

The man thought again, "How can I get anything to eat?" but the bear knew his thoughts, and said, "There shall be plenty." So the hunter went with the bear.

They went on together until they came to a hole in the side of the mountain, and the bear said, "This is not where I live, but there is going to be a council here and we will see what they do." They went in, and the hole widened as they went, until they came to a large cave like a townhouse.

It was full of bears--old bears, young bears, and cubs, white bears, black bears, and brown bears--and a large white bear was the chief. They sat down in a corner, but soon the bears scented the hunter and began to ask, "What is it that smells bad?"

The chief said, "Don't talk so; it is only a stranger come to see us. Let him alone."

Food was getting scarce in the mountains, and the council was to decide what to do about it. They had sent out messengers all over, and while they were talking two bears came in and reported that they had found a country in the low grounds where there were so many chestnuts and acorns that mast was knee deep.

Then they were all pleased, and got ready for a dance, and the dance leader was the one the Indians call Kalâs'-gûnâhi'ta, "Long Hams," a great black bear that is always lean.

After the dance the bears noticed the hunter's bow and arrows, and one said, "This is what men use to kill us. Let us see if we can manage them, and maybe we can fight man with his own weapons." So they took the bow and arrows from the hunter to try them. They fitted the arrow and drew back the string, but when they let go it caught in their long claws and the arrows dropped to the ground.

They saw that they could not use the bow and arrows and gave them back to the man. When the dance and the council were over, they began to go home, excepting the White Bear chief, who lived there, and at last the hunter and the bear went out together.

They went on until they came to another hole in the side of the mountain, when the bear said, "This is where I live," and they went in. By this time the hunter was very hungry and was wondering how he could get something to eat. The bear knew his thoughts, and sitting up on his hind legs he rubbed his stomach with his forepaws--so--and at once he had both paws full of chestnuts and gave them to the man.

He rubbed his stomach again--so--and had his paws full of huckleberries, and gave them to the man. He rubbed again--so--and gave the man both paws full of blackberries. He rubbed again--so--and had his paws full of acorns, but the man said that he could not eat them, and that he had enough already.

The hunter lived in the cave with the bear all winter, until long hair like that of a bear began to grow all over his body and he began to act like a bear; but he still walked like a man. One day in early spring the bear said to him, "Your people down in the settlement are getting ready for a grand hunt in these mountains, and they will come to this cave and kill me and take these clothes from me"--he meant his skin--" but they will not hurt you and will take you home with them." The bear knew what the people were doing down in the settlement just as he always knew what the man was thinking about.

Some days passed and the bear said again, "This is the day when the Topknobs will come to kill me, but the Split-noses will come first and find us. When they have killed me they will drag me outside the cave and take off my clothes and cut me in pieces. You must cover the blood with leaves, and when they are taking you away look back after you have gone a piece and you will see something."

Soon they heard the hunters coming up the mountain, and then the dogs found the cave and began to bark. The hunters came and looked inside and saw the bear and killed him with their arrows. Then they dragged him outside the cave and skinned the body and cut it in quarters to carry home. The dogs kept on barking until the hunters thought there must be another bear in the cave.

They looked in again and saw the man away at the farther end. At first they thought it was another bear on account of his long hair, but they soon saw it was the hunter who had been lost the year before, so they went in and brought him out. Then each hunter took a load of the bear meat and they started home again, bringing the man and the skin with them.

Before they left the man piled leaves over the spot where they had cut up the bear, and when they had gone a little way he looked behind and saw the bear rise up out of the leaves, shake himself, and go back into the woods.

When they came near the settlement the man told the hunters that he must be shut up where no one could see him, without anything to eat or drink for seven days and nights, until the bear nature had left him and he became like a man again.

So they shut him up alone in a house and tried to keep very still about it, but the news got out and his wife heard of it. She came for her husband, but the people would not let her near him; but she came every day and begged so hard that at last after four or five days they let her have him. She took him home with her, but in a short time he died,

because he still had a bear's nature and could not live like a man.

If they had kept him shut up and fasting until the end of the seven days he would have become a man again and would have lived.

The Mother Bear's Song

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

A hunter in the woods one day heard singing in a cave. He came near and peeped in, and it was a mother bear singing to her cubs and telling them what to do when the hunters came after them.

Said the mother bear to the cubs, "When you hear the hunters coming down the creek, then-

Tsâ'gî, tsâ'gî, hwî'lahî'; (Upstream, upstream, you must go)
Tsâ'gî, tsâ'gî, hwî'lahî. (Upstream, upstream, you must go)

But if you hear them coming up the creek, children, then--

Ge'i, ge'i, hwî'lahî'; (Downstream, downstream, you must go)
Ge'i, ge'i, hwî'lahî'" (Downstream, downstream, you must go)

Another hunter out in the woods one day thought he heard a woman singing to a baby. He followed the sound up to the head of the branch until he came to a cave under the bushes, and inside was a mother bear rocking her cub in her paws and singing to it this baby song, which the Ani'-Tsâ'gûhî used to know before they were turned into bears:

Ha'-mama', ha'-mama', ha'-mama', ha'-mama'; (Let me carry you on my back, repeated four times)

Udâ'hale'yî hi'lûñnû, hi'lûñnû; (On the sunny side go to sleep, go to sleep)

Udâ'hale'yî hi'lûñnû, hi'lûñnû. (On the sunny side go to sleep, go to sleep)

The Bird Tribes A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

Winged creatures of all kinds are classed under the generic term of *aninâ'hilidâ'hî* (flyers). Birds are called, alike in the singular and plural, *tsi'skwa*, the term being generally held to exclude the domestic fowls introduced by the whites.

When it is necessary to make the distinction they are mentioned, respectively, as *inâgêhî* (living in the woods), and *uluñni'ta* (tame). The robin is called *tsiskwa'gwä*, a name which can not be analyzed, while the little sparrow is called *tsikwâ'yä* (the real or principal bird), perhaps, in accord with a principle in Indian nomenclature, on account of its wide distribution.

As in other languages, many of the bird names are onomatopes, as *wa'huhu'* (the screech owl), *u'guku'* (the hooting owl), *waguli'* (the whippoorwill), *kâgû* (the crow), *gûgwë'* (the quail), *huhu* (the yellow mocking-bird), *tsi'kili'* (the chickadee), *sa'sa'* (the goose). The turtledove is called *gulë'-diska`nihil'* (it cries for acorns), on account of the resemblance of its cry to the sound of the word for acorn. (*gulë'*)

The meadowlark is called *nâkwisi'* (star), on account of the appearance of its tail when spread out as it soars. The nuthatch (*Sitta carolinensis*) is called *tsulie'na* (deaf), and is supposed to be without bearing, possibly on account of its fearless disregard for man's presence.

Certain diseases are diagnosed by the doctors as due to birds, either revengeful bird ghosts, bird feathers about the house, or bird shadows falling upon the patient from overhead.

The eagle (*awâ'hili*) is the great sacred bird of the Cherokee, as of nearly all our native tribes, and figures prominently in their ceremonial ritual, especially in all things relating to war.

The particular species prized was the golden or war eagle (*Aquila chrsætus*), called by the Cherokee the "pretty-feathered eagle," on account of its beautiful tail feathers, white, tipped with black, which were in such great demand for decorative and ceremonial purposes that among the western tribes a single tail was often rated as equal in value to a horse.

Among the Cherokee in the old times the killing of an eagle was an event which concerned the whole settlement, and could be undertaken only by the professional eagle killer, regularly chosen for the purpose on account of his knowledge of the prescribed forms and the prayers to be said afterwards in order to obtain pardon for the necessary sacrilege, and thus ward off vengeance from the tribe.

It is told of one man upon the reservation that having deliberately killed an eagle in defiance of the ordinances he was constantly haunted by dreams of fierce eagles swooping down upon him, until the nightmare was finally exercised after a long course of

priestly treatment. In 1890 there was but one eagle killer remaining among the East Cherokee. It does not appear that the eagle was ever captured alive as among the plains tribes.

The eagle must be killed only in the winter or late fall after the crops were gathered and the snakes had retired to their dens. If killed in the summertime a frost would come to destroy the corn, while the songs of the Eagle dance, when the feathers were brought home, would so anger the snakes that they would become doubly dangerous. Consequently the Eagle songs were never sung until after the snakes had gone to sleep for the winter.

When the people of a town had decided upon an Eagle dance the eagle killer was called in, frequently from a distant settlement, to procure the feathers for the occasion. He was paid for his services from offerings made later at the dance, and as the few professionals guarded their secrets carefully from outsiders their business was a quite profitable one.

After some preliminary preparation the eagle killer sets out alone for the mountains, taking with him his gun or bow and arrows. Having reached the mountains, he goes through a vigil of prayer and fasting, possibly lasting four days, after which he hunts until he succeeds in killing a deer. Then, placing the body in a convenient exposed situation upon one of the highest cliffs, he conceals himself near by and begins to sing in a low undertone the songs to call down the eagles from the sky.

When the eagle alights upon the carcass, which will be almost immediately if the singer understands his business, he shoots it, and then standing over the dead bird, he addresses to it a prayer in which he begs it not to seek vengeance upon his tribe, because it is not a Cherokee, but a Spaniard (Askwa'nī) that has done the deed. The selection of such a vicarious victim of revenge is evidence at once of the antiquity of the prayer in its present form and of the enduring impression which the cruelties of the early Spanish adventurers made upon the natives.

The prayer ended, he leaves the dead eagle where it fell and makes all haste to the settlement, where the people are anxiously expecting his return. On meeting the first warriors he says simply, "A snowbird has died," and passes on at once to his own quarters, his work being now finished. The announcement is made in this form in order to insure against the vengeance of any eagles that might overhear, the little snowbird being considered too insignificant a creature to be dreaded.

Having waited four days to allow time for the insect parasites to leave the body, the hunters delegated for the purpose go out to bring in the feathers. On arriving at the place they strip the body of the large tail and wing feathers, which they wrap in a fresh deerskin brought with them, and then return to the settlement, leaving the body of the dead eagle upon the ground, together with that of the slain deer, the latter being intended as a sacrifice to the eagle spirits.

On reaching the settlement, the feathers, still wrapped in the deerskin, are hung up in a small, round hut built for this special purpose near the edge of the dance ground (detsänûñ'li) and known as the place "where the feathers are kept," or feather house. Some settlements had two such feather houses, one at each end of the dance ground.

The Eagle dance was held on the night of the same day on which the feathers were brought in, all the necessary arrangements having been made beforehand. In the meantime, as the feathers were supposed to be hungry after their journey, a dish of venison and corn was set upon the ground below them and they were invited to eat. The body of a flax bird or scarlet tanager (*Piranga rubra*) was also hung up with the feathers for the same purpose. The food thus given to the feathers was disposed of after the dance, as described in another place.

The eagle being regarded as a great *ada'wehī*, only the greatest warriors and those versed in the sacred ordinances would dare to wear the feathers or to carry them in the dance. Should any person in the settlement dream of eagles or eagle feathers he must arrange for an Eagle dance, with the usual vigil and fasting, at the first opportunity; otherwise some one of his family will die. Should the insect parasites which infest the feathers of the bird in life get upon a man they will breed a skin disease which is sure to develop, even though it may be latent for years. It is for this reason that the body of the eagle is allowed to remain four days upon the ground before being brought into the settlement.

The raven (*kā'lānū*) is occasionally seen in the mountains, but is not prominent in folk belief, excepting in connection with the gruesome tales of the Raven Mocker (q. v.). In former times its name was sometimes assumed as a war title. The crow, so prominent in other tribal mythologies, does not seem to appear in that of the Cherokee.

Three varieties of owls are recognized, each under a different name, viz: *tskili'*, the dusky horned owl (*Bubo virginianus saturatus*); *u'guku'*, the barred or hooting owl (*Syrnium nebulosum*), and *wa'huhu'*, the screech owl (*Megascops asio*). The first of these names signifies a witch, the others being onomatopes. Owls and other night-crying birds are believed to be embodied ghosts or disguised witches, and their cry is dreaded as a sound of evil omen. If the eyes of a child be bathed with water in which one of the long wing or tail feathers of an owl has been soaked, the child will be able to keep awake all night.

The feather must be found by chance, and not procured intentionally for the purpose. On the other hand, an application of water in which the feather of a blue jay, procured in the same way, has been soaked will make the child an early riser.

The buzzard (*suli'*) is said to have had a part in shaping the earth, as was narrated in the genesis myth. It is reputed to be a doctor among birds, and is respected accordingly, although its feathers are never worn by ball players, for fear of becoming bald. Its own baldness is accounted for by a vulgar story. As it thrives upon carrion and decay, it is held to be immune from sickness, especially of a contagious character, and a small quantity of its flesh eaten, or of the soup used as a wash, is believed to be a sure preventive of smallpox, and was used for this purpose during the smallpox epidemic among the East Cherokee in 1866.

According to the *Wahnenauhi* manuscript, it is said also that a buzzard feather placed over the cabin door will keep out witches. In treating gunshot wounds, the medicine is blown into the wound through a tube cut from a buzzard quill and some of the buzzard's down is afterwards laid over the spot.

There is very little concerning hawks, excepting as regards the great mythic hawk, the *Tlä'nuwä'*. The *tlä'nuwä' usdi'*, or "little *tlä'nuwä'*," is described as a bird about as large as a turkey and of a grayish blue color, which used to follow the flocks of wild pigeons, flying overhead and darting down occasionally upon a victim, which it struck and killed with its sharp breast and ate upon the wing, without alighting. It is probably the goshawk (*Astur atricapillus*).

The common swamp gallinule, locally known as mud hen or didapper (*Gallinula galeata*), is called *diga'gwani'* (lame or crippled), on account of its habit of flying only for a very short distance at a time. In the *Diga'gwani'* dance the performers sing the name of the bird and endeavor to imitate its halting movements.

The *dagûl'kû*, or white-fronted goose (*Anser albifrons*) appears in connection with the myth of the origin of tobacco. The feathers of the *tskwâyî*, the great white heron or American egret (*Herodias egretta*), are worn by ball players, and this bird probably the "swan" whose white wing was used as a peace emblem in ancient times.

A rare bird said to have been seen occasionally upon the reservation many years ago was called by the curious name of *nûñdä-dikani'*, "it looks at the sun," "sun-gazer." It is described as resembling a blue crane, and may possibly have been the *Fluridus cerulea*, or little blue heron.

Another infrequent visitor, which sometimes passed over the mountain country in company with flocks of wild geese, was the *gu'wisguwi'*, so called from its cry.

It is described as resembling a large snipe, with yellow legs and feet unwebbed, and is thought to visit Indian Territory at intervals. It is chiefly notable from the fact that the celebrated chief John Ross derives his Indian name, *Gu'wisguwi'*, from this bird, the name being perpetuated in Cooweescoowee district of the Cherokee Nation in the West.

Another chance visitant, concerning which there is much curious speculation among the older men of the East Cherokee, was called *tsun'digwûntsu`gî* or *tsun'digwûn'tskî*, "forked," referring to the tail. It appeared but once, for a short season, about forty years ago, and has not been seen since. It is said to have been pale blue, with red in places, and nearly the size of a crow, and to have had a long forked tail like that of a fish.

It preyed upon hornets, which it took upon the wing, and also feasted upon the larva in the nests. Appearing unexpectedly and as suddenly disappearing, it was believed to be not a bird but a transformed red-horse fish (*Moxostoma*, Cherokee *âligä'*), a theory borne out by the red spots and the long, forked tail.

It is even maintained that about the time those birds first appeared some hunters on Oconaluftee saw seven of them sitting on the limb of a tree and they were still shaped like a red-horse, although they already had wings and feathers. It was undoubtedly the scissor-tail or swallow-tailed flycatcher (*Milvulus forficatus*), which belongs properly in Texas and the adjacent region, but strays occasionally into the eastern states.

On account of the red throat appendage of the turkey, somewhat resembling the goitrous growth known in the South as "kernels" (Cherokee, *dule'tsî*), the feathers of this

bird are not worn by ball players, neither is the neck allowed to be eaten by children or sick persons, under the fear that a growth of "kernels" would be the result. The meat of the ruffed grouse, locally known as the pheasant (*Bonasa umbellus*), is taboo to a pregnant woman, because this bird hatches a large brood, but loses most of them before maturity. Under a stricter construction of the theory this meat is forbidden to a woman until she is past child bearing.

The redbird, *tatsu'hwä*, is believed to have been originally the daughter of the Sun (see the story). The *huhu*, or yellow mockingbird, occurs in several stories. It is regarded as something supernatural, possibly on account of its imitative powers, and its heart is given to children to make them quick to learn.

The chickadee (*Parus carolinensis*), and the tufted titmouse, (*Parus bicolor*), *utsu`gĩ*, or *u'stũti*, are both regarded as news bringers, but the one is venerated as a truth teller while the other is scoffed at as a lying messenger, for reasons which appear in the story of *Nũnyunu'wĩ* (q. v.).

When the *tsĩkĩlĩlĩ'* perches on a branch near the house and chirps its song it is taken as an omen that an absent friend will soon be heard from or that a secret enemy is plotting mischief. Many stories are told in confirmation of this belief, among which may be instanced that of Tom Starr, a former noted outlaw of the Cherokee Nation of the West, who, on one occasion, was about to walk unwittingly into an ambush prepared for him along a narrow trail, when he heard the warning note of the *tsĩkĩlĩlĩ'*, and, turning abruptly, ran up the side of the ridge and succeeded in escaping with his life, although hotly pursued by his enemies.

The Bride From The South

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

The North went traveling, and after going far and meeting many different tribes he finally fell in love with the daughter of the South and wanted to marry her.

The girl was willing, but her parents objected and said, "Ever since you came the weather has been cold, and if you stay here we may all freeze to death."

The North pleaded hard, and said that if they would let him have their daughter he would take her back to his own country, so at last they consented. They were married and he took his bride to his own country, and when she arrived there she found the people all living in ice houses.

The next day, when the sun rose, the houses began to leak, and as it climbed higher they began to melt, and it grew warmer and warmer, until finally the people came to the young husband and told him he must send his wife home again, or the weather would get so warm that the whole settlement would be melted.

He loved his wife and so held out as long as he could, but as the sun grew hotter the people were more urgent, and at last he had to send her home to her parents.

The people said that as she had been born in the South, and nourished all her life upon food that grew in the same climate, her whole nature was warm and unfit for the North.

The Bullfrog Lover

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

A young man courted a girl, who liked him well enough, but her mother was so much opposed to him that she would not let him come near the house. At last he made a trumpet from the handle of a gourd and hid himself after night near the spring until the old woman came down for water.

While she was dipping up the water he put the trumpet to his lips and grumbled out in a deep voice like a bullfrog's:

Yañdaska'gä hũñyahu'skä, (The faultfinder will die)
Yañdaska'gä hũñyahu'skä, (The faultfinder will die)

The woman thought it a witch bullfrog, and was so frightened that she dropped her dipper and ran back to the house to tell the people.

They all agreed that it was a warning to her to stop interfering with her daughter's affairs, so she gave her consent, and thus the young man won his wife.

There is another story of a girl who, every day when she went down to the spring for water, heard a voice singing, Kũnu'nũ tũ'tsahyesĩ", Kũnu'nũ tũ'tsahyesĩ", "A bullfrog will marry you, A bullfrog will marry you."

She wondered much until one day when she came down she saw sitting on a stone by the spring a bullfrog, which suddenly took the form of a young man and asked her to marry him. She consented and took him back with her to the house.

But although he had the shape of a man there was a queer bullfrog look about his face, so that the girl's family hated him and at last persuaded her to send him away.

She told him and he went away, but when they next went down to the spring they heard a voice: Ste'tsĩ tũya'husĩ, Ste'tsĩ tũya'husĩ, "Your daughter will die, Your daughter will die," and so it happened soon after.

As some tell it, the lover was a tadpole, who took on human shape, retaining only his tadpole mouth. To conceal it he constantly refused to eat with the family, but stood with his back to the fire and his face screwed up, pretending that he had a toothache.

At last his wife grew suspicious and turning him suddenly around to the firelight, exposed the tadpole mouth, at which they all ridiculed him so much that he left the house forever.

The Hunter And The Buzzard

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

A hunter had been all day looking for deer in the mountains without success until he was completely tired out and sat down on a log to rest and wonder what he should do.

Just then a buzzard--a bird which always has magic powers--came flying overhead and spoke to him, asking him what was his trouble.

When the hunter had told his story the buzzard said there were plenty of deer on the ridges beyond if only the hunter were high up in the air where he could see them, and proposed that they exchange forms for a while, when the buzzard would go home to the hunter's wife while the hunter would go to look for deer

The hunter agreed, and the buzzard became a man and went home to the hunter's wife, who received him as her husband, while the hunter became a buzzard and flew off over the mountain to locate the deer. After staying some time with the woman, who thought always it was her real husband, the buzzard excused himself, saying he must go again to look for game or they would have nothing to eat. He came to the place where he had first met the hunter, and found him already there, still in buzzard form, awaiting him.

He asked the hunter what success he had had, and the hunter replied that he had found several deer over the ridge, as the buzzard had said. Then the buzzard restored the hunter to human shape, and became himself a buzzard again and flew away. The hunter went where he had seen the deer and killed several, and from that time he never returned empty-handed from the woods.

The Water Cannibals

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

Besides the friendly Nūñnē'hī of the streams and mountains there is a race of cannibal spirits, who stay at the bottom of the deep rivers and live upon human flesh, especially that of little children.

They come out just after daybreak and go about unseen from house to house until they find some one still asleep, when they shoot him with their invisible arrows and carry the dead body down under the water to feast upon it.

That no one may know what has happened they leave in place of the body a shade or image of the dead man or little child, that wakes up and talks and goes about just as he did, but there is no life in it, and in seven days it withers and dies, and the people bury it and think they are burying their dead friend.

It was a long time before the people found out about this, but now they always try to be awake at daylight and wake up the children, telling them "The hunters are among you."

This is the way they first knew about the water cannibals: There was a man in Tikwāli'tsi town who became sick and grew worse until the doctors said he could not live, and then his friends went away from the house and left him alone to die, They were not so kind to each other in the old times as they are now, because they were afraid of the witches that came to torment dying people.

He was alone several days, not able to rise from his bed, when one morning an old woman came in at the door. She looked just like the other women of the settlement, but he did not know her. She came over to the bed and said, "You are very sick and your friends seem to have left you. Come with me and I will make you well."

The man was so near death that he could not move, but now her words made him feel stronger at once, and he asked her where she wanted him to go. "We live close by; come with me and I will show you," said the woman, so he got up from his bed and she led the way down to the water.

When she came to the water she stepped in and he followed, and there was a road under the water, and another country there just like that above.

They went on until they came to a settlement with a great many houses, and women going about their work and children playing.

They met a party of hunters coming in from a hunt, but instead of deer or bear quarters hanging from their shoulders they carried the bodies of dead men and children, and several of the bodies the man knew for those of his own friends in Tikwāli'tsi. They came to a house and the woman said "This is where I live," and took him in and fixed a bed for him and made him comfortable.

By this time he was very hungry, but the woman knew his thoughts and said, "We must get him something to eat. She took one of the bodies that the hunters had just brought in and cut off a slice to roast. The man was terribly frightened, but she read his thoughts again and said, "I see you can not eat our food." Then she turned away from him and held her hands before her stomach--so--and when she turned around again she had them full of bread and beans such as he used to have at home.

So it was every day, until soon he was well and strong again. Then she told him he might go home now, but he must be sure not to speak to anyone for seven days, and if any of his friends should question him he must make signs as if his throat were sore and keep silent. She went with him along the same trail to the water's edge, and the water closed over her and he went back alone to Tikwäli'tsä.

When he came there his friends were surprised, because they thought he had wandered off and died in the woods.

They asked him where he had been, but he only pointed to his throat and said nothing, so they thought he was not yet well and let him alone until the seven days were past, when he began to talk again and told the whole story.

The Race Between The Crane & The Hummingbird

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

The Hummingbird and the Crane were both in love with a pretty woman. She preferred the Hummingbird, who was as handsome as the Crane was awkward.

But the Crane was so persistent that in order to get rid of him she finally told him he must challenge the other to a race and she would marry the winner. The Hummingbird was so swift--almost like a flash of lightning--and the Crane so slow and heavy, that she felt sure the Hummingbird would win. She did not know the Crane could fly all night.

They agreed to start from her house and fly around the circle of the world to the beginning, and the one who came in first would marry the woman.

At the word the Hummingbird darted off like an arrow and was out of sight in a moment, leaving his rival to follow heavily behind. He flew all day, and when evening came and he stopped to roost for the night he was far ahead. But the Crane flew steadily all night long, passing the Hummingbird soon after midnight and going on until he came to a creek and stopped to rest about daylight.

The Hummingbird woke up in the morning and flew on again, thinking how easily he would win the race, until he reached the creek and there found the Crane spearing tadpoles, with his long bill, for breakfast. He was very much surprised and wondered how this could have happened, but he flew swiftly by and soon left the Crane out of sight again.

The Crane finished his breakfast and started on, and when evening came he kept on as before. This time it was hardly midnight when he passed the Hummingbird asleep on a limb, and in the morning he had finished his breakfast before the other came up. The next day he gained a little more, and on the fourth day he was spearing tadpoles for dinner when the Hummingbird passed him. On the fifth and sixth days it was late in the afternoon before the Hummingbird came up, and on the morning of the seventh day the Crane was ' a whole night's travel ahead.

He took his time at breakfast and then fixed himself up as nicely as he could at the creek and came in at the starting place where the woman lived, early in the morning. When the Hummingbird arrived in the afternoon he found he had lost the race, but the woman declared she would never have such an ugly fellow as the Crane for a husband, so she stayed single.

How the Deer Got His Horns

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

In the beginning the Deer had no horns, but his head was smooth just like a doe's. He was a great runner and the Rabbit was a great jumper, and the animals were all curious to know which could go farther in the same time.

They talked about it a good deal, and at last arranged a match between the two, and made a nice large pair of antlers for a prize to the winner.

They were to start together from one side of a thicket and go through it, then turn and come back, and the one who came out first was to get the horns. On the day fixed all the animals were there, with the antlers put down on the ground at the edge of the thicket to mark the starting point.

While everybody was admiring the horns the Rabbit said: "I don't know this part of the country; I want to take a look through the bushes where I am to run."

They thought that all right, so the Rabbit went into the thicket, but he was gone so long that at last the animals suspected he must be up to one of his tricks. They sent a messenger to look for him, and away in the middle of the thicket he found the Rabbit gnawing down the bushes and pulling them away until he had a road cleared nearly to the other side.

The messenger turned around quietly and came back and told the other animals. When the Rabbit came out at last they accused him of cheating, but he denied it until they went into the thicket and found the cleared road. They agreed that such a trickster had no right to enter the race at all, so they gave the horns to the Deer, who was admitted to be the best runner, and he has worn them ever since.

They told the Rabbit that as he was so fond of cutting down bushes he might do that for a living hereafter, and so he does to this day.

Why The Deer's Teeth Are Blunt

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

The Rabbit felt sore because the Deer had won the horns, and resolved to get even. One day soon after the race he stretched a large grapevine across the trail and gnawed it nearly in two in the middle. Then he went back a piece, took a good run, and jumped up at the vine. He kept on running and jumping up at the vine until the Deer came along and asked him what he was doing?

"Don't you see?" says the Rabbit. "I'm so strong that I can bite through that grapevine at one jump." The Deer could hardly believe this, and wanted to see it done. So the Rabbit ran back, made a tremendous spring, and bit through the vine where he had gnawed it before. The Deer, when he saw that, said, "Well, I can do it if you can." So the Rabbit stretched a larger grapevine across the trail, but without gnawing it in the middle.

Deer ran back as he had seen the Rabbit do, made a spring, and struck the grapevine right in the center, but it only flew back and threw him over on his head. He tried again and again, until he was all bruised and bleeding.

"Let me see your teeth," at last said the Rabbit. So the Deer showed him his teeth, which were long like a wolf's teeth, but not very sharp.

"No wonder you can't do it," says the Rabbit; "your teeth are too blunt to bite anything. Let me sharpen them for you like mine. My teeth are so sharp that I can cut through a stick just like a knife."

And he showed him a black locust twig, of which rabbits gnaw the young shoots, which he had shaved off as well as a knife could do it, in regular rabbit fashion.

The Deer thought that just the thing. So the Rabbit got a hard stone with rough edges and filed and filed away at the Deer's teeth until they were worn down almost to the gums. "It hurts," said the Deer; but the Rabbit said it always hurt a little when they began to get sharp; so the Deer kept quiet.

"Now try it," at last said the Rabbit. So the Deer tried again, but this time he could not bite at all.

"Now you've paid for your horns," said the Rabbit, as he jumped away through the bushes. Ever since then the Deer's teeth are so blunt that he can not chew anything but grass and leaves.

The Deluge

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

A long time ago a man had a dog, which began to go down to the river every day and look at the water and howl.

At last the man was angry and scolded the dog, which then spoke to him and said: "Very soon there is going to be a great freshet."

Then he said, "The water will come so high that everybody will be drowned; but if you will make a raft to get upon when the rain comes you can be saved, but you must first throw me into the water."

The man did not believe it, and the dog said, "If you want a sign that I speak the truth, look at the back of my neck." He looked and saw that the dog's neck had the skin worn off so the bones stuck out.

Then he believed the dog, and began to build a raft. Soon the rain came and he took his family, with plenty of provisions and they all got upon it. It rained for a long time, and the water rose until the mountains were covered and all the people in the world were drowned.

Then the rain stopped and the waters went down again, until at last it was safe to come off the raft. Now there was no one alive but the man and his family, but one day they heard a sound of dancing and shouting on the other side of the ridge.

The man climbed to the top and looked over; everything was still, but all along the valley he saw great piles of bones of the people who had been drowned, and then he knew that the ghosts had been dancing.

The First Fire

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

In the beginning of the world, there was no fire.

The animal people were often cold. Only the Thunders, who lived in the world beyond the sky arch, had fire. At last they sent Lightning down to an island.

Lightning put fire into the bottom of a hollow sycamore tree.

The animal people knew that the fire was there, because they could see smoke rising from the top of the tree. But they could not get to it on account of the water. They held a council to decide what to do.

Everyone that could fly or could swim was eager to go after the fire. Raven said, "Let me go. I am large and strong."

At that time Raven was white.

He flew high and far across the water and reached the top of the sycamore tree. While he sat there wondering what to do, the heat scorched all his feathers black.

The frightened Raven flew home without the fire, and his feathers have been black ever since.

Then the council sent Screech Owl. He flew to the island. But while he was looking down into the hollow tree, a blast of hot air came up and nearly burned out his eyes. He flew home and to this day, Screech Owl's eyes are red.

Then Hooting Owl and Horned Owl were sent to the island together. But the smoke nearly blinded them, and the ashes carried up by the wind made white rings about their eyes. They had to come home, and were never able to get rid of the white rings.

Then Little Snake swam across to the island, crawled through the grass to the tree, and entered it through a small hole at the bottom.

But the smoke and the heat were too much for him, too. He escaped alive, but his body had been scorched black. And it was so twisted that he doubled on his track as if always trying to escape from a small space.

Big Snake, the climber, offered to go for fire, but he fell into the burning stump and became as black as Little Snake. He has been the great blacksnake ever since.

At last Water Spider said that she would go. Water Spider has black downy hair and red stripes on her body. She could run on top of water and she could dive to the bottom. She would have no trouble in getting to the island.

"But you are so little, how will you carry enough fire?" the council asked.

"I'll manage all right," answered Water Spider. "I can spin a web." so she spun a thread from her body and wove it into a little bowl and fastened the little bowl on her back. Then she crossed over to the island and through the grass. She put one little coal of fire into her bowl and brought it across to the people.

Every since, we have had fire. And the Water Spider still has her little bowl on her back.

Origin Of Fish And Frogs

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

A long time ago the people of the old town of Kanu'ga`la'yi (Briertown), on Nantahala river, in the present Macon county, North Carolina, were much annoyed by a great insect called U'la'gu'.

U'la'gu' was as large as a house, and used to come from some secret hiding place, and darting swiftly through the air, would snap up children from their play and carry them away. It was unlike any other insect ever known, and the people tried many times to track it to its home, but it was too swift to be followed. They killed a squirrel and tied a white string to it, so that its course could be followed with the eye, as bee hunters follow the flight of a bee to its tree. The U'la'gu' came and carried off the squirrel with the string hanging to it, but darted away so swiftly through the air that it was out of sight in a moment.

They killed a turkey and put a longer white string to it, and the U'la'gu' came and took the turkey, but was gone again before they could see in what direction it flew. They took a deer ham and tied a white string to it, and again the U'la'gu' swooped down and bore it off so swiftly that it could not be followed. At last they killed a yearling deer and tied a very long white string to it. The U'la'gu' came again and seized the deer, but this time the load was so heavy that it had to fly slowly and so low down that the string could be plainly seen. The hunters got together for the pursuit. They followed it along a ridge to the east until they came near where Franklin now is, when, on looking across the valley to the other side, they saw the nest of the U'la'gu' in a large cave in the rocks.

The nest had the entrance below with tiers of cells built up one above another to the roof of the cave. The great U'la'gu' was there, with thousands of smaller ones, that we now call yellow-jackets. The hunters built fires around the hole, so that the smoke filled the cave and smothered the great insect and multitudes of the smaller ones, but others which were outside the cave were not killed, and these escaped and increased until now the yellow-jackets, which before were unknown, are all over the world.

The people called the cave Tsgagun'yi, "Where the yellow-jacket was," and the place from which they first saw the nest they called A'tahi'ta, "Where they shouted," and these are their names today.

They say also that all the fish and frogs came from a great monster fish and frog which did much damage until at last they were killed by the people, who cut them up into little pieces which were thrown into the water and afterward took shape as the smaller fishes and frogs.

Flint Visits the Rabbit

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

In the old days Tāwi'skälä (Flint) lived up in the mountains, and all the animals hated him because he had helped to kill so many of them.

They used to get together to talk over means to put him out of the way, but everybody was afraid to venture near his house until the Rabbit, who was the boldest leader among them, offered to go after Flint and try to kill him.

They told him where to find him, and the Rabbit set out and at last came to Flint's house.

Flint was standing at his door when the Rabbit came up and said, sneeringly, "Siyu! Hello! Are you the fellow they call Flint?"

"Yes; that's what they call me," answered Flint. "Is this where you live?"

"Yes; this is where I live."

All this time the Rabbit was looking about the place trying to study out some plan to take Flint off his guard.

He had expected Flint to invite him into the house, so he waited a little while, but when Flint made no move, he said, "Well, my name is Rabbit; I've heard a good deal about you, so I came to invite you to come and see me."

Flint wanted to know where the Rabbit's house was, and he told him it was down in the broom-grass field near the river.

So Flint promised to make him a visit in a few days. "Why not come now and have supper with me?" said the Rabbit, and after a little coaxing Flint agreed and the two started down the mountain together.

When they came near the Rabbit's hole the Rabbit said, "There is my house, but in summer I generally stay outside here where it is cooler."

So he made a fire, and they had their supper on the grass. When it was over, Flint stretched out to rest and the Rabbit got some heavy sticks and his knife and cut out a mallet and wedge.

Flint looked up and asked what that was for. "Oh," said the Rabbit, "I like to be doing something, and they may come handy."

So Flint lay down again, and pretty soon he was sound asleep. The Rabbit spoke to him once or twice to make sure, but there was no answer.

Then he came over to Flint and with one good blow of the mallet he drove the sharp

stake into his body and ran with all his might for his own hole; but before he reached it there was a loud explosion, and pieces of flint flew all about.

That is why we find flint in so many places now. One piece struck the Rabbit from behind and cut him just as he dived into his hole.

He sat listening until everything seemed quiet again. Then he put his head out to look around, but just at that moment another piece fell and struck him on the lip and split it, as we still see it.

The Four-footed Tribes

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

In Cherokee mythology, as in that of Indian tribes generally, there is no essential difference between men and animals. In the primal genesis period they seem to be completely undifferentiated.

We find all creatures alike living and working together in harmony and mutual helpfulness until man, by his aggressiveness and disregard for the rights of the others, provokes their hostility, when insects, birds, fishes, reptiles, and four-footed beasts join forces against him (see story, "Origin of Disease and Medicine").

Henceforth their lives are apart, but the difference is always one of degree only. The animals, like the people, are organized into tribes and have like them their chiefs and townhouses, their councils and ball plays, and the same hereafter in the Darkening land of Us'ũñhi'yĩ.

Man is still the paramount power, and hunts and slaughters the others as his own necessities compel, but is obliged to satisfy the animal tribes in every instance, very much as a murder is compounded for, according to the Indian system, by "covering the bones of the dead" with presents for the bereaved relatives.

This pardon to the hunter is made the easier through a peculiar doctrine of reincarnation, according to which, as explained by the shamans, there is assigned to every animal a definite life term which can not be curtailed by violent means. If it is killed before the expiration of the allotted time the death is only temporary and the body is immediately resurrected in its proper shape from the blood drops, and the animal continues its existence until the end of the predestined period, when the body is finally dissolved and the liberated spirit goes to join its kindred shades in the Darkening land.

This idea appears in the story of the bear man and in the belief concerning the Little Deer. Death is thus but a temporary accident and the killing a mere minor crime. By some priests it is held that there are seven successive reanimations before the final end.

Certain supernatural personages, Kana'tĩ and Tsul`kālũ' (see the myths), have dominion over the animals, and are therefore regarded as the distinctive gods of the hunter. Kana'tĩ at one time kept the game animals, as well as the pestiferous insects, shut up in a cave under ground, from which they were released by his undutiful sons.

The primeval animals-the actors in the animal myths and the predecessors of the existing species-are believed to have been much larger, stronger, and cleverer than their successors.

In these myths we find the Indian explanation of certain peculiarities of form, color, or habit, and the various animals are always consistently represented as acting in accordance with their well-known characteristics.

First and most prominent in the animal myths is the Rabbit (Tsistu), who figures always as a trickster and deceiver, generally malicious, but often beaten at his own game by those whom he had intended to victimize. The connection of the rabbit with the dawn god and the relation of the Indian myths to the stories current among the southern negroes are discussed in another place.

Ball players while in training are forbidden to eat the flesh of the rabbit, because this animal so easily becomes confused in running. On the other hand, their spies seek opportunity to strew along the path which must be taken by their rivals a soup made of rabbit hamstrings, with the purpose of rendering them timorous in action.

In a ball game between the birds and the four-footed animals the Bat, which took sides with the birds, is said to have won the victory for his party by his superior dodging abilities. For this reason the wings or sometimes the stuffed skin of the bat are tied to the implements used in the game to insure success for the players. According to the same myth the Flying Squirrel (Tewa) also aided in securing the victory, and hence both these animals are still invoked by the ball player.

The meat of the common gray squirrel (sälâ'li) is forbidden to rheumatic patients, on account of the squirrel's habit of assuming a cramped position when eating. The stripes upon the back of the ground squirrel (kiyu`ga) are the mark of scratches made by the angry animals at a memorable council in which he took it upon himself to say a good word for the archenemy, man.

The peculiarities of the mink (sûñgi) are accounted for by another story.

The buffalo, the largest game animal of America, was hunted in the southern Allegheny region until almost the close of the last century, the particular species being probably that known in the West as the wood or mountain buffalo. The name in use among the principal gulf tribes was practically the same, and can not be analyzed, viz, Cherokee, yûñsû'; Hichitee, ya'nasi; Creek, yëna'sa; Choctaw, yanash.

Although the flesh of the buffalo was eaten, its skin dressed for blankets and bed coverings, its long hair woven into belts, and its horns carved into spoons, it is yet strangely absent from Cherokee folklore. So far as is known it is mentioned in but a single one of the sacred formulas, in which a person under treatment for rheumatism is forbidden to eat the meat, touch the skin, or use a spoon made from the horn of the buffalo, upon the ground of an occult connection between the habitual cramped attitude of a rheumatic and the natural "hump" of that animal.

The elk is known, probably by report, under the name of a`wî e'gwa, "great deer", but there is no myth or folklore in connection with it.

The deer, a`wî, which is still common in the mountains, was the principal dependence of the Cherokee hunter, and is consequently prominent in myth, folklore, and ceremonial. One of the seven gentes of the tribe is named from it (Ani'-Kawî, "Deer People"). According to a myth given elsewhere, the deer won his horns in a successful race with the rabbit. Rheumatism is usually ascribed to the work of revengeful deer ghosts, which the hunter has neglected to placate, while on the other hand the aid of the deer is invoked against frostbite, as its feet are believed to be immune from injury by frost.

The wolf, the fox, and the opossum are also invoked for this purpose, and for the same reason. When the redroot (*Ceanothus americanus*) puts forth its leaves the people say the young fawns are then in the mountains. On killing a deer the hunter always cuts out the hamstring from the hind quarter and throws it away, for fear that if he ate it he would thereafter tire easily in traveling.

The powerful chief of the deer tribe is the A`wi' Usdi', or "Little Deer," who is invisible to all except the greatest masters of the hunting secrets, and can be wounded only by the hunter who has supplemented years of occult study with frequent fasts and lonely vigils. The Little Deer keeps constant protecting watch over his subjects, and sees well to it that not one is ever killed in wantonness. When a deer is shot by the hunter the Little Deer knows it at once and is instantly at the spot.

Bending low his head he asks of the blood stains upon the ground if they have heard--i.e., if the hunter has asked pardon for the life that he has taken. If the formulistic prayer has been made, all is well, because the necessary sacrifice has been atoned for; but if otherwise, the Little Deer tracks the hunter to his house by the blood drops along the trail, and, unseen and unsuspected, puts into his body the spirit of rheumatism that shall rack him with aches and pains from that time henceforth.

As seen at rare intervals--perhaps once in a long lifetime--the Little Deer is pure white and about the size of a small dog, has branching antlers, and is always in company with a large herd of deer. Even though shot by the master hunter, he comes to life again, being immortal, but the fortunate huntsman who can thus make prize of his antlers has in them an unfailing talisman that brings him success in the chase forever after.

The smallest portion of one of those horns of the Little Deer, when properly consecrated, attracts the deer to the hunter, and when exposed from the wrapping dazes them so that they forget to run and thus become an easy prey. Like the Ulûñsû'tî stone, it is a dangerous prize when not treated with proper respect, and is--or was--kept always in a secret place away from the house to guard against sacrilegious handling.

Somewhat similar talismanic power attached to the down from the young antler of the deer when properly consecrated. So firm was the belief that it had influence over "anything about a deer" that eighty and a hundred years ago even white traders used to bargain with the Indians for such charms in order to increase their store of deerskins by drawing the trade to themselves. The faith in the existence of the miraculous Little Deer is almost as strong and universal to-day among the older Cherokee as is the belief in a future life.

The bears (yânû) are transformed Cherokee of the old clan of the Ani'-Tsâ'gûhî (see story, "Origin of the Bear"). Their chief is the White Bear, who lives at Kuwâ'hî, "Mulberry place," one of the high peaks of the Great Smoky mountains, near to the enchanted lake of Atagâ'hî (see number 69), to which the wounded bears go to be cured of their hurts.

Under Kuwâ'hî and each of three other peaks in the same mountain region the bears have townhouses, where they congregate and hold dances every fall before retiring to their dens for the winter. Being really human, they can talk if they only would, and once a mother bear was heard singing to her cub in words which the hunter understood. There

is one variety known as kalâs'-gûnâhi'ta, "long hams," described as a large black bear with long legs and small feet, which is always lean, and which the hunter does not care to shoot, possibly on account of its leanness. It is believed that new-born cubs are hairless, like mice.

The wolf (wa`ya) is revered as the hunter and watchdog of Kana'ti, and the largest gens in the tribe bears the name of Ani'-wa`ya, "Wolf people."

The ordinary Cherokee will never kill one if he can possibly avoid it, but will let the animal go by unharmed, believing that the kindred of a slain wolf will surely revenge his death, and that the weapon with which the deed is done will be rendered worthless for further shooting until cleaned and exercised by a medicine man. Certain persons, however, having knowledge of the proper atonement rites, may kill wolves with impunity, and are hired for this purpose by others who have suffered from raids upon their fish traps or their stock.

Like the eagle killer, the professional wolf killer, after killing one of these animals, addresses to it a prayer in which he seeks to turn aside the vengeance of the tribe by laying the burden of blame upon the people of some other settlement. He then unscrews the barrel of his gun and inserts into it seven small sourwood rods heated over the fire, and allows it to remain thus overnight in the running stream; in the morning the rods are taken out and the barrel is thoroughly dried and cleaned.

The dog (gi`li), although as much a part of Indian life among the Cherokee as in other tribes, hardly appears in folklore. One myth makes him responsible for the milky way; another represents him as driving the wolf from the comfortable house fire and taking the place for himself. He figures also in connection with the deluge.

There is no tradition of the introduction of the horse (sâ'gwâli, from asâ'gwâlihû', from "a pack or burden") or of the cow (wa`ka, from the Spanish, vaca). The hog is called, sîkwâ, this being originally the name of the opossum, which somewhat resembles it in expression, and which is now distinguished as sîkwâ utse'tstî, "grinning sîkwâ". In the same way the sheep, another introduced animal, is called a`wi' unâde'na, "woolly deer"; the goat, a`wi' ahânu'lâhî, "bearded deer," and the mule, "sâ'gwâ'li digû'lanâhi'ta", "long-eared horse."

The cat, also obtained from the whites, is called wesâ, an attempt at the English "pussy."

When it purrs by the fireside, the children say it is counting in Cherokee, "ta'ladu', nûñ'gî, ta'ladu', nûñ'gî," "sixteen, four, sixteen, four." The elephant, which a few of the Cherokee have seen in shows, is called by them kâma'mâ u'tânû, "great butterfly," from the supposed resemblance of its long trunk and flapping ears to the proboscis and wings of that insect.

The anatomical peculiarities of the opossum, of both sexes, are the subject of much curious speculation among the Indians, many of whom believe that its young are produced without any help from the male. It occurs in one or two of the minor myths.

The fox (tsu`lâ) is mentioned in one of the formulas, but does not appear in the tribal

folklore. The black fox is known by a different name (inâ'li).

The odor of the skunk (d'ilä') is believed to keep off contagious diseases, and the scent bag is therefore taken out and hung over the doorway, a small hole being pierced in it in order that the contents may ooze out upon the timbers.

At times, as in the smallpox epidemic of 1866, the entire body of the animal was thus hung up, and in some cases, as an additional safeguard, the meat was cooked and eaten and the oil rubbed over the skin of the person. The underlying idea is that the fetid smell repels the disease spirit, and upon the same principle the buzzard, which is so evidently superior to carrion smells, is held to be powerful against the same diseases.

The beaver (dâ'yī), by reason of its well-known gnawing ability, against which even the hardest wood is not proof, is invoked on behalf of young children just getting their permanent teeth.

According to the little formula which is familiar to nearly every mother in the tribe, when the loosened milk tooth is pulled out or drops out of itself, the child runs with it around the house, repeating four times, "Dâ'yī, skīntä' (Beaver, put a new tooth into my jaw)" after which he throws the tooth upon the roof of the house.

In a characteristic song formula to prevent frostbite the traveler, before starting out on a cold winter morning, rubs his feet in the ashes of the fire and sings a song of four verses, by means of which, according to the Indian idea, he acquires in turn the cold-defying powers of the wolf, deer, fox, and opossum, four animals whose feet, it is held, are never frostbitten.

After each verse he imitates the cry and the action of the animal. The words used are archaic in form and may be rendered "I become a real wolf," etc. The song runs:

Tsûñ'wa`ya-ya' (repeated four times), wa a! (prolonged howl). (Imitates a wolf pawing the ground with his feet.)

Tsûñ'-ka'wi-ye' (repeated four times), sauh! sauh! sauh! sauh! (Imitates call and jumping of a deer.)

Tsûñ'-tsu`la-ya' (repeated four times), gaih! gaih! gaih! gaih! (Imitates barking and scratching of a fox.)

Tsûñ'-sī'kwa-ya' (repeated four times), kī. (Imitates the cry of an opossum when cornered, and throws his head back as that animal does when feigning death.)

Untsaiyi', The Gambler

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

Thunder lives in the west, or a little to the south of west, near the place where the sun goes down behind the water. In the old times he sometimes made a journey to the east, and once after he had come back from one of these journeys a child was born in the east who, the people said, was his son.

As the boy grew up it was found that he had scrofula sores all over his body, so one day his mother said to him, "Your father, Thunder, is a great doctor. He lives far in the west, but if you can find him he can cure you."

So the boy set out to find his father and be cured. He traveled long toward the west, asking of every one he met where Thunder lived, until at last they began to tell him that it was only a little way ahead.

He went on and came to Ūñ'tiguhi', on Tennessee, where lived Ūñtsaiyi' "Brass." Now a Ūñtsaiyi' was a great gambler, and made his living that way. It was he who invented the gatayŭsti' game that we play with a stone wheel and a stick.

He lived on the south side of the river, and everybody who came that way he challenged to play against him. The large flat rock, with the lines and grooves where they used to roll the wheel, is still there, with the wheels themselves and the stick turned to stone. He won almost every time, because he was so tricky, so that he had his house filled with all kinds of fine things.

Sometimes he would lose, and then he would bet all that he had, even to his own life, but the winner got nothing for his trouble, for Ūñtsaiyi' knew how to take on different shapes, so that he always got away.

As soon as Ūñtsaiyi' saw him he asked him to stop and play a while, but the boy said he was looking for his father, Thunder, and had no time to wait. "Well," said Ūñtsaiyi', "he lives in the next house; you can hear him grumbling over there all the time"--he meant the Thunder--"so we may as well have a game or two before you go on."

The boy said he had nothing to bet. "That's all right," said the gambler, "we'll play for your pretty spots." He said this to make the boy angry so that he would play, but still the boy said he must go first and find his father, and would come back afterwards.

He went on, and soon the news came to Thunder that a boy was looking for him who claimed to be his son. Said Thunder, "I have traveled in many lands and have many children. Bring him here and we shall soon know."

So they brought in the boy, and Thunder showed him a seat and told him to sit down. Under the blanket on the seat were long, sharp thorns of the honey locust, with the points all sticking up, but when the boy sat down they did not hurt him, and then Thunder

knew that it was his son. He asked the boy why he had come. "I have sores all over my body, and my mother told me you were my father and a great doctor, and if I came here you would cure me. "Yes," said his father, "I am a great doctor, and I'll soon fix you."

There was a large pot in the corner and he told his wife to fill it with water and put it over the fire. When it was boiling, he put in some roots, then took the boy and put him in with them. He let it boil a long time until one would have thought that the flesh was boiled from the poor boy's bones, and then told his wife to take the pot and throw it into the river, boy and all. She did as she was told, and threw it into the water, and ever since there is an eddy there that we call Ūñ'tiguhi", "Pot-in-the-water."

A service tree and a calico bush grew on the bank above. A great cloud of steam came up and made streaks and blotches on their bark, and it has been so to this day. When the steam cleared away she looked over and saw the boy clinging to the roots of the service tree where they hung down into the water, but now his skin was all clean. She helped him up the bank, and they went back to the house.

On the way she told him, "When we go in, your father will put a new dress on you, but when he opens his box and tells you to pick out your ornaments be sure to take them from the bottom. Then he will send for his other sons to play ball against you. There is a honey-locust tree in front of the house, and as soon as you begin to get tired strike at that and your father will stop the play, because he does not want to lose the tree."

When they went into the house, the old man was pleased to see the boy looking so clean, and said, "I knew I could soon cure those spots. Now we must dress you."

He brought out a fine suit of buck-kin, with belt and headdress, and had the boy put them on. Then he opened a box and said, "Now pick out your necklace and bracelets."

The boy looked, and the box was full of all kinds of snakes gliding over each other with their heads up. He was not afraid, but remembered what the woman had told him, and plunged his hand to the bottom and drew out a great rattlesnake and put it around his neck for a necklace. He put down his hand again four times and drew up four copperheads and twisted them around his wrists and ankles.

Then his father gave him a war club and said, "Now you must play a ball game with your two elder brothers. They live beyond here in the Darkening land, and I have sent for them" He said a ball game, but he meant that the boy must fight for his life. The young men came, and they were both older and stronger than the boy, but he was not afraid and fought against them.

The thunder rolled and the lightning flashed at every stroke, for they were the young Thunders, and the boy himself was Lightning. At last he was tired from defending himself alone against two, and pretended to aim a blow at the honey-locust tree. Then his father stopped the fight, because he was afraid the lightning would split the tree, and he saw that the boy was brave and strong.

The boy told his father how Ūñtsaiyi" had dared him to play, and had even offered to play for the spots on his skin. "Yes," said Thunder, "he is a great gambler and makes his

living that way, but I will see that you win." He brought a small climbing gourd with a hole bored through the neck, and tied it on the boy's wrist. Inside the gourd there was a string of beads, and one end hung out from a hole in the top, but there was no end to the string inside.

"Now," said his father, "go back the way you came, and as soon as he sees you he will want to play for the beads. He is very hard to beat, but this time he will lose every game. When he cries out for a drink, you will know he is getting discouraged, and then strike the rock with your war club and water will come, so that you can play on without stopping.

At last he will bet his life, and lose. Then send at once for your brothers to kill him, or he will get away, he is so tricky."

The boy took the gourd and his war club and started east along the road by which he had come. As soon as Ūñtsai'yī saw him he called to him, and when he saw the gourd with the bead string hanging out he wanted to play for it.

The boy drew out the string. but there seemed to be no end to it, and he kept on pulling until enough had come out to make a circle all around the playground. "I will play one game for this much against your stake," said the boy, "and when that is over we can have another game."

They began the game with the wheel and stick and the boy won. Ūñtsai'yī did not know what to think of it, but he put up another stake and called for a second game. The boy won again, and so they played on until noon, when Ūñtsai'yī had lost nearly everything he had and was about discouraged.

It was very hot, and he said, "I am thirsty," and wanted to stop long enough to get a drink.

"No," said the boy, and struck the rock with his club so that water came out, and they had a drink. They played on until Ūñtsai'yī had lost all his buckskins and beaded work, his eagle feathers and ornaments, and at last offered to bet his wife.

They played and the boy won her. Then Ūñtsai'yī was desperate and offered to stake his life. "If I win I kill you, but if you win you may kill me." They played and the boy won.

"Let me go and tell my wife," said Ūñtsai'yī, "so that she will receive her new husband, and then you may kill me." He went into the house, but it had two doors, and although the boy waited long Ūñtsai'yī did not come back. When at last he went to look for him he found that the gambler had gone out the back way and was nearly out of sight going east.

The boy ran to his father's house and got his brothers to help him. They brought their dog--the Horned Green Beetle--and hurried after the gambler. He ran fast and was soon out of sight, and they followed as fast as they could. After a while they met an old woman making pottery and asked her if she had seen Ūñtsai'yī and she said she had not.

"He came this way," said the brothers.

"Then he must have passed in the night," said the old woman, "for I have been here all day."

They were about to take another road when the Beetle, which had been circling about in the air above the old woman, made a dart at her and struck her on the forehead, and it rang like brass--ûñtsai'yī! Then they knew it was Brass and sprang at him, but he jumped up in his right shape and was off, running so fast that he was soon out of sight again. The Beetle had struck so hard that some of the brass rubbed off, and we can see it on the beetle's forehead yet.

They followed and came to an old man sitting by the trail, carving a stone pipe. They asked him if he had seen Brass pass that way and he said no, but again the Beetle--which could know Brass under any shape--struck him on the forehead so that it rang like metal, and the gambler jumped up in his right form and was off again before they could hold him.

He ran east until he came to the great water; then he ran north until he came to the edge of the world, and had to turn again to the west. He took every shape to throw them off the track, but the Green Beetle always knew him, and the brothers pressed him so hard that at last he could go no more and they caught him just as he reached the edge of the great water where the sun goes down.

They tied his hands and feet with a grapevine and drove a long stake through his breast, and planted it far out in the deep water. They set two crows on the end of the pole to guard it and called the place Kâgûñ'yī, "Crow place." But Brass never died, and cannot die until the end of the world, but lies there always with his face up. Sometimes he struggles under the water to get free, and sometimes the beavers, who are his friends, come and gnaw at the grapevine to release him. Then the pole shakes and the crows at the top cry Ka! Ka! Ka! and scare the beavers away.

The Origin of Game and of Corn

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

Long ages ago, soon after the world was made, Kenati, a Cherokee Indian hunter and his wife Selu, lived on Looking-glass Mountain in North Carolina. They had a little son named Good Boy.

Whenever Kenati hunted in the woods, he always brought back all the game his family needed. His wife cut up the meat and washed it in the river not far from their lodge. Good Boy played near the river almost every day. One day his parents thought they heard laughing in the bushes, as if there were two children playing there.

That evening Kenati asked his son, "Who were you playing with today down by the river?"

"He is a boy who comes out of the water and calls himself my elder brother," replied Good Boy.

When Selu washed game in the river again, the parents thought the water boy must grow from the animal blood. She never saw the water boy, because as she approached he disappeared.

One evening, Kenati said to his son, "Tomorrow when your playmate comes out of the water, wrestle with him and hold him down and call me, so we can come and see him." Good Boy promised to do as his father asked.

Next day a wrestling match took place between the two boys. Kenati and Selu were not far away, and at the first call from their son, they ran to see the boy from the river. Compared with Good boy, the other one looked wild.

"Let me go! Let me go!" he cried out. Good Boy held him down until his parents arrived. They took the water boy home with them.

The family kept the wild one in the house for some time, trying to tame him. But he was always disagreeable in his disposition and tried to lead Good Boy into mischief. The family discovered that wild one possessed some magic powers, so they decided to keep him. They named him Wild Boy.

Always Kenati came home from hunting with a large fat deer on his back. Always he was lucky with game. One day Wild Boy said to his brother, "I wonder where our father finds so much game? Let's follow him next time."

In a few days, Kenati took his bow and arrows and went hunting. Shortly afterward the boys followed. Staying out of sight, they saw their father go into a swamp where some strong reeds were growing. With these, hunters usually made arrow shafts. Wild Boy changed himself into a puff of bird's down. A little wind carried him up

and onto Kenati's shoulder. There he watched where Kenati went and what he did. The father was not aware of Wild Boy's presence on his shoulder as he gathered reeds and fitted them with feathers.

"I wonder what those things are for?" thought Wild Boy to himself. Kenati came out of the swamp and went on his way into the woods. The wind carried the down off Kenati's shoulders and soon Wild Boy was his normal self again. Still keeping out of sight of their father, the two brothers followed him into the mountains.

When Kenati reached a certain place, he stopped and lifted a large rock. At once, a large buck deer came running out of the hole. Kenati shot it and lifted it upon his back, starting home with his prize.

"Oho!" said the boys. "He keeps the wild animals shut up inside a cave until he needs them. He then kills the game with those things he made in the swamp." They hurried to reach home before their father arrived with his heavy load.

The very next day, the boys wanted to see if they could do as their father had done. First, they went to the swamp and made some arrows. When they came to the big rock, they lifted the cover and instantly a deer ran out, but they forgot to replace the cover.

As they made ready to shoot the deer, another deer came out of the hole, then another, and another--the boys became so confused they forgot what to do next.

Long ago, a deer's tail stuck straight out from his body. When Wild Boy struck at a deer's tail with an arrow, the tail stood straight up. The boys thought it great fun. As another deer ran by, Good Boy swung at it with an arrow so hard that the tail curled over the deer's back. Since that time most deer's tails curl at the end.

All of the deer in the cave came out and disappeared into the forest. Following them were raccoons, rabbits, and all the other four-footed animals. Last came turkeys, partridges, pigeons, and other winged creatures. They darkened the air as they flew away. Such a noise arose that Kenati heard it at his lodge. To himself he said, "I must go to see what trouble my boys have stirred up."

Kenati went to the mountain, to the place of the large rock. There stood the two boys, but all the animals and birds were gone. Kenati was furious with them, but said nothing. He went into the cave and kicked off the covers of four large jars that stood in the back corner.

Out of the jars swarmed bedbugs, lice, and gnats that attached the two boys. they screamed from terror as they tried to beat off the insects. Bitten and stung, the boys dropped to the ground from exhaustion.

When Kenati thought they had learned their lesson, he brushed away the pests. "Now you rascals," he scolded them. "You have always had plenty to eat without working for it. When we needed game, all I had to do was to come up here and take home just what we needed. Now you have let all of the game escape. From now on when you are hungry, you will have to hunt throughout the woods and mountains and then not find enough game."

The two boys went home and asked their mother for something to eat.

"There is no more meat," said Selu. "I will go to the storehouse and try to find something."

She took her basket and went to the two-story provision house set upon poles high above the ground, out of reach of most animals.

Every day before the evening meal, Selu climbed the ladder to the one opening. She always came back with her basket full of beans and corn.

"Let's go and see where she gets the corn and beans," urged Wild Boy to his brother. They followed Selu and climbed up in back of the storehouse. They removed a piece of mud from between the logs and looked through the crack. There stood Selu in the middle of the room with her basket on the floor. When she rubbed her stomach, the basket was half-filled with corn. When she rubbed her legs, the basket was full to the top with beans. Wild Boy said, "Our mother is a witch. Maybe her food will poison us."

When Selu came back to the house, she seemed to know what the boys were thinking. "You think I am a witch?"

"Yes, we think you are a witch," Wild Boy replied.

"When I die, I want you boys to clear a large piece of ground in front of our lodge. Then drag all of my clothes seven times around the inside of the circle. If you stay up all night and watch, next morning you will be rewarded with plenty of corn."

Soon thereafter Selu became ill and died suddenly. The boys set to work clearing the ground as she had said. But instead of the whole piece of ground in front of the lodge, they only cleared seven small spots. This is why corn does not grow everywhere in the world.

Instead of dragging Selu's clothing seven times, they only went around the circle twice, outside and inside the circle. The brothers watched all night, and in the morning there were fully grown beans and corn, but only in the seven small spots.

Kenati came home from a long hunting trip. He looked for Selu but could not find her. When the boys came home, he asked them, "Where is your mother?"

"She turned into a witch and then she died," they reported. Kenati was saddened by the news.

"I cannot stay here with you any longer. I will go and live with the Wolf people," he said.

He started on his journey. Wild Boy changed himself into a tuft of bird's down and settled upon Kenati's shoulder to learn where he was going.

When Kenati reached the settlement of the Wolf people, they were having a council in their town-house. He went in and sat down with the tuft upon his shoulder. Wolf Chief

asked Kenati what was his business.

"At home I have two bad boys. In seven days, I want you to go and play a game of ball with them."

The Wolf people knew that Kenati wanted them to punish the boys and promised to go in seven days. At that moment the down blew off of Kenati's shoulder and the smoke carried it up and through the smoke hole in the roof. It came down to the ground outside, where Wild Boy resumed his own shape and ran home fast to tell his brother. Kenati did not return but went on to visit another tribe.

The two brothers prepared for the coming of the wolves. Wild Boy the magician told his brother what to do. Together they made a path around the house, leaving an opening on one side for the wolves to enter.

Next, they made four large bundles of arrows. These they placed at four different points on the outside of the circle. Then they hid themselves in the woods nearby and waited for the wolves.

At the appointed time, a whole army of wolves surrounded the house. They came in the entrance the boys had made. When all were within, Wild Boy magically made the pathway become a high fence, trapping the wolves inside.

The two boys on the outside began shooting arrows at the wolves. Since the fence was too high for the wolves to jump over, they were trapped and most were killed.

Only a few escaped through the entrance and made their way into a nearby swamp. Three or four wolves eventually survived. These were the only wolves left alive in the world.

Soon thereafter, some strangers came from a great distance to learn about the brothers' good grain for eating and making bread. Only Selu and her family had the corn secret.

The two brothers told the strangers how to care for the corn and gave them seven kernels to plant the next night on their way home.

They were advised that they must watch throughout the night, then the following morning they would have seven ears of corn. This they should do each night, and by the time they reached home, they should have enough corn for all their people to plant.

The strangers lived seven days' distance. Each night they did as the brothers had instructed them. On the last night of the journey, they were so tired that they fell asleep and were unable to continue the whole night's watch. Next morning, the corn had not sprouted and grown as on the previous six nights.

Upon arriving in their own village, they shared all the corn they still had left with their people. They explained how the two brothers told them the way to make the corn prosper. They watched over the planting with care and attention. A splendid crop of corn resulted. Since then, however, the Cherokee Indians needed to tend their corn only half the year to supply their people.

Kenati never came back to his home. The two brothers decided to search for him. Wild Boy sailed a magic disk to the north wind and it returned. He sailed it to the south wind and it returned, but it did not return from the east wind. They knew that was where their father was living. They walked a long, long time and finally came upon Kenati with a dog walking by his side.

"You bad boys," rebuked Kenati. "Why have you followed me here?"

"We are men now," they replied. "We plan to accomplish what we set out to do." Wild Boy knew that the dog was the magic disk that had not returned, and had become a dog only a few days ago.

Kenati's trail led to Selu, waiting for him at the end of the world where the sun comes up. All seemed glad to be reunited for the present.

Their parents told the two brothers that they must go to live where the sun goes down. In seven days, the two boys left for the Land of the Setting-Sun. There they still live, overseeing the planting and the care of corn.

The brothers still talk about how Selu brought forth the first corn from her seed. Since that time, the Cherokee tribe refer to her as the "Corn Woman."

The Slant-Eyed Giant

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

A long time ago a widow lived with her one daughter at the old town of Kānuga on Pigeon river. The girl was of age to marry, and her mother used to talk with her a good deal.

One day, her mother told her she must be sure to take no one but a good hunter for a husband, so that they would have some one to take care of them and would always have plenty of meat in the house.

The girl said such a man was hard to find, but her mother advised her not to be in a hurry, and to wait until the right one came.

Now the mother slept in the house while the girl slept outside in the āsī. One dark night a stranger came to the āsī wanting to court the girl, but she told him her mother would let her marry no one but a good hunter. "Well," said the stranger, "I am a great hunter," so she let him come in, and he stayed all night. Just before day he said he must go back now to his own place, but that he had brought some meat for her mother, and she would find it outside. Then he went away and the girl had not seen him. When day came she went out and found there a deer, which she brought into the house to her mother, and told her it was a present from her new sweetheart. Her mother was pleased, and they had deer steaks for breakfast.

He came again the next night, but again went away before daylight, and this time he left two deer outside. The mother was more pleased this time, but said to her daughter, "I wish your sweetheart would bring us some wood."

Now wherever he might be, the stranger knew their thoughts, so when he came the next time he said to the girl, "Tell your mother I have brought the wood"; and when she looked out in the morning there were several great trees lying in front of the door, roots and branches and all.

The old woman was angry, and said, "He might have brought us some wood that we could use instead of whole trees that we can't split, to litter up the road with brush." The hunter knew what she said, and the next time he came he brought nothing, and when they looked out in the morning the trees were gone and there was no wood at all, so the old woman had to go after some herself.

Almost every night he came to see the girl, and each time he brought a deer or some other game, but still he always left before daylight. At last her mother said to her, "Your husband always leaves before daylight. Why don't he wait? I want to see what kind of a son-in-law I have."

When the girl told this to her husband he said he could not let the old woman see him, because the sight would frighten her. "She wants to see you, anyhow," said the girl, and began to cry, until at last he had to consent, but warned her that her mother must not

say that he looked frightful (usga'së`ti'yu).

The next morning he did not leave so early, but stayed in the âsī, and when it was daylight the girl went out and told her mother. The old woman came and looked in, and there she saw a great giant, with long slanting eyes (tsul`kälû'), lying doubled up on the floor, with his head against the rafters in the left-hand corner at the back, and his toes scraping the roof in the right-hand corner by the door.

She gave only one look and ran back to the house, crying, Usga'së`ti'yu! Usga'së`ti'yu!

Tsul`kälû' was terribly angry. He untwisted himself and came out of the âsī, and said good-bye to the girl, telling her that he would never let her mother see him again, but would go back to his own country. Then he went off in the direction of Tsunegûñ'yī.

Soon after he left the girl had her monthly period. There was a very great flow of blood, and the mother threw it all into the river. One night after the girl had gone to bed in the âsī her husband came again to the door and said to her, "It seems you are alone," and asked where was the child. She said there had been none.

Then he asked where was the blood, and she said that her mother had thrown it into the river. She told just where the place was, and he went there and found a small worm in the water. He took it up and carried it back to the âsī, and as he walked it took form and began to grow, until, when he reached the âsī, it was a baby girl that he was carrying.

He gave it to his wife and said, "Your mother does not like me and abuses our child, so come and let us go to my home." The girl wanted to be with her husband, so, after telling her mother good-bye, she took up the child and they went off together to Tsunegûñ'yī.

Now, the girl had an older brother, who lived with his own wife in another settlement, and when he heard that his sister was married he came to pay a visit to her and her new husband, but when he arrived at Kånuga his mother told him his sister had taken her child and gone away with her husband, nobody knew where.

He was sorry to see his mother so lonely, so he said he would go after his sister and try to find her and bring her back. It was easy to follow the footprints of the giant, and the young man went along the trail until he came to a place where they had rested, and there were tracks on the ground where a child had been lying and other marks as if a baby had been born there. He went on along the trail and came to another place where they had rested, and there were tracks of a baby crawling about and another lying on the ground.

He went on and came to where they had rested again, and there were tracks of a child walking and another crawling about. He went on until he came where they had rested again, and there were tracks of one child running and another walking. Still he followed the trail along the stream into the mountains, and came to the place where they had rested again, and this time there were footprints of two children running all about, and the footprints can still be seen in the rock at that place.

Twice again he found where they had rested. and then the trail led up the slope of

Tsunegûñ'yī, and he heard the sound of a drum and voices, as if people were dancing inside the mountain. Soon he came to a cave like a doorway in the side of the mountain, but the rock was so steep and smooth that he could not climb up to it, but could only just look over the edge and see the heads and shoulders of a great many people dancing inside. He saw his sister dancing among them and called to her to come out.

She turned when she heard his voice, and as soon as the drumming stopped for a while she came out to him, finding no trouble to climb down the rock, and leading her two little children by the hand. She was very glad to meet her brother and talked with him a long time, but did not ask him to come inside, and at last he went away without having seen her husband.

Several other times her brother came to the mountain, but always his sister met him outside, and he could never see her husband. After four years had passed she came one day to her mother's house and said her husband had been hunting in the woods near by, and they were getting ready to start home to-morrow, and if her mother and brother would come early in the morning they could see her husband.

If they came too late for that, she said, they would find plenty of meat to take home. She went back into the woods, and the mother ran to tell her son. They came to the place early the next morning, but Tsul'kälû' and his family were already gone. On the drying poles they found the bodies of freshly killed deer hanging, as the girl had promised, and there were so many that they went back and told all their friends to come for them, and there were enough for the whole settlement.

Still the brother wanted to see his sister and her husband, so he went again to the mountain, and she came out to meet him. He asked to see her husband, and this time she told him to come inside with her. They went in as through a doorway, and inside he found it like a great townhouse.

They seemed to be alone, but his sister called aloud, "He wants to see you," and from the air came a voice, "You can not see me until you put on a new dress, and then you can see me."

"I am willing," said the young man, speaking to the unseen spirit, and from the air came the voice again, "Go back, then, and tell your people that to see me they must go into the townhouse and fast seven days, and in all that time they must not come out from the townhouse or raise the war whoop, and on the seventh day I shall come with new dresses for you to put on so that you can all see me."

The young man went back to Känuga and told the people. They all wanted to see Tsul'kälû', who owned all the game in the mountains, so they went into the townhouse and began the fast. They fasted the first day and the second and every day until the seventh—all but one man from another settlement, who slipped out every night when it was dark to get something to eat and slipped in again when no one was watching.

On the morning of the seventh day the sun was just coming up in the east when they heard a great noise like the thunder of rocks rolling down the side of Tsunegûñ'yī. They were frightened and drew near together in the townhouse, and no one whispered.

Nearer and louder came the sound until it grew into an awful roar, and every one trembled and held his breath-all but one man, the stranger from the other settlement, who lost his senses from fear and ran out of the townhouse and shouted the war cry.

At once the roar stopped and for some time there was silence. Then they heard it again, but as if it were going farther away, and then farther and farther, until at last it died away in the direction of Tsunegûñ'yī, and then all was still again. The people came out from the townhouse, but there was silence, and they could see nothing but what had been seven days before.

Still the brother was not disheartened, but came again to see his sister, and she brought him into the mountain. He asked why Tsul`kälû' had not brought the new dresses, as he had promised, and the voice from the air said, "I came with them, but you did not obey my word, but broke the fast and raised the war cry."

The young man answered, "It was not done by our people, but by a stranger. If you will come again, we will surely do as you say." But the voice answered, "Now you can never see me." Then the young man could not say any more, and he went back to Känuga.

Origin Of The Groundhog Dance

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

Seven wolves once caught a Groundhog and said, "Now we'll kill you and have something good to eat." But the Groundhog said, "When we find good food we must rejoice over it, as people do in the Green-corn dance.

I know you mean to kill me and I can't help myself, but if you want to dance I'll sing for you. This is a new dance entirely. I'll lean up against seven trees in turn and you will dance out and then turn and come back, as I give the signal, and at the last turn you may kill me."

The wolves were very hungry, but they wanted to learn the new dance, so they told him to go ahead. The Groundhog leaned up against a tree and began the song, Ha'wiy'ëhi', and all the wolves danced out in front, until he gave the signal, Yu! and began with Ha'wiy'ëhi', when they turned and danced back in line.

"That's fine," said the Groundhog, and went over to the next tree and started the second song. The wolves danced, out and then turned at the signal and danced back again.

"That's very fine," said the Groundhog, and went over to another tree and started the third song. The wolves danced their best and the Groundhog encouraged them, but at each song he took another tree, and each tree was a little nearer to his hole under a stump.

At the seventh song he said, "Now, this is the last dance, and when I say Yu! you will all turn and come after me, and the one who gets me may have me." So he began the seventh song and kept it up until the wolves were away out in front.

Then he gave the signal, Yu! and made a jump for his hole. The wolves turned and were after him, but he reached the hole first and dived in. Just as he got inside, the foremost wolf caught him by the tail and gave it such a pull that it broke off, and the Groundhog's tail has been short ever since.

The Ignorant Housekeeper

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

A widow who had an only daughter, but no son, found it very hard to make a living and was constantly urging upon the young woman that they ought to have a man in the family, who would be a good hunter and able to help in the field.

One evening a stranger lover came courting to the house, and when the girl told him that she could marry only one who was a good worker, he declared that he was exactly that sort of man; so the girl talked to her mother, and on her advice they were married.

The next morning the widow gave her new son-in-law a hoe and sent him out to the cornfield. When breakfast was ready she went to call him, following a sound as of some one hoeing on stony soil

When she came to the spot she found only a small circle of hoed ground and no sign of her son-in-law.

Away over in the thicket she heard a huhu calling.

He did not come in for dinner, either, and when he returned home in the evening the old woman asked him where he had been all day. "Hard at work," said he. "But I didn't see you when I came to call you to breakfast." "I was down in the thicket cutting sticks to mark off the field," said he. "But why didn't you come in to dinner?" "I was too busy working," said he. So the old woman was satisfied, and they had their supper together.

Early next morning he started off with his hoe over his shoulder. When breakfast was ready the old woman went again to call him, but found no sign of him, only the hoe lying there and no work done. And away over in the thicket a huhu was calling, "Sau-h! sau-h! sau-h! hu! hu! hu! hu! hu! hu! chi! chi! chi!--whew!"

She went back to the house, and when at last he came home in the evening she asked him again what he had been doing all day. "Working hard," said he. "But you were not there when I came after you." "O, I just went over in the thicket a while to see some of my kinsfolk," said he. Then the old woman said, "I have lived here a long time and there is nothing living in the swamp but huhus. My daughter wants a husband that can work and not a lazy huhu; so you may go." And she drove him from the house.

The Huhu Gets Married

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

A widow who had an only daughter, but no son, found it very hard to make a living and was constantly urging upon the young woman that they ought to have a man in the family, who would be a good hunter and able to help in the field.

One evening a stranger lover came courting to the house, and when the girl told him that she could marry only one who was a good worker, he declared that he was exactly that sort of man; so the girl talked to her mother, and on her advice they were married.

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The Hunter and the Dakwa

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

In the old days there was a great fish called the Dakwa which lived in the Tennessee River near the mouth of Toco Creek. This fish was so large that it could easily swallow a man.

One day several hunters were traveling in a canoe along the Tennessee when the Dakwa suddenly rose up under the canoe and threw them all into the air. As the men came down, the fish swallowed one with a single snap of its jaws, and dived with him to the bottom of the river.

This man was one of the bravest hunters in the tribe, and as soon as he discovered where he was he began thinking of some way to overcome the Dakwa and escape from its stomach.

Except for a few scratches and bruises, the hunter had not been hurt, but it was so hot and airless inside the big fish that he feared he would soon smother.

As he groped around in the darkness, his hands found some mussel shells which the Dakwa had swallowed. These shells had very sharp edges. Using one of them as a knife, the hunter began cutting away at the fish's stomach.

Soon the Dakwa grew uneasy at the scraping inside his stomach and came up to the surface of the river for air. The man kept on cutting with the shell until the fish was in such pain that it swam wildly back and forth across the river, thrashing the water into foam with its tail.

At last the hunter cut through the Dakwa's side. Water flowed in, almost drowning the man, but the big fish was so weary by this time that it came to a stop. The hunter looked out of the hole and saw that the Dakwa was now resting in shallow water near the riverbank.

Reaching up, the man pulled himself through the hole in the fish, moving very carefully so as not to disturb the Dakwa. He then waded ashore and returned to his village, where his friends were mourning his death because they were sure he had been eaten by the great fish.

Now they named him a hero and held a celebration in his honor. Although the brave hunter escaped with his life, the juices in the stomach of the Dakwa had scalded all the hair from his head, and he was bald forever after.

The Ice Man

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

Once when the people were burning the woods in the fall the blaze set fire to a poplar tree, which continued to burn until the fire went down into the roots and burned a great hole in the ground.

It burned and burned, and the hole grew constantly larger, until the people became frightened and were afraid it would burn the whole world. They tried to put out the fire, but it had gone too deep, and they did not know what to do.

At last some one said there was a man living in a house of ice far in the north who could put out the fire, so messengers were sent, and after traveling a long distance they came to the ice house and found the Ice Man at home. He was a little fellow with long hair hanging down to the ground in two plaits.

The messengers told him their errand and he at once said, "O yes, I can help you," and began to unplait his hair. When it was all unbraided he took it up in one band and struck it once across his other hand, and the messengers felt a wind blow against their cheeks. A second time he struck his hair across his hand, and a light rain began to fall.

The third time he struck his hair across his open hand there was sleet mixed with the raindrops, and when he struck the fourth time great hailstones fell upon the ground, as if they had come out from the ends of his hair. "Go back now," said the Ice Man, "and I shall be there to-morrow." So the messengers returned to their people, whom they found still gathered helplessly about the great burning pit.

The next-day while they were all watching about the fire there came a wind from the north, and they were afraid, for they knew that it came from the Ice Man. But the wind only made the fire blaze up higher. Then a light rain began to fall, but the drops seemed only to make the fire hotter. Then the shower turned to a heavy rain, with sleet and hail that killed the blaze and made clouds of smoke and steam rise from the red coals.

The people fled to their homes for shelter, and the storm rose to a whirlwind that drove the rain into every burning crevice and piled great hailstones over the embers, until the fire was dead and even the smoke ceased.

When at last it was all over and the people returned they found a lake where the burning pit had been, and from below the water came a sound as of embers still crackling.

The Return of Ice Man

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

When the first man was created and a mate was given to him, they lived together very happily for a time, but then began to quarrel.

At last the woman left her husband and started off toward the Sun Land (Nundagunyi) in the east.

The man followed alone and grieving, but the woman kept on steadily ahead and never looked behind, until "Unelanunhi," the great Apportioner (The Sun), took pity on him and asked him if he was still angry with his wife.

He said he was not, and "Unelanunhi" then asked him if he would like to have her back again, to which he eagerly answered yes.

So "Unelanunhi" caused a patch of the finest ripe huckleberries to spring up along the path in front of the woman, but she passed by without paying any attention to them. Farther on he put a clump of blackberries, but these also she refused to notice. Other fruits, one, two, and three, and then some trees covered with beautiful red service berries, were placed beside the path to tempt her, but she will went on until suddenly she saw in front a patch of large ripe strawberries, the first ever known.

She stooped to gather a few to eat, and as she picked them she chanced to turn her face to the west, and at once the memory of her husband came back to her and she found herself unable to go on.

She sat down, but the longer she waited the stronger became her desire for her husband, and at last she gathered a bunch of the finest berries and started back along the path to give them to him. He met her kindly and they went home together.

Kana'sta, The Lost Settlement A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

Long ago, while people still lived in the old town of Kana'sta, on the French Broad, two strangers, who looked in no way different from other Cherokee, came into the settlement one day and made their way into the chief's house.

After the first greetings were over the chief asked them from what town they had come, thinking them from one of the western settlements, but they said, "We are of your people and our town is close at hand, but you have never seen it. Here you have wars and sickness, with enemies on every side, and after a while a stronger enemy will come to take your country from you, We are always happy, and we have come to invite you to live with us in our town over there," and they pointed toward Tsuwa`tel'da (Pilot knob).

"We do not live forever, and do not always find game when we go for it, for the game belongs to Tsul`kälú', who lives in Tsunegûñ'yī, but we have peace always and need not think of danger. We go now, but if your people will live with us let them fast seven days, and we shall come then to take them." Then they went away toward the west.

The chief called his people together into the townhouse and they held a council over the matter and decided at last to go with the strangers. They got all their property ready for moving, and then went again into the townhouse and began their fast.

They fasted six days, and on the morning of the seventh, before yet the sun was high, they saw a great company coming along the trail from the west, led by the two men who had stopped with the chief.

They seemed just like Cherokee from another settlement, and after a friendly meeting they took up a part of the goods to be carried, and the two parties started back together for Tsuwa`tel'da.

There was one man from another town visiting at Kana'sta, and he went along with the rest.

When they came to the mountain, the two guides led the way into a cave, which opened out like a great door in the side of the rock. Inside they found an open country and a town, with houses ranged in two long rows from east to west.

The mountain people lived in the houses on the south side, and they had made ready the other houses for the new comers, but even after all the people of Kana'sta, with their children and belongings, had moved in, there were still a large number of houses waiting ready for the next who might come.

The mountain people told them that there was another town, of a different people, above them in the same mountain, and still farther above, at the very top, lived the Ani'-Hyûñ'tīkwälâ'skī (the Thunders).

Now all the people of Kana'sta were settled in their new homes, but the man who had only been visiting with them wanted to go back to his own friends. Some of the mountain people wanted to prevent this, but the chief said, "No; let him go if he will, and when he tells his friends they may want to come, too. There is plenty of room for all."

Then he said to the man, "Go back and tell your friends that if they want to come and live with us and be always happy, there is a place here ready and waiting for them. Others of us live in Datsu'nalâsgûñ'yī and in the high mountains all around, and if they would rather go to any of them it is all the same. We see you wherever you go and are with you in all your dances, but you can not see us unless you fast. If you want to see us, fast four days, and we will come and talk with you; and then if you want to live with us, fast again seven days, and we will come and take you."

Then the chief led the man through the cave to the outside of the mountain and left him there, but when the man looked back he saw no cave, but only the solid rock.

The people of the lost settlement were never seen again, and they are still living in Tsuwa`tel'da. Strange things happen there, so that the Cherokee know the mountain is haunted and do not like to go near it. Only a few years ago a party of hunters camped there, and as they sat around their fire at supper time they talked of the story and made rough jokes about the people of old Kana'sta.

That night they were aroused from sleep by a noise as of stones thrown at them from among the trees, but when they searched they could find nobody, and were so frightened that they gathered up their guns and pouches and left the place.

The Katydid's Warning

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

Two hunters camping in the woods were preparing supper one night when a Katydid began singing near them.

One of them said sneeringly, "Kû! It sings and don't know that it will die before the season ends."

The Katydid answered: "Kû! niwi (onomatope); O, so you say; but you need not boast. You will die before tomorrow night."

The next day they were surprised by the enemy and the hunter who had sneered at the Katydid was killed.

How The Kingfisher Got His Bill

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

Some old men say that the Kingfisher was meant in the beginning to be a water bird, but as he had not been given either web feet or a good bill he could not make a living.

The animals held a council over it and decided to make him a bill like a long sharp awl for a fish-gig (fish-spear).

So they made him a fish-gig and fastened it on in front of his mouth.

He flew to the top of a tree, sailed out and darted down into the water, and came up with a fish on his gig.

And he has been the best gigger ever since.

Some others say it was this way: A Blacksnake found a Yellow-hammer's nest in a hollow tree, and after swallowing the young birds, coiled up to sleep in the nest, where the mother bird found him when she came home.

She went for help to the Little People, who sent her to the Kingfisher. He came, and after flying back and forth past the hole a few times, made one dart at the snake and pulled him out dead. When they looked they found a hole in the snake's head where the Kingfisher had pierced it with a slender tugälû'nä fish, which he carried in his bill like a lance.

From this the Little People concluded that he would make a first-class gigger if he only had the right spear, so they gave him his long bill as a reward.

Two Lazy Hunters

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

A party of warriors once started out for a long hunting trip in the mountains, They went on until they came to a good game region, when they set up their bark hut in a convenient place near the river side.

Every morning after breakfast they scattered out, each man for himself, to be gone all day, until they returned at night with whatever game they had taken.

There was one lazy fellow who went out alone every morning like the others, but only until he found a sunny slope, when he would stretch out by the side of a rock to sleep until evening, returning then to camp empty-handed, but with his moccasins torn and a long story of how he had tramped all day and found nothing.

This went on until one of the others began to suspect that something was wrong, and made it his business to find it out. The next morning he followed him secretly through the woods until he saw him come out into a sunny opening, where he sat down upon a large rock, took off his moccasins, and began rubbing them against the rocks until he had worn holes in them.

Then the lazy fellow loosened his belt, lay down beside the rock, and went to sleep. The spy set fire to the dry leaves and watched until the flame crept close up to the sleeping man, who never opened his eyes.

The spy went back to camp and told what he had seen. About supper time the lazy fellow came in with the same old story of a long day's hunt and no game started. When he had finished the others all laughed and called him a sleepyhead.

He insisted that he had been climbing the ridges all day, and put out his moccasins to show how worn they were, not knowing that they were scorched from the fire, as he had slept on until sundown.

When they saw the blackened moccasins they laughed again, and he was too much astonished to say a word in his defense; so the captain said that such a liar was not fit to stay with them, and he was driven from the camp.

There was another lazy fellow who courted a pretty girl, but she would have nothing to do with him, telling him that her husband must be a good hunter or she would remain single all her life.

One morning he went into the woods, and by a lucky accident managed to kill a deer. Lifting it upon his back, he carried it into the settlement, passing right by the door of the house where the girl and her mother lived.

As soon as he was out of sight of the house he went by a roundabout course into the

woods again and waited until evening, when he appeared with the deer on his shoulder and came down the trail past the girl's house as he had in the morning.

He did this the next day, and the next, until the girl began to think he must be killing all the deer in the woods. So her mother (the old women are usually the matchmakers) got ready and went to the young man's mother to talk it over.

When she arrived and the greetings were done she said, "Your son must be a good hunter."

"No," replied the old woman, "he seldom kills anything."

"But he has been killing a great many deer lately."

"I haven't seen any," said his mother.

"Why, he has been carrying deer past our house twice a day for the last three days."

"I don't know what he did with them," said the young man's mother; "he never brought them here."

Then the girl's mother was sure there was something wrong, so she went home and told her husband, who followed tip the young man's trail into the woods until it brought him to where the body of the deer was hidden, now so far decayed that it had to be thrown away.

The Great Leech Of Tlanusi'yi A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

The spot where Valley river joins Hiwassee, at Murphy, in North Carolina, is known among the Cherokees as Tlanusi'yi, "The Leech place," and this is the story they tell of it:

Just above the junction is a deep hole in Valley river, and above it is a ledge of rock running across the stream, over which people used to go as on a bridge. On the south side the trail ascended a high bank, from which they could look down into the water. One day some men going along the trail saw a great red object, full as large as a house, lying on the rock ledge in the middle of the stream below them.

As they stood wondering what it could be they saw it unroll--and then they knew it was alive--and stretch itself out along the rock until it looked like a great leech with red and white stripes along its body. It rolled up into a ball and again stretched out at full length, and at last crawled down the rock and was out of sight in the deep water.

The water began to boil and foam, and a great column of white spray was thrown high in the air and came down like a waterspout upon the very spot where the men had been standing,. and would have swept them all into the water but that they saw it in time and ran from the place.

More than one person was carried down in this way, and their friends would find the body afterwards lying upon the bank with the ears and nose eaten off, until at last the people were afraid to go across the ledge any more, on account of the great leech, or even to go along that part of the trail.

But there was one young fellow who laughed at the whole story, and said that he was not afraid of anything in Valley river, as he would show them.

So one day he painted his face and put on his finest buckskin and started off toward the river, while all the people followed at a distance to see what might happen.

Down the trail he went and out upon the ledge of rock, singing in high spirits:

Tlanu'si gäe'ga digi'gäge (I'll tie red leech skins)
Dakwa'nitlaste'stī (On my legs for garters)

But before he was half way across the water began to boil into white foam and a great wave rose and swept over the rock and carried him down, and he was never seen again.

Just before the Removal, sixty years ago, two women went out upon the ledge to fish. Their friends warned them of the danger, but one woman who had her baby on her back said, "There are fish there and I'm going to have some; I'm tired of this fat meat." She laid the child down on the rock and was preparing the line when the water suddenly rose

and swept over the ledge, and would have carried off the child but that the mother ran in time to save it.

The great leech is still there in the deep hole, because when people look down they see something alive moving about on the bottom, and although they can not distinguish its shape on account of the ripples on the water, yet they know it is the leech.

Some say there is an underground waterway across to Nottely river, not far above the mouth, where the river bends over toward Murphy, and sometimes the leech goes over there and makes the water boil as it used to at the rock ledge. They call this spot on Nottely "The Leech place" also.

they came near the settlement the man told the hunters that he must be shut up where no one could see him, without anything to eat or drink for seven days and nights, until the bear nature had left him and he became like a man again. So they shut him up alone in a house and tried to keep very still about it, but the news got out and his wife heard of it.

She came for her husband, but the people would not let her near him; but she came every day and begged so hard that at last after four or five days they let her have him. She took him home with her, but in a short time he died, because he still had a bear's nature and could not live like a man. If they had kept him shut up and fasting until the end of the seven days he would have become a man again and would have lived.

Little People of the Cherokee

A Cherokee Legend

James Mooney, History, Myths and Sacred Formulas of the Cherokee, 1891

The Little People of the Cherokee are a race of Spirits who live in rock caves on the mountain side. They are little fellows and ladies reaching almost to your knees. They are well shaped and handsome, and their hair so long it almost touches the ground.

They are very helpful, kind-hearted, and great wonder workers. They love music and spend most of their time drumming, singing, and dancing. They have a very gentle nature, but do not like to be disturbed.

Sometimes their drums are heard in lonely places in the mountains, but it is not safe to follow it, for they do not like to be disturbed at home, and they will throw a spell over the stranger so that he is bewildered and loses his way, and even if he does at last get back to the settlement he is like one dazed ever after.

Sometimes, also, they come near a house at night and the people inside hear them talking, but they must not go out, and in the morning they find the corn gathered or the field cleared as if a whole force of men had been at work. If anyone should go out to watch, he would die.

When a hunter finds anything in the woods, such as a knife or a trinket, he must say, 'Little People, I would like to take this' because it may belong to them, and if he does not ask their permission they will throw stones at him as he goes home.

Some Little People are black, some are white and some are golden like the Cherokee.

Sometimes they speak in Cherokee, but at other times they speak their own 'Indian' language. Some call them "Brownies".

Little people are here to teach lessons about living in harmony with nature and with others.

There are three kinds of Little People: the Laurel People, the Rock People, and the Dogwood People.

The Rock People are the mean ones who practice "getting even" who steal children and the like. But they are like this because their space has been invaded.

The Laurel People play tricks and are generally mischievous. When you find children laughing in their sleep - the Laurel People are humorous and enjoy sharing joy with others.

Then there are the Dogwood People who are good and take care of people.

The lessons taught by the Little People are clear. The Rock People teach us that if you

do things to other people out of meanness or intentionally, it will come back on you. We must always respect other people's limits and boundaries.

The Laurel People teach us that we shouldn't take the world too seriously, and we must always have joy and share that joy with others. The lessons of the Dogwood People are simple - if you do something for someone, do it out of goodness of your heart. Don't do it to have people obligated to you or for personal gain.

In Cherokee beliefs, many stories contain references to beings called the Little People. These people are supposed to be small mythical characters, and in different beliefs they serve different purposes.

"There are a lot of stories and legends about the Little People. You can see the people out in the forest. They can talk and they look a lot like Indian people except they're only about two feet high, sometimes they're smaller. Now the Little People can be very helpful, and they can also play tricks on us, too.

And at one time there was a boy. This boy never wanted to grow up. In fact, he told everyone that so much that they called him "Forever Boy" because he never wanted to be grown. When his friends would sit around and talk about: 'Oh when I get to be a man, and when I get to be grown I'm gonna be this and I'm gonna go here and be this,' he'd just go off and play by himself.

He didn't even want to hear it, because he never wanted to grow up. Finally his father got real tired of this, and he said, 'Forever Boy, I will never call you that again. From now on you're going to learn to be a man, you're going to take responsibility for yourself, and you're going to stop playing all day long. You have to learn these things. Starting tomorrow you're going to go to your uncle's, and he's going to teach you everything that you are going to need to know.'

Forever Boy was broken hearted at what his father told him, but he could not stand the thought of growing up. He went out to the river and he cried. He cried so hard that he didn't see his animal friends gather around him. And they were trying to tell him something, and they were trying to make him feel better, and finally he thought he understood them say, 'Come here tomorrow, come here early.' Well, he thought they just wanted to say goodbye to him. And he drug his feet going home. He couldn't even sleep he was so upset.

The next morning he went out early, as he had promised, to meet his friends. And he was so sad, he could not bear the thought of telling them goodbye forever. Finally he began to get the sense that they were trying to tell him something else, and that is to look behind him.

As he looked behind him, there they were, all the Little People. And they were smiling at him and laughing and running to hug him. And they said, 'Forever Boy you do not have to grow up. You can stay with us forever.

You can come and be one of us and you will never have to grow up...we will ask the Creator to send a vision to your parents and let them know that you are safe and you are

doing what you need to do.'

Forever Boy thought about it for a long time. But that is what he decided he needed to do, and he went with the Little People.

And even today when you are out in the woods and you see something, and you look and it is not what you really thought it was, or if you are fishing and you feel something on the end of your line, and you think it is the biggest trout ever, and you pull it in, and all it is is a stick that got tangled on your hook, that is what the Little People are doing.

They are playing tricks on you so you will laugh and keep young in your heart. Because that is the spirit of Little People, and Forever Boy, to keep us young in our hearts."

Marriage of the North and the South

A Cherokee Legend

Mooney, Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, xix, 32-2, No. 70

The North went traveling, and after going far and meeting many different tribes he finally fell in love with the daughter of the South and wanted to marry her.

The girl was willing, but her parents objected and said, "Ever since you came, the weather has been cold, and if you stay here we may all freeze to death."

The North pleaded hard, and said that if they would let him have their daughter he would take her back to his own country, so at last they consented. They were married and he took his bride to his own country, and when she arrived there she found the people all living in ice houses.

The next day, when the sun rose, the houses began to leak, and as it climbed higher they began to melt, and it grew warmer and warmer, until finally the people came to the young husband and told him he must send his wife home again, or the weather would get so warm that the whole settlement would be melted.

He loved his wife and so held out as long as he could, but as the sun grew hotter the people were more urgent, and at last he had to send her home to her parents.

The people said that as she had been born in the South, and nourished all her life upon food that grew in the same climate, her whole nature was warm and unfit for the North.

The Origin of Medicine

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

At one time, animals and people lived together peaceably and talked with each other. But when mankind began to multiply rapidly, the animals were crowded into forests and deserts.

Man began to destroy animals wholesale for their skins and furs, not just for needed food. Animals became angry at such treatment by their former friends, resolving they must punish mankind.

The bear tribe met in council, presided over by Old White Bear, their Chief. After several bears had spoken against mankind for their bloodthirsty ways, war was unanimously agreed upon. But what kinds of weapons should the bears use?

Chief Old White Bear suggested that man's weapon, the bow and arrow, should be turned against him. All of the council agreed. While the bears worked and made bows and arrows, they wondered what to do about bowstrings. One of the bears sacrificed himself to provide the strings, while the others searched for good arrow- wood.

When the first bow was completed and tried, the bear's claws could not release the strings to shoot the arrow. One bear offered to cut his claws, but Chief Old White Bear would not allow him to do that, because without claws he could not climb trees for food and safety. He might starve.

The deer tribe called together its council led by Chief Little Deer. They decided that any Indian hunters, who killed deer without asking pardon in a suitable manner, should be afflicted with painful rheumatism in their joints.

After this decision, Chief Little Deer sent a messenger to their nearest neighbors, the Cherokee Indians.

"From now on, your hunters must first offer a prayer to the deer before killing him," said the messenger. "You must ask his pardon, stating you are forced only by the hunger needs of your tribe to kill the deer. Otherwise, a terrible disease will come to the hunter."

When a deer is slain by an Indian hunter, Chief Little Deer will run to the spot and ask the slain deer's spirit, "Did you hear the hunter's prayer for pardon?"

If the reply is yes, then all is well and Chief Little Deer returns to his cave. But if the answer is no, then the Chief tracks the hunter to his lodge and strikes him with the terrible disease of rheumatism, making him a helpless cripple unable to hunt again.

All the fishes and reptiles then held a council and decided they would haunt those Cherokee Indians, who tormented them, by telling them hideous dreams of serpents twining around them and eating them alive. These snake and fish dreams occurred often among the Cherokees. To get relief, the Cherokees pleaded with their Shaman to banish

their frightening dreams if they no longer tormented the snakes and fish.

Now when the friendly plants heard what the animals had decided against mankind, they planned a countermove of their own. Each tree, shrub, herb, grass, and moss agreed to furnish a cure for one of the diseases named by the animals and insects.

Thereafter, when the Cherokee Indians visited their Shaman about their ailments and if the medicine man was in doubt, he communed with the spirits of the plants. They always suggested a proper remedy for mankind's diseases.

This was the beginning of plant medicine from nature among the Cherokee Indian nation a long, long time ago.

The Two Mohawks

A Cherokee Legend

Adair, American Indians, 1775

In the year 1747 a couple of the Mohawk Indians came against the lower towns of the Cheerake, and cunningly ambuscaded them through most part of the spring and summer.

The two killed above twenty in different attacks before they were discovered by any party of the enraged and dejected people.

They had a thorough knowledge of the most convenient ground for their purpose, and were extremely swift and long-winded. Whenever they killed any and got the scalp they made off to the neighboring mountains, and ran over the broad ledges of rocks in contrary courses, as occasion offered, so as the pursuers could by no means trace them.

Once, when a large company was in chase of them, they ran round a steep hill at the head of the main eastern branch of Savana river, intercepted, killed, and scalped the hindmost of the party, and then made off between them and Keeowhee.

As this was the town to which the company belonged, they hastened home in a close body, as the proper place of security from such enemy wizards. In this manner did those two sprightly, gallant savages perplex and intimidate their foes for the space of four moons in the greatest security, though they often were forced to kill and barbecue what they chiefly lived upon, in the midst of their watchful enemies.

Having sufficiently revenged their relations' blood and gratified their own ambition with an uncommon number of scalps, they resolved to captivate one and run home with him as a proof of their having killed none but the enemies of their country.

Advancing with the usual caution on such an occasion, one crawled along under the best cover of the place about the distance of a hundred yards ahead, while the other shifted from tree to tree, looking sharply every way.

In the evening, however, an old, beloved man discovered them from the top of an adjoining hill, and knew them to be enemies by the cut of their hair, light trim for running, and their, postures.

He returned to the town and called first at the house of one of our traders and informed him of the affair, enjoining him not to mention it to any, lest the people should set off against them without success before their tracks were to be discovered and he be charged with having deceived them.

But, contrary to the true policy of traders among unforgiving savages, that thoughtless member of the Choktah Sphinx Company busied himself, as usual, out of his proper sphere, sent for the headmen, and told them the story. As the Mohawks were allies and

not known to molest any of the traders in the paths and woods, he ought to have observed a strict neutrality.

The youth of the town, by order of their headmen, carried on their noisy public diversions in their usual manner to prevent their foes from having any suspicion of their danger, while runners were sent from the town to their neighbors to come silently and assist them to secure the prey in its state of security.

They came like silent ghosts, concerted their plan of operation, passed over the river at the old trading ford opposite to the late fort, which lay between two contiguous commanding hills, and, proceeding downward over a broad creek, formed a large semicircle from the river bank, while the town seemed to be taking its usual rest.

They then closed into a narrower compass, and at last discovered the two brave, unfortunate men lying close under the tops of some fallen young pine trees. The company gave the war signal, and the Mohawks, bounding up, bravely repeated it; but, by their sudden spring from under thick cover, their arms were useless. They made desperate efforts, however, to kill or be killed, as their situation required.

One of the Cherokee, the noted half-breed of Istanare [Ustāna'li] town, which lay 2 miles from thence, was at the first onset knocked down and almost killed with his own cutlass, which was wrested from him, though he was the strongest of the whole nation. But they were overpowered by numbers, captivated, and put to the most exquisite tortures of fire, amidst a prodigious crowd of exulting foes.

One of the present Choktah traders, who was on the spot, told me that when they were tied to the stake the younger of the two discovered our traders on a hill near, addressed them in English, and entreated them to redeem their lives. The elder immediately spoke to him, in his own language, to desist. On this, he recollected himself, and became composed like a stoic, manifesting an indifference to life or death, pleasure or pain, according to their standard of martial virtue, and their dying behavior did not reflect the least dishonor on their former gallant actions.

All the pangs of fiery torture served only to refine their manly spirits, and as it was out of the power of the traders to redeem them they, according to our usual custom, retired as soon as the Indians began the diabolical tragedy.

Why The Mole Lives Underground

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

A man was in love with a woman who disliked him and would have nothing to do with him. He tried every way to win her favor, but to no purpose, until at last he grew discouraged and made himself sick thinking over it.

The Mole came along, and finding him in such low condition asked what was the trouble. The man told him the whole story, and when he had finished the Mole said: "I can help you, so that she will not only like you, but will come to you of her own will."

So that night the Mole burrowed his way underground to where the girl was in bed asleep and took out her heart. He came back by the same way and gave the heart to the man, who could not see it even when it was put into his hand.

"There," said the Mole, "swallow it, and she will be drawn to come to you and can not keep away."

The man swallowed the heart, and when the girl woke up she somehow thought at once of him, and felt a strange desire to be with him, as though she must go to him at once. She wondered and could not understand it, because she had always disliked him before, but at last the feeling grew so strong that she was compelled to go herself to the man and tell him she loved him and wanted to be his wife.

And so they were married, but all the magicians who had known them both were surprised and wondered how it had come about. When they found that it was the work of the Mole, whom they had always before thought too insignificant for their notice, they were very jealous and threatened to kill him, so that he hid himself under the ground and has never since dared to come up to the surface.

The Moon And The Thunders

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

The Sun was a young woman and lived in the East, while her brother, the Moon, lived in the West. The girl had a lover who used to come every month in the dark of the moon to court her. He would come at night, and leave before daylight.

Although she talked with him she could not see his face in the dark, and he would not tell her his name, until she was wondering all the time who it could be.

At last she hit upon a plan to find out, so the next time he came, as they were sitting together in the dark of the *âsi*, she slyly dipped her hand into the cinders and ashes of the fireplace and rubbed it over his face, saying, "Your face is cold; you must have suffered from the wind," and pretending to be very sorry for him, but he did not know that she had ashes on her hand.

After a while he left her and went away again.

The next night when the Moon came up in the sky his face was covered with spots, and then his sister knew he was the one who had been coming to see her. He was so much ashamed to have her know it that he kept as far away as he could at the other end of the sky all the night.

Ever since he tries to keep a long way behind the Sun, and when he does sometimes have to come near her in the west he makes himself as thin as a ribbon so that he can hardly be seen.

Some old people say that the moon is a ball which was thrown up against the sky in a game a long time ago.

They say that two towns were playing against each other, but one of them had the best runners and had almost won the game, when the leader of the other side picked up the ball with his hand--a thing that is not allowed in the game--and tried to throw it to the goal, but it struck against the solid sky vault and was fastened there, to remind players never to cheat.

When the moon looks small and pale it is because some one has handled the ball unfairly, and for this reason they formerly played only at the time of a full moon.

When the sun or moon is eclipsed it is because a great frog up in the sky is trying to swallow it.

Everybody knows this, even the Creeks and the other tribes, and in the olden times, eighty or a hundred years ago, before the great medicine men were all dead, whenever they saw the sun grow dark the people would come together and fire guns and beat the drum, and in a little while this would frighten off the great frog and the sun would be all right again.

The common people call both Sun and Moon Nûñdä, one being "Nûñdä that dwells in the day" and the other "Nûñdä that dwells in the night," but the priests call the Sun Su'tälidihī, "Six-killer," and the Moon Ge`yägu'ga, though nobody knows now what this word means, or why they use these names. Sometimes people ask the Moon not to let it rain or snow.

The great Thunder and his sons, the two Thunder boys, live far in the west above the sky vault. The lightning and the rainbow are their beautiful dress. The priests pray to the Thunder and call him the Red Man, because that is the brightest color of his dress.

There are other Thunders that live lower down, in the cliffs and mountains, and under waterfalls, and travel on invisible bridges from one high peak to another where they have their town houses. The great Thunders above the sky are kind and helpful when we pray to them, but these others are always plotting mischief. One must not point at the rainbow, or one's finger will swell at the lower joint.

Nun'yunu'wi, The Stone Man

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

Once when all the people of the settlement were out in the mountains on a great hunt one man who had gone on ahead climbed to the top of a high ridge and found a large river on the other side.

While he was looking across he saw an old man walking about on the opposite ridge, with a cane that seemed to be made of some bright, shining rock. The hunter watched and saw that every little while the old man would point his cane in a certain direction, then draw it back and smell the end of it. At last he pointed it in the direction of the hunting camp on the other side of the mountain, and this time when he drew back the staff he sniffed it several times as if it smelled very good, and then started along the ridge straight for the camp.

He moved very slowly, with the help of the cane, until he reached the end of the ridge, when he threw the cane out into the air and it became a bridge of shining rock stretching across the river. After he had crossed over upon the bridge it became a cane again, and the old man picked it up and started over the mountain toward the camp.

The hunter was frightened, and felt sure that it meant mischief, so he hurried on down the mountain and took the shortest trail back to the camp to get there before the old man. When he got there and told his story the medicine-man said the old man was a wicked cannibal monster called Nun'yunu'wi, "Dressed in Stone," who lived in that part of the country, and was always going about the mountains looking for some hunter to kill and eat. It was very hard to escape from him, because his stick guided him like a dog, and it was nearly as hard to kill him, because his whole body was covered with a skin of solid rock.

If he came he would kill and eat them all, and there was only one way to save themselves. He could not bear to look upon a menstrual woman, and if they could find seven menstrual women to stand in the path as he came along the sight would kill him.

So they asked among all the women, and found seven who were sick in that way, and with one of them it had just begun. By the order of the medicine-man they stripped themselves and stood along the path where the old man would come. Soon they heard Nun'yunu'wi coming through the woods, feeling his way with his stone cane.

He came along the trail to where the first woman was standing, and as soon as he saw her he started and cried out: "Yu! my grandchild; you are in a very bad state!" He hurried past her, but in a moment he met the next woman, and cried out again: "Yu! my child; you are in a terrible way," and hurried past her, but now he was vomiting blood.

He hurried on and met the third and the fourth and the fifth woman, but with each one that he saw his step grew weaker until when he came to the last one, with whom the sickness had just begun, the blood poured from his mouth and he fell down on the trail.

Then the medicine-man drove seven sourwood stakes through his body and pinned him to the ground, and when night came they piled great logs over him and set fire to them, and all the people gathered around to see. Nun'yunu'wi was a great ada'wehī and knew many secrets, and now as the fire came close to him he began to talk, and told them the medicine for all kinds of sickness.

At midnight he began to sing, and sang the hunting songs for calling up the bear and the deer and all the animals of the woods and mountains. As the blaze grew hotter his voice sank low and lower, until at last when daylight came, the logs were a heap of white ashes and the voice was still.

Then the medicine-man told them to rake off the ashes, and where the body had lain they found only a large lump of red wâ'dī paint and a magic u'lûñsû'ti stone. He kept the stone for himself, and calling the people around him he painted them, on face and breast, with the red wâ'dī, and whatever each person prayed for while the painting was being done-whether for hunting success, for working skill, or for a long life-that gift was his.

The Two Old Men

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

Two old men went hunting. One had an eye drawn down and was called Uk-kwûnägi'ta, "Eye-drawn-down." The other had an arm twisted out of shape and was called Uk-ku'sûñtsûtî, "Bent-bow-shape."

They killed a deer and cooked the meat in a pot. The second old man dipped a piece of bread into the soup and smacked his lips as he ate it. "Is it good?" said the first old man.

Said the other, "Hayû! uk-kwûnägi'stî (Yes, sir!) It will draw down one's eye."

Thought the first old man to himself, "He means me." So he dipped a piece of bread into the pot, and smacked his lips as he tasted it.

"Do you find it good?" said the other old man.

Said his comrade, "Hayû! uk-ku'sûñtsûtëti" (Yes, sir!) It will twist up one's arm."

Thought the second old man, "He means me"; so he got very angry and struck the first old man, and then they fought until each killed the other.

How The Rabbit Stole The Otter's Coat

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

The animals were of different sizes and wore coats of various colors and patterns. Some wore long fur and others wore short. Some had rings on their tails, and some had no tails at all. Some had coats of brown, others of black or yellow.

They were always disputing about their good looks, so at last they agreed to hold a council to decide who had the finest coat.

They had heard a great deal about the Otter, who lived so far up the creek that he seldom came down to visit the other animals. It was said that he had the finest coat of all, but no one knew just what it was like, because it was a long time since anyone had seen him. They did not even know exactly where he lived--only the general direction; but they knew he would come to the council when the word got out.

Now the Rabbit wanted the verdict for himself, so when it began to look as if it might go to the Otter he studied up a plan to cheat him out of it. He asked a few sly questions until he learned what trail the Otter would take to get to the council place. Then, without saying anything, he went on ahead and after four days' travel he met the Otter and knew him at once by his beautiful coat of soft dark-brown fur. The Otter was glad to see him and asked him where he was going.

"O," said the Rabbit, "the animals sent me to bring you to the council; because you live so far away they were afraid you mightn't know the road." The Otter thanked him, and they went on together.

They traveled all day toward the council ground, and at night the Rabbit selected the camping place, because the Otter was a stranger in that part of the country, and cut down bushes for beds and fixed everything in good shape. The next morning they started on again. In the afternoon the Rabbit began to pick up wood and bark as they went along and to load it on his back. When the Otter asked what this was for the Rabbit said it was that they might be warm and comfortable at night. After a while, when it was near sunset, they stopped and made their camp.

When supper was over the Rabbit got a stick and shaved it down to a paddle. The Otter wondered and asked again what that was for.

"I have good dreams when I sleep with a paddle under my head," said the Rabbit.

When the paddle was finished the Rabbit began to cut away the bushes so as to make a clean trail down to the river. The Otter wondered more and more and wanted to know what this meant.

Said the Rabbit, "This place is called Di'tatlâski'yī (The Place Where it Rains Fire.) Sometimes it rains fire here, and the sky looks a little that way to-night. You go to sleep and I'll sit up and watch, and if the fire does come, as soon as you hear me shout, you run

and jump into the river. Better hang your coat on a limb over there, so it won't get burnt."

The Otter did as he was told, and they both doubled up to go to sleep, but the Rabbit kept awake. After a while the fire burned down to red coals. The Rabbit called, but the Otter was fast asleep and made no answer. In a little while he called again, but the Otter never stirred. Then the Rabbit filled the paddle with hot coals and threw them up into the air and shouted, "It's raining fire! It's raining fire!"

The hot coals fell all around the Otter and he jumped up. "To the water!" cried the Rabbit, and the Otter ran and jumped into the river, and he has lived in the water ever since.

The Rabbit took the Otter's coat and put it on, leaving his own instead, and went on to the council. All the animals were there, every one looking out for the Otter. At last they saw him in the distance, and they said one to the other, "The Otter is coming!" and sent one of the small animals to show him the best seat.

They were all glad to see him and went up in turn to welcome him, but the Otter kept his head down, with one paw over his face. They wondered that he was so bashful, until the Bear came up and pulled the paw away, and there was the Rabbit with his split nose.

He sprang up and started to run, when the Bear struck at him and pulled his tail off, but the Rabbit was too quick for them and got away.

The Owl Gets Married

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

A widow with one daughter was always warning the girl that she must be sure to get a good hunter for a husband when she married. The young woman listened and promised to do as her mother advised.

At last a suitor came to ask the mother for the girl, but the widow told him that only a good hunter could have her daughter. "I'm just that kind," said the lover, and again asked her to speak for him to the young woman. So the mother went to the girl and told her a young man had come a-courting, and as he said he was a good hunter she advised her daughter to take him. "Just as you say," said the girl. So when he came again the matter was all arranged, and he went to live with the girl.

The next morning he got ready and said he would go out hunting, but before starting he changed his mind and said he would go fishing. He was gone all day and came home late at night, bringing only three small fish, saying that he had had no luck, but would have better success to-morrow. The next morning he started off again to fish and was gone all day, but came home at night with only two worthless spring lizards (duwë'gä) and the same excuse. Next day he said he would go hunting this time. He was gone again until night, and returned at last with only a handful of scraps that he had found where some hunters had cut up a deer.

By this time the old woman was suspicious. So next morning when he started off again, as he said, to fish, she told her daughter to follow him secretly and see how he set to work. The girl followed through the woods and kept him in sight until he came down to the river, where she saw her husband change to a hooting owl (uguku') and fly over to a pile of driftwood in the water and cry, "U-gu-ku! hu! hu! u! u!"

She was surprised and very angry and said to herself, "I thought I had married a man, but my husband is only an owl." She watched and saw the owl look into the water for a long time and at last swoop down and bring up in his claws a handful of sand, from which he picked out a crawfish. Then he flew across to the bank, took the form of a man again, and started home with the crawfish.

His wife hurried on ahead through the woods and got there before him. When he came in with the crawfish in his hand, she asked him where, were all the fish he had caught. He said he had none, because an owl had frightened them all away. "I think you are the owl," said his wife, and drove him out of the house. The owl went into the woods and there he pined away with grief and love until there was no flesh left on any part of his body except his head.

The Underground Panthers

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

A hunter was in the woods one day in winter when suddenly he saw a panther coming toward him and at once prepared to defend himself. The panther continued to approach, and the hunter was just about to shoot when the animal spoke.

At once it seemed to the man as if there was no difference between them, and they were both of the same nature. The panther asked him where he was going, and the man said that he was looking for a deer.

"Well," said the panther, "we are getting ready for a Green-corn dance, and there are seven of us out after a buck, so we may as well hunt together."

The hunter agreed and they went on together. They started up one deer and another, but the panther made no sign, and said only "Those are too small; we want something better." So the hunter did not shoot, and they went on.

They started up another deer, a larger one, and the panther sprang upon it and tore its throat, and finally killed it after a hard struggle. The hunter got out his knife to skin it, but the panther said the skin was too much torn to be used and they must try again.

They started up another large deer, and this the panther killed without trouble, and then, wrapping his tail around it, threw it across his back. "Now, come to our townhouse," he said to the hunter.

The panther led the way, carrying the captured deer upon his back, up a little stream branch until they came to the head spring, when it seemed as if a door opened in the side of the hill and they went in.

Now the hunter found himself in front of a large townhouse, with the finest detsänûñ'li he had ever seen, and the trees around were green, and the air was warm, as in summer.

There was a great company there getting ready for the dance, and they were all panthers, but somehow it all seemed natural to the hunter. After a while the others who had been out came in with the deer they had taken, and the dance began.

The hunter danced several rounds, and then said it was growing late and he must be getting home. So the panthers opened the door and he went out, and at once found himself alone in the woods again, and it was winter and very cold, with snow on the ground and on all the trees.

When he reached the settlement he found a party just starting out to search for him. They asked him where he had been so long, and he told them the story, and then he found that he had been in the panther townhouse several days instead of only a very short time, as he had thought.

He died within seven days after his return, because he had already begun to take on the panther nature, and so could not live again with men. If he had stayed with the panthers he would have lived.

How the Partridge Got His Whistle

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

In the old days the Terrapin had a fine whistle, but the Partridge had none. The Terrapin was constantly going about whistling and showing his whistle to the other animals until the Partridge became jealous.

One day when they met the Partridge asked leave to try it.

The Terrapin was afraid to risk it at first, suspecting something but the Partridge said, "I'll give it back right away, and if you are afraid you can stay with me while I practice."

So the Terrapin let him have the whistle and the Partridge walked around blowing on it in fine fashion. "How does it sound with me?" asked the Partridge.

"O, you do very well," said the Terrapin, walking alongside.

"Now, how do you like it," said the Partridge, running ahead and whistling a little faster.

"That's fine," answered the Terrapin, hurrying to keep up, "but don't run so fast."

"And now, how do you like this?," called the Partridge, and with that he spread his wings, gave one long whistle, and flew to the top of a tree, leaving the poor Terrapin to look after him from the ground.

The Terrapin never recovered his whistle, and from that, and the loss of his scalp, which the Turkey stole from him, he grew ashamed to be seen, and ever since he shuts himself up in his box when anyone comes near him.

Origin Of The Pheasant Dance

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

In the Pheasant dance, a part of the Green-corn dance, the instrument used is the drum, and the dancers beat the ground with their feet in imitation of the drumming sound made by the pheasant.

They form two concentric circles, the men being on the inside, facing the women in the outer circle, each in turn advancing and retreating at the signal of the drummer, who sits at one side and sings the Pheasant songs.

According to the story, there was once a winter famine among the birds and animals. No mast (fallen nuts) could be found in the woods, and they were near starvation when a Pheasant discovered a holly tree, loaded with red berries, of which the Pheasant is said to be particularly fond.

He called his companion birds, and they formed a circle about the tree, singing, dancing, and drumming with their wings in token of their joy, and thus originated the Pheasant dance.

The Legend Of Pilot Knob

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

In the old town of Känuga, on Pigeon river, there was a lazy fellow named Tsuwe'nähī, who lived from house to house among his relatives and never brought home any game, although he used to spend nearly all his time in the woods.

At last his friends got very tired of keeping him, so he told them to get some parched corn ready for him and he would go and bring back a deer or else would never trouble them again.

They filled his pouch with parched corn, enough for along trip, and he started off for the mountains. Day after day passed until they thought they had really seen the last of him, but before the month was half gone he was back again at Känuga, with no deer, but with a wonderful story to tell.

He said that he had hardly turned away from the trail to go up the ridge when he met a stranger, who asked him where he was going. Tsuwe'nähī answered that his friends in the settlement had driven him out because he was no good hunter, and that if he did not find a deer this time he would never go back again. "Why not come with me?" said the stranger, "my town is not far from here, and you have relatives there."

Tsuwe'nähī was very glad of the chance, because he was ashamed to go back to his own town; so he went with the stranger, who took him to Tsuwa`tel'da (Pilot knob).

They came to a cave, and the other said, "Let us go in here;" but the cave ran clear to the heart of the mountain, and when they were inside the hunter found there an open country like a wide bottom land, with a great settlement and hundreds of people. They were all glad to see him. and brought him to their chief, who took him into his own house and showed him a seat near the fire. Tsuwe'nähī sat down, but he felt it move under him, and when he looked again he saw that it was a turtle, with its head sticking out from the shell.

He jumped up, but the chief said, "It won't hurt you; it only wants to see who you are." So he sat down very carefully, and the turtle drew in its head again. They brought food of the same kind that he had been accustomed to at home, and when he had eaten the chief took him through the settlement until he had seen all the houses and talked with most of the people.

When he had seen everything and had rested some days, he was anxious to get back to his home, so the chief himself brought him to the mouth of the cave and showed him the trail that led down to the river.

Then he said, "You are going back to the settlement, but you will never be satisfied there any more. Whenever you want to come to us, you know the way." The chief left him, Tsuwe'nähī went down the mountain and along the river until he came to Känuga.

He told his story, but no one believed it and the people only laughed at him. After that he would go away very often and be gone for several days at a time, and when he came back to the settlement he would say he had been with the mountain people. At last one man said he believed the story and would go with him to see.

They went off together to the woods, where they made a camp, and then Tsuwe'nähī went on ahead, saying he would be back soon. The other waited for him, doing a little hunting near the camp, and two nights afterwards Tsuwe'nähī was back again. He seemed to be alone, but was talking as he came, and the other hunter heard girls' voices, although he could see no one.

When he came up to the fire he said, "I have two friends with me, and they say there is to be a dance in their town in two nights, and if you want to go they will come for you."

The hunter agreed at once, and Tsuwe'nähī called out, as if to some one close by, "He says he will go." Then he said, "Our sisters have come for some venison." The hunter had killed a deer and had the meat drying over the fire, so he said, "What kind do they want?"

The voices answered, "Our mother told us to ask for some of the ribs," but still he could see nothing. He took down some rib pieces and gave them to Tsuwe'nähī, who took them and said, "In two days we shall come again for you." Then he started off, and the other heard the voices going through the woods until all was still again.

In two days Tsuwe'nähī came, and this time he had two girls with him. As they stood near the fire the hunter noticed that their feet were short and round, almost like dogs' paws, but as soon as they saw him looking they sat down so that he could not see their feet. After supper the whole party left the camp and went up along the creek to Tsuwa`tel'da.

They went in through the cave door until they got to the farther end and could see houses beyond, when all at once the hunter's legs felt as if they were dead and he staggered and fell to the ground. The others lifted him up, but still he could not stand, until the medicine-man brought some "old tobacco" and rubbed it on his legs and made him smell it until he sneezed. Then he was able to stand again and went in with the others. He could not stand at first, because he had not prepared himself by fasting before he started.

The dance had not yet begun and Tsuwe'nähī took the hunter into the townhouse and showed him a seat near the fire, but it had long thorns of honey locust sticking out from it and he was afraid to sit down. Tsuwe'nähī told him not to be afraid, so he sat down and found that the thorns were as soft as down feathers.

Now the drummer came in and the dancers, and the dance began. One man followed at the end of the line, crying Kû! Kû! all the time, but not dancing. The hunter wondered, and they told him, "This man was lost in the mountains and had been calling all through the woods for his friends until his voice failed and he was only able to pant Kû! Kû! and then we found him and took him in."

When it was over Tsuwe'nähī and the hunter went back to the settlement. At the next

dance in Känuga they told all they had seen at Tsuwa`tel'da, what a large town was there and how kind everybody was, and this time--because there were two of them--the people believed it. Now others wanted to go, but Tsuwe'nähī told them they must first fast seven days, while he went ahead to prepare everything, and then he would come and bring them.

He went away and the others fasted, until at the end of seven days he came for them and they went with him to Tsuwa`tel'da, and their friends in the settlement never saw them again.

Origin Of The Pleiades And The Pine A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

Long ago, when the world was new, there were seven boys who used to spend all their time down by the townhouse playing the gatayû'stî game, rolling a stone wheel along the ground and sliding a curved stick after it to strike it.

Their mothers scolded, but it did no good, so one day they collected some gatayû'stî stones and boiled them in the pot with the corn for dinner. When the boys came home hungry their mothers dipped out the stones and said, "Since you like the gatayû'stî better than the cornfield, take the stones now for your dinner."

The boys were very angry, and went down to the townhouse, saying, "As our mothers treat us this way, let us go where we shall never trouble them any more." They began a dance--some say it was the Feather dance--and went round and round the townhouse, praying to the spirits to help them.

At last their mothers were afraid something was wrong and went out to look for them. They saw the boys still dancing around the townhouse, and as they watched they noticed that their feet were off the earth, and that with every round they rose higher and higher in the air.

They ran to get their children, but it was too late, for then, were already above the roof of the townhouse--all but one, whose mother managed to pull him down with the gatayû'stî pole, but he struck the ground with such force that he sank into it and the earth closed over him.

The other six circled higher and higher until they went up to the sky, where we see them now as the Pleiades, which the Cherokee still call Ani'tsutsä (The Boys). The people grieved long after them, but the mother whose boy had gone into the ground came every morning and every evening to cry over the spot until the earth was damp with her tears.

At last a little green shoot sprouted up and grew day by day until it became the tall tree that we call now the pine, and the pine is of the same nature as the stars and holds in itself the same bright light.

What Became Of The Rabbit

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

The Deer was very angry at the Rabbit for filing his teeth and determined to be revenged, but he kept still and pretended to be friendly until the Rabbit was off his guard.

Then one day, as they were going along together talking, he challenged the Rabbit to jump against him. Now the Rabbit is a great jumper, as every one knows, so he agreed at once. There was a small stream beside the path, as there generally is in that country, and the Deer said:

"Let's see if you can jump across this branch. We'll go back a piece, and then when I say Kû! then both run and jump."

"All right," said the Rabbit. So they went back to get a good start, and when the Deer gave the word Kû! they ran for the stream, and the Rabbit made one jump and landed on the other side.

But the Deer had stopped on the bank, and when the Rabbit looked back the Deer had conjured the stream so that it was a large river.

The Rabbit was never able to get back again and is still on the other side. The rabbit that we know is only a little thing that came afterwards.

The Rabbit Dines The Bear

A Cherokee Legend

The Bear invited the Rabbit to dine with him. They had beans in the pot, but there was no grease for them, so the Bear cut a slit in his side and let the oil run out until they had enough to cook the dinner.

The Rabbit looked surprised, and thought to himself, "That's a handy way. I think I'll try that."

When he started home he invited the Bear to come and take dinner with him four days later.

When the Bear came the Rabbit said, "I have beans for dinner, too. Now I'll get the grease for them." So he took a knife and drove it into his side, but instead of oil, a stream of blood gushed out and he fell over nearly dead.

The Bear picked him up and had hard work to tie up the wound and stop the bleeding. Then he scolded him, "You little fool, I'm large and strong and lined with fat all over; the knife don't hurt me; but you're small and lean, and you can't do such things."

The Rabbit Goes Duck Hunting

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

The Rabbit was so boastful that he would claim to do whatever he saw anyone else do, and so tricky that he could usually make the other animals believe it all.

Once he pretended that he could swim in the water and eat fish just as the Otter did, and when the others told him to prove it he fixed up a plan so that the Otter himself was deceived.

Soon afterward they met again and the Otter said, "I eat ducks sometimes."

Said the Rabbit, "Well, I eat ducks too."

The Otter challenged him to try it; so they went up along the river until they saw several ducks in the water and managed to get near without being seen. The Rabbit told the Otter to go first.

The Otter never hesitated, but dived from the bank and swam under water until he reached the ducks, when he pulled one down without being noticed by the others, and came back in the same way.

While the Otter had been under the water the Rabbit had peeled some bark from a sapling and made himself a noose. "

Now," he said, "Just watch me;" and he dived in and swam a little way under the water until he was nearly choking and had to come up to the top to breathe.

He went under again and came up again a little nearer to the ducks. He took another breath and dived under, and this time he came up among the ducks and threw the noose over the head of one and caught it.

The duck struggled hard and finally spread its wings and flew up from the water with the Rabbit hanging on to the noose.

It flew on and on until at last the Rabbit could not hold on any longer, but had to let go and drop. As it happened, he fell into a tall, hollow sycamore stump without any hole at the bottom to get out from, and there he stayed until he was so hungry that he had to eat his own fur, as the rabbit does ever since when he is starving.

After several days, when he was very weak with hunger, he heard children playing outside around the trees.

He began to sing:

Cut a door and look at me;

I'm the prettiest thing you ever did see.

The children ran home and told their father, who came and began to cut a hole in the tree.

As he chopped away the Rabbit inside kept singing, "Cut it larger, so you can see me better; I'm so pretty."

They made the hole larger, and then the Rabbit told them to stand back so that they could take a good look as he came out. They stood away back, and the Rabbit watched for his chance and jumped out and got away.

The Rabbit Escapes From The Wolves

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

Some Wolves once caught the Rabbit and were going to eat him when he asked leave to show them a new dance he was practicing. They knew that the Rabbit was a great song leader, and they wanted to learn the latest dance, so they agreed and made a ring about him while he got ready.

He patted his feet and began to dance around in a circle, singing:

Tlâge'sitûñ' gâli'sgi'sidâ'hä
Ha'nia lîl lîl! Ha'nia lîl lîl!

On the edge of the field I dance about
Ha'nia lîl lîl! Ha'nia lîl lîl!

"Now, said the Rabbit, "when I sing 'on the edge of the field,' I dance that way"--and he danced over in that direction--"and when I sing lîl lîl! you must all stamp your feet hard."

The Wolves thought it fine. He began another round singing the same song, and danced a little nearer to the field, while the Wolves all stamped their feet. He sang louder and louder and danced nearer and nearer to the field until at the fourth song, when the Wolves were stamping as hard as they could and thinking only of the song, he made one jump and was off through the long grass.

They were after him at once, but he ran for a hollow stump and climbed up on the inside. When the Wolves got there one of them put his head inside to look up, but the Rabbit spit into his eye, so that he had to pull his head out again.

The others were afraid to try, and they went away, with the Rabbit still in the stump.

The Rattlesnake's Vengeance

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

One day in the old times when we could still talk with other creatures, while some children were playing about the house, their mother inside heard them scream. Running out she found that a rattlesnake had crawled from the grass.

Taking up a stick she killed it. The father was out hunting in the mountains, and that evening when coming home after dark through the gap he heard a strange wailing sound. Looking about he found that he had come into the midst of a whole company of rattlesnakes, which all had their mouths open and seemed to be crying. He asked them the reason of their trouble, and they told him that his own wife had that day killed their chief, the Yellow Rattlesnake, and they were just now about to send the Black Rattlesnake to take revenge.

The hunter said he was very sorry, but they told him that if he spoke the truth he must be ready to make satisfaction and give his wife as a sacrifice for the life of their chief. Not knowing what might happen otherwise, he consented. They then told him that the Black Rattlesnake would go home with him and coil up just outside the door in the dark. He must go inside, where he would find his wife awaiting him, and ask her to get him a drink of fresh water from the spring. That was all.

He went home and knew that the Black Rattlesnake was following. It was night when he arrived and very dark, but he found his wife waiting with his supper ready. He sat down and asked for a drink of water. She handed him a gourd full from the jar, but he said he wanted it fresh from the spring, so she took a bowl and went out of the door.

The next moment he heard a cry, and going out he found that the Black Rattlesnake had bitten her and that she was already dying. He stayed with her until she was dead, when the Black Rattlesnake came out from the grass again and said his tribe was now satisfied.

He then taught the hunter a prayer song, and said, "When you meet any of us hereafter sing this song and we will not hurt you; but if by accident one of us should bite one of your people then sing this song over him and he will recover." And the Cherokee have kept the song to this day.

The Red Man And The Uktena

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

Two brothers went hunting together, and when they came to a good camping place in the mountains they made a fire, and while one gathered bark to put up a shelter the other started up the creek to look for a deer.

Soon he heard a noise on the top of the ridge as if two animals were fighting. He hurried through the bushes to see what it might be, and when he came to the spot he found a great uktena coiled around a man and choking him to death.

The man was fighting for his life, and called out to the hunter: "Help me, nephew; he is your enemy as well as mine." The hunter took good aim, and, drawing the arrow to the head, sent it through the body of the uktena, so that the blood spouted from the hole. The snake loosed its coils with a snapping noise, and went tumbling down the ridge into the valley, tearing up the earth like a water spout as it rolled.

The stranger stood up, and it was the Asga'ya Gi'gägei, the Red Man of the Lightning. He said to the hunter: "You have helped me, and now I will reward you, and give you a medicine so that you can always find game." They waited until it was dark, and then went down the ridge to where the dead uktena had rolled, but by this time the birds and insects had eaten the body and only the bones were left.

In one place were flashes of light coming up from the ground, and on digging here, just under the surface, the Red Man found a scale of the uktena. Next he went over to a tree that had been struck by lightning, and gathering a handful of splinters he made a fire and burned the uktena scale to a coal.

He wrapped this in a piece of deerskin and gave it to the hunter, saying: "As long as you keep this you can always kill game." Then he told the hunter that when he went back to camp he must hang up the medicine on a tree outside, because it was very strong and dangerous.

He told him also that when he went into the cabin he would find his brother lying inside nearly dead on account of the presence of the uktena's scale, but he must take a small piece of cane, which the Red Man gave him, and scrape a little of it into water and give it to his brother to drink and he would be well again.

Then the Red Man was gone, and the hunter could not see where he went. He returned to camp alone, and found his brother very sick, but soon cured him with the medicine from the cane, and that, day and the next, and every day after, he found game whenever he went for it.

The Eagle's Revenge

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

Once a hunter in the mountains heard a noise at night like a rushing wind outside the cabin, and on going out he found that an eagle had just alighted on the drying pole and was tearing at the body of a deer hanging there.

Without thinking of the danger, he shot the eagle. In the morning he took the deer and started back to the settlement, where he told what he had done, and the chief sent out some men to bring in the eagle and arrange for an Eagle dance. They brought back the dead eagle, everything was made ready, and that night they started the dance in the townhouse.

About midnight there was a whoop outside and a strange warrior came into the circle and began to recite his exploits. No one knew him, but they thought he had come from one of the farther Cherokee towns.

He told how he had killed a man, and at the end of the story he gave a hoarse yell, Hi! that startled the whole company, and one of the seven men with the rattles fell over dead. He sang of another deed, and at the end straightened up with another loud yell. A second rattler fell dead, and the people were so full of fear that they could not stir from their places.

Still he kept on, and at every pause there came again that terrible scream, until the last of the seven rattlers fell dead, and then the stranger went out into the darkness. Long afterward they learned from the eagle killer that it was the brother of the eagle shot by the hunter.

Agan-uni'tsi's Search For The Uktena

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

In one of their battles with the Shawano, who are all magicians, the Cherokee captured a great medicine-man whose name was Âgän-uni'tsï, "The Ground-hogs' Mother." They had tied him ready for the torture when he begged for his life and engaged, if spared, to find for them the great wonder worker, the Ulûñsû'tî.

Now, the Ulûñsû'tî is like a blazing star set in the forehead of the great Uktena serpent, and the medicine-man who could possess it might do marvelous things, but everyone knew this could not be, because it was certain death to meet the Uktena. They warned him of all this but he only answered that his medicine was strong and he was not afraid. So they gave him his life on that condition and he began the search.

The Uktena used to lie in wait in lonely places to surprise its victims, and especially haunted the dark passes of the Great Smoky mountains. Knowing this, the magician went first to a gap in the range on the far northern border of the Cherokee country. He searched and found there a monster blacksnake, larger than had ever been known before, but it was not what he was looking for, and he laughed at it as something too small for notice.

Coming southward to the next gap he found there a great moccasin snake, the largest ever seen, but when the people wondered he said it was nothing. In the next gap he found a greensnake and called the people to see "the pretty sälikwâ'yï," but when they found an immense greensnake coiled up in the path they ran away in fear.

Coming on to U'täwagûn'ta, the Bald mountain, he found there a great diya'hälï (lizard) basking, but, although it was large and terrible to look at, it was not what he wanted and he paid no attention to it. Going still south to Walâsi'yï, the Frog place, he found a great frog squatting in the gap, but when the people who came to see it were frightened like the others and ran away from the monster he mocked at them for being afraid of a frog and went on to the next gap.

He went on to Duniskwa`lgûñ'yï, the Gap of the Forked Antler, and to the enchanted lake of Atagâ'hï, and at each he found monstrous reptiles, but he said they were nothing. He thought the Uktena might be hiding in the deep water at Tlanusi'yï, the Leech place, on Hiwassee, where other strange things had been seen before, and going there he dived far down under the surface.

He saw turtles and water snakes, and two immense sun-perches rushed at him and retreated again, but that was all. Other places he tried, going always southward, and at last on Gahû'tî mountain he found the Uktena asleep.

Turning without noise, he ran swiftly down the mountain side as far as he could go with one long breath, nearly to the bottom of the slope. There he stopped and piled up a great circle of pine cones, and inside of it he dug a deep trench. Then he set fire to the

cones and came back again up the, mountain.

The Uktena was still asleep, and, putting an arrow to his bow, Âgän-uni'tsï shot and sent the arrow through its heart, which was under the seventh spot from the serpent's head. The great snake raised his head, with the diamond in front flashing fire, and came straight at his enemy, but the magician, turning quickly, ran at full speed down the mountain, cleared the circle of fire and the trench at one bound, and lay down on the ground inside.

The Uktena tried to follow, but the arrow was through his heart. and in another moment he rolled over in his death struggle, spitting poison over all the mountain side. But the poison drops could not pass the circle of fire, but only hissed and sputtered in the blaze, and the magician on the inside was untouched except by one small drop which struck upon his head as he lay close to the ground; but he did not know it.

The blood, too, as poisonous as the froth, poured from the Uktena's wound and down the slope in a dark stream, but it ran into the trench and left him 'Unharmèd. The dying monster rolled over and over down the mountain, breaking down large trees in its path until it reached the bottom. Then Âgän-uni'tsï called every bird in all the woods to come to the feast, and so many came that when they were done not even the bones were left.

After seven days he went by night to the spot. The body and the bones of the snake were gone, all eaten by the birds, but he saw a bright light shining in the darkness, and going over to it he found, resting on a low-hanging branch, where a raven had dropped it, the diamond from the head of the Uktena. He wrapped it up carefully and took it with him, and from that time he became the greatest medicine-man in the whole tribe.

When Âgän-uni'tsï came down again to the settlement the people noticed a small snake hanging from his head where the single drop of poison from the Uktena had struck; but so long as he lived he himself never knew that it was there.

Where the blood of the Uktena had filled the trench a lake formed afterwards, and the water was black and in this water the women used to dye the cane splits for their baskets.

The Hunter And Selu

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

A hunter had been tramping over the mountains all day long without finding any game and when the sun went down, he built a fire in a hollow stump, swallowed a few mouthfuls of corn gruel and lay down to sleep, tired out and discouraged.

About the middle of the night he dreamed and seemed to hear the sound of beautiful singing, which continued until near daybreak and then appeared to die away into the upper air.

All next day he hunted with the same poor success, and at night made his lonely camp again, in the woods. He slept and the strange dream came to him again, but so vividly that it seemed to him like an actual happening. Rousing himself before daylight, he still heard the song, and feeling sure now that it was real, he went in the direction of the sound and found that it came from a single green stalk of corn (selu).

The plant spoke to him, and told him to cut off some of its roots and take them to his home in the settlement, and the next morning to chew them and "go to water" before anyone else was awake, and then to go out again into the woods, and he would kill many deer and from that time on would always be successful in the hunt.

The corn plant continued to talk, teaching him hunting secrets and telling him always to be generous with the game he took, until it was noon and the sun was high, when it suddenly took the form of a woman and rose gracefully into the air and was gone from sight, leaving the hunter alone in the woods.

He returned home and told his story, and all the people knew that he had seen Selu, the wife of Kana'ti. He did as the spirit had directed, and from that time was noted as the most successful of all the hunters in the settlement.

The Snake Boy

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

There was a boy who used to go bird hunting every day, and all the birds he brought home he gave to his grandmother, who was very fond of him.

This made the rest of the family jealous, and they treated him in such fashion that at last one day he told his grandmother he would leave them all, but that she must not grieve for him. Next morning he refused to eat any breakfast, but went off hungry to the woods and was gone all day. In the evening he returned, bringing with him a pair of deer horns, and went directly to the hothouse (âsi), where his grandmother was waiting for him. He told the old woman he must be alone that night, so she got up and went into the house where the others were.

At early daybreak she came again to the hothouse and looked in, and there she saw an immense uktena that filled the âsi, with horns on its head, but still with two human legs instead of a snake tail. It was all that was left of her boy. He spoke to her and told her to leave him, and she went away again from the door.

When the sun was well up, the uktena began slowly to crawl out, but it was full noon before it was all out of the âsi. It made a terrible hissing noise as it came out, and all the people ran from it. It crawled on through the settlement, leaving a broad trail in the ground behind it, until it came to a deep bend in the river, where it plunged in and went under the water.

The grandmother grieved much for her boy, until the others of the family got angry and told her that as she thought so much of him she ought to go and stay with him. So she left them and went along the trail made by the uktena to the river and walked directly into the water and disappeared.

Once after that a man fishing near the place saw her sitting on a large rock in the river, looking just as she had always looked, but as soon as she caught sight of him she jumped into the water and was gone.

The Snake Man

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

Two hunters, both for some reason under a taboo against the meat of a squirrel or turkey, had gone into the woods together. When evening came they found a good camping place and lighted a fire to prepare their supper.

One of them had killed several squirrels during the day, and now got ready to broil them over the fire. His companion warned him that if he broke the taboo and ate squirrel meat he would become a snake, but the other laughed and said that was only a conjurer's story. He went on with his preparation, and when the squirrels were roasted made his supper of them and then lay down beside the fire to sleep.

Late that night his companion was aroused by groaning, and on looking around he found the other lying on the ground rolling and twisting in agony, and with the lower part of his body already changed to the body and tail of a large water snake.

The man was still able to speak and called loudly for help, but his companion could do nothing, but only sit by and try to comfort him while he watched the arms sink into the body and the skin take on a scaly change that mounted gradually toward the neck, until at last even the head was a serpent's head and the great snake crawled away from the fire and down the bank into the river.

The Spirit Defenders Of Nikwasi' A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

Long ago a powerful unknown tribe invaded the country from the southeast, killing people and destroying settlements wherever they went. No leader could stand against them, and in a little while they had wasted all the lower settlements and advanced into the mountains.

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The warriors of the old town of Nikwasi', on the head of Little Tennessee, gathered their wives and children into the townhouse and kept scouts constantly on the lookout for the presence of danger. One morning just before daybreak the spies saw the enemy approaching and at once gave the alarm.

The Nikwasi' men seized their arms and rushed out to meet the attack, but after a long, hard fight they found themselves overpowered and began to retreat, when suddenly a stranger stood among them and shouted to the chief to call off his men and he himself would drive back the enemy. From the dress and language of the stranger the Nikwasi' people thought him a chief who had come with reinforcements from the Overhill settlements in Tennessee.

They fell back along the trail, and as they came near the townhouse they saw a great company of warriors coming out from the side of the mound as through an open doorway. Then they knew that their friends were the Nûñně'hī, the Immortals, although no one had ever heard before that they lived under Nikwasi' mound.

The Nûñně'hī poured out by hundreds, armed and painted for the fight, and the most curious thing about it all was that they became invisible as soon as they were fairly outside of the settlement, so that although the enemy saw the glancing arrow or the rushing tomahawk, and felt the stroke, he could not see who sent it.

Before such invisible foes the invaders soon had to retreat, going first south along the ridge to where joins the main ridge which separates the French Broad from the Tuckasegee, and then turning with it to the northeast. As they retreated they tried to shield themselves behind rocks and trees, but the Nûñně'hī arrows went around the rocks and killed them from the other side, and they could find no hiding place.

All along the ridge they fell, until when they reached the head of Tuckasegee not more than half a dozen were left alive, and in despair they sat down and cried out for mercy. Ever since then the Cherokee have called the place Dayûlsûñ'yī, "Where they cried."

Then the Nûñně'hī chief told them they had deserved their punishment for attacking a peaceful tribe, and he spared their lives and told them to go home and take the news to their people. This was the Indian custom, always to spare a few to carry back the news

of defeat. They went home toward the north and the Nûññë'hĩ went back to the mound.

And they are still there, because, in the last war, when a strong party of Federal troops came to surprise a handful of Confederates posted there they saw so many soldiers guarding the town that they were afraid and went away without making an attack.

The Nunne'hi And Other Spirit Folk

A Cherokee Legend

Myths of the Cherokee, James Mooney, 1900

The Nûñně'hī or immortals, the "people who live anywhere," were a race of spirit people who lived in the highlands of the old Cherokee country and had a great many townhouses, especially in the bald mountains.

They had large townhouses in Pilot knob and under the old Nikwasi' mound in North Carolina, and another under Blood mountain, at the head of Nottely river, in Georgia. They were invisible excepting when they wanted to be seen, and then they looked and poke just like other Indians.

They were very fond of music and dancing, and hunters in the mountains would often hear the dance, songs and the drum beating in some invisible townhouse, but when they went toward the sound it would shift about and they would hear it behind them or away in some other direction, so that they could never find the place where the dance was.

They were a friendly people, too, and often brought lost wanderers to their townhouses under the mountains and cared for them there until they were rested and then guided them back to their home. More than once, also, when the Cherokee were hard pressed by the enemy, the Nûñně'hī warriors have come out, as they did at old Nikwasi', and have saved them from defeat. Some people have thought that they are the same as the Yûñwī Tsunsi', the "Little People"; but these are fairies, no larger in size than children.

There was a man in Nottely town who had been with the Nûñně'hī when he was a boy, and he told Wafford all about it. He was a truthful, hard-headed man, and Wafford had heard the story so often from other people that he asked this man to tell it. It was in this way:

When he was about 10 or 12 years old he was playing one day near the river, shooting at a mark with his bow and arrows, until he became tired, and started to build a fish trap in the water. While he was piling up the stones in two long walls a man came and stood on the bank and asked him what he was doing. The boy told him, and the man said, "Well, that's pretty hard work and you ought to rest a while. Come and take a walk up the river."

The boy said, "No"; that he was going home to dinner soon.

"Come right up to my house," said the stranger, and I'll give you a good dinner there and bring you home again in the morning."

So the boy went with him up the river until they came to a house, when they went in, and the man's wife and the other people there were very glad to see him, and gave him a fine dinner, and were very kind to him. While they were eating a man that the boy knew very well came in and spoke to him, so that he felt quite at home.

After dinner he played with the other children and slept there that night, and in the morning, after breakfast, the man got ready to take him home. They went down a path that had a cornfield on one side and a peach orchard fenced in on the other, until they came to another trail, and the man said, "Go along this trail across that ridge and you will come to the river road that will bring you straight to your home, and now I'll go back to the house."

So the man went back to the house and the boy went on along the trail, but when he had gone a little way he looked back, and there was no cornfield or orchard or fence or house; nothing but trees on the mountain side.

He thought it very queer, but somehow he was not frightened, and went on until he came to the river trail in sight of his home. There were a great many people standing about talking, and when they saw him they ran toward him shouting, "Here he is! He is not drowned or killed in the mountains!" They told him they had been hunting him ever since yesterday noon, and asked him where he had been.

"A man took me over to his house just across the ridge, and I had a fine dinner and a good time with the children," said the boy, "I thought Udsi'skalä here"--that was the name of the man he had seen at dinner--"would tell you where I was."

But Udsi'skalä said, "I haven't seen you. I was out all day in my canoe hunting you. It was one of the Nûññë'hî that made himself look like me."

Then his mother said, "You say you had dinner there?"

"Yes, and I had plenty, too," said the boy; but his mother answered, "There is no house there--only trees and rocks--but we hear a drum sometimes in the big bald above. The people you saw were the Nûññë'hî."

Once four Nûññë'hî women came, to a dance at Nottely town, and danced half the night with the young men there, and nobody knew that they were Nûññë'hî, but thought them visitors from another settlement.

About midnight they left to go home, and some men who had come out from the townhouse to cool off watched to see which way they went. They saw the women go down the trail to the river ford, but just as they came to the water they disappeared, although it was a plain trail, with no place where they could hide.

Then the watchers knew they were Nûññë'hî women. Several men saw this happen, and one of them was Wafford's father-in-law, who was known for an honest man.

At another time a man named Burnt-tobacco was crossing over the ridge from Nottely to Hemptown in Georgia and heard a drum and the songs of dancers in the hills on one side of the trail.

He rode over to see who could be dancing in such a place, but when he reached the spot the drum and the songs were behind him, and he was so frightened that he hurried back to the trail and rode all the way to Hemptown as hard as he could to tell the story. He was a truthful man, and they believed what he said.

There must have been a good many of the Nûñné'hî living in that neighborhood, because the drumming wits often heard in the high balds almost up to the time of the Removal.

On a small upper branch of Nottely, running nearly due north from Blood maintain, there was also a hole, like a small well or chimney, in the ground, from which there came up a warm vapor that heated all the air around. People said that this was because the Nûñné'hî had a townhouse and a fire under the mountain. Sometimes in cold weather hunters would stop there to warm the selves, but they were afraid to stay long. This was more than sixty years ago, but the hole is probably there yet.

Close to the old trading path from South Carolina up to the Cherokee Nation, somewhere near the head of Tugaloo, there was formerly a noted circular depression about the size of a townhouse, and waist deep. Inside it was always clean as though swept by unknown hands. Passing traders would throw logs and rocks into it, but would always, on their return, find them thrown far out from the hole. The Indians said it was a Nunne'hi townhouse, and never liked to go near the place or even to talk about it, until at last some logs thrown in by the traders were allowed to remain there, and then they concluded that the Nunne'hi, annoyed by the persecution of the white men, had abandoned their townhouse forever.

There is another race of spirits, the Yûñwî Tsunsdi', or "Little People," who live in rock eaves on the mountain side. They are little fellows, hardly reaching up to a man's knee, but well shaped and handsome, with long hair falling almost to the ground. They are great wonder workers and are very fond of music, spending half their time drumming and dancing.

They are helpful and kind-hearted, and often when people have been lost in the mountains, especially children who have strayed away from their parents, the Yûñwî Tsunsdi' have found them and taken care of them and brought them back to their homes. Sometimes their drum is heard in lonely places in the mountains, but it is not safe to follow it, because the Little

People do not like to be disturbed at home, and they throw a spell over the stranger so that he is bewildered and loses his way, and even if he does at last get back to the settlement he is like one dazed ever after.

Sometimes, also, they come near a house at night and the people inside hear them talking, but they must not go out, and in the morning they find the corn gathered or the field cleared as if a whole force of men had been at work. If anyone should go out to watch, he would die. When a hunter finds anything in the woods, such as a knife or a trinket, he must say, "Little People, I want to take this," because it may belong to them, and if he does not ask their permission they will throw stones at him as he goes home.

Once a hunter in winter found tracks in the snow like the tracks of little children. He wondered how they could have come there and followed them until they led him to a cave, which was full of Little People, young and old, men, women, and children. They brought him in and were kind to him, and he was with them some time; but when he left they warned him that he must not tell or he would die.

He went back to the settlement and his friends were all anxious to know where he had been. For a long time he refused to say, until at last he could not hold out any longer, but told the story, and in a few days he died. Only a few years ago two hunters from Raventown, going behind the high fall near the head of Oconaluftee on the East Cherokee reservation, found there a cave with fresh footprints of the Little People all over the floor.

During the smallpox among the East Cherokee just after the war one sick man wandered off, and his friends searched, but could not find him. After several weeks he came back and said that the Little People had found him and taken him to one of their eaves and tended him until he was cured.

About twenty-five years ago a man named Tsantāwû' was lost in the mountains on the head of Oconaluftee. It was winter time and very cold and his friends thought he must be dead, but after sixteen days he came back and said that the Little People had found him and taken him to their cave, where he had been well treated, and given plenty of everything to eat except bread. This was in large loaves, but when he took them in his hand to eat they seemed to shrink into small cakes so light and crumbly that though he might eat all day he would not be satisfied.

After he was well rested they had brought him a part of the way home until they came to a small creek, about knee deep, when they told him to wade across to reach the main trail on the other side. He waded across and turned to look back, but the Little People were gone and the creek was a deep river. When he reached home his legs were frozen to the knees and he lived only a few days.

Once the Yûñwī Tsunsi' had been very kind to the people of a certain settlement, helping them at night with their work and taking good care of any lost children, until something happened to offend them and they made up their minds to leave the neighborhood. Those who were watching at the time saw the whole company of Little People come down to the ford of the river and cross over and disappear into the mouth of a large cave on the other side. They were never heard of near the settlement again.

There are other fairies, the Yûñwī Amai'yinë'hi, or Water-dwellers, who live in the water, and fishermen pray to them for help. Other friendly spirits live in people's houses, although no one can see them, and so long as they are there to protect the house no witch can come near to do mischief.

Tsäwa'sī and Tsäga'sī are the names of two small fairies, who are mischievous enough, but yet often help the hunter who prays to them. Tsäwa'sī, or Tsäwa'sī Usdi'ga (Little Tsäwa'sī), is a tiny fellow, very handsome, with long hair falling down to his feet, who lives in grassy patches on the hillsides and has great power over the game.

To the deer hunter who prays to him he gives skill to slip up on the deer through the long grass without being seen. Tsäga'sī is another of the spirits invoked by the hunter and is very helpful, but when someone trips and falls, we know that it is Tsäga'sī who has caused it. There are several other of these fairies with names, all good-natured, but more or less tricky.

Then there is De'tsätä. De'tsätä was once a boy who ran away to the woods to avoid a scratching and tries to keep himself invisible ever since. He is a handsome little fellow and spends his whole time hunting birds with blowgun and arrow. He has a great many children who are all just like him and have the same name. When a flock of birds flies up suddenly as if frightened it is because De'tsätä is chasing them.

He is mischievous and sometimes hides an arrow from the bird hunter, who may have shot it off into a perfectly clear space, but looks and looks without finding it. Then the hunter says, "De'tsätä, you have my arrow, and if you don't give it up I'll scratch you," and when he looks again he finds it.

There is one spirit that goes about at night with a light. The Cherokee call it Atsil'-dihye'gī, "The Fire-carrier," and they are all afraid of it, because they think it dangerous, although they do not know much about it. They do not even know exactly what it looks like, because they are afraid to stop when they see it. It may be a witch instead of a spirit.

Wafford's mother saw the "Fire-carrier" once when she was a young woman, as she was coming home at night from a trading post in South Carolina. It seemed to be following her from behind, and she was frightened and whipped up her horse until she got away from it and never saw it again.

Crossing the Red Sea

A Cheyenne Legend

Dorsey, Field Museum: Anthropological Series, ix, 37, No. 15

Many thousands of years ago the Cheyenne inhabited a country in the far north, across a great body of water. For two or three years they had been overpowered by an enemy that outnumbered them.

They were about to become the enemy's slaves, and they were filled with sorrow. Among their number was a great medicine-man who possessed a wooden hoop, like those used in the games of to-day. On one side of the hoop were tied magpie feathers, while opposite them, on the other side of the hoop, was a flint spear head, with the point projecting toward the center of the hoop. One night the great chief told the people to come to a certain place.

When they were assembled he led them away. He kept in advance of them all the time, and in his left hand he held a long staff, and in his right hand he held his hoop horizontally in front of him, with the spear head of the hoop pointing forward. No one was allowed to go in front of him. On the fourth night of their journey they saw, at some distance from the ground, and apparently not far in front of them, a bright light.

As they advanced the light receded, and appeared always a little farther beyond. They traveled a few more nights, and the fire preceded them all the way, until they came to a large body of water. The medicine-man ordered the Cheyenne to form in a line along the edge of the water, and they obeyed. He then told them that he was going to take them across the water to another land, where they would live forever. As they stood facing the water the medicine-man asked them to sing four times with him, and he told them that as they sang the fourth time he would lead them across the water.

As he sang the fourth time he began to walk forwards and backwards and the fourth time he walked directly into the water. All the people followed him. He commanded them not to look upward, but ever downward. As they went forward the waters separated, and they walked on dry ground, but the water was all around them. Finally, as they were being led by night the fire disappeared, but they continued to follow the medicine-man until daylight, when they found themselves walking in a beautiful country.

In the new country they found plenty of game to live on. The medicine-man taught the Cheyenne many things, but they seemed to be of weak minds, though they were physically strong. Out of these Cheyenne there sprang up men and women who were large, tall, strong, and fierce, and they increased in number until they numbered thousands.

They were so strong that they could pick up and carry off on their backs the large animals that they killed. They tamed panther and bear and trained them to catch wild game for them to eat. They had bows and arrows, and were always dressed in furs and skins, and in their ignorance they roamed about like animals. In those days there were very large animals. One variety of these animals was of the form of a cow, though four

times as large; by nature they were tame and grazed along the river banks; men milked them.

Boys and men to the number of twenty could get upon their backs without disturbing them. Another variety of these large animals resembled in body the horse, and they had horns and long, sharp teeth. This was the most dangerous animal in the country.

It ate man, had a mind like a human being, and could trail a human being through the rivers and tall grasses by means of its power of scent. Of these there were but few. In the rivers there were long snakes whose bodies were so large that a man could not jump over them.

The Cheyenne remained in the north a long time, but finally roamed southward, conveying their burdens by means of dogs. While they were traveling southward there came a great rain and flood all over the country. The rivers rose and overflowed, and still the rain kept falling. At last the high hills alone could be discerned. The people became frightened and confused.

On a neighboring hill, and apart from the main body of the Cheyenne, were a few thousand of their number, who were out of view, and had been cut off from the main body by the rising water. When the rains ceased and the water subsided the part who were cut off looked for their tribesmen, but they found no sign of them; and it has ever since been a question among the Cheyenne whether this band of people was drowned, or whether it became a distinct tribe.

Long afterward the Cheyenne met a tribe who used many of their words, and to-day they believe that a part of their people are still living in the north. Nearly all the animals were either drowned or starved to death. The trees and fruit upon which the people had formerly subsisted were destroyed. A few large gray wolves escaped with them, for they had crossed with the tame dogs. The dogs were so large that they could carry a child several miles in a day.

After the flood had subsided the senses of the Cheyenne seemed to be awakened. They became strong in mind but weak in body, for now they had no game to subsist on. They lived on dried meat and mushrooms, which sustained them for a long time.

The Eye Juggler

A Cheyenne Legend

Kroeber, .Journal of American Folk-Lore, xiii, 168, No. 11

There was a man that could send his eyes out of his head, on the limb of a tree, and call them back again, by saying "Eyes hang upon a branch."

White-man saw him doing this, and came to him crying; he wanted to learn this too.

The man taught him, but warned him not to do it more than four times in one day. White-man went off along the river. When he came to the highest tree he could see, he sent his eyes to the top. Then he called them back. He thought he could do this as often as he wished, disregarding the warning.

The fifth time his eyes remained fastened to the limb. All day he called, but the eyes began to swell and spoil, and flies gathered on them. White-man grew tired and lay down, facing his eyes, still calling for them, though they never came; and he cried. At night he was half asleep, when a mouse ran over him. He closed his lids that the mice would not see he was blind, and lay still, in order to catch one.

At last one sat on his breast. He kept quiet to let it become used to him, and the mouse went on his face, trying to cut his hair for its nest. Then it licked his tears, but let its tail hang in his mouth. He closed it, and caught the mouse. He seized it tightly, and made it guide him, telling him of his misfortune. The mouse said it could see the eyes, and they had swelled to an enormous size. It offered to climb the tree and get them for him, but White-man would not let it go. It tried to wriggle free, but he held it fast. Then the mouse asked on what condition he would release it, and White-man said, only if it gave him one of its eyes.[94] So it gave him one, and he could see again, and let the mouse go. But the small eye was far back in his socket, and he could not see very well with it.

A buffalo was grazing near by, and as White-man stood near him crying, he looked on and wondered. White-man said: "Here is a buffalo, who has the power to help me in my trouble." So the Buffalo asked him what he wanted. White-man told him he had lost his eye and needed one. The buffalo took out one of his and put it in White-man's head. Now White-man could see far again. But the eye did not fit the socket; most of it was outside. The other was far inside. Thus he remained.

The Sharpened Leg

A Cheyenne Legend

Kroeber, *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xiii, 169, No. 12

There was a man whose leg was pointed, so that by running and jumping against trees he could stick in them. By saying 'naiwatoutawa,' he brought himself back to the ground.

On a hot day he would stick himself against a tree for greater shade and coolness. However, he could not do this trick more than four times. Once while he was doing this, White-man came to him, crying, and said: "Brother, sharpen my leg!"

The man replied: "That is not very hard. I can sharpen your leg." White-man stood on a large log, and the other, with an axe, sharpened his leg, telling him to hold still bravely. The pain caused the tears to come from his eyes.

When the man had sharpened his leg, he told him to do the trick only four times a day, and to keep count in order not to exceed this number. White-man went down toward the river, singing. Near the bank was a large tree; toward this he ran, then jumped and stuck in it. Then he called himself back to the ground. Again he jumped, this time against another tree; but now he counted one, thinking in this way to get the better of the other man.

The third time, he counted two. The fourth time, birds and animals stood by, and he was proud to show his ability, and jumped high, and pushed his leg in up to the knee. Then coyotes, wolves, and other animals came to see him; some of them asked how he came to know the trick, and begged him to teach it to them, so they could stick to trees at night.

He was still prouder now, and for the fifth time he ran and jumped as high as he could, and half his thigh entered the tree. Then he counted four. Then he called to get to the ground again. But he stuck.

He called out all day; he tried to send the animals to the man who had taught him. He was fast in the tree for many days, until he starved to death.

The Rolling Head

A Cheyenne Legend

Kroeber, *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xiii, 184, No. 22

In a solitary tent lived a lone family,--a man, his wife, and two children. When the man went out hunting, he always painted his wife's face and body before he started in the morning. His wife went for water to a lake near by.

She always went to the same place; and when she came to the lake, she took off her clothes, as if to bathe. Then a large snake rose out of the lake, after the woman had spoken to it and told it to appear. The snake asked her to come out to him, since her husband had gone away hunting. The woman did as the snake said. Every morning she went to the lake.

Her husband brought back meat, and she and the children were glad. The man did not know what happened. He did not know that his wife went after water to the lake and met a large snake. But one day he asked her what made the paint come off her. She said that she took a bath. Next morning he started as if to hunt; but dug a hiding-place near the lake to see what his wife did. She came to the shore and called to the snake: "Come, I am waiting." Then he saw a big old snake rise from the water, and ask her if her husband had gone hunting. She answered: "Yes, I am coming." She took off her clothes and entered the lake, and the snake was soon around her.

The man had watched them, and now, leaving his hiding-place, he jumped on the snake, and with a large knife cut it in pieces and at last killed it. Then he caught his wife and killed her. He cut her up, and took her meat home and gave it to his children. He cooked his wife, and the children unknowingly ate their mother.

Then the man said to them: "Tell your mother when she comes home that I went to get more meat which I left hanging on a tree so that the wolves cannot reach it." And he went away. The younger child said: "Our mother is merely teasing us by staying away." But the older girl answered: "Do not say anything against our mother." Then their mother's head came rolling to them; and it said: "I am very sorry that my children have eaten me up."

The two children ran away, but the head pursued them. At last they were worn out, but their mother's head still rolled after them. Then the older girl drew a line or mark on the ground and so deep a hole opened that the head could not cross. The younger girl was very hungry. She said to her sister: "Look at that deer." The older girl looked at the deer, and it fell down dead as if shot. So they ate of it. Then some one was kind to them and helped them, and they lived in a large lodge and had much food of various kinds to eat. Two large panthers and two large black bears guarded them against all wild animals and persons.

A camp of people was starving. Neither buffalo nor smaller game could be found. The people heard that the children had abundance of food of all kinds, and they all moved to them.

When they arrived the children invited them, and the various companies came and ate with them. Finally they all went out again; only the children's father now stayed with them again. But they regretted what he had done to them. So they caused the lions to jump upon their father, and he was killed.

Story Of The Bird Clan

A Chickasaw Legend

John R. Swanton, 44th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, 1926

This clan was not very numerous. Their origin was not known for some time, but finally it was discovered. There were some people living on two neighboring hills, but for a long time it was not thought that these had inhabitants.

These hills were thought uninhabited because other people did not see how they could get down from them to hunt. When they found that they actually were inhabited they thought that the occupants must have wings, and so they called them Birds.

They were people who were up and off before day. They did not have many peculiar customs. They were like real birds in that they would not bother anybody. They usually had many wives, and they had a good custom of not marrying anyone outside of their clan or those belonging to another house group. A woman might belong to the very same clan as a man, but if her house name was different from his he would not marry her.

The reason was that they did not want to mix their blood with that of other people. They kept to the ways of their ancestors without disturbing anyone else. They were satisfied with what had been handed down to them. The people of this clan had different sorts of minds, just as there are different species of birds.

Some have the minds of wood peckers, others of crows, others of pigeons, eagles, chicken hawks, horned owls, common owls, buzzards, screech owls, day hawks, prairie hawks, field larks, red-tailed hawks, red birds, wrens, hummingbirds, speckled woodpeckers, cranes, bluebirds, blackbirds, turkeys, chickens, quails, towhee (birds found only in winters and looking like martins), yellow hammers, whip-poor-wills, and like all other kinds of birds.

Some have homes and some have not, as is the case with birds. It seems as though the best people of the Bird clan were wiser than any others. They do not work at all, but have an easy time going through life and go anywhere they want to.

They have many offspring as birds have. They do whatever they desire, and when anything happens to them they depend on persons of their own house group without calling in strangers.

This is the end of the story of the Birds, although much more might be written about them.

Story Of The Red Fox Clan

A Chickasaw Legend

John R. Swanton, 44th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, 1926

Red Fox (Tcula) was once found in a cave asleep by a hunter. The hunter crept up to him and saw that it was Tcula. As he lay there asleep he looked red all over, and in consequence the hunter called him Red Fox.

From that time on his descendants have been known as the Red Fox clan.

Some time after this Red Fox took up with a woman belonging to the Wildcat clan. Their descendants were known as Tcula homa ikxa, and they lived only in the woods. They made a living by stealing from other people, and that was why they wanted to live in the timber continually. If this clan had been handed down through the women, it would have been numerous to-day; but since it depended on the father's side it did not last long.

They kept on stealing until about 1880, when the other people got tired of them and killed nearly all, so that there are now only a few remaining among the Choctaw and Chickasaw.

A person of the Red Fox clan did whatever he liked.

Once a man of this clan went hunting. He did not return that day nor the next day after. In fact he was gone for several days, and presently the people thought something had happened to him and chose three men to send in search of him.

These men at length reached a place where they expected to find him, but when they got close to it he was not there. They discovered that he had taken up with a woman of the Bird clan; that was why he had not returned home. When they at length came to the place where he was living, he told them that he did not think it was harmful to take any woman, whether she was of the same clan or not.

Therefore, when he met this woman and found that he liked her and that she liked him, they lived together. The men told him that it was against the will of his people and contrary to their customs, but he could not be persuaded and after a while they left him. Before he left his people he had already been married. Afterwards he wanted to go back to live with them as he had before, but they would not listen to him.

It was the belief of the people of the Red Fox clan that one should not marry outside, and it was their law that if one did so they would not have anything to do with him. They would not help him in any way but he who obeyed their customs was held in respect among them. They believed that things moved on as was intended by the Creator, but some people did not have any regard for this and did not care what happened to them.

The customs and habits of the Red Fox clan are different from those of any other, and the same was true of those of the Double Mountain people. Anyone who wanted to learn their ways must marry one of their women (which, judging by what was said in the last paragraph in the case of the Red Foxes, would seem to have been difficult).

When winter was approaching and these people wanted to go on a hunt, they began their preparations a considerable time in advance. Some of them would get together and decide how many were to go and how long they would be gone.

Then these persons would fast for four days and meanwhile the women would cook food for them to take, enough to last for the time determined upon. They made sacks into which to put cold flour (banaha). While the men were fasting they would not sleep with their wives, for if one did he thought that luck would abandon him and he would kill no deer.

Some would not observe these rules and in consequence they were usually excluded from the party. If such a person were permitted to go, the deer would see him first and run off. But those who obeyed the regulations would have good luck and kill many deer and bear to bring home.

When they killed a deer they dried the meat to last them through the winter. When they went after bear they hunted about until they discovered his lair and then one of the hunters went into it bearing a pine torch.

Story of the Raccoon Clan

A Chickasaw Legend

John R. Swanton, 44th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, 1926

These people dressed differently from others but in most of their customs they were similar. They had a certain habit, however, in which they were unique and that was that they would kill one other.

Their taste in the matter of food was also peculiar. They liked to dance as well as any other people and would rather dance the Raccoon dance than eat. When they were going to have a dance they would send out a messenger to announce the fact, and afterwards the old men and old women would dance all night. When they were preparing for a dance they would boil certain roots to make a kind of tea which they considered stimulating.

They could dance all night without feeling any ill effects. The foods of which they were fondest were fish and all kinds of fruits such as grapes.

When fruit was plentiful they like that best which ripens early in the winter. In the spring they ate every kind of thing that was eatable. In the fall they hung bunches of grapes up to dry and then stored them away for winter's use. In summer they dried green corn for the winter.

Some made shuck (or blue) bread, some made cold flour, and some laid away meal out of which porridge is made. Some foods would last as long as they desired.

These people were very cunning. They knew just what to do and how to do it and could not be cheated by others, except for the younger people, who were easily deceived. They would not undertake anything of which they were not sure in advance. They would not let other clans intermarry with theirs.

They had clever ways of finding out what they wanted to know, and they depended very much upon a conjurer (apoloma), who could excel in the game of hiding-the-bullet, in horse racing, and in the ball game.

Sometimes the conjurer was called a wizard (ieta holo). They had great faith in him and he was not afraid of undertaking any task assigned to him, yet he was not as good as a doctor (alektci). He could imitate any sort of animal or bird, but he could work only among his own people, or near his own side, fearing lest the opponents would kill him.

The others did not know what he might do. Whatever the conjurer chose to do was considered right, but some conjurers were afraid to do as they ought by their own side lest the opponents should injure them afterwards.

The conjurer foretold what was going to happen to the ball players and those that heeded his advice did not get into trouble, but some would forget and suffer injuries and be sorry that they had not been obedient.

When the people heeded the conjurer's warning they usually won, i.e., if their conjurer was better than that on the side of the opponents.

These people had great faith in their leaders and most of them would heed their advice, but there were a few who would not listen to the advice of the older people, and through these in course of time all went to the bad.

Some would not visit the sick or have anything to do with them though they were under oath to assist them. They were too proud. They became utterly incompetent because they would listen neither to the conjurer nor the old people.

Sometimes, too, the conjurer told them lies and they found it out and for that reason would not listen to him.

Story Of The Wildcat Clan

A Chickasaw Legend

John R. Swanton, 44th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, 1926

This clan differs from other clans principally in what its members eat. They seldom go out in the daytime but roam about at night in search of food. They do not, however, try to steal. They are swift of foot and when an accident happens to them they depend on their swiftness to escape. They care very little about women, but when they want anything they generally get it. They think more of their feet than of any other parts of their bodies and their eyes are so keen that they can see anyone before he detects them. When one of them wants a wife he gets his parents to obtain one.

They do not select any kind of woman but are careful in choosing. The younger always get a woman first. These generally sleep in the daytime. If they do not have good luck at night their rest is disturbed but if they have good luck they sleep through most of the day. One a number of men belonging to this clan went hunting and camped a considerable distance from home.

Afterward they scattered to see what they could find but remained within call of one another, having made an agreement that if anything happened to one of them he should shout for help. But one of them ventured farther than he was aware and got a long distance off. Presently he got tired and sat down to rest, but while he was there a lofa (means "skinner." The being was thought to have long hair like an animal) came up and said: "What are you doing here? You are intruding upon my land and had better get up and return to your own place."

But the Indian believed himself to be strong enough for any situation, so he sat still without speaking. Presently the lofa ordered him off again and added, "If you do not get up and go away I will tie you up and carry you to my place."

"You may do so if you can," the man replied, and upon this the lofa seized him. At first it seemed as if the man were the stronger of the two and he was able to throw the lofa down, but the latter smelled so bad that it was too much for his antagonist, and the lofa overcame him, hung him up in a tree and went away.

The man hung there all night, and when he did not make his appearance at camp the other hunters began a search for him and, when they found him, cut the grapevine by which he was fastened so that he fell to the ground. They asked him what had treated him in this manner but he would not speak and they thought he might have seen a ghost or something of that sort. Some time later, however, he came to himself and related what had happened. Afterwards, thought he was very fond of hunting and knew that he would be successful, he would not venture out unless someone were with him.

The Stretching Tree

A Chilcotin Legend

Farrand, Jesup North Pacific Expedition, ii, 29, No. 13

Once an old man and a young man and two women lived together. The two women were the young man's wives. Now, the young man needed some feathers for his arrows.

One day, seeing a hawk's nest in a high tree, he started to climb to it to get the hawk-feathers.

Now, the old man was jealous of the young man, and had followed him. And when he saw him climbing the tree, he used his magic and made the tree grow higher and higher, and at the same time peeled off all the bark so that the trunk was slippery; and as the young man was naked, he could not come down, but had to remain in the top of the tree.

When the young man failed to appear that night, the old man said he wished to move camp, and that the women were to come with him. And the next morning they started. Now, one of the women liked the old man; but the other one, who had a baby, disliked him, and when they camped for the night, she would take her baby, and make a fire for herself outside the camp and away from the old man. So they went on for several days.

All this time the young man staid up in the tree; and as it was cold and he had no clothes, he took his hair, which was very long, and wove feathers in it, and so made a blanket to protect himself. The little birds who built their nests in the sticks of the hawk's nest tried their best to carry him down to the ground, but could not lift him, and so he staid on.

Finally one day he saw coming, a long way off, an old woman bent over, and with a stick in each hand. She came to the bottom 'of the tree where the young man was, and began to climb, and climbed until she reached the young man, and then she turned out to be Spider. Then Spider spun a web for him, and of the web the young man made a rope and so reached the ground.

When he came back to his camp, he found it deserted, but discovered the trail of the fugitives, and started to follow. He trailed them a long time, and finally saw them in the distance. Now, the woman who did not like the old man was following behind with her little boy; and the child, looking back, saw his father and cried out, "Why, there is my father!"

But the mother replied, "What do you mean? Your father has been dead a long time." But looking back herself, she saw her husband, and waited for him to come up, and they stopped together.

Then she told her husband all that had happened, how the old man had wished to take both his wives, and how she would not have him, but how the other one took him.

Now, the woman was carrying a large basket, and she put her husband into it and covered him up. When they reached the old man's camp she put the basket down close

to the fire; but the old man took it and placed it some distance away.

The woman brought it back and as she did so the young man sprang out and struck the old man and killed him. Then he killed his faithless wife; and taking the other woman, who was true, and the little boy, they went back to their old home together.

Choctaw Corn Legend

A Choctaw Legend

John R. Swanton, Source Material for the Social and Ceremonial Life of the Choctaw Indians

The origin of corn is connected with a myth called by Cushman the story of Ohoyo Osh Chisba (or Ohoyo osh chisba), "The Unknown Woman." With Cushman's usual emotional setting this runs as follows:

In the days of many moons ago, two Choctaw hunters were encamped for the night in the swamps of the bend of the Alabama river.... The two hunters, having been unsuccessful in the chase of that and the preceding day, found themselves on that night with nothing with which to satisfy the cravings of hunger except a black hawk which they had shot with an arrow.

Sad reflections filled their hearts as they thought of their sad disappointments and of their suffering families at home. While the gloomy future spread over them its dark pall of despondency, all serving to render them unhappy indeed.

They cooked the hawk and sat down to partake of their poor and scanty supper, when their attention was drawn from their gloomy forebodings by the low but distinct tones, strange yet soft and plaintive as the melancholy notes of the dove, but produced by what they were unable to even conjecture.

At different intervals it broke the deep silence of the early night with its seemingly muffled notes of woe; and as the nearly full orbed moon slowly ascended the eastern sky the strange sounds became more frequent and distinct.

With eyes dilated and fluttering heart they looked up and down the river to learn whence the sounds proceeded, but no object except the sandy shores glittering in the moonlight greeted their eyes, while the dark waters of the river seemed alone to give response in murmuring tones to the strange notes that continued to float upon the night air from a direction they could not definitely locate; but happening to look behind them in the direction opposite the moon they saw a woman of wonderful beauty standing upon a mound a few rods distant.

Like an illuminated shadow, she had suddenly appeared out of the moon-lighted forest. She was loosely clad in snow-white raiment, and bore in the folds of her drapery a wreath of fragrant flowers.

She beckoned them to approach, while she seemed surrounded by a halo of light that gave to her a supernatural appearance.

Their imagination now influenced them to believe her to be the Great Spirit of their nation, and that the flowers she bore were representatives of loved ones who had passed from earth to bloom in the Spirit Land ...

The mystery was solved. At once they approached (the spot) where she stood, and

offered their assistance in any way they could be of service to her. She replied she was very hungry, whereupon one of them ran and brought the roasted hawk and handed it to her.

She accepted it with grateful thanks; but, after eating a small portion of it, she handed the remainder back to them replying that she would remember their kindness when she returned to her home in the happy hunting grounds of her father, who was Shilup Chitoh Osh - The Great Spirit of the Choctaws. She then told them that when the next mid-summer moon should come they must meet her at the mound upon which she was then standing.

She then bade them an affectionate adieu, and was at once borne away upon a gentle breeze and, mysteriously as she came, so she disappeared. The two hunters returned to their camp for the night and early next morning sought their homes, but kept the strange incident to themselves, a profound secret.

When the designated time rolled around the mid-summer full moon found the two hunters at the foot of the mound but Ohoyo Chishba Osh was nowhere to be seen. Then remembering she told them they must come to the very spot where she was then standing, they at once ascended the mound and found it covered with a strange plant, which yielded an excellent food, which was ever afterwards cultivated by the Choctaws, and named by them Tunchi (corn).

The Tower of Babel

A Choctaw Legend

Bushnell, Bulletin of the Bureau of American Ethnology, xlviii, 30

Many generations ago Aba, the good spirit above, created many men, all Choctaw, who spoke the language of the Choctaw, and understood one another.

These came from the bosom of the earth, being formed of yellow clay, and no men had ever lived before them. One day all came together and, looking upward, wondered what the clouds and the blue expanse above might be. They continued to wonder and talk among themselves and at last determined to endeavor to reach the sky.

So they brought many rocks and began building a mound that was to have touched the heavens. That night, however, the wind blew strong from above and the rocks fell from the mound. The second morning they again began work on the mound, but as the men slept that night the rocks were again scattered by the winds.

Once more, on the third morning, the builders set to their task. But once more, as the men lay near the mound that night, wrapped in slumber, the winds came with so great force that the rocks were hurled down on them.

The men were not killed, but when daylight came and they made their way from beneath the rocks and began to speak to one another, all were astounded as well as alarmed - they spoke various languages and could not understand one another.

Some continued thenceforward to speak the original tongue, the language of the Choctaw, and from these sprung the Choctaw tribe. The others, who could not understand this language, began to fight among themselves. Finally they separated.

The Choctaw remained the original people; the others scattered, some going north, some east, and others west, and formed various tribes. This explains why there are so many tribes throughout the country at the present time.

The Release of the Wild Animals

A Comanche Legend

St. Clair, Journal of American Folk-Lore, xxii, 280, No. 17

Long ago two persons owned all the buffalo. They were an old woman and her young cousin. They kept them penned up in the mountains, so that they could not get out. Coyote came to these people.

He summoned the Indians to a council. "That old woman will not give us anything. When we come over there, we will plan how to release the buffalo."

They all moved near the buffalo-enclosure. "After four nights," said Coyote, "we will again hold a council as to how we can release the buffalo. A very small animal shall go where the old woman draws her water. When the child gets water, it will take it home for a pet. The old woman will object; but the child will think so much of the animal, that it will begin to cry and will be allowed to keep it. The animal will run off at daybreak, and the buffalo will burst out of their pen and run away."

The first animal they sent failed. Then they sent the Kill-dee.

When the boy went for water, he found the Kill-dee and took it home. "Look here!" he said to his cousin, "this animal of mine is very good."

The old woman replied, "Oh, it is good for nothing! There is nothing living on the earth that is not a rascal or schemer."

The child paid no attention to her.

"Take it back where you got it," said the woman. He obeyed. The Kill-dee returned.

The people had another council. "Well, she has got the better of these two. They have failed," said Coyote; "but that makes no difference. Perhaps we may release them, perhaps we shall fail. This is the third time now. We will send a small animal over there. If the old woman agrees to take it, it will liberate those buffalo; it is a great schemer."

So they sent the third animal. Coyote said, "If she rejects this one, we shall surely be unable to liberate the game."

The animal went to the spring and was picked up by the boy, who took a great liking to it. "Look here! What a nice pet I have!"

The old woman replied, "Oh, how foolish you are! It is a good for nothing. All the animals in the world are schemers. I'll kill it with a club."

The boy took it in his arms and ran away crying. He thought too much of his pet. "No! this animal is too small," he cried.

When the animal had not returned by nightfall, Coyote went among the people, saying, "Well, this animal has not returned yet; I dare say the old woman has consented to keep it. Don't be uneasy, our buffalo will be freed." Then he bade all the people get ready just at daybreak. "Our buffalo will be released. Do all of you mount your horses."

In the mean time the animal, following its instructions, slipped over to the pen, and began to howl. The buffalo heard it, and were terrified. They ran towards the gate, broke it down, and escaped. The old woman, hearing the noise, woke up.

The child asked, "Where is my pet?" He did not find it.

The old woman said, "I told you so. Now you see the animal is bad, it has deprived us of our game." She vainly tried to hold the buffalo back.

At daybreak all the Indians got on their horses, for they had confidence in Coyote. Thus the buffalo came to live on this earth. Coyote was a great schemer.

The Legend of Manitou Springs

A Comanche Legend

George F. Ruxton, "Legend of Manitou Springs," 1847

The Snakes, in common with all Indians, possess hereditary legends to account for all natural phenomena, or any extraordinary occurrences which are beyond their ken or comprehension.

Of course, they have their legendary version of the causes which created in the midst of their hunting grounds these two springs of sweet and bitter water; which are also intimately connected with the cause of separation between the tribes of "Comanche" and the "Snake."

Thus runs the legend:

Many hundreds of winters ago, when the cottonwoods on the Big River were no higher than an arrow, and the red men, who hunted the buffalo on the plains all spoke the same language, and the pipe of peace breathed its social cloud of Kinnik-Kinnick whenever two parties of hunters met on the boundless plains--where, with hunting grounds and game of every kind in the greatest abundance, no nation dug up the hatchet with another because one of its hunters followed the game into their bounds, but, on the contrary, loaded for him his back with choice and fattest meat, and ever proffered the soothing pipe before the stranger, with well filled belly, left the village.

It happened that two hunters of different nations met one day on a small rivulet where both had repaired to quench their thirst. A little stream of water, rising from a spring on a rock within a few feet of the bank, trickled over it, and fell splashing into the river. To this the hunters repaired; and while one sought the spring itself, where the water, cold and clear, reflected on its surface the image of the surrounding scenery, the other, tired by his exertions in the chase, threw himself at once to the ground, and plunged his face into the running stream.

The latter had been unsuccessful in the chase, and perhaps his bad fortune and the sight of the fat deer which the other hunter threw from his back before he drank at the crystal spring, caused a feeling of jealousy and ill humor to take possession of his mind. The other on the contrary, before he satisfied his thirst, raised in the hollow of his hand a portion of the water, and lifting it toward the sun, reversed his hand and allowed it to fall upon the ground--a libation to the Great Spirit Manitou who had vouchsafed him a successful hunt and the blessing of the refreshing water with which he was about to quench his thirst.

Seeing this, and being reminded that he had neglected the usual offering, only increased the feeling of envy and annoyance which the unsuccessful hunter permitted to get the mastery of his heart; and the Evil Spirit at that moment entering his body, his temper fairly flew away and he sought some pretense by which to provoke a quarrel with the stranger Indian at the spring.

"Why does a stranger, " he asked, rising from the stream at the same time, "drink at the spring head, when one to whom the fountain belongs contents himself with the water that runs from it?"

"The Great Spirit Manitou places the cool water at the spring," answered the other hunter, "that his children may drink it pure and undefiled. The running water is for the beasts which scour the plains. Au-sa-qua is a chief of the Shoshones; he drinks at the headwater."

"The Shoshone is but a tribe of the Comanche," returned the other: "Waco-mish leads the grand nation. Why does a Shoshone dare to drink above him?"

"He has said it. The Shoshone drinks at the spring-head; other nations of the stream which runs into the fields. Au-sa-qua is the chief of his nation. The Comanches are brothers. Let them both drink of the same water."

"The Shoshone pays tribute to the Comanche. Waco-mish leads that nation to war. Waco-mish is chief of the Shoshone as he is of his own people."

"Waco-mish lies; his tongue is forked like the rattlesnake's; his heart is black as the Misho-tunga (bad spirit). When the Manitou made his children, whether Shoshone or Comanche, Arapahoe, Shian or Paine, he gave them buffalo to eat and the pure water of the fountain to quench their thirst. He said not to one, drink here, and to another drink there; but gave the crystal spring to all that all might drink."

"Waco-mish almost burst with rage as the other spoke; but his coward heart alone prevented him from provoking an encounter with the calm Shoshone. He made thirsty by the words he had spoken,--for the red man is ever sparing of his tongue,--again stooped down to the spring to quench his thirst, when the subtle warrior of the Comanche suddenly threw himself upon the kneeling hunter and, forcing his head into the bubbling water, held him down with all his strength until his victim no longer struggled, his stiffened limbs relaxed, and he fell forward over the spring, drowned and dead.

Over the body stood the murderer, and no sooner was the deed of blood consummated than bitter remorse took possession of his mind where before had reigned the fiercest passion and vindictive hate. With hands clasped to his forehead he stood transfixed with horror, intently gazing on his victim whose head still remained immersed in the fountain. Mechanically he dragged the body a few paces from the water, which, as soon as the head of the dead Indian was withdrawn, the Comanche saw suddenly and strangely disturbed. Bubbles sprang up from the bottom, and rising to the surface escaped in hissing gas.

A thin vapory cloud arose and gradually dissolving, displayed to the eyes of the trembling murderer the figure of an aged Indian whose long, snowy hair and venerable beard, blown aside by a gentle air from his breast, discovered the well-known totem of the great Wau-kau-aga, the father of the Comanche and Shoshone nation whom the tradition of the tribe, handed down by skilful hieroglyphics, almost deified for the good actions and deeds of bravery this famous warrior had performed when on earth.

Stretching out a war club toward the affrighted murderer, the figure thus addressed him: "Accursed of my tribe ! this day thou has severed the link between the mightiest nations of the world, while the blood of the brave Shoshone cries to the Manitou for vengeance. May the water of thy tribe be rank and bitter in their throats."

Thus saying, and swinging his ponderous war club (made from the elk's horn) round his head, he dashed out the brains of the Comanche, who fell headlong into the spring, which from that day to the present moment remains rank and nauseous, so that not even when half dead with thirst, can one drink of the foul water of that spring.

The good Wau-kau-aga, however, to perpetuate the memory of the Shoshone warrior, who was renowned in his tribe for valor and nobleness of heart, struck with the same avenging club a hard, flat rock which overhung the rivulet, just out of sight of this scene of blood; and forthwith, the rock opened into a round, clear basin which instantly filled with bubbling, sparkling water, than which no thirsty hunter ever drank a sweeter or a cooler draught.

Thus the two springs remain, an everlasting memento of the foul murder of the brave Shoshone and the stern justice of the good Wau-kau-aga; and from that day two mighty tribes of the Shoshone and Comanche have remained severed and apart; although a long and bloody war followed the treacherous murder of the Shoshone chief, and many a scalp torn from the head of the Comanche paid the penalty of his death.

The American and Canadian trappers assert that the numerous springs which, under the head of beer, soda, steamboat, springs, etc., abound in the Rocky Mountains, are the spots where his Satanic majesty comes up from his kitchen to breathe the sweet, fresh air, which must doubtless be refreshing to his worship after a few hours spent in superintending the culinary process going on below.

The Jealous Father

A Cree Legend

Skinner, *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, ix, 92

Once there was an old man named Aioswé who had two wives. When his son by one of these women began to grow up, Aioswé became jealous of him.

One day, he went off to hunt and when he came back, found marks on one of the women (the co-wife with his son's mother) which proved to him that his son had been on terms of intimacy with her.

One day the old man and the boy went to a rocky island to hunt for eggs. Wishing to get rid of his son, the old man persuaded him to gather eggs farther and farther away from the shore. The young man did not suspect anything until he looked up and saw his father paddling off in the canoe. "Why are you deserting me, father?" he cried.

"Because you have played tricks on your stepmother," answered the old man.

When the boy found that he was really left behind, he sat there crying hour after hour. At last, Walrus appeared. He came near the island and stuck his head above the water. "What are you crying for, my son?" said Walrus.

"My father has deserted me on this island and I want to get home to the mainland. Will you not help me to get ashore?" the boy replied.

Walrus said that he would do so willingly. "Get on my back," said Walrus, "and I will take you to the mainland." Then Walrus asked Aioswé's son if the sky was clear. The boy replied that it was, but this was a lie, for he saw many clouds. Aioswé's son said this because he was afraid that Walrus would desert him if he knew it was cloudy. Walrus said, "If you think I am not going fast enough, strike on my horns [tusks] and let me know when you think it is shallow enough for you to get ashore, then you can jump off my back and walk to the land."

As they went along, Walrus said to the boy, "Now my son, you must let me know if you hear it thunder, because as soon as it thunders, I must go right under the water." The boy promised to let Walrus know. They had not gone far, when there came a peal of thunder. Walrus said, "My son, I hear thunder." "Oh, no, you are mistaken," said the boy who feared to be drowned, "what you think is thunder is only the noise your body makes going so quickly through the water." Walrus believed the boy and thought he must have been wrong.

Some time later, there came another peal of thunder and this time, Walrus knew he was not mistaken, he was sure it was thunder. He was very angry and said he would drop Aioswé's son there, whether the water was shallow or not. He did so but the lad had duped Walrus with his lies so that he came where the water was very shallow and the boy escaped, but Walrus was killed by lightning before he could reach water deep enough to dive in. This thunderstorm was sent to destroy Walrus by Aioswé's father,

who conjured for it. Walrus, on the other hand, was the result of conjuring by his mother, who wished to save her son's life.

When Aioswé's son reached the shore, he started for home, but he had not gone far before he met an old woman, who had been sent as the result of a wish for his safety by his mother (or was a wish for his safety on his mother's part, personified). The old woman instructed the lad how to conduct himself if he ever expected to reach his home and mother again. "Now you have come ashore there is still a lot of trouble for you to go through before you reach home," said she, and she gave him the stuffed skin of an ermine (weasel in white winter coat). "This will be one of your weapons to use to protect yourself," were her words as she tendered him this gift, and she told him what dangers he would encounter and what to do in each case.

Then the son of Aioswé started for his home once more. As he journeyed through the forest he came upon a solitary wigwam inhabited by two old blind hags, who were the result of an adverse conjuration by his father. Both of these old women had sharp bones like daggers; protruding from the lower arm at the elbow." They were very savage and used to kill everybody they met. When Aioswé's son approached the tent, although the witches could not see him, they knew from their magic powers that he was near. They asked him to come in and sit down, but he was suspicious, for he did not like the looks of their elbows.

He thought of a plan by which he might dupe the old women into killing each other. Instead of going himself and sitting between them he got a large parchment and fixing it to the end of a pole, he poked it in between them. The old women heard it rattle and thought it was the boy himself coming to sit between them.

Then they both turned their backs to the skin and began to hit away at it with their elbows. Every time they stabbed the skin, they cried out, "I am hitting the son of Aioswé! I've hit him! I've hit him!" At last, they got so near each other that they began to hit one another, calling out all the time, "I am hitting the son of Aioswé!" They finally stabbed each other to death and the son of Aioswé escaped this danger also.

When the young man had vanquished the two old women he proceeded on his journey. He had not gone very far when he came to a row of dried human bones hung across the path so that no one could pass by without making them rattle. Not far away, there was a tent full of people and big dogs. Whenever they heard anyone disturb the bones, they would set upon him and kill him. The old woman who had advised Aioswé's son told him that when he came to this place he could escape by digging a tunnel in the path under the bones.

When he arrived at the spot he began to follow her advice and burrow under. He was careless and when he was very nearly done and completely out of sight, he managed to rattle the bones. At once, the dogs heard and they cried out, "That must be Aioswé's son." All the people ran out at once, but since Aioswé's son was under ground in the tunnel they could not see him, so after they had searched for a while they returned. The dogs said, "We are sure this is the son of Aioswé," and they continued to search.

At length, they found the mouth of the hole Aioswé's son had dug. The dogs came to the

edge and began to bark till all the people ran out again with their weapons. Then Aioswé's son took the stuffed ermine skin and poked its head up. All the people saw it and thought it was really ermine. Then they were angry and killed the dogs for lying.

Aioswé's son escaped again and this time he got home. When he drew near his father's wigwam, he could hear his mother crying, and as he approached still closer he saw her. She looked up and saw him coming. She cried out to her husband and co-wife, "My son has come home again."

The old man did not believe it. "It is not possible," he cried. But his wife insisted on it. Then the old man came out and when he saw it was really his son, he was very much frightened for his own safety. He called out to his other wife, "Bring some caribou skins and spread them out for my son to walk on." But the boy kicked them away. "I have come a long way," said he, "with only my bare feet to walk on."

That night, the boy sang a song about the burning of the world and the old man sang against him but he was not strong enough. "I am going to set the world on fire," said the boy to his father, "I shall make all the lakes and rivers boil." He took up an arrow and said, "I am going to shoot this arrow into the woods; see if I don't set them on fire." He shot his arrow into the bush and a great blaze sprang up and all the woods began to burn.

"The forest is now on fire," said the old man, "but the water is not yet burning." "I'll show you how I can make the water boil also," said his son. He shot another arrow into the water, and it immediately began to boil. Then the old man who wished to escape said to his son, "How shall we escape?" The old man had been a great bear hunter and had a large quantity of bear's grease preserved in a bark basket. "Go into your fat basket," said his son, "you will be perfectly safe there."

Then he drew a circle on the ground and placed his mother there. The ground enclosed by the circle was not even scorched, but the wicked old man who had believed he would be safe in the grease baskets, was burned to death.

Aioswé's son said to his mother, "Let us become birds. What will you be?" "I'll be a robin," said she. "I'll be a whisky jack (Canada jay)," he replied. They flew off together.

Mudjikiwis

A Cree Legend

Skinner, Journal of American Folk-Lore, xxix, 353, No. 3

Once upon a time the Indians were camping. They had ten lodges. There were ten of them; and the eldest brother, Mudjikiwis, was sitting in the doorway.

It was winter, and all the Indians had their side-bags on; and every day they went off and hunted in the direction which they faced as they sat. Mudjikiwis always took the lead, and the others followed.

Once when he came home to his camp, he saw smoke just as he crossed the last hill. When he approached the lodge, he saw a pile of wood neatly stacked by the door. He himself had always cooked the dinner; and when he saw it ready, he was very glad. "There is surely a girl here!" he thought. "There must be some one who has done this."

He had many brothers younger than himself. "Maybe some one is trying to marry them, or some girl wants me!"

When he arrived at the lodge, he saw a girl's pigeon-toed tracks, and he was delighted. "It is a girl!" he cried, and he rushed in to see her, but there was no one there. The fire was just started, the meat cooked and ready, and water had been drawn. Some one had just finished work when he came.

There were even ten pairs of moccasins hanging up. "Now, at last, there is some one to sew for us! Surely one of us will get married!" he thought, and he also thought that he would be the fortunate one. He did not touch anything, but left everything as he had found it for his brothers to see.

After a while the brother next to him in age came in. He looked up and saw all the moccasins, and he too was very glad. Then Mudjikiwis said, "I do not know which of us is going to be married. A girl has just left here, but I cannot tell who she is, and there are ten of us. One of us is loved by some one!"

They soon were joined by the third, and then by the fourth brother, and the fire was out by that time. The youngest brother was the most handsome one of the family. "If one of us should marry, Mudjikiwis, we shall have to hunt hard and not let our sister-in-law hunger or be in need," he said. "I shall be very glad if we have a sister-in-law. Don't let her chop wood; she cannot attend to all of us. We just want her to cook and mend our clothes."

At night they were all crying, "He, he, he!" until dark came, because they were so glad. "I cannot attend to all my brothers, and I do not need to do so any more!" cried Mudjikiwis. The next day nine went off, and left the youngest brother on guard to see the girl. Mudjikiwis came back first, and found that the tenth boy had not been taken. "Oh, well! leave our ninth brother next time," he said "Then we will try it once more with our eighth brother."

Three of them then kept house in succession, but the woman did not come. They then left the fifth one, and said, "If no one comes, make dinner for us yourself." Soon after they had left, some one came along making a noise like a rattle, for she had bells on her leggings.

"Oh, she shall not know me!" said the youth. "I shall be a bit of eagle-down," and he flew up between the canvas and the poles of the lodge. Presently the girl entered. She had very long hair, and was very pretty. She took the axe and went out to cut wood, and soon brought in four armfuls. Then she made the fire, took down the kettles, and prepared dinner. When she had done so she melted some snow, took another armful of wood, and started another fire.

After she had finished she called to the youth to come down from his hiding-place. "Maybe you think I don't know you are up there," she said. So he came down and took a seat with her by the fire.

When Mudjikiwis came home, he saw another big pile of wood. When he came near, he cried, "He, he, he!" to show that he was well pleased. "I could not attend to the needs of my brothers," he shouted, "I could not cook for them, and I could not provide my relatives with moccasins!" He entered the door and bent down, for Mudjikiwis had on a fisher-skin head-band with an eagle-quill thrust in behind. As he came in, he saw a pretty girl sitting there. When he sat down, he said, "Hai, hai, hai! The girl is sitting like her mother."

He pulled off his shoes and threw them to his youngest brother, and received a fine pair of moccasins from his sister-in-law. He was delighted, and cried, "Hai, hai, hai!" Soon all the other brothers came back, all nine of them, and each received new moccasins.

Mudjikiwis said, "I have already advised you. Do not let our sister-in-law chop wood or do any hard work. Hunt well, and do not let her be hungry." Morning came, and Mudjikiwis was already half in love with his sister-in-law. He started out, pretending that he was going to hunt, but he only went over a hill and stopped there. Then he wrapped his blanket around himself. It was winter, and he took some mud from under the snow and rubbed it over his forehead and on his hat-band. He had his ball-headed club with him, which had two eyes that winked constantly. Soon he saw his sister-in-law, who came out to chop wood.

He went to speak to her, but the girl had disappeared. Soon she came back. There was one pile of wood here, and one there. Mudjikiwis stopped at the one to the west. He had his bow, his arrows, and his club with him. He held his club on the left arm, and his bow and arrow on the right arm, folded his arms across his breast, and was smiling at her when she came up. "O my brother-in-law! I don't want to do that," she cried.

Then Mudjikiwis was angry because she scorned him. He took an arrow and shot her in the leg, and fled off to hunt. That night he returned late, last of all. As he came close to the lodge, he called out, "Yoha, yoha! what is wrong with you? You have done some kind of mischief. Why is there no wood for our sister-in-law?" He went in. "What is wrong with our sister-in-law, that she is not home?" he demanded. His brother then said, "Why are you so late? You used to be the first one here."

Mudjikiwis would not speak in reply. The married brother came in last. The young brother was tired of waiting, and asked each, "You did not see your sister-in-law, did you?" The others replied, "Mudjikiwis came very late. He never did so before."

"I shall track my wife," said the husband. So he set off in pursuit of her. He tracked her, and found that she had brought one load of wood. Her second trail ended at a little lodge of willows that she had made, and where she was. She cried to him, "Do not come here! Your brother Mudjikiwis has shot me. I told him I did not want to receive him, and then he shot me down. Do not come here. You will see me on the fourth night. If you want to give me food, put it outside the door and go away, and I shall get it."

Her husband went home, as she commanded. After that the youth would bring her food, after hunting, every night. "It is well. Even though our brother shot my wife, I shall forgive him, if I can only see her after four nights," he said. The third night he could hardly stay away, he wanted to see her so badly. The fourth day at dawn he went to the lodge; and as he drew near, she cried, "Do not come!" but he went in, anyway, and saw her there. "I told you not to come, but you could not restrain yourself. When your brothers could not attend to themselves, I wished to help them," she cried. So he went home satisfied, since he had seen her.

They breakfasted, and he started out again with food for her. She had gone out, for he found her tracks, little steps, dabbled with blood. Then he went back home, and said to his brothers, "My brothers, I am going to go after my wife."

He dressed, and followed her footprints. Sometimes he ran, and at sunset he wanted to camp. So he killed a rabbit; and as he came out of the brush, he saw a lodge. "He, my grandchild!" called a voice, "You are thinking of following your wife. She passed here at dawn. Come in and sit down! Here is where she sat before you." He entered, and found an old woman, who told him to sit in the same place where his wife had sat.

He gave her the rabbit he had shot, as he was really hungry. "Oh, my grandchild must be very hungry!" she cried, "so I shall cook for him," said the old crone. Her kettle was no larger than a thimble. She put in one morsel of meat and one little berry. The youth thought that was a very small allowance, when he was really hungry.

"O my grandchild!" the old woman said aloud in answer to his thoughts, "no one has ever eaten all my kettle holds. You are wrong if you think you won't get enough of this."

But he still thought so, and did not believe her. After the food was cooked, she said, "Eat, nosis!" and gave him a spoon. He took out the piece of meat and the berry; but when he had eaten it, the kettle was still full. He did this many times over. When he had finished, he had not eaten it all, yet he had enough. Then the grandmother told him that he had married one of ten sisters.

"They are not real people," she said, "they are from way up in the skies. They have ten brothers. There are three more of your grandmothers on the road where you are going. Each will tell you to go back, as I advised you; but if you insist, I will give you two bones to help you climb over the mountains."

Now, this old woman was really a moose, and not a human grandmother at all. "If you get into difficulties, you must cry, 'Where is my grandmother?' and use these two front shin-bones of the moose that I gave you." He slept there, and in the morning she gave him breakfast from the same kettle. When he was through she said, "Do not walk fast. Even if you rest on the way, you will reach your next grandmother in the evening. If you walk as fast as you can, you will get there at night."

He followed the trail as fast as he could, for he did not believe his grandmother. In the evening he killed a rabbit; and when he came out of the brush, there stood another lonely lodge, as before.

"O my grandchild! there is room in here for you to come in," cried a voice. "Your wife passed here early yesterday morning." Yet he had traveled two days. "She came in here!"

The old woman cooked for him in the same way as his other grandmother had done. Again he did not believe in her kettle, for he had already forgotten about his first grandmother. This grandmother was older than the first one whom he had left, and who was the youngest of the four grandmothers he was to meet. They were all sisters. "Why did you not believe my sister when she told you to go slowly? When you go fast, you make the trail longer. Hau, nosis! it is a difficult country where you are going," she cried. She gave him a squirrel-skin, saying, "Use this, nosis, whenever you are in difficulties. 'Where is my grandmother?' you shall say. This is what makes everything easy. You will cry, and you will throw it away. You will not leave me till the morning."

So very early next day he started off. He went very slowly; and in a few minutes it was night, and he killed another rabbit. When he came out of the brush, he saw another lodge, a little nearer than the others, and less ragged.

The old woman said to him, "Your wife passed here the same morning that she left up there"; and this grandmother made supper for him, as the others had done. This time the food was corn. "Nosis, your last grandmother, who is my sister, will give you good advice. Your wife has had a child already. Go very slowly, and you will reach there at night; it is not far from here. It is a very difficult country where you are going. Maybe you will not be able to get there."

She gave him a stuffed frog and some glue. "Whenever the mountains are too steep for you to climb, cry, 'Where is my grandmother?' put glue on your hands, and climb, and you will stick to the rocks. When you reach your next grandmother, she will advise you well. Your child is a little boy."

In the morning he had breakfast, and continued on the trail. He went on slowly, and it was soon night, and he killed another rabbit. When he reached the next lodge, nearer than all the rest, his grandmother said, "They have been saying you would be here after your wife; she passed here four days ago at dawn."

The youth entered the tent, and found that this grandmother was a fine young girl in appearance. She said, "To-morrow at noon your wife is going to be married, and the young men will all sit in a circle and pass your child around. The man upon whom he

urinates will be known as his father, and she will marry him." The old woman took off her belt, rolled it up nicely, and gave it to him. "This is the last one that you will use," she said, "When you are in trouble, cry out, 'Where is my grandmother?' and throw the belt out, and it will stick up there, so you can climb up to the top. Before noon you will reach a perpendicular precipice like a wall. Your wife is not of our people. She is one of the Thunderers."

That night the youth camped there. In the morning he had food. "If you manage to climb the mountain somehow," his grandmother said to him before he started, "you will cross the hill and see a steep slope, and there you will find a nest. There is one egg in it. That is a Thunderer's nest. As you come down, you will strike the last difficult place. There is a large log across a river.

The river is very deep, and the log revolves constantly. There you will find a big camp, headed by your father-in-law, who owns everything there. There is one old woman just on this side. She is one of us sisters; she is the second oldest of us. You will see bones strewn about when you get there. Many young men go there when they are looking for their wives, and their bones you will see lying about. The Thunderer destroys everything. Some have been cut in halves when they tried to get over the cut-knife mountain."

When the youth came to the mountain, he took first the two bones, and cried, "O grandmother! where are you?" and as he cried, she called from far off, "He, nosis, do not get into trouble!" He drove the bones into the mountain and climbed up hand over hand, driving them in as he climbed.

The bones pierced the rock. When he looked back, he saw that he was far up. He continued until the bones began to grow short, and at last he had to stop. Then he took out the squirrel-hide, called upon his grandmother for help, and threw the skin ahead. He went up in the air following it.

All at once he stopped, and his nails wore out on the rock as he slipped back. Then he took the glue out of its bundle.

He cried for his grandmother, and heard her answer. She had told him that he would find a hollow at one place, and there he rested on a ledge when his glue gave out. Then he called for his next grandmother, heard her answer, and cast out his belt, unrolling it. Then he climbed up the sharp summit. He felt of the edge, which was very sharp indeed. Then he became a piece of eagle-down. "The eagle-down loved me once. I shall be it, and blow over the ledge," he cried.

When he got across, he saw the Thunderer's nest and the two Thunderers and their egg. He found a trail from there on, until he came to the rolling log that lay across the deep river. Then he became down again, and blew across; and though many others had been drowned there, he crossed alive. He went on, and at last saw a small, low lodge with a little stone beside it. His last grandmother had told him to enter, as this was the abode of one of her sisters. So he went in.

"Ha, ha, ha, nosis!" she cried, "They said a long time ago that you were following your wife. She is to be married right now."--"Yes," he said. The marriage was to be in a lodge. He went there, peeped in, and a man saw him, who said, "Are you coming in? Our chief

says he will pass the child about and he on whose breast it urinates shall marry its mother."

So he went in. The girl saw him, and told her mother. "Oh, that is the one I married."

When he arrived there, Mudjikiwis (not the youth's brother, but another one, a Thunderer) was there too. They took the child, and one man passed it. Mudjikiwis, the Thunderer, held some water in his mouth. He seized the child, crying, "Come here, nosis!" and spat the water over himself; but, when he tried to claim the child, all the others laughed, as they had seen his trick. When the child's real father took it up, it urinated on him. Then all went out. The chief said, "Do not let my son-in-law walk about, because he is really tired. He shall not walk for ten days."

His father-in-law would go off all day. Hanging in the lodge the youth saw his brother's arrow, with which his wife had been shot. The father-in-law would burn sweet-grass for the arrow at the rare intervals when he came back, for he would be off for days at a time. On the fifth night the youth felt rested, and could walk a little. Then he asked his wife, "Why does your father smoke that arrow?" and she answered, "Oh, we never see those things up here. It is from below, and he thinks highly of it; therefore he does so."

On the sixth night he was able to walk around in the brush; and he came to a spring, where he found, on the surface of the water, a rusty stain with which he painted his face. He returned, and, as he was entering, his father-in-law cried, "Oh, that is why I want a son-in-law that is a human being! Where did he kill that bear? He is covered with blood.

Go and dress it," he ordered. The youth was frightened, as he had not seen any bear at all. "You people that live below," his wife said, "call them Giant Panthers. Show your brothers-in-law where it is." The youth took his brother-in-law to the spring. "Here is where I found the Panther," he said.

The ten Thunderers came up and struck the spring, and killed something there. After that the youth looked for springs all the time, and it came to pass that he found a number. One day he asked his wife, "Why does your father go away for whole days at a time?" and his wife said, "There is a large lake up here, and he hunts for fish there. He kills one every day, seldom two. He is the only one that can kill them."

The next morning the youth went to the lake, and found his father-in-law sitting by the shore fishing. The old man had a peculiar spear, which was forked at the end. The youth took it, and put barbs on it, so that the old man was able to catch a number of fish quickly. Then they went home.

When they arrived, his father-in-law said, "My son-in-law has taken many of them. I myself can only kill one, and sometimes two."

So he told all the people to go and get fish and eat them freely. On the following day, the young man, according to his mother-in-law's wish, took his wife to fish. They took many fish, and carried them home. The father-in-law knew, before they returned, that they had caught many.

The old man had had a dream. When he saw how the youth prepared the spear which his daughter had given him, he said, referring to his dream, "My dream was wrong, I thought the youngest of the ten liked me the best. I made the spear in the way I saw it, not as this one has shown me. It is due to my dream that it is wrong. Your nine brothers are having a hard time. Now, my sons, your sisters are going away soon to be married."

For nine nights the youth saw a dim light at a distance. The father-in-law said to him, "Do not go there, for a powerful being lives there." The tenth night, however, the youth disobeyed this injunction.

When he reached there, he saw a tall tree, and a huge porcupine that was burrowing at the foot of the tree. The porcupine struck the tree, and tried to kill it by shooting its quills into it. After the porcupine had shot off all its quills, the youth knocked it on the head, took two long quills from the tree, and carried them home.

Even before he got there, his father-in-law knew what had happened. They were delighted, for they said that the porcupine would kill the Thunderers when they tried to attack it. The father-in-law went out, and called to his sons to go and dress the porcupine that the youth had killed. The latter gave the two quills to his wife, though his father-in-law wanted them. The father-in-law said, "My children, this porcupine killed all our friends when they went to war against it. My sons-in-law below are miserable and lonely."

The eldest of the daughters, who was called Mudjikiskwe'wic, was delighted at the news. "You will marry the oldest one, Mudjikiwis," she was told. They were all to be married in order, the eldest girl to the eldest brother, the youngest to the youngest one. The old man said, "Mudjikiskwe'wic shall take her brother-in-law with her when she goes down to the earth." The young women went down. Sh-swsh! went Mudjikiskwe'wic (the girl) with her dress.

They reached the steep place, and the married woman said to her husband that they would fly around. "If you do not catch me when I fly past, you will be killed here."

The women went off a little ways, and a heavy thunderstorm arose, big black clouds and lightning, yet he saw Mudjikiskwe'wic in it. She was green, and so was the sun; and as they passed she shouted once, then again a little nearer, and again close by.

Then he jumped off and caught her by the back. He closed his eyes as he did so, and did not open them until the Thunderer wife said, "Now let go!"

Then he found himself at home. He left the girls behind, and went to the lodge and opened the door a little.

Lodge Boy and Thrown Away

A Crow Legend

Simms, Field Museum: Anthropological Series, ii, 303, No. 19

Once upon a time there lived a couple, the woman being pregnant. The man went hunting one day, and in his absence a certain wicked woman named Red-Woman came to the tipi and killed his wife and cut her open and found boy twins.

She threw one behind the tipi curtain, and the other she threw into a spring. She then put a stick inside the woman and stuck one end in the ground, to give her the appearance of a live person, and burned her upper lip, giving her the appearance as though laughing.

When her husband came home, tired from carrying the deer he had killed, he saw his wife standing near the door of the tipi, looking as though she were laughing at him, and he said: "I am tired and hungry, why do you laugh at me?" and pushed her. As she fell backwards, her stomach opened, and he caught hold of her and discovered she was dead. He knew at once that Red-Woman had killed his wife.

While the man was eating supper alone one night a voice said, "Father, give me some of your supper." As no one was in sight, he resumed eating and again the voice asked for supper.

The man said, "Whoever you are, you may come and eat with me, for I am poor and alone."

A young boy came from behind the curtain, and said his name was "Thrown-behind-the-Curtain." During the day, while the man went hunting, the boy stayed home.

One day the boy said, "Father, make me two bows and the arrows for them." His father asked him why he wanted two bows.

The boy said, "I want them to change about." His father made them for him, but surmised the boy had other reasons, and concluded he would watch the boy, and on one day, earlier than usual, he left his tipi and hid upon a hill overlooking his tipi, and while there, he saw two boys of about the same age shooting arrows.

That evening when he returned home, he asked his son, "Is there not another little boy of your age about here?" His son said, "Yes, and he lives in the spring." His father said, "You should bring him out and make him live with us."

The son said, "I cannot make him, because he has sharp teeth like an otter, but if you will make me a suit of rawhide, I will try and catch him."

One day, arrangements were made to catch the boy. The father said, "I will stay here in the tipi and you tell him I have gone out." So Thrown-behind-the-Curtain said to Thrown-in-Spring. "Come out and play arrows." Thrown-in-Spring came out just a little, and said, "I smell something."

Thrown-behind-the-Curtain said, "No, you don't, my father is not home," and after insisting, Thrown-in-Spring came out, and both boys began to play. While they were playing, Thrown-behind-the-Curtain disputed a point of their game, and as Thrown-in-Spring stooped over to see how close his arrow came, Thrown-behind-the-Curtain grabbed him from behind and held his arms close to his sides and Thrown-in-Spring turned and attempted to bite him, but his teeth could not penetrate the rawhide suit.

The father came to the assistance of Thrown-behind-the-Curtain and the water of the spring rushed out to help Thrown-in-Spring; but Thrown-in-Spring was dragged to a high hill where the water could not reach him, and there they burned incense under his nose, and he became human. The three of them lived together.

One day one of the boys said, "Let us go and wake up mother." They went to the mother's grave and one said, "Mother, your stone pot is dropping," and she moved. The other boy said, "Mother, your hide dresser is falling," and she sat up. Then one of them said, "Mother, your bone crusher is falling," and she began to arrange her hair, which had begun to fall off. The mother said, "I have been asleep a long time." She accompanied the boys home.

The boys were forbidden by their father to go to the river bend above their tipi; for an old woman lived there who had a boiling pot, and every time she saw any living object, she tilted the kettle toward it and the object was drawn into the pot and boiled for her to eat.

The boys went one day to see the old woman, and they found her asleep and they stole up and got her pot and awakened the old woman and said to her, "Grandmother, why have you this here?" at the same time tilting the pot towards her, by which she was drowned and boiled to death. They took the pot home and gave it to their mother for her own protection.

Their father told them not to disobey him again and said, "There is something over the hill I do not want you to go near." They were very anxious to find out what this thing was, and they went over to the hill and as they poked their heads over the hilltop, the thing began to draw in air, and the boys were drawn in also; and as they went in, they saw people and animals, some dead and others dying. The thing proved to be an immense alligator-like serpent.

One of the boys touched the kidneys of the thing and asked what they were. The alligator said, "That is my medicine, do not touch it." And the boy reached up and touched its heart and asked what it was, and the serpent grunted and said, "This is Where I make my plans."

One of the boys said, "You do make plans, do you?" and he cut the heart off and it died. They made their escape by cutting between the ribs and liberated the living ones and took a piece of the heart home to their father.

After the father had administered another scolding, he told the boys not to go near the three trees standing in a triangular shaped piece of ground; for if anything went under them they would bend to the ground suddenly, killing everything in their way. One day the boys went towards these trees, running swiftly and then stopping suddenly near the

trees, which bent violently and struck the ground without hitting them. They jumped over the trees, breaking the branches and they could not rise after the branches were broken.

Once more the boys were scolded and told not to go near a tipi over the hill; for it was inhabited by snakes, and they would approach anyone asleep and enter his body through the rectum. Again the boys did as they were told not to do and went to the tipi, and the snakes invited them in. They went in and carried flat pieces of stone with them and as they sat down they placed the flat pieces of stones under their rectums.

After they had been in the tipi a short while, the snakes began putting their heads over the poles around the fireplace and the snakes began to relate stories, and one of them said "When there is a drizzling rain, and when we are under cover, it is nice to sleep." One of the boys said, "When we are lying down under the pine trees and the wind blows softly through them and has a weird sound, it is nice to sleep."

All but one of the snakes went to sleep, and that one tried to enter the rectum of each of the boys and failed, on account of the flat stone. The boys killed all of the other snakes but that one, and they took that one and rubbed its head against the side of a cliff, and that is the reason why snakes have flattened heads.

Again the boys were scolded by their father, who said, "There is a man living on the steep cut bank, with deep water under it, and if you go near it he will push you over the bank into the water for his father in the water to eat." The boys went to the place, but before going, they fixed their headdresses with dried grass.

Upon their arrival at the edge of the bank, one said to the other, "Just as he is about to push you over, lie down quickly." The man from his hiding place suddenly rushed out to push the boys over, and just as he was about to do it, the boys threw themselves quickly upon the ground, and the man went over their heads, pulling their headdress with him, and his father in the water ate him.

Upon the boys' return, and after telling what they had done, their father scolded them and told them, "There is a man who wears moccasins of fire, and when he wants anything, he goes around it and it is burned up."

The boys ascertained where this man lived and stole upon him one day when he was sleeping under a tree and each one of the boys took off a moccasin and put it on and they awoke him and ran about him and he was burned and went up in smoke. They took the moccasins home.

Their father told them that something would yet happen to them; for they had killed so many bad things. One day while walking the valley they were lifted from the earth and after traveling in mid air for some time, they were placed on top of a peak in a rough high mountain with a big lake surrounding it and the Thunder-Bird said to them, "I want you to kill a long otter that lives in the lake; he eats all the young ones that I produce and I cannot make him stop."

So the boys began to make arrows, and they gathered dry pine sticks and began to heat rocks, and the long otter came towards them.

As it opened its mouth the boys shot arrows into it; and as that did not stop it from drawing nearer, they threw the hot rocks down its throat, and it curled up and died afterwards. They were taken up and carried through the air and gently placed upon the ground near their homes, where they lived for many years.

Sedna, Mistress of the Underworld

An Eskimo Legend

Boas, Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, vi, 583

Once upon a time there lived on a solitary shore an Inung with his daughter Sedna. His wife had been dead for some time and the two led a quiet life.

Sedna grew up to be a handsome girl and the youths came from all around to sue for her hand, but none of them could touch her proud heart. Finally, at the breaking up of the ice in the spring a fulmar flew from over the ice and wooed Sedna with enticing song. "Come to me," it said; "come into the land of the birds, where there is never hunger, where my tent is made of the most beautiful skins. You shall rest on soft bearskins.

My fellows, the fulmars, shall bring you all your heart may desire; their feathers shall clothe you; your lamp shall always be filled with oil, your pot with meat."

Sedna could not long resist such wooing and they went together over the vast sea. When at last they reached the country of the fulmar, after a long and hard journey, Sedna discovered that her spouse had shamefully deceived her. Her new home was not built of beautiful pelts, but was covered with wretched fishskins, full of holes, that gave free entrance to wind and snow. Instead of soft reindeer skins her bed was made of hard walrus hides and she had to live on miserable fish, which the birds brought her.

Too soon she discovered that she had thrown away her opportunities when in her foolish pride she had rejected the Inuit youth. In her woe she sang: "Aja. O father, if you knew how wretched I am you would come to me and we would hurry away in your boat over the waters.

The birds look unkindly upon me the stranger; cold winds roar about my bed; they give me but miserable food. O come and take me back home. Aja."

When a year had passed and the sea was again stirred by warmer winds, the father left his country to visit Sedna. His daughter greeted him joyfully and besought him to take her back home. The father, hearing of the outrages wrought upon his daughter, determined upon revenge. He killed the fulmar, took Sedna into his boat, and they quickly left the country which had brought so much sorrow to Sedna.

When the other fulmars came home and found their companion dead and his wife gone, they all flew away in search of the fugitives. They were very sad over the death of their poor murdered comrade and continue to mourn and cry until this day.

Having flown a short distance they discerned the boat and stirred up a heavy storm. The sea rose in immense waves that threatened the pair with destruction. In this mortal peril the father determined to offer Sedna to the birds and flung her overboard. She clung to the edge of the boat with a death grip. The cruel father then took a knife and cut off the first joints of her fingers.

Falling into the sea they were transformed into whales, the nails turning into whalebone.

Sedna holding on to the boat more tightly, the second finger joints fell under the sharp knife and swam away as seals; when the father cut off the stumps of the fingers they became ground seals.

Meantime the storm subsided, for the fulmars thought Sedna was drowned. The father then allowed her to come into the boat again. But from that time she cherished a deadly hatred against him and swore bitter revenge.

After they got ashore, she called her dogs and let them gnaw off the feet and hands of her father while he was asleep.

Upon this he cursed himself, his daughter, and the dogs which had maimed him; whereupon the earth opened and swallowed the hut, the father, the daughter, and the dogs. They have since lived in the land of Adlivun, of which Sedna is the mistress.

Sun Sister and Moon Brother

An Eskimo Legend

Boas, Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, vi, 597

In olden times a brother and his sister lived in a large village in which there was a singing house, and every night the sister with her playfellows enjoyed themselves in this house.

Once upon a time, when all the lamps in the singing house were extinguished, somebody came in and outraged her. She was unable to recognize him; but she blackened her hands with soot and when the same again happened besmeared the man's back with it. When the lamps were relighted she saw that the violator was her brother.

In great anger she sharpened a knife and cut off her breasts, which she offered to him, saying: "Since you seem to relish me, eat this." Her brother fell into a passion and she fled from him, running about the room. She seized a piece of wood (with which the lamps are kept in order) which was burning brightly and rushed out of the house.

The brother took another one, but in his pursuit he fell down and extinguished his light, which continued to glow only faintly. Gradually both were lifted up and continued their course in the sky, the sister being transformed into the sun, the brother into the moon. Whenever the new moon first appears she sings:

Aningaga tapika, takirn tapika qaumidjatedlirpoq; qaumatitaudle.
Aningaga tapika, tikiqoq tapika.

(My brother up there, the moon up there begins to shine; he will be bright.
My brother up there, he is coming up there.)

Origin of Light

A Gallinomero Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

In the earliest beginning, the darkness was thick and deep. There was no light. The animals ran here and there, always bumping into each other. The birds flew here and there, but continually knocked against each other.

Hawk and Coyote thought a long time about the darkness. Then Coyote felt his way into a swamp and found a large number of dry tulle reeds. He made a ball of them.

He gave the ball to Hawk, with some flints, and Hawk flew up into the sky, where he touched off the tulle reeds and sent the bundle whirling around the world.

But still the nights were dark, so Coyote made another bundle of tulle reeds, and Hawk flew into the air with them, and touched them off with the flints.

But these reeds were damp and did not burn so well. That is why the moon does not give so much light as the sun.

The Spirit Land

A Gallinomero Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

When the flames burn low on the funeral pyres of the Gallinomero, Indian mourners gather up handfuls of ashes and scatter them high in air. Thus the good mount up into the air, or go to the Happy Western Land beyond the Big Water.

But the bad Indians go to an island in the Bitter Waters, an island naked and barren and desolate, covered only with brine-spattered stone, swept with cold winds and the biting sea-spray.

Here they live always, breaking stone upon one another, with no food but the broken stones and no drink but the salt sea water.

The Deserted Children

A Gros Ventre Legend

Kroeber, *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, i, 102, No. 26

There was a camp. All the children went off to play. They went to some distance. Then one man said, "Let us abandon the children. Lift the ends of your tent-poles and travois when you go, so that there will be no trail."

Then the people went off. After a time the oldest girl amongst the children sent the others back to the camp to get something to eat. The children found the camp gone, the fires out, and only ashes about. They cried, and wandered about at random. The oldest girl said, "Let us go toward the river."

They found a trail leading across the river, and forded the river there. Then one of the girls found a tent-pole. As they went along, she cried, "My mother, here is your tent-pole." "Bring my tent-pole here!" shouted an old woman loudly from out of the timber. The children went towards her.

They found that she was an old woman who lived alone. They entered her tent. At night they were tired. The old woman told them all to sleep with their heads toward the fire. Only one little girl who had a small brother pretended to sleep, but did not.

The old woman watched if all were asleep. Then she put her foot in the fire. It became red hot. Then she pressed it down on the throat of one of the children, and burned through the child's throat. Then she killed the next one and the next one.

The little girl jumped up, saying, "My grandmother, let me live with you and work for you. I will bring wood and water for you." Then the old woman allowed her and her little brother to live. "Take these out," she said.

Then the little girl, carrying her brother on her back, dragged out the bodies of the other children. Then the old woman sent her to get wood. The little girl brought back a load of cottonwood. When she brought it, the old woman said, "That is not the kind of wood I use. Throw it out. Bring another load."

The little girl went out and got willow-wood. She came back, and said, "My grandmother, I have a load of wood." "Throw it in," said the old woman.

The little girl threw the wood into the tent. The old woman said, "That is not the kind of wood I use. Throw it outside. Now go get wood for me."

Then the little girl brought birch-wood, then cherry, then sagebrush; but the old woman always said, "That is not the kind of wood I use," and sent her out again. The little girl went.

She cried and cried. Then a bird came to her and told her, "Bring her ghost-ropes for she is a ghost." Then the little girl brought some of these plants, which grow on willows. The old woman said, "Throw in the wood which you have brought." The little girl threw it

in. Then the old woman was glad. "You are my good grand-daughter," she said.

Then the old woman sent the little girl to get water. The little girl brought her river-water, then rain-water, then spring-water; but the old woman always told her, "That is not the kind of water I use. Spill it!" Then the bird told the little girl, "Bring her foul, stagnant water, which is muddy and full of worms. That is the only kind she drinks." The little girl got the water, and when she brought it the old woman was glad.

Then the little boy said that he needed to go out doors. "Well, then, go out with your brother, but let half of your robe remain inside of the tent while you hold him." Then the girl took her little brother out, leaving half of her robe inside the tent. When she was outside, she stuck an awl in the ground. She hung her robe on this, and, taking her little brother, fled.

The old woman called, "Hurry!" Then the awl answered, "My grandmother, my little brother is not yet ready." Again the old woman said, "Now hurry!" Then the awl answered again, "My little brother is not ready." Then the old woman said, "Come in now; else I will go outside and kill you." She started to go out, and stepped on the awl.

The little girl and her brother fled, and came to a large river. An animal with two horns lay there. It said, "Louse me." The little boy loused it. Its lice were frogs. "Catch four, and crack them with your teeth," said the Water-monster. The boy had on a necklace of plum-seeds. Four times the girl cracked a seed. She made the monster think that her brother had cracked one of its lice. Then the Water-monster said, "Go between my horns, and do not open your eyes until we have crossed." Then he went under the surface of the water. He came up on the other side. The children got off and went on.

The old woman was pursuing the children, saying, "I will kill you. You cannot escape me by going to the sky or by entering the ground." She came to the river. The monster had returned, and was lying at the edge of the water. "Louse me," it said.

The old woman found a frog. "These dirty lice! I will not put them into my mouth!" she said, and threw it into the river.

She found three more, and threw them away. Then she went on the Water-monster. He went under the surface of the water, remained there, drowned her, and ate her. The children went on.

At last they came to the camp of the people who had deserted them. They came to their parents' tent. "My mother, here is your little son," the girl said. "I did not know that I had a son," their mother said.

They went to their father, their uncle, and their grandfather. They all said, "I did not know I had a son," "I did not know I had a nephew," "I did not know I had a grandson." Then a man said, "Let us tie them face to face, and hang them in a tree and leave them."

Then they tied them together, hung them in a tree, put out all the fires, and left them. A small dog with sores all over his body, his mouth, and his eyes, pretended to be sick and unable to move, and lay on the ground.

He kept a little fire between his legs, and had hidden a knife. The people left the dog lying. When they had all gone off, the dog went to the children, climbed the tree, cut the ropes, and freed them. The little boy cried and cried. He felt bad about what the people had done.

Then many buffalo came near them. "Look at the buffalo, my brother," said the girl. The boy looked at the buffalo, and they fell dead.

The girl wondered how they might cut them up. "Look at the meat, my younger brother," she said. The boy looked at the dead buffalo, and the meat was all cut up. Then she told him to look at the meat, and when he looked at it, the meat was dried. Then they had much to eat, and the dog became well again.

The girl sat down on the pile of buffalo-skins, and they were all dressed. She folded them together, sat on them, and there was a tent. Then she went out with the dog and looked for sticks. She brought dead branches, broken tent-poles, and rotten wood. "Look at the tent-poles," she said to her brother. When he looked, there were large straight tent-poles, smooth and good. Then the girl tied three together at the top, and stood them up, and told her brother to look at the tent.

He looked, and a large fine tent stood there. Then she told him to go inside and look about him. He went in and looked. Then the tent was filled with property, and there were beds for them, and a bed also for the dog. The dog was an old man. Then the girl said, "Look at the antelopes running, my brother." The boy looked, and the antelopes fell dead. He looked at them again, and the meat was cut up and the skins taken off.

Then the girl made fine dresses of the skins for her brother and herself and the dog. Then she called as if she were calling for dogs, and four bears came loping to her. "You watch that pile of meat, and you this one," she said to each one of the bears. The bears went to the meat and watched it. Then the boy looked at the woods and there was a corral full of fine painted horses. Then the children lived at this place, the same place where they had been tied and abandoned. They had very much food and much property. Then a man came and saw their tent and the abundance they had, and went back and told the people. Then the people were told, "Break camp and move to the children for we are without food." Then they broke camp and traveled, and came to the children.

The women went to take meat, but the bears drove them away. The girl and her brother would not come out of the tent. Not even the dog would come out. Then the girl said, "I will go out and bring a wife for you, my brother, and for the dog, and a husband for myself."

Then she went out, and went to the camp and selected two pretty girls and one good-looking young man, and told them to come with her. She took them into the tent, and the girls sat down by the boy and the old man, and the man by her. Then they gave them fine clothing, and married them. Then the sister told her brother, "Go outside and look at the camp." The boy went out and looked at the people, and they all fell dead.

The False Bride Groom

A Gros Ventre Legend

Kroeber, *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, i, 108, No. 28

There were two girls, sisters. The older sister said, "We will go to look for Shell-Spitter." There was a man who was poor and who lived alone with his old mother. He was the Loon and his mother was Badger-Woman.

He heard that two girls were looking for Shell-Spitter. He went to the children of the camp, and took their shells away from them. The girls arrived, and asked for Shell-Spitter's tent. It was shown them, and they went to it. There stood the Loon. "What are you girls looking for?" he said. "We are looking for Shell-Spitter." "I am he." "Let us see you spit shells."

He had filled his mouth with shells, and now spit them out. The two girls stooped, and hastily picked them up, each trying to snatch them before the other. Then he took them to his tent. His tent was old and poor. His mother was gray-headed. He said to them, "I have another tent. It is fine and large. I have brought you here because there is more room to sleep." The girls went inside.

Soon some one called to the Loon, "Come over! they are making the sun-dance!" "Oh!" he said. "Now I have to sit in the middle again, and give away presents. I am tired of it. For once they ought to get some one else. I am to sit on the chief's bed in the middle of the lodge."

He told his mother, "Do not let these women go out." Then he went out, and the old woman guarded the door. When she was asleep, one of the girls said, "I will go out to look." She stepped over the old woman, and went to the dance-lodge. Looking in, she saw the people dancing on the Loon's rump. On the bed in the middle sat a fine man. Whenever he spit, he spit shells. The ground all around him was covered with them.

Then the girl went back, and called to her sister, "Come out! They are dancing on this man; but the one who spits shells sits in the middle of the lodge." Then they both went to the lodge. They went inside and sat down behind Shell-Spitter.

Then the man on the ground, on whom the people were dancing, saw them. He jumped up. He killed Shell-Spitter, and ran out. He said to his mother, "I told you to watch, and not to let those women out." Then he told her, "Dig a hole quickly!" She quickly dug a hole inside the tent. He entered it, and then she followed him. The people came, but could do nothing. When they stopped trying to shoot, Badger-Woman came out of the hole, singing in ridicule of Shell-Spitter's death. Before the people could reach her she dropped into the hole again. She did this repeatedly.

The Cannibal Who Was Burned

A Haida Legend

Swanton, Jesup North Pacific Expedition, V, 265, No. 34

Five brothers were always hunting.

After a while an unknown man came in to them. He came in many times.

Once when he was there, the eldest brother's child began to cry, and, after all of the brothers had tried to quiet it without success, he offered to do so; but when they gave it to him, he secretly sucked the child's brains out from one side of its head.

When he handed it back, and they saw what he had done, they seized wood from the fire and beat the stranger. Then he became angry and killed all of the brothers but the youngest, whom he chased about in the house until morning.

The boy ran out, and after a long run, still pursued by the ogre, crossed a high mountain. By and by he crossed another, and saw a lake beneath it.

Running thither, he came to a log, composed of two trees growing together so as to make a fork, floating upon the water. Going out upon this, he threw himself into the crotch.

The Alligator That Stole a Man

A Hitchiti Legend

John R. Swanton, Myths and Tales of the Southeastern Indians, 1929

A man was out hunting and made a camp at night. He got a log and lay down, using it as a pillow. While he was lying there an alligator crept up to him and seized him.

But when it was taking him off it carried him through some thick bushes and he held on to them so firmly that it could not get along well with him and laid him down. The man looked around to see which way to go and when the alligator was some distance away he ran off.

Then he returned to his camp, brought in a log, wrapped a blanket around it, laid it down and waited at a little distance.

He stood by a tree holding his gun. Now the alligator came back again and acted as before, taking the log in its mouth. The man aimed at its mouth, and, when he fired, it ran away.

Then he went off and slept. In the morning he came back. When he went to look for the alligator he came to a pond near which was a nest.

He saw the alligator lying bent over the nest dead

Bear, Tiger, Rattlesnake, And Fire

A Hitchiti Legend

John R. Swanton, Myths and Tales of the Southeastern Indians, 1929

Fire was going to teach Bear, Tiger, and Rattlesnake together while they fasted.

While Fire was teaching them, all were to stay in one place, but Bear got tired and ran away.

They had said Bear was to receive a rattle, and when he ran away Bear took the rattle with him and disappeared.

Next day Fire said, "Bear started off, but did not get far from us; he, is lying asleep near by." The rest had remained together.

He taught Tiger, Bear, and Rattlesnake together for three years. Bear, who was to have received the rattle, had it taken away from him, and it was given to Rattlesnake.

Fire said to the latter, "You must always carry this." Fire gave him the rattle and to him and the other two all kinds of knowledge.

Then Fire went away. He set out fires and scattered the fire. The rain fell to put it out, but could not do so, and it spread. It continued raining, but in vain, and when it stopped all men received fire.

The fire was distributed.

When the red men received knowledge it is said that it was through the fire that they received it.

So it is said.

The Boy and the Wizards

A Hitchiti Legend

John R. Swanton, Myths and Tales of the Southeastern Indians, 1929

Two old people, an old woman and her husband, and the nephew of the latter, were living together. One evening the boy went visiting and the old people were alone in the house. When it was dark the boy came back. The door of the house was shut and he heard them talking inside. He went to a corner and stood listening to them. While he stood there one of them said, "Let's go round."

"All right," the other answered. After they had gone out, the boy went in, turned down the bedclothes, and got into bed.

He lay there waiting for those old people. One made a noise like a horned owl, and he heard the other sound like that also. While he was still lying there they left the house, but presently he again heard the sound coming back.

After going round and round the house they came in. While they were getting the bed ready to lie down in, the old woman turned over the bedding and found the boy lying there. "Did you hear us go out?" she said. "Were you there while we were around?"

"I heard," he said.

"Well, do not tell anyone about us. If you do not tell anyone about us, when we are both dead all the things in this house shall be yours."

"I will not tell," he answered, and all went to sleep.

Next day a little girl who lived near fell sick and died. The old woman heard people crying and started out. When she got to the place, she went to where the little girl was lying dead, dropped upon her body and wept and rolled about upon it. The boy had an arrow. He got to the place and saw her. The old woman saw him and stopped crying. When she started back the little boy came up and spoke to those people. He said, "Last night that old woman bewitched her so that she died."

When he said so, they exclaimed, "That old woman has killed her." They followed her to her house. When she got there the old man was sitting outside sunning himself. She came up and said, "Come in. They want to kill us," and he ran in and shut the door.

Then the people surrounded the house and set it on fire and both were burned.

The Deer Women

A Hitchiti Legend

John R. Swanton, Myths and Tales of the Southeastern Indians, 1929

A man wanted two young women. Those women went to the dances but always disappeared immediately afterwards, and he could not find where they went.

After things had gone on in this way for some time, at one of the dances that man fastened a string to the dresses of those young women. He held the string in his hand. He followed them about and when they started off he still followed, holding the string. The women discovered that he was following them.

When they said to him, "What do you want?" he answered, "I want to go with you," and they said "All right," and set forward.

"Near our home there is a big hole. We are going to jump into it and you jump in with us," they said to him. When they got to the place it was as he had been told and they jumped down into the hole, the man still with them. Then they went on again.

Before they had gone far they came to a large cavern where there were many deer. That is where the deer came from. When the three got there the old Bucks said to him, "What are you doing here?"

When they asked him that, he said, "I came because I want to marry these women."

"Well, wait and it will soon be time to go out. When that time comes, they will go out and you can have the women."

So the man waited. While he was sitting there the time to go out came, and when they went out he went with them. He went out and walked around covered with a deerskin, and he chased the female deer.

While he was there, the old Bucks said, "You must travel about very carefully. Red-feet travel about. They must be watched very closely. Soup-eaters are also about but they are not dangerous."

It was just as they had told him, and presently he was killed. Then he went back and they dressed him up in another deerskin. The fourth time one is killed it is the last, and that man then disappeared for good.

This is how it has been told.

The Hunter and His Dogs

A Hitchiti Legend

John R. Swanton, Myths and Tales of the Southeastern Indians, 1929

A man having many dogs fell sick and lay in a helpless condition. One small puppy was able to talk with his master. Whatever the big dogs thought they told to the puppy and he in turn told his master all that had been said.

While they were there the big dogs said to the puppy, "There is no food hereabouts. Tell him we can carry him along with us on a hunt if he agrees."

The puppy told his master.

He said, "They want me to tell you that we could take you hunting with us."

When he told him that, the man answered, "You could not take me in anyway."

But the dogs said to the puppy again, "Tell him we know a way by which we can take him if he agrees to go."

When he told his master the latter said, "You may take me if you can think of a way."

The puppy told the big dogs. "If that is so we will take him with us," said the dogs.

They laid his gun on the bedding, and all seized the corners of the blanket under him, lifted it up and went on with it. When they got far off they stopped and made a camp, and laid the man down, and the dogs collected wood for him. Then they built a fire and while the man lay still the dogs went out hunting for him.

Each evening, when they came back, they brought some squirrels or turkeys they had killed and he ate them. The man lying there got a little better. While he was still in bed, the dogs said to the puppy, "Tell him we will move on again if he agrees."

The puppy told his master. He said, "They say it is best to move."

When the puppy told him, he said, "All right."

So they seized the blanket again, carried him along, and made another camp. Laying the man down there the dogs went hunting and returned in the evening with some squirrels or some turkeys they had killed or some tortoises they had found. The man ate them in bed and got better.

When he got up and could go about for short distances, the dogs went out hunting one morning and he heard them barking not very far from camp. The puppy had remained with the man in camp.

Then one dog came back on the run and said, "We have treed a bear but we can't do

anything with him. I have come to see if our master can not come to that place, which is only a short distance away."

He told this to the little dog, and the puppy told it to his master. "If I go slowly I may be able to get there," said the man.

The puppy said, "He says, 'I will go.'"

When he told the other dog he ran back again and informed the rest. "He is going to come," he said.

So the dogs waited and kept watch on the bear. When the man and the puppy got there they brought the man's gun. The man shot down the bear which they had treed, skinned it, and cut it up. Then the dogs seized the pieces thus cut up and carried them all back to camp. They had plenty of meat.

"Now I am well," said the man. "Let us go home." He said to the puppy, "Tell the big dogs."

The puppy said to the dogs, "He wants me to say to you 'We must go home,'" and the big dogs said, "All right; but tell him when we get there and his former mother-in-law wants to give him something to eat, before he eats, he must let us eat."

So he told his master. "This is what I have been told to say," he said to his master.

"All right," he said, and they started on. When they reached his home, his former mother-in-law set out something for him to eat.

The man sat down to eat but remembered what the dogs had told him. The thought troubled him very much. He sat without eating. Then he saw the dogs looking at him.

The puppy sat looking, and the man sitting there gave a piece of bread to each. The puppy took the bread, moved away, and sat down.

As he sat crying he fell over and died. All of the dogs sat down with their bread in the same way, cried, and died. It is said that all of them died.

This is how it is told.

The Hunter and the Tie-Snake

A Hitchiti Legend

John R. Swanton, Myths and Tales of the Southeastern Indians, 1929

A man went hunting one summer. He killed a deer and carried it along on his back.

On the way he got very hot and coming to a pond he went in swimming.

While he was sitting in the water he felt something against his hip and looking down he saw something blue lying there.

He tried to get out of the water but the creature held him tight and he could do nothing. It began to drag him in and he seized a thick bush, but in vain.

It kept on dragging him. It was carrying him toward a big pond.

But when he was very near it his body caught against a big drift of logs and the creature left him and went into the water, while the man ran off.

Story of the Lizard

A Hitchiti Legend

John R. Swanton, Myths and Tales of the Southeastern Indians, 1929

A man accompanied by his wife went hunting. They traveled until they reached a creek and encamped close by it. The woman stayed there while the man went out hunting.

While they were there and the man was out hunting the woman found a big lizard living in a hole in the ground and she went there and stayed with it. After a while the man became suspicious and when he went hunting turned back and spied upon her. He saw her comb up her hair and go out.

She went to the opening of the big lizard's den and sang for him and the big lizard came out and lay with her.

Then the man started off, traveled about, and returned home.

When he went out again, he went to the opening of the big lizard's den. He sang as the woman had done, and when the big lizard came out he shot it and killed it. Then he split it open along the underside, laid it down in the same position as before, and went away but kept watch.

While he was sitting there, the woman came. She reached the place where the big lizard was lying down in its doorway and said, "Why are you lying there laughing like that?"

She ran up to it and turned it over. It was full of flies. It lay dead and she cried over it. He saw her crying. Then the man went off, walked around, and returned home.

When he got there he found that she had come back. He said, "We will go home," and presently they got there.

After they got there the woman was found to be pregnant and he left her. When the woman was about to be confined they shut her up in a little house, and when her time came she gave birth to a lot of little lizards which crawled about everywhere inside the house.

Her parents saw them and burned the house completely up. The ends of the little lizards' tails were blue in consequence.

Therefore it is said that the lizards which are seen around are from the family of a human being.

The Man-Eating Bird

A Hitchiti Legend

John R. Swanton, *Myths and Tales of the Southeastern Indians*, 1929

Several persons went out to hunt and traveled about for some time.

One night some unknown person carried off one of them, and they started on without him. They traveled along and camped again and that night another person disappeared, only one being left.

There was a puppy with them and in the morning the man and the puppy started on together.

After they had traveled for some time night came, and the puppy said, "Creep into that hollow log and I will sit at the opening and watch."

When he spoke thus that man went inside of the hollow log, and while he was sitting there he heard something coming making a noise. The puppy sitting at the opening barked.

Then the thing reached them and began scratching on the hollow log.

While he was doing so the Puppy said to the man, "If he scratches a hole through the hollow log, you must tie his claw," so the man prepared something with which to tie it, and after he had waited for some time the creature finally made a hole and he tied its claw.

But when day came the claw of the thing that had been carrying people away came off and he disappeared. Then the man and dog started along. They traveled about, and presently found some big eggs. They both sat down in that nest, and when night came some strange thing like a big bird came along in the sky and sat upon the eggs.

It covered the man completely. While it was there and the man was sitting under it, the man-eater came making a noise. When it got there, he heard it attack the big bird sitting on the eggs.

The man sat there for a while, and then the man-eater disappeared and did not come back. It was gone for good and when day came the thing sitting on the eggs flew toward the sky.

After it started off that man left, traveled along and reached home. "Something like that (describing what it resembled) devoured them," he said.

The Monster Lizard

A Hitchiti Legend

John R. Swanton, Myths and Tales of the Southeastern Indians, 1929

Several Indians were out together and formed a hunting camp. A hunter came back one evening and said, "I have found a big bear tree."

He told the rest of the hunters and they said to one another, "Tomorrow morning we will set out, build a fire there and smoke the she bear out so that we can see her." They slept and next day started off and came to the place.

When they got to where the big tree stood it looked as if something lived there, and they said to one another, "A bear surely lives here," so they started a fire under it.

The smoke filled up the hollow inside and soon a big lizard came out.

The people saw it and ran away. The big lizard jumped down and gave chase. It ran along till it caught one of them and came back with him. It came with him to the big tree and threw him down into it.

Then it chased another and did the same to each in turn - overtook, caught, and brought him back. Only one was left. It chased him and after it had gone a long distance overtook him and brought him back.

When it was coming through a place where the trees were thick, a tiger (or panther) was lying asleep in it. When the big lizard got there with the man, the tiger awoke and jumped upon it. The lizard let the man go and jumped upon the panther in turn and they began to fight.

While they were about it the man whom the big lizard had caught, who was still alive, acted as though he were dead. He lay still and watched the big lizard who had brought him fighting the other big creature.

They fought until they hurt each other. The big lizard did not go back for the man. It went on without looking for him. The tiger was also hurt. It sat there dying. The man saw this, jumped up, and ran away.

Of the people who had gone far away from their homes to hunt only one came back. He told his people how the big lizard had killed all of the others.

This is how it is told.

The Origin of Tobacco

A Hitchiti Legend

John R. Swanton, Myths and Tales of the Southeastern Indians, 1929

A man had lost his horses and was looking for them.

A woman was also hunting for horses.

They, the man and the woman, met and talked to each other.

They sat talking together under a hickory tree which cast a good shade.

The woman said, "I am hunting for some horses that have been hidden away."

The man said, "I am also hunting for horses."

As they sat talking something occurred to the man and he spoke to his companion as follows, "I am hunting about for horses; you too are hunting about for horses. Let us be friends, and lie here together, after which we will start on."

The woman considered the matter and said, "All right."

Both lay down, and when they got up the man went on his way and the woman went on hers.

Next summer the man was looking for horses again and happened to pass near the place where he and the woman had talked. The man thought, "I will go by that place just to look at it."

When he got there he saw that a weed had grown up right where they had lain, but he did not know what it was. He stood looking at it for a while and then started off.

He traveled on and told the old men about it. He said, "I saw something like this and this growing," and one answered, "Examine it to see whether it is good. When it is ripe we will find out what it is."

Afterwards the man started off to look at it. He saw that it had grown still bigger. He dug close about it to soften the soil and it grew still better. He took care of it and saw the leaves grow larger. When it blossomed the flowers were pretty, and he saw that they were big. When they ripened the seeds were very small.

He took the seeds from the hull, gathered leaves, and took them to the old men. They looked at these but did not know what the plant was. After they had looked at them in vain for some time they gave it up.

Then one of them pulverized the leaves and put them into a cob pipe, lighted it and smoked it. The aroma was grateful.

All of the old men said, "The leaves of the thing are good," and they named it.

They called it hitci (which means both "see" and "tobacco"), they say.

Therefore woman and man together created tobacco.

The Origin of Wolves

A Hitchiti Legend

John R. Swanton, Myths and Tales of the Southeastern Indians, 1929

A doctor made the Wolf.

That doctor while traveling along took up a pine cone lying in the trail. He carried it along and presently found another in the trail and took that.

He held one in each hand, sang, and blew upon them.

He went on with them, and came to a fork in the trail. He stopped, sang, blew on them, and struck them together.

After he had stood there with them for a while he rolled one of them along upon one trail and the other down the other trail.

Both of the pine cones then turned into Wolves. But they were weak and their feet were not stout.

They came back to where the doctor stood. When they got there that man blew on his hands and felt of the Wolves' backs. He blew on both of his hands and felt of the backs.

After he did this the Wolves grew stouter, and the man said to them, "Both of you go along on this trail until you come to where a man lives who has much property. What he eats, you eat with him."

After he had so spoken, the Wolves started along barking and scratching up the dirt. After they had gone, that man was sorry.

He thought, "I am worthless for having done that."

He went along on the other trail, but from that time on the Wolves have disturbed the stock.

It has been told.

The Orphan And The Owl

A Hitchiti Legend

John R. Swanton, Myths and Tales of the Southeastern Indians, 1929

Some men started off hunting. They traveled along and camped at a certain place.

They had an orphan boy to look after their camp.

Just before light they started out hunting, and while the orphan still sat in camp an Owl sitting on the top of a tree said, "A bear is hidden in the šsawe tree standing there. Tell the man who is good to you; let him kill it and eat."

After the Owl had gone away the orphan sat about until the hunters came back one by one, but that one that liked him had not come.

He came back last, and the orphan said to him, "An Owl came and said to me, 'A bear is hidden close by. Let him kill it for you and then you eat it.'" So they two started out

When they reached the place the bear was there as had been foretold, and the man killed it and skinned it, and they brought it back.

When they got to camp they had a quantity of meat.

That night the Owl came again and sat on a tree. When it made a noise, one of the hunters said, "What does he say?"

That orphan boy said to him, "He says to you 'Someone else is going with your wife.'"

That is what he told him.

The Man Who Became a Snake

A Hitchiti Legend

John R. Swanton, Myths and Tales of the Southeastern Indians, 1929

Two men out hunting came to a creek and in a hollow log lying in the water found two fish which one of the men took out. When he had done so they say the other said, "They may not be fish."

But the first would not leave them. He took them along and when they camped he boiled the fish. When he was about to eat them the other told him not to, but he would not listen. He ate.

"Eat one with me," he said to his companion, but he would not.

After he had eaten they went to bed, one lying on one side of the fire and the other on the other side, but during the night he who had eaten the fish awoke groaning.

"Throw a light over me," he said, "to see what is the matter with me," and, when his companion threw light on him and looked, he saw that his legs had grown together. This went on until he turned entirely into a snake.

While this was going on the transformed man said, "Do not be afraid of me. Follow the course I take and, when I stop at a certain place, go home." By the next day that man had turned entirely into a snake and at daybreak, as he had foretold, he started off and the other followed.

Finally he saw him enter a pond. Then he started home, and when he got there he told the man's mother that her son had turned into a snake. "He told me to say to you, 'If she wants to see me she must go there and call me by name.'"

When he said this to his mother, she said, "Show me the place," and she started off with him. When they got to the creek, he said to her, "Here is where the man who became a snake went in." So his mother went down to the creek. She walked to the edge of the water and sat down.

When she called his name there was a commotion in the water and he came out. He laid his head on her knees, but he could not talk. Then his mother cried. After remaining there awhile the man who had turned into a snake returned into the water and his mother went home.

This is the way it is told.

A Strange Turkey Catches People

A Hitchiti Legend

John R. Swanton, Myths and Tales of the Southeastern Indians, 1929

A Turkey used to catch men and carry them up to the sky. When they discovered this, many people gathered at the busk ground to find someone who could kill the Turkey when it came.

Black Snake was present, and they said to him, "You might do it."

"All right," he answered. Then they deliberated to find another whom they might ask.

A Puppy was there, and they said, "You might try this."

He, too, said, "All right."

So these two were chosen to kill the Turkey. Then the people waited and presently they heard the Turkey coming.

It came from the sky while they were waiting for it. As soon as it lighted on the ground Black Snake ran at it and tried to whip it but missed.

When it dropped from above the Puppy also ran up and struck the Turkey from behind. It fell down and all the men ran upon it, beat it, and killed it. Then the disappearance of the men into the sky stopped.

Before that time the people did not eat these birds, but they have done so ever since.

When the Turkey came the Puppy killed it, and so nowadays when turkeys see a puppy they are afraid of it. All fly up into trees.

Therefore, puppies are taken hunting and when, after hunting about, they discover turkeys the turkeys all fly up into trees. Then it is easy to kill them.

This is how they tell it.

The Water People

A Hitchiti Legend

John R. Swanton, *Myths and Tales of the Southeastern Indians*, 1929

A boy carrying his bow and arrows was walking about near the water, when two women standing close to the shore said, "Follow us."

Then he leaned his bow up against a tree and followed them, and presently those women said, "We are going down into the water. Go down in with us."

So saying, they started on, and just as they had said, they presently went down into the water, that boy with them.

When all got in, the bottom was as if there were no water there, and before they had gone far they came to where there were some old water people.

Those old men said, "There is a chair. Sit down."

The chair they thus indicated to him was a very big water turtle.

"They spoke to me," the youth related "and I sat down and they said 'Do you want to lie down? There is a bed. You must lie down. The tree-tyer [i. e., tie-snake] there is the bed,' they said to me."

Presently they said, "You can go hunting if you want to."

"I cannot go hunting because I have no gun."

But the old men said, "Go about hunting, and when you fall down somewhere come back."

After they had said this to me I set out, and while I was walking around, there was a rumbling noise and I fell down. I lay there for a while, and then came to my senses and returned to them.

When I got back the old men said, "What did you kill?"

"I killed nothing" I answered, "but I fell down and was unconscious. After I had lain there for a while I came back, but I did not kill anything."

"Let us go and look at the place where you fell," said those old men.

Immediately we started, and when we got there, a very big thing of some sort was lying there dead.

"It is just as we said," said they, and they brought it back,

Then they ate. After I had been there for a while those old men said, 'If you want to go,

you may," and I said, "I will go."

"You take him back," they said to someone, and just as I thought, "They are going to take me along" I lost consciousness.

Next I came to my senses standing close to the water, exactly where I had been when they took me off.

"My bow is standing up against a tree," I thought, and when I got to the place, there it was just as I had thought, and I took it and started off. When I got to the place where my people lived, they were there.

Then they said, "The one who has been lost for such a long time is back."

"The old men compounded medicine for me and after a while I got well," said the boy.

They used to tell it so

The Aholi and Other Walpi Kacinas

A Hopi Legend

H. R. Voth, *The Traditions of the Hopi*, Field Columbian Museum Anthropological Series, 1905

Alíksai! In Wálpi and Sitcómovi they were living, but not at the places where the villages now are, but where they used to be. In Wálpi lived an old man, the Ahö'li Kacina. He had with him a little maiden who was his sister, the Kacín-mana.

As he was very old and feeble this maiden would always lead him. In the other village, Sitcómovi, lived a youth with his old grandmother, and as she also was very feeble he took care of her and used to lead her. One time the Ahö'li and the little maiden went to their field 'south of Wálpi where they wanted to plant. They carried with them little pouches containing seeds. In their field was a báho shrine, and when they came to their field the Kacina first deposited some prayer-offerings in the shrine, first some corn-meal and then also some nakwákwošis which he drew forth from his corn-meal bag. This bag he had tied around his neck.

In this shrine lived Mû'yingwa and his sister Nayâ'ngap Wuhti. "Have you come?" Mû'yingwa said. "Yes, we have come," they replied. "Thanks," Nayâ'ngap Wuhti said, "thanks, our father, that you have come. You have remembered us. No one has thought about us for a long time and brought some offering here, but you have thought about us." And she began to cry. Hereupon Ahö'li gave to each one a stick upon which some nakwákwošis were strung, and also some corn-meal.

Hereupon Nayâ'ngap Wuhti was crying still more. "Yes, we have come here," the Kacina said, "we are pitying our people because they have not had any crops for a long time, and now we thought about you here and have brought these prayer-offerings here. And now you pity them and let it rain now, and when it rains then a crop will grow again and they will have something to eat, and they will then be strengthened and revived, because they are only living a very little now.

Hereupon he took out his little bundles of seed and gave to the goddess a small quantity of yellow, blue, red, and white corn as an offering. These he placed before her on the ground. The two deities then arose. Mû'yingwa had in his left hand a môngkoho, môngwikuru, and a perfect corn-ear (chóchmingwu). These he pointed upwards towards the sky.

The female deity held in her hand a squash, which was filled with all kinds of seeds, and as Mû'yingwa pointed up the objects towards the sky she raised the squash with both hands, and then forcibly threw it on the ground on the seeds which the Ahö'li had placed there. "There," she said, "in this way I have now planted for all of your people these seeds and they will now have crops." Thereupon Mû'yingwa handed the objects which he held in his hand to the Kacina, saying, "You take these with you and with them you produce rain and crops for your children, the people in Wálpi."

So the Ahö'li and the Kacín-maha returned, first going to their booth, or shelter (kísi), that was near by in the field. Here they partook of the food which they had brought with them. "Thanks," the Ahö'li said, "thanks that our father was willing. We shall not now go

back to the village in vain." "Yes, thanks," the mána also said.

Hereupon they returned to the village. It was now late in the afternoon. As they passed the top of the mesa upon which Wálpi is now situated, they heard somebody singing on top of the bluff, but they went on, and arriving at their kiva they sat down north of the fireplace and smoked over the objects which they had brought with them. "Thanks that we have returned," the Ahö'li said, "that we have not been too late for our people. We shall now possess our people." And as they were smoking and thus talking somebody came and entered the house. It was the youth who lived with his old grandmother in Sitcómovi.

He came in. "Thanks that you have come," he said, "thanks that you have come and provided something for our people here," whereupon he shook hands with them. "Sit down," Ahö'li said, "and smoke, too." So the youth filled the pipe with tobacco that he had brought with him and also smoked over the objects. He took special pains to blow the smoke in ringlets upon the objects. After he had done that four times, also praying to the objects, they became moist so that the water was beginning to flow from them, indicating that their efforts had been successful and that these objects would produce rain, which was symbolized by this moisture.

Hereupon the youth prepared to return to his home, but Ahö'li restrained him and said: "Now, tomorrow when the sun rises we shall make a prayer-offering and you must do the same, because when we came we heard somebody sing away up there somewhere." So early the next morning they dressed up in their costumes, the Kadcina being dressed in a tû'ihí, a kilt, and his mask; his body also being painted nicely.

In his right band he carried a stick, natö'ngpi, to the middle of which were tied beads and a bundle of báhos. In his left hand he carried the objects which he had obtained the previous day. The mána was dressed as the Kadcín-manas are yet dressed to-day. She carried in her left arm a tray (póta), containing different kinds of seeds. They proceeded to a báho shrine west of the present village of Wálpi, half-way down the mesa. Here they sprinkled a little meal to the sun and on the shrine, this little rite being called kúivato. As they were performing this rite they again heard the same voice singing on top of the mesa, which they had heard before.

There were then no villages on top of the mesa, but the shrine of Taláwhtoika was there already, and at this shrine some one was singing. When looking up they say that it was the Big-Horn (Wopákal) Kadcina. Hereupon they returned to their house, but immediately started up on the mesa to look for and meet the one that they had heard singing.

So they went up and reached the top of the mesa somewhat west of the bahóki. Here they noticed some one dressed in a white mask with very small openings for the mouth and eyes. His body was also white and he wore a thin bandoleer with blue yarn over his shoulder. He was standing by the side of the shrine shaking a rattle of bones slowly up and down.

After having shaken the rattle four times he started off. "Wait," the Ahö'li Kadcina said, "wait, we have heard some singing up here and want to see who it is." "Yes," the other Kadcina, which was the Á'ototo, replied, "yes, I am not singing, but we are two of us here,

and the other one was singing." By this time the Big-Horn Kacina came from the west end of the mesa holding in his left hand a bow, and having a quiver strung over his right shoulder. He had a green mask with a big horn on the right side and an ear on the left. He wore a nice kilt, nice ankle bands, and his body was painted up nicely.

When he arrived at the shrine he asked the Â'ototo: "Why do you tarry here?" "Yes," the Â'ototo replied, "these are detaining me." "Why?" the Big-Horn Kacina asked. "We heard somebody singing here," the Ahö'li replied, "and we came up here to see who it was, and so it is you. Now, what do you think," he continued, "let us go down all together and then we shall possess the people," and he told the Kacinas about what they had obtained and were going to do. So the two Kacinas were willing and they prepared to go down.

The Â'ototo took the lead and was followed by the Ahö'li Kacina, and the mána, the Big-Horn Kacina coming last. This way they went down a part of the way at a place west of the present village of Háno. Here they made a báho shrine (bahóki), erecting some stones as a mark between the villages of Háno and Sitcómovi. This shrine is still there. They then went farther down to the present gap north of Háno to the large shrine with the twisted stone which is still there, Here they met somebody coming out of that shrine and then going up and down there. It was somebody dangerous (núkpana), who had large protruding eyes and a big mouth in his mask, and many rattles around his body and along the front part of his legs.

His arms were painted white, his body red. Around his shoulders he had a small blanket of rabbit skin. On his feet he had old, torn, black moccasins. In his right hand he had a large knife, in his left hand a crook, to which a number of mósililis were attached. It was the Cóoyoko, who used to kill and devour children there. When the Kacinas saw him they said to him: "Do not trouble us, we are going to possess these people here. We are going home now. You can destroy the bad ones, since you are bad anyway, but do not trouble us.

Hereupon they descended and went to their home. When they arrived at the house of the Ahö'li, which was a very beautiful house, the Ahö'li said: "Now, here we are, and you stay with us. It is not good down here it does not rain, but up there where you are it is better. When it will rain here you can go back, but we want to help the people first. So tomorrow morning we shall go to the fields and plant for the people."

During the night they did not sleep but they were singing all night, on their masks, which they had standing in a row in the north side of the room. When the yellow dawn was appearing before sunrise it commenced to rain, and it rained hard. Towards noon the Kacinas dressed up, putting on their masks, went out, crossed the mesa, came to the fields south of the mesa, and there they beheld large fields of corn, patches filled with melons, watermelons, and squashes. Everything was growing beautifully.

Having looked around a little while they turned around, taking with them a watermelon, an ear of fresh corn, and a melon. It was still raining so that their feet sank deep into the ground.

When they arrived close to the mesa somebody met them. It was Big-Skeleton

(Wokómásauwuu), who owns the earth and the fields. He lived about half-way down the mesa near the mesa point. He told the Katcinas that they should go up the mesa and prepare a house there and live there, and from there they should perform their rites. So they went up on top of the mesa and have lived there ever since.

Soon after that the Wálpi also commenced to move up the mesa and build the new village, where it is at the present time situated.

How Ball Head Wedded an Oraibi Maiden

A Hopi Legend

H. R. Voth, *The Traditions of the Hopi*, Field Columbian Museum Anthropological Series, 1905

Halíksai! In Oraibi the people were living. At the place where Tuvá-mana now lives, right east of the public plaza, lived a maiden who persistently refused to marry any of the young men of the village.

Many of these young men were wooing her.

North of the village at Achámali, lived an old woman with her grandson. "My grandmother," he said to her one time. "What is it?" she answered. "Yes," he said, "I am going to visit that maiden there in the village, and see whether she will not marry me."

"Alas!" she replied, "she will not want you,"

"I am going to try it anyhow," he answered. So one evening, after they had eaten, he put his wildcat robe on, of which at that time nearly every young man had one, and proceeded to the village. It was moonlight.

When he came to the house he stood outside at the corner of the house. The maiden was grinding corn opposite an open window. He went up to the place where she was grinding corn, looked through the opening, and saw that she was very busy grinding corn. "Stop a little," he said.

She stopped and asked: "Why do you want me to stop?"

"Yes," he said, "I came to you."

"Who are you?" she asked., "Yes," he said, "it is I."

And hereupon she began to guess, mentioning many names of young men in the village, and asked whether he was that one or that one. Finally she said: "Are you not living north of the village there?"

"Yes," he answered.

"So you are that one," she said. "All right, I am willing that we should live together."

"That is what I came for," the young man said.

"Very well," the maiden replied, "I shall ask my mother, and if she is willing, we shall live together. So you go home now and sleep."

After he had left she went down and spoke to her parents, telling them that the young man living north of the village at Achámali had asked her to marry him.

They said that they would be glad if he would live with them and he was welcome, "If he

has not spoken a falsehood he will certainly come back again," they said. Whereupon they retired for the night.

When the young man arrived at his home, he was asked by his grandmother what he had found out. "Yes," he said, "I have good news; she is willing." Hereupon they too retired for the night. In the morning the grandmother said to her grandson: "You have a big field here. Some of your corn has certainly matured, so you prepare some steamed sweet corn."

"Very well," he said. So he gathered some sweet corn-ears, heated his oven, and threw into it a good many corn-ears. In the evening they were done. He took them out, took off the husks, and strung the corn-ears on strings of yucca leaves, preparing about ten bunches of corn ears, By this time the sun had gone down. After a little while he wrapped up the corn-ears that he had strung up, and proceeded to the village.

The maiden was still grinding corn. He left the presents on the ground in front of the house, on the plaza, and went up. "Have you come?" the maiden said. "Yes," he replied. "Very well," she said, come in." Hereupon he went down, got his bundle. and brought it in. A fire was burning at the fireplace. He took a seat by the side of the fireplace. The maiden stopped her grinding and took a seat on the opposite side.

The young man had a mask on with three nodules on top, from which small turkey feathers were suspended. It was the Ball-Head (Tatciqtö). He handed the maiden the sweet corn-ears that he had brought, saying to her, "You take this and eat it." She was happy and thanked him for it. "Thanks," she said, "on your account I shall eat it." Hereupon she took part of the corn down to her parents who were also glad, and ate of it because they were new corn ears.

Returning to the room where the young man was sitting, they conversed together for a while. "Very well," the maiden said, "I shall now save the corn-meal that I am grinding, then sometime I shall come over to your house." Whereupon they separated, the young man going back to his house, and the mána also retiring for the night. Hereupon the maiden ground blue corn for four days. On the fifth day she ground white corn. Every evening the young man brought over some fresh sweet corn-ears, which the people of the house ate. In the evening of the fifth day he did not bring any, but he came to fetch his bride.

She and her mother filled a large tray full of the white meal, tied it up in an atö'ö, which she then took in her hands, and followed the young man to his house. When they arrived there he went in first. His grandmother welcomed the maiden to her house and invited her repeatedly to come in. The young man also told her to come in.

So she entered. She first handed the tray with meal to the grandmother,, who thanked her for it, and put the meal away. They then ate the evening meal, which consisted of corn, melons, and watermelons. After having conversed for some little time they retired for the night, the mána sleeping with the grandmother.

Early in the morning when the yellow dawn was appearing the grandmother and the maiden went out to kúivato (to make prayer-offerings, consisting of sacred meal, to the

dawn and rising sun). Returning to the kiva, the grandmother got out four Kohoníno trays (chukávotas) and a lot of corn, which the mána was shelling, filling the four trays. When they were filled, the grandmother told her grandson to go and call his animals.

He went out and called them by saying "pi-pi-pi-pi!" whereupon a great many chickens came running to the kiva. When they had come in, the young man first took one tray, scattering the corn to the chickens. When they had eaten that he scattered the corn from another tray, and so on until they were all emptied. He then told them to sit down on the banquette that was running along the wall all around the kiva, which they did. The four empty trays he placed in a row north of the fireplace, Hereupon he said to the chickens: "I am going to sing for you now, so you listen to me attentively, and then afterward s sing the same way."

Hereupon he hung a little drum over his shoulder, gave a signal on the drum, when all the chickens looked at him and listened attentively, while the young man sang the following song, accompanying it by beating the drum:

Aha ihi aha
Kowakoho ngumanta (The chicken was grinding meal),
Angwushihi ngumanta (The crow was grinding meal).
Takahayakwi, tanaymahka.
Ahaha! ihihihihii!

The mána was sitting near the fireplace. While the young man was singing the song, the chickens all swayed their bodies from side to side to the time of the singing, and by doing so ground the corn which they had taken into their bodies.

When he had sung the song five times he said to the chickens: "Now then, come and vomit your meal into these trays." So one after the other came and vomited the meal which it had ground in its body into the tray. It was very fine white meal. When they were all through they left the kiva.

In this way the chickens assisted the maiden in getting all that corn ground quickly, so that she did not have to grind it herself as is usually the case. This meal they then used afterwards. But the young man had no cotton, and so no bridal costume was prepared for the bride, for which she was sorry. The young man, however, was a hunter and often brought home rabbits and other game. After the maiden had lived there awhile the grandmother said to her: "Now then, you have been here a long time, you prepare some good food."

This the mána did in the morning, preparing some pík'ami and other food. The young man again went hunting and returned with rabbits. The grandmother prepared a great deal of nō'qkwiwi. In the evening they spread the food on the floor, filling a great many bowls and trays. When they had spread out the food the grandmother went out and called out: "You my neighbors here, come in and eat, and be not slow about it, but come in and eat."

Hereupon the three sat down and commenced to eat. While they were eating the people began to come in. The first one that came in carried under his arm a large white bridal

robe; the second one a small bridal robe; the third one a white knotted belt; the fourth one a pair of bridal moccasins; and the fifth one a reed receptacle.

Having placed the same on the floor, they sat down and ate. Hereupon they exhorted the young man, saying to him that when he would now take his bride home and live there in the village he should be good to the people and he should not be angry at them, but should benefit them, whereupon they left the kiva.

Early in the morning the grandmother made some yucca suds and washed the mána's head. When her hair was dry she took her out and sprinkled meal to the rising sun. When they returned she dressed her up in the bridal costume. The young man put four watermelons in a blanket, and just as the sun was rising they all went out, the grandmother sprinkling a road of meal for her children, and then told them to go on now, whereupon they proceeded to the village, to the house of the bride.

Arriving at the house they were welcomed by the mother of the bride who took the bridal costume and also the watermelons, which the young man had brought and put everything away. Hereupon the young people lived in the village, and as the young man was a Katsina the village prospered, it always rained and they had much to eat. But by and by his wife went astray, at which her husband became angry and left the village, returning to his house again. After that it did not rain so much, the people became poor, and it is still that way.

The Wanderings of the Bear Clan

A Hopi Legend

H. R. Voth, *The Traditions of the Hopi*, Field Columbian Museum Anthropological Series, 1905

After we had left the sípahpuni the Bear people separated and went ahead of the others. First they came somewhere near the present site of Phoenix , and stayed there awhile.

They remained for or shorter or longer periods at many different places. Finally they came to the Little Colorado River, and about there it was where they assumed the clan name, but just exactly where the place was nobody can tell. Their forefathers say that the party once came upon a dead bear that they looked at, and from that they were called forever afterwards the Bear clan. Another party that traveled with them took the hide of the bear, of which the hair had already been removed by little animals (Mû'yi. Pl. Mû'mutyu), who use hair or wool for their nests or burrows.

These people took the skin and cut from it carrying straps (piqö'sha), from which they were called Piqö'sha clan. Another party came upon the bear at just this time and were called Mû'yi clan, after the small mice mentioned before. These three clans arrived there just about the same time, and hence are considered as closely related to one another.

Shortly after another party passed by and found many blue-birds sitting upon the cadaver eating from it; so they were called the Bluebird clan (Chórzh-ñamu). Still later another party, came upon the scene and found the remains of the cadaver full of spider web, so this party was called Spider (Kóhk'ang) clan. By and by a sixth migrating party came along.

By this time the bones of the bear were bleached already. They took the skull, tied yucca leaves to it and carried it along as a drinking vessel in the manner in which the chief's or priest's jugs (móngwikurus) are carried at the present time, and from this. that party was called the jug (Wíkurzh) clan. Finally a seventh party came along and found the place where the bear had been killed swarming with ants, so they were called the Ant (Án-ñamu) clan.

These seven clans have derived their names from the same origin, and are now considered as being related to one another. The Bear clan is also said to have halted at various places along the Little Colorado River. From there they moved eastward, stopping for some time at a place called Badger Spring (Honánva).

From this place they again moved eastward, stopped at a place called Mákwtavi, and from here they finally moved to Matö'ví, a large spring a number of miles south of Shongópavi. At this place they also remained for a considerable length of time, but finally they moved northward to the present site of Shongópavi, where they remained. They being the first to arrive at this place, they have ever since considered themselves to be the leading clan in the village, the village chief having also been chosen from their clan.

A few persons of the Bear clan moved from here to Oraíbi, where the chieftainship of the

so-called Liberal or Friendly faction is still held by that clan, the Conservative or Hostile faction of that village selecting their chief from the Spider clan. Two of this clan moved to the villages of Shupaúlavi and Mishógnovi, where the office of the village chief has also remained in this clan to the present day.

The Bear clan brought with them the altar paraphernalia, song, etc., of the Blue Flute cult. When they stopped and planted anywhere they would perform the Blue Flute ceremony and sing the songs, and their crop would then grow and mature very quickly, so that they would have something to eat. They also brought with them the Hû Kacina, the Bear (Hon) Kacina, the Â'ototo Natácka, his wife Cóoyok Wuhti, and finally the Cóoyoko Táhaam.

Later on other clan and migrating parties arrived at Shongópavi asking of the Bear clan admission to the village. If proper arrangements could be made with the Bear clan they remained; if not, they moved on. Many of the large and small ruins with which the country is covered date back to the time of the migration of these different clans, showing the places where they made stays of shorter or longer duration.

How the Circle Katsina and His Wife Became Stars A Hopi Legend

H. R. Voth, *The Traditions of the Hopi*, Field Columbian Museum Anthropological Series, 1905

Halíksai! In Oraíbi the people were living. In the north-western part of the village was at that time a kiva called Hâmís-kiva. Somewhat south of this kiva close to the present site of the, Hanó-kiva lived a maiden.

She persistently refused to marry any young man in the village. At Red Sand (Palánvisa), a place north-east of the village, some maidens were playing the game "jumping over the trays." The maiden mentioned above never played with the other maidens, but one time she went out intending to play with the maidens. When she came to the edge of the mesa she sat down and watched the other maidens play. A young man dressed in a blue Hopi blanket came by and asked her why she did not play with the other maidens. "Yes," she said, "I never play with them." Hereupon he sat down beside her and they talked together a little while, then the maiden returned to her home.

In the evening she was grinding corn. While she was grinding a Katsina came to the village, danced first near the Coyote (Ish) kiva, then at the Singer (Táo) kiva, then at the Public plaza (Kíconvee), then at the Wrinkle (Wíkolapi) kiva, and finally at the Hâmís-kiva. Hereupon he left the village. The next morning the mána again proceeded to the place at the edge of the mesa where she had been sitting the previous day, and again the youth joined her. This time he asked her if she would marry him if her father and mother were willing. She consented. He told her that if they were willing he would come and get her the next day. He then told her that he was the Katsina who was dancing in the village, saying that he would again dance at the same places as usual, and then after he would be through she should come and meet him at "The Place-Where-Scalps-are-Dressed" (Yóvutzrhrokwanpi). Hereupon they parted.

In the evening she was again grinding corn and the Katsina again went through the village dancing at the places mentioned, and singing the following song while he was dancing, singing the same song at each place:

Achípolaina, achípolaina,
Koohochunisha, kowishkúnishaa,
Palainaiya ----- --aya.
Waa-i-aha-ihíhi.

The mána had in the meanwhile obtained the permission of her parents to marry the youth. The mother filled a tray with meal for her, with which the mana proceeded to the place named by the Katsina. Here she was met by the Katsina after he had made his round through the village. From here they proceeded to the place called Kocántũika, a bluff named after a certain plant, kocána.

When they arrived here they saw a kiva and a light in it. A voice called out from the kiva inviting them to come in. They entered and found here a great many different Katsinas. The youth was the Circle (Póngo) Katsina. Hereupon the youth handed the mána some píki made of fresh roasting ears, and also some watermelon slices, which she ate.

They then remained in this kiva, the mána preparing the food for the Katcinas, and the latter preparing the bridal costume for the mána. Every night the Póngo Katcina would go to the village and dance, as already explained. When the bridal costume was finished the mána went home in the same manner in which brides go home to-day. Her husband followed her, so they lived in the house of her parents after that. Her parents now found out that the husband of their daughter was a Katcina.

By and by she bore two children, which were also Circle Katcinas. One time the young mother was drying corn-meal, stirring it in a pot over the fire. When she was done with this she left her house and went to the edge of the mesa outside of the village. Her husband had gone to visit the Katcinas at the Katcina kiva mentioned before. While the woman was outside of the village some one approached her. It was the Hotóto Katcina.

He told her that she should go with him, to which she consented. They descended the mesa south of the village and went southward to Shongópavi. When the Circle Katcina returned to the house he found his wife gone. Following her tracks, he found that she had gone away with some one, and soon heard who it was that had taken her away. He returned to the house, took his two children and went with them to the Katcina house already mentioned. Here they remained. The two little Katcinas learned the Katcina songs and dances.

After a while the father and his two children concluded to try to find the mother of the two youths. So the people cooked some roasting ears and other food for them, whereupon they proceeded to the village, taking the food with them. Here they danced at Pisávi, a place a short distance east of the Pongóvi kiva. While they danced they sang the following song:

Ahahahahai ahahaai
Ahahahaha ihihihihhi
Umungu uyungnaya
Umungu uchioli
Ahahahahai ihihihhi-hi-hi-hi.

When they were through singing, the father asked the women among the spectators whether some one would not nurse the children for these roasting ears that they had brought with them, but no one was willing. They went to the plaza, repeated their dancing and singing, whereupon the father again asked the women that some one nurse his children for the roasting ears, but no one was willing. They then proceeded to the Coyote kiva, where the same thing was repeated.

No one being willing to nurse the two children, they left the village and when they came to the last row of houses, where the Katcinas often rest when they have dances now, a woman approached them declaring that she was willing to nurse the children. After she had nursed them and they had given her the roasting ears, they left the village along the trail leading south-eastward. Here they traced the mother to Sik'ákvu, a bluff on top of the mesa about three miles southeast of Oraíbi.

Here they found a kiva where they heard some one singing the following song:

Tciihihihio tcihihiokaaha,
Tcihihiokaaha tcihihiokaaha,
Ha, ha, ha!

It was the Haháii Wuhti, who was opening comíviki as she was singing. When they heard the song they looked into the kiva and were noticed by the Haháii Wuhti. "Oh!" she said, "here I am meeting you with this song. Recently somebody was fetching your mother by here." The three went into the kiva and were invited to remain over night. They were fed by the Haháii Wuhti the comíviki. When they had eaten they danced, singing the following song:

Ahahahaihahaiya toywihihiovohokahai,
Ahahaahaiahaiya toywihihiovohokahai,
Ocarasotikiihi, polaihainahai,
Kahaahaowkuruhukahai, koaowaikurukahaihai.

In the morning they proceeded eastward. In the evening of the next day they arrived at a place called Owl Spring (Móngkba). Here they found another Haháii Wuhti in a kiva, who was also engaged in opening comíviki. She was singing the same song that the other Haháii Wuhti had been singing. When the three arrived they looked into the kiva. When the woman noticed them she said, "Utí! here you some one is going about and I am meeting you with this song. Recently some one fetched your mother by here."

They went in and were fed by the Haháii Wuhti, whereupon they again danced and sang the same song which they sang at the place of the other Haháii Wuhti. They stayed over night at this kiva., and during the night the Haháii Wuhti went to Kí'shiwuu, where many different kinds of Katcinas had a dance. When one party had danced and gone away, another party would come and perform their dance and leave. Then another party, and so on.

When all had danced, Haháii Wuhti returned to her home and told the three Circle Katcinas about the dance. She told them about it; then they also went and performed a dance at Kí'shiwuu, which, it seems, was not far away. When they were through they again returned to Móngkba. Here they remained until it became morning.

In the morning Haháii Wuhti again went to Kí'shiwuu to be present at another dance, the three Circle Katcinas remaining behind. When they had all danced Haháii Wuhti again invited the three Katcinas. The people who had seen them in the last dance during the night and had not observed them during the day were waiting for them, thinking that they probably would come. They went over and also performed their dance.

Before they went over Haháii Wuhti told them that their mother was at Kí'shiwuu and that she would see them dance and she would certainly be anxious to return with them. They performed their dance on the public plaza, singing the same song that they had sung at the places of the two Haháii Wuhtis, When they were through they again returned and soon met their mother, who had recognized them and had gone before them. So they took their mother back with them.

Before they reached Móngkba night befell them, so they stopped. The father said to the

two children they should go ahead to their grandmother, the Haháii Wuhti, which they did.

He then took a pointed stick and killed his wife with it by thrusting it into her throat. Leaving the body at the place, he followed his two sons, but before he reached the place where they were the skeleton of his wife followed him.

The two boys had safely gotten into the house of their grandmother, but their father ran away, being followed by the skeleton. He finally arrived at the First Mesa, rushed into the village of Háno and there into a kiva where a number of women were making jugs. He begged them to hide him as something was pursuing him. Hereupon one of the women hid him under a pile of clay which they were using for making their pottery.

The skeleton then arrived, saying, "Havá! Did my husband not come here?" she asked. "No," they replied.

"Yes," the skeleton said, "because his tracks end here," and hereupon she entered the kiva. She threw aside all the piles of clay and material that was lying there, and finally came to the pile under which the man was hidden.

When he noticed that she was close by he jumped up, ran up the ladder and westward towards Wálpi, being pursued by the skeleton of his wife. In Wálpi he again entered a kiva. Here they were practicing a war dance. "Hide me quickly," he said, "some one is following me."

"Come here," they said, and handed him a drum. So he beat the drum. The skeleton soon arrived and entered the kiva after having spoken the same words as in Háno. She shoved the dancers aside, but when she came to the one who was beating the drum, he threw aside the drum and rushed out, running to Mishógnovi.

Here he again rushed into a kiva where they were assembled for the Lagón ceremony. The women were making trays. He again asked to be hidden as he was being pursued by some one. One of the women told him to be seated in her lap, which he did. She covered him with a tray that she was working on and continued her work. Soon the skeleton arrived, asked the same questions, and was again answered in the negative.

She came in, looked around, driving the women from one place of the kiva into another, until she arrived at the one who had her husband. When he saw that he could not remain hidden he rushed out and ran towards Shongópavi. Here they also were assembled for the Lagón ceremony and the same thing was repeated that took place in Mishógnovi.

From here he ran towards Matö'vi (about fifteen miles south of Shongópavi). At this place the Flute society had a ceremony. They were assembled at the spring when he arrived, He again repeated the same request to be hidden, as he was being pursued. They told him to go into the spring to a certain sunflower stalk that was growing in the spring.

This he should mount and hide in its top. He did so. When the skeleton arrived and asked whether her husband was not there the Flute priest told her, "Yes, he has entered the spring." So she went to the edge of that spring and entered it. Looking into the water she saw the sunflower stalk reflected in the water and on top of it her husband. Thinking that he was in the water she dived in and disappeared.

The pursued man came down and joined the Flute players. On the fourth day they heard somebody pound yucca roots in the water. When the sun rose the woman came out of the water, dressed in a bridal costume, and carrying in her arms a reed receptacle which contained another bridal robe and the white belt.

She appeared in exactly the same manner as the newly married bride appears on the morning when she returns from the home of her husband to that of her own mother. When she came out the two priests called the two together, placed them back to back, made a road with sacred meal for each one; the one road southward, and the other northward. The priests told them to proceed four steps, each one in the direction they were facing.

Then they should turn and meet again. But the man returned when he had taken three steps instead of four. The Flute priests were very angry and called at the woman to run. She started, and her husband started after her. "You shall always follow each other this way," the Flute priests said. They both ran westward, and are still running in that way. The two stars, Nangö'sohu pursue each other because one constantly follows the other, sometimes overtaking it and then again remaining behind, are these two personages.

Huruíng Wuhti and the Sun

A Hopi Legend

H. R. Voth, *The Traditions of the Hopi*, Field Columbian Museum Anthropological Series, 1905

Alíksai! A very long time ago there was nothing here in the world but water. Only away off in the west where Hurúíng Wuhti lived there was a small piece of land where she lived. She lived in a hill or bluff called Taláschomo.

Hurúíng Wuhti owned the moon, the stars, and all the hard substances, such as beads, corals, shells, etc. Away in the east lived the Sun, painted up very beautifully. The Sun was very skillful. One time Hurúíng Wuhti sent the Moon to the Sun, throwing him through (the intervening) space so that he fell down in front of the Sun.

He told the Sun that Hurúíng Wuhti wanted him; then he arose and passed through the sky back to the west. The Sun also soon rose and followed the Moon to the west, to the house of Hurúíng Wuhti.

"Have you come?" the latter said. "Yes, I have come. Why do you want me? I have come because you wanted me." "Thanks," the Hurúíng Wuhti said, "thanks that you have come, my father, because you shall be my father." "Yes," the Sun said, "and you shall be my mother, and we shall own all things together." "Yes," Hurúíng Wuhti said, "now let us create something for you." "All right, thank you," the Sun replied.

Hereupon they entered another chamber which was very beautiful, and there all kinds of the skins of different kinds of animals and birds were hanging. So Hurúíng Wuhti got out a bundle and placed it on the floor. It was a large piece of old native cloth (möchápu). She then placed on the floor all kinds of bird skins and feathers. Hereupon she rubbed her body and arms, rubbing off a great many small scales from her cuticle. These she took into her hands, rubbing the two palms of her hands together, and then placing these small scales on the feathers and skins. Hereupon she covered the whole with the möchápu.

The Sun kindled a little fire at the east side of the pile. Hurúíng Wuhti then took hold of two corners of the cloth and began to sing, moving the corners to the time of her singing. The Sun took hold of the other two corners and also waved them, but he did not sing. After they had waved the corners four times, the things under the covering commenced to move, and soon they began to emit sounds, whistling and chirping the way the different birds do. Hereupon Hurúíng Wuhti took off the covering saying: "We are done, be it this way."

There were all different kinds of birds, those that fly around in the summer when it is warm. As she took off the covering the birds commenced to fly, passed through the opening and flew out into the air, but soon all returned, gathering again in front of the two. "You shall own these," Hurúíng Wuhti said to the Sun, "they are yours."

"Thanks," the Sun replied, "that they are mine." Hurúíng Wuhti then handed to the Sun a large jar made of a light transparent material like quartz crystal. Into this the Sun placed all the birds, closing up the jar.

Hereupon the Sun said: "Now, let us create something for you, too." "Very well," Hurúing Wuhti said. Then the Sun placed a small quantity of different kinds of hair on the floor. Furthermore, a little quantity of the different kinds of paints that he was painted up with. He then let his beard (rays) drop upon these objects, also shook his wings towards them.

They then covered up the things again, each took hold of two corners of the covering, and the Sun then sang a song. Soon something began to move under the covering, and when they removed the latter an antelope, deer, cotton-tail rabbit, jack-rabbit, and mountain sheep jumped up, and after running around in the large room for a while, they returned and assembled again in front of the two.

"You take these, you shall own them," the Sun said to Hurúing Wuhti. "All right, thank you," the latter said. Hereupon these animals took places close to the Hurúing Wuhti, whom they considered as their mother afterwards. "You shall own these, they shall be yours," the Sun said once more to Hurúing Wuhti, for which she thanked him.

The latter then put the Sun into an opening in the floor of the house, through which the Sun departed with the vessel containing the birds. After having passed through the opening, the Sun returned under the earth to the east again, and when he came out he turned over the land which belonged to Hurúing Wuhti, and which had been under water, and by so doing made the world (tû'wakachi) land.

The Sun at once noticed a great many beings come out of the water and moving about on the shore of the land.

He first called them the Water Lice (bá-atuhtu), but when he had risen to the middle of the sky he noticed that they were people, and he called them White People (Bahánas), some Spaniards (Castilians), and others Mormons (Mámona). He then poured out of the jar all the birds which then went flying around in the air and increased.

From this time on the Sun always went towards the west, entering the house of Hurúing Wuhti, passing out below, and returning to the east again. When he came there this time Hurúing Wuhti said: "Have you come?"

"Yes," the Sun said. "Thanks," the Hurúing Wuhti replied, "let us create something again. What have you found out?"

"Yes," the Sun said, "land has come out every where, and everything is beautiful, and the water is beautiful, too. Now, to-morrow when I shall rise there will be blossoms and flowers and grass all over the land. "Very well," Hurúing Wuhti said, "but let us make something now again. What shall we make?"

Hereupon she fed the Sun honey, and other good food. When the Sun was through eating, Hurúing Wuhti again said: "Well, now, what shall we make? Let us use the covering again," placing the same covering that they had used upon the floor. Hereupon Hurúing Wuhti rubbed her legs and feet, rubbing off some more particles of cuticle.

These she took into her hands, working them into a small ball, which she placed on the floor, and covered it up with the möchápu. They then again took hold of the four corners

of the covering, Hurúing Wuhti singing a song. Soon something moved under the covering and the crying of a little child was heard, which soon said: "I am hot, am perspiring." They uncovered it and found a little maiden. "O my!" Hurúing Wuhti said: "Only one has been created. That is not good, it must not be this way."

Hereupon she put on the covering again and, then repeated the song. Soon a second voice was heard, and removing the covering they found a little boy, the little brother of the mána. His first sound was a groan as that of a small child. Hereupon he also said: "I am very warm," and wiped off the perspiration from his face and body. "Have you come?" Hurling Wuhti said. "Yes, we have come. Thanks," she replied.

They were brother and sister. So the children sat up. "Have you anything to say?" Hurúing Wuhti asked them. "Yes," they said, "why do you want us?" "Yes," Hurúing Wuhti replied, "why my father, the Sun, has made a beautiful earth and I want you to live on this earth.

That is why I want you. So I want you to go eastward now, and wherever you find a good piece of land, there you settle down. By and by others, too, shall come to you." Before they started the Sun asked Hurúing Wuhti who these two were, how they should be called? And Hurúing Wuhti named the youth Múyingwa, and the maiden Yáhoya. Hereupon the two started and left.

The Sun and Hurúing Wuhti prepared. to create some more. It was at this time still night. Hurúing Wuhti now rubbed her abdomen with both hands, and took from her umbilicus a small quantity of the scales which she twisted together.

All this scaly matter, thus rubbed from her body, she then placed on the floor, covering it up with the aforesaid cloth. They again took hold of the corners, sang over it, and as they lifted up the corners the fourth time, something began to move under the covering. They took the covering off and there was another being all in perspiration. It was again a maiden.

She wiped off the perspiration from her body with some sand that was on the floor, and sat up. Hurúing Wuhti told her not to rub her body any more, as the sand had already adhered to her body and the latter was dry. She hereupon told the maiden that she should be called Sand Clan member (Tuwá-wungwa), and Lizard Clan member (Kúkuts-wungwa). Hurúing Wuhti hereupon sent the maiden off after the other two, giving her, however, one grain of shelled corn before she left.

By this time it became a little lighter and the Sun said to Hurúing Wuhti, she should hurry up. So the latter this time rubbed her face, and the inside of her nose, and from the scales thus rubbed off she formed a little ball, placed it on the floor, and again covered it. They went through the same process as before. Soon they heard a child crying like a Hopi child would cry, and another one like the crying of a coyote. Removing the covering, they found a youth and a maiden, both also perspiring profusely and wiping off the perspiration. "Why do you want us?" the children asked.

"Yes," Hurúing Wuhti said, "we have made this beautiful world here and there is hardly anybody living there yet, and that you should live here somewhere we wanted you." She then said that the mána should be a Burrowing Owl Clan member (Kókop-wungwa), and

the youth coyote Clan member (Ísh-wungwa). Hereupon she gave one grain of shelled corn to each one and told them now to follow the others, and that they should travel quickly.

Hereupon they created once more in the same manner as before. When they were ready to lift up the covering they heard somebody grunt, and another one seemed to be angry, so after they had partly lifted up the covering they dropped it again, but the two under it said, "Remove that, we are very hot." So they removed it and there was one child like a Hopi.

It was the one that had grunted like a bear. To this one Hurúing Wuhti gave the name Bear-Clan member (Hón-wungwa). She gave a grain of shelled corn to him and sent him on. The other, Head-with-the-Hair-Pushed-over-it-Backward (Tálqöto), was a Navaho, and to him Hurúing Wuhti gave a little piece of spoiled meat-and sent him on. This is the reason why the Navaho use meat, instead of corn like the Hopi.

Hereupon the Sun again passed through the opening in the floor, returning to the east under the earth. The next day when he arose again and had traveled a distance, he saw in the distance smoke arising at different places, and noticed that the people who had been created were camping there. As he rose higher he saw at a distance a maiden and a youth who were traveling along, but seemed to be very tired.

The maiden would sometimes carry her little brother on her back, then she would set him down and the two would join hands and travel along together. When the Sun came nearer he asked them: "Where do you come from? Who are you?" "Yes," they said, "We have come out away off there somewhere." "All right, the Sun said," you travel on." Hereupon he gave them water to drink and a little corn for food.

He then said to the youth that he should be called Sun Clan member (Tawá-wungwa), and to the maiden he gave the name Forehead Clan member (Kál-wungwa), whereupon he told them to travel on east ward. The Sun and Forehead clans later came to Shupaúlavi, the Bear Clan to Shongópavi, and the Burrowing Owl Clan to Mishóngnovi, while the Sand Clan went to Wálpi. Múyingwa and his sister settled down somewhere west of a large spring situated south of Shongópavi.

The Kokoshori Kacina & the Shongopavi Maiden

A Hopi Legend

H. R. Voth, The Traditions of the Hopi, Field Columbian Museum Anthropological Series, 1905

In Shongópavi they were living, and over there at Kíshiwu[2] the Kacinas were living, and the Kokóshori was going about at the Hopi village.

But he was stealing the Hopi children, and (one time) a Shongópavi woman went to get water and her child followed her, crying. The mother threw a stone back because she was angry. The child now was afraid and sat down there and cried there. Thus the Kokóshori arrived and pitied it. Now he said (to the child): "Oh! now why do you cry?"

The child said, "My mother has been hurting me."

"Let us go to my house," he said. The child was a little girl.

Now the child sat upon the back of the Kacina and the latter took it along. They now arrived at the village of those who lived at Kíshiwu. There were a great many Kacinas. They saw somebody coming carrying a little girl. Now, those Kacinas were glad.

"You, whom do you bring there?" they said.

Now the Hahái Wuhti was very happy. "Ishuni!" she said. Now he put it down.

"Where did you get that?" said the Hahái Wuhti.

"I went about at Shongópavi and the mother of this one went to get water, and this one followed her, and alas! she threw at it with a stone, and I pitied it and have brought it."

And now they pitied the child. "Very well," they said.

"Alas! Why is it thus."

Now they fed it. The Hahái Wuhti spread out pövö'lpiki, handed the child a vessel with peaches, she also cut up melons, split a watermelon, and laid before it some steamed corn. Having done this she said. "Now eat." And the child ate. When it had eaten a little it was satisfied.

After that it lived there. Now they always provided food for it. And because it ate this food it became big very soon. But now it became homesick. In the night the Kacinas danced. After the dance they would distribute steamed corn, watermelons and melons, but the child would only eat one occasionally, because it was homesick. It did not talk, it was sad.

Now they said, "Come, let us take it to the village."

Now the Kokóshori went to look after the father and the mother, and, alas! they too were

homesick. They only lived a little yet, they were very homesick. They were no longer sitting up because they were so homesick. When he returned to Kíshiwu he said, "Why, your parents are very homesick."

And now they who lived there busied themselves. "Now then, dress yourself," said the chief, "when you are dressed we shall fetch you."

Now they all put on something and now the Katcinas came and fetched the child. But the little girl had on an atö'ö and a beautiful belt and a pretty dress and some fine moccasins. But a Qö'öqöqlöm carried something in a burden basket on his back, a melon, peaches, and watermelons, etc.

All the Katcinas brought something to eat. When they came to the village it rained very hard. So they arrived at Shongópavi. They did not arrive dancing, but singing and walking. They sang as follows:

Kokooshori, Kokooshori, Kokooshori,
Hakipa tiwungwiniyata
Whose raised (we),
Okwatowakae. Yuyata, Nayata
Because (we) pitied (her). Mothers, fathers,
Amutpipoo kachiyata nawoto.
In front of them or their home heard (the girl)
Katchiyata nawoto hap itamu,
The home (of) having heard now we
Ohokio! mana wungwupui
Alas! maiden bringing up (her)
Soon shuhtokinihihi.
Not will forget.
Ahayahai Kokóhoshori,
Kokohoshori shori
Ahahaha ihihihihih.

They now arrived (at the parents' house). "Now go up, here you live," they said (to the girl), so she went into the house, but her mother was sleeping. "My mother, get up, my father, get up, I have come," said the little maiden. Now they looked up a little, and recognized the child. Now they sat up quickly and embraced the child at once. Now the father also did so. The maiden now cried, but she was now comforted and was happy.

They now revived and they were good. Now they (the Katcinas) came to offer some food. Now they ascended to the house and entered it. The Qö'öqöqlöm had wrapped up some meat and laid it down.

He also laid down some peaches and watermelons, so that everything there became filled up; and they also now distributed some among the people. Having done that they went home. "You must at once send your father," the Katcinas instructed the mána, "then your father will make the following announcement:

"You people that are living here, thus I am informing you; from your houses there you

must come down. Now you know our friends have brought something for us, and now you must all put that away somewhere, and to-morrow, when the sun shall rise, then we shall examine it."

The Katcinas now went home, and the rain clouds went home, and hence it did not rain, and the people were now thinking: "Why did he announce that we should clean our houses?" but the people now slept. Now, in the morning the sun was rising and they looked through their houses, and they were filled with everything; corn ears, watermelons, melons, meat, beans, and with everything. And from then the people were rich on account of that maiden. So they were very happy.

But when after a while they had eaten all that, they had no longer meat to eat. The maiden now became homesick after Kíshiwu, and she thought of going there. She became sick and died, and on that account she went to Kishíwu, and there she is now living.

The Origin of Some Mishongnovi Clans

A Hopi Legend

H. R. Voth, *The Traditions of the Hopi*, Field Columbian Museum Anthropological Series, 1905

The Bátki clan and the Sand clan come from Palátkwapi. When traveling, the Sand clan would spread sand on the ground and plant corn. The Bátki clan would cause it to thunder and rain (by singing), the crop would grow in a day and they would have something to eat. At Homólovi (Winslow) they lived a long time. They brought with them the Soyál cult, the Lagón cult, and the Soyál Kacina.

They went to Aoátovi. Here they were not welcome, and hence moved on to Mishóngnovi, where they found the Bear, Parrot and Crow clans. They were asked what they knew to produce rain and crops. They spread the sand, made corn grow, etc., whereupon they were welcomed and their leader was made the chief of the village.

The spring Toríva was then very small. But the Bátki-ñamu had brought from the Little Colorado River mud, grass, and water in a móngwikuru. This they put into the spring and that increased the flow of the water, and there was also much grass around it formerly, when there were fewer burros than there are now.

The Bear clan had the Antelope cult, the Parrot and the Crow clans the Blue Flute cult. The Crane and the Eagle clans had the position of the village crier, and the Drab Flute cult. The Bátki were admitted to the Antelope and Blue Flute Fraternities, and hence Sik'ánakpu makes the cloud symbols in the ceremony of the Blue Flute society.

After that the Young Corn-Ear (Píhk'ash) or Corn-Ear (Kaö') clan came from the east, from the Pueblo, Sik'ánakpu thinks. According to Sik'ánakpu the earlier clans came to Mishóngnovi as follows:

The Parrot and Crow clans, who had the Blue Flute cult and the village chief. The Bear clan, who brought the Antelope altar now used in the Snake ceremony. The Crane and Eagle clan brought the Drab Flute and Maraú cult, and had the village crier. The Kacina clan, with the Kacinas. The Sand clan, with the Lagón, Soyál, and Snake cult. The Bátki clan. These had no cult, but controlled the water. The Young Corn-Ear clan. These had no special cult, but brought a better quality of corn.

Before the Bátki people came, the corn was very small. They made it rain and so it grew large. The Píhk'ash clan brought better and larger corn with them.

The Origin of Some Oraibi Clans

A Hopi Legend

H. R. Voth, *The Traditions of the Hopi*, Field Columbian Museum Anthropological Series, 1905

Away down the sípapu in the under-world the people lived in the same manner as they do here. The wife of the chief of the Bear clan often danced in the Butterfly dance (Políhtikivee), at which the chief got angry.

The Spider clan had also a chief. The Bear chief sent the Pö'okong to limit for them another life (kátci) or world and see whether they could not get out. He was so angry at his wife's participating in the dance, fearing that she would be led astray, he wanted to go away and leave her.

Pö'okong and his younger brother Balö'ongahoya went in search of another world, and when they returned, reported that there was an opening right above them. Pö'okong had reached it by means of a reed on which he had spit and thus made it strong.

The chief said, as they were still dancing (the Butterfly dance) they would move in four days. After four days they were still dancing, and the chief said to some one that he would not tell his wife anything, but try to find another wife. So he left, being accompanied by Pö'okong and, Balö'ongahoya, the Pölis still dancing wildly.

They started and went out, Pö'okong first, then Balö'ongahoya, then the Bear clan chief, who was followed by the Spider clan chief. Then the Bear clan people, the Spider clan people, and after them many other people came out. When many were out the Bear chief closed the opening.

When they were out the chief said, "Well, what now?" They were in the dark yet, the entrance, however, being closed.

The chief sent the Eagle who flew around hunting an opening or light. H returned, and the chief asked: "Taá um hin nawóti?" "Well, I found an opening and made it more light, but it is very hot high up yet. Send another one." So the chief sent the Buzzard (Wicóko).

The latter ascended higher but got burned (hence he has no feathers on his head and wings), but he made it lighter.

When he returned that chief said: "Thank you. Well, now what? Now it is somewhat better. The sky has been opened somewhat more and it is much lighter." The question arose: Which way? The Bear clan spoke for the South, the Spider clan for the north, and the latter talking more and getting the greater crowd, the Spider clan went northward.

The Spider Clan

This clan traveled northward. The chief first, the people following. After four nights they came to a nice country, where the "North Old Man" (Kwináe Wuhtaka) lives. But it was cold there.

The chief decided that there they would stay. So the people were glad and began to plant corn, watermelon, melons, sweet corn, etc. The chief had brought with him the cult and altar of the Blue Flutes. When the corn began to grow the chief put up his altar, sang and fluted, but he did all that alone. So the corn, etc., grew nicely, but when it tasseled and the ears began to develop, it became cold and the crop was destroyed. "Ishohi!" (Oh!) the people exclaimed. They tried it another year, but the same: thing was repeated in every respect. Again no crop. Another year it was tried, but now the corn only began to tassel, and the fourth year it was still very small when the frost killed it. Then there was dissatisfaction. "Ishohí! (Oh!) Our Father, you have spoken falsely, you said it was good here." So they all also started southward after the Bear People.

After the first night the chief said to his wife: "You bathe yourself." This she did (in warm water). Then she rubbed her body and collected the small scales which she had rubbed from her skin and handed them to her husband. He laid them on a blanket until there was a considerable quantity of them. He then wrapped this in a reed receptacle, sang over it and waved it four times, whereupon the scales turned into burros and rushed out. "What is that?" the people asked. "Those are burros," the chief said. So they were glad that now they would not have to carry everything themselves any longer, and the chief said that now they would move on towards the rising sun.

The chief and his wife repeated the same performance, but instead of burros, Spaniards came out. To them the chief said: You put supplies and your things on the burros and follow the other Hopi (that is, the Bear clan), and when you overtake them, kill them. So the Castilians went south, and the Spider people went south-east, following a Stream (Nönö'pbaya, a rolling stream, because of the high recoiling waves). They came to a nice place where they stayed one year and planted and reaped a crop. From there they proceeded south-east, stopped another year at a certain place, where they again planted, but were harassed by enemies. They saved a portion of the crop and proceeding farther south-east they ascended a bluff or mesa, staying another year and planting in the valleys.

Thus they stopped in all at ten different places, but being constantly harassed by the people along the water, they never planted more than once. Finally they arrived where the sun rises and the Americans (Bahánas) live. With them they became friends; here they planted, their children learned the language a little, and they stayed there three years. They also here learned that the Bear clan had been there and had already gone westward again. The Spider people followed, arrived at Oraíbi, where they found , the Bear clan, whom they joined. Their chief was then Machíto. They also had the Â'ototo and Áholi Katcinas.

The Bear Clan

This clan had gone south from the sípahpuni. They had with them the Â'ototo Katcina. They soon found the Young Corn Ear (Píhk'ash) people with the Áholi Katcina, who wanted to join them. So the Bear clan chief took them along. They stopped at a place and here had a good crop because they had the two Katcinas with them. The next year they came to a clear stream. In all they stopped ten times before arriving at the Americans, where the sun rises. Here they stopped four years. Their children learned a little English.

The land being scarce, the Americans told them to go west and hunt land for themselves, and if anybody would be bad to them (núkpana) and cause their children to die, they (the Americans) would come and cut the Núkapana's heads off. This was told them, because they (the Americans) had been told that down in the old home there had been Pópwaktû (sorcerers, etc.). So they traveled westward, found the Pueblo, but no good land that they could get. So they finally arrived at Shongópavi, where some people lived, and there they settled down.

One time the people saw that the chief, Machíto, held a sweet corn-ear between every two fingers, at the same time eating from the other hand. Corn was very scarce at that time, so the people spoke to him about his greediness, at which he got angry and left, taking with him the Á'ototo and Áholi. Hunters later found them at a rock, now Bean Spreading Place (Báhpu-Möyanpi), where there is still a stone on which there is some writing called Machítûtûbeni. Machíto left his wife at Shongópavi, also his people, who then formed

the Shongópavi Bear clan. When the hunters found him they informed the people at Shongópavi.

Some went there to get them back, but Machíto would not listen to them. Then his wife went to him but he would not listen to her either. So they left him. Machíto took a big stone and went with them for some distance to make the landmark between Oraíbi and Shongópavi. The people said several times: "Put it here." But he would not listen until arriving at a place called "Ocápchomo," where he placed it, thus making a landmark between the fields of the Shongópavi and his own.

Then Machíto and the two Kacinas went up the Oraíbi mesa where they remained. Later the Spider people arrived. Machíto asked about their wanderings and they told him. He wanted to know why the corn would not grow although they had the Flute cult. The Spider clan chief accused the "North Old Man."

Machíto then said: "All right, you may live here, but as your cult does not seem to be effective, you watch the sun for me, and when he has arrived at his south limit, you tell me, and we shall have the Soyál ceremony. Also your pû'htavi does not seem to have been good, so I want you to make my kind of pû'htavi."

After the matter had been settled between Machíto and the Spider clan chief, the latter's people came up. Among these were also the Lizard clan, to which the Sand clan is related. These names were given to people while wandering. One would find and see something, perhaps under peculiar circumstances, and he called after it.

The Lizard people were also asked what they knew and when they said the Maraú cult, they were also permitted to stay, but were requested to co-operate in the Soyál ceremony. For that reason Pungñánömsi, who is of the Bear clan, and village chief, now makes the pûhu (road) in the night of the Maraú ceremony from the nátsi at the south end of the kiva towards the rising sun.

The Rattle-snake (Tcû'a) clan also came with the Spider clan to Oraíbi, but it is not known how or where this clan became a part of the Spider clan, The Badger people

understand medicines, hence they prepare the medicine--for instance, charm liquid--for the Flute, Snake, Maraú, and other ceremonies.

Another Badger clan and the Butterfly (Pówul) came from Kíshi-wuu. These brought the Powámu and Kacina cult.

The Divided Spring (Bátki) clan came from where the sun rises.

They came to the village of Oraíbi and arranged a contest at Muyíovatki where each planted corn, the Blue Flutes sweet corn, the others, Wupákaö, over which they played the whole day. The sweet corn grew first, and so the Blue Flutes to this day go to the village in processions, etc., first closing the well (batñi) on the plaza. Later the Drab Flutes (Masítâlentu) had to throw their meal, molas, etc., from a distance to the warrior (Keléhtaka) of the Cakwálâlentu, who put them into the well in the booth for them.

The Pookonghoyas and the Cannibal Monster

A Hopi Legend

H. R. Voth, *The Traditions of the Hopi*, Field Columbian Museum Anthropological Series, 1905

A very long time ago a large monster, whom our forefathers called Shíta, lived somewhere in the west, and used to come to the village of Oraíbi and wherever it would find children it would devour them.

Often also grown people were eaten by the monster. The people became very much alarmed over the matter, and especially the village chief was very much worried over it. Finally he concluded to ask the Pöökóñghoyas for assistance. These latter, namely Pöökóñghoya and his younger brother Balö'ngahoya, lived north of and close to the village of Oraíbi. When the village chief asked them to rid them of this monster they told him to make an arrow for each one of them. He did so, using for the shaft feathers, the wing feathers of the bluebird. These arrows he brought to the little War Gods mentioned.

They said to each other: "Now let us go and see whether such a monster exists and whether we can find it." So they first went to Oraíbi and kept on the watch around the village.

One time, when they were on the east side of the village at the edge of the mesa, they noticed something approaching from the west side. They at once went there and saw that it was the monster that they were to destroy. When the monster met the two brothers it said to them: "I eat you" (Shíta). Both brothers objected.

The monster at once swallowed the older one and then the other one. They found that it was not dark inside of the monster, in fact, they found themselves on a path which the younger brother, who had been swallowed last, followed, soon overtaking his older brother.

The two brothers laughed and said to each other: "So this is the way we find it here. We are not going to die here."

They found that the path on which they were going was the esophagus of the monster, which led into its stomach. In the latter they found a great many people of different nationalities which the monster had devoured in different parts of the earth; in fact, they found the stomach to be a little world in itself, with grass, trees, rock, etc.

Before the two brothers had left their home on their expedition to kill the monster, if possible, their grandmother had told them that in case the monster should swallow them too, to try to find its heart; if they could shoot into the heart the monster would die. So they concluded that they would now go in search of the heart of the monster.

They finally found the path which led out of the stomach, and after following that path quite a distance they saw way above them hanging something which they at once concluded must be the heart of the monster. Pöökóñghoya at once shot an arrow at it, but failed to reach it, the arrow dropping back. Hereupon his younger brother tried it and

his arrow pierced the heart, whereupon the older brother also shot his arrow into the heart. Then it became dark and, the people noticed that the monster was dying.

The two brothers called all the people together and said to them: "Now let us get out." They led them along the path to the mouth of the monster, but found that they could not get out because the teeth of the monster had set firmly in death. They tried in vain to open the mouth but finally discovered a passage leading up into the nose. Through this they then emerged.

It was found that a great many people assembled there north of the village. The village chief had cried out that a great many people had arrived north of the village and asked his people to assemble there too. They did so and many found their children and relatives that had been carried off by the monster, and were very glad to have them back again.

The two brothers then said to the others that they should now move on and try to find their own homes where they had come from, which they did, settling down temporarily at different places, which accounts for the many small ruins scattered throughout the country. The old people say that this monster was really a world or a country, as some call it, similar to the world that we are living in.

The Snake Myth

A Hopi Legend

H. R. Voth, *The Traditions of the Hopi*, Field Columbian Museum Anthropological Series, 1905

At Tokóonavi, north of the Grand Canyon, lived people who were then not yet Snake people. They lived close to the bank of the river. The chief's son often pondered over the Grand Canyon and wondered where all that water went to.

"That must certainly make it very full somewhere," he thought to himself. So he spoke to his father about it. "So that is what you have been thinking about," the latter said. "Yes," his son answered, "I want to go and examine it."

The father gave his consent and told his son that he should make a box for himself that would be large enough for him to get into, and he should arrange it so that all openings in the box could be closed. This the boy did, making also a long pole (according to others a long báho), with which he could push the box in case it became fast or tangled up anywhere.

When he was ready he took a lot of báhos and some food, went into the box, and allowed himself to be pushed into the water, on which he then floated along. Finally he came to the ocean, where he drifted against an island. He found the house of Spider Woman (Kóhk'ang Wuhti) here, who called him to come to her house. He went over and found that he could not get through the opening leading to her house. "How shall I get in?" he said; "the opening is too small." She told him to enlarge it.

This he did and then entered. He told her a story and gave her a báho, and said that he had come after beads, etc. She pointed to another kiva away out in the water and said that there were some beads and corals there. but that there were some wild animals guarding the path to it. "If you had not informed me, how could you have succeeded in getting there and how would you have gotten back? But I shall go with you," she said, "because you have given me a báho, for which I am very glad."

She then gave the young man some medicine and seated herself behind his right ear. He spurted the medicine over the water and immediately a road like a rainbow was formed from the dwelling of Spider Woman to the other kiva. On this they went across the water. As they approached the kiva to which they were going they first encountered a panther, who growled fiercely.

The young man gave him a green báho and spurted some medicine upon him, which quieted him. A little farther on they met a bear, whom they quieted in the same manner.

Still farther on they came upon a wildcat, to which they also handed a báho, which quieted the animal. Hereupon they met a gray wolf, and finally a very large rattle-snake (K'áhtoya), both of which they appeased in the same manner as the others.

They then arrived at the kiva, where they found at the entrance a bow standard (Aoát nátsi). They then descended the ladder and found in the kiva many people who were dressed in blue kilts, had their faces painted with specular iron (yaláhii), and around

their necks they wore many beads.

The young man sat down near the fireplace, Spider Woman still being seated on his ear, but no one spoke. The men looked at him, but remained silent. Presently the chief got a large bag of tobacco and a large pipe. He filled the latter and smoked four times. He then handed the pipe to the young man and said: "Smoke and swallow the smoke."

The swallowing of the smoke was a test: any one not being able to do that was driven off. Spider Woman had informed the young man about this test, so he was posted. When he commenced to smoke she whispered to him: "Put me behind you." This he did in an unobserved manner, so when he swallowed the smoke she immediately drew the smoke from him and blew it away, and hence he did not get dizzy.

The men who did not observe the trick were pleased and said to him: "All right, you are strong; you are certainly some one. Thank you. Your heart is good: you are one of us; you are our child." "Yes." he said, and handed them some red nakwákwois and a single green báho with red points, such as are still made in Shupaúlavi in the Antelope society.

They then became very friendly, saying that they were very happy over the báhos. On the walls of the kiva were hanging many costumes made of snake skins. Soon the chief said to the people: "Let us dress up now," and turning to the young man bid him to turn away so that he would not see what was going on. He did so, and when he looked back again the men had all dressed up in the snake costumes and had turned into snakes, large and small, bull-snakes, racers, and rattle-snakes, that were moving about on the floor hissing, rattling, etc.

While he had turned away and the snake People had been dressing themselves, Spider Woman had whispered to him that they were now going to try him very hard, but that he should not be afraid to touch the snakes; and she gave him many instructions.

Among those present in the kiva had also been some pretty maidens who had also put on snake costumes and had turned into serpents. One of them had been particularly handsome. The chief had not turned into a snake, and was sitting near the fireplace. He now turned to the young man and said to him: "You go now and select and take one of these snakes." The snakes seemed to be very angry and the young man got frightened when they stared at him, but Spider Woman whispered to him not to be a coward, nor to be afraid.

The prettiest maiden had turned into a large yellow rattle-snake (Sik'á-tcua), and was especially angry. Spider Woman whispered to the young man, that the one that acted so very angrily was the pretty maiden and that he should try to take that one. He tried, but the snake was very wild and fierce.

"Be not afraid," Spider Woman whispered, and handed him some medicine. This he secretly chewed and spurted a small quantity of it on the fierce snake, whereupon it immediately became docile.

He at once grabbed it, held and stroked it four times upward, each time spurted a little medicine on it, and thus freed it from its anger. The chief was astonished and said: "You are very something, thanks. Now, look away again." He did so and when he turned

back he saw that all the snakes had assumed the forms of men and women again, including the maiden that he had captured. They now were all very good to him, and talked to him in the kindest manner, because they now considered him as initiated and as one of them.

He was now welcome, and the chief invited him to eat. The *mána* whom the young man had taken got from another room in the *kiva* some bread made of fresh corn-meal, some peaches, melons, etc., and set this food before the young man. Spider Woman whispered to the young -man to give her something to eat too, which he did secretly. She enjoyed the food very much and was very happy.

Now the chief asked the man why he came, etc. "I hunt a *lólomat kátcit* (good life) and was thinking about the water running this way, and so this way it runs. I have come also to get Hopi food from here. I also heard that there lives a woman here somewhere, the *Hurúing Wuhti*, from whom I want beads." "What have you for her?" they asked. "These *báhos*," he said. "All right, you will get there. But now you sleep here." But Spider Woman wanted to get back. He told them that he wanted to go out a little while.

Then he went and took Spider Woman home, and put her down. She invited him to come and eat with her. She had a *pövö'lpik'i* off which she lived and which never gave out, but he left her and returned to the Snake *kiva*, where he was welcomed and called brother and son-in-law (*möö'nangwuu*), although he had not yet married, but only caught the *mana*. So he remained there. That evening and night the chief told him all about the Snake cult, altar, etc., etc., and instructed him how he must put this up, and do that, when he would return. He did not sleep that night.

In the morning he again went out on the same excuse as the previous evening, and went to Spider Woman, who went out. She made a rainbow road into the ocean to a high bluff where *Hurúing Wuhti* lived, and to which they ascended on a ladder. They went in and found an old hag, but on all the walls many beads, shells, etc. The woman said nothing. The young man gave her the *báhos*, then she, said faintly, "*Áskwaili!*" (Thanks!)

At sundown she went into a side chamber and returned a very pretty maiden with fine buffalo and wildcat robes, of which she made a bed, and after having fed him, invited him to sleep with her on the bed. Then Spider Woman ,whispered he should comply with her request, then he would win her favor and get the beads. So he did as requested.

In the morning he awoke and found by his side an old hag, snoring. He was very unhappy, He stayed all day, the hag sitting bent up all day. In the evening the change, etc., that occurred on the previous day was repeated, but the hag after this remained a pretty maiden. He remained four days and nights with *Hurúing Wuhti*, who is the deity of the hard substances.

After four days he wanted to go home, so she went into a room on the north side and got a turquoise bead; then from a room west the same: from a room South a reddish bead (*cátsni*); from one east, a hard white bead (*hurúingwa*), a shell. Then she gave him a few of all kinds of beads and told him to go home now, but charging him not to open the sack, because if he did they would be gone, and if he did not they would increase. "You go to the Snakes, who will give you clothes, food, etc."

He then returned to the Snake kiva. There he staved four days and four nights, sleeping with his wife. When he was ready to go home the chief said: "Take this mana with you. You have won us. Take it all with you, take of our food. Practice the ceremonies there that I told you about. This woman will bear you children and then you will be many and they will hold this ceremony for you." So they started. At Spider Woman's house he told his wife, "You stay here. I will go to the rear." So he went to Spider Woman's house and she asked: "Well, did you get the mana?" "Yes," he said. "Well, you take everything along." But she forbid him to touch his wife while they would be on the way, as then his beads would disappear and also his wife.

So they started. The beads were as yet not heavy. During the night they slept separately. In the morning they found that the beads had increased, and they kept increasing as they went along the next day. The next night they spent in the same way. They were anxious to see whether the beads and shells had increased, but did not dare to do so. The third night was again spent, and the contents of the bag increased the same as the previous two nights.

The bag with the beads and shells now became very heavy and the young man was very anxious to see them, but his wife forbade him to open the sack. The fourth night was spent in the same manner, and when they arose in the morning the sack was nearly full and was very heavy. Spider Woman had also put some strings into the bag with the beads, and the beads were strung onto these strings a,; they kept increasing.

They now approached the home of the young man, and the latter was very anxious to get home in order to see the contents, of the sack, so they traveled on. When they had nearly one more day's travel to make the sack had become full. During the last night the man opened the sack, although his wife remonstrated most energetically.

He took out many of the finest beads and shells and spread them on the floor before them, put them around his neck, and was very happy. So they retired for the night. In the morning they found that all the beads except those which Hurúing Wuhti had given to the man had disappeared.

Hence the Hopi have so few beads at the present day. If that man had at that time brought home with him all the beads which he had, they would have many. So when they arrived at home they were very despondent.

At that time only the Divided or Separated Spring (Bátki) clan and the Pö'na (a certain cactus) clan lived at that place, but with the arrival of this young couple a new clan, the Snake clan, had come to the village. Soon this new woman bore many children. They were snakes who lived in the fields and in the sand. They grew very rapidly and went about and played with the Hopi children, whom they sometimes bit. This made the Hopi very angry and they said: "This is not good," and drove them off, so they were very unhappy.

The woman said to her husband: "You take our children back to my home and there we shall go away from here alone." Then the man's father made báhos, gave them to his son, who put all the snakes with the báhos into his blanket and took them back to his wife's home, and there told the Snake people why he brought their children and the báhos. They said it was all right. Hence the Snake priests, when carrying away the

snakes from the plaza after the snake dance, take with them and deposit with the snakes some báhos, so that they should not themselves return to the village.

When the Snake man returned to his village lit and his wife traveled south-eastward, stopping at various places. All at once they saw smoke in the distance, and when they went there they found a village perched on the mesa. This was the village of Wálpi. They at once went to the foot of the mesa on which Wálpi was situated and announced their presence. So the village chief went down to them from the mesa, and asked what they wanted.

They asked to be admitted to the village, promising that they would assist the people in the ceremonies. The chief at first showed himself unwilling to admit them, but finally gave his consent and took them up to the village. From that time the woman bore human children instead of little snakes. These children and their descendants became the Snake clan, of whom only very few are now living.

Soon also the Bátki and Pö'na clan came to Wálpi and found admittance to the village. At Wálpi the Snake people made the first Snake típoni, Snake altar, etc., and had the first Snake ceremony. From here the Snake cult spread to the other villages, first to Shongópavi, then to Mishógnovi, and then to Oraíbi. At the first Snake ceremony the Snake chief sent his nephew to the north, to the west, to the south, and to the east to hunt snakes.

He brought some from each direction, The chief then hollowed out a piece of báho, made of cottonwood root. Into this he put the rattles of three of the snakes and the fourth snake entirely. He then inserted into it a corn-ear, and tied to it different feathers of the eagle, the oriole, blue-bird, parrot, magpie, Ásya, and topóckwa, winding a buckskin String around these feathers. When he had made this típoni, the first ceremony was celebrated, and afterwards it took place regularly.

The Wanderings of the Spider Clan

A Hopi Legend

H. R. Voth, *The Traditions of the Hopi*, Field Columbian Museum Anthropological Series, 1905

In the under-world many people became very bad. They had many contentions, and began to kill the people and also killed the chief's son; so the chief concluded that they would move away from there.

But the question was, how to get out?' So he sent the Mótsni to find a place where they could get out. He flew up and found an opening, and came back and reported the same to the chief. So the Village Chief (Kík-mongwi) and the Crier Chief (Chaák-mongwi) planted a pine (calávi), which grew up very fast, but did not quite reach the opening. They then planted a reed (bákavi) which also grew up fast and reached through the opening. On this reed they climbed till, first the Horn people (Áaltu), who then stood outside and held the protruding part of the reed or ladder. Many people then followed.

The Mocking-bird (Yáhpa) was sitting outside and distributed the languages to the People. As they were climbing up one of them dropped one of his moccasins. Below the Hopi had pretty moccasins, but as this moccasin was dropped and the man had to make another one, and could not make it as nicely as the other one had been, the Hopi now have not very nice moccasins. The people had not yet all come out when the chief stopped them and closed up the opening, but one of the sorcerers (Pópwaktu) had also come out.

From here the people now started on different routes, the White Man taking the most southern route. All the other people took different routes further north. The Hopi brought with them Mû'yingwu, whose body consisted entirely of corn, his feet being ears of corn, so that he could not move very fast.

The Hopi were to have the horse, but as they tried to ride him they could not do so, as they did not put any bridle on him; so the Navaho, wearing a band around their head, tried it and they could ride him. The two matched together better for that reason because they also bridled the pony, probably with yucca leaves.

They had not gone very far when the chief's son took sick and died. They thought that the sorcerer who was with them had killed him, but the latter said: "Nobody has died, he is not dead; just go and look down into the opening through which we came. He is down there." So the chief went and looked down there, and beheld his child walking about in the other world. So they took the Powáku with them.

He said that hereafter no one would be really dead, but the people who would die would simply go back to the lower world. After they had traveled for some time, just how long tradition does not say, the Coyote who had carried the stars in his hand, and was traveling with the Hopi people, threw the stars into the sky so that from that time it was somewhat light during the night.

The White People had taken with them the Spider which was very skillful, so that when

they had traveled some distance the Spider rubbed some scales from her skin, and from these created burros. These the White Men afterwards used for carrying their burdens. So they got along faster and reached the place where the sun rises first. When they arrived there a star arose in the south, which told the other migrating people that some one had arrived at the sunrise.

This was a signal that they had agreed upon before starting. This star is said to have influence over the animals, and the old people say that whoever wants to own a horse, cattle, sheep, etc., should pray to this star, which the Hopi are doing to this day.

So the people traveled on. All at once one party came upon a bear that had died there. They were called the Bear (Hónawu) clan. Right after them came another party, who cut straps from the skin of the bear and were called Piqósha clan, the name given by the Hopi to this peculiar strap. Another party followed and found the cadaver covered with spider web, from which they were called Spider (Kóhk'ang) clan. A fourth party found blue-birds sitting on the cadaver and they were called the Blue-bird (Chóro) clan. A fifth party found that maggots had eaten out the eyes, leaving the cavities bare with a little fat still attached to the bone.

From this they were called Fat Cavity clan (Wíkorzh-ñamu). A sixth migrating party came upon the scene and found that a mole had dug his way up under the place where the cadaver had been lying, and hence they were called Mole (Mû'yi) clan.

Here the parties who had thus received their clan names soon separated, and the Spider clan after this wandered about and stopped at various places for a long time. The other clans did the same, living shorter or longer periods at one place, which accounts for the many smaller and larger ruins with which the country is covered.

Finally the Spider clan arrived at a spring (about four miles north of the present village sites of Mishóngnovi and Shupaúlavi) called Homiqöpu. Here they remained for some time, there still being ruins at that place. From here this clan moved to a place about a mile northeast of Shupaúlavi, called Chûkúvi. At the foot of the mesa on which this village was situated was a very large spring. The Squash (Batángá) clan then ruled in this village, the chief belonging to that clan.

The Sand (Tûwá) clan was also one of the clans being numerous in the village at that time. The inhabitants of the different villages were often harassed by enemies, among them the Utes and Apache. It seems that even the inhabitants of the different villages often made raids on each other. For this reason the inhabitants of Chûkúvi and those of old Mishóngnovi, which was situated, however, west of its present location, way down the mesa, moved on the mesa and built the present village of Mishóngnovi.

In Mishóngnovi the Blue-bird clan was then in charge of the village, the chief belonging to that clan, but it seems that this clan, shared the chieftainship with the following clans, which furnished the Kík-mongwi, the Village Chief, in the order named, for four year, a new chief being elected every four years:

After the Blue-bird clan followed the Bear clan, then the Bátki clan, and lastly, the Squash clan, The Sand clan, having lived in the village of Chukúvi, is said to have

moved to Oraíbi, east of which village they had had fields while they were still living at Chukúvi.

At the time when the people lived at Chukúvi, Shúpaúlavi was also inhabited, but it seems that the people then, too, lived farther down, probably at the so-called First Ledge, but when Mishógnovi was built the people of Shupaúlavi also moved on to the top of the mesa.

Traditions of Wanderings

A Hopi Legend

H. R. Voth, *The Traditions of the Hopi*, Field Columbian Museum Anthropological Series, 1905

After the Hopi had been taught to build stone houses, they took separate ways. My people were the Snake people. They lived in snake skins, each family occupying a separate snake skin bag.

All were hung on the end of a rainbow which swung around until the end touched Navajo Mountain. Then the bags dropped from it. Wherever a bag dropped, there was their house. After they arranged their bags they came out from them men and women, and they then built a stone house which had five sides. Then a brilliant star arose in the southeast. It would shine for a while and disappear.

The old men said, "Beneath that star there must be people." They decided to travel to it. They cut a staff and set it in the ground and watched until the star reached its top. Then they started and traveled as long as the star shone. When it disappeared they halted. But the star did not shine every night. Sometimes many years passed before it appeared again. When this occurred, the people built houses during their halt. They built round houses and square houses, and all the ruins between here and Navajo Mountain mark the places where our people lived. They waited until the star came to the top of the staff again, but when they moved on, many people remained in those houses.

When our people reached Waipho (a spring a few miles from Walpi) the star vanished. It has never been seen since. They built a house there, but Masauwu, the God of the Face of the Earth, came and compelled the people to move about halfway between the East Mesa and the Middle Mesa and there they stayed many plantings. One time when the old men were assembled, the god came among them, looking like a horrible skeleton and rattling his bones. But he could not frighten them. So he said, "I have lost my wager. All that I have is yours. Ask for anything you want and I will give it to you."

At that time, our people's house was beside the water course. The god said, "Why do you sit there in the mud? Go up yonder where it is dry."

So they went across to the west side of the mesa near the point and built a house and lived there.

Again when the old men assembled two demons came among them, but the old men took the great Baho and chased them away.

Other Hopi (Hopituh) came into this country from time to time and old people said, "Build here," or "Build there," and portioned the land among the newcomers.

Coming of the Hopi From the Underworld

A Hopi Legend

H. R. Voth, *The Traditions of the Hopi*, Field Columbian Museum Anthropological Series, 1905

A long time ago the people were living below. There were a great many of them, but they were often quarreling with one another. Some of them were very much depraved.

They abused the women and the maidens, and that led to very many contentions. So the chiefs, who were worried and angry over this, had a council and concluded that they would try to find another place to live. So they first sent out a bird named Mótsni, to find a place of exit from this world. He flew up high but was too weak and returned without having been successful. They then sent the Mocking-bird (Yáhpa). He was strong and flew up very high and found a place of exit. Returning, he reported this to the chiefs.

In the meanwhile the chiefs had caused a great flood. Many Bálölkongwuus came out of the ground with the water, and a great portion of the people were destroyed. When the Mocking-bird had made his report to the chiefs the latter said: "All right, that is good. We are going away from here."

They then announced through the crier that in four days they would leave, and that the women should prepare some food, and after they had eaten on the fourth day they would all assemble at the place right under the opening which the Mocking-bird had found. This was done.

The chiefs then planted a pine-tree (calávi), sang around it, and by their singing made it to grow very fast. It grew up to the opening which the Yáhpa had found, and when the chiefs tried and shook it, they found that it was fairly strong, but not strong enough for many people to climb up on, especially its branches, which were very thin. So they planted another kind of pine (lö'oqö), sang around it, and made it also to grow up fast.

This tree and its branches was much stronger than the other, but while the first one had grown through the opening, this one did not reach it entirely, its uppermost branches and twigs spreading out sideways before they reached the opening.

Hereupon they planted in the same manner a reed (bákavi), which proved to be strong, and also grew through the opening like the calávi.

Finally they planted a sunflower (áhkawau), and as it was moist where they planted it, it also grew up very fast and to a great size, its leaves also being very large; but the sunflower did not reach the opening. Its very large disk protruded downward before it reached the opening.

The sunflower was covered with little thorns all over. Now they were done with this.

Hereupon Spider Woman, Pöökóghoya, his brother Balö'ongawhoya, and the Mocking-bird that had found the opening, climbed up on the calávi in the order mentioned. After they had emerged through the opening, Pöökóghoya embraced the calávi, his brother

the reed, both holding them firmly that they should not shake when the people were climbing up.

The Mocking-bird sat close by and sang a great many songs, the songs that are still chanted at the Wúwûchim ceremony. Spider Woman was also sitting close by watching the proceedings. Now the people began to climb up, some on the calávi, others on the lö'qö, still others on the ahkavu and on the bákavi. As soon as they emerged, the Mocking-bird assigned them their places and gave them their languages.

To one he would say: "You shall be a Hopi, and that language you shall speak." To another: "You shall be a Navaho, and you shall speak that language." And to a third: "You shall be an Apache, a Mohave, a Mexican," etc., including the White Man. The language spoken in the underworld had been that of the following Pueblo Indians: Kawáhykaka, Ákokavi, Kátihcha, Kótiyti; these four branches of the Pueblo Indians speaking essentially the same language.

In the under-world the people had been very bad, there being many sorcerers and dangerous people, just like there are in the villages to-day who are putting diseases into the people. Of these Pópwaktu, one also found his way out with the others. The people kept coming out, and before they were all out the songs of the Mocking-bird were exhausted.

"Hapí! pai shúlahti! Now! (my songs) are gone," and at once the people who were still on the ladders commenced returning to the under-world, but a very great many had already come out, an equally large number having remained in the under-world, but the Kík-mongwi from below was with the others that came out of the kiva. The people who had emerged remained around the sípapu, as the opening was, and has ever since been called.

At this time no sun existed and it was dark everywhere. The half-grown son of the Kík-mongwi took sick and died, so they buried him. His father was very angry. "Why has some Powáka come out with us?" he said. "We thought we were living alone and wanted to get away from those dangerous men.

That is the reason why we have come out, and now one has come with us." Hereupon he called all the people together and said: "On whose account have I lost my child? I am going to make a ball of this fine com-meal and throw it upward, and on whose head that ball alights, him I shall throw down again through the sípapu." Hereupon he threw the ball upward to a great height, the people all standing and watching.

When it came down it fell upon the head of some one and was shattered. "Ishohí! so you are the one," the chief said to him. But as it happened this was the chief's nephew (his younger sister's son).

"My nephew, so you are núkpana (dangerous); why have you come out with us? We did not want any bad ones here, and now you have come with us. I am going to throw you back again." So he grabbed him in order to throw him back. "Wait," he said, "wait! am going to tell you something." "I am going to throw you back," the chief replied. "Wait," his nephew said again, "until I tell you some thing. You go there to the sípahpuni and you

look down. There he is walking." "No, he is not," the chief replied, "I am not going to look down there, he is dead."

But he went and looked down and there he saw his boy running around with other children, still showing the signs of the head washing which the Hopi practice upon the dead immediately after death. "Yes, it is true, it is true," the chief said, "truly there he is going about." "So do not throw me down there," his nephew said, "that is the way it will be. If any one dies he will go down there. Let me remain with you, I am going to tell you some more." Then the chief consented and let his nephew remain.

It was still dark, and as there was no sunshine it was also cold, and the people began to look for fire and for wood, but as it was so dark, they could find very little wood. They thus lived there a while without fire, but all at once they saw a light in the distance and the chief said: "Some one go there and see about it." When they had still been in the lower world they had occasionally heard footsteps of some one up above. So some one went in search of the light, but before he had reached it he became tired and returned.

Another was sent and he got there. He found a field in which corn, watermelons, beans, etc., were planted. All around this field a fire was burning, which was kept up by wood, and by which the ground was kept warm so that the plants could grow. The messenger found a very handsome man there. He had four strands of turquoise around his neck and very large turquoise ear pendants. In his face he had two black lines running from the upper part of his nose to his cheeks, and made with specular iron. By his side was standing his friend (a mask) which looked very ugly, with large open eye-holes and a large mouth. So it was Skeleton (Másauwuu) whom they had heard walking about from the other world. "Who are you?" Skeleton asked the messenger. "Where do you come from?" "Yes," he replied, "we have come from below, and it is cold here. We are freezing and we have no fire.

"You go and tell your people and then you all come here to me." So he returned and the people asked him: "Now, what have you found out? Have you found anybody?" "Yes," he said, "I have found somebody and he has a good crop there." Skeleton had fed the messenger with some of his good things which he had there. The people had not brought much food with them from below and so they had not very much left. The people were very glad for this invitation and went to the place where Skeleton lived. But when they saw the small field they thought: "Well, that will be gone in a very short time," but Skeleton always planted and the food was never gone. When they came there they gathered some wood and built a fire and then they warmed themselves and were happy. Skeleton gave them roasting ears, and watermelons, melons, squashes, etc., and they ate and refreshed themselves. Some of the plants were very small yet, others still larger, so that they always had food.

So the people remained there, made fields, and they always kept up a fire near the fields, which warmed the ground so that they could raise a crop. When the crop had matured they gathered it all in, and when they now had provisions they planned to start off again, but there was still no sun, and it was cold. So they talked about this, saying: "Now, it ought not remain this way."

So the chiefs all met in council with Skeleton, and talked this matter over in order to see whether they could not make a sun as they had had it in the underworld, but they did not

just know how to do it. So they finally took a piece of dressed buffalo hide (hâkwávu), which they cut in a round shape, stretched it over a wooden ring, and then painted it with white dû'ma (kaoline).

They then pulverized some black paint (tóho)[1] with which they drew a picture of the moon around the edge of this disk, sprinkling the center of the disk with the same black color. They then attached a stick to this disk. Hereupon they stretched a large piece of white native cloth (möchápu) on the floor and placed this disk on it. All these objects they had brought with them from the under-world.

They then selected some one (the story does not say whom) and directed him to stand on this moon symbol. Hereupon the chiefs took the cloth by its corners, swung it back and forth, and then threw it upward, where it continued swiftly flying eastward into the sky. So the people sat and watched. All at once they noticed that it became light in the east. Something was burning there as they thought. The light became brighter and brighter, and something came up in the east. It rose higher and higher, and where the people were it became lighter and lighter.

So now they could go about and they were happy. That turned out to be the moon, and though it was light, the light was only dim and the people, when working in the fields, would still occasionally cut off their plants because they could not see very distinctly, and it was still cold and the people were freezing, and they still had to keep the ground warm with fires. So the people were thinking about it. The chiefs again met in council, and said: "Ishoh! It is better already, it is light, but it is not quite good yet. it is still cold. Can we not make something better?"

They concluded that perhaps the buffalo skin was not good, and that it was too cold, so they decided that this time they would take a piece of möchápu. They again cut out a round piece, stretched it over a ring, but this time painted it with oxide of copper (cákwa).

They painted eyes and a mouth on the disk, and decorated the forehead of what this was to resemble in yellow, red, and other colors. They put a ring of corn-husks around it, which were worked in a zigzag fashion.

Around this they tied a táwahona, that is, a string of red horse-hair, finally thrusting a number of eagle-tail feathers into a corn-husk ring, fastened to the back of the disk. In fact, they prepared a sun symbol as it is still worn on the back of the flute players in the Flute ceremony.

To the forehead of the face painted on the disk they tied an abalone shell. Finally the chief made nakwákwois of the feathers of a small yellowish bird, called iráhoya, which resembles a fly-catcher, but has some red hair on top of the head.

Of these nakwákwois the chief tied one to the point of each eagle-tail feather on the sun symbol. They then placed this symbol on the white cloth again, again asked some one to stand on it, and, as in the case of the moon, they swung the cloth with its contents into the air, where it kept twirling upward and upward towards the east. Soon they again saw a light rise in the east. It became brighter and brighter and warmer.

That proved to be the sun, and it had not come up very high when the Hopi already felt

its warmth. After the sun had been created and was rising day after day, the people were very happy, because it was now warm and very light, so that they could attend to their work very well. The children were running around and playing. They were now thinking of moving on.

They had a great many provisions by this time, and so the chiefs again met in a council to talk the matter over. "Let us move away from here," the chiefs said; "let us go eastward and see where the sun rises, but let us not go all together. Let some take one route, others another, and others still further south, and then we shall see who arrives at the place where the sun rises first. So the people started. The White People took a southern route, the Hopi a more northern, and between them traveled what are now the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. Often certain parties would remain at certain places, sometimes for several years. They would build houses and plant.

Soon they became estranged from each other, and would begin to attack and kill one another. The Castilians were especially bad, and made wars on other people. When starting, the chiefs had agreed that as soon as one of the parties should reach the place where the sun rises, many stars would fall from the sky, and when that would happen all the traveling parties should remain and settle down where they would be at that time. The White People having taken a southern route, were more gifted than the other people. When they had become very tired carrying their children and their burdens, one of the women bathed herself and took the scales that she had rubbed off from her body and made horses of these scales.

These horses they used after that for traveling, so that they could proceed very much faster. In consequence of this they arrived at the place where the sun rises before any of the other parties arrived there. And immediately many stars fell from the sky. "Aha!" the people said who were still traveling; "Some one has already arrived." Hereupon they settled down where they were. It had also been agreed upon before the different parties started, that whenever those who did not reach the place where the sun rises should be molested by enemies, they should notify those who had arrived at the sunrise, and the latter, would then come and help them.

The Wanderings of the Hopi

A Hopi Legend

H. R. Voth, *The Traditions of the Hopi*, Field Columbian Museum Anthropological Series, 1905

A very long time ago they were living down below. Everything was good there at that time. That way of living was good down there. Everything was good, everything grew well; it rained all the time, everything was blossoming

That is the way it was, but by and by it became different. The chiefs commenced to do bad. Then it stopped raining and they only had very small crops and the winds began to blow. People became sick. By and by it war, like it is here now, and at last the people participated in this. They, too, began to talk bad and to be bad.

And then those who have not a single heart, the sorcerers, that are very bad, began to increase and became more and more. The people began to live the way we are living now, in constant contentions. Thus they were living.

Nobody would listen any more. They became very bad. They would take away the wives of the chiefs.

The chiefs hereupon became angry and they planned to do something to the people, to take revenge on them. They began to think of escaping. So a few of the chiefs met once and thought and talked about the matter. They had heard some sounds away up, as of footsteps, as if somebody was walking there, and about that they were talking.

Then the Kík-mongwi, who had heard the sounds above, said that they wanted to investigate above and see how it was there, and then if the one above there wanted them, they wanted to try to go out.

So the others were willing too that they wanted to find out about that, and then if they were permitted they wanted to move up there. So they were now thinking who should find out.

So they made a Pawáok'aya, sang over it, and thus brought it to life. "Why do you want me?" the bird said. "Yes," the chief said, "we are not living well here, our hearts are not light, and they are troubling us here, and now I have been thinking about these few children of mine here and we want to see whether we can find some other way of living. Away above there somebody seems to be walking, and now we thought maybe you could go up there and see about that and find out for us, and that is the reason why we want you."

"All right," the Pawáok'aya said, "all right, I shall go up there and find out about it." Hereupon the chief planted a lö'oqö (species of pine or fir), but they saw that it did not reach up, but that its point was turning downward.

Hereupon they planted a reed by the side of the pine and that reached up. They then told the Pawáok'aya to go up now and if he should find anybody to tell him and then if he were willing they would go.

So the Pawáok'aya ascended, flying in circles upward around these two ladders. When he came up to the top he found an opening there, through which he went out. After he came out he was flying around and around, but did not find anybody, so he returned to the opening again and came down. As he was very tired he fell down upon the ground before the chiefs. When he was somewhat revived they asked him, "Now, what have you found out?"

"Yes," he said, "I went through there and there was a large space there, but I did not find anybody. When I did not find anybody I became hungry and thirsty and very tired, so I have come back now."

"Ishohí! (Oh!)" they said. "Very well, now who else will go?" and they were thinking. "Somebody else shall go," they said, and they kept thinking about it.

So they made another one, but this time a small one, and when they were singing over it it became alive. When it had become alive they saw that it was a Humming-bird (Tóhcha), which is very small, but very swift and strong. "Why do you want me?" the bird said.

"Yes," they said, "our children here are not with good hearts. We are not living well here; we are living here in trouble. So we want you to go up there for us and see what you can find out, and if the one up there is kind and good, we think of going up there, and that is the reason why we want you. So you go up there; you hunt somebody, and if he is gentle and kind, we shall go up there."

So the Tóhcha flew upward, circling around the two trees, went through the opening and flew around and around, and not finding anybody also became tired and came back. He flew lower and lower and alighted in front of the chiefs, exhausted.

When he had somewhat revived, they asked him: "Now, then, what have you heard, what have you found out?" "Yes," he said, "yes, I flew around there that way and became tired and exhausted and have come back." "Ishohí!" they said again, "now then, we shall send somebody else."

They then created another one, and sang over it. But this time they had made a larger one, and when they had chanted their song over it, it became alive and it was a Hawk (Kisha). "Why do you want me?" the Hawk also said. "Yes," they replied, "yes, these our children do not listen to us, they worry us, and we are living in trouble here, and that is why we want you. You go up there and find out for us and inform us."

So the Hawk flew up also, passed through the opening, and circled around for some time in the space above the opening, But he also became tired and returned, exhausted. So when he was somewhat revived, they asked him: "What did you find out?" and he told them the same as the others had, that he had not found anyone. "Ishohí!" they said, "we shall try it once more."

So they made another one, and sang over it again. While they were singing over it it became alive, and it was the Mótsni. "Why do you want me?" the latter asked. "Yes," they said, "our children here do not listen to us, they have hard hearts, and we are living

in trouble here. So we have been thinking of leaving here, but these here have not found anybody there, so you go up too, and you find out for us. And, if you find some one there who is kind and gentle and has a good heart, why you tell us and we shall go up there."

So he flew up too, and having passed through the opening, he kept flying around and looking about, as he was very strong. Finally he found the place where Oraibi now is, but there were no houses there yet, and there somebody was sitting, leaning his head forward, and as the Mótsni came nearer he moved it to the side a little. Finally he said: "Sit down, you that are going around here, sit down. Certainly you are going around here for some reason. Nobody has seen me here yet."

"Yes," the Mótsni said, "down below we are not living well, and the chiefs there have sent me up here to find out, and now I have found you, and if, you are kind, we have thought of coming up here, since I now have found you. Now you say, you tell, me if you are willing, and I shall tell them so, and we will come up here." This one whom the Mótsni had found was Skeleton (Másauuu). "Yes," he said, "now this is the way I am living, here. I am living here in poverty. I have not anything; this is the way I am living here. Now, if you are willing to live here that way, too, with me and share this life, why come, you are welcome." "All right," the Mótsni said, "whatever they say down there, whatever they say. Now, I shall be off." "All right," Skeleton said, whereupon the Mótsni left.

So he returned and descended to where the chiefs were sitting, but this one did not drop down, for he was very strong, and he came flying down to them. What have you found out?" they asked the bird. "Yes," he said, "I was up there and I have found him away off. But it is with you now; he also lives there poorly, he has not much, he is destitute. But if you are satisfied with his manner of living, why you are welcome to come up there." "All right," they said, and were happy. "So that is the way he is saying, so he is kind, we are welcome, and we are going."

At that time there were all kinds of people living down there, the White Man, the Paiute, the Pueblo; in fact, all the different kinds of people except the Zuñi and the Kóhonino, who have come from another place. Of all these people some whose hearts were not very bad had heard about this, and they had now assembled with the chiefs, but the greater part of the people, those whose hearts were very bad, were not present.

They now decided that they would leave. The chief told them that in four days they were to be ready to leave. So during the four days those who knew about it secretly told some of their friends whose hearts also were at least not very bad, that after four days they were going to leave. So the different chiefs from the different kinds of people assembled with small parties on the morning of the fourth day, after they had had their morning meal.

They met at the place where they were appointed to meet, and there were a good many. "We are a great many," the chief said, "may be there will be some here among them whose heart is not single. Now, no more must come, this is enough."

So they commenced to climb up the reed, first the different chiefs, the Village chief (Kík-mongwi), who was also at the same time the Soyál-mongwi, the Flute chief (Lâ'n-

mongwi), Horn chief (Ál-mongwi), Agave chief (Kwán-mongwi), Singer chief (Táo-mongwi), Wúwûchim chief (Kél-mongwi), Rattlesnake chief (Tcû'-mongwi), Antelope chief (Tcö'b-mongwi), Maraú chief (Maraú-mongwi), Lagón chief (Lagón-mongwi), and the Warrior chief (Kaléhtak-mongwi or Pö'okong).

And then the people followed and a great many went out. By this time the people in the lower world had heard about this, and they now came crowding from all sides towards the trees. When the Kík-mongwi above there saw that so many were coming he called down to stop. "Some of those Pópwaktu," he said, "are going to come up too, I think, so that is enough, stop now!" He then commenced to pull up the reed so that a great many people that were still on it dropped back.

So they now moved on a little bit to the rim or edge of the opening, and there they gathered, and there were a great many of them, The Kík-mongwi now addressed them and said: "Now this many we have come out, now we shall go there, but we want to live with a single heart. Thus long we have lived with bad hearts. We want to stop that. Whatever that one there (referring to the Mótsni) tells its, We want to listen to, and the way he says we shall live. Thus he instructed them.

In a little while the child of the chief, a small boy, became sick and died. 'Ishohí!" the chief said, "A Powáka has come out with us," and they were thinking about it. Then he made a ball of fine meal and threw it upward, and it alighted on the head of a maiden. So he went there and grabbed her, saying: "So you are the one. On your account my child has died. I shall throw you back again." He then lifted her to the opening. "I am going to throw you down here," he said, "you have come out with us and we shall now live in the same way here again."

But she did not want to. "No," she said, "you must not throw me down, I want to stay with you, and if you will contend with one another again I shall always talk for you (be on your side).

Now, you go and look down there and you will see your child going around down there." So he looked down and there he saw his child running around with the others. "That is the way it will be," the maiden said to the chief; "if any one dies, he will go down there and he will remain there only four days, and after the four days he will come back again and live with his people." Hereupon the chief was willing that she should remain and he did not throw her down, but he told her that she could not go with them right away. When they should leave, when they had slept, after the first day she might follow them. So she remained there near the opening.

Hereupon Pö'okong looked around all over and he found out that towards one side it was always cold. It was at this time dark yet, so Spider Woman (Kóhk'ang Wuhti) took a piece of white native cloth (ówa) and cut a large round piece out of it on which she made a drawing. She was assisted by the Flute priest. They sang some songs over it, and Spider Woman then took the disk away towards the east. Soon they saw something rise there, but it did not become very light yet, and it was the moon.

So they said they must make something else. Spider Woman and the Flute priest then took a piece of buckskin, cut a circular piece out of it, and made on it a drawing of the

sun symbol, as is still used by the Flute priest to-day. They sang over this, whereupon Spider Woman took that away and in a little while something rose again, and now it became light and very warm.

But they had rubbed the yolks of eggs over this sun symbol and that is what makes it so very light, and that is why the chickens know when it is light and yellow in the morning, and crow early at the sunrise, and at noon, and in the evening, and now they know all about the time. And now the chief and all the people were happy because it was light and warm.

The chiefs now made all different kinds of blossoms and plants and everything. They now thought of starting and scattering out. The language then spoken was the Hopi language. This language was dear and sacred to the Hopi chief, and he wanted to keep it alone to himself and for the Hopi, but did not want the people who would scatter out to take this language along, and so he asked the Mockingbird (Yáhpa), who talks everything, to give to the different people a different language.

This the Mocking-bird did, giving to one party one language, to another party another language, and so on, telling them that these languages they should henceforth speak. Hereupon they sat down to eat a common meal, and the chief laid out a great many corn-ears of different lengths which they had brought from the under-world. "Now," he said, "you choose of these corn-ears before you start."

So there was a great wrangle over these corn-ears, every one wanting the longest ears, and such people as the Navaho, Ute, Apache, etc., struggled for and got the longest corn-ears, leaving the small ones for the Hopi, and these the chief took and said: "Thanks, that you have left this for me. Upon this we are going to live. Now, you that took the long corn-ears will live on that, but they are not corn, they will be kwáhkwi, láhu, and such grasses that have seed." And that is the reason why these people rub out the tassels of those grasses now and live on them; and the Hopi have corn, because the smaller ears were really the corn.

The chief had an elder brother, and he selected some: of the best foods-that tasted well, such as nö'okwiwi, meats, etc. They were now ready to start, and then the chief and his elder brother talked with each other and agreed that the elder brother should go with a party ahead towards the sunrise, and when he would arrive there he should touch the sun, at least with his forehead, and then remain and live there where the sun rises.

But they should not forget their brethren, they should be looking this way, towards the place where they would settle down. A So Wuhti (old woman, grandmother) went with each party. Each party also took a stone upon which there were, some marks and figures, and that fitted together.

They agreed that if the Hopi should get into trouble again, and live again the same way as they did in the lower world, the elder brother should come back to them and discover the Powákas who caused the trouble, and cut off their heads.

The elder brother and his party started first, and they became the White Men as they traveled eastward. The chief and his party started next, both taking a southern route.

The maiden that had been found to be a Powáka, and who had been left behind at the opening, followed these two parties after they had left.

The people hereupon formed different parties, each party following a certain chief, and all traveling eastward. They usually stopped for longer or shorter periods at certain places, and then traveled on again. For this reason there are so many ruins all over the country. The Pueblo Indians also passed through about here where the Hopi now live.

The-White Men were more skillful than the others and got along better. Spider Woman, who was with them, made horses and burros for them, on which they traveled when they got tired, and for that reason they went along much faster. The party that brought Powák-mana with them settled down at Palátkwapi, where they lived for quite a while, and these did not yet bear a particular clan name.

The other parties traveled different routes and were scattered over the country, each party having a chief of its own. Sometimes they would stay one, two, three, or four years at one place, wherever they found good fields or springs. Here they would raise crops so that they had some food to take with them when they continued their journeys, and then moved on again. Sometimes when they found good fields but no water they would create springs with a báuyipi.

This is a small perforated vessel into which they would place certain herbs, different kinds of stones, shells, a small balölöokong, bahos, etc., and bury it. In one year a spring would come out of the ground where this was buried. During this year, before their spring was ready, they would use rainwater, because they understood how to create rain. When they continued their journeys they usually took such a báuyipi out of the ground and took it with them.

Before any of the parties had arrived at the place where the Hopi now live they began to become bad. Contentions arose among the parties. They began to war against each other. Whenever a certain party possessed something, another party would attack and kill them on account of those possessions.

For that reason some of them built their villages on top of the bluffs and mesas, because they were afraid of other parties. Finally some of them arrived at Mû'enkapi. These were the Bear clan, Spider clan, Hide Strap clan, Blue-bird clan, and the Fat Cavity clan; all of which had derived their names from a dead bear upon which these different parties had come as they were traveling along.

While these parties lived near Mû'enkapi for some time another party had gone along the Little Colorado river, passed by the place that is now called the Great Lakes, and arrived at Shongópavi, where they started a village at the place where now the ruins of old Shongópavi are, east of the present village.

These people were also called the Bear clan, but they were different Bear people from those living at Mû'enkapi about that time. Shongópavi was the first village started., When these Bear people arrived at Shongópavi, Skeleton was living at the place where Oraíbi now is, where he had been living all the time.

The clan that had stopped northeast of Mû'enkapi soon moved to the place where Mû'enkapi now is, but did not remain there long. The Bear clan, the Hide Strap clan, and the Blue-bird clan soon moved on towards Oraíbi.

When the Spider clan arrived at Mû'enkapi they made marks or wrote on a certain bluff east of Mû'enkapi, saying that this place should always belong to the Hopi, that no one should take it away from them, because there was so much water there. Here the Hopi should always plant.

Soon after the Spider clan had moved on towards Oraíbi the Snake clan arrived. When these Snake people saw the writing on the bluff they said, "has been writing here that they wanted to own this. Let us write also that we want to own this here, too."

So they wrote the same thing on the bluff. After they had left the place, the Burrowing Owl clan arrived, and they also wrote the same thing on the bluff. But they all had heard that Skeleton was living where Oraíbi now is, and so they all traveled on towards Oraíbi.

When the Bear clan arrived at Nátuwanpik'a, a place a very short distance west of Kuiwánva, Skeleton came to meet them there. "We have arrived here," the Hón-wungwa said, "we would like to live here with you, and we want you to be our chief. Now, what do you think about it? Will you give us some land?"

But Skeleton replied, "No, I shall not be chief. You shall be chief here, you have retained your old life. You will be the same here as you were down in the under-world. Someone that is Powáka has come out with you and it will be here just the same as it was down there when he comes here. But when the White Man, your elder brother, will come back here and cut off the heads of the bad ones, then I shall own all this land of mine myself. But until then you shall be chief. I shall give you a piece of land and then you live here."

Hereupon he stepped off a large tract of land, going east of where they were, and then descending the mesa west of K'öqö'chmovi, then towards the present trail towards Oraíbi, up the trail, past the present village site, down the mesa on the west side, along the trail towards Momóshvavi, including that spring, and back up the mesa. This piece of land he allotted to the Bear clan. The leader of the Bear Clan now asked him where he lived. He said he lived over there at the bluff of Oraíbi, and that is where they should live also. So this clan built its houses right east of the bluff of Oraíbi where there are now the ruins.

The Bear clan brought with them the Soyál cult, the Â'ototo, and the Soyál Katcínas. Soon other clans began to arrive. When a clan arrived usually one of the new arrivals would go to the village and ask the village chief for permission to settle in the village. He usually asked whether they understood anything to produce rain and good crops, and if they had any cult, they would refer to it and say, "Yes, this or this we have, and when we assemble for this ceremony, or when we have this dance it will rain. With this we have traveled, and with this we have taken care of our children."

The chief would then say, "Very well, you come and live in the village." Thus the different clans arrived: First, the Hide Strap clan, the Blue-bird clan, the Spider clan, etc. While these different clans were arriving in Oraíbi, other clans were arriving in Wálpi and

Mishóngnovi, and settling up those villages. When a new clan arrived, the village chief would tell them: "Very well, you participate in our cult and help us with the ceremonies," and then he would give them their fields according to the way they came. And that way their fields were all distributed.

One of the first clans to arrive with those mentioned was the Bow clan, which came from the south-west. When the village chief asked the leader of this clan what he brought with him to produce rain, he said, "Yes, I have here the Sháalako Katcinas, the Tangik Katcinas, the Tû'kwunang Katcina, and the Sháwiki Katcina. When they dance it usually rains." "Very well," the village chief said, "you try it." So the Áoat-wungwa arranged a dance. On the day before the dance it rained a little, and on the last day when they had their dance it rained fearfully. All the washes were full of water.

So the village chief invited them to move to the village and gave them a large tract of land. He told them that they should have their ceremonies first. This was the Wû'wûchim ceremony, the chief of the Bow clan being the leader of this ceremony. So this ceremony was the first one to take place.

Then followed the Soyál ceremony, in charge of the village chief. And then in the Báho month the Snake and the Flute ceremonies, which change about every two years. The Snake cult was brought by the Snake clan, the Antelope cult by the Blue-bird clan, and the Flute cult by the Spider clan.

The Lizard, which also arrived from the north-west, brought the Maraú cult, and the Parrot clan the Lagón cult. Others came later. Small bands living throughout the country when they could hear about the people living in Oraíbi would sometimes move up towards Oraíbi and ask for admission to live in the village. In this way the villages were built up slowly.

At that time everything was good yet. No wicked ones were living in the village at that time. When the Katcinas danced it would rain, and if it did not rain while they danced, it always rained when the dance was over, and when the people would have their kiva ceremonies it would also rain. But at that time they had not so many Katcinas. There were only the Hopi Katcinas, which the Hopi brought with them from the under-world.

They were very simple but very good. People at that time lived happily, but by this time the Pópwaktu had increased at Palátkwapi. The one Powáka maiden that had come with these people from the under-world had taught others her evil arts. And so these wicked ones had increased very much until finally Palátkwapi was destroyed by a great water produced by the Bálöökongs. Nearly all the people were destroyed, but a few succeeded in reaching dry land in the flood and they were saved.

They traveled northeastward and finally came to Matö'vi, and from there to Wálpi. From Wálpi they scattered to the different villages, teaching their evil arts to others. They would put sickness into the people so that the people contracted diseases and died. They also turned the Ute Indians and the Apache, who used to be friends of the Hopi, into their enemies, so that after that these tribes would make wars on the Hopi.

They also caused contentions among the Hopi. The Navaho also used to be friends of the Hopi, but these Pópwaktu would occasionally call the Ute and the Apache to make

raids on the Hopi. They also turned the Navaho into our enemies, and then the White Men came and made demands of the Hopi. The White Men are also called here by these Pópwaktu, and now the White Men are worrying the Hopi also. But the Hopi are still looking towards their elder brother, the one that arrived at the sunrise first, and he is looking from there this way to the Hopi, watching and listening how they are getting along.

Our old men and. ancestors (wû'wûyom) have said that some White Men would be coming to them, but they would not be the White Men like our elder brother, and they would be worrying us. They would ask for our children.

They would ask us to have our heads washed (baptized), and if we would not do what they asked us they would beat us and trouble us and probably kill us. But we should not listen to them, we should continue to live like the Hopi.

We should continue to use the food of the Hopi and wear the clothes of the Hopi. But those Pópwaktu of the Hopi would help the White Men, and they would speak for the White Men, because they would also want to do just the same as those White Men would ask them to do. And now it has come to that, our forefathers have been prophesying that. We are now in trouble. Our children are taken away from us, and we are being harassed and worried.

The Two War Gods and the Two Maidens

A Hopi Legend

H. R. Voth, *The Traditions of the Hopi*, Field Columbian Museum Anthropological Series, 1905

A long time ago Pöökóñghoya and his little brother Balö'ngahoya lived north of the village at the shrine of the Achámali. One day they heard that two beautiful maidens were watching some fields west of the village of Hû'ckovi, of which the ruins may still be seen a few miles north-west of Oraíbi. They concluded that they would go hunting and at the same time visit those two maidens.

When they arrived there the maidens joyfully greeted them and they were joking and teasing each other. The maidens believed that the two brothers had come with the intention to marry them, and they said, in a half-jesting manner, to their suitors: "We will cut off an arm from each one of you, and if you do not die you may own us."

The younger brother was at once willing, saying to his elder brother: "They are beautiful; let us not be afraid of having our arm cut off." The elder brother hesitated, saying, that that would hurt. So the younger brother said, "I am willing," laid his right arm over the edge of the mealing trough at which the maidens had been working, and one of the maidens struck the arm with the upper mealing stone and cut it off, the arm dropping into the trough or bin. His elder brother hereupon laid his arm over the edge of the bin, which consisted of a thin, sharp slab, and the other maiden also cut his arm off with her mealing stone. Now the two brothers said: "If we recover, we shall come after you. Hand us our arm, now." The maidens did so and the two brothers left, each one carrying his severed arm, Arriving at their home north of Oraíbi, they told their grandmother what had happened.

"There," she said, "you have been in something again and have done some mischief."

"Yes," they said, "We met two beautiful maidens and liked them very much, and so we allowed them to cut off our arms." Very well, she said, "I am going to set you right again." So she asked them to lay down north of the fireplace.

She placed the two arms by their sides, covered them up, whereupon she commenced to sing a song. When she was through singing, she told them now to get up. They did so and found their arms healed. The next day they proceeded to the house of the maidens, who were surprised to see them fully recovered. The older of the two sisters was the prettier one and Pöökóñghoya wanted to choose that one. His younger brother protested, saying: "Yesterday you were not willing to have your arm cut off, as you were then afraid, and now you want to have the first choice. I had my arm cut off first and I am going to choose first," to which his elder brother finally consented. They slept with the maidens that night and then left them and returned to their home north of Oraíbi.

Dug-From Ground

A Hupa Legend

Goddard, University of Cal. Publications in American Archaeology & Ethnology, i, 146, No. 2

An old woman was living with her granddaughter, a virgin. The girl used to go to dig roots and her grandmother used to say to her, "You must not dig those with two stocks." The girl wondered why she was always told that.

One morning she thought, "I am going to dig one," so she went across the river and began digging. She thought, "I am going to take out one with a double stock." When she had dug it out she heard a baby cry. She ran back to the river, and when she got there she heard someone crying "mother" after her.

She jumped into the boat and pushed it across. When she got across, the baby had tumbled down to the other shore. She ran up to the house and there she heard it crying on that side. She ran into the house, then she heard it crying back of the house.

At once she sat down and then she heard it tumble on the roof of the house. The baby tumbled through the smoke-hole and then rolled about on the floor. The old woman jumped up and put it in a baby basket. The young woman sat with her back to the fire and never looked at the child.

The old woman took care of the baby alone. After a time it commenced to sit up and finally to walk. When he was big enough to shoot, the old woman made a bow and he began to kill birds. Afterward he killed all kinds of game; and, because his mother never looked at him, he gave whatever he killed to his grandmother.

Finally he became a man. The young woman had been in the habit of going out at dawn and not returning until dark. She brought back with her acorns as long as her finger. One time the young man thought "I am going to watch and see where she goes."

The young woman had always said to herself, "If he will bring acorns from the place I bring them, and if he will kill a white deer, I will call him my son."

Early one morning the son saw his mother come out of the house and start up the ridge. He followed her and saw her go along until she came to a dry tree. She climbed this and it grew with her to the sky. The young man then returned saying, "Tomorrow I am going up there." The woman came home at night with the usual load of long acorns.

The next morning the man went the way his mother had gone, climbed the tree as he had seen her do, and it grew with him to the sky. When he arrived there he saw a road. He followed that until he came to an oak, which he climbed, and waited to see what would happen. Soon he heard laughing girls approaching.

They came to the tree and began to pick acorns from allotted spaces under it.

The young man began to throw down acorns. "That's right, Bluejay," said one of the

girls. Then another said, "It might be Dug-from-the-ground. You can hardly look at him, they say, he is so handsome."

Two others said, "Oh, I can look at him, I always look at this walking one (pointing to the sun); that is the one you can hardly look at." He came down from the tree and passed between the girls. The two who had boasted they could look at him, turned their faces to the ground. The other two who had thought they could not look him in the face were able to do so.[18a]

The young man killed the deer, the killing of which the mother had made the second condition for his recognition as a son. He then filled the basket from his mother's place under the tree and went home. When the woman saw him with the acorns as long as one's finger, she called him her son.

After a time he said, "I am going visiting." "All right," said the grandmother, and then she made for him a bow and arrows of blue-stone, and a shinny stick and sweat-house wood of the same material. These he took and concealed by putting them under the muscles of his forearm.

He dressed himself for the journey and set out. He went to the home of the immortals at the edge of the world toward the east. When he got down to the shore on this side they saw him. One of them took out the canoe of red obsidian and stretched it until it was the proper size. He launched it and came across for him.

When he had landed, the young man placed his hand on the bow and as he did so, the boat gave a creak, he was so strong. When they had crossed he went to the village. In the middle of it he saw a house of blue-stone with a pavement in front of black obsidian.

He went in and heard one say, "It is my son-in-law for whom I had expected to be a long time looking."

When the sun had set there came back from different places ten brothers. Some had been playing kiñ, some had been playing shinny, some had been hunting, some spearing salmon, and others had been shooting at a mark.

Eagle and Panther were both married to daughters of the family. They said to him, "You here, brother-in-law?" "Yes," he said, "I came a little while ago." When it was supper time they put in front of him a basket of money's meat, which mortal man cannot swallow.

He ate two baskets of it and they thought he must be a smart man. After they had finished supper they all went to the sweathouse to spend the night. At midnight the young man went to the river to swim. There he heard a voice say, "The sweathouse wood is all gone." Then Mink told him that men could not find sweat-house wood near by, but that some was to be found to the southeast.

They called to him for wood from ten sweat-houses and he said "Yes" to all. Mink told him about everything they would ask him to do.

He went back to the sweat-house and went in. When the east whitened with the dawn,

he went for sweat-house wood as they had told him. He came to the place where the trail forks and one of them turns to the northeast and the other to the southeast. There he drew out from his arm the wood his grandmother had provided him with and split it fine.

He made this into ten bundles and carried them back to the village. When he got there he put them down carefully but the whole earth shook with the shock. He carried a bundle to each sweat-house.

They all sweated themselves. He spent the day there and at evening went again to the sweat-house. When he went to the river to swim, Mink met him again and told him that the next day they would play shinny.

After they were through breakfast the next morning, they said, "Come, brother-in-law, let us go to the place where they play shinny." They all went and after placing their bets began to play. Twice they were beaten. Then they said, "Come, brother-in-law, play." They passed him a stick.

He pressed down on it and broke it. "Let me pick up something," he said. He turned about and drew out his concealed shinny stick and the balls. Then he stepped out to play and Wildcat came to play against him. The visitor made the stroke and the balls fell very near the goal.

Then he caught Wildcat, smashing his face into its present shape, and threw the ball over the line. He played again, this time with Fox.

Again he made the stroke and when he caught Fox he pinched his face out long as it has been ever since. He then struck the ball over the line and won. The next time he played against Earthquake.

The ground opened up a chasm but he jumped over it. Earthquake threw up a wall of blue-stone but he threw the ball through it. "Dol" it rang as it went through. Then he played with Thunder. It rained and there was thunder.

It was the running of that one which made the noise. It was then night and he had won back all they had lost. There were ten strings of money, besides otterskins, fisherskins, and blankets.

The next day they went to shoot at the white bird which Indians can never hit. The others commenced to shoot and then they said to their guest, "Come, you better shoot." They gave him a bow, which broke when he drew it.

Then he pulled out his own and said, "I will shoot with this although the nock has been cut down and it is not very good." They thought, "He can't hit anything with that." He shot and hit the bird, and dentalia fell all about. They gathered up the money and carried it home.

The Hupa man went home to his grandmother. As many nights as it seemed to him he had spent, so many years he had really been away. He found his grandmother lying by

the fire. Both of the women had been worried about him.

He said to them, "I have come back for you."

"Yes," they said, "we will go."

Then he repaired the house, tying it up anew with hazel withes. He poked a stick under it and away it went to the end of the world toward the east, where he had married.

They are living there yet.

The Huron-Iroquois Nations

The History and Traditional Lands of the Huron-Iroquois

Iroquois Book of Rites, Brinton's Library of Aboriginal American Literature, 1883

At the outset of the sixteenth century, when the five tribes or "nations" of the Iroquois confederacy first became known to European explorers, they were found occupying the valleys and uplands of northern New York.

The tribes were situated in that picturesque and fruitful region which stretches westward from the head-waters of the Hudson to the Genesee.

The Mohawks, or Caniengas--as they should properly be called--possessed the Mohawk River, and covered Lake George and Lake Champlain with their flotillas of large canoes, managed with the boldness and skill which, hereditary in their descendants, make them still the best boatmen of the North American rivers.

West of the Caniengas the Oneidas held the small river and lake which bear their name, the first in that series of beautiful lakes, united by interlacing streams, which seemed to prefigure in the features of nature the political constitution of the tribes who possessed them.

West of the Oneidas, the imperious Onondagas, the central and, in some respects, the ruling nation of the League, possessed the two lakes of Onondaga and Skeneateles, together with the common outlet of this inland lake system, the Oswego River, to its issue into Lake Ontario.

Still proceeding westward, the lines of trail and river led to the long and winding stretch of Lake Cayuga, about which were clustered the towns of the people who gave their name to the lake; and beyond them, over the wide expanse of hills and dales surrounding Lakes Seneca and Canandaigua, were scattered the populous villages of the Senecas, more correctly styled Sonontowanas or Mountaineers.

Such were the names and abodes of the allied nations, members of the far-famed Kanonsionni, or League of United Households, who were destined to become for a time the most notable and powerful community among the native tribes of North America.

The region which has been described was not, however, the original seat of those nations. They belonged to that linguistic family which is known to ethnologists as the Huron-Iroquois stock.

This stock comprised the Hurons or Wyandots, the Attiwandaronks or Neutral Nation, the Iroquois, the Eries, the Andastes or Conestogas, the Tuscaroras, and some smaller bands. The tribes of this family occupied a long, irregular area of inland territory, stretching from Canada to North Carolina.

The northern nations were all clustered about the great lakes; the southern bands held the fertile valleys bordering the head-waters of the rivers which flowed from the Allegheny mountains. The languages of all these tribes showed a close affinity. There

can be no doubt that their ancestors formed one body, and, indeed, dwelt at one time (as has been well said of the ancestors of the Indo-European populations), under one roof.

There was a Huron-Iroquois "family-pair," from which all these tribes were descended. In what part of the world this ancestral household resided is a question which admits of no reply, except from the me-rest conjecture. But the evidence of language, so far as it has yet been examined, seems to show that the Huron clans were the older members of the group; and the clear and positive traditions of all the surviving tribes, Hurons, Iroquois and Tuscaroras, point to the lower St. Lawrence as the earliest known abode of their stock.

Here the first explorer, Cartier, found Indians of this stock at Hochelaga and Stadaconé, now the sites of Montreal and Quebec. Centuries before his time, according to the native tradition, the ancestors of the Huron-Iroquois family had dwelt in this locality, or still further east and nearer to the river's mouth.

As their numbers increased, dissensions arose. The hive swarmed, and band after band moved off to the west and south.

As they spread, they encountered people of other stocks, with whom they had frequent wars. Their most constant and most dreaded enemies were the tribes of the Algonkin family, a fierce and restless people, of northern origin, who everywhere surrounded them. At one period, however, if the concurrent traditions of both Iroquois and Algonkins can be believed, these contending races for a time stayed their strife, and united their forces in an alliance against a common and formidable foe.

This foe was the nation, or perhaps the confederacy, of the Alligewi or Talligewi, the semi-civilized "Mound-builders" of the Ohio Valley, who have left their name to the Allegheny river and mountains, and whose vast earthworks are still, after half-a-century of study, the perplexity of archeologists.

A desperate warfare ensued, which lasted about a hundred years, and ended in the complete overthrow and destruction, or expulsion, of the Alligewi. The survivors of the conquered people fled southward, and are supposed to have mingled with the tribes which occupied the region extending from the Gulf of Mexico northward to the Tennessee river and the southern spurs of the Alleghenies.

Among these tribes, the Choctaws retained, to recent times, the custom of raising huge mounds of earth for religious purposes and for the sites of their habitations, a custom which they perhaps learned from the Alligewi; and the Cherokees are supposed by some to have preserved in their name (Tsalaki) and in their language indications of an origin derived in part from the same people.

Their language, which shows, in its grammar and many of its words, clear evidence of affinity with the Iroquois, has drawn the greater portion of its vocabulary from some foreign source.

This source is conjectured to have been the speech of the Alligewi. As the Cherokee tongue is evidently a mixed language, it is reasonable to suppose that the Cherokees

are a mixed people, and probably, like the English, an amalgamation of conquering and conquered races.

The time which has elapsed since the overthrow of the Alligewi is variously estimated. The most probable conjecture places it at a period about a thousand years before the present day. It was apparently soon after their expulsion that the tribes of the Huron-Iroquois and the Algonkin stocks scattered themselves over the wide region south of the Great Lakes, thus left open to their occupancy. Our concern at present is only with the first-named family.

The native tradition of their migrations has been briefly related by a Tuscarora Indian, David Cusick, who had acquired a sufficient education to become a Baptist preacher, and has left us, in his "Sketches of Ancient History of the Six Nations," a record of singular value.

His confused and imperfect style, the English of a half-educated foreigner, his simple faith in the wildest legends, and his absurd chronology, have caused the real worth of his book, as a chronicle of native traditions, to be overlooked.

Wherever the test of linguistic evidence, the best of all proofs in ethnological questions, can be applied to his statements relative to the origin and connection of the tribes, they are invariably confirmed. From his account, from the evidence of language, and from various corroborating indications, the course of the migrations may, it is believed, be traced with tolerable accuracy.

Their first station or starting point, on the south side of the Lakes, was at the mouth of the Oswego river. Advancing to the southeast the emigrants struck the Hudson river, and, according to Cusick's story, followed its course southward to the ocean. Here a separation took place.

A portion remained, and kept on their way toward the south; but the "main company," repelled by the uninviting soil and the turbulent waste of waves, and remembering the attractive region of valleys, lakes, and streams through which they had passed, retraced their steps northward till they reached the Mohawk river. Along this stream and the upper waters of the Hudson they made their first abode; and here they remained until, as their historian quaintly and truly records, "their language was altered."

The Huron speech became the Iroquois tongue, in the form in which it is spoken by the Caniengas, or Mohawks. In Iroquois tradition, and in the constitution of their league, the Canienga nation ranks as the "eldest brother" of the family.

A comparison of the dialects proves the tradition to be well founded. The Canienga language approaches nearest to the Huron, and is undoubtedly the source from which all the other Iroquois dialects are derived. Cusick states positively that the other "families," as he styles them, of the Iroquois household, leaving the Mohawks in their original abode, proceeded step by step to the westward.

The Oneidas halted at their creek, the Onondagas at their mountain, the Cayugas at their lake, and the Senecas or Sonontowans, the Great Hill people, at a lofty eminence which rises south of the Canandaigua lake. In due time, as he is careful to record, the

same result happened as had occurred with the Caniengas. The language of each canton "was altered;" yet not so much, he might have added, but that all the tribes could still hold intercourse, and comprehend one another's speech.

A wider isolation and, consequently, a somewhat greater change of language, befell the "sixth family." Pursuing their course to the west they touched Lake Erie, and thence, turning to the southeast, came to the Allegheny river. Cusick, however, does not know it by this name. He calls it the Ohio,---in his uncouth orthography and with a locative particle added, the Ouau-we-yo-ka,---which, he says, means "a principal stream, now Mississippi."

This statement, unintelligible as at the first glance it seems, is strictly accurate. The word Ohio undoubtedly signified, in the ancient Iroquois speech, as it still means in the modern Tuscarora, not "beautiful river," but "great river." It was so called as being the main stream which receives the effluents of the Ohio valley.

In the view of the Iroquois, this "main stream" commences with what we call the Allegheny river, continues in what we term the Ohio, and then flows on in what we style the Mississippi,---of which, in their view, the upper Mississippi is merely an affluent. In Iroquois hydrography, the Ohio--the great river of the ancient Alligewi domain--is the central stream to which all the rivers of the mighty West converge.

This stream the emigrants now attempted to cross.

They found, according to the native annalist, a rude bridge in a huge grape-vine which trailed its length across the stream. Over this a part of the company passed, and then, unfortunately, the vine broke. The residue, unable to cross, remained on the hither side, and became afterwards the enemies of those who had passed over. Cusick anticipates that his story of the grape-vine may seem to some incredible; but he asks, with amusing simplicity, "why more so than that the Israelites should cross the Red Sea on dry land?"

That the precise incident, thus frankly admitted to be of a miraculous character, really took place, we are not required to believe. But that emigrants of the Huron-Iroquois stock penetrated southward along the Allegheny range, and that some of them remained near the river of that name, is undoubted fact.

Those who thus remained were known by various names, mostly derived from one root--Andastes, Andastogues, Conestogas, and the like--and bore a somewhat memorable part in Iroquois and Pennsylvanian history. Those who continued their course beyond the river found no place sufficiently inviting to arrest their march until they arrived at the fertile vales which spread, intersected by many lucid streams, between the Roanoke and the Neuse rivers. Here they fixed their abode, and became the ancestors of the powerful Tuscarora nation. In the early part of the eighteenth century, just before its disastrous war with the colonies, this nation, according to the Carolina surveyor, Lawson, numbered fifteen towns, and could set in the field a force of twelve hundred warriors.

The Eries, who dwelt west of the Senecas, along the southern shore of the lake which now retains their name, were, according to Cusick, an offshoot of the Seneca tribe; and there is no reason for doubting the correctness of his statement. After their overthrow by

the Iroquois, in 1656, many of the Eries were incorporated with the ancestral nation, and contributed, with other accessions from the Hurons and the Attiwandaronks, to swell its numbers far beyond those of the other nations of the confederacy.

To conclude this review of the Huron-Iroquois group, something further should be said about the fortunes of the parent tribe, or rather congeries of tribes,---for the Huron household, like the Iroquois, had become divided into several septs. Like the Iroquois, also, they have not lacked an annalist of their own race. A Wyandot Indian, Peter Doyentate Clarke, who emigrated with the main body of his people to the Indian Territory, and afterwards returned for a time to the remnant of his tribe dwelling near Amherstburg, in Canada, published in 1870 a small volume entitled "Origin and Traditional History of the Wyandots."

The English education of the writer, like that of the Tuscarora historian, was defective; and it is evident that his people, in their many wanderings, had lost much of their legendary lore. But the fact that they resided in ancient times near the present site of Montreal, in close vicinity to the Iroquois (whom he styles, after their largest tribe, the Senecas), is recorded as a well-remembered portion of their history. The flight of the Wyandots to the northwest is declared to have been caused by a war which broke out between them and the Iroquois.

This statement is opposed to the common opinion, which ascribes the expulsion of the Hurons from their eastern abode to the hostility of the Algonkins. It is, however, probably correct; for the Hurons retreated into the midst of the Algonkin tribes, with whom they were found by Champlain to be on terms of amity and even of alliance, while they were engaged in a deadly war with the Iroquois. The place to which they withdrew was a nook in the Georgian Bay, where their strongly palisaded towns and well-cultivated fields excited the admiration of the great French explorer. Their object evidently was to place as wide a space as possible between themselves and their inveterate enemies. Unfortunately, as is well known, this precaution, and even the aid of their Algonkin and French allies, proved inadequate to save them.

The story of their disastrous overthrow, traced by the masterly hand of Parkman, is one of the most dismal passages of aboriginal history.

The only people of this stock remaining to be noticed are the Attiwandaronks, or Neutral Nation. They dwelt south of the Hurons, on the northern borders of Lakes Erie and Ontario. They had, indeed, a few towns beyond those lakes, situated east of the Niagara river, between the Iroquois and the Eries. They received their name of Neutrals from the fact that in the war between the Iroquois and the Hurons they remained at peace with both parties.

This policy, however, did not save them from the fate which overtook their Huron friends. In the year 1650 the Iroquois set upon them, destroyed their towns, and dispersed the inhabitants, carrying off great numbers of them, as was their custom, to be incorporated with their own population. Of their language we only know that it differed but slightly from the Huron.

Whether they were an offshoot from the Hurons or from the Iroquois is uncertain. It is not

unlikely that their separation from the parent stock took place earlier than that of the Iroquois, and that they were thus enabled for a time to avoid becoming embroiled in the quarrel between the two great divisions of their race.

The Fable of the Animals

A Karok Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

A great many hundred snows ago, Kareya, sitting on the Sacred Stool, created the world. First, he made the fishes in the Big Water, then the animals on the green land, and last of all, Man! But at first the animals were all alike in power.

No one knew which animals should be food for others, and which should be food for man. Then Kareya ordered them all to meet in one place, that Man might give each his rank and his power. So the animals all met together one evening, when the sun was set, to wait overnight for the coming of Man on the next morning.

Kareya also commanded Man to make bows and arrows, as many as there were animals, and to give the longest one to the animal which was to have the most power, and the shortest to the one which should have least power.

So he did, and after nine sleeps his work was ended, and the bows and arrows which he had made were very many.

Now the animals, being all together, went to sleep, so they might be ready to meet Man on the next morning. But Coyote was exceedingly cunning - he was cunning above all the beasts. Coyote wanted the longest bow and the greatest power, so he could have all the other animals for his meat.

He decided to stay awake all night, so that he would be first to meet Man in the morning. So he laughed to himself and stretched his nose out on his paw and pretended to sleep. About midnight he began to be sleepy.

He had to walk around the camp and scratch his eyes to keep them open. He grew more sleepy, so that he had to skip and jump about to keep awake. But he made so much noise, he awakened some of the other animals. When the morning star came up, he was too sleepy to keep his eyes open any longer.

So he took two little sticks, and sharpened them at the ends, and propped open his eyelids. Then he felt safe. He watched the morning star, with his nose stretched along his paws, and fell asleep. The sharp sticks pinned his eyelids fast together.

The morning star rose rapidly into the sky.

The birds began to sing. The animals woke up and stretched themselves, but still Coyote lay fast asleep. When the sun rose, the animals went to meet Man. He gave the longest bow to Cougar, so he had greatest power; the second longest he gave to Bear; others he gave to the other animals, giving all but the last to Frog.

But the shortest one was left. Man cried out, "What animal have I missed?" Then the animals began to look about and found Coyote fast asleep, with his eyelids pinned together.

All the animals began to laugh, and they jumped upon Coyote and danced upon him. Then they led him to Man, still blinded, and Man pulled out the sharp sticks and gave him the shortest bow of all. It would hardly shoot an arrow farther than a foot.

All the animals laughed.

But Man took pity on Coyote, because he was now weaker even than Frog. So at his request, Kareya gave him cunning, ten times more than before, so that he was cunning above all the animals of the wood.

Therefore Coyote was friendly to Man and his children, and did many things for them.

The Theft of Fire

A Karok Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

There was no fire on earth and the Karoks were cold and miserable. Far away to the east, hidden in a treasure box, was fire which Kareya had made and given to two old hags, lest the Karoks should steal it. So Coyote decided to steal fire for the Indians.

Coyote called a great council of the animals. After the council he stationed a line from the land of the Karoks to the distant land where the fire was kept. Lion was nearest the Fire Land, and Frog was nearest the Karok land. Lion was strongest and Frog was weakest, and the other animals took their places, according to the power given them by Man. Then Coyote took an Indian with him and went to the hill top, but he hid the Indian under the hill. Coyote went to the tepee of the hags. He said, "Good-evening." They replied, "Good-evening."

Coyote said, "It is cold out here. Can you let me sit by the fire?" So they let him sit by the fire. He was only a coyote. He stretched his nose out along his forepaws and pretended to go to sleep, but he kept the corner of one eye open watching. So he spent all night watching and thinking, but he had no chance to get a piece of the fire.

The next morning Coyote held a council with the Indian. He told him when he, Coyote, was within the tepee, to attack it. Then Coyote went back to the fire. The hags let him in again. He was only a Coyote. But Coyote stood close by the casket of fire. The Indian made a dash at the tepee. The hags rushed out after him, and Coyote seized a fire brand in his teeth and flew over the ground. The hags saw the sparks flying and gave chase.

But Coyote reached Lion, who ran with it to Grizzly Bear. Grizzly Bear ran with it to Cinnamon Bear; he ran with it to Wolf, and at last the fire came to Ground- Squirrel. Squirrel took the brand and ran so fast that his tail caught fire. He curled it up over his back, and burned the black spot in his shoulders. You can see it even to-day. Squirrel came to Frog, but Frog couldn't run. He opened his mouth wide and swallowed the fire.

Then he jumped but the hags caught his tail. Frog jumped again, but the hags kept his tail. That is why Frogs have no tail, even to this day. Frog swam under water, and came up on a pile of driftwood. He spat out the fire into the dry wood, and that is why there is fire in dry wood even to-day.

When an Indian rubs two pieces together, the fire comes out.

The Creation

A Kato Legend

Goddard, University of Cal. Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology, v, 184, No. 2

The sandstone rock which formed the sky was old, they say. It thundered in the east; it thundered in the south; it thundered in the west; it thundered in the north. "The rock is old, we will fix it," he said.

There were two, Nagaitcho and Thunder. "We will stretch it above far to the east," one of them said. They stretched it. They walked on the sky.

In the south he stood on end a large rock. In the west he stood on end a large rock. In the north he stood on end a large, tall rock. In the east he stood on end a large, tall rock. He made everything properly.

He made the roads. He made a road to the north (where the sun travels in summer).

"In the south there will be no trees but only many flowers," he said. "Where will there be a hole through?" he asked.

At the north he made a hole through. East he made a large opening for the clouds. West he made an opening for the fog. "To the west the clouds shall go," he said.

He made a knife. He made it for splitting the rocks. He made the knife very strong.

"How will it be?" he considered. "You go north; I will go south," he said. "I have finished already," he said. "Stretch the rock in the north. You untie it in the west, I will untie it in the east."

"What will be clouds?" he asked. "Set fires about here," he told him. On the upland they burned to make clouds. Along the creek bottoms they burned to make mist. "It is good," he said. He made clouds so the heads of coming people would not ache.

There is another world above where Thunder lives. "You will live here near by," he told Nagaitcho.

"Put water on the fire, heat some water," he said. He made a person out of earth. "Well, I will talk to him," he said. He made his right leg and his left leg. He made his right arm and his left arm. He pulled off some grass and wadded it up.

He put some of it in place for his belly. He hung up some of it for his stomach.

When he had slapped some of the grass he put it in for his heart. He used a round piece of clay for his liver. He put in more clay for his kidneys.

He cut a piece into parts and put it in for his lungs. He pushed in a reed (for a trachea).

"What sort will blood be?" he enquired. He pounded up ochre. "Get water for the ochre,"

he said. He laid him down. He sprinkled him with water. He made his mouth, his nose, and two eyes. "How will it be?" he said. "Make him privates," he said. He made them. He took one of the legs, split it, and made woman of it.

Clouds arose in the east. Fog came up in the west. "Well, let it rain, let the wind blow," he said. "Up in the sky there will be none, there will be only gentle winds. Well, let it rain in the fog," he said. It rained. One could not see. It was hot in the sky. The sun came up now. "What will the sun be?" he said. "Make a fire so it will be hot. The moon will travel at night." The moon is cold.

He came down. "Who, I wonder, can kick open a rock?" he said. "Who can split a tree?" "Well, I will try," said Nagaitcho. He couldn't split the tree. "Who, I wonder, is the strongest?" said Thunder. Nagaitcho didn't break the rock.

"Well, I will try," said Thunder. Thunder kicked the rock. He kicked it open. It broke to pieces.

"Go look at the rock," he said. "He kicked the rock open," one reported. "Well, I will try a tree," he said. He kicked the tree open. The tree split to pieces.

Thunder and Nagaitcho came down. "Who can stand on the water? You step on the water," Thunder told Nagaitcho. "Yes, I will," Nagaitcho said. He stepped on the water and sank into the ocean. "I will try," said Thunder. He stepped on the water. He stood on it with one leg. "I have finished quickly," he said.

It was evening. It rained. It rained. Every day, every night it rained. "What will happen? It rains every day," they said. The fog spread out close to the ground. The clouds were thick. The people then had no fire. The fire became small. All the creeks were full. There was water in the valleys. The water encircled them.

"Well, I have finished," he said. "Yes," Nagaitcho said. "Come, jump up. You must jump up to another sky," he told him. "I, too, will do that."

"At night when every kind of thing is asleep we will do it," he said.

Every day it rained, every night it rained. All the people slept. The sky fell. The land was not. For a very great distance there was no land. The waters of the oceans came together. Animals of all kinds drowned. Where the water went there were no trees. There was no land.

People became. Seal, sea-lion, and grizzly built a dance-house. They looked for a place in vain. At Usal they built it for there the ground was good. There are many sea-lions there. Whale became a human woman. That is why women are so fat. There were no grizzlies. There were no fish. Blue lizard was thrown into the water and became sucker.

Bull-snake was thrown into the water and became black salmon. Salamander was thrown into the water and became hook-bill salmon. Grass-snake was thrown into the water and became steel-head salmon. Lizard was thrown into the water and became trout.

Trout cried for his net. "My net, my net," he said. They offered him every kind of thing in vain. It was "My net" he said when he cried. They made a net and put him into it. He stopped crying. They threw the net and trout into the water. He became trout.

"What will grow in the water?" he asked. Seaweeds grew in the water. Abalones and mussels grew in the water. Two kinds of kelp grew in the ocean. Many different kinds grew there.

"What will be salt?" he asked. They tasted many things. The ocean foam became salt. The Indians tried their salt. They will eat their food with it. They will eat clover with it. It was good salt.

"How will the water of this ocean behave? What will be in front of it?" he asked. "The water will rise up in ridges. It will settle back again. There will be sand. On top of the sand it will glisten," he said. "Old kelp will float ashore. Old whales will float ashore.

"People will eat fish, big fish," he said. "Sea-lions will come ashore. They will eat them. They will be good. Devil-fish, although they are ugly looking, will be good. The people will eat them. The fish in the ocean will be fat. They will be good.

"There will be many different kinds in the ocean. There will be water-panther. There will be stone-fish. He will catch people. Long-tooth-fish will kill sea-lion. He will feel around in the water.

"Sea-lion will have no feet. He will have a tail. His teeth will be large. There will be no trees in the ocean. The water will be powerful in the ocean," he said.

He placed redwoods and firs along the shore. At the tail of the earth, at the north, he made them grow. He placed land in walls along in front of the ocean. From the north he put down rocks here and there. Over there the ocean beats against them.

Far to the south he did that. He stood up pines along the way. He placed yellow pines. Far away he placed them. He placed mountains along in front of the water. He did not stop putting them up even way to the south.

Redwoods and various pines were growing. He looked back and saw them growing. The redwoods had become tall. He placed stones along. He made small creeks by dragging along his foot. "Wherever they flow this water will be good," he said. "They will drink this. Only the ocean they will not drink."

He made trees spring up. When he looked behind himself he saw they had grown. When he came near water-head-place (south) he said to himself, "It is good that they are growing up."

He made creeks along. "This water they will drink," he said. That is why all drink, many different kinds of animals. "Because the water is good, because it is not salt, deer, elk, panther, and fishers will drink of it," he said. He caused trees to grow up along. When he looked behind himself he saw they had grown up. "Birds will drink, squirrels will drink," he said. "Many different kinds will drink. I am placing good water along the way."

Many redwoods grew up. He placed water along toward the south. He kicked out springs. "There will be springs," he said. "These will belong to the deer," he said of the deer-licks.

He took along a dog. "Drink this water," he told his dog. He, himself, drank of it. "All, many different kinds of animals and birds, will drink of it," he said.

Tanbark oaks he made to spring up along the way. Many kinds, redwoods, firs, and pines he caused to grow. He placed water along. He made creeks with his foot. To make valleys for the streams he placed the land on edge. The mountains were large. They had grown.

"Let acorns grow," he said. He looked back at the ocean, and at the trees and rocks he had placed along. "The water is good, they will drink it," he said. He placed redwoods, firs, and tanbark oaks along the way. He stood up land and made the mountains. "They shall become large," he said of the redwoods.

He went around the earth, dragging his foot to make the streams and placing redwoods, firs, pines, oaks, and chestnut trees. When he looked back he saw the rocks had become large, and the mountains loomed up. He drank of the water and called it good. "I have arranged it that rocks shall be around the water," he said. "Drink," he told his dog. "Many animals will drink this good water." He placed rocks and banks. He put along the way small white stones. He stood up white and black oaks. Sugar-pines and firs he planted one in a place.

"I will try the water," he said. "Drink, my dog." The water was good. He dragged along his foot, making creeks. He placed the rocks along and turned to look at them. "Drink, my dog," he said. "I, too, will drink. Grizzlies, all kinds of animals, and human beings will drink the water which I have placed among the rocks." He stood up the mountains. He placed the trees along, the firs and the oaks. He caused the pines to grow up. He placed the redwoods one in a place.

He threw salamanders and turtles into the creeks. "Eels will live in this stream," he said. "Fish will come into it. Hook-bill and black salmon will run up this creek. Last of all steel-heads will swim in it. Crabs, small eels, and day-eels will come up.

"Grizzlies will live in large numbers on this mountain. On this mountain will be many deer. The people will eat them. Because they have no gall they may be eaten raw. Deer meat will be very sweet. Panthers will be numerous. There will be many jack-rabbits on this mountain," he said.

He did not like yellow-jackets. He nearly killed them. He made blue-flies and wasps.

His dog walked along with him. "There will be much water in this stream," he said. "This will be a small creek and the fish will run in it. The fish will be good. There will be many suckers and trout in this stream."

"There will be brush on this mountain," he said. He made manzanita and white-thorn grow there. "Here will be a valley. Here will be many deer. There will be many grizzlies at

this place. Here a mountain will stand. Many rattlesnakes, bull snakes, and water snakes will be in this place. Here will be good land. It shall be a valley."

He placed fir trees, yellow-pines, oaks, and redwoods one at a place along the way. He put down small grizzly bears. "The water will be bad. It will be black here," he said.

"There will be many owls here, the barking-owl, the screech-owl, and the little owl. There shall be many blue jays, grouse, and quails. Here on this mountain will be many wood-rats. Here shall be many varied robins. There shall be many woodcocks, yellow-hammers, and sap-suckers. Here will be many mocking-birds and meadowlarks. Here will be herons and blackbirds. There will be many turtle-doves and pigeons. The kingfishers will catch fish. There will be many buzzards and ravens. There will be many chicken-hawks. There will be many robins. On this high mountain there will be many deer," he said.

"Let there be a valley here," he said. "There will be fir trees, some small and some large. Let the rain fall. Let it snow. Let there be hail. Let the clouds come. When it rains let the streams increase, let the water be high, let it become muddy. When the rain stops let the water become good again," he said.

He came back. "Walk behind me, my dog," he said. "We will look at what has taken place." Trees had grown. Fish were in the streams. The rocks had become large. It was good.

He traveled fast. "Come, walk fast, my dog," he said. The land had become good. The valleys had become broad. All kinds of trees and plants had sprung up. Springs had become and the water was flowing. "Again I will try the water," he said. "You, too, drink." Brush had sprung up. He traveled fast.

"I have made a good earth, my dog," he said. "Walk fast, my dog." Acorns were on the trees. The chestnuts were ripe. The hazelnuts were ripe. The manzanita berries were getting white. All sorts of food had become good. The buckeyes were good. The peppernuts were black. The bunch grass was ripe. The grass-hoppers were growing. The clover was in bloom. The bear-clover was good. The mountains had grown. The rocks had grown. All kinds that are eaten had become good. "We made it good, my dog," he said. Fish for the people to eat had grown in the streams.

"We have come to south now," he said. All the different kinds were matured. They started back, he and his dog. "We will go back," he said. "The mountains have grown up quickly. The land has become flat. The trout have grown. Good water is flowing. Walk fast. All things have become good. We have made them good, my dog. It is warm. The land is good."

The brush had grown. Various things had sprung up. Grizzlies had increased in numbers. Birds had grown. The water had become good. The grass was grown. Many deer for the people to eat walked about. Many kinds of herbs had grown. Some kinds remained small.

Rattlesnakes had multiplied. Water-snakes had become numerous. Turtles had come

out of the water and increased in numbers. Various things had grown. The mountains had grown. The valleys had become.

"Come fast. I will drink water. You, too, drink," he told his dog. "Now we are getting back, we are close home, my dog. Look here, the mountains have grown. The stones have grown. Brush has come up. All kinds of animals are walking about. All kinds of things are grown.

"We are about to arrive. We are close home, my dog," he said. "I am about to get back north," he said to himself. "I am about to get back north. I am about to get back north. I am about to get back north," he said to himself.

That is all.

The Jealous Uncle

A Kodiak Legend

Golder, *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xvi, 90, No. 8

In a village lived a man, known to his neighbors as "Unnatural Uncle." When his nephews became a few years old, he would kill them. Two had already suffered death at his hands.

After the second had disappeared, his wife went to the mother of the boys, and said: "Should another boy be born to you, let us conceal the fact from my husband, and make him believe the child a girl. In that case he will not harm him, and we may succeed in bringing him up."

Not long after the above conversation another nephew was born. Unnatural Uncle, hearing that a child was born, sent his wife to ascertain the sex of the child. She, as had been agreed upon, reported the child a girl. "Let her live," he said.

The two women tended and dressed the boy as if he were a girl. When he grew older, they told him to play with the girls, and impressed upon him that he should at all times imitate the ways, attitudes, and postures of the girls, especially when attending to the calls of nature. Unnatural Uncle watched the boy as he was growing up, and often wondered at his boyish looks. One day the boy, not knowing that his uncle was about and observing him, raised up his parka, and so exposed his body.

"Ah," said Unnatural Uncle to his wife, on reaching home, "this is the way you have fooled me. But I know everything now. Go and tell my nephew I wish to see him." With tears in her eyes the poor woman delivered the message to the nephew, told him of the disappearance of his brothers, and of his probable fate. The father and mother of the boy wept bitterly, for they were certain he would never return. The boy himself, although frightened, assured his parents to the contrary, and begged them not to worry, for he would come back safe and sound.

"Did my brothers have any playthings?" he asked before going. He was shown to a box where their things were kept. In it he found a piece of a knife, some eagle-down, and a sour cranberry. These he hid about his person, and went to meet his uncle. The latter greeted him, and said: "Nephew, let us go and fetch some wood."

When they came to a large forest, the boy remarked: "Here is good wood; let us take some of it, and go back." "Oh, no! There is better wood farther on," said the uncle.

From the forest they stepped into a bare plain. "Let us go back. There is no wood here," called the boy. But the uncle motioned to him to come on, telling him that they would soon find better wood. A little later they came to a big log. "Here is what I want," exclaimed the uncle, and began splitting it. "Here, nephew, jump in, and get that wedge out," called the uncle to the boy, as one of the wedges fell in. When the boy did so, the man knocked out the other wedges; the log closed in on the boy, and held him fast. "Stay there!" said Unnatural Uncle, and walked off.

For some time the boy remained in this helpless condition, planning a means of escape. At last he thought of his sour cranberry, and, taking it in his hand, he rubbed with it the interior of the log from edge to edge. The sourness of the berry caused the log to open its mouth, thus freeing him.

On his way back to the village, he gathered a bundle of wood, which he left at his uncle's door, announcing the fact to him: "Here, uncle, I have brought you the wood." The latter was both surprised and vexed at his failure, and determined more than ever to kill the boy. His wife, however, warned him: "You had better not harm the boy; you have killed his brothers, and if you hurt him, you will come to grief."

"I will kill him, too," he savagely replied.

When the boy reached his father's home, he found them weeping and mourning. "Don't weep!" he pleaded. "He cannot hurt me; no matter where he takes me, I will always come back." In the morning he was again summoned to appear at his uncle's. Before going, he entreated his parents not to feel uneasy, assuring them that no harm would befall him, and that he would be back. The uncle called the boy to go with him after some ducks and eggs.

They passed several places abounding in ducks and eggs, and each time that the boy suggested, "Let us take these and go back," the uncle replied: "Oh, no! There are better ducks and eggs farther on." At last they came to a steep bluff, and, looking down, saw a great many ducks and eggs. "Go down carefully, nephew, and gather those ducks and eggs. Be quick, and come back as soon as you can.

The boy saw the trap at a glance, and prepared for it by taking the eagle-down in each hand, between thumb and finger. As the boy took a step or two downward, the uncle gave him a push, causing him to lose his footing. "He will never come back alive from here," smiled the uncle to himself, as he walked back. If he had remained awhile longer and looked down before going, he would have seen the boy descending gently instead of falling.

The eagle-down kept him up in the air, and he lighted at his own pleasure safe and sound. After gathering all the ducks and eggs he wanted, he ascended by holding up the down, as before, and blowing under it. Up, up he went, and in a short time stood on the summit. It was night before he sighted his uncle's home. At the door he deposited the birds and eggs, and shouted: "Here, uncle, are the ducks and eggs."

"What! back again!" exclaimed the man very much mortified. His wife again pleaded with him to leave the boy in peace. "You will come to grief, if you don't," she said. "No; he cannot hurt me," he replied angrily, and spent the remainder of the night thinking and planning. Although he assured them that he would return, the boy's parents did not have much faith in it; for he found them on his return weeping for him. This grieved him. "Why do you weep?" he said. "Didn't I say I would come back? He can take me to no place from which I cannot come back."

In the evening of the third day the aunt appeared and said that her husband wished the boy. He told his parents not to be disturbed, and promised to come back soon. This time

the uncle invited him to go with him after clams. The clams were very large, large enough to inclose a man. It was ebb tide, and they found plenty of clams not far from the beach.

The boy suggested that they take these and go back, but the uncle put him off with, "There are better clams farther out." They waded into the water, and then the man noticed an extraordinarily large clam. "Take him," he said, but when the boy bent over, the clam took him in. So confident was Unnatural Uncle of his success this time that he uttered not a word, but with a triumphant grin on his face and a wave of his hand he walked away.

The boy tried to force the valves apart, but not succeeding, he cut the ligament with his piece of a knife, compelling the clam to open up little by little until he was able to hop out. He gathered some clams, and left them at his uncle's door as if nothing had happened.

The man, on hearing the boy's voice outside, was almost beside himself with rage. His wife did not attempt to pacify him. "I will say nothing more," she said. "I have warned you, and if you persist in your ways, you will suffer."

The next day Unnatural Uncle was busy making a box.

"What is it for?" asked his wife.

"A plaything for our nephew," he replied.

In the evening the boy was sent for. On leaving his parents he said: "Do not feel uneasy about my absence. This time I may be away a long time, but I will come back nevertheless."

"Nephew, here is something to amuse you," said his uncle. "Get inside of it, so that I may see whether it fits you." It fitted him; so did the lid the box; and the rope the lid. He felt himself borne along, and from the noise of the waves he knew it was to the sea.

The box was lowered, and with a shove it was set adrift. It was stormy, the waves beat over the box, and several times he gave himself up as lost. How long he drifted he had no idea; but at last he heard the waves dashing against the beach, and his heart rejoiced.

Louder, and louder did the joyful peal sound. He gathered himself together for the sudden stop which soon came, only to feel himself afloat again the next moment. This experience he went through several times, before the box finally stopped and he realized he was on land once more.

As he lay there, many thoughts passed through his mind; where was he? was any one living there? would he be saved? or would the flood tide set him adrift again? what were his people at home doing? These, and many other thoughts passed through his brain, when he was startled by hearing voices, which he recognized, a little later, as women's. This is what he heard:

"I saw the box first," said one.

"No, I saw it first," said the other.

"I am sure I saw it before you," said the first speaker again, "and, therefore, it is mine."

"Well, you may have the box, but its contents shall belong to me," replied the other.

They picked up the box, and began to carry it, but finding it somewhat heavy and being anxious to know what it contained, they stopped to untie it.

"If there are many things in there, I shall have some of them," said the first speaker, who rued her bargain. The other one said nothing. Great was their surprise on beholding him. He was in turn surprised to see two such beautiful girls, the large village, the numerous people, and their peculiar appearance, for he was among the Eagle people in Eagle land

The full grown people, like the full grown eagles, had white faces and heads, while those of the young people, like those of young eagles, were dark. Eagle skins were hanging about all over the village; and it amused him to watch some of the people put on their eagle skins and change to eagles, and after flying around, take them off and become human beings again.

The girls, being the daughters of the village chief, led the boy to their father, each claiming him. When he had heard them both, the chief gave the boy to the older girl (the second speaker). With her he lived happily, but his thoughts would very often wander back to his former home, the people there, his parents; and the thought of his uncle's cruelty to them would make his heart ache. His wife noted these spells of depression, and questioned him about them until he told her of his parents and uncle.

She, like a good wife, bade him cheer up, and then went to have a talk with her father. He sent for his son-in-law, and advised him to put on his (chief's) eagle skin, soar up high until he could see his village, fly over there, visit his parents, and bring them back with him. He did as he was told, and in a short time found himself in the village. Although he could see all other people, his parents were not in sight.

This was in the evening. During the night he went out to sea, brought back a large whale, and placed it on the beach, knowing that all the villagers would come out for the meat. The first person to come to the village beach in the morning was Unnatural Uncle; and when he saw the whale, he aroused the village, and a little later all, except the boy's father and mother, were there, cutting and storing up the whale.

His parents were not permitted to come near the whale, and when some of the neighbors left some meat at their house, Unnatural Uncle scolded, and forbade it being done again. "I can forgive him the killing of my brothers, the attempts on my life, but I will revenge his treatment of my parents." With these thoughts in his mind, the eagle left his perch, and flew over to the crowd. He circled over its head a little while, and then made a swoop at his uncle. "Ah, he knows that I am chief, and the whale is mine, and he asks me for a piece of meat." Saying this, he threw a piece of meat at the eagle.

The second time the eagle descended it was still nearer the man's head, but he tried to laugh it off, and turn it to his glory. The people, however, did not see it that way, and warned him to keep out of the eagle's clutches, for the eagle meant mischief. When the eagle dropped the third time, it was so near his head that he fell on his face. The fourth time the eagle swooped him, and flew off with him.

Not far from the shore was a high and steep rock, and on its summit the eagle put down the man, placing himself opposite. When he had taken off the skin, and disclosed himself, he said to his trembling uncle: "I could have forgiven you the death of my brothers, the four attempts on my life, but for the cruel treatment of my parents you shall pay.

The whale I brought was for my parents and others, and not for you alone; but you took entire possession of it, and would not allow them even to approach it. I will not kill you without giving you a chance for your life. Swim back to the shore, and you shall be spared." As he could not swim, Unnatural Uncle supplicated his nephew to take him back, but the latter, putting on the eagle skin, and hardening his eagle heart, clutched him, and from a dizzy height in the air dropped him into the sea.

From the beach the crowd watched the fatal act, understood and appreciated it, and, till it was dark, continued observing, from the distance, the eagle. When all had retired, he pulled off the skin, and set out for his father's barrabara. He related to his parents his adventures, and invited them to accompany him to his adopted land, to which they gladly consented. Early in the morning he put on again his skin, and, taking a parent in each claw, flew with them to Eagle land, and there they are living now.

The Badger and the Bear

A Lakota Legend

Zitkala Sa, American Indian Stories, 1921

On the edge of a forest there lived a large family of badgers. In the ground their dwelling was made. Its walls and roof were covered with rocks and straw. Old father badger was a great hunter. He knew well how to track the deer and buffalo.

Every day he came home carrying on his back some wild game. This kept mother badger very busy, and the baby badgers very chubby. While the well-fed children played about, digging little make-believe dwellings, their mother hung thin sliced meats upon long willow racks. As fast as the meats were dried and seasoned by sun and wind, she packed them carefully away in a large thick bag.

This bag was like a huge stiff envelope, but far more beautiful to see, for it was painted all over with many bright colors. These firmly tied bags of dried meat were laid upon the rocks in the walls of the dwelling. In this way they were both useful and decorative. One day father badger did not go off for a hunt. He stayed at home, making new arrows. His children sat about him on the ground floor.

Their small black eyes danced with delight as they watched the gay colors painted upon the arrows. All of a sudden there was heard a heavy footfall near the entrance way. The oval-shaped door-frame was pushed aside. In stepped a large black foot with great big claws. Then the other clumsy foot came next. All the while the baby badgers stared hard at the unexpected comer. After the second foot, in peeped the head of a big black bear!

His black nose was dry and parched. Silently he entered the dwelling and sat down on the ground by the doorway. His black eyes never left the painted bags on the rocky walls. He guessed what was in them. He was a very hungry bear. Seeing the racks of red meat hanging in the yard, he had come to visit the badger family.

Though he was a stranger and his strong paws and jaws frightened the small badgers, the father said, "Hau, how, friend! Your lips and nose look feverish and hungry. Will you eat with us?"

"Yes, my friend," said the bear. "I am starved. I saw your racks of red fresh meat, and knowing your heart is kind, I came hither. Give me meat to eat, my friend."

Hereupon the mother badger took long strides across the room, and as she had to pass in front of the strange visitor, she said: "Ah han! Allow me to pass!" which was an apology.

"Hau, hau!" replied the bear, drawing himself closer to the wall and crossing his shins together.

Mother badger chose the most tender red meat, and soon over a bed of coals she broiled the venison.

That day the bear had all he could eat. At nightfall he rose, and smacking his lips together (that is the noisy way of saying "the food was very good!") he left the badger dwelling. The baby badgers, peeping through the door-flap after the shaggy bear, saw him disappear into the woods near by.

Day after day the crackling of twigs in the forest told of heavy footsteps. Out would come the shame black bear. He never lifted the door-flap, but thrusting it aside entered slowly in. Always in the same place by the entrance way he sat down with crossed shins. His daily visits were so regular that mother badger placed a fur rug in his place. She did not wish a guest in her dwelling to sit upon the bare hard ground.

At last one time when the bear returned, his nose was bright and black. His coat was glossy. He had grown fat upon the badger's hospitality. As he entered the dwelling a pair of wicked gleams shot out of his shaggy head.

Surprised by the strange behavior of the guest who remained standing upon the rug, leaning his round back against the wall, father badger queried, "Hau, my friend! What?"

The bear took one stride forward and shook his paw in the badger's face. He said: "I am strong, very strong!"

"Yes, yes, so you are," replied the badger. From the farther end of the room mother badger muttered over her bead work: "Yes, you grew strong from our well-filled bowls."

The bear smiled, showing a row of large sharp teeth. "I have no dwelling. I have no bags of dried meat. I have no arrows. All these I have found here on this spot," said he, stamping his heavy foot. "I want them! See! I am strong!" repeated he, lifting both his terrible paws.

Quietly the father badger spoke, "I fed you. I called you friend, though you came here a stranger and a beggar. For the shake of my little ones leave us in peace."

Mother badger, in her excited way, had pierced hard through the buckskin and stuck her fingers repeatedly with her sharp awl until she had laid aside her work. Now, while her husband was talking to the bear, she motioned with her hands to the children. On tiptoe they hastened to her side.

For reply came a low growl. It grew louder and more fierce. "Wa-ough!" he roared, and by force hurled the badgers out. First the father badger; then the mother. The little badgers he tossed by pairs. He threw them hard upon the ground.

Standing in the entranceway and showing his ugly teeth, he snarled, "Be gone!" The father and mother badger, having gained their feet, picked up their kicking little babes, and, wailing aloud, drew the air into their flattened lungs till they could stand alone upon their feet. No sooner had the baby badgers caught their breath than they howled and shrieked with pain and fright. Ah! what a dismal cry was theirs as the whole badger family went forth wailing from out their own dwelling!

A little distance away from their stolen house the father badger built a small round hut.

He made it of bent willows and covered it with dry grass and twigs. This was shelter for the night; but alas! it was empty of food and arrows. All day father badger prowled through the forest, but without his arrows he could not get food for his children. Upon his return, the cry of the little ones for meat, the shad quiet of the mother with bowed head, hurt him like a poisoned arrow wound. "I'll beg meat for you!" said he in an unsteady voice.

Covering his head and entire body in a long loose robe he halted beside the big black bear. The bear was slicing red meat to hang upon the rack. He did not pause for a look at the comer. As the badger stood there unrecognized, he saw that the bear had brought with him his whole family. Little cubs played under the high-hanging new meats. They laughed and pointed with their wee noses upward at the thin sliced meats upon the poles.

"Have you no heart, Black Bear? My children are starving. Give me a small piece of meat for them," begged the badger.

"Wa-ough!" growled the angry bear, and pounced upon the badger. "Be gone!" said he, and with his big hind foot he sent father badger sprawling on the ground. All the little ruffian bears hooted and shouted "ha-ha!" to see the beggar fall upon his face.

There was one, however, who did not even smile. He was the youngest cub. His fur coat was not as black and glossy as those his elders wore. The hair was dry and dingy. It looked much more like kinky wool. He was the ugly cub.

Poor little baby bear! He had always been laughed at by his older brothers. He could not help being himself. He could not change the differences between himself and his brothers. Thus again, though the rest laughed aloud at the badger's fall, he did not see the joke. His face was long and earnest.

In his heart he was shad to see the badgers crying and starving. In his breast spread a burning desire to share his food with them. "I shall not ask my father for meat to give away. He would say 'No!' Then my brothers would laugh at me," said the ugly baby bear to himself.

In an instant, as if his good intention had passed from him, he was singing happily and skipping around his father at work. Singing in his small high voice and dragging his feet in long strides after him, as if a prankish spirit oozed out from his heels, he strayed off through the tall grass. He was ambling toward the small round hut. When directly in front of the entranceway, he made a quick side kick with his left hind leg. Lo! there fell into the badger's hut a piece of fresh meat. It was tough meat, full of sinews, yet it was the only piece he could take without his father's notice.

Thus having given meat to the hungry badgers, the ugly baby bear ran quickly away to his father again.

On the following day the father badger came back once more. He stood watching the big bear cutting thin slices of meat. "Give..." he began, when the bear turning upon him with a growl, thrust him cruelly aside.

The badger fell on his hands. He fell where the grass was wet with the blood of the newly carved buffalo. His keen starving eyes caught sight of a little red clot lying bright upon the green. Looking fearfully toward the bear and seeing his head was turned away, he snatched up the small thick blood.

Underneath his girdled blanket he hid it in his hand. On his return to his family, he said within himself : "I'll pray the Great Spirit to bless it."

Thus he built a small round lodge. Sprinkling water upon the heated heap of sacred stones within, he made ready to purge his body. "The buffalo blood, too, must be purified before I ask a blessing upon it," thought the badger.

He carried it into the sacred vapor lodge. After placing it near the sacred stones, he sat down beside it. After a long silence, he muttered: "Great Spirit, bless this little buffalo blood." Then he arose, and with a quiet dignity stepped out of the lodge.

Close behind him some one followed. The badger turned to look over his shoulder and to his great joy he beheld a Lakota brave in handsome buckskins. In his hand he carried a magic arrow. Across his back dangled a long fringed quiver.

In answer to the badger's prayer, the avenger had sprung from out the red globules.

"My son!" exclaimed the badger with extended right hand.

"Hau, father," replied the brave; "I am your avenger!"

Immediately the badger told the sad story of his hungry little ones and the stingy bear. Listening closely the young man stood looking steadily upon the ground. At length the father badger moved away. "Where?" queried the avenger.

"My son, we have no food. I am going again to beg for meat," answered the badger.

"Then I go with you," replied the young brave. This made the old badger happy. He was proud of his son. He was delighted to be called "father" by the first human creature.

The bear saw the badger coming in the distance. He narrowed his eyes at the tall stranger walking beside him. He spied the arrow. At once he guessed it was the avenger of whom he had heard long, long ago.

As they approached, the bear stood erect with a hand on his thigh. He smiled upon them. "How, badger, my friend! Here is my knife. Cut your favorite pieces from the deer," said he, holding out a long thin blade.

"Hau!" said the badger eagerly. He wondered what had inspired the big bear to such a generous deed.

The young avenger waited till the badger took the long knife in his hand. Gazing full into the black bear's face, he said: "I come to do justice. You have returned only a knife to my poor father. Now return to him his dwelling."

His voice was deep and powerful. In his black eyes burned a steady fire. The long strong teeth of the bear rattled against each other, and his shaggy body shook with fear.

"Ahow!" cried he, as if he had been shot. Running into the dwelling he gasped, breathless and trembling, "Come out, all of you! This is the badger's dwelling. We must flee to the forest for fear of the avenger who carries the magic arrow."

Out they hurried, all the bears, and disappeared into the woods. Singing and laughing, the badgers returned to their own dwelling.

Then the avenger left them. "I go," said he in parting, "over the earth."

Iktomi's Blanket

A Lakota Legend

Zitkala Sa, Old Indian Legends, 1901

Alone within his teepee sat Iktomi. The sun was but a hands breadth from the western edge of land. "Those, bad, bad gray wolves! They ate up all my nice fat ducks!" muttered he, rocking his body to and fro. He was cuddling the evil memory he bore those hungry wolves.

At last he ceased to sway his body backward and forward, but sat still and stiff as a stone image. "Oh! I'll go to Inyan, the great-grandfather, and pray for food!" he exclaimed. At once he hurried forth from his teepee and, with his blanket over one shoulder, drew nigh to a huge rock on a hillside. With half-crouching, half-running strides, he fell upon Inyan with outspread hands.

"Grandfather! pity me. I am hungry. I am starving. Give me food. Great-grandfather, give me meat to eat!" he cried. All the while he stroked and caressed the face of the great stone god.

The all-powerful Great Spirit, who makes the trees and grass, can hear the voice of those who pray in many varied ways. The hearing of Inyan, the large hard stone, was the one most sought after. He was the great-grandfather, for he had sat upon the hillside many, many seasons. He had seen the prairie put on a snow-white blanket and then change it for a bright green robe more than a thousand times.

Still unaffected by the myriad moons he rested on the everlasting hill, listening to the prayers of Indian warriors. Before the finding of the magic arrow he had sat there. Now, as Iktomi prayed and wept before the great-grandfather, the sky in the west was red like a glowing face. The sunset poured a soft mellow light upon the huge gray stone and the solitary figure beside it. It was the smile of the Great Spirit upon the grandfather and the wayward child.

The prayer was heard. Iktomi knew it.

"Now, grandfather, accept my offering; 'tis all I have," said Iktomi as he spread his half-worn blanket upon Inyan's cold shoulders. Then Iktomi, happy with the smile of the sunset sky, followed a footpath leading toward a thicketed ravine. He had not gone many paces into the shrubbery when before him lay a freshly wounded deer!

"This is the answer from the red western sky!" cried Iktomi with hands uplifted. Slipping a long thin blade from out his belt, he cut large chunks of choice meat. Sharpening some willow sticks, he planted them around a wood-pile he had ready to kindle. On these stakes he meant to roast the venison.

While he was rubbing briskly two long sticks to start a fire, the sun in the west fell out of the sky below the edge of land. Twilight was over all. Iktomi felt the cold night air upon his bare neck and shoulders. "Ough!" he shivered as he wiped his knife on the grass.

Tucking it in a beaded case hanging from his belt, Iktomi stood erect, looking about. He shivered again.

"Ough! Ah! I am cold. I wish I had my blanket!" whispered he, hovering over the pile of dry sticks and the sharp stakes round about it. Suddenly he paused and dropped his hands at his sides.

"The old great-grandfather does not feel the cold as I do. He does not need my old blanket as I do. I wish I had not given it to him. Oh! I think I'll run up there and take it back!" said he, pointing his long chin toward the large gray stone.

Iktomi, in the warm sunshine, had no need of his blanket, and it had been very easy to part with a thing which he could not miss. But the chilly night wind quite froze his ardent thank-offering. Thus running up the hillside, his teeth chattering all the way, he drew near to Inyan, the sacred symbol.

Seizing one corner of the half-worn blanket, Iktomi pulled it off with a jerk. "Give my blanket back, old grandfather! You do not need it. I do!"

This was very wrong, yet Iktomi did it, for his wit was not wisdom. Drawing the blanket tight over his shoulders, he descended the hill with hurrying feet. He was soon upon the edge of the ravine.

A young moon, like a bright bent bow, climbed up from the southwest horizon a little way into the sky. In this pale light Iktomi stood motionless as a ghost amid the thicket. His woodpile was not yet kindled. His pointed stakes were still bare as he had left them. But where was the deer - the venison he had felt warm in his hands a moment ago?

It was gone.

Only the dry rib bones lay on the ground like giant fingers from an open grave. Iktomi was troubled. At length, stooping over the white dried bones, he took hold of one and shook it. The bones, loose in their sockets, rattled together at his touch. Iktomi let go his hold. He sprang back amazed. And though he wore a blanket his teeth chattered more than ever.

Then his blunted sense will surprise you, little reader; for instead of being grieved that he had taken back his blanket, he cried aloud, "Hin-hin-hin! If only I had eaten the venison before going for my blanket!"

Those tears no longer moved the hand of the Generous Giver. They were selfish tears. The Great Spirit does not heed them ever.

Iktomi and the Coyote

A Lakota Legend

Zitkala Sa, Old Indian Legends, 1901

Afar off upon a large level land, a summer sun was shining bright. Here and there over the rolling green were tall bunches of coarse gray weeds. Iktomi in his fringed buckskins walked alone across the prairie with a black bare head glossy in the sunlight.

He walked through the grass without following any well-worn footpath. From one large bunch of coarse weeds to another he wound his way about the great plain. He lifted his foot lightly and placed it gently forward like a wildcat prowling noiselessly through the thick grass. He stopped a few steps away from a very large bunch of wild sage.

From shoulder to shoulder he tilted his head. Still farther he bent from side to side, first low over one hip and then over the other. Far forward he stooped, stretching his long thin neck like a duck, to see what lay under a fur coat beyond the bunch of coarse grass. A sleek gray-faced prairie wolf!

His pointed black nose tucked in between his four feet drawn snugly together; his handsome bushy tail wound over his nose and feet; a coyote fast asleep in the shadow of a bunch of grass! - this is what Iktomi spied.

Carefully he raised one foot and cautiously reached out with his toes. Gently, gently he lifted the foot behind and placed it before the other. Thus he came nearer and nearer to the round fur ball lying motionless under the sage grass. Now Iktomi stood beside it, looking at the closed eyelids that did not quiver the least bit.

Pressing his lips into straight lines and nodding his head slowly, he bent over the wolf. He held his ear close to the coyote's nose, but not a breath of air stirred from it. "Dead!" said he at last. "Dead, but not long since he ran over these plains! See! there in his paw is caught a fresh feather. He is nice fat meat!"

Taking hold of the paw with the bird feather fast on it, he exclaimed, "Why, he is still warm! I'll carry him to my dwelling and have a roast for my evening meal. Ah-ha!" he laughed, as he seized the coyote by its two fore paws and its two hind feet and swung him over head across his shoulders.

The wolf was large and the teepee was far across the prairie. Iktomi trudged along with his burden, smacking his hungry lips together. He blinked his eyes hard to keep out the salty perspiration streaming down his face. All the while the coyote on his back lay gazing into the sky with wide open eyes. His long white teeth fairly gleamed as he smiled and smiled. "To ride on one's own feet is tiresome, but to be carried like a warrior from a brave fight is great fun!" said the coyote in his heart."

He had never been borne on any one's back before and the new experience delighted him. He lay there lazily on Iktomi's shoulders, now and then blinking blue winks. Did you never see a birdie blink a blue wink? This is how it first became a saying among the

plains people.

When a bird stands aloof watching your strange ways, a thin bluish white tissue slips quickly over his eyes and as quickly off again; so quick that you think it was only a mysterious blue wink. Sometimes when children grow drowsy they blink blue winks, while others who are too proud to look with friendly eyes upon people blink in this cold bird-manner.

The coyote was affected by both sleepiness and pride. His winks were almost as blue as the sky. In the midst of his new pleasure the swaying motion ceased. Iktomi had reached his dwelling place.

The coyote felt drowsy no longer, for in the next instant he was slipping out of Iktomi's hands. He was falling, falling through space, and then he struck the ground with such a bump he did not wish to breathe for a while. He wondered what Iktomi would do, thus he lay still where he fell. Humming a dance-song, one from his bundle of mystery songs, Iktomi hopped and darted about at an imaginary dance and feast.

He gathered dry willow sticks and broke them in two against his knee. He built a large fire out of doors. The flames leaped up high in red and yellow streaks. Now Iktomi returned to the coyote who had been looking on through his eyelashes.

Taking him again by his paws and hind feet, he swung him to and fro. Then as the wolf swung toward the red flames, Iktomi let him go. Once again the coyote fell through space. Hot air smote his nostrils. He saw red dancing fire, and now he struck a bed of cracking embers. With a quick turn he leaped out of the flames. From his heels were scattered a shower of red coals upon Iktomi's bare arms and shoulders.

Dumbfounded, Iktomi thought he saw a spirit walk out of his fire. His jaws fell apart. He thrust a palm to his face, hard over his mouth!

He could scarce keep from shrieking. Rolling over and over on the grass and rubbing the sides of his head against the ground, the coyote soon put out the fire on his fur. Iktomi's eyes were almost ready to jump out of his head as he stood cooling a burn on his brown arm with his breath.

Sitting on his haunches, on the opposite side of the fire from where Iktomi stood, the coyote began to laugh at him. "Another day, my friend, do not take too much for granted. Make sure the enemy is stone dead before you make a fire!"

Then off he ran so swiftly that his long bushy tail hung out in a straight line with his back.

Dance in a Buffalo Skull

A Lakota Legend

Zitkala Sa, Old Indian Legends, 1901

It was night upon the prairie. Overhead the stars were twinkling bright their red and yellow lights. The moon was young. A silvery thread among the stars, it soon drifted low beneath the horizon. Upon the ground the land was pitchy black.

There are night people on the plain who love the dark. Amid the black level land they meet to frolic under the stars. Then when their sharp ears hear any strange footfalls nigh they scamper away into the deep shadows of night.

There they are safely hid from all dangers, they think.

Thus it was that one very black night, afar off from the edge of the level land, out of the wooded river bottom glided forth two balls of fire. They came farther and farther into the level land. They grew larger and brighter.

The dark hid the body of the creature with those fiery eyes. They came on and on, just over the tops of the prairie grass. It might have been a wildcat prowling low on soft, stealthy feet.

Slowly but surely the terrible eyes drew nearer and nearer to the heart of the level land. There in a huge old buffalo skull was a gay feast and dance! Tiny little field mice were singing and dancing in a circle to the boom-boom of a wee, wee drum. They were laughing and talking among themselves while their chosen singers sang loud a merry tune.

They built a small open fire within the center of their queer dance house. The light streamed out of the buffalo skull through all the curious sockets and holes. A light on the plain in the middle of the night was an unusual thing.

But so merry were the mice they did not hear the "king, king" of sleepy birds, disturbed by the unaccustomed fire.

A pack of wolves, fearing to come nigh this night fire, stood together a little distance away, and, turning their pointed noses to the stars, howled and yelped most dismally. Even the cry of the wolves was unheeded by the mice within the lighted buffalo skull.

They were feasting and dancing; they were singing and laughing--those funny little furry fellows. All the while across the dark from out the low river bottom came that pair of fiery eyes. Now closer and more swift, now fiercer and glaring, the eyes moved toward the buffalo skull. All unconscious of those fearful eyes, the happy mice nibbled at dried roots and venison.

The singers had started another song.

The drummers beat the time, turning their heads from side to side in rhythm. In a ring

around the fire hopped the mice, each bouncing hard on his two hind feet.

Some carried their tails over their arms, while others trailed them proudly along. Ah, very near are those round yellow eyes! Very low to the ground they seem to creep--creep toward the buffalo skull.

All of a sudden they slide into the eye-sockets of the old skull. "Spirit of the buffalo!" squeaked a frightened mouse as he jumped out from a hole in the back part of the skull.

"A cat! A cat!" cried other mice as they scrambled out of holes both large and snug. Noiseless they ran away into the dark.

Iktomi and the Ducks

A Lakota Legend

Zitkala Sa, Old Indian Legends, 1901

One day Iktomi sat hungry within his teepee. Suddenly he rushed out, dragging after him his blanket. Quickly spreading it on the ground, he tore up dry tall grass with both his hands and tossed it fast into the blanket.

Tying all the four corners together in a knot, he threw the light bundle of grass over his shoulder. Snatching up a slender willow stick with his free left hand, he started off with a hop and a leap. From side to side bounced, the bundle on his back, as he ran light-footed over the uneven ground.

Soon he came to the edge of the great level land. On the hilltop he paused for breath. With wicked smacks of his dry parched lips, as if tasting some tender meat, he looked straight into space toward the marshy river bottom. With a thin palm shading his eyes from the western sun, he peered far away into the lowlands, munching his own cheeks all the while.

"Ah-ha!" grunted he, satisfied with what he saw. A group of wild ducks were dancing and feasting in the marshes. With wings outspread, tip to tip, they moved up and down in a large circle. Within the ring, around a small drum, sat the chosen singers, nodding their heads and blinking their eyes.

They sang in unison a merry dance-song, and beat a lively tattoo on the drum. Following a winding footpath near by, came a bent figure of a Lakota brave. He bore on his back a very large bundle. With a willow cane he propped himself up as he staggered along beneath his burden.

"Ho! who is there?" called out a curious old duck, still bobbing up and down in the circular dance. Hereupon the drummers stretched their necks till they strangled their song for a look at the stranger passing by.

"Ho, Iktomi! Old fellow, pray tell us what you carry in your blanket. Do not hurry off! Stop! halt!" urged one of the singers.

"Stop! stay! Show us what is in your blanket!" cried out other voices.

"My friends, I must not spoil your dance. Oh, you would not care to see if you only knew what is in my blanket. Sing on! dance on! I must not show you what I carry on my back," answered Iktomi, nudging his own sides with his elbows.

This reply broke up the ring entirely.

Now all the ducks crowded about Iktomi. "We must see what you carry! We must know what is in your blanket!" they shouted in both his ears. Some even brushed their wings against the mysterious bundle.

Nudging himself again, wily Iktomi said, "My friends, 't is only a pack of songs I carry in my blanket."

"Oh, then let us hear your songs!" cried the curious ducks.

At length Iktomi consented to sing his songs. With delight all the ducks flapped their wings and cried together, "Hoye! hoye!" Iktomi, with great care, laid down his bundle on the ground. "I will build first a round straw house, for I never sing my songs in the open air," said he.

Quickly he bent green willow sticks, planting both ends of each pole into the earth. These he covered thick with reeds and grasses. Soon the straw hut was ready. One by one the fat ducks waddled in through a small opening, which was the only entranceway. Beside the door Iktomi stood smiling, as the ducks, eyeing his bundle of songs, strutted into the hut.

In a strange low voice Iktomi began his queer old tunes. All the ducks sat round-eyed in a circle about the mysterious singer. It was dim in that straw hut, for Iktomi had not forgot to cover up the small entrance way. All of a sudden his song burst into full voice. As the startled ducks sat uneasily on the ground, Iktomi changed his tune into a minor strain. These were the words he sang:

"Istokmus wacipo, tuwayatunwanpi kinhan ista nishashapi kta," which is, "With eyes closed you must dance. He who dares to open his eyes, forever red eyes shall have."

Up rose the circle of seated ducks and holding their wings close against their sides began to dance to the rhythm of Iktomi's song and drum. With eyes closed they did dance! Iktomi ceased to beat his drum. He began to sing louder and faster. He seemed to be moving about in the center of the ring.

No duck dared blink a wink. Each one shut his eyes very tight and danced even harder. Up and down! Shifting to the right of them they hopped round and round in that blind dance. It was a difficult dance for the curious folk.

At length one of the dancers could close his eyes no longer! It was a Skiska who peeped the least tiny blink at Iktomi within the center of the circle. "Oh! oh!" squawked he in awful terror! "Run! fly! Iktomi is twisting your heads and breaking your necks! Run out and fly! fly!" he cried. Hereupon the ducks opened their eyes.

There beside Iktomi's bundle of songs lay half of their crowd - flat on their backs. Out they flew through the opening Skiska had made as he rushed forth with his alarm. But as they soared high into the blue sky they cried to one another:

"Oh! your eyes are red-red!" "And yours are red-red!" For the warning words of the magic minor strain had proven true.

"Ah-ha!" laughed Iktomi, untying the four corners of his blanket, "I shall sit no more hungry within my dwelling." Homeward he trudged along with nice fat ducks in his blanket. He left the little straw hut for the rains and winds to pull down. Having reached his own teepee on the high level lands, Iktomi kindled a large fire out of doors. He

planted sharp-pointed sticks around the leaping flames. On each stake he fastened a duck to roast. A few he buried under the ashes to bake.

Disappearing within his teepee, he came out again with some huge seashells. These were his dishes. Placing one under each roasting duck, he muttered, "The sweet fat oozing out will taste well with the hard-cooked breasts."

Heaping more willows upon the fire, Iktomi sat down on the ground with crossed shins. A long chin between his knees pointed toward the red flames, while his eyes were on the browning ducks. Just above his ankles he clasped and unclasped his long bony fingers. Now and then he sniffed impatiently the savory odor.

The brisk wind which stirred the fire also played with a squeaky old tree beside Iktomi's wigwam. From side to side the tree was swaying and crying in an old man's voice, "Help! I'll break! I'll fall!"

Iktomi shrugged his great shoulders, but did not once take his eyes from the ducks. The dripping of amber oil into pearly dishes, drop by drop, pleased his hungry eyes.

Still the old tree man called for help. "He! What sound is it that makes my ear ache!" exclaimed Iktomi, holding a hand on his ear. He rose and looked around. The squeaking came from the tree. Then he began climbing the tree to find the disagreeable sound. He placed his foot right on a cracked limb without seeing it. Just then a whiff of wind came rushing by and pressed together the broken edges. There in a strong wooden hand Iktomi's foot was caught.

"Oh! my foot is crushed!" he howled like a coward. In vain he pulled and puffed to free himself.

While sitting a prisoner on the tree he spied, through his tears, a pack of gray wolves roaming over the level lands. Waving his hands toward them, he called in his loudest voice, "He! Gray wolves! Don't you come here! I'm caught fast in the tree so that my duck feast is getting cold. Don't you come to eat up my meal."

The leader of the pack upon hearing Iktomi's words turned to his comrades and said: "Ah! hear the foolish fellow! He says he has a duck feast to be eaten! Let us hurry there for our share!"

Away bounded the wolves toward Iktomi's lodge. From the tree Iktomi watched the hungry wolves eat up his nicely browned fat ducks. His foot pained him more and more. He heard them crack the small round bones with their strong long teeth and eat out the oily marrow.

Now severe pains shot up from his foot through his whole body. "Hin-hin-hin!" sobbed Iktomi. Real tears washed brown streaks across his red-painted cheeks.

Smacking their lips, the wolves began to leave the place, when Iktomi cried out like a pouting child, "At least you have left my baking under the ashes!"

"Ho! Po!" shouted the mischievous wolves; "he shays more ducks are to be found under the ashes! Come! Let us have our fill this once!" Running back to the dead fire, they pawed out the ducks with such rude haste that a cloud of ashes rose like gray smoke over them.

"Hin-hin-hin!" moaned Iktomi, when the wolves had scampered off. All too late, the sturdy breeze returned, and, passing by, pulled apart the broken edges of the tree. Iktomi was released. But alas! he had no duck feast.

Iktomi and the Fawn

A Lakota Legend

Zitkala Sa, Old Indian Legends, 1901

In one of his wanderings through the wooded lands, Iktomi saw a rare bird sitting high in a tree-top. Its long fan-like tail feathers had caught all the beautiful colors of the rainbow. Handsome in the glistening summer sun sat the bird of rainbow plumage.

Iktomi hurried hither with his eyes fast on the bird. He stood beneath the tree looking long and wistfully at the peacock's bright feathers.

At length he heaved a sigh and began: "Oh, I wish I had such pretty feathers! How I wish I were not!! If only I were a handsome feathered creature how happy I would be! I'd be so glad to sit upon a very high tree and bask in the summer sun like you!" said he suddenly, pointing his bony finger up toward the peacock, who was eying the stranger below, turning his head from side to side.

"I beg of you make me into a bird with green and purple feathers like yours!" implored Iktomi, tired now of playing the brave in beaded buckskins. The peacock then spoke to Iktomi: "I have a magic power. My touch will change you in a moment into the most beautiful peacock if you can keep one condition."

"Yes! yes!" shouted Iktomi, jumping up and down, patting his lips with his palm, which caused his voice to vibrate in a peculiar fashion.

"Yes! yes! I could keep ten conditions if only you would change me into a bird with long, bright tail feathers. Oh, I am so ugly! I am so tired of being myself! Change me! Do!"

Hereupon the peacock spread out both his wings, and scarce moving them, he sailed slowly down upon the ground. Right beside Iktomi he alighted. Very low in Iktomi's ear the peacock whispered, "Are you willing to keep one condition, though hard it be?"

"Yes! yes! I've told you ten of them if need be!" exclaimed Iktomi, with some impatience.

"Then I pronounce you a handsome feathered bird. No longer are you Iktomi the mischief-maker." saying this the peacock touched Iktomi with the tips of his wings. Iktomi vanished at the touch.

There stood beneath the tree two handsome peacocks. While one of the pair strutted about with a head turned aside as if dazzled by his own bright-tinted tail feathers, the other bird soared slowly upward.

He sat quiet and unconscious of his gay plumage. He seemed content to perch there on a large limb in the warm sunshine.

After a little while the vain peacock, dizzy with his bright colors, spread out his wings and lit on the shame branch with the elder bird. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "how hard to fly! Brightly tinted feathers are handsome, but I wish they were light enough to fly!"

Just there the elder bird interrupted him. "That is the one condition. Never try to fly like other birds. Upon the day you try to fly you shall be changed into your former self."

"Oh, what a shame that bright feathers cannot fly into the sky!" cried the peacock. Already he grew restless. He longed to soar through space. He yearned to fly above the trees high upward to the sun.

"Oh, there I see a flock of birds flying thither! Oh! oh!" said he, flapping his wings, "I must try my wings! I am tired of bright tail feathers. I want to try my wings."

"No, no!" clucked the elder bird. The flock of chattering birds flew by with whirring wings.

"Oop! Oop!" called some to their mates.

Possessed by an irrepressible impulse the Iktomi peacock called out, "He! I want to come! Wait for me!" and with that he gave a lunge into the air. The flock of flying feathers wheeled about and lowered over the tree whence came the peacock's cry.

Only one rare bird sat on the tree, and beneath, on the ground, stood a brave in brown buckskins. "I am my old self again!" groaned Iktomi in a shad voice.

"Make me over, pretty bird. Try me this once again!" he pleaded in vain.

"Old Iktomi wants to fly! Ah! We cannot wait for him!" sang the birds as they flew away.

Muttering unhappy vows to himself, Iktomi had not gone far when he chanced upon a bunch of long slender arrows. One by one they rose in the air and shot a straight line over the prairie. Others shot up into the blue sky and were soon lost to sight.

Only one was left. He was making ready for his flight when Iktomi rushed upon him and wailed, "I want to be an arrow! Make me into an arrow! I want to pierce the blue Blue overhead. I want to strike yonder summer sun in its center. Make me into an arrow!"

"Can you keep a condition? One condition, though hard it be?" the arrow turned to ask.

"Yes! Yes!" shouted Iktomi, delighted.

Hereupon the slender arrow tapped him gently with his sharp flint beak. There was no Iktomi, but two arrows stood ready to fly.

"Now, young arrow, this is the one condition. Your flight must always be in a straight line. Never turn a curve nor jump about like a young fawn," said the arrow magician. He spoke slowly and sternly. At once he set about to teach the new arrow how to shoot in a long straight line. "This is the way to pierce the Blue overhead," said he; and off he spun high into the sky.

While he was gone a herd of deer came trotting by. Behind them played the young fawns together. They frolicked about like kittens. They bounced on all fours like balls. Then they pitched forward, kicking their heels in the air.

The Iktomi arrow watched them so happy on the ground. Looking quickly up into the sky, he said in his heart, "The magician is out of sight. I'll just romp and frolic with these fawns until he returns. Fawns! Friends, do not fear me. I want to jump and leap with you. I long to be happy as you are," said he.

The young fawns stopped with stiff legs and stared at the speaking arrow with large brown wondering eyes.

"See! I can jump as well as you!" went on Iktomi. He gave one tiny leap like a fawn. All of a sudden the fawns snorted with extended nostrils at what they beheld. There among them stood Iktomi in brown buckskins, and the strange talking arrow was gone.

"Oh! I am myself. My old self!" cried Iktomi, pinching himself and plucking imaginary pieces out of his jacket. "Hin-hin-hin! I wanted to fly!"

The real arrow now returned to the earth. He alighted very near Iktomi. From the high sky he had seen the fawns playing on the green. He had seen Iktomi make his one leap, and the charm was broken. Iktomi became his former self. "Arrow, my friend, change me once more!" begged Iktomi.

"No, no more," replied the arrow. Then away he shot through the air in the direction his comrades had flown.

By this time the fawns gathered close around Iktomi. They poked their noses at him trying to know who he was.

Iktomi's tears were like a spring shower. A new desire dried them quickly away. Stepping boldly to the largest fawn, he looked closely at the little brown spots all over the furry face.

"Oh, fawn! What beautiful brown spots on your face! Fawn, dear little fawn, can you tell me how those brown spots were made on your face?"

"Yes," said the fawn. "When I was very, very small, my mother marked them on my face with a red hot fire. She dug a large hole in the ground and made a soft bed of grass and twigs in it. Then she placed me gently there. She covered me over with dry sweet grass and piled dry cedars on top.

From a neighbor's fire she brought hither a red, red ember. This she tucked carefully in at my head. This is how the brown spots were made on my face."

"Now, fawn, my friend, will you do the same for me? Won't you mark my face with brown, brown spots just like yours?" asked Iktomi, always eager to be like other people.

"Yes. I can dig the ground and fill it with dry grass and sticks. If you will jump into the pit, I'll cover you with sweet smelling grass and cedar wood," answered the fawn.

"Say," interrupted Iktomi, "will you be sure to cover me with a great deal of dry grass and twigs? You will make sure that the spots will be as brown as those you wear."

"Oh, yes. I'll pile up grass and willows once oftener than my mother did."

"Now let us dig the hole, pull the grass, and gather sticks," cried Iktomi in glee.

Thus with his own hands he aids in making his grave. After the hole was dug and cushioned with grass, Iktomi, muttering something about brown spots, leaped down into it. Lengthwise, flat on his back, he lay.

While the fawn covered him over with cedars, a far-away voice came up through them, "Brown, brown spots to wear forever!" A red ember was tucked under the dry grass. Off scampered the fawns after their mothers; and when a great distance away they looked backward.

They saw a blue smoke rising, writhing upward till it vanished in the blue ether.

"Is that Iktomi's spirit?" asked one fawn of another.

"No! I think he would jump out before he could burn into smoke and cinders," answered his comrade.

Iktomi

A Lakota Legend

Zitkala Sa, Old Indian Legends, 1901

Iktomi is a spider fairy. He wears brown deerskin leggings with long soft fringes on either side, and tiny beaded moccasins on his feet.

His long black hair is parted in the middle and wrapped with red, red bands. Each round braid hangs over a small brown ear and falls forward over his shoulders.

He even paints his funny face with red and yellow, and draws big black rings around his eyes. He wears a deerskin jacket, with bright colored beads sewed tightly on it. Iktomi dresses like a real Lakota brave. In truth, his paint and deerskins are the best part of him--if ever dress is part of man or fairy.

Iktomi is a wily fellow. His hands are always kept in mischief. He prefers to spread a snare rather than to earn the smallest thing with honest hunting. Why! he laughs outright with wide open mouth when some simple folk are caught in a trap, sure and fast.

He never dreams another lives so bright as he. Often his own conceit leads him hard against the common sense of simpler people. Poor Iktomi cannot help being a little imp. And so long as he is a naughty fairy, he cannot find a single friend.

No one helps him when he is in trouble. No one really loves him. Those who come to admire his handsome beaded jacket and long fringed leggings soon go away sick and tired of his vain, vain words and heartless laughter.

Thus Iktomi lives alone in a cone-shaped wigwam upon the plain.

Iya, the Camp Eater

A Lakota Legend

Zitkala Sa, Old Indian Legends, 1901

From the tall grass came the voice of a crying babe. The huntsmen who were passing nigh heard and halted. The tallest one among them hastened toward the high grass with long, cautious strides. He waded through the growth of green with just a head above it all.

Suddenly exclaiming "Hunhe!" he dropped out of sight. In another instant he held up in both his hands a tiny little baby, wrapped in soft brown buckskins.

"Oh ho, a wood-child!" cried the men, for they were hunting along the wooded river bottom where this babe was found. While the hunters were questioning whether or no they should carry it home, the wee Indian baby kept up his little howl.

"His voice is strong!" said one.

"At times it sounds like an old man's voice!" whispered a superstitious fellow, who feared some bad spirit hid in the small child to cheat them by and by.

"Let us take it to our wise chieftain," at length they said; and the moment they started toward the camp ground the strange wood-child ceased to cry.

Beside the chieftain's teepee waited the hunters while the tall man entered with the child.

"Hau! hau!" nodded the kind-faced chieftain, listening to the queer story. Then rising, he took the infant in his strong arms; gently he laid the black-eyed babe in his daughter's lap.

"This is to be your little son!" said he, smiling.

"Yes, father," she replied. Pleased with the child, she smoothed the long black hair fringing his round brown face.

"Tell the people that I give a feast and dance this day for the naming of my daughter's little son," bade the chieftain.

In the meanwhile among the men waiting by the entrance way, one said in a low voice: "I have heard that bad spirits come as little children into a camp which they mean to destroy."

"No! no! Let us not be overcautious. It would be cowardly to leave a baby in the wild wood where prowl the hungry wolves!" answered an elderly man.

The tall man now came out of the chieftain's teepee. With a word he sent them to their dwellings half running with joy. "A feast! a dance for the naming of the chieftain's grandchild!" cried he in a loud voice to the village people.

"What? what?" asked they in great surprise, holding a hand to the ear to catch the words of the crier. There was a momentary silence among the people while they listened to the ringing voice of the man walking in the center ground.

Then broke forth a rippling, laughing babble among the cone-shaped teepees. All were glad to hear of the chieftain's grandson. They were happy to attend the feast and dance for its naming. With excited fingers they twisted their hair into glossy braids and painted their cheeks with bright red paint.

To and fro hurried the women, handsome in their gala-day dress. Men in loose deerskins, with long tinkling metal fringes, strode in small numbers toward the center of the round camp ground. Here underneath a temporary shade-house of green leaves they were to dance and feast.

The children in deerskins and paints, just like their elders, were jolly little men and women. Beside their eager parents they skipped along toward the green dance house. Here seated in a large circle, the people were assembled, the proud chieftain rose with the little baby in his arms. The noisy hum of voices was hushed. Not a tinkling of a metal fringe broke the silence.

The crier came forward to greet the chieftain, then bent attentively over the small babe, listening to the words of the chieftain. When he paused the crier spoke aloud to the people: "This woodland child is adopted by the chieftain's eldest daughter. His name is Chaske. He wears the title of the eldest son. In honor of Chaske the chieftain gives this feast and dance! These are the words of him you see holding a baby in his arms."

"Yes! Yes! Hinnu! How!" came from the circle.

At once the drummers beat softly and slowly their drum while the chosen singers hummed together to find the common pitch. The beat of the drum grew louder and faster. The singers burst forth in a lively tune.

Then the drumbeats subsided and faintly marked the rhythm of the singing. Here and there bounced up men and women, both young and old. They danced and sang with merry light hearts.

Then came the hour of feasting. Late into the night the air of the camp ground was alive with the laughing voices of women and the singing in unison of young men.

Within her father's teepee sat the chieftain's daughter. Proud of her little one, she watched over him asleep in her lap. Gradually a deep quiet stole over the camp ground, as one by one the people fell into pleasant dreams. Now all the village was still.

Alone sat the beautiful young mother watching the babe in her lap, asleep with a gaping little mouth. Amid the quiet of the night, her ear heard the far-off hum of many voices. The faint sound of murmuring people was in the air. Upward she glanced at the smoke hole of the wigwam and saw a bright star peeping down upon her. "Spirits in the air above?" she wondered. Yet there was no sign to tell her of their nearness.

The fine small sound of voices grew larger and nearer. "Father! rise! I hear the coming of some tribe. Hostile or friendly--I cannot tell. Rise and see!" whispered the young woman.

"Yes, my daughter!" answered the chieftain, springing to his feet. Though asleep, his ear was ever alert. Thus rushing out into the open, he listened for strange sounds. With an eagle eye he scanned the camp ground for some sign. Returning he said: "My daughter, I hear nothing and see no sign of evil nigh."

"Oh! the sound of many voices comes up from the earth about me!" exclaimed the young mother. Bending low over her babe she gave ear to the ground. Horrified was she to find the mysterious sound came out of the open mouth of her sleeping child!

"Why so unlike other babes!" she cried within her heart as she slipped him gently from her lap to the ground. "Mother, listen and tell me if this child is an evil spirit come to destroy our camp!" she whispered loud.

Placing an ear close to the open baby mouth, the chieftain and his wife, each in turn heard the voices of a great camp. The singing of men and women, the beating of the drum, the rattling of deer-hoofs strung like bells on a string, these were the sounds they heard.

"We must go away," said the chieftain, leading them into the night. Out in the open he whispered to the frightened young woman: "Iya, the camp-eater, has come in the guise of a babe. Had you gone to sleep, he would have jumped out into his own shape and would have devoured our camp. He is a giant with spindling legs. He cannot fight, for he cannot run. He is powerful only in the night with his tricks. We are safe as soon as day breaks."

Then moving closer to the woman, he whispered: "If he wakes now, he will swallow the whole tribe with one hideous gulp! Come, we must flee with our people." Thus creeping from teepee to teepee a secret alarm signal was given. At midnight the teepees were gone and there was left no sign of the village save heaps of dead ashes.

So quietly had the people folded their wigwams and bundled their tent poles that they slipped away unheard by the sleeping Iya babe. When the morning sun arose, the babe awoke.

Seeing himself deserted, he threw off his baby form in a hot rage. Wearing his own ugly shape, his huge body toppled to and fro, from side to side, on a pair of thin legs far too small for their burden. Though with every move he came dangerously nigh to falling, he followed in the trail of the fleeing people.

"I shall eat you in the sight of a noon-day sun!" cried Iya in his vain rage, when he spied them encamped beyond a river. By some unknown cunning he swam the river and sought his way toward the teepees.

"Hin! hin!" he grunted and growled. With perspiration beading his brow he strove to wiggle his slender legs beneath his giant form.

"Ha! ha!" laughed all the village people to see Iya made foolish with anger. "Such spindle legs cannot stand to fight by daylight!" shouted the brave ones who were terror-struck the night before by the name "Iya."

Warriors with long knives rushed forth and slew the camp-eater. Lo! there rose out of the giant a whole Indian tribe: their camp ground, their teepees in a large circle, and the people laughing and dancing.

"We are glad to be free!" said these strange people. Thus Iya was killed; and no more are the camp grounds in danger of being swallowed up in a single night.

Manstin, the Rabbit

A Lakota Legend

Zitkala Sa, Old Indian Legends, 1901

Manstin was an adventurous brave, but very kind-hearted. Stamping a moccasin clad foot as he drew on his buckskin leggings, he said: "Grandmother, beware of Iktomi! Do not let him lure you into some cunning trap. I am going to the North country on a long hunt."

With these words of caution to the bent old rabbit grandmother with whom he had lived since he was a tiny babe, Manstin started off toward the north. He was scarce over the great high hills when he heard the shrieking of a human child. "Wan!" he said, pointing his long ears toward the direction of the sound; "Wan! that is the work of cruel Double-Face. Shameless coward! he delights in torturing helpless creatures!"

Muttering indistinct words, Manstin ran up the last hill and lo! in the ravine beyond stood the terrible monster with a face in front and one in the back of his head!

This brown giant was without clothes save for a wild-cat-skin about his loins. With a wicked gleaming eye, he watched the little black-haired baby he held in his strong arm. In a laughing voice he hummed an Indian mother's lullaby, "A-boo! A-boo!" and at the same time he switched the naked baby with a thorny wild-rose bush.

Quickly Manstin jumped behind a large sage bush on the brow of the hill. He bent his bow and the sinewy string twanged. Now an arrow stuck above the ear of Double-Face. It was a poisoned arrow, and the giant fell dead. Then Manstin took the little brown baby and hurried away from the ravine.

Soon he came to a teepee from whence loud wailing voices broke. It was the teepee of the stolen baby and the mourners were its heart-broken parents. When gallant Manstin returned the child to the eager arms of the mother there came a sudden terror into the eyes of both the Lakotas. They feared lest it was Double-Face come in a new guise to torture them.

The rabbit understood their fear and said: "I am Manstin, the kind-hearted,--Manstin, the noted huntsman. I am your friend. Do not fear."

That night a strange thing happened. While the father and mother slept, Manstin took the wee baby. With his feet placed gently yet firmly upon the tiny toes of the little child, he drew upward by each small hand the sleeping child till he was a full-grown man.

With a forefinger he traced a slit in the upper lip; and when on the morrow the man and woman awoke they could not distinguish their own son from Manstin, so much alike were the braves.

"Henceforth we are friends, to help each other," said Manstin, shaking a right hand in farewell. "The earth is our common ear, to carry from its uttermost extremes one's slightest wish for the other!"

"Ho! Be it so!" answered the newly made man. Upon leaving his friend, Manstin hurried away toward the North country whither he was bound for a long hunt. Suddenly he came upon the edge of a wide brook. His alert eye caught sight of a rawhide rope staked to the water's brink, which led away toward a small round hut in the distance. The ground was trodden into a deep groove beneath the loosely drawn rawhide rope.

"Hun-he!" exclaimed Manstin, bending over the freshly made footprints in the moist bank of the brook. "A man's footprints!" he said to himself. "A blind man lives in yonder hut! This rope is his guide by which he comes for his daily water!" surmised Manstin, who knew all the peculiar contrivances of the people.

At once his eyes became fixed upon the solitary dwelling and hither he followed his curiosity,—a real blind man's rope. Quietly he lifted the door-flap and entered in. An old toothless grandfather, blind and shaky with age, sat upon the ground. He was not deaf however. He heard the entrance and felt the presence of some stranger.

"Hau, grandchild," he mumbled, for he was old enough to be grandparent to every living thing, "hau! I cannot see you. Pray, speak your name!"

"Grandfather, I am Manstin," answered the rabbit, all the while looking with curious eyes about the wigwam.

"Grandfather, what is it so tightly packed in all these buckskin bags placed against the tent poles?" he asked.

"My grandchild, those are dried buffalo meat and venison. These are magic bags which never grow empty. I am blind and cannot go on a hunt. Hence a kind Maker has given me these magic bags of choicest foods." Then the old, bent man pulled at a rope which lay by his right hand. "This leads me to the brook where I drink! And this," said he, turning to the one on his left, "and this takes me into the forest, where I feel about for dry sticks for my fire."

"Grandfather, I wish I lived in such sure luxury! I would lean back against a tent pole, and with crossed feet I would smoke sweet willow bark the rest of my days," sighed Manstin.

"My grandchild, your eyes are your luxury! You would be unhappy without them!" the old man replied.

"Grandfather, I would give you my two eyes for your place!" cried Manstin.

"Hau! You have said it. Arise. Take out your eyes and give them to me. Henceforth you are at home here in my stead."

At once Manstin took out both his eyes and the old man put them on! Rejoicing, the old grandfather started away with his young eyes while the blind rabbit filled his dream pipe, leaning lazily against the tent pole.

For a short time it was a most pleasant pastime to smoke willow bark and to eat from the magic bags. Manstin grew thirsty, but there was no water in the small dwelling. Taking

one of the rawhide ropes he started toward the brook to quench his thirst. He was young and unwilling to trudge slowly in the old man's footpath.

He was full of glee, for it had been many long moons since he had tasted such good food. Thus he skipped confidently along jerking the old weather-eaten rawhide spasmodically till all of a sudden it gave way and Manstin fell headlong into the water.

"En! En!" he grunted kicking frantically amid stream. All along the slippery bank he vainly tried to climb, till at last he chanced upon the old stake and the deeply worn footpath. Exhausted and inwardly disgusted with his mishaps, he crawled more cautiously on all fours to his wigwam door.

Dripping with his recent plunge he sat with chattering teeth within his unfired wigwam. The sun had set and the night air was chilly, but there was no fire-wood in the dwelling.

"Hin!" murmured Manstin and bravely tried the other rope. "I go for some fire-wood!" he said, following the rawhide rope which led into the forest. Soon he stumbled upon thickly strewn dry willow sticks. Eagerly with both hands he gathered the wood into his outspread blanket. Manstin was naturally an energetic fellow.

When he had a large heap, he tied two opposite ends of blanket together and lifted the bundle of wood upon his back, but alas! he had unconsciously dropped the end of the rope and now he was lost in the wood!

"Hin! hin!" he groaned. Then pausing a moment, he set his fan-like ears to catch any sound of approaching footsteps. There was none. Not even a night bird twittered to help him out of his predicament. With a bold face, he made a start at random.

He fell into some tangled wood where he was held fast. Manstin let go his bundle and began to lament having given away his two eyes.

"Friend, my friend, I have need of you! The old oak tree grandfather has gone off with my eyes and I am lost in the woods!" he cried with his lips close to the earth.

Scarcely had he spoken when the sound of voices was audible on the outer edge of the forest.

Nearer and louder grew the voices--one was the clear flute tones of a young brave and the other the tremulous squeaks of an old grandfather.

It was Manstin's friend with the Earth Ear and the old grandfather. "Here Manstin, take back your eyes," said the old man, "I knew you would not be content in my stead, but I wanted you to learn your lesson. I have had pleasure seeing with your eyes and trying your bow and arrows, but since I am old and feeble I much prefer my own teepee and my magic bags!"

Thus talking the three returned to the hut.

The old grandfather crept into his wigwam, which is often mistaken for a mere oak tree

by little Indian girls and boys. Manstin, with his own bright eyes fitted into his head again, went on happily to hunt in the North country.

Iktomi and the Muskrat

A Lakota Legend

Zitkala Sa, Old Indian Legends, 1901

Beside a white lake, beneath a large grown willow tree, sat Iktomi on the bare ground. The heap of smoldering ashes told of a recent open fire. With ankles crossed together around a pot of soup, Iktomi bent over some delicious boiled fish.

Fast he dipped his black horn spoon into the soup, for he was ravenous. Iktomi had no regular meal times. Often when he was hungry he went without food. Well hidden between the lake and the wild rice, he looked nowhere save into the pot of fish.

Not knowing when the next meal would be, he meant to eat enough now to last some time.

"Hau, hau, my friend!" said a voice out of the wild rice.

Iktomi started. He almost choked with his soup. He peered through the long reeds from where he sat with his long horn spoon in mid-air.

"Hau, my friend!" said the voice again, this time close at his side.

Iktomi turned and there stood a dripping muskrat who had just come out of the lake. "Oh, it is my friend who startled me. I wondered if among the wild rice some spirit voice was talking. Hau, hau, my friend!" said Iktomi.

The muskrat stood smiling. On his lips hung a ready "Yes, my friend," when Iktomi would ask, "My friend, will you sit down beside me and share my food?" That was the custom of the plains people. Yet Iktomi sat silent.

He hummed an old dance-song and beat gently on the edge of the pot with his buffalo-horn spoon. The muskrat began to feel awkward before such lack of hospitality and wished himself under water.

After many heart throbs Iktomi stopped drumming with his horn ladle, and looking upward into the muskrat's face, he said: "My friend, let us run a race to see who shall win this pot of fish. If I win, I shall not need to share it with you. If you win, you shall have half of it." Springing to his feet, Iktomi began at once to tighten the belt about his waist.

"My friend Ikto, I cannot run a race with you! I am not a swift runner, and you are nimble as a deer. We shall not run any race together," answered the hungry muskrat.

For a moment Iktomi stood with a hand on his long protruding chin. His eyes were fixed upon something in the air. The muskrat looked out of the corners of his eyes without moving his head. He watched the wily Iktomi concocting a plot. "Yes, yes," said Iktomi, suddenly turning his gaze upon the unwelcome visitor; "I shall carry a large stone on my back. That will slacken my usual speed; and the race will be a fair one."

Saying this he laid a firm hand upon the muskrat's shoulder and started off along the edge of the lake. When they reached the opposite side Iktomi pried about in search of a heavy stone. He found one half-buried in the shallow water.

Pulling it out upon dry land, he wrapped it in his blanket. "Now, my friend, you shall run on the left side of the lake, I on the other. The race is for the boiled fish in yonder kettle!" said Iktomi.

The muskrat helped to lift the heavy stone upon Iktomi's back.

Then they parted. Each took a narrow path through the tall reeds fringing the shore. Iktomi found his load a heavy one. Perspiration hung like beads on his brow. His chest heaved hard and fast. He looked across the lake to see how far the muskrat had gone, but nowhere did he see any sign of him.

"Well, he is running low under the wild rice!" said he. Yet as he scanned the tall grasses on the lake shore, he saw not one stir as if to make way for the runner. "Ah, has he gone so fast ahead that the disturbed grasses in his trail have quieted again?" exclaimed Iktomi.

With that thought he quickly dropped the heavy stone. "No more of this!" said he, patting his chest with both hands. Off with a springing bound, he ran swiftly toward the goal. Tufts of reeds and grass fell flat under his feet. Hardly had they raised their heads when Iktomi was many paces gone.

Soon he reached the heap of cold ashes. Iktomi halted stiff as if he had struck an invisible cliff. His black eyes showed a ring of white about them as he stared at the empty ground. There was no pot of boiled fish! There was no water-man in sight!

"Oh, if only I had shared my food like a real Lakota, I would not have lost it all! Why did I not know the muskrat would run through the water? He swims faster than I could ever run! That is what he has done. He has laughed at me for carrying a weight on my back while he shot hither like an arrow!"

Crying thus to himself, Iktomi stepped to the water's brink. He stooped forward with a hand on each bent knee and peeped far into the deep water. "There!" he exclaimed, "I see you, my friend, sitting with your ankles wound around my little pot of fish!"

My friend, I am hungry. Give me a bone!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the water-man, the muskrat.

The sound did not rise up out of the lake, for it came down from overhead. With his hands still on his knees, Iktomi turned his face upward into the great willow tree. Opening wide his mouth he begged, "My friend, my friend, give me a bone to gnaw!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the muskrat, and leaning over the limb he sat upon, he let fall a small sharp bone which dropped right into Iktomi's throat. Iktomi almost choked to death before he could get it out.

In the tree the muskrat sat laughing loud. "Next time, say to a visiting friend, 'Be seated beside me, my friend. Let me share with you my food.'"

The Shooting of Red Eagle

A Lakota Legend

Zitkala Sa, Old Indian Legends, 1901

A man in buckskins sat upon the top of a little hillock. The setting sun shone bright upon a strong bow in his hand. His face was turned toward the round camp ground at the foot of the hill. He had walked a long journey hither. He was waiting for the chieftain's men to spy him.

Soon four strong men ran forth from the center wigwam toward the hillock, where sat the man with the long bow. "He is the avenger come to shoot the red eagle," cried the runners to each other as they bent forward swinging their elbows together.

They reached the side of the stranger, but he did not heed them.

Proud and silent he gazed upon the cone-shaped wigwams beneath him. Spreading a handsomely decorated buffalo robe before the man, two of the warriors lifted him by each shoulder and placed him gently on it. Then the four men each took a corner of the blanket and carried the stranger, with long proud steps, toward the chieftain's teepee.

Ready to greet the stranger, the tall chieftain stood at the entrance way. "How, you are the avenger with the magic arrow!" said he, extending to him a smooth soft hand.

"Hau, great chieftain!" replied the man, holding long the chieftain's hand.

Entering the teepee, the chieftain motioned the young man to the right side of the doorway, while he sat down opposite him with a center fire burning between them.

Wordless, like a bashful Indian maid, the avenger ate in silence the food set before him on the ground in front of his crossed shins. When he had finished his meal he handed the empty bowl to the chieftain's wife, saying, "Mother-in-law, here is your dish!"

"Han, my son!" answered the woman, taking the bowl.

With the magic arrow in his quiver the stranger felt not in the least too presuming in addressing the woman as his mother-in-law. Complaining of fatigue, he covered his face with his blanket and soon within the chieftain's teepee he lay fast asleep.

"The young man is not handsome after all!" whispered the woman in her husband's ear. "Ah, but after he has killed the red eagle he will seem handsome enough!" answered the chieftain.

That night the star men in their burial procession in the sky reached the low northern horizon before the center fires within the teepees had flickered out. The ringing laughter which had floated up through the smoke lapels was now hushed, and only the distant howling of wolves broke the quiet of the village.

But the lull between midnight and dawn was short indeed.

Very early the oval-shaped door-flaps were thrust aside and many brown faces peered out of the wigwams toward the top of the highest bluff. Now the sun rose up out of the east. The red painted avenger stood ready within the camp ground for the flying of the red eagle.

He appeared, that terrible bird! He hovered over the round village as if he could pounce down upon it and devour the whole tribe.

When the first arrow shot up into the sky the anxious watchers thrust a hand quickly over their half-uttered "Hinnu!"

The second and the third arrows flew upward but missed by a wide space the red eagle soaring with lazy indifference over the little man with the long bow. All his arrows he spent in vain.

"Ah! my blanket brushed my elbow and shifted the course of my arrow!" said the stranger as the people gathered around him.

During this happening, a woman on horseback halted her pony at the chieftain's teepee. It was no other than the young woman who cut loose the tree-bound captive! (see The Tree-bound)

While she told the story the chieftain listened with downcast face.

"I passed him on my way. He is near!" she ended.

Indignant at the bold impostor, the wrathful eyes of the chieftain snapped fire like red cinders in the night time. His lips were closed. At length to the woman he said: "How, you have done me a good deed." Then with quick decision he gave command to a fleet horseman to meet the avenger.

"Clothe him in these my best buckskins," said he, pointing to a bundle within the wigwam. In the meanwhile strong men seized Iktomi and dragged him by his long hair to the hilltop. There upon a mock-pillared grave they bound him hand and feet.

Grown-ups and children sneered and hooted at Iktomi's disgrace. For a half-day he lay there, the laughing-stock of the people.

Upon the arrival of the real avenger, Iktomi was released and chased away beyond the outer limits of the camp ground.

On the following morning at daybreak, peeped the people out of half-open door-flaps. There again in the midst of the large camp ground was a man in beaded buckskins. In his hand was a strong bow and red-tipped arrow.

Again the big red eagle appeared on the edge of the bluff. He plumed his feathers and flapped his huge wings.

The young man crouched low to the ground. He placed the arrow on the bow, drawing a poisoned flint for the eagle.

The bird rose into the air. He moved his outspread wings one, two, three times and lo! the eagle tumbled from the great height and fell heavily to the earth. An arrow was stuck in his breast! He was dead!

So quick was the hand of the avenger, so sure his sight, that no one had seen the arrow fly from his long bent bow. In awe and amazement the village was dumb. And when the avenger, plucking a red eagle feather, placed it in his black hair, a loud shout of the people went up to the sky.

Then hither and thither ran singing men and women making a great feast for the avenger.

Thus he won the beautiful Indian princess who never tired of telling to her children the story of the big red eagle.

The Toad and the Boy

A Lakota Legend

Zitkala Sa, Old Indian Legends, 1901

The water-fowls were flying over the marshy lakes. It was now the hunting season. Indian men, with bows and arrows, were wading waist deep amid the wild rice.

Near by, within their wigwams, the wives were roasting wild duck and making down pillows. In the largest teepee sat a young mother wrapping red porcupine quills about the long fringes of a buckskin cushion.

Beside her lay a black-eyed baby boy cooing and laughing. Reaching and kicking upward with his tiny hands and feet, he played with the dangling strings of his heavy-beaded bonnet hanging empty on a tent pole above him.

At length the mother laid aside her red quills and white sinew-threads. The babe fell fast asleep. Leaning on one hand and softly whispering a little lullaby, she threw a light cover over her baby. It was almost time for the return of her husband.

Remembering there were no willow sticks for the fire, she quickly girdled her blanket tight about her waist, and with a short-handled ax slipped through her belt, she hurried away toward the wooded ravine.

She was strong and swung an ax as skillfully as any man. Her loose buckskin dress was made for such freedom.

Soon carrying easily a bundle of long willows on her back, with a loop of rope over both her shoulders, she came striding homeward. Near the entrance way she stooped low, at once shifting the bundle to the right and with both hands lifting the noose from over her head.

Having thus dropped the wood to the ground, she disappeared into her teepee. In a moment she came running out again, crying,

"My son! My little son is gone!"

Her keen eyes swept east and west and all around her. There was nowhere any sign of the child. Running with clinched fists to the nearest teepees, she called: "Has any one seen my baby? He is gone! My little son is gone!"

"Hinnu! Hinnu!" exclaimed the women, rising to their feet and rushing out of their wigwams. "We have not seen your child! What has happened?" queried the women.

With great tears in her eyes the mother told her story.

"We will search with you," they said to her as she started off. They met the returning husbands, who turned about and joined in the hunt for the missing child. Along the shore of the lakes, among the high-grown reeds, they looked in vain. He was nowhere to be

found. After many days and nights the search was given up. It was sad, indeed, to hear the mother wailing aloud for her little son. It was growing late in the autumn. The birds were flying high toward the south. The teepees around the lakes were gone, save one lonely dwelling.

Till the winter snow covered the ground and ice covered the lakes, the wailing woman's voice was heard from that solitary wigwam. From some far distance was also the sound of the father's voice singing a sad song.

Thus ten summers and as many winters have come and gone since the strange disappearance of the little child. Every autumn with the hunters came the unhappy parents of the lost baby to search again for him.

Toward the latter part of the tenth season when, one by one, the teepees were folded and the families went away from the lake region, the mother walked again along the lake shore weeping.

One evening, across the lake from where the crying woman stood, a pair of bright black eyes peered at her through the tall reeds and wild rice. A little wild boy stopped his play among the tall grasses. His long, loose hair hanging down his brown back and shoulders was carelessly tossed from his round face. He wore a loin cloth of woven sweet grass.

Crouching low to the marshy ground, he listened to the wailing voice. As the voice grew hoarse and only sobs shook the slender figure of the woman, the eyes of the wild boy grew dim and wet. At length, when the moaning ceased, he sprang to his feet and ran like a nymph with swift outstretched toes. He rushed into a small hut of reeds and grasses.

"Mother! Mother! Tell me what voice it was I heard which pleased my ears, but made my eyes grow wet!" said he, breathless.

"Han, my son," grunted a big, ugly toad. "It was the voice of a weeping woman you heard. My son, do not say you like it. Do not tell me it brought tears to your eyes. You have never heard me weep. I can please your ear and break your heart. Listen!" replied the great old toad.

Stepping outside, she stood by the entrance way. She was old and badly puffed out. She had reared a large family of little toads, but none of them had aroused her love, nor ever grieved her. She had heard the wailing human voice and marveled at the throat which produced the strange sound.

Now, in her great desire to keep the stolen boy awhile longer, she ventured to cry as the Lakota woman does. In a gruff, coarse voice she broke forth: "Hin-hin, doe-skin! Hin-hin, Ermine, Ermine! Hin-hin, red blanket, with white border!"

Not knowing that the syllables of a Lakota's cry are the names of loved ones gone, the ugly toad mother sought to please the boy's ear with the names of valuable articles. Having shrieked in a torturing voice and mouthed extravagant names, the old toad rolled her tearless eyes with great satisfaction.

Hopping back into her dwelling, she asked: "My son, did my voice bring tears to your eyes? Did my words bring gladness to your ears? Do you not like my wailing better?"

"No, no!" pouted the boy with some impatience. "I want to hear the woman's voice! Tell me, mother, why the human voice stirs all my feelings!"

The toad mother said within her breast, "The human child has heard and seen his real mother. I cannot keep him longer, I fear. Oh, no, I cannot give away the pretty creature I have taught to call me 'mother' all these many winters."

"Mother," went on the child voice, "tell me one thing. Tell me why my little brothers and sisters are all unlike me."

The big, ugly toad, looking at her pudgy children, said: "The eldest is always best." This reply quieted the boy for a while. Very closely watched the old toad mother her stolen human son.

When by chance he started off alone, she shoved out one of her own children after him, saying: "Do not come back without your big brother." Thus the wild boy with the long, loose hair sits every day on a marshy island hid among the tall reeds.

But he is not alone. Always at his feet hops a little toad brother.

One day an Indian hunter, wading in the deep waters, spied the boy. He had heard of the baby stolen long ago. "This is he!" murmured the hunter to himself as he ran to his wigwam.

"I saw among the tall reeds a black-haired boy at play!" shouted he to the people.

At once the unhappy father and mother cried out, "'Tis he, our boy!" Quickly he led them to the lake. Peeping through the wild rice, he pointed with unsteady finger toward the boy playing all unawares.

"'Tis he! 'tis he!" cried the mother, for she knew him. In silence the hunter stood aside, while the happy father and mother caressed their baby boy grown tall.

The Tree-bound

A Lakota Legend

Zitkala Sa, Old Indian Legends, 1901

It was a clear summer day. The blue, blue sky dropped low over the edge of the green level land. A large yellow sun hung directly overhead. The singing of birds filled the summer space between earth and sky with sweet music.

Again and again sang a yellow-breasted birdie--"Koda Ni Lakota!" He insisted upon it. "Koda Ni Lakota!" which was, "Friend, you're a Lakota! Friend, you're a Lakota!"

Perchance the birdie meant the avenger with the magic arrow, for there across the plain he strode. He was handsome in his paint and feathers, proud with his great buckskin quiver on his back and a long bow in his hand. Afar to an eastern camp of cone-shaped teepees he was going.

There over the Indian village hovered a large red eagle threatening the safety of the people. Every morning rose this terrible red bird out of a high chalk bluff and spreading out his gigantic wings soared slowly over the round camp ground.

Then it was that the people, terror-stricken, ran screaming into their lodges. Covering their heads with their blankets, they sat trembling with fear. No one dared to venture out till the red eagle had disappeared beyond the west, where meet the blue and green.

In vain tried the chieftain of the tribe to find among his warriors a powerful marksman who could send a death arrow to the man-hungry bird.

At last to urge his men to their utmost skill he bade his crier proclaim a new reward. Of the chieftain's two beautiful daughters he would have his choice who brought the dreaded red eagle with an arrow in its breast.

Upon hearing these words, the men of the village, both young and old, both heroes and cowards, trimmed new arrows for the contest. At gray dawn there stood indistinct under the shadow of the bluff many human figures; silent as ghosts and wrapped in robes girdled tight about their waists, they waited with chosen bow and arrow.

Some cunning old warriors stayed not with the group. They crouched low upon the open ground. But all eyes alike were fixed upon the top of the high bluff. Breathless they watched for the soaring of the red eagle.

From within the dwellings many eyes peeped through the small holes in the front lapels of the teepee. With shaking knees and hard-set teeth, the women peered out upon the Lakota men prowling about with bows and arrows.

At length when the morning sun also peeped over the eastern horizon at the armed Lakotas, the red eagle walked out upon the edge of the cliff. Pluming his gorgeous feathers, he ruffled his neck and flapped his strong wings together. Then he dived into

the air. Slowly he winged his way over the round camp ground; over the men with their strong bows and arrows! In an instant the long bows were bent.

Strong straight arrows with red feathered tips sped upward to the blue sky. Ah! slowly moved those indifferent wings, untouched by the poison-beaked arrows. Off to the west beyond the reach of arrow, beyond the reach of eye, the red eagle flew away. A sudden clamor of high-pitched voices broke the deadly stillness of the dawn. The women talked excitedly about the invulnerable red of the eagle's feathers, while the would-be heroes sulked within their wigwams.

"He-he-he!" groaned the chieftain.

On the evening of the shame day sat a group of hunters around a bright burning fire. They were talking of a strange young man whom they spied while out upon a hunt for deer beyond the bluffs. They saw the stranger taking aim. Following the point of his arrow with their eyes, they beheld a herd of buffalo.

The arrow sprang from the bow! It darted into the skull of the foremost buffalo. But unlike other arrows it pierced through the head of the creature and spinning in the air lit into the next buffalo head. One by one the buffalo fell upon the sweet grass they were grazing. With straight quivering limbs they lay on their sides.

The young man stood calmly by, counting on his fingers the buffalo as they dropped dead to the ground. When the last one fell, he ran thither and picking up his magic arrow wiped it carefully on the soft grass. He slipped it into his long fringed quiver.

"He is going to make a feast for some hungry tribe of men or beasts!" cried the hunters among themselves as they hastened away. They were afraid of the stranger with the sacred arrow.

When the hunter's tale of the stranger's arrow reached the ears of the chieftain, his face brightened with a smile. He sent forth fleet horsemen, to learn of him his birth, his name, and his deeds. "If he is the avenger with the magic arrow, sprung up from the earth out of a clot of buffalo blood, bid him come hither. Let him kill the red eagle with his magic arrow. Let him win for himself one of my beautiful daughters," he had said to his messengers, for the old story of the badger's man-son was known all over the level lands.

After four days and nights the braves returned. "He is coming," they said. "We have seen him. He is straight and tall; handsome in face, with large black eyes. He paints his round cheeks with bright red, and wears the penciled lines of red over his temples like our men of honored rank. He carries on his back a long fringed quiver in which he keeps his magic arrow. His bow is long and strong. He is coming now to kill the big red eagle." All around the camp ground from mouth to ear passed those words of the returned messengers.

Now it chanced that immortal Iktomi, fully recovered from the brown burnt spots, overheard the people talking. At once he was filled with a new desire. "If only I had the magic arrow, I would kill the red eagle and win the chieftain's daughter for a wife," said

he in his heart.

Back to his lonely wigwam he hastened. Beneath the tree in front of his teepee he sat upon the ground with chin between his drawn-up knees. His keen eyes scanned the wide plain. He was watching for the avenger.

"He is coming!" said the people," muttered old Iktomi. All of a sudden he raised an open palm to his brow and peered afar into the west. The summer sun hung bright in the middle of a cloudless sky. There across the green prairie was a man walking bareheaded toward the east.

"Ha! ha! 'tis he! the man with the magic arrow!" laughed Iktomi.

And when the bird with the yellow breast sang loud again--"Koda Ni Lakota! Friend, you're a Lakota!" Iktomi put his hand over his mouth as he threw his head far backward, laughing at both the bird and man.

"He is your friend, but his arrow will kill one of your kind! He is a Lakota, but soon he'll grow into the bark on this tree! Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed again. The young avenger walked with swaying strides nearer and nearer toward the lonely wigwam and tree. Iktomi heard the swish! swish! of the stranger's feet through the tall grass.

He was passing now beyond the tree, when Iktomi, springing to his feet, called out: "Hau, hau, my friend! I see you are dressed in handsome deerskins and have red paint on your cheeks. You are going to some feast or dance, may I ask?"

Seeing the young man only smiled Iktomi went on: "I have not had a mouthful of food this day. Have pity on me, young brave, and shoot yonder bird for me!"

With these words Iktomi pointed toward the tree-top, where sat a bird on the highest branch. The young avenger, always ready to help those in distress, sent an arrow upward and the bird fell. In the next branch it was caught between the forked prongs.

"My friend, climb the tree and get the bird. I cannot climb so high. I would get dizzy and fall," pleaded Iktomi.

The avenger began to scale the tree, when Iktomi cried to him: "My friend, your beaded buckskins may be torn by the branches. Leave them safe upon the grass till you are down again."

"You are right," replied the young man, quickly slipping off his long fringed quiver. Together with his dangling pouches and tinkling ornaments, he placed it on the ground. Now he climbed the tree unhindered. Soon from the top he took the bird.

"My friend, toss to me your arrow that I may have the honor of wiping it clean on soft deerskin!" exclaimed Iktomi.

"Hau!" said the brave, and threw the bird and arrow to the ground. At once Iktomi seized the arrow. Rubbing it first on the grass and then on a piece of deerskin, he muttered

indistinct words all the while.

The young man, stepping downward from limb to limb, hearing the low muttering, said: "Iktomi, I cannot hear what you say!"

"Oh, my friend, I was only talking of your big heart." Again stooping over the arrow Iktomi continued his repetition of charm words.

"Grow fast, grow fast to the bark of the tree," he whispered. Still the young man moved slowly downward. Suddenly dropping the arrow and standing erect, Iktomi said aloud: "Grow fast to the bark of the tree!"

Before the brave could leap from the tree he became tight-grown to the bark.

"Ah! ha!" laughed the bad Iktomi. "I have the magic arrow! I have the beaded buckskins of the great avenger!" Hooting and dancing beneath the tree, he said: "I shall kill the red eagle; I shall wed the chieftain's beautiful daughter!"

"Oh, Iktomi, set me free!" begged the tree-bound Lakota brave. But Iktomi's ears were like the fungus on a tree. He did not hear with them. Wearing the handsome buckskins and carrying proudly the magic arrow in his right hand, he started off eastward. Imitating the swaying strides of the avenger, he walked away with a face turned slightly skyward.

"Oh, set me free! I am glued to the tree like its own bark! Cut me loose!" moaned the prisoner.

A young woman, carrying on her strong back a bundle of tightly bound willow sticks, passed near by the lonely teepee. She heard the wailing man's voice. She paused to listen to the shad words. Looking around she saw nowhere a human creature. "It may be a spirit," thought she.

"Oh! cut me loose! set me free! Iktomi has played me false! He has made me bark of his tree!" cried the voice again.

The young woman dropped her pack of firewood to the ground. With her stone axe she hurried to the tree. There before her astonished eyes clung a young brave close to the tree. Too shy for words, yet too kind-hearted to leave the stranger tree-bound, she cut loose the whole bark. Like an open jacket she drew it to the ground. With it came the young man also.

Free once more, he started away. Looking backward, a few paces from the young woman, he waved his hand, upward and downward, before her face. This was a sign of gratitude used when words failed to interpret strong emotion.

When the bewildered woman reached her dwelling, she mounted a pony and rode swiftly across the rolling land. To the camp ground in the east, to the chieftain troubled by the red eagle, she carried her story.

Iktomi and the Turtle

A Lakota Legend

Zitkala Sa, Old Indian Legends, 1901

The huntsman Patkasha (turtle) stood bent over a newly slain deer. The red-tipped arrow he drew from the wounded deer was unlike the arrows in his own quiver. Another's stray shot had killed the deer.

Patkasha had hunted all the morning without so much as spying an ordinary blackbird. At last returning homeward, tired and heavy-hearted that he had no meat for the hungry mouths in his wigwam, he walked slowly with downcast eyes.

Kind ghosts pitied the unhappy hunter and led him to the newly slain deer, that his children should not cry for food. When Patkasha stumbled upon the deer in his path, he exclaimed: "Good spirits have pushed me hither! "Thus he leaned long over the gift of the friendly ghosts.

"Hau, my friend!" said a voice behind his ear, and a hand fell on his shoulder. It was not a spirit this time. It was old Iktomi.

"Hau, Iktomi!" answered Patkasha, still stooping over the deer.

"My friend, you are a skilled hunter," began Iktomi, smiling a thin smile which spread from one ear to the other.

Suddenly raising up his head Patkasha's black eyes twinkled as he asked: "Oh, you really say so?"

"Yes, my friend, you are a skillful fellow. Now let us have a little contest. Let us see who can jump over the deer without touching a hair on his hide," suggested Iktomi.

"Oh, I fear I cannot do it!" cried Patkasha, rubbing his funny, thick palms together.

"Have no coward's doubt, Patkasha. I say you are a skillful fellow who finds nothing hard to do." With these words Iktomi led Patkasha a short distance away. In little puffs Patkasha laughed uneasily. "Now, you may jump first," said Iktomi.

Patkasha, with doubled fists, swung his fat arms to and fro, all the while biting hard his under lip.

Just before the run and leap Iktomi put in: "Let the winner have the deer to eat! "It was too late now to say no. Patkasha was more afraid of being called a coward than of losing the deer.

"Ho-wo," he replied, still working his short arms. At length he started off on the run. So quick and small were his steps that he seemed to be kicking the ground only. Then the leap!

But Patkasha tripped upon a stick and fell hard against the side of the deer.

"He-he-he!" exclaimed Iktomi, pretending disappointment that his friend had fallen. Lifting him to his feet, he said: "Now it is my turn to try the high jump!" Hardly was the last word spoken than Iktomi gave a leap high above the deer. "The game is mine!" laughed he, patting the sullen Patkasha on the back.

"My friend, watch the deer while I go to bring my children," said Iktomi, darting lightly through the tall grass. Patkasha was always ready to believe the words of scheming people and to do the little favors any one asked of him.

However, on this occasion, he did not answer "Yes, my friend." He realized that Iktomi's flattering tongue had made him foolish. He turned up his nose at Iktomi, now almost out of sight, as much as to say: "Oh, no, Iktomi; I do not hear your words!"

Soon there came a murmur of voices. The sound of laughter grew louder and louder. All of a sudden it became hushed. Old Iktomi led his young Iktomi brood to the place where he had left the turtle, but it was vacant. Nowhere was there any sign of Patkasha or the deer.

Then the babes did howl!

"Be still!" said father Iktomi to his children. "I know where Patkasha lives. Follow me. I shall take you to the turtle's dwelling."

He ran along a narrow footpath toward the creek nearby. Close upon his heels came his children with tear-streaked faces.

"There!" said Iktomi in a loud whisper as he gathered his little ones on the bank. "There is Patkasha broiling venison! There is his teepee, and the savory fire is in his front yard! "The young Iktomi stretched their necks and rolled their round black eyes like newly hatched birds.

They peered into the water. "Now, I will cool Patkasha's fire. I shall bring you the broiled venison. Watch closely. When you see the black coals rise to the surface of the water, clap your hands and shout aloud, for soon after that sign I shall return to you with some tender meat."

Thus saying Iktomi plunged into the creek.

Splash! Splash!

The water leaped upward into spray. Scarcely had it become leveled and smooth than there bubbled up many black spots. The creek was seething with the dancing of round black things.

"The cooled fire! The coals!" laughed the brood of Iktomi. Clapping together their little hands, they chased one another along the edge of the creek. They shouted and hooted with great glee.

"Alas!" said a gruff voice across the water. It was Patkasha. In a large willow tree leaning far over the water he sat upon a large limb.

On the very same branch was a bright burning fire over which Patkasha broiled the venison. By this time the water was calm again. No more danced those black spots on its surface, for they were the toes of old Iktomi.

He was drowned. The Iktomi children hurried away from the creek, crying and calling for their water-dead father.

The Warlike Seven

A Lakota Legend

Zitkala Sa, Old Indian Legends, 1901

Once seven people went out to make war: the Ashes, the Fire, the Bladder, the Grasshopper, the Dragon Fly, the Fish, and the Turtle.

As they were talking excitedly, waving their fists in violent gestures, a wind came and blew the Ashes away.

"Ho!" cried the others, "he could not fight, this one!"

The six went on running to make war more quickly. They descended a deep valley, the Fire going foremost until they came to a river. The Fire said "Hsss-tchu!" and was gone.

"Ho!" hooted the others, "he could not fight, this one!"

Therefore the five went on the more quickly to make war. They came to a great wood.

While they were going through it, the Bladder was heard to sneer and to say, "He! you should rise above these, brothers." With these words he went upward among the tree-tops; and the thorn apple pricked him. He fell through the branches and was nothing!

"You see this!" said the four, "this one could not fight."

Still the remaining warriors would not turn back. The four went boldly on to make war.

The Grasshopper with his cousin, the Dragon Fly, went foremost. They reached a marshy place, and the mire was very deep. As they waded through the mud, the Grasshopper's legs stuck, and he pulled them off!

He crawled upon a log and wept, "You see me, brothers, I cannot go!"

The Dragon Fly went on, weeping for his cousin. He would not be comforted, for he loved his cousin dearly. The more he grieved, the louder he cried, till his body shook with great violence. He blew his red swollen nose with a loud noise so that his head came off his slender neck, and he was fallen upon the grass.

"You see how it is, said the Fish, lashing his tail impatiently, "these people were not warriors!" "Come!" he said, "let us go on to make war."

Thus the Fish and the Turtle came to a large camp ground.

"Ho!" exclaimed the people of this round village of teepees, "Who are these little ones? What do they seek?"

Neither of the warriors carried weapons with them, and their unimposing stature misled

the curious people. The Fish was spokesman. With a peculiar omission of syllables, he said: "Shu . . . hi pi!"

"Wan! What? What?" clamored eager voices of men and women.

Again the Fish said: "Shu . . . hi pi!"

Everywhere stood young and old with a palm to an ear. Still no one guessed what the Fish had mumbled! From the bewildered crowd witty old Iktomi came forward. "He, listen!" he shouted, rubbing his mischievous palms together, for where there was any trouble brewing, he was always in the midst of it.

"This little strange man says, 'Zuya unhipi! We come to make war!'"

"Uun!" resented the people, suddenly stricken glum.

"Let us kill the silly pair! They can do nothing! They do not know the meaning of the phrase. Let us build a fire and boil them both!"

"If you put us on to boil," said the Fish, "there will be trouble."

"Ho ho!" laughed the village folk. "We shall see." And so they made a fire.

"I have never been so angered!" said the Fish.

The Turtle in a whispered reply said: "We shall die!"

When a pair of strong hands lifted the Fish over the sputtering water, he put his mouth downward. "Whssh!" he said. He blew the water all over the people, so that many were burned and could not see.

Screaming with pain, they ran away. "Oh, what shall we do with these dreadful ones?" they said.

Others exclaimed: "Let us carry them to the lake of muddy water and drown them!"

Instantly they ran with them. They threw the Fish and the Turtle into the lake. Toward the center of the large lake the Turtle dived. There he peeped up out of the water and, waving a hand at the crowd, sang out, "This is where I live!"

The Fish swam hither and thither with such frolicsome darts that his back fin made the water fly. "E Han!" whooped the Fish, "this is where I live!"

"Oh, what have we done!" said the frightened people, "this will be our undoing."

Then a wise chief said: "Iya, the Eater, shall come and swallow the lake!"

So one went running. He brought Iya, the Eater; and Iya drank all day at the lake till his belly was like the earth.

Then the Fish and the Turtle dived into the mud; and Iya said: "They are not in me."

Hearing this the people cried greatly.

Iktomi, wading in the lake had been swallowed like a gnat in the water. Within the great Iya he was looking skyward. So deep was the water in the Eater's stomach that the surface of the swallowed lake almost touched the sky.

"I will go that way," said Iktomi, looking at the concave within arm's reach. He struck his knife upward in the Eater's stomach, and the water falling out drowned those people of the village.

Now when the great water fell into its own bed, the Fish and the Turtle came to the shore.

They went home painted victors and loud-voiced singers.

Bear-Woman and Deer-Woman

A Lassik Legend

Goddard, *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xix, 135, No. 2

Grizzly Bear and Doe, the two wives of Chickenhawk, were pounding acorns. When they had finished, one of them said, "Let us go down to the creek and leach the meal."

While they were waiting for the meal to soak, they agreed to hunt one another's heads for lice. Doe looked first in Grizzly's hair. "You have no lice," she said. "Well then," said Grizzly, "I will look in yours." When in her search she reached the Doe's neck she sprinkled in some sand. "You have many lice," she said, "I will chew them." "Ukka! ukka!" cried Doe, "hold on there." Biting her head off, she killed her.

Taking Doe's head and both lots of acorn meal she went back to the house. She put the head in the fire and when the eyes burst with the heat she told the children it was only the white oak log cracking in the fire. "I think it is our mother's head," said one of the Doe's children. "Go a long way off and play," said Grizzly. "You won't be permitted to live long," they heard their mother's hair so say to them.

The two bear children and the two fawns went out to play. "Let us play smoke-each-other-out in this hollow log," suggested the fawns. The bears agreed and the fawns went in first. "That's enough, that's enough," they cried. "Now you go in," they told the bears. The fawns fanned the smoke into the log until the bears were smothered.

Going back to the house, one of them held out what she had in her hand and said, "Here is a skunk we killed in a log." "Very well," said the bear mother. Then the other fawn held out hers and said, "Here is a skunk we killed in a log." "Thank you, my niece; after awhile I will make a meal upon them," replied Grizzly.

"She is eating her children," she heard some one say. "What did you say?" she asked. "First you killed a person, and now you are eating your own children's hands." She ran after the children who had been taunting her. When she came near them she called in a pleasant voice, "Well, come home." They ran up on a ridge and barely escaped being caught.

Finally they came to a place where Crane was fishing by the river. "Grandfather, put your neck across and let us go over on it. An old woman is after us. Put your neck across." They crossed over safely and running to the top of a ridge hid in a hole in a rock. When Grizzly came, Crane put his neck across again for a bridge, but when she was half way over he gave it a sudden twist. She went floating down the middle of the stream.

The Man in the Moon

A Lillooet Legend

Teit, *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxv, 298, No. 3

The three Frog sisters had a house in a swamp, where they lived together. Not very far away lived a number of people in another house. Among them were Snake and Beaver, who were friends.

They were well-grown lads, and wished to marry the Frog girls.

One night Snake went to Frog's house, and, crawling up to one of the sisters, put his hand on her face. She awoke, and asked him who he was. Learning that he was Snake, she said she would not marry him, and told him to leave at once. She called him hard names, such as, "slimy-fellow," "small-eyes," etc. Snake returned, and told his friend of his failure.

Next night Beaver went to try, and, crawling up to one of the sisters, he put his hand on her face. She awoke, and, finding out who he was, she told him to be gone. She called him names, such as, "short-legs," "big-belly," "big-buttocks." Beaver felt hurt, and, going home, began to cry. His father asked him what the matter was, and the boy told him. He said, "That is nothing. Don't cry! It will rain too much." But young Beaver said, "I will cry."

As he continued to cry, much rain fell, and soon the swamp where the Frogs lived was flooded. Their house was under the water, which covered the tops of the tall swamp-grass. The Frogs got cold, and went to Beaver's house, and said to him, "We wish to marry your sons." But old Beaver said, "No! You called us hard names."

The water was now running in a regular stream. So the Frogs swam away downstream until they reached a whirlpool, which sucked them in, and they descended to the house of the Moon. The latter invited them to warm themselves at the fire; but they said, "No. We do not wish to sit by the fire. We wish to sit there," pointing at him.

He said, "Here?" at the same time pointing at his feet. They said, "No, not there." Then he pointed to one part of his body after another, until he reached his brow. When he said, "Will you sit here?" they all cried out, "Yes," and jumped on his face, thus spoiling his beauty. The Frog's sisters may be seen on the moon's face at the present day.

The Creation

A Maidu Legend

Dixon, Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, xvii, 39, No. 1

In the beginning there was no sun, no moon, no stars. All was dark, and everywhere there was only water. A raft came floating on the water. It came from the north, and in it were two persons; Turtle and Father-of-the-Secret-Society.

The stream flowed very rapidly. Then from the sky a rope of feathers, was let down, and down it came Earth-Initiate.

When he reached the end of the rope, he tied it to the bow of the raft, and stepped in. His face was covered and was never seen, but his body shone like the sun. He sat down, and for a long time said nothing.

At last Turtle said, "Where do you come from?" and earth Initiate answered, "I come from above."

Then Turtle said, "Brother, can you not make for me some good dry land so that I may sometimes come up out of the water?"

Then he asked another time, "Are there going to be any people in the world?"

Earth-Initiate thought awhile, then said, "Yes."

Turtle asked, "How long before you are going to make people?"

Earth-Initiate replied, "I don't know. You want to have some dry land: well, how am I going to get any earth to make it of?"

Turtle answered, "If you will tie a rock about my left arm, I'll dive for some."

Earth-Initiate did as Turtle asked, and then, reaching around, took the end of a rope from somewhere, and tied it to Turtle. When Earth-Initiate came to the raft, there was no rope there: he just reached out and found one.

Turtle said, "If the rope is not long enough, I'll jerk it once, and you must haul me up; if it is long enough, I'll give two jerks, and then you must pull me up quickly, as I shall have all the earth that I can carry." Just as Turtle went over the side of the boat, Father-of-the-Secret-Society began to shout loudly.

Turtle was gone a long time. He was gone six years; and when he came up, he was covered with green slime, he had been down so long. When he reached the top of the water, the only earth he had was a very little under his nails: the rest had all washed away. Earth-Initiate took with his right hand a stone knife from under his left armpit, and carefully scraped the earth out from under Turtle's nails.

He put the earth in the palm of his hand, and rolled it about till it was round; it was as large as a small pebble. He laid it on the stern of the raft. By and by he went to look at it: it had not grown at all. The third time that he went to look at it, it had grown so that it could be spanned by the arms. The fourth time he looked, it was as big as the world, the raft was aground, and all around were mountains as far as he could see.

The raft came ashore at Ta'doikö, and the place can be seen to-day.

When the raft had come to land, Turtle said, "I can't stay in the dark all the time. Can't you make a light, so that I can see?"

Earth-Initiate replied, "Let us get out of the raft, and then we will see what we can do." So all three got out. Then Earth-Initiate said, "Look that way, to the east! I am going to tell my sister to come up." Then it began to grow light, and day began to break; then Father-of-the-Secret-Society began to shout loudly, and the sun came up.

Turtle said, "Which way is the sun going to travel?" Earth-Initiate answered, "I'll tell her to go this way, and go down there." After the sun went down, Father-of-the-Secret-Society began to cry and shout again, and it grew very dark.

Earth-Initiate said, "I'll tell my brother to come up." Then the moon rose. Then Earth-Initiate asked Turtle and Father-of-the-Secret-Society, "How do you like it?" and they both answered, "It is very good." Then Turtle asked, "Is that all you are going to do for us?"

Earth-Initiate answered, "No, I am going to do more yet." Then he called the stars each by its name, and they came out.

When this was done, Turtle asked, "Now what shall we do?"

Earth-Initiate replied, "Wait, and I'll show you." Then he made a tree grow at Ta'doikö,--the tree called Hu'kiimtsa; and Earth-Initiate and Turtle and Father-of-the-Secret-Society sat in its shade for two days. The tree was very large, and had twelve different kinds of acorns growing on it.

After they had sat for two days under the tree, they all went off to see the world that Earth-Initiate had made. They started at sunrise, and were back by sunset. Earth-Initiate traveled so fast that all they could see was a ball of fire flashing about under the ground and the water. While they were gone, Coyote and his dog Rattlesnake came up out of the ground. It is said that Coyote could see Earth-Initiate's face.

When Earth-Initiate and the others came back, they found Coyote at Ta'doikö. All five of them then built huts for themselves, and lived there at Ta'doikö, but no one could go inside of Earth-Initiate's house. Soon after the travelers came back, Earth-Initiate called the birds from the air, and made the trees and then the animals. He took some mud, and of this made first a deer; after that, he made all the other animals.

Sometimes Turtle would say, "That does not look well: can't you make it some other way?"

Some time after this, Earth-Initiate and Coyote were at Marysville Buttes. Earth-Initiate said, "I am going to make people." In the middle of the afternoon he began, for he had returned to Ta'doikö. He took dark red earth, mixed it with water, and made two figures,-- one a man, and one a woman. He laid the man on his right side, and the woman on his left, inside his house. Then he lay down himself, flat on his back, with his arms stretched out. He lay thus and sweated all the afternoon and night.

Early in the morning the woman began to tickle him in the side. He kept very still, did not laugh. By and by he got up, thrust a piece of pitch-wood into the ground, and fire burst out. The two people were very white. No one to-day is as white as they were. Their eyes were pink, their hair was black, their teeth shone brightly, and they were very handsome. It is said that Earth-Initiate did not finish the hands of the people, as he did not know how it would be best to do it. Coyote saw the people, and suggested that they ought to have hands like his. Earth-Initiate said, "No, their hands shall be like mine."

Then he finished them. When Coyote asked why their hands were to be like that, Earth-Initiate answered, " So that, if they are chased by bears, they can climb trees." This first man was called Ku'ksuu; and the woman, Morning-Star Woman.

When Coyote had seen the two people, he asked Earth-Initiate how he had made them. When he was told, he thought, "That is not difficult. I'll do it myself." He did just as Earth-Initiate had told him, but could not help laughing, when, early in the morning, the woman poked him in the ribs.

As a result of his failing to keep still, the people were glass-eyed. Earth-Initiate said, "I told you not to laugh," but Coyote declared he had not. This was the first lie.

By and by there came to be a good many people. Earth-Initiate had wanted to have everything comfortable and easy for people, so that none of them should have to work. All fruits were easy to obtain, no one was ever to get sick and die. As the people grew numerous, Earth-Initiate did not come as often as formerly, he only came to see Ku'ksuu in the night.

One night he said to him, "To-morrow morning you must go to the little lake near here. Take all the people with you. I'll make you a very old man before you get to the lake."

So in the morning Ku'ksuu collected all the people, and went to the lake. By the time he had reached it, he was a very old man. He fell into the lake, and sank down out of sight. Pretty soon the ground began to shake, the waves overflowed the shore, and there was a great roaring under the water, like thunder. By and by Ku'ksuu came up out of the water, but young again, just like a young man.

Then Earth-Initiate came and spoke to the people, and said, "If you do as I tell you, everything will be well. When any of you grow old, so old that you cannot walk, come to this lake, or get some one to bring you here. You must then go down into the water as you have seen Ku'ksuu do, and you will come out young again." When he had said this, he went away. He left in the night, and went up above.

All this time food had been easy to get, as Earth-Initiate had wished. The women set out

baskets at night, and in the morning they found them full of food, all ready to eat, and lukewarm. One day Coyote came along. He asked the people how they lived, and they told him that all they had to do was to eat and sleep.

Coyote replied, "That is no way to do: I can show you something better." Then he told them how he and Earth-Initiate had had a discussion before men had been made; how Earth-Initiate wanted everything easy, and that there should be no sickness or death, but how he had thought it would be better to have people work, get sick, and die.

He said, "We'll have a burning." The people did not know what he meant; but Coyote said, "I'll show you. It is better to have a burning, for then the widows can be free." So he took all the baskets and things that the people had, hung them up on poles, made everything all ready. When all was prepared, Coyote said, "At this time you must always have games." So he fixed the moon during which these games were to be played.

Coyote told them to start the games with a foot-race, and every one got ready to run. Ku'ksuu did not come, however. He sat in his hut alone, and was sad, for he knew what was going to occur. Just at this moment Rattlesnake came to Ku'ksuu, and said, "What shall we do now?"

Everything is spoiled!" Ku'ksuu did not answer, so Rattlesnake said, "Well, I'll do what I think is best." Then he went out and along the course that the racers were to go over, and hid himself, leaving his head just sticking out of a hole.

By this time all the racers had started, and among them Coyote's son. He was Coyote's only child, and was very quick. He soon began to outstrip all the runners, and was in the lead. As he passed the spot where Rattlesnake had hidden himself, however, Rattlesnake raised his head and bit the boy in the ankle. In a minute the boy was dead.

Coyote was dancing about the home-stake. He was very happy, and was shouting at his son and praising him. When Rattlesnake bit the boy, and he fell dead, every one laughed at Coyote, and said, "Your son has fallen down, and is so ashamed that he does not dare to get up." Coyote said, "No, that is not it. He is dead."

This was the first death. The people, however, did not understand, and picked the boy up, and brought him to Coyote. Then Coyote began to cry, and every one did the same. These were the first tears. Then Coyote took his son's body and carried it to the lake of which Earth-Initiate had told them, and threw the body in. But there was no noise, and nothing happened, and the body drifted about for four days on the surface, like a log.

On the fifth day Coyote took four sacks of beads and brought them to Ku'ksuu, begging him to restore his son to life. Ku'ksuu did not answer. For five days Coyote begged, then Ku'ksuu came out of his house bringing all his bead and bear-skins, and calling to all the people to come and watch him. He laid the body on a bear-skin, dressed it, and wrapped it up carefully.

Then he dug a grave, put the body into it, and covered it up. Then he told the people, "From now on, this is what you must do. This is the way you must do till the world shall be made over."

About a year after this, in the spring, all was changed. Up to this time everybody spoke the same language. The people were having a burning, everything was ready for the next day, when in the night everybody suddenly began to speak a different language. Each man and his wife, however, spoke the same. Earth-Initiate had come in the night to Ku'ksuu, and had told him about it all, and given him instructions for the next day.

So, when morning came, Ku'ksuu called all the people together, for he was able to speak all the languages. He told them each the names of the different animals, etc., in their languages, taught them how to cook and to hunt ' gave them all their laws, and set the time for all their dances and festivals.

Then he called each tribe by name, and sent them off in different directions, telling them where they were to live. He sent the warriors to the north, the singers to the west, the flute-players to the east, and the dancers to the south. So all the people went away, and left Ku'ksuu and his wife alone at Ta'doikö.

By and by his wife went away, leaving in the night, and going first to Marysville Buttes. Ku'ksuu staid a little while longer, and then he also left. He too went to the Buttes, went into the spirit house, and sat down on the south side. He found Coyote's son there, sitting on the north side. The door was on the west. Coyote had been trying to find out where Ku'ksuu had gone, and where his own son had gone, and at last found the tracks, and followed them to the spirit house.

Here he saw Ku'ksuu and his son, the latter eating spirit food. Coyote wanted to go in, but Ku'ksuu said, "No, wait there. You have just what you wanted, it is your own fault. Every man will now have all kinds of troubles and accidents, will have to work to get his food, and will die and be buried. This must go on till the time is out, and Earth-Initiate comes again, and everything will be made over. You must go home, and tell all the people that you have seen your son, that he is not dead."

Coyote said he would go, but that he was hungry, and wanted some of the food.

Ku'ksuu replied, "You cannot eat that. Only ghosts may eat that food."

Then Coyote went away and told all the people, "I saw my son and Ku'ksuu, and he told me to kill myself."

So he climbed up to the top of a tall tree, jumped off, and was killed. Then he went to the spirit house, thinking he could now have some of the food; but there was no one there, nothing at all, and so he went out, and walked away to the west, and was never seen again.

Ku'ksuu and Coyote's son, however, had gone up above.

Creation Myth A Maidu Legend

Roland B. Dixon, Publications of the American Ethnological Society Volume IV, 1912

When this world was filled with water, Earth-Maker floated upon it, kept floating about. Nowhere in the world could he see even a tiny bit of earth. No persons of any kind flew about. He went about in this world, the world itself being invisible, transparent like the sky.

He was troubled. "I wonder how, I wonder where, I wonder in what place, in what country, we shall find a world!" he said.

"You are a very strong man, to be thinking of this world," said Coyote.

"I am guessing in what direction the world is, then to that distant land let us float!" said Earth-Maker.

In this world they kept floating along, kept floating along, hungry, having nothing to eat. "You will die of hunger," said Coyote. Then he thought. "No, I cannot think of anything," he said.

"Well," said Earth-Maker, "the world is large, a great world. If somewhere I find a tiny world, I can fix it up."

Then he sang, "Where, little world, art thou?" It is said he sang, kept singing, sang all the time. "Enough!" he said, and stopped singing. "Well! I don't know many songs," he said.

Then Coyote sang again, kept singing, asking, for the world, singing, "Where, O world, art thou."

He sang, kept singing; then "Enough!" he said, "I am tired. You try again."

So Earth-Maker sang. "Where are you, my great mountains, my world mountains?" he said. He sang, and all the time kept saying, "Where are you?" He stopped singing. "Enough!" he said. "You try also."

Coyote tried, kept singing. "My foggy mountains, where one goes about," he said. "Well, We shall see nothing at all. I guess there never was a world anywhere," said he.

"I think if we find a little world, I can fix it very well," said Earth-Maker.

As they floated along, they saw something like a bird's nest. "Well! That is very small," said Earth-Maker. "It is small. If it were larger, I could fix it. But it is too small," he said. "I wonder how I can stretch it a little!"

He kept saying, "What is the best way! How shall I make it larger!" So saying, he prepared it. He extended a rope to the east, to the south he extended a rope, to the west, to the northwest, and to the north he extended ropes.

When all were stretched, he said, "Well, sing, you who were the finder of this earth, this mud! 'In the long, long, ago, Robin-Man made the world, stuck earth together, making this world.' Thus mortal men shall say of you, in myth-telling." Then Robin sang, and his world-making song sounded sweet. After the ropes were all stretched, he kept singing; then, after a time, he ceased.

Then Earth-Maker spoke to Coyote also. "Do you sing too," he said. So he sang, singing, "My world, where one travels by the valley-edge; my world of many foggy mountains; my world where one goes zigzagging hither and thither; range after range," he said, "I sing of the country I shall travel in. In such a world I shall wander," he said.

Then Earth-Maker sang--sang of the world he had made, kept singing, until by and by he ceased. "Now," he said, "it would be well if the world were a little larger. Let us stretch it!"--"Stop!" said Coyote. I speak wisely. This world ought to be painted with something, so that it may look pretty. What do ye two think?"

Then Robin-Man said, "I am one who knows nothing. Ye two are clever men, making this world, talking it over; if ye find anything evil, ye will make it good."

"Very well," said Coyote, "I will paint it with blood. There shall be blood in the world; and people shall be born there, having blood. There shall be birds born who shall have blood. Everything--deer, all kinds of game, all sorts of men without any exception--all things shall have blood that are to be created in this world. And in another place, making it red, there shall be red rocks. It will be as if blood were mixed up with the world, and thus the world will be beautiful," he said.

"What do you think about it?"

"Your words are good," he said, "I know nothing."

So Robin-Man went off. As he went, he said, "I shall be a person who travels only in this way," and he flew away.

Earth-Maker spoke: "You had better lie down here on your face."--"All right!" said Coyote, and, kneeling down, he lay on his face. Then Earth-Maker stretched the world with his foot. Stretching it once, he extended it towards the east, extended it on that side; then to the south, then to the west, he stretched it; then to the northwest and to the north he stretched it. Having extended it only a little ways, he said, "All right!"

Coyote stood up and looked around. "Well, I think it would be better if this world were just large enough to go around it." By and by Earth-Maker said, "You had better kneel down again, and lie flat on your belly. Do not look up. You must not!"

"Very well," said Coyote, "I will not look up." He lay down; and Earth-Maker, stretching the earth with his foot eastward, stretched it as far as it would go. He extended it fully toward the south, toward the west, toward the northwest, toward the north. "All right!" said he.

Coyote stood up, and, having risen, started to walk hither eastward. Earth-Maker, when he was left alone, stood for a time, then, departing, he went toward the south. In the

direction of the sunset he went far around, going over to the northwest, going around to the north, going all the way around to the east. And having gone around, having returned to the spot where he had first turned off, he prepared things.

He made two white men; then he made others, white, but a little different. As he made them, he counted them. He kept on making them--made one black, then another almost black. Two of each only he made. Then he counted all the countries, and, as he counted, assigned them, gave them to the countries. "You are a country having this name, you shall have this people," he said.

"This sort of people, naming you, shall own the country. These people shall grow, shall keep on growing through many winters, through many dawns. They shall continue to grow until, their appointed winters being past, their dawns being over, this people having finished growing, shall be born," he said.

"Very many winters will have passed before they shall be born. And they shall have children, girls and boys; and these children, growing up, shall have children in their turn," he said. When several winters have passed, there will be very many people."

Then again, to another sort of people, he gave another country, saying, "This people, I leave you in this country, and ye shall be the owners of this land. Ye shall be a people with a name."

And they also were a different sort of people, a people with a name; and their country also was named, it is said.

"Your country also shall have a name," he said. "Ye too shall have a name, and your children shall fill the land, and every single child shall have a name," he said. "There, growing steadily, many winters, many days, shall pass before ye are fully grown. Then ye shall possess this country," he said.

Thereafter he spoke to another, again he gave a different kind of country to a different kind of people. He said, "Ye shall be a different-speaking and a different-looking people. Ye also shall possess a country," he said.

"Your children, if they weary of this land, going from this country to one with another name, to a country that is good to live in, shall remain there. There every country shall be full of people, who will continue to be born," he said.

And then he divided the world among many. To one he gave one sort, to another he gave another. Ye shall all have different names," he said. Finally he finished giving, he distributed all.

Then after a while, continuing on his way, he came hither, kept traveling; and after arriving in the middle of the world, he made other people. "Ye shall be mortal men like this," he said; and, having made two, he left them. "Ye here, growing steadily, when so many winters shall have passed, very many winters, many days, ye shall be fully grown," he said.

"Then ye shall be mortal men, ye shall be born full-grown. This country shall have a name. Beyond these mountains there shall be another country, which also shall have a name. Ye shall not be born soon," he said. Then he named everything, and, having left the people here in the middle of the world, he went away.

Continuing on his way, he went to all countries that were of the proper sort; and when he had gone as far as mortal men were to live, he stopped.

Then there again he created two--two more, it is said, he laid down, and again two more.

He kept counting them; and when he had counted them all, he spoke. "Ye shall remain here," he said, "and your country shall have a name. Although living in a small country, in one that is not large, it shall be sufficient for you. This I leave; and growing continually, so many winters passing, very many winters passing, many days passing, ye shall be fully grown. And then ye, being fully grown, shall be born," he said.

"Then your food will grow,--different sorts of food, all kinds of food; and ye, being born with sufficient intelligence, will survive," he said. Then he pushed them down under a gopher-hill.

He spoke again. "Ye, too, shall possess a small country. 'Come, now! leave this country!' (this ye must not say to others, wishing to take their land.) Ye shall be people who will not drive others away, driving them off to another country. Ye shall be different, ye shall name your country. Ye also shall be a differently named people. There, growing continually, many days being passed, many winters having passed, ye shall be born, when your birthday has passed," he said.

"Living there and having children, when other winters are passed, they will become a little larger, and will keep on thus, growing all the time, until, when enough winters shall have passed, always becoming more numerous, ye shall have enough people. Your children, all without exception, shall have names. This country also, in the same way is named; all countries shall have names, just as yourselves. If ye are going to look at the country over there, then, when ye go, (ye shall say) 'I am going to that place,' naming it; then all people will understand where ye are going," he said.

Then, counting the people on this side (in this direction), he left them; and, speaking to those on this side, he said, "Ye also shall be mortal men. So many winters passing over, ye shall be born. All the time growing, each winter ye shall grow a little, a very little. Again, when the winter is over, continually growing, when many winters are passed, ye will have finished growing; then ye shall be born, full-grown. There ye also shall have a country, and your country shall be one bearing a name, and ye too shall be named," he said.

"Ye shall have children; and when your children have grown larger, then, looking all over this country, ye must tell them about it, teach them about it, naming the country and places, showing them and naming them to your children. 'That is such and such a place, and that is such and such a mountain.' So, when ye have caused them to learn this, teaching them, they shall understand even as ye do yourselves." Then, placing them

between his thumb and finger, he snapped them away.

And when he had given countries thus to all that he had counted out, there was one pair left. "Ye also, ye shall be a, people speaking differently. There will be a little too many of you for you to have the same sort of a country also. So ye shall have that kind of a country, a great country," he said.

"Now, wherever I have passed along, there shall never be a lack of anything," he said, and made motions in all directions.

"The country where I have been shall be one where nothing is ever lacking. I have finished talking to you, and I say to you that ye shall remain where ye are to be born. Ye are the last people; and while, ye are to remain where ye are created, I shall return, and stay there. When this world becomes bad, I will make it over again; and after I make it, ye shall be born," he said. Long ago Coyote suspected this, they say.

"This world will shake," he said. "This world is spread out flat, the world is not stable. After this world is all made, by and by, after a long time, I will pull this rope a little, then the world shall be firm. I, pulling on my rope, shall make it shake. And now," he said, "there shall be songs, they shall not be lacking, ye shall have them."

And he sang, and kept on singing until he ceased singing. "Ye mortal men shall have this song," he said, and then he sang another; and singing many different songs, he walked along, kept walking until he reached the middle of the world; and there, sitting down over across from it, he remained.

But, in making the world, Robin-Man sang that which was pleasant to hear. He, they say, was the first created person,--a man whose song passed across the valleys, a man who found the world, a man who in the olden time sang very beautifully-sounding songs.

And Earth-Maker, going along, and having passed by the middle of the world, made a house for himself, and remained there. That is as far as he went. That is all, they say.

The Empounded Water

A Malecite Legend

Speck, Journal of American Folk-Lore, xxx, 480, No. 2

Aglabem kept back all the water in the world; so that rivers stopped flowing, and lakes dried up, and the people everywhere began dying of thirst.

As a last resort, they sent a messenger to him to ask him to give the people water; but he refused, and gave the messenger only a drink from the water in which he washed. But this was not enough to satisfy even the thirst of one.

Then the people began complaining, some saying, "I'm as dry as a fish," "I'm as dry as a frog," "I'm as dry as a turtle," "I'm as dry as a beaver," and the like, as they were on the verge of dying of thirst.

At last a great man was sent to Aglabem to beg him to release the water for the people. Aglabem refused, saying that he needed it himself to lie in. Then the messenger felled a tree, so that it fell on top of the monster and killed him.

The body of this tree became the main river (St. John's River), and the branches became the tributary branches of the river, while the leaves became the ponds at the heads of these streams. As the waters flowed down to the villages of the people again, they plunged in to drink, and became transformed into the animals to which they had likened themselves when formerly complaining of their thirst.

The Enchanted Horse

A Malecite Legend

Mechling, *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxvi, 247, No. 5

There was once an old man that had a son named Louis who used to go hunting to support his parents, for they were very poor. One day while he was hunting, a gentleman came to visit his parents.

This gentleman offered the old man a beaver hat full of gold for his son, and promised to take good care of the boy, whose only duties should be to tend the gentleman's horses.

"In about twenty years you will get your son back," said he.

The old man communicated the offer of the gentleman to his wife. She, however, was not anxious to accept it. Then the old man, goaded by the thoughts of their poverty, tried to persuade her, and he finally accepted the offer against his wife's inclinations. The gentleman waited for Louis to arrive, and then he took him away.

When he arrived at his home, he showed the boy over his house, and gave him permission to eat and drink whatever he cared to. He also showed him two pots, one full of gold and the other full of silver, which he told Louis not to touch.

Later he took him to the stable where he kept the horses, and showed him a black horse in the farthest stall, telling him to be very particular about caring for that horse. Among other things, he gave him orders to wash him three times, and to take him to water three times every day.

Then he pointed out to him a gray horse, and ordered him to beat him three times a day, to give him very little to eat, and to water him only once in twenty-four hours. Further, he told him never to take the bridle off that gray horse. After this, he told Louis that he was going on a journey, and would not return for a few weeks.

Louis carried out the gentleman's instructions, and, when two weeks had passed, the gentleman returned. The first thing he did was to go into the stable and examine his horses. He was well pleased with the looks of his black horse, and was also pleased to note that the gray one was looking very poorly.

While they were returning to the house together, the gentleman began to play with Louis, who noted that he had a knife in his hand, and was not surprised when his finger was soon cut by it. The gentleman, however, apologized, and, taking a bottle out of his pocket, rubbed a little of the liquid on Louis' finger.

Louis was greatly surprised to find that his finger was at once entirely healed.

Later in the day, he told Louis that he was going away again (for a week, this time), and told him to be careful to treat the horses as he had done before. When he had gone, Louis' curiosity got the better of him. He took the cover off the pots, and dipped his finger

into the golden liquid.

When he pulled it out, lo, and behold! his finger was changed to gold. At once he saw that his master would know what he had done, and, to hide his finger, he wrapped it up in a piece of rag. In addition, Louis' pity overcame him, and he did not beat the gray horse.

At the end of the week, the gentleman returned and asked Louis how the horses were. He was well satisfied after his inspection of the stable. Again he began to play with Louis, his knife in his hand. While he was playing with him, he noticed that Louis' finger was wrapped up, and he inquired of Louis what was the matter with his finger. Louis replied that he had cut it.

The gentleman pulled the rag off, and seeing that Louis' finger had turned to gold, he knew that Louis had been meddling with the pots. He became very angry, and grasped Louis' finger, twisted it, pulled it off, and threw it back into the pot, warning Louis not to touch the pots again. He played with him as before, and again cut him on the hand. A second time he applied the liquid, and again the boy's hand was healed immediately.

He again told Louis that he was going away, and would be gone for three weeks, and ordered him to beat the gray horse on this occasion five times each day.

That day Louis watered the horses, and, noticing that the gray horse could hardly drink any water with the bit in his mouth, he took pity on him, removed the bridle, and gave the horse a good drink.

When the horse lifted his head from the brook and looked at Louis, he had a man's face on him and he spoke to Louis as follows: "You have saved me. If you do as I tell you, we both shall be saved. The master is not a man, but the Devil.

He came to my parents as he did to yours, and bought me with a beaver hat full of money. Every time he comes and cuts you, he is trying you to see if you are fat enough to be killed.

When he returns this time, he will again try you, and, if he finds that you are not fat enough, he will turn you into a horse. If you are fat enough, he will kill you. If you do as I tell you, Louis, we both shall be saved. Now feed me as well as you can for two weeks; put my bridle on the black horse, and beat him five times a day. In short, give him the treatment which was destined for me."

Louis did as the Gray Horse requested, and the animal began to recover his lost weight. The black horse lost weight rapidly. After the two weeks were up, the gray horse was in good condition; the black horse was very poorly.

"Now," said the Gray Horse, "the Devil suspects that things have not gone properly, and he is returning. Now we must prepare speedily to leave. Since his black horse is very swift, you must go and cut his legs off: cut the left foreleg off below the knee; cut the right fore-leg off away above the knee; cut the right hind-leg off below the knee; and the left hind-leg, away above the knee. He will not then be able to travel so fast, for his legs will be short and of different lengths."

When Louis had completed his task, the Gray Horse told him to go to the house and get the pots of silver and gold; and, on Louis' return with them, the Horse told Louis to dip his tail in the silver pot, and to dip his mane and ears in the gold one.

"And you dip your hair into the gold pot," said the Horse, "and stick your little fingers into the metal. Take the saddle and put it on me, but, before we start, go into the house and get three grains of black corn which he has upon his shelf, and take his flint, steel, and punk. Take, also, an awl, that round pebble which comes from the seashore, and then take that wisp of hay which is pointed."

Louis did as the Horse bade him, and then mounted on his back and rode away.

The Devil returned two days after they had started, and, when he saw that the gray horse had gone and the black horse was mutilated, he knew what had taken place. This enraged him very much, and he at once began to think how he could outwit the fugitives. Finally he set out in pursuit.

After Louis and the Gray Horse had been gone several days, the Gray Horse spoke to the boy, and said, "The Devil and the black horse are pretty close. You did not cut his legs short enough. Give me one of those grains of black corn, and I'll go a little faster."

Louis gave him one of the grains of black corn, and the Gray Horse traveled much faster. After a few days had passed, the Horse again said, "Louis, he is getting very close. You will have to give me another grain."

So Louis gave him a second grain, and the Gray Horse increased his speed. Three days later, the Gray Horse said to Louis, "Give me the last grain. He is getting very close."

After three more days, the Gray Horse again spoke, and said, "Louis, he is very close. Throw the awl behind you."

Louis did as he was told, and the Horse said, "Now, that awl has made a great field of thorn-bushes grow, many miles in extent."

When the Devil rode up, he was going so fast that he rode right in among the thorns, and got his horse out only after a great deal of trouble. By the time he had extricated his horse and had ridden around the field, Louis had gained a great distance over him.

"Louis, he is getting very close," said the Horse some days later. "Throw back the flint." Louis obeyed him, with the result that, when the Devil came up, he was confronted by a high wall of bare rock, which extended for miles. He was forced to go around this, and, when he once more took up the trail, Louis had gained many more miles on him.

After a couple of days, the Gray Horse said, "Louis, we have only two things left, and I am afraid that we are going to have a hard time."

"I think," said Louis, "we had better throw the punk behind." With that he threw the punk behind him. When it struck the ground, it immediately burst into flame, starting a forest fire which extended many miles.

When the Devil arrived, he was going too fast to avoid riding into the fire, and this caused him great trouble. He had to go many miles out of his way to avoid the fire, and this delay enabled the fugitives to make a material gain in distance. In two or three days the Devil had regained the distance that he had lost.

The Gray Horse now said to Louis, "I am afraid that he is going to overtake us before we can reach the sea. He is gaining rapidly upon us, and is now very close. You had better throw the pebble behind you; it is the only chance left us."

Louis threw the pebble behind them; and the result was that a great lake appeared, which extended over many square miles. The Devil rode up to the lake, and, knowing whither they had gone, he traveled around it. This maneuver cost the Devil the loss of many valuable miles, for Louis and the Gray Horse were by this time quite close to the sea.

"He is still gaining on us," said the Gray Horse. "I'm getting very tired."

Looking ahead, Louis could see the ocean, and turning around, he could see the Devil coming, gaining on them all the time.

"Louis, I am afraid he is going to overtake us," said the Horse.

Now, Louis did not understand what advantage it would be for them to arrive at the sea; but this was soon apparent. They did manage to reach the seashore ahead of the Devil, however, when the Gray Horse said, "Louis, throw out that wisp of hay."

Louis pushed it out, and, behold! as he thrust it, the wisp of hay was converted into a bridge. They immediately rode out upon this, and as they passed over it, the bridge folded up behind them! The Devil did not reach the sea until they were a safe distance from the shore. "It was very lucky," the Devil said, "that you took my bridge with you, or I would have eaten you two for my dinner! "

Now, Louis and his horse continued to cross the bridge until they came to the land on the other side. While traveling along through this new country, they discovered a cave.

"Now," the Gray Horse said to Louis, "you stable me in here, and go up to the king's house and see if you cannot get work. Wrap up your head in order that your hair may not be seen, and do the same to your little fingers. When you arrive there, go and lie with your face down behind the kitchen, and wait until they throw out the dish-water. They will ask you what you want. Tell them that you desire work, and that you are a good gardener. Do not forget to comb your hair once a day in the garden, where they cannot see you."

The young man did all the Gray Horse suggested, and, when one of the maids threw out some dish-water behind the kitchen, she noticed him, and straightway notified the king. His Majesty ordered the youth to be brought before him, and, when

Louis had come, the king inquired into his identity and his desires. Louis told the king that he wanted work, and the king employed him as a gardener, because Louis claimed

greater ability than the other gardeners. Every noon he would seclude himself to comb his hair, and then he would tie up his head again in the cloth. Although he was quite handsome, he did not look well with his head tied up in this manner. His work, moreover, was so excellent that the king soon noticed an improvement in the garden.

One day, while he was combing his hair, the princess looked out of her window, and saw Louis' hair. She noticed that the hair was all of gold; and the light from it shone into her room as it would if reflected from a mirror. Louis did not notice her, and, when he had completed his toilet, he wrapped up his head again and went away, leaving the princess enchanted by his looks.

During the same afternoon, while he was working near the palace, the princess dropped a note down to him. Louis did not see it, and therefore did not pay any attention to it. She then dropped several more, one after another; but he paid no attention to them.

The next day, he thought he would go down and see his horse. When he arrived at the cave, the Gray Horse inquired what had happened. Louis related the few events to him; but the Gray Horse told him that that was not all, for he had not noticed the princess looking at him when he was combing his hair.

"To-morrow," said the Horse, "the king will ask you if you are descended of royal blood. You tell him that you are the child of poor parents. There is a prince who wants to marry the princess; but she does not love him. When you go back to work in the garden, the princess will drop notes to you again, but don't touch them. Louis, in time you shall marry her, but don't forget me."

Louis returned, and the princess again dropped him notes; but he ignored them.

In the meantime the prince had come to see the princess, and he made arrangements with the king to marry his daughter. The princess, however, would not look at the prince. The king demanded of his daughter why she did not want to see the prince, and she told him that she desired to marry the gardener. The king became very angry; he declared that she could not marry the poor beggar.

"Did you not always say that you would give me anything I wanted?" she asked of the king.

"Yes," answered he; "but you must marry a prince."

She again refused to marry the prince. At this, the king became very angry, and went out to tell his wife what the princess had said.

"I think the gardener is a prince in disguise," the queen said to the king.

The king summoned Louis into his presence; and the young man, obeying, came into the midst of the royalty and nobility of the palace, with his head still covered. The king asked him if he was of royal blood.

"No," he replied. "I am the son of poor parents."

The king then dismissed him.

The princess, however, contrived a means to marry Louis, and, when the ceremony was over, they went back to the king. She told her father what she had done, and asked for her dowry. He told her that her dowry should be the pig-pen in which he fattened his hogs; and he drove them from the palace with nothing more. The queen was in tears at the way the king treated their daughter; but he was obdurate.

The princess and Louis had to subsist on what little the queen could send them. Soon the princess said to Louis, "We had better go to the place where your parents live."

Manabozho's Birth

A Menomini Legend

Skinner & Satterlee, *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, xiii, 239

In the beginning, there was a lone old woman living on this island. Nobody knows where she came from, nor how she got here, but it is true that she dwelt in a wigwam with her only daughter. Wild potatoes were the only food of the two women.

Every day the old woman took her wooden hoe and went out to gather them. She packed them home and dried them in the sun, for in those days, there was no such thing as fire in that part of the world.

One day her daughter begged to go with her. "Mother, let me go and help you; between us we can dig more potatoes than you can alone." "No, my daughter, you stay here," said the old woman; "I don't want you to go. Your place is at home caring for the lodge." "Oh dear! I don't like to stay here alone all day," teased the girl; "it's so lonely when you are gone! I'd much rather go with you. There is another old hoe here that I can use. Please let me go too."

At last, the old woman consented to her daughter's pleading; the two armed themselves with their tools and set out. After a little journey they came to a damp ravine. "Here is the place where I always come to gather the potatoes," cried the mother; "you can dig here too. But there is one thing that I must warn you about, when you are digging these potatoes; I want you to face the south. Be sure not to forget this. It was because I was afraid that you could not be trusted to remember that I never brought you here before."

"Oh, that's all right, I won't forget," cried the girl.

"Very well then, you stay right here and work; I am going to dig over there."

The girl set to work with a will, and enjoyed her task very much. "Oh how nice it is to dig potatoes!" she said, and kept up a running stream of conversation with her mother as she labored. As the time passed by, the daughter gradually forgot her promise and at last turned round and faced in the opposite direction as she dug.

All at once there came a great rushing, roaring noise from the heavens and the wind swept down where she stood and whirled her round and round. "Oh, mother! Help! Come quick!" she screamed.

Her mother dropped everything and rushed to her aid. "Grab me by the back and hold me down!" cried the girl in terror. The old lady seized her with one hand and steadied herself, meanwhile, by catching hold of some bushes. "Hold me as tightly as you can!" she gasped. "Now you see why I told you to stay at home! You are being properly punished for your disobedience."

Suddenly the wind stopped. The air was as calm as though nothing had ever happened. The two women hastily gathered up their potatoes and hurried home. After that the old woman worked alone.

Everything went well for a while, and then, one day the daughter complained. "I feel very strange and different, mother; there seems to be something within me." The old woman scrutinized the girl narrowly, but made no answer, for she knew that her daughter was pregnant."

At last, she was brought to bed and gave birth to three children. The first of these was Manabozho, the second was a little wolf, Muh'wäse, and the last was a sharp flint stone. When the unfortunate mother gave issue to the rock, it cut her and she died. The old woman mourned her daughter greatly.

In a paroxysm of rage and grief, she threw away the flint stone, but Manabozho[*] and Muh'wäse she cherished and cared for until they grew to be children.

The Deceived Blind Men

A Menomini Legend

Hoffman, Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, xiv, 211

There was a large settlement on the shore of a lake, and among its people were two very old blind men. It was decided to remove these men to the opposite side of the lake, where they might live in safety.

The people thought the settlement was unsafe, as the settlement was exposed to the attack of enemies, and feared the blind men might easily be captured and killed.

So the relations of the old men got a canoe, some food, a kettle, and a bowl and started across the lake, where they built for them a wigwam in a grove some distance from the water. A line was stretched from the door of the wigwam to a post in the water, so that they would have no difficulty in helping themselves.

The food and vessels were put into the wigwam, and after the relations of the old men promised them that they would call often and keep them provided with everything that was needful, they returned to their settlement.

The two old blind men now began to take care of themselves. On one day one of them would do the cooking while the other went for water, and on the next day they would change about in their work, so that their labors were evenly divided. As they knew just how much food they required for each meal, the quantity prepared was equally divided, but was eaten out of the one bowl which they had.

Here they lived in contentment for several years; but one day a Raccoon, which was following the water's edge looking for crawfish, came to the line which had been stretched from the lake to the wigwam. The Raccoon thought it rather curious to find a cord where he had not before observed one, and wondered to himself, "What is this? I think I shall follow this cord to see where it leads."

So he followed the path along which the cord was stretched until he came to the wigwam. Approaching very cautiously, he went up to the entrance, where he saw the two old men asleep on the ground, their heads at the door and their feet directed toward the heap of hot coals within. The Raccoon sniffed about and soon found there was something good to eat within the wigwam; but he decided not to enter at once for fear of waking the old men; so he retired a short distance to hide himself and to see what they would do.

Presently the old men awoke, and one said to the other, "My friend, I am getting hungry; let us prepare some food." "Very well," replied his companion, "you go down to the lake and fetch some water while I get the fire started."

The Raccoon heard this conversation, and, wishing to deceive the old man, immediately ran to the water, untied the cord from the post, and carried it to a clump of bushes, where he tied it. When the old man came along with his kettle to get water, he stumbled

around the brush until he found the end of the cord; then he began to dip his kettle down upon the ground for water. Not finding any, he slowly returned and said to his companion, "We shall surely die, because the lake is dried up and the brush is grown where we used to get water. What shall we do?"

"That can not be," responded his companion, "for we have not been asleep long enough for the brush to grow upon the lake bed. Let me go out to try if I can not get some water." So taking the kettle from his friend he started off.

So soon as the first old man had returned to the wigwam, the Raccoon took the cord back and tied it where he had found it, then waited to see the result.

The second old man now came along, entered the lake, and getting his kettle full of water returned to the wigwam, saying as he entered, "My friend, you told me what was not true. There is water enough; for here, you see, I have our kettle full." The other could not understand this at all, and wondered what had caused the deception.

The Raccoon approached the wigwam and entered to await the cooking of the food. When it was ready, the pieces of meat, for there were eight of them, were put into the bowl and the old men sat down on the ground facing each other, with the bowl between them. Each took a piece of meat, and they began to talk of various things and were enjoying themselves.

The Raccoon now quietly removed four pieces of meat from the bowl and began to eat them, enjoying the feast even more than the old blind men. Presently one of them reached into the bowl to get another piece of meat, and finding that only two pieces remained, said, "My friend, you must be very hungry to eat so rapidly; I have had but one piece, and there are but two pieces left."

The other replied, "I have not taken them, but suspect you have eaten them yourself"; whereupon the other replied more angrily than before. Thus they argued, and the Raccoon, desiring to have more sport, tapped each of them on the face. The old men, each believing the other had struck him, began to fight, rolling over the floor of the wigwam, upsetting the bowl and the kettle, and causing the fire to be scattered.

The Raccoon then took the two remaining pieces of meat and made his exit from the wigwam, laughing ha, ha, ha, ha; whereupon the old men instantly ceased their strife, for they now knew they had been deceived.

The Raccoon then remarked to them, "I have played a nice trick on you; you should not find fault with each other so easily." Then the Raccoon continued his crawfish-hunting along the lake shore.

The Trickster's Great Fall and His Revenge

A Menomini Legend

Hoffman, Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, xiv, 211

Once while the Buzzard was soaring away through the air he saw Manabozho walking along. He flew a little toward the ground, with his wings outspread.

Then The Buzzard heard Manabozho say to him, "Buzzard, you must be very happy up there where you can soar through the air and see what is transpiring in the world beneath. Take me on your back so that I may ascend with you and see how it appears down here from where you live."

The Buzzard came down, and said, "Manabozho, get on my back and I will take you up into the sky to let you see how the world appears from my abode."

Manabozho approached the Buzzard, but seeing how smooth his back appeared said, "Buzzard, I am afraid you will let me slide from your back, so you must be careful not to sweep around too rapidly, that I may retain my place upon your back."

The Buzzard told Manabozho that he would be careful, although the bird was determined to play a trick on him if possible. Manabozho mounted the Buzzard and held on to his feathers as well as he could. The Buzzard took a short run, leaped from the ground, spread his wings and rose into the air. Manabozho felt rather timid as the Buzzard swept through the air, and as he circled around his body leaned so much that Manabozho could scarcely retain his position, and he was afraid of slipping off.

Presently, as Manabozho was looking down upon the broad earth below, the Buzzard made a sharp curve to one side so that his body leaned more than ever. Manabozho, losing his grasp, slipped off and dropped to earth like an arrow. He struck the ground with such force as to knock him senseless. The Buzzard returned to his place in the sky, but hovered around to see what would become of Manabozho.

Manabozho lay a long time like one dead. When he recovered he saw something close to and apparently staring him in the face. He could not at first recognize it, but when he put his hands against the object he found that it was his own buttocks, because he had been all doubled up. He arose and prepared to go on his way, when he espied the Buzzard above him, laughing at his own trickery.

Manabozho then said, "Buzzard, you have played a trick on me by letting me fall, but as I am more powerful than you I shall revenge myself." The Buzzard then replied, "No, Manabozho, you will not do anything of the kind, because you cannot deceive me. I shall watch you."

Manabozho kept on, and the Buzzard, not noticing anything peculiar in the movements of Manabozho, flew on his way through the air. Manabozho then decided to transform himself into a dead deer, because he knew the Buzzard had chosen to subsist on dead animals and fish.

Manabozho then went to a place visible from a great distance and from many directions, where he laid himself down and changed himself into the carcass of a deer.

Soon the various birds and beasts and crawling things that subsist on such food began to congregate about the dead deer. The Buzzard saw the birds flying toward the place where the body lay, and joined them. He flew around several times to see if it was Manabozho trying to deceive him, then thought to himself, "No, that is not Manabozho; it is truly a dead deer." He then approached the body and began to pick a hole into the fleshy part of the thigh.

Deeper and deeper into the flesh the Buzzard picked until his head and neck was buried each time he reached in to pluck the fat from the intestines. Without warning, while the Buzzard had his head completely hidden in the carcass of the deer, the deer jumped up and pinched together his flesh, thus firmly grasping the head and neck of the Buzzard.

Then Manabozho said, "Aha! Buzzard, I did catch you after all, as I told you I would. Now pull out your head." The Buzzard with great difficulty withdrew his head from the cavity in which it had been enclosed, but the feathers were all pulled off, leaving his scalp and neck covered with nothing but red skin.

Then Manabozho said to the bird, "Thus do I punish you for your deceitfulness; henceforth you will go through the world without feathers on your head and neck, and you shall always stink because of the food you will be obliged to eat." That is why the buzzard is such a bad-smelling fellow, and why his head and neck are featherless.

Manabozho Plays Lacrosse

A Menomini Legend

Skinner & Satterlee, *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, xiii, 255

Now it happened that the beings above challenged the beings below to a mighty game of lacrosse. The beings below were not slow to accept the gage and the goals were chosen, one at Detroit and the other at Chicago.

The center of the field was at a spot called Ke'sosasit ("where the sun is marked," [on the rocks]) near Sturgeon Bay on Lake Michigan. The above beings called their servants, the thunderers, the eagles, the geese, the ducks, the pigeons, and all the fowls of the air to play for them, and the great white underground bear called upon the fishes, the snakes, the otters, the deer, and all the beasts of the field to take the part of the powers below.

When everything was arranged, and the two sides were preparing, Manabozho happened along that way. As he strolled by he heard someone passing at a distance and whooping at the top of his voice. Curious to see who it was, Manabozho hastened over to the spot whence the noise emanated. Here he found a funny little fellow, like a tiny Indian, no other, however, than Nakuti, the sunfish. "What on earth is the matter with you?" queried Manabozho.

"Why haven't you heard?" asked sunfish, astonished; "to-morrow there is going to be a ball game, and fishes and the beasts of the field will take the part of the powers below against the thunderers and all the fowls, who are championing the powers above." "Oh ho!" said Manabozho, and the simple Nakuti departed, whooping with delight. "Well, well," thought Manabozho, "I must see this famous game, even if I was not invited."

The chiefs of the underworld left their homes in the waters and climbed high up on a great mountain where they could look over the whole field, and having chosen this spot they returned.

Manabozho soon found their tracks and followed them to the place of vantage which they had selected. He judged by its appearance that they had decided to stay there, so he concluded that he would not be far away when the game commenced. Early next morning, before daybreak, he went to the place, and, through his magic power he changed himself into a tall pine tree, burnt on one side.

At dawn, he heard a great hubbub and whooping. From everywhere he heard derisive voices calling "Hau! Hau! Hau!" and "Hoo! hoo! hoo!" to urge on the enemy. Then appeared the deer, the mink, the otter, and all the land beings and the fishes in human form. They arrived at their side of the field and took their places and all became silent for a time.

Suddenly the sky grew dark, and the rush of many wings made a thunderous rumbling, above which rose whoops, screams, screeches, cackling, calling, hooting, all in one terrific babel. Then the thunderers swooped down, and the golden eagles, and the bald

eagles, and the buzzards, hawks, owls, pigeons, geese, ducks, and all manner of birds, and took the opposite end of the field. Then silence dropped down once more, and the sides lined up, the weakest near the goals, the strongest in the center. Someone tossed the ball high in the air and a pell mell mêlée followed, with deafening howling and whoopings.

Back and forth surged the players, now one side gaining, now the other. At last one party wrested the ball through the other's ranks and sped it toward the Chicago goal. Down the field it went, and Manabozho strained his eyes to follow its course.

It was nearly at the goal, the keepers were rushing to guard it and in the midst of the brandished clubs, legs, arms, and clouds of dust something notable was happening that Manabozho could not see. In his excitement he forgot where he was and changed back into a man.

Once in human shape he came to himself, and looking about, noted that the onlookers had not discovered him. Fired by his lust for revenge he promptly took his bow, which he had kept with him all the time, strung it, and fired twice at each of the underground gods as they sat on their mountain.

His arrows sped true, and the gods rushed for the water, falling all over themselves as they scurried down hill. The impact of their diving caused great waves to roll down the lake towards the Chicago goal. Some of the players saw them coming, rolling high over the tree tops. "Manabozho, Manabozho!" they cried in breathless fright.

At once all the players on both sides rushed back to the center field to look. "What is the matter?" said everyone to everyone else. "Why it must have been Manabozho; he's done this; nobody else would dare to attack the underground gods." When the excited players reached the center of the field they found the culprit had vanished. "Let's all look for Manabozho," cried someone. "We will use the power of the water for our guide."

So the players all waded into the water, and the water rose up and went ahead of them. It knew very well where Manabozho had gone.

In the meantime Manabozho was skipping away as fast as he could, for he was frightened at what the consequences of his rashness might be. All at once he happened to look back and saw the water flowing after him. He ran faster and faster, but still it came. He strained himself to his utmost speed and it gained on him. On, on, led the chase, further, and further away.

"Oh dear! I believed that water will get me yet!" worried Manabozho. As he scampered he saw a high mountain, on the top of which grew a lofty pine. "I guess I'll go there and ask for help," thought Manabozho. So up the mountain side he raced, with the water swiftly rising behind him. "Hee'ee! Nasee! Oh my dear little brother," gasped Manabozho to the pine tree, won't you help me? Save me from the water! I am talking to you, pine tree." "How can I help you?" asked the pine deliberately. "You can let me climb on you, and every time I reach your top, you can grow another length," cried Manabozho anxiously, for the water was coming on.

"But I haven't so much power as all that; I can only grow four lengths." Oh, that will do anyway, I'll take that!" screamed Manabozho in terror, jumping into the branches just a few inches ahead of the water. With all his might and main Manabozho climbed, but the water wet his feet as it rose, rose, rose. He reached the top. "Oh, little brother, stretch yourself," he begged.

The pine tree shot up one length, and Manabozho climbed faster than ever, but still the water followed. "Oh, little brother, stretch yourself," he entreated. Up shot the pine tree, and up climbed Manabozho, but the water followed inexorably.

When he reached the top, the tree shot up again, but still the water rose. "Stretch yourself, only once more, little brother, give me just one more length," prayed Manabozho, "maybe it will save me; if it doesn't, why I'll be drowned."

Up shot the pine tree for the fourth and last time. Manabozho climbed to the top, and the water followed. There it stopped. Manabozho clung to the tree with all his might, frightened half to death, but it rose no more.

The Sun Snarer

A Menomini Legend

Hoffman, Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, xiv, 181

One day while two elder brothers were out hunting in the forest, the youngest went away to hide himself and to mourn because he was not permitted to join them.

He had with him his bow and arrows and his beaver-skin robe; but when the Sun rose high in the sky he became tired and laid himself down to weep, covering himself entirely with his robe to keep out the Sun. When the Sun was directly overhead and saw the boy, it sent down a ray which burned spots upon the robe and made it shrink until it exposed the boy. Then the Sun smiled, while the boy wept more violently than before.

He felt that he had been cruelly treated both by his brothers and now by the Sun. He said to the Sun, "You have treated me cruelly and burned my robe, when I did not deserve it. Why do you punish me like this?" The Sun merely continued to smile, but said nothing.

The boy then gathered up his bow and arrows, and taking his burnt robe, returned to the wigwam, where he lay down in a dark corner and again wept. His sister was outside of the wigwam when he returned, so she was not aware of his presence when she reentered to attend to her work. Presently she heard someone crying, and going over to the place whence the sound came she found that it was her youngest brother who was in distress.

She said to him, "My brother, why are you weeping?" to which he replied, "Look at me; I am sad because the Sun burned my beaver-skin robe; I have been cruelly treated this day." Then he turned his face away and continued to weep. Even in his sleep he sobbed, because of his distress.

When he awoke, he said to his sister, "My sister, give me a thread, I wish to use it."

She handed him a sinew thread, but he said to her, "No, that is not what I want: I want a hair thread."

She said to him, "Take this; this is strong."

"No," he replied, "that is not the kind of a thread I want; I want a hair thread."

She then understood his meaning, and plucking a single hair from her person handed it to him, when he said, "That is what I want," and taking it at both ends he began to pull it gently, smoothing it out as it continued to lengthen until it reached from the tips of the fingers of one hand to the ends of the fingers of the other.

Then he started out to where the Sun's path touched the earth. When he reached the place where the Sun was when it burned his robe, the little boy made a noose and stretched it across the path, and when the Sun came to that point the noose caught him

around the neck and began to choke him until he almost lost his breath.

It became dark, and the Sun called out to the ma'nidos, "Help me, my brothers, and cut this string before it kills me." The ma'nidos came, but the thread had so cut into the flesh of the Sun's neck that they could not sever it. When all but one had given up, the Sun called to the Mouse to try to cut the string. The Mouse came up and gnawed at the string, but it was difficult work, because the string was hot and deeply embedded in the Sun's neck.

After working at the string a good while, however, the Mouse succeeded in cutting it, when the Sun breathed again and the darkness disappeared. If the Mouse had not succeeded, the Sun would have died. Then the boy said to the Sun, "For your cruelty I have punished you; now you may go."

The boy then returned to his sister, satisfied with what he had done.

Trickster Tales A Menomini Legend

Hoffman, Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, XIV, 203

While Manabozho was once walking along a lake shore, tired and hungry, he observed a long, narrow sandbar, which extended far out into the water, around which were myriads of waterfowl, so Manabozho decided to have a feast.

He had with him only his medicine bag; so he entered the brush and hung it upon a tree, now called "Manabozho tree," and procured a quantity of bark, which he rolled into a bundle and placing it upon his back, returned to the shore, where he pretended to pass slowly by in sight of the birds. Some of the Swans and Ducks, however, recognizing Manabozho and becoming frightened, moved away from the shore.

One of the Swans called out, "Ho! Manabozho, where are you going?" To this Manabozho replied, "I am going to have a song. As you may see, I have all my songs with me." Manabozho then called out to the birds, "Come to me, my brothers, and let us sing and dance." The birds assented and returned to the shore, when all retreated a short distance away from the lake to an open space where they might dance.

Manabozho removed the bundle of bark from his back and placed it on the ground, got out his singing-sticks, and said to the birds, "Now, all of you dance around me as I drum; sing as loudly as you can, and keep your eyes closed. The first one to open his eyes will forever have them red and sore."

Manabozho began to beat time upon his bundle of bark, while the birds, with eyes closed, circled around him singing as loudly as they could. Keeping time with one hand, Manabozho suddenly grasped the neck of a Swan, which he broke; but before he had killed the bird it screamed out, whereupon Manabozho said, "That's right, brothers, sing as loudly as you can." Soon another Swan fell a victim; then a Goose, and so on until the number of birds was greatly reduced.

Then the "Hell-diver," opening his eyes to see why there was less singing than at first, and beholding Manabozho and the heap of victims, cried out, "Manabozho is killing us! Manabozho is killing us!" and immediately ran to the water, followed by the remainder of the birds.

As the "Hell-diver" was a poor runner, Manabozho soon overtook him, and said, "I won't kill you, but you shall always have red eyes and be the laughing-stock of all the birds." With this he gave the bird a kick, sending him far out into the lake and knocking off his tail, so that the "Hell-diver" is red-eyed and tailless to this day.

Manabozho then gathered up his birds, and taking them out upon the sandbar buried them--some with their heads protruding, others with the feet sticking out of the sand. He then built a fire to cook the game, but as this would require some time, and as Manabozho was tired after his exertion, he stretched himself on the ground to sleep. In order to be informed if anyone approached, he slapped his thigh and said to it, "You

watch the birds, and awaken me if anyone should come near them." Then, with his back to the fire, he fell asleep.

After awhile a party of Indians came along in their canoes, and seeing the feast in store, went to the sandbar and pulled out every bird which Manabozho had so carefully placed there, but put back the heads and feet in such a way that there was no indication that the bodies had been disturbed. When the Indians had finished eating they departed, taking with them all the food that remained from the feast.

Some time afterward, Manabozho awoke, and, being very hungry, bethought himself to enjoy the fruits of his stratagem. In attempting to pull a baked swan from the sand he found nothing but the head and neck, which he held in his hand. Then he tried another, and found the body of that bird also gone. So he tried another, and then another, but each time met with disappointment. Who could have robbed him? he thought. He struck his thigh and asked, "Who has been here to rob me of my feast; did I not command you to watch while I slept?"

His thigh responded, "I also fell asleep, as I was very tired; but I see some people moving rapidly away in their canoes; perhaps they were the thieves. I see also they are very dirty and poorly dressed." Then Manabozho ran out to the point of the sandbar, and beheld the people in their canoes, just disappearing around a point of land. Then he called to them and reviled them, calling them "Winnibe'go! Winnibe'go! " And by this term the Menomini have ever since designated their thievish neighbors.

Manabozho's Wolf Brother

A Menomini Legend

Hoffman, Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, xiv, 115

When Manabozho had accomplished the works for which Kishä' Ma'nido sent him down to the earth, he went far away and built his wigwam on the northeastern shore of a large lake, where he took up his abode.

As he was alone, the good manidos concluded to give him for a companion his twin brother, whom they brought to life and called Naq'pote (which signifies an expert marksman). He was formed like a human being, but, being a manido, could assume the shape of a wolf, in which form he hunted for food.

Manabozho was aware of the anger of the bad manidos who dwelt beneath the earth, and warned his brother, the Wolf, never to return home by crossing the lake, but always to go around along the shore.

Once after the Wolf had been hunting all day long he found himself directly opposite his wigwam, and being tired, concluded to cross the lake. He had not gone halfway across when the ice broke, so the Wolf was seized by the bad manidos, and destroyed.

Manabozho at once knew what had befallen his brother, and in his distress mourned for four days. Every time that Manabozho sighed the earth trembled, which caused the hills and ridges to form over its surface. Then the shade of Moquaio, the Wolf, appeared before Manabozho, and knowing that his brother could not be restored Manabozho told him to follow the path of the setting sun and become the chief of the shades in the Hereafter where all would meet. Manabozho then secreted himself in a large rock near Mackinaw.

Here his uncles, the people, for many years visited Manabozho, and always built a long lodge, the mitä'wiko'mik, where they sang; so when Manabozho did not wish to see them in his human form he appeared to them in the form of a little white rabbit, with trembling ears, just as he had first appeared to Nokomis.

The Bird Whose Wings Made the Wind

A Micmac Legend

Silas T. Rand, Legends of the Micmacs, 1894

The tradition respecting Glooscap is that he came to this country from the east,--far across the great sea; that he was a divine being, though in the form of a man. He was not far from any of the Indians (this is the identical rendering of the Indian words used by my friend Stephen in relating the sketches of his history here given).

When Glooscap went away, he went toward the west. There he is still tented; and two important personages are near him, who are called Kuhkw and Coolpujot,--of whom more anon.

Glooscap was the friend and teacher of the Indians; all they knew of the arts he taught them. He taught them the names of the constellations and stars; he taught them how to hunt and fish, and cure what they took; how to cultivate the ground, as far as they were trained in husbandry. When he first came, he brought a woman with him, whom he ever addressed as Grandmother, a very general epithet for an old woman. She was not his wife, nor did he ever have a wife. He was always sober, grave, and good; all that the Indians knew of what was wise and good he taught them.

His canoe was a granite rock. On one occasion he put to sea in this craft, and took a young woman with him as a passenger. She proved to be a bad girl; and this was manifested by the troubles that ensued.

A storm arose, and the waves dashed wildly over the canoe; he accused her of being the cause, through her evil deeds, and so he determined to rid himself of her.

For this purpose he stood in for the land, leaped ashore, but would not allow her to follow; putting his foot against the heavy craft, he pushed it off to sea again with the girl on it, telling her to become whatever she desired to be. She was transformed into a large, ferocious fish, called by the Indians keeganibe, said to have a huge dorsal fin,--like the sail of a boat, it is so large and high out of the water.

The Indians sometimes visit Glooscap at his present residence, so says tradition; this is in a beautiful land in the west. He taught them when he was with them that there was such a place, and led them to look forward to a residence there, and to call it their beautiful home in the far west,--where, if good, they would go at death.

The journey to that fair region far away is long, difficult, and dangerous; the way back is short and easy. Some years ago, seven stout-hearted young men attempted the journey, and succeeded. Before reaching the place, they had to pass over a mountain, the ascent of which was up a perpendicular bluff, and the descent on the other side was still more difficult, for the top hung far over the base.

The fearful and unbelieving could not pass at all; but the good and confident could travel it with ease and safety, as though it were a level path.

Having crossed the mountain, the road ran between the heads of two huge serpents, which lay just opposite each other; and they darted out their tongues, so as to destroy whomsoever they hit. But the good and the firm of heart could dart past between the strokes of their tongues, so as to evade them. One more difficulty remained; it was a wall, as of a thick, heavy cloud, that separated the present world from that beautiful region beyond.

This cloudy wall rose and fell at intervals, and struck the ground with such force that whatever was caught under it would be crushed to atoms; but the good could dart under when it rose, and come out on the other side unscathed.

This our seven young heroes succeeded in doing. There they found three wigwams,--one for Glooscap, one for Coolpujot, and one for Kuhkw. These are all mighty personages, but Glooscap is supreme; the other two are subordinates. Coolpujot has no bones. He cannot move himself, but is rolled over each spring and fall by Glooscap's order, being turned with handspikes; hence the name Coolpujot (rolled over by handspikes). In the autumn he is turned towards the west, in the spring towards the east; and this is a figure of speech, denoting the revolving seasons of the year, his mighty breath and looks, by which he can sweep down whole armies and work wonders on a grand scale, indicating the weather: frost, snow, ice, and sunshine.

Kuhkw means Earthquake; this mighty personage can pass along under the surface of the ground, making all things shake and tremble by his power.

All these seven visitors had requests to proffer, and each received what he asked for; though the gift did not always correspond with the spirit of the request, it oftentimes agreed with the letter.

For instance, one of these seven visitors was wonderfully enamored of a fine country, and expressed a desire to remain there, and to live long; whereupon, at Glooscap's direction, Earthquake took him and stood him up, and he became a cedar-tree.

When the wind blew through its boughs, they were bent and broken with great fracas,--making a thunder-storm that rolled far and wide over the country, accompanied by strong winds, which scattered the cedar-boughs and seeds in all directions, producing all the cedar-groves that exist in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and elsewhere.

The other men started, and reached home in a short time.

One of them had asked for a medicine that would be effectual in curing disease. This he obtained; but, neglecting to follow implicitly the directions given, he lost it before he reached home. It was carefully wrapped up in a piece of paper, and he was charged not to undo the parcel until he reached home. His curiosity got the better of his judgment; he could not see what difference it could make if he just looked at his prize as he was going along. So he undid the parcel, and presto! the medicine slipped out on the ground, spread and slid in all directions, covering up the face of the earth, and vanishing from sight.

On another occasion several young men went to see Glooscap in his present abode.

One of them went to obtain the power of winning the heart of some fair one, which all his unaided skill had failed hitherto to do; an hundred times he had tried to get a wife, but the girls all shunned him. Many of the party who started on this perilous expedition failed to overcome the difficulties that lay in their way, and turned back, baffled and defeated; but several of them succeeded.

They were all hospitably entertained; all presented their requests, and were favorably heard. The man who sought power to captivate some female heart was the last to proffer his petition. Glooscap and his two subordinates conferred together in a whisper, and then Earthquake informed him that his ugly looks and still more ugly manners were the chief hindrances to his success; but they must try to help him.

So he was handed a small parcel, and directed not to open it until he reached his own village; this he took, and they all set off for home together. The night before they arrived, he could restrain his curiosity no longer; he opened the parcel, the foolish fellow! Out flew young women by the scores and hundreds, covering the face of the earth, piling themselves in towering heaps, and burying the poor fellow, crushing him to the earth under the accumulating weight of their bodies. His comrades had cautioned him against disobeying the mandate, and had begged him not to undo the parcel; but he had not heeded the caution.

They now heard him calling for help, but he called in vain, they could not help him; and his cries became fainter and fainter, and finally ceased altogether. Morning came at last. The young women had all vanished, and the fragments of their comrade were scattered over the ground; he had been killed and ground to atoms as the result of his unbridled curiosity and disobedience.

Glooscap

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The journey to that fair region far away is long, difficult, and dangerous; the way back is short and easy. Some years ago, seven stout-hearted young men attempted the journey, and succeeded. Before reaching the place, they had to pass over a mountain, the ascent of which was up a perpendicular bluff, and the descent on the other side was still more difficult, for the top hung far over the base. The fearful and unbelieving could not pass at all; but the good and confident could travel it with ease and safety, as though it were a

level path.

Having crossed the mountain, the road ran between the heads of two huge serpents, which lay just opposite each other; and they darted out their tongues, so as to destroy whomsoever they hit. But the good and the firm of heart could dart past between the strokes of their tongues, so as to evade them.

One more difficulty remained; it was a wall, as of a thick, heavy cloud, that separated the present world from that beautiful region beyond.

This cloudy wall rose and fell at intervals, and struck the ground with such force that whatever was caught under it would be crushed to atoms; but the good could dart under when it rose, and come out on the other side unscathed.

This our seven young heroes succeeded in doing. There they found three wigwams,--one for Glooscap, one for Coolpujot, and one for Kuhkw.

These are all mighty personages, but Glooscap is supreme; the other two are subordinates. Coolpujot has no bones. He cannot move himself, but is rolled over each spring and fall by Glooscap's order, being turned with handspikes; hence the name Coolpujot (rolled over by handspikes).

In the autumn he is turned towards the west, in the spring towards the east; and this is a figure of speech, denoting the revolving seasons of the year, his mighty breath and looks, by which he can sweep down whole armies and work wonders on a grand scale, indicating the weather: frost, snow, ice, and sunshine.

Kuhkw means Earthquake; this mighty personage can pass along under the surface of the ground, making all things shake and tremble by his power.

All these seven visitors had requests to proffer, and each received what he asked for; though the gift did not always correspond with the spirit of the request, it oftentimes agreed with the letter.

For instance, one of these seven visitors was wonderfully enamored of a fine country, and expressed a desire to remain there, and to live long; whereupon, at Glooscap's direction, Earthquake took him and stood him up, and he became a cedar-tree.

When the wind blew through its boughs, they were bent and broken with great fracas,--making a thunder-storm that rolled far and wide over the country, accompanied by strong winds, which scattered the cedar-boughs and seeds in all directions, producing all the cedar-groves that exist in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and elsewhere.

The other men started, and reached home in a short time.

One of them had asked for a medicine that would be effectual in curing disease. This he obtained; but, neglecting to follow implicitly the directions given, he lost it before he reached home. It was carefully wrapped up in a piece of paper, and he was charged not to undo the parcel until he reached home. His curiosity got the better of his judgment; he

could not see what difference it could make if he just looked at his prize as he was going along. So he undid the parcel, and presto! the medicine slipped out on the ground, spread and slid in all directions, covering up the face of the earth, and vanishing from sight.

On another occasion several young men went to see Glooscap in his present abode. One of them went to obtain the power of winning the heart of some fair one, which all his unaided skill had failed hitherto to do; an hundred times he had tried to get a wife, but the girls all shunned him.

Many of the party who started on this perilous expedition failed to overcome the difficulties that lay in their way, and turned back, baffled and defeated; but several of them succeeded.

They were all hospitably entertained; all presented their requests, and were favorably heard. The man who sought power to captivate some female heart was the last to proffer his petition. Glooscap and his two subordinates conferred together in a whisper, and then Earthquake informed him that his ugly looks and still more ugly manners were the chief hindrances to his success; but they must try to help him.

So he was handed a small parcel, and directed not to open it until he reached his own village; this he took, and they all set off for home together. The night before they arrived, he could restrain his curiosity no longer; he opened the parcel, the foolish fellow! Out flew young women by the scores and hundreds, covering the face of the earth, piling themselves in towering heaps, and burying the poor fellow, crushing him to the earth under the accumulating weight of their bodies.

His comrades had cautioned him against disobeying the mandate, and had begged him not to undo the parcel; but he had not heeded the caution.

They now heard him calling for help, but he called in vain, they could not help him; and his cries became fainter and fainter, and finally ceased altogether. Morning came at last. The young women had all vanished, and the fragments of their comrade were scattered over the ground; he had been killed and ground to atoms as the result of his unbridled curiosity and disobedience.

Ableegumooch, the Lazy Rabbit

A Micmac Legend

Silas T. Rand, Legends of the Micmacs, 1894

In the Old Time, Ableegumooch the rabbit was the forest guide, and helped wayfarers lost in the woods. However, as time went on, the people and animals learned to find their own way in the forest and didn't need the rabbit's services as much.

Ableegumooch grew fat and lazy. If there was something easy and fun to do, he did it. If a thing were difficult or tiring, he did not. But that is no way to keep a wigwam stocked with food.

Often, poor old Noogumee (a term of respect amongst Indians for any elderly female), his grandmother, with whom he lived, had to hunt for food herself, or they would have gone hungry. And no matter how much she scolded him, Ableegumooch refused to change his ways.

Glooscap, far away in his lodge on Blomidon, saw that the rabbit was becoming a thoroughly useless creature. He must be warned against the dangers of laziness. So, wasting no time, Glooscap descended from his lodge to the beach in three huge strides, launched his canoe, and paddled across the Bay of Fundy to the shore near the rabbit's home.

It was a fine bright morning, the air cool and tasting of salt, as it always does in the Maritime Provinces. And presently along hopped the rabbit, singing with fine spirit:

"It's a lovely day to do nothing, nothing, all the day through!"

He paid no attention to the tasty leaves and berries he might have been gathering for dinner. He was much more interested in watching other people work. There was Miko the squirrel scampering up the big maple tree, his cheeks bulged out with nuts, pausing only long enough to scold Ableegumooch for coming too near his storehouse.

There was Mechipchamooech the bumble bee, busy at the goldenrod, gathering honey for his hive. And there was Teetees the blue jay, flying worms to his family in the big pine. It was all so interesting that Ableegumooch stopped beside a stately fir tree to enjoy the scene. Suddenly behind him, he heard a voice.

"Ableegumooch, be careful!"

The rabbit jumped and whirled about, but there was nobody there. The voice spoke again, from somewhere over his head.

"Take care, Ableegumooch, or your lazy ways will bring you pain and sorrow."

The rabbit looked up and saw the fir tree shake like a leaf in a storm, yet not a breath of wind stirred. Frightened out of his wits, he ran--and he never stopped running until he was safe at home, where he told his grandmother what had happened.

"Glooscap has given you a warning," said his grand mother. "Be sure to obey him, grandson, or you will be sorry."

The rabbit's legs were still trembling from fright and exertion, and he promised at once that he would take care to mend his lazy ways in future. And indeed, for a while, he went busily about his hunting and kept the wigwam well stocked with food. But, when autumn came, he grew lazy again and went back to his old careless ways.

"It's a lovely day to do nothing, nothing, all the day through!"

So sang Ableegumooch as he sauntered through the glory of autumn trees. Noogumee begged and scolded and pleaded, but he continued to spend more time visiting his neighbors than gathering food. One day, when winter had come to the land, he came to the wigwam of Keoonik the otter. Keoonik politely asked him to dine, and the rabbit promptly accepted. Keoonik turned to his elderly house keeper and addressed her in the usual native's fashion:

"Noogumee, prepare the meal."

Then he took some fishhooks and went off, the rabbit hopping along behind, curious to see what he was going to do. Keoonik sat on the snowy bank of the river and slid down an icy path into the water. In a moment, he reappeared with a string of eels which he carried to his grandmother, and she promptly cooked them for dinner.

"Gracious!" thought Ableegumooch. "If that isn't an easy way to get a living. I can do that as well as Keoonik," and he invited the otter to be his guest at dinner on the following day. Then he hurried home.

"Come," he said to his grandmother, "we are going to move our lodge down to the river." And in spite of all she could say, he insisted on moving it. Noogumee reminded him that the wigwam was empty of food, and he ought to be out hunting, but Ableegumooch paid no attention. He was busy making a slide like Keoonik's. The weather was cold, so all he had to do was pour water down the snowy bank, where it soon froze, and there was his fishing slide. Early next day, the guest arrived. When it was time for dinner, Ableegumooch said to his grandmother:

"Noogumee, prepare the meal."

"There is nothing to prepare," said she, sadly.

"Oh, I will see to that," said the rabbit with a confident laugh, and he took his place at the top of the slide to go fishing. When he tried to push off, however, he found it was not so easy. His coat was rough and bulky and dry, not smooth and slippery like the otter's. He had to wriggle and push with his heels until at last he slid down and plunged into the water. The cold took his breath quite away, and he suddenly remembered he was unable to swim. Struggling and squealing, he thought no more of fishing, for he was in great danger of drowning.

"What on earth is the matter with him?" Keoonik asked the grandmother.

"I suppose he has seen someone else do that," sighed Noogumee, "and he thinks he can do it too."

Keoonik helped the freezing, half-drowned rabbit out of the water and, since there was nothing to eat, went home hungry and disgusted.

But do you think that cold bath cured Ableegumooch? Not at all. The very next day, as he ran idly through the forest, he came to the lodge of some female woodpeckers. He was delighted when these woodpeckers invited him to dinner.

He watched eagerly to see how they found food.

One of the woodpeckers took a dish, went up the side of an old beech tree and quickly dug out a plentiful supply of food, which was cooked and placed before the rabbit.

"My, oh my!" thought Ableegumooch. "How easily some people get a living. What is to prevent me from getting mine in that fashion?" And he told the woodpeckers they must come and dine with him.

On the day following, they appeared at the rabbit's lodge and Ableegumooch said to his grandmother importantly:

"Noogumee, prepare the meal."

"You foolish rabbit," said she, "there is nothing to prepare."

"Make the fire," said the rabbit grandly, "and I shall see to the rest."

He took the stone point from an eel spear and fastened it on his head in imitation of a woodpecker's bill, then climbed a tree and began knocking his head against it. Soon his head was bruised and bleeding, and he lost his hold and fell to the earth with a tremendous crash. The woodpeckers could not keep from laughing.

"Pray what was he doing up there?"

"I suppose he has seen someone else do that," said Noogumee, shaking her head, "and thinks he can do it too." And she advised them to go home, as there would be no food for them there that day.

Now, sore as he was, you would certainly think the rabbit had learned his lesson. Yet, a day or two later, he was idling in the woods as usual when he came upon Mooin the Bear, who invited him to dinner. He was greatly impressed at the way in which the bear got his meal. Mooin merely took a sharp knife and cut small pieces off the soles of his feet. These he placed in a kettle on the fire, and in a short while they enjoyed a delicious meal.

"This must be the easiest way of all to get a dinner," marveled Ableegumooch, and he invited Mooin to dine with him next day. Now what the rabbit did not know was that the bears preserve food on their feet. They press ripe blueberries with their paws and, after the cakes have dried upon them, cut bits off to eat. The silly rabbit thought Mooin had

actually cut pieces off his paws!

At the appointed time, Ableegumooch ordered his grand mother to prepare the meal, and when she said there was nothing to prepare, he told her to put the kettle on and he would do the rest. Then he took a stone knife and began to cut at his feet as he had seen Mooin do. But oh dear me, it hurt. It hurt dreadfully! With tears streaming down his cheeks, he hacked and hacked, first at one foot and then at the other. Mooin the Bear was greatly astonished.

"What on earth is the fellow trying to do?" he asked.

Noogumee shook her head dismally.

"It is the same old thing. He has seen someone else do this."

"Well!" said Mooin crossly, "It is most insulting to be asked to dinner and get nothing to eat. The trouble with that fellow is-- he's lazy!" and he went home in a huff.

Then at last, Ableegumooch, nursing his sore feet, remembered what Glooscap had said. All at once, he saw how silly he had been.

"Oh dear!" he said. "My own ways of getting food are hard, but others' are harder. I shall stick to my own in the future," and he did.

From then on, the wigwam of Ableegumooch and his grandmother was always well stored with food, winter and summer, and though he still sings, his song has changed:

"It's a wiser thing to be busy, busy, Constantly!

And far away on Blomidon, Glooscap, seeing his foolish rabbit mend his ways at last, set a light to his pipe and smoked contentedly.

Bear and the Fawns

A Miwok Legend

Edward Winslow Gifford, *Miwok Myths*, 1917

"Sister-in-law, let us get clover. I like clover," Bear said to Deer.

Then Deer replied, "Yes, we will eat clover."

Bear said, "We will leave these girls (Fawns) at home. They always follow you."

She told the Fawns, "We go to eat clover. Clover is high enough to eat now, I think. You girls stay at home until we return."

Bear said to her sister-in-law, "Let's go. We will be back tonight." Then they went below to eat clover.

After they had gone below, Bear said, "Let's sit down and rest." Then she continued, "Examine my head, examine my head. I must have lice on my head."

Deer replied, "Yes, yes, come here and I will look for lice." Then she found lice on Bear's head. She found large frogs on Bear's head. When she found the frogs, she picked them off and threw them away.

Bear asked her, "What is it that you throw away? Are you throwing away my lice?" Deer replied, "No, you hear the leaves dropping."

Bear said, "Take them all out. I have many lice."

Then Deer removed them all, Bear asked, "What are you throwing away?"

Deer replied, "I throw away nothing. You hear pine cones dropping from the tree."

Bear said, "I think that you throw away my lice."

Deer retorted, "No, those are pine cones dropping from the trees."

"Remove them all, then," said Bear; "remove them all. My head feels light, since you have finished picking the lice from it."

Deer threw away the frogs, threw away large frogs.

Bear said to Deer, "Let me examine your head."

Deer said, "All right."

Bear examined Deer's head and said, "There are many." Deer's lice were wood-ticks and Bear proceeded to take them from Deer's head.

Then Bear said, "There are many. I do not think I can get them all by picking. You have many. Let me chew these lice and your many lice. That is the only way I can remove them. You have many lice. I do not think that I have removed them all. There are many. Stoop and I will chew your hair. Do not be afraid. Stoop and let me try."

Then Deer stooped. She thought Bear's intentions were good.

Bear examined her hair for awhile, and then chewed. Instead of chewing Deer's hair, Bear bit her neck, killing her.

Bear ate all of Deer, except the liver, which she took home. She placed the liver in a basket and put clover on top of it. Then she went home. She proceeded homeward after sundown, carrying the clover in the basket with the liver in the bottom of the basket.

Arriving at home, she told the Fawns to eat the clover. She said to them, "Your mother has not come yet; you know she is always slow. She always takes her time in coming home." Thus spoke Bear to the Fawns, when she arrived at home.

The Fawns ate the clover. After they had eaten it, they saw the liver in the bottom of the basket. The younger one found it. She told the older one, "Our aunt killed our mother. That is her liver."

The older Fawn said to her younger sister, "Our aunt took her down there and killed her. We had better watch, or she will kill us, too."

They continued to eat the clover after finding the liver. Then the younger one said, "What shall we do? I fear she will kill us, if we stay here. We had better go to our grandfather. Get ready all of our mother's awls. Get all of the baskets. Get ready and then we will go. We will go before our aunt kills us. She killed our mother. I think it is best for us to go."

"Do not forget to take the awls," said the older Fawn, for she was afraid of being overtaken by Bear. The Fawns started with the baskets and awls, leaving one basket behind.

Their aunt, Bear, was not at home when they left. When she returned, she looked about, but saw no Fawns. Then Bear discovered their tracks and set out to follow them. After she had tracked them a short distance, the basket, left at home, whistled. Bear ran back to see if the Fawns had returned. In the meantime the Fawns proceeded on their journey, throwing awls and baskets in different directions.

Again, Bear started from the house. As she proceeded the awls whistled. Bear, thinking that the Fawns were whistling, left the trail in search of them. The Fawns said, "We go to our grandfather."

As Bear followed them along the trail, the baskets and awls whistled and delayed her. Whenever Bear heard the whistles, she became angry and ran in the direction from which the sound proceeded. She of course saw nothing and returned to the trail. She heard a whistle in the direction of the stream. She ran toward it, but when she arrived there, saw nothing.

When she did not find the girls she became angry. She said, "Those girls are making fun of me." Then she shouted, "Where are you, girls? Why don't you meet me?"

The awls only whistled in response and Bear ran toward the sound. Then she became, still angrier and said to herself, "If I capture you girls, I will eat you. If I find you girls, I will eat you."

Bear continued to track the Fawns. She found the trail easily and saw their tracks upon it. She said, "I have found the marks that will lead me to them." She followed the marks upon the trail. "If I catch them, I shall eat them."

She heard more whistling and that enraged her. Then she jumped on to a tree and bit a limb in two. It made her furious to hear the whistling. She said to herself, "If I ever catch those girls, I shall eat them."

The baskets continued to whistle on both sides of the trail; making her very angry, and retarding her progress. The Fawns had many baskets.

They followed the long trail until they arrived at a river. Bear was far behind. On the opposite side of the river they saw their grandfather, Daddy Longlegs. They told him that Bear had eaten their mother and that they wanted to cross the river in order to escape from her. Their grandfather extended his leg across the river so that they might walk across on it.

Then they crossed on their grandfather's leg. In the meantime Bear continued to track them. She still followed false leads because of the whistling of the baskets and awls. The following of false leads delayed her.

The Fawns said to their grandfather, Daddy Longlegs, "Let her cross the river. She follows us." Bear was still coming along the trail. The baskets, the soap-root brushes, and the awls continued to whistle, causing her delay. The Fawns had many baskets, soap-root brushes, and awls.

After the Fawns had crossed the river, Bear arrived at the bank. She asked Daddy Longlegs, "Did the girls come by this place?"

He replied, "Yes."

Then Bear told Daddy Longlegs, "The, girls ran away from me."

Daddy Longlegs asked, "Where is their mother?" Bear replied, "Their mother is sick. That is why she did not come, and that is why I seek the girls. She told me to bring them back."

Bear then asked Daddy Longlegs to put his leg across the river, so that she might cross. He said, "All right," and stretched his leg across the river. Then Bear walked on Daddy Longlegs' leg. When she reached the middle, Daddy Longlegs gave a sudden spring and throw her into the air.

She fell into the river, and had to swim to the opposite shore.

She found again the track of the Fawns. Wherever the track was plain she ran rapidly to make up for the time lost. The numerous awls, which the Fawns had thrown to each side of the trail, whistled as before.

"Hurry, sister, we near our grandfather's (Lizard's) house," said the older Fawn to the younger. Bear became exceedingly angry and shouted in her rage.

"Hurry, she comes; hurry, sister, she comes. We would not like to have her catch us before we reached our grandfather's," said the older Fawn. Then the Fawns threw awls and baskets to each side of the trail anew. As they approached their grandfather's house, Bear gained upon them. As Bear saw them nearing their grandfather's she, shouted again in her anger.

The Fawns at last arrived at their grandfather's assembly house grandfather told the Fawns, and asked him to open the door. The "My door is on the north side of the house." The Fawns ran to the north side, but found no door. Then they called again, "Hurry, grandfather, open the door."

He said, "My door is on the east side of the house." Then they ran to the east side, but found no door, Then they ran around the house. They found no door. They called again to their grandfather.

He said, "My door is at the top of the house. Come in through the top."

The Fawns climbed to the top of the house and entered through the smoke hole. Their grandfather asked why they had come to see him. The Fawns told him, "Bear killed our mother." The grandfather asked, "Where is Bear?"

The Fawns said, "Bear took our mother down to the clover. She ate mother there. Then she returned to the house and told us to eat the clover which she brought. While we were eating the clover from the basket, we found the liver of our mother in the bottom under the clover, found our mother's liver at the bottom of the basket. The clover was on top of it." Thus spoke the Fawns to their grandfather.

He asked them again, "Where is Bear?"

The Fawns replied, "She follows us. She comes. Yes, she comes."

Then Lizard, their grandfather, threw two large white stones into the fire. The Fawns sat by and watched him while he heated the two white stones. While he heated the stones, Bear came. She had followed the tracks of the Fawns to their grandfather's assembly house. Bear said to herself, "I think they went to their grandfather's." Meanwhile Lizard heated the white stones.

After looking around the assembly house, Bear called to Lizard, "Did the Fawns come here?" Lizard said, "Yes. Why?" "Well, I wish to take them home," said Bear. Lizard

asked. "Why do you wish to take them home?" Then Bear replied, "I wish to take them home to their mother. Where is your door?"

Lizard told her that the door was on the north side of the assembly house. She ran to the north side, but found no door. She called again, "Where is the door?"

"It is on the west side of my assembly house," said Lizard.

Bear was very angry, but she ran to the west side of the house. She found no door there, so she asked again.

Lizard said, "It is on the east side of my assembly house." Again she found no door, and she became exceedingly angry and asked him crossly, "Where is the door?"

Lizard replied, "Run around the assembly house and you will find it." She ran around the house four times, but to no avail. In more of a rage than ever, she asked Lizard, "Where is your door?" Then Lizard told her that it was at the top of the assembly house. Bear climbed to the top and found the opening.

Upon finding the opening, she shouted and said, "I shall eat those girls." Lizard only laughed. Bear asked how she should enter. Lizard said, "Shut your eyes tight and open your mouth wide, then you enter the quicker."

Bear shut her eyes tight and shoved her head through the smoke hole with her mouth wide open. Lizard called to her, "Wider." Then Lizard threw those two white stones, which he had heated, and threw one of them into her mouth. It rolled into her stomach. He threw the second one. It remained in her month. Bear rolled from the top of the assembly house dead.

Lizard told his granddaughters, "She is dead." Then Lizard went outside and skinned Bear. After skinning her, he dressed the hide well. He cut it into two pieces, making one small piece and one large piece.

He gave the large hide to the older Fawn and the small hide to the younger. He said to them, "Take care of those hides." Then he told the older Fawn to run and discover what sort of a sound the hide made when she ran. The older Fawn ran and the sound was very loud. Then Lizard told the younger Fawn to run. Her hide made a fairly loud sound, but not so loud as that of the older Faun.

Old Lizard laughed, saying, "The younger one is stronger than the older." Then he told them to run together. He pointed to a large tree and told them to try their strength against the tree. The older one tried first. She ran against it, splintering it a little. Then the younger girl ran against the tree at its thickest part. She smashed it to pieces.

Lizard laughed again and said, "You are stronger than your sister." Then he told both to run together. They ran about and kicked the tree all day long. Lizard returned home and, upon arriving there, said, "The girls are all right. I think I had better send them above."

The Fawns said to Lizard, "We are going home." Lizard asked them not to go. He said, "I shall get you both a good place. I am going to send you girls above." Then the girls went

up. They ran around above and Lizard heard them running. He called them Thunders.

He said, "I think it is better for them to stay there. They will be better off there." Lizard closed the door of his assembly house. Rain began to fall. The girls ran around on the top, and rain and hail fell.

Creation of Man

A Miwok Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

After Coyote had completed making the world, he began to think about creating man. He called a council of all the animals. The animals sat in a circle, just as the Indians do, with Lion at the head, in an open space in the forest.

On Lion's right was Grizzly Bear; next Cinnamon Bear; and so on to Mouse, who sat at Lion's left.

Lion spoke first. Lion said he wished man to have a terrible voice, like himself, so that he could frighten all animals. He wanted man also to be well covered with hair, with fangs in his claws, and very strong teeth.

Grizzly Bear laughed. He said it was ridiculous for any one to have such a voice as Lion, because when he roared he frightened away the very prey for which he was searching. But he said man should have very great strength; that he should move silently, but very swiftly; and he should be able to seize his prey without noise.

Buck said man would look foolish without antlers. And a terrible voice was absurd, but man should have ears like a spider's web, and eyes like fire.

Mountain Sheep said the branching antlers would bother man if he got caught in a thicket. If man had horns rolled up, so that they were like a stone on each side of his head, it would give his head weight enough to butt very hard.

When it came Coyote's turn, he said the other animals were foolish because they each wanted man to be just like themselves. Coyote was sure he could make a man who would look better than Coyote himself, or any other animal. Of course he would have to have four legs, with five fingers. Man should have a strong voice, but he need not roar all the time with it.

And he should have feet nearly like Grizzly Bear's, because he could then stand erect when he needed to.

Grizzly Bear had no tail, and man should not have any. The eyes and ears of Buck were good, and perhaps man should have those.

Then there was Fish, which had no hair, and hair was a burden much of the year. So Coyote thought man should not wear fur. And his claws should be as long as the Eagle's, so that he could hold things in them. But no animal was as cunning and crafty as Coyote, so man should have the wit of Coyote.

Then Beaver talked. Beaver said man would have to have a tail, but it should be broad and flat, so he could haul mud and sand on it. Not a furry tail, because they were troublesome on account of fleas.

Owl said man would be useless without wings.

But Mole said wings would be folly. Man would be sure to bump against the sky. Besides, if he had wings and eyes both, he would get his eyes burned out by flying too near the sun. But without eyes, he could burrow in the soft, cool earth where he could be happy.

Mouse said man needed eyes so he could see what he was eating. And nobody wanted to burrow in the damp earth. So the council broke up in a quarrel.

Then every animal set to work to make a man according to his own ideas. Each one took a lump of earth and modeled it just like himself. All but Coyote, for Coyote began to make the kind of man he had talked of in the council.

It was late when the animals stopped work and fell asleep. All but Coyote, for Coyote was the cunningest of all the animals, and he stayed awake until he had finished his model. He worked hard all night.

When the other animals were fast asleep he threw water on the lumps of earth, and so spoiled the models of the other animals. But in the morning he finished his own, and gave it life long before the others could finish theirs. Thus man was made by Coyote.

Legend of Tu-Tok-A-Nu'-La (El Capitan)

A Miwok Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Here were once two little boys living in the valley who went down to the river to swim.

After paddling and splashing about to their hearts' content, they went on shore and crept up on a huge boulder which stood beside the water.

They lay down in the warm sunshine to dry themselves, but fell asleep. They slept so soundly that they knew nothing, though the great boulder grew day by day, and rose night by night, until it lifted them up beyond the sight of their tribe, who looked for them everywhere.

The rock grew until the boys were lifted high into the heaven, even far up above the blue sky, until they scraped their faces against the moon. And still, year after year, among the clouds they slept.

Then there was held a great council of all the animals to bring the boys down from the top of the great rock. Every animal leaped as high as he could up the face of the rocky wall. Mouse could only jump as high as one's hand; Rat, twice as high.

Then Raccoon tried; he could jump a little farther. One after another of the animals tried, and Grizzly Bear made a great leap far up the wall, but fell back. Last of all Lion tried, and he jumped farther than any other animal, but fell down upon his back.

Then came tiny Measuring-Worm, and began to creep up the rock. Soon he reached as high as Raccoon had jumped, then as high as Bear, then as high as Lion's leap, and by and by he was out of sight, climbing up the face of the rock.

For one whole snow, Measuring-Worm climbed the rock, and at last he reached the top. Then he wakened the boys, and came down the same way he went up, and brought them down safely to the ground. Therefore the rock is called Tutokanula, the measuring worm. But white men call it El Capitan.

Legend of Tis-Se'-Yak (South Dome & North Dome)

A Miwok Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Tisseyak and her husband journeyed from a country very far off, and entered the valley of the Yosemite foot-sore from travel. She bore a great heavy conical basket, strapped across her head. Tisseyak came first.

Her husband followed with a rude staff and a light roll of skins on his back. They were thirsty after their long journey across the mountains. They hurried forward to drink of the waters, and the woman was still in advance when she reached Lake Awaia. Then she dipped up the water in her basket and drank of it.

She drank up all the water.

The lake was dry before her husband reached it. And because the woman drank all the water, there came a drought. The earth dried tip. There was no grass, nor any green thing.

But the man was angry because he had no water to drink. He beat the woman with his staff and she fled, but he followed and beat her even more. Then the woman wept. In her anger she turned and flung her basket at the man. And even then they were changed into stone. The woman's basket lies upturned beside the man. The woman's face is tear-stained, with long dark lines trailing down.

South Dome is the woman and North Dome is the husband. The Indian woman cuts her hair straight across the forehead, and allows the sides to drop along her cheeks, forming a square face.

Historic Tradition of the Upper Tuolumne Valley A Miwok Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

There is a lake-like expansion of the Upper Tuolumne some four miles long and from a half mile to a mile wide, directly north of Hatchatchie Valley (erroneously spelled Hetch Hetchy).

It appears to have no name among Americans, but the Indians call it O-wai-a-nuh, which is manifestly a dialectic variation of a-wai'-a, the generic word for "lake." Nat. Screech, a veteran mountaineer and hunter, states that he visited this region in 1850, and at that time there was a valley along the river having the same dimensions that this lake now has. Again, in 1855, he happened to pass that way and discovered that the lake had been formed as it now exists.

He was at a loss to account for its origin; but subsequently he acquired the Miwok language as spoken at Little Gap, and while listening to the Indians one day he overheard them casually refer to the formation of this lake in an extraordinary manner. On being questioned they stated that there had been a tremendous cataclysm in that valley, the bottom of it having fallen out apparently, whereby the entire valley was submerged in the waters of the river.

As nearly as he could ascertain from their imperfect methods of reckoning time, this occurred in 1851; and in that year, while in the town of Sonora, Screech and many others remembered to have heard a huge explosion in that direction which they then supposed was caused by a local earthquake.

On Drew's Ranch, Middle Fork of the Tuolumne, lives an aged squaw called Dish-i, who was in the valley when this remarkable event occurred. According to her account the earth dropped in beneath their feet, and waters of the river leaped up and came rushing upon them in a vast, roaring flood, almost perpendicular like a wall of rock.

At first the Indians were stricken dumb, and motionless with terror, but when they saw the waters coming, they escaped for life, though thirty or forty were overtaken and drowned.

Another squaw named Isabel says that the stubs of trees, which are still plainly visible deep down in the pellucid waters, are considered by the old superstitious Indians to be evil spirits, the demons of the place, reaching up their arms, and that they fear them greatly.

Yosemite Valley

A Miwok Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Mr. Stephen Powers claims that there is no such word in the Miwok language as Yosemite. The valley has always been known to them, and is to this day, when speaking among themselves, as A-wa'-ni.

This, it is true, is only the name of one of the ancient villages which it contained; but by prominence it gave its name to the valley, and in accordance with Indian usage almost everywhere, to the inhabitants of the same.

The word Yosemite is simply a very beautiful and sonorous corruption of the word for grizzly bear.

On the Stanislaus and north of it, the word is u-zu'-mai-ti; at Little Gap, o-so'-mai-ti; in Yosemite itself, u-zu'-mai-ti; on the South Fork of the Merced, uh-zu'-mai-tuh.

In the following list, the signification of the name is given whenever there is any known to the Indians:

"Wa-kal'-la (the river), Merced River.

"Lung-u-tu-ku'-ya, Ribbon Fall.

"Po'-ho-no, Po'-ho'-no" (though the first is probably the more correct), Bridal-Veil Fall. . . . This word is said to signify 'evil wind.' The only 'evil wind' that an Indian knows of is a whirlwind, which is poi-i'-cha or Kan'-u-ma.

"Tu-tok-a-nu'-la, El Capitan. 'Measuring-worm stone.'

"Ko-su'-ko, Cathedral Rock.

"Pu-si'-na, and Chuk'-ka (the squirrel and the acorn-cache), a tall, sharp needle, with a smaller one at its base, just east of Cathedral Rock

"Loi'-a, Sentinel Rock.

"Sak'-ka-du-eh, Sentinel Dome.

"Cho'-lok (the fall), Yosemite Fall. This is the generic word for 'fall.'

"Ma'-ta (the canon), Indian canon. A generic word, in explaining which the Indians hold up both hands to denote perpendicular walls.

"Ham'-mo-ko (usually contracted to Ham'-moak), . . . broken debris lying at the foot of the walls.

"U-zu'-mai-ti La'-wa-tuh (grizzly bear skin), Glacier Rock . . . from the grayish, grizzled appearance of the wall.

"Cho-ko-nip'-o-deh (baby-basket), Royal Arches. This . . . canopy-rock bears no little resemblance to an Indian baby-basket. Another form is cho-ko'-ni, . . . literally . . . 'dog-house.'

"Pai-wai'-ak (white water?), Vernal Fall.

"Yo-wai-yi, Nevada Fall. In this word is detected the root of Awaia, 'a lake' or body of water.

"Tis-se'-yak, South Dome.

"To-ko'-ye, North Dome, husband of Tisseyak.

"Shun'-ta, Hun'-ta (the eye), Watching Eye.

"A-wai'-a (a lake), Mirror Lake.

"Sa-wah' (a gap), a name occurring frequently.

"Wa-ha'-ka, a village which stood at the base of Three Brothers; also the rock itself. This was the westernmost village in the valley.

"There were nine villages in Yosemite Valley and . . . formerly others extending as far down as the Bridal Veil Fall, which were destroyed in wars that occurred before the whites came."

The Boy Who Became A God

A Navajo Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

The Tolchini, a clan of the Navajos, lived at Wind Mountains. One of them used to take long visits into the country. His brothers thought he was crazy. The first time on his return, he brought with him a pine bough; the second time, corn. Each time he returned he brought something new and had a strange story to tell.

His brothers said: "He is crazy. He does not know what he is talking about."

Now the Tolchini left Wind Mountains and went to a rocky foothill east of the San Mateo Mountain. They had nothing to eat but seed grass. The eldest brother said, "Let us go hunting," but they told the youngest brother not to leave camp. But five days and five nights passed, and there was no word. So he followed them.

After a day's travel he camped near a canon, in a cavelike place. There was much snow but no water so he made a fire and heated a rock, and made a hole in the ground. The hot rock heated the snow and gave him water to drink. just then he heard a tumult over his head, like people passing.

He went out to see what made the noise and saw many crows crossing back and forth over the canon. This was the home of the crow, but there were other feathered people there, and the chaparral cock. He saw many fires made by the crows on each side of the ca-on.

Two crows flew down near him and the youth listened to hear what was the matter. The two crows cried out, "Somebody says. Somebody says."

The youth did not know what to make of this.

A crow on the opposite side called out, "What is the matter? Tell us! Tell us! What is wrong?"

The first two cried out, "Two of us got killed. We met two of our men who told us."

Then they told the crows how two men who were out hunting killed twelve deer, and a party of the Crow People went to the deer after they were shot. They said, "Two of us who went after the blood of the deer were shot."

The crows on the other side of the canyon called, "Which men got killed?"

"The chaparral cock, who sat on the horn of the deer, and the crow who sat on its backbone."

The others called out, "We are not surprised they were killed. That is what we tell you all the time. If you go after dead deer you must expect to be killed."

"We will not think of them longer," so the two crows replied. "They are dead and gone. We are talking of things of long ago."

But the youth sat quietly below and listened to everything that was said.

After a while the crows on the other side of the canyon made a great noise and began to dance. They had many songs at that time. The youth listened all the time. After the dance a great fire was made and he could see black objects moving, but he could not distinguish any people. He recognized the voice of Hasjelti. He remembered everything in his heart. He even remembered the words of the songs that continued all night. He remembered every word of every song. He said to himself, "I will listen until daylight."

The Crow People did not remain on the side of the canyon where the fires were first built. They crossed and recrossed the canon in their dance. They danced back and forth until daylight. Then all the crows and the other birds flew away to the west. All that was left was the fires and the smoke.

Then the youth started for his brothers' camp. They saw him coming. They said, "He will have lots of stories to tell. He will say he saw something no one ever saw."

But the brother-in-law who was with them said, "Let him alone. When he comes into camp he will tell us all. I believe these things do happen for he could not make up these things all the time." Now the camp was surrounded by pinon brush and a large fire was burning in the centre. There was much meat roasting over the fire. When the youth reached the camp, he raked over the coals and said, "I feel cold."

Brother-in-law replied, "It is cold. When people camp together, they tell stories to one another in the morning. We have told ours, now you tell yours." The youth said, "Where I stopped last night was the worst camp I ever had." The brothers paid no attention but the brother-in-law listened. The youth said, "I never heard such a noise." Then he told his story. Brother-in-law asked what kind of people made the noise.

The youth said, "I do not know. They were strange people to me, but they danced all night back and forth across the canon and I heard them say my brothers killed twelve deer and afterwards killed two of their people who went for the blood of the deer. I heard them say, "'That is what must be expected. If you go to such places, you must expect to be killed.'"

The elder brother began thinking. He said, "How many deer did you say were killed?"

"Twelve."

Elder brother said, "I never believed you before, but this story I do believe. How do you find out all these things? What is the matter with you that you know them?"

The boy said, "I do not know. They come into my mind and to my eyes."

Then they started homeward, carrying the meat. The youth helped them. As they were descending a mesa, they sat down on the edge to rest. Far down the mesa were four

mountain sheep. The brothers told the youth to kill one.

The youth hid in the sage brush and when the sheep came directly toward him, he aimed his arrow at them. But his arm stiffened and became dead. The sheep passed by. He headed them off again by hiding in the stalks of a large yucca. The sheep passed within five steps of him, but again his arm stiffened as he drew the bow. He followed the sheep and got ahead of them and hid behind a birch tree in bloom. He had his bow ready, but as they neared him they became gods.

The first was Hasjelti, the second was Hostjoghon, the third Naaskiddi, and the fourth Hadatchishi. Then the youth fell senseless to the ground. The four gods stood one on each side of him, each with a rattle. They traced with their rattles in the sand the figure of a man, drawing lines at his head and feet. Then the youth recovered and the gods again became sheep. They said, "Why did you try to shoot us? You see you are one of us." For the youth had become a sheep.

The gods said, "There is to be a dance, far off to the north beyond the Ute Mountain. We want you to go with us. We will dress you like ourselves and teach you to dance. Then we will wander over the world." Now the brothers watched from the top of the mesa but they could not see what the trouble was. They saw the youth lying on the ground, but when they reached the place, all the sheep were gone. They began crying, saying, "For a long time we would not believe him, and now he has gone off with the sheep."

They tried to head off the sheep, but failed. They said, "If we had believed him, he would not have gone off with the sheep. But perhaps some day we will see him again." At the dance, the five sheep found seven others. This made their number twelve. They journeyed all around the world.

All people let them see their dances and learn their songs. Then the eleven talked together and said, "There is no use keeping this youth with us longer. He has learned everything. He may as well go back to his people and teach them to do as we do." So the youth was taught to have twelve in the dance, six gods and six goddesses, with Hasjelti to lead them. He was told to have his people make masks to represent the gods.

So the youth returned to his brothers, carrying with him all songs, all medicines, and clothing.

Creation of First Man and First Woman

A Navajo Legend

Based on a legend reported by Washington Matthews in 1897

The first people came up through three worlds and settled in the fourth world. They had been driven from each successive world because they had quarreled with one another and committed adultery.

In previous worlds they found no other people like themselves, but in the fourth world they found the Kisani or Pueblo people.

The surface of the fourth world was mixed black and white, and the sky was mostly blue and black. There were no sun, no moon, no stars, but there were four great snow-covered peaks on the horizon in each of the cardinal directions.

Late in the autumn they heard in the east the distant sound of a great voice calling. They listened and waited, and soon heard the voice nearer and louder than before. Once more they listened and heard it louder still, very near.

A moment later four mysterious beings appeared. These were White Body, god of this world; Blue Body, the sprinkler; Yellow Body; and Black Body, the god of fire. Using signs but without speaking, the gods tried to instruct the people, but they were not understood.

When the gods had gone, the people discussed their mysterious visit and tried without success to figure out the signs. The gods appeared on four days in succession and attempted to communicate through signs, but their efforts came to nothing.

On the fourth day when the other gods departed, Black Body remained behind and spoke to the people in their own language: "You do not seem to understand our signs, so I must tell you what they mean. We want to make people who look more like us. You have bodies like ours, but you have the teeth, the feet and the claws of beasts and insects. The new humans will have hands and feet like ours. Also, you are unclean; you smell bad. We will come back in twelve days. Be clean when we return."

On the morning of the twelfth day the people washed themselves well. Then the women dried their skin with yellow cornmeal, the men with white cornmeal. Soon they heard the distant call, shouted four times, of the approaching gods.

When the gods appeared, Blue Body and Black Body each carried a sacred buckskin. White Body carried two ears of corn, one yellow, one white, each covered completely with grains. The gods laid one buckskin on the ground with the head to the west, and on this they placed the two ears of corn with their tips to the east. Under the white ear they put the feather of a white eagle; under the yellow the feather of a yellow eagle.

Then they told the people to stand back and allow the wind to enter. Between the skins the wind blew from the east and the yellow wind from the west. While the wind was blowing the eight of the gods, the Mirage People, came and walked around the objects

on the ground four times. As they walked, the eagle feathers, whose tips protruded from the buckskins, were seen to move.

When the Mirage People had finished their walk, the upper buckskin was lifted. The ears of corn had disappeared; a man and a woman lay in their place. The white ear of corn had become the man, the yellow ear the woman, First Man and First Woman. It was the wind that gave them life, and it is the wind that comes out of our mouths now that gives us life.

When this ceases to blow, we die.

The gods had the people build an enclosure of brushwood, and when it was finished, First Man and First Woman went in. The gods told them, "Live together now as husband and wife."

At the end of four days, First Woman bore hermaphrodite twins. In four more days she gave birth to a boy and a girl, who grew to maturity in four days and lived with one another as husband and wife.

In all, First Man and First Woman had five pairs of twins, and all except the first became couples who had children. In four days after the last twins were born, the gods came again and took First Man and First Woman away to the eastern mountain, dwelling place of the gods. The couple stayed there for four days, and when they returned, all their children were taken to the eastern mountain for four days.

The gods may have taught them the awful secrets of witchcraft. Witches always use masks, and after they returned, they would occasionally put on masks and pray for the good things they needed; abundant rain and abundant crops.

Witches also marry people who are too closely related to them, which is what First Man and First Woman's children had done. After they had been to the eastern mountain, however, the brothers and sisters separated. Keeping their first marriages secret, the brothers now married women of the Mirage People and the sisters married men of the Mirage People.

But they never told anyone, even their new families, the mysteries they had learned from the gods. Every four days the women bore children, who grew to maturity in four days, then married, and in turn had children in four days.

In this way many children of First Man and First Woman filled the land with people.

The First Man And Woman

A Nishinam Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

The first man created by Coyote was called Aikut. His wife was Yototowi. But the woman grew sick and died. Aikut dug a grave for her close beside his camp fire, for the Nishinam did not burn their dead then.

All the light was gone from his life. He wanted to die, so that he could follow Yototowi, and he fell into a deep sleep.

There was a rumbling sound and the spirit of Yototowi arose from the earth and stood beside him. He would have spoken to her, but she forbade him, for when an Indian speaks to a ghost he dies.

Then she turned away and set out for the dance-house of ghosts. Aikut followed her. Together they journeyed through a great, dark country, until they came to a river which separated them from the Ghost-land. Over the river there was a bridge of but one small rope, so small that hardly Spider could crawl across it.

Here the woman started off alone, but when Aikut stretched out his arms, she returned. Then she started again over the bridge of thread. And Aikut spoke to her, so that he died. Thus together they journeyed to the Spirit-land.

The Seven Headed Dragon

An Ojibwa Legend

Skinner, Journal of American Folk-Lore, XXIX, 330, No. 1

There was once an old man living alone with his wife. They had a horse and one dog, a spaniel. They hunted and fished only in the big lake. Once upon a time they could not get any fish in the nets, and they were very hungry.

The man went to look after his net in the morning, and found a jackfish with a large head. As he was going to kill the fish, it said, "Hold on, old man! Don't kill me right away!"

The old man stopped, and the fish told the old man to take all its scales off and not to lose any, and to go and put these in the garden. It also told him to cut off its fins and place them in the garden, to cut its head off and give it to his wife to eat, half of its body to be fed to the dog, and the other end to the horse.

He told the old man to shut the stable, but not to look at it for four days and four nights, and not to look at the scales for four days and four nights, but each morning after that he could look. The old man then killed it and took it home. He told his wife about it; and she asked, "Is that true?"

"Yes," answered the old man, and repeated all. "We will obey. We are poor and hungry; maybe we shall have good luck."

He scaled and cut the fish and put it in the garden. He also fed his wife, dog, and horse as he had been told, and shut the stable. For four days and nights he could not sleep. His wife became pregnant; and on the fourth morning she had two sons, and the old man was glad. He ran to the stable, and found that the mare had two foals, the dog two pups. He went to the garden, and there was silver money where the scales had been placed. There were two fine swords where the fins had been. The old man ran in to tell his wife what had happened, and they were delighted. After that the old man caught many fish. Soon his boys grew up.

One time, when they were home in the evening, the elder boy said, "Are there any other people in the world?"--"Certainly, there are many people."--"Where can I find them?"--"You can find them anywhere." The youth said, "I will start to-morrow to try to visit some people." He left his sword, and told his brother, "I shall take yours, and leave mine hanging here. Do not touch it! If I have trouble or if I am killed, it will become rusty." Then he went off. About dinner-time he dismounted and drank from a spring.

He found silver water; and when he dipped his little finger into it, it became solid silver. He put some of the water on the horse's ears, and they became silver. He did the same to the dog's and also on his own hair. Then he started off.

When he came to a large town, he took off his clothes, found some old ones, and put rags around his finger and a handkerchief over his hair. He had a little box in which he

put the horse and dog after making them small and hid them in a blacksmith's shop. The blacksmith looked at him. "Where are you from?"--"Is there a town here? I am very poor."--"Oh, come in!" The blacksmith fed him.

The man said, "I can keep you here," and engaged him to do the chores in the house. He staid there a while, when one night the blacksmith came home and said, "The king of this town has a fine daughter, and she is going to be fed to the Windigo that has eight heads. He eats only people."--"When is she going to be taken there?"--"To-morrow morning."

The next day, after his work, the young man went out. He mounted his horse, took his dog, put on his own clothes, and rode out of the city. After a while he heard some one weeping in the woods. He turned in that direction, and found a young girl who was crying. She stopped when she saw him.

The young man asked her, "Why are you crying?"--"There is no use telling you."--"Oh, no! tell me! Where are you going?"--"There is no use telling you."--"Oh, yes! you must tell me." Then the girl, seeing that he was a stranger, said, "I will tell you. I am going to yonder bluff. There is an eight-headed manitou there, and I am going to be eaten by him."--"Why?"--"He wants me."--"What if you do not go?"--"Then he would devour every one in the city. Therefore I must go."

Then the youth said, "I will go first. You can go when I come back."--"No, No! you must not go. I am not going there for life, I am going there to die."--"If that is so, I must see him first."--"Oh, no!" The young man said, "I will go and come back. You stay here."--"Well, go on! but he will kill you," and she gave the boy a ring. He then went to the bluff, and saw that the trees were shaken by the breath of the manitou. He stopped, and said to his horse and dog, "Try as hard as you can to help me," and then he rode on.

The horse and dog sank deep into the soil. The boy took his sword and cut off one head, which sprang back again. Then he told his dog to catch it; and he hit the monster again, cutting off another of his heads. The dog seized it and shook it. The youth cut off another one, and the horse kicked it. When he had cut off four heads, the manitou was not breathing very strongly.

Finally he killed him. He cut out all the tongues and put them in a handkerchief. When he came back, he found the girl waiting, and told her that he had killed the manitou. He told the girl to go home and take the tongues with her, but not to tell who killed the manitou. "Give the tongues to your father, and say that a young fellow did it, but that you do not know who."

The blacksmith was working at home. "Where are you going,--home? No, you have to be eaten by the manitou."--"The manitou has been killed."--"Nobody can kill him." The girl showed him the tongues. Then the blacksmith believed her, and asked her who had killed him. "I do not know, he is a youth."--"Go home and tell your father that I killed him. If you don't, I will kill you."

The girl agreed, and he went with her. Her father and mother asked her why she had come back, and she told them that the blacksmith had killed the manitou. She called him

in, and they asked him, "How did you do it?"--"I hit his tongues."

The king was very glad, and gave the girl to the blacksmith. The youth went home, put his horse back into the box, and dressed in his old clothes.

There was to be a four-days' dance before the wedding. After three night's dance, the blacksmith was very glad, and told the boy that this was the last night. Then the lad put on his clothes. He came into the lodge and sat down by the door. The girl knew him at once, and told her father secretly that he had slain the monster.

The king invited him to a better place. The blacksmith wanted to go out, pretending that his stomach pained him, but he was not allowed to leave. He was locked up, taken to the sea, and thrown in. The youth married the girl; and the king gave him half of the town, half of his money, and half of everything he owned, he was so glad that his daughter had been saved.

They went upstairs into their rooms. There was a window at the top on the east side of the house, and from there could be seen a blue fire at a distance.

"What kind of fire is that?" asked the youth.

"Do not ask about it," said the princess, "and never go near it."

On the next day he took his little horse and dog and went to the fire. There he saw an old, long house. He entered the first room, but there was no one there. After a while he heard some one. The door opened, and a white-headed old woman came in, and said, "Grandchild, hold your little dog, he will bite me. I am cold."--"Warm yourself, the dog will not touch you."--"You must tie him"--"I have nothing to tie him with."

So the old lady gave him one hair, and said, "Nosis, tie him with that." The youth did so, and also tied the horse. The old woman had a cane. She touched him with it on the feet, and he died.

One morning the other youth, who had been left at home, saw rust on the sword. He said to his father, "I fear brother is dead somewhere, for his sword is rusty. I must go and try to find him." His father consented, and told him to be careful.

The next morning the elder brother left. About noon he found the same spring, and did as his brother had done. In the evening he came to the city and went to the chief's house. The girl came out and kissed him, and asked him where he had been, but he did not answer. They had supper, and he thought to himself "That must be my brother's wife." At night he refused to go to bed. Through the window he saw the blue fires. He asked, "What kind of fires are those?"--"Why did you not go over to see?"

In the morning he went there. When he arrived there, he saw his brother's horse and dog tied with brass wire, lying down and frozen to death. He went into the lodge, and saw that his brother also lay dead by the fire. Soon he heard some one coming. An old woman appeared, and said, "I am cold."--"Warm yourself by the fire."--"First tie your little dog."

He refused to do so, and finally said, "Now, granny, make that man and horse and dog alive! If you do not do so at once, I shall send the dog after you."--"Nosis, I cannot bring a dead man to life"--"You have to."--"No."

Then he set his dog on her. The dog bit her, and the horse kicked her.

"Stop! I'll bring them to life." He stopped the animals, and the old woman walked forward. The youth kept away from her cane. She told him to take up a little bottle and put it on his frozen brother. As soon as he dropped some of the liquid from the bottle into his mouth, he came to. She did the same to the dog and to the horse.

Then the brothers killed the old woman. They took the bottle away from her and went home. As they rode along together, the elder brother said, "You must be married. Yes. Your wife mistook me for you, but I only let her sleep with my arm. That's how I found out."

The younger brother, on hearing this, became jealous. He drew back and shot his brother with his revolver. He also shot his dog and horse. Then he went home, and his wife was glad to see him. She asked him why he refused to sleep with her last night. "You only let me have your hand." Then the brother began to sorrow for his brother.

He took his horse and went back to the corpse. There he wept over his brother. His little dog ran around the dead body, and began to look inside the coat. There he found the old woman's little bottle. He put some of the liquid on the wound, and thus brought the brother back to life. Then he dropped some on the dog and the horse, and they all came to.

They went home, put their horses and dogs away, entered the lodge, and sat down. The younger one's wife saw them, and was unable to tell them apart. On the following day they started to return to their parents. When they came to a forked road, they decided to go in different directions. The elder one took one road, and said, "I will go this way, and my name will be God." The other said, "I will follow the other, and I will be the Devil." That's the end of it.

The Son In Law Tests

A Timagami Ojibwa Legend

Speck, *Memoirs of the Geological Survey of Canada: Anthropological Series*, ix, 44

Wemicus [animal-trickster] had a son-in-law who was a man. This man's wife, the daughter of Wemicus, had had a great many husbands, because Wemicus had put them to so many different tests that they had been all killed off except this one.

He, however, had succeeded in outwitting Wemicus in every scheme that he tried on him. Wemicus and this man hunted beaver in the spring of the year by driving them all day with dogs.

The man's wife warned him before they started out to hunt, saying, "Look out for my father; he might burn your moccasins in camp. That's what he did to my other husbands." That night in camp Wemicus said, "I didn't tell you the name of this lake. It is called 'Burnt moccasins lake.'" When the man heard this, he thought that Wemicus was up to some sort of mischief and was going to burn his moccasins.

Their moccasins were hanging up before a fire to dry and, while Wemicus was not looking, the man changed the places of Wemicus' moccasins and his own, and then went to sleep. Soon the man awoke and saw Wemicus get up and throw his own moccasins into the fire. Wemicus then said, "Say! something is burning; it is your moccasins." Then the man answered, "No, not mine, but yours." So Wemicus had no moccasins, and the ground was covered with snow. After this had happened the man slept with his moccasins on.

The next morning the man started on and left Wemicus there with no shoes. Wemicus started to work. He got a big boulder, made a fire, and placed the boulder in it until it became red hot. He then wrapped his feet with spruce boughs and pushed the boulder ahead of him in order to melt the snow. In this way he managed to walk on the boughs. Then he began to sing, "Spruce is warm, spruce is warm."

When the man reached home he told his wife what had happened. "I hope Wemicus will die," she said. A little while after this they heard Wemicus coming along singing, "Spruce is warm, spruce is warm." He came into the wigwam and as he was the head man, they were obliged to get his meal ready.

The ice was getting bad by this time, so they stayed in camp a while. Soon Wemicus told his son-in-law, "We'd better go sliding." He then went to a hill where there were some very poisonous snakes. The man's wife warned her husband of these snakes and gave him a split stick holding a certain kind of magic tobacco, which she told him to hold in front of him so that the snakes would not hurt him. Then the two men went sliding.

At the top of the hill Wemicus said, "Follow me," for he intended to pass close by the snakes' lair. So when they slid, Wemicus passed safely and the man held his stick with the tobacco in it in front of him, thus preventing the snakes from biting him. The man then told Wemicus that he enjoyed the sliding.

The following day Wemicus said to his son-in-law, "We had better go to another place." When she heard this, the wife told her husband that, as it was getting summer, Wemicus had in his head many poisonous lizards instead of lice. She said, "He will tell you to pick lice from his head and crack them in your teeth. But take low-bush cranberries and crack them instead." So the man took cranberries along with him. Wemicus took his son-in-law to a valley with a great ravine in it. He said, "I wonder if anybody can jump across this?"

"Surely," said the young man, "I can." Then the young man said, "Closer," and the ravine narrowed and he jumped across easily.

When Wemicus tried, the young man said, "Widen," and Wemicus fell into the ravine. But it did not kill him, and when he made his way to the top again, he said, "You have beaten me." Then they went on.

They came to a place of hot sand and Wemicus said, "You must look for lice in my head."

"All right father," replied the son-in-law. So Wemicus lay down and the man started to pick the lice. He took the cranberries from inside his shirt and each time he pretended to catch a louse, he cracked a cranberry and threw it on the ground, and so Wemicus got fooled a second time that day. Then they went home and Wemicus said to his son-in-law, "There are a whole lot of eggs on that rocky island where the gulls are. We will go get the eggs, come back, and have an egg supper." As Wemicus was the head man, his son-in-law had to obey him.

So they started out in their canoe and soon came to the rocky island. Wemicus stayed in the canoe and told the man to go ashore and to bring the eggs back with him and fill the canoe. When the man reached the shore, Wemicus told him to go farther back on the island, saying, "That's where the former husbands got their eggs, there are their bones."

He then started the canoe off in the water by singing, without using his paddle. Then Wemicus told the gulls to eat the man, saying to them, "I give you him to eat." The gulls started to fly about the man, but the man had his paddle with him and he killed one of the gulls with it. He then took the gulls' wings and fastened them on himself, filled his shirt with eggs, and started flying over the lake by the aid of the wings.

When he reached the middle of the lake, he saw Wemicus going along and singing to himself. Wemicus, looking up, saw his son-in-law but mistook him for a gull. The man flew back to camp and told his wife to cook the eggs, and he told his children to play with the wings. When Wemicus reached the camp, he saw the children playing with the wings and said, "Where did you get those wings?"

"From father," was the reply. "Your father? Why the gulls ate him!" Then he went to the wigwam and there he saw the man smoking. Then Wemicus thought it very strange how the man could have gotten home, but no one told him how it had been done. Thought he, "I must try another scheme to do away with him."

One day Wemicus said to his son-in-law, "We'd better make two canoes of birch-bark, one for you and one for me. We'd better get bark." So they started off for birch-bark. They cut a tree almost through and Wemicus said to his son-in-law, "You sit on that side

and I'll sit on this." He wanted the tree to fall on him and kill him. Wemicus said, "You say, 'Fall on my father-in-law,' and I'll say, 'Fall on my son-in-law,' and whoever says it too slowly or makes a mistake will be the one on whom it will fall."

But Wemicus made the first mistake, and the tree fell on him and crushed him. However, Wemicus was a manitu and was not hurt. They went home with the bark and made the two canoes. After they were made, Wemicus said to his son-in-law, "Well, we'll have a race in our two canoes, a sailing race." Wemicus made a big bark sail, but the man did not make any, as he was afraid of upsetting. They started the race. Wemicus went very fast and the man called after him, "Oh, you are beating me."

He kept on fooling and encouraging Wemicus, until the wind upset Wemicus' canoe and that was the end of Wemicus. When the man sailed over the spot where Wemicus had upset, he saw a big pike there, into which Wemicus had been transformed when the canoe upset. This is the origin of the pike.

The Wish to Marry a Star

An Ojibwa Legend

Speck, *Memoirs of the Geological Survey of Canada: Anthropological Series*, ix, 47

At the time of which my story speaks people were camping just as we are here. In the winter time they used birch bark wigwams. All the animals could then talk together.

Two girls, who were very foolish, talked foolishly and were in no respect like the other girls of their tribe, made their bed out-of-doors, and slept right out under the stars. The very fact that they slept outside during the winter proves how foolish they were.

One of these girls asked the other, "With what star would you like to sleep, the white one or the red one?" The other girl answered, "I'd like to sleep with the red star." "Oh, that's all right," said the first one, "I would like to sleep with the white star. He's the younger; the red is the older." Then the two girls fell asleep.

When they awoke, they found themselves in another world, the star world. There were four of them there, the two girls and the two stars who had become men. The white star was very, very old and was grey-headed, while the younger was red-headed. He was the red star. The girls stayed a long time in this star world, and the one who had chosen the white star was very sorry, for he was so old.

There was an old woman up in this world who sat over a hole in the sky, and, whenever she moved, she showed them the hole and said, "That's where you came from." They looked down through and saw their people playing down below, and then the girls grew very sorry and very homesick. One evening, near sunset, the old woman moved a little way from the hole.

The younger girl heard the noise of the mitewin down below. When it was almost daylight, the old woman sat over the hole again and the noise of mitewin stopped; it was her spirit that made the noise. She was the guardian of the mitewin.

One morning the old woman told the girls, "If you want to go down where you came from, we will let you down, but get to work and gather roots to make a string-made rope, twisted. The two of you make coils of rope as high as your heads when you are sitting. Two coils will be enough." The girls worked for days until they had accomplished this.

They made plenty of rope and tied it to a big basket. They then got into the basket and the people of the star world lowered them down. They descended right into an Eagle's nest, but the people above thought the girls were on the ground and stopped lowering them. They were obliged to stay in the nest, because they could do nothing to help themselves.

Said one, "We'll have to stay here until some one comes to get us." Bear passed by. The girls cried out, "Bear, come and get us. You are going to get married sometime. Now is your chance!" Bear thought, "They are not very good-looking women." He pretended to climb up and then said, "I can't climb up any further."

And he went away, for the girls didn't suit him. Next came Lynx. The girls cried out again, "Lynx, come up and get us. You will go after women some day!" Lynx answered, "I can't, for I have no claws," and he went away. Then an ugly-looking man, Wolverine, passed and the girls spoke to him. "Hey, wolverine, come and get us." Wolverine started to climb up, for he thought it a very fortunate thing to have these women and was very glad. When he reached them, they placed their hair ribbons in the nest.

Then Wolverine agreed to take one girl at a time, so he took the first one down and went back for the next. Then Wolverine went away with his two wives and enjoyed himself greatly, as he was ugly and nobody else would have him. They went far into the woods, and then they sat down and began to talk. "Oh!" cried one of the girls, "I forgot my hair ribbon." Then Wolverine said, "I will run back for it."

And he started off to get the hair ribbons. Then the girls hid and told the trees, whenever Wolverine should come back and whistle for them, to answer him by whistling. Wolverine soon returned and began to whistle for his wives, and the trees all around him whistled in answer. Wolverine, realizing that he had been tricked, gave up the search and departed very angry.

Trickster Tales

An Ojibwa Legend

Radin, *Memoirs of the Geological Survey of Canada; Anthropological Series*, ii, 2-3

Lake St. Clair, Manabozho saw a number of ducks, and he thought to himself, "Just how am I going to kill them?" After a while, he took out one of his pails and started to drum and sing at the same time.

The words of the song he sang were, "I am bringing new songs."

When the ducks saw Manabozho standing near the shore, they swam toward him and as soon as he saw this, he sent his grandmother ahead to build a little lodge, where they could live. In the meantime, he killed a few of the ducks, so, while his grandmother started out to build a shelter, Manabozho went towards the lake where the ducks and geese were floating around and around. Manabozho jumped into a sack and then dived into the water. The ducks and geese were quite surprised to see that he was such an excellent diver, and came closer and closer.

Then Manabozho challenged them to a contest at diving. He said that he could beat them all. The ducks all accepted the challenge, but Manabozho beat them. Then he went after the geese and beat them too. For a time he was alternately diving and rising to the surface, all around. Finally he dived under the geese and started to tie their legs together with some basswood bark.

When the geese noticed this, they tried to rise and fly away, but they were unable to do so, for Manabozho was hanging on to the other end of the string. The geese, nevertheless, managed to rise, gradually dragging Manabozho along with them. They finally emerged from the water and rose higher and higher into the air. Manabozho, however, hung on, and would not let go, until his hand was cut and the string broke.

While walking along the river he saw some berries in the water. He dived down for them, but was stunned when he unexpectedly struck the bottom. There he lay for quite a while, and when he recovered consciousness and looked up, he saw the berries hanging on a tree just above him.

Dirty Boy

A Okanagon Legend

Goddard, University of Cal. Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology, v, 184, No. 2

The people of a certain region were living together in a very large camp. Their chief had two beautiful daughters of marriageable age. Many young men had proposed to them, but all had been refused.

The chief said, "Whom do my daughters wish to marry? They have refused all the men." Sun and Star, who were brother and sister, lived in the sky, and had seen all that had happened. Sun said to his sister, "The chief's daughters have rejected the suits of all our friends. Let us go down and arrange this matter! Let us try these girls!" They made clothes, and at night they descended to earth.

During the darkness they erected a lodge on the outskirts of the camp. It had the appearance of being very old, and of belonging to poor people. The poles were old and badly selected. The covering was tattered and patched, and made of tule mats.

The floor was strewn with old dried brush and grass, and the beds were of the same material. Their blankets consisted of old mats and pieces of old robes; and their kettles and cups were of bark, poorly made. Star had assumed the form of a decrepit old woman dressed in rags; and Sun, that of a dirty boy with sore eyes.

On the following morning the women of the camp saw the lodge, and peered in. When they returned, they reported, "Some very poor people arrived during the night, and are camped in an old mat lodge. We saw two persons inside; a dirty, sore-eyed boy; and his grandmother, a very old woman in ragged clothes."

Now, the chief resolved to find husbands for his daughters. He sent out his speaker to announce that in four days there would be a shooting-contest open to all the men, and the best marksman would get his daughters for wives. The young men could not sleep for eagerness. On the third day the chief's speaker announced, "To-morrow morning every one shall shoot.

Each one will have two shots. An eagle will perch on the tall tree yonder; and whoever kills it shall have the chief's daughters." Coyote was there and felt happy. He thought he would win the prize. On the following morning an eagle was seen soaring in the air, and there was much excitement as it began to descend. It alighted on a tree which grew near one end of the camp.

Then the young men tried to shoot it. Each man had two arrows. The previous evening Sun had said to Star, "Grandmother, make a bow and arrows for me."

She said, "What is the use? You cannot shoot. You never used bow and arrows." He replied, "I am going to try. I shall take part in the contest to-morrow. I heard what the chief said."

She took pity on him, and went to a red willow-bush, cut a branch for a bow, and some twigs for arrows. She strung the bow with a poor string, and did not feather the arrows.

Coyote, who was afraid some one else might hit the bird, shouted, "I will shoot first. Watch me hit the eagle." His arrow struck the lowest branch of the tree and fell down, and the people laughed. He said, "I made a mistake. That was a bad arrow. This one will kill the eagle."

He shot, and the arrow fell short of the first one. He became angry, and pulled other arrows from his quiver. He wanted to shoot them all. The people seized him, and took away his arrows, saying, "You are allowed to shoot twice only."

All the people shot and missed. When the last one had shot, Sun said, "Grandmother, lift the door of the lodge a little, so that I can shoot." She said,

"First get out of bed." She pulled the lodge mat aside a little, and he shot. The arrow hit the tail of the eagle. The people saw and heard the arrow coming from Dirty-Boy's lodge, but saw no one shooting it. They wondered. He shot the second arrow, which pierced the eagle's heart.

Now, Wolf and others were standing near Dirty-Boy's lodge, and Wolf desired much to claim the prize. He shouted, "I shot the bird from the lodge-door!" and ran to pick it up; but the old woman Star ran faster than he, picked up the bird, and carried it to the chief.

She claimed his daughters for her grandson. All the people gathered around, and made fun of Dirty-Boy. They said, "He is bedridden. He is lousy, sore-eyed, and scabby-faced." The chief was loath to give his daughters to such a person. He knew that Dirty-Boy could not walk. Therefore he said, "To-morrow there shall be another contest. This will be the last one, I cannot break my word. Whoever wins this time shall have my daughters."

He announced that on the morrow each man should set two traps for fishers an animal very scarce at the place where the camp was located. If any one should catch a fisher one night, then he was to stay in the mountains another day to catch a second one. After that he had to come back. Those who caught nothing the first night had to come home at once.

Only two traps were allowed to each man; and two fishers had to be caught,--one a light one, and one a dark one,--and both prime skins. When all the men had gone to the mountains, Sun said to his sister, "Grandmother, make two traps for me." She answered, "First get out of bed!" However, she had pity on him, and made two deadfalls of willow sticks. She asked him where she should set them; and he said, "One on each side of the lodge-door."

On the following morning all the men returned by noon; not one of them had caught a fisher. When Star went out, she found two fine fishers in the traps. Now the chief assembled the men to see if any one had caught the fishers. He was glad, because he knew that Dirty-Boy could not walk; and unless he went to the mountains, he had no chance to kill fishers. Just then the old grandmother appeared, dragging the fishers. She said, "I hear you asked for two fishers; here are two that my grandson caught." She handed them over to him, and then left.

Coyote had boasted that he would certainly catch the fishers. When he went up the mountain, he carried ten traps instead of two. He said, "Whoever heard of setting only two traps? I shall set ten." He set them all, remained out two nights, but got nothing.

The chief said to his daughters, "You must become the wives of Dirty-Boy. I tried to save you by having two contests; but since I am a great chief, I cannot break my word. Go now, and take up your abode with your husband." They put on their best clothes and went. On the way they had to pass Raven's house, and heard the Ravens laughing inside, because the girls had to marry Dirty-Boy. The elder sister said, "Let us go in and see what they are laughing about!" The younger one said, "No, our father told us to go straight to our husband."

The elder one went in, and sat down beside Raven's eldest son. She became his wife. Like all the other Ravens, he was ugly, and had a big head; but she thought it better to marry him than to become the wife of a dirty, sickly boy.

The younger one went on, entered Dirty-Boy's lodge, and sat down by his side. The old woman asked her who she was, and why she had come.

When the old woman had been told, she said, "Your husband is sick, and soon he will die. He stinks too much. You must not sleep with him. Go back to your father's lodge every evening; but come here in the daytime, and watch him and attend him."

Now, the Raven family that lived close by laughed much at the younger daughter of the chief. They were angry because she had not entered their house and married there, as her elder sister had done. To hurt her feelings, they dressed their new daughter-in-law in the finest clothes they had. Her dress was covered with beads, shells, elk's teeth, and quill-work.

They gave her necklaces, and her mother-in-law gave her a finely polished celt of green stone (jade) to hang at her belt. The younger sister paid no attention to this, but returned every morning to help her grandmother-in-law to gather fire-wood, and to attend to her sick husband.

For three days matters remained this way. In the evening of the third day Sun said to his sister, "We will resume our true forms to-night, so that people may see us to-morrow." That night they transformed themselves."

The old mat lodge became a fine new skin lodge, surpassing those of the Blackfeet and other tribes, richly decorated with ornaments, and with streamers tied to the top and painted. The old bark kettle became a bright copper kettle; and new pretty woven baskets, and embroidered and painted bags, were in the house.

The old woman became a fine-looking person of tall figure, with clothes covered with shining stars. Dirty-Boy became a young, handsome man of light complexion. His clothes were covered with shining copper. His hair reached to the ground and shone like the rays of the sun. In the morning the people saw the new lodge, and said, "Some rich chief has arrived, and has camped where the poor people were. He has thrown them out."

When the girl arrived, she was much surprised to see the transformation. She saw a woman in the door, wearing a long skin dress covered with star pendants, with bright stars in her hair. She addressed her in a familiar voice, saying, "Come in and sit with your husband!"

The girl then knew who she was. When she entered, she saw a handsome man reclining, with his head on a beautiful parfleche. His garments and hair were decorated with bright suns. The girl did not recognize him, and looked around. The woman said, "That is your husband; go and sit beside him." Then she was glad.

Sun took his wife to the copper kettle which stood at the door. It contained a shining liquid. He pushed her head into it, and when the liquid ran down over her hair and body, lines of sparkling small stars formed on her. He told her to empty the kettle. When she did so, the liquid ran to the chief's lodge, forming a path, as of gold-dust. He said, "This will be your trail when you go to see your father."

Onondaga Creation Myth

A Onondaga Legend

J. N. B. Hewitt, Iroquoian Cosmology, 1903

He who was my grandfather was wont to relate that, verily, he had heard the legend as it was customarily told by five generations of grandsires, and this is what he himself was in the habit of telling. He customarily said: Man-beings dwell in the sky, on the farther side of the visible sky [the ground separating this from the world above it].

The lodges they severally possess are customarily long. In the end of the lodges there are spread out strips of rough bark whereon lie the several mats (beds). There it is that, verily, all pass the night.

Early in the morning the warriors are in the habit of going to hunt and, as is their custom, they return every evening.

In that place there lived two persons, both down-fended, and both persons of worth. Verily, one of these persons was a woman-being, a person of worth, and down-fended; besides her there was a man-being, a person of worth, and down-fended.

In the end of the lodge there was a doorway. On the one side of it the woman-being abode, and on the other side of it the man-being abode.

Sometime afterward, then, this came to pass. As soon as all the man-beings had severally departed this woman-being came forth and went thither and, moreover, arrived at the place where the man-being abode, and she carried a comb with her. She said: "Do thou arise; let me disentangle thy hair."

Now, verily, he arose, and then, moreover, she disentangled his hair, and straightened it out. It continued in this manner day after day.

Sometime afterward her kindred were surprised. It seems that the life of the maiden was now changed. Day after day it became more and more manifest that now s, he would give birth to a child. Now, moreover, her mother, the ancient one, became aware of it. Then, verily, she questioned her, saying to the maiden: "Moreover, what manner of person is to be joint parent with thee?"

The maiden said nothing in reply.

So, now, at that time, the man-being noticed that he began to be ill. For some time it continued thus, when, verily, his mother came to the place where he lay. She said: "Where is the place wherein thou art ill?"

Then the man-being said in reply: "Oh, my mother! I will now tell thee that I, alas, am about to die."

And his mother replied, saying: "What manner of thing is meant by thy saying 'I shall die?'"

It is said that they who dwelt there did not know what it is for one to say "I shall die." And the reason of it was that no one living there on the sky had ever theretofore died.

At that time he said: "And, verily, this will come to pass when I die: My life will go forth. Moreover, my body will become cold. Oh, my mother! thus shalt thou do on my eyes: Thou must lay both thy hands on both sides. And, moreover, thou must keep thy eyes fixed thereon when thou thinkest that now he is [I am] nearly dead. So soon as thou seest that my breathing is being made to become less, then, and not till then, must thou think that now it is that he is about to die. And then, moreover, thou wilt place thy two hands on both my eyes. Now, I shall tell thee another thing. Ye must make a burial-case. When ye finish the task of making it, then, moreover, ye must place my body therein, and, moreover, ye must lay it up in a high place."

Now, verily, she, the ancient one, had her eyes fixed on him. So soon as she believed that now he was about to die, she placed both her hands on his eyes. Just so soon as she did this she began to weep. Moreover, all those who abode in the lodge were also affected in the same way; they all wept. Sometime after he had died they set themselves to work, making a burial-case. Moreover, so soon as they had finished their task they placed his body therein, and also laid it up in a high place.

Sometime after they had laid the burial-case in the high place, the maiden, now a woman-being, gave birth to a child, which was a female, a woman-being. Then the ancient one [elder one, the mother of the maiden] said: "Moreover, what manner of person is the father of the child?" The maiden said nothing in reply.

The girl child grew rapidly in size. It was not long after this that the girl child was running about. Suddenly, it seems, the girl child began to weep. It was impossible to stop her. Five are the number of days, it is said, that the girl child continued to weep. Then the elder one [her grandmother] said: "Do ye show her the burial-case lying there in the high place." Now, verily, they carried her person, and caused her to stand up high there.

Then the girl child looked at it [the corpse], and then she ceased her weeping, and also she was pleased. It was a long time before they withdrew her; and it was not a long time before she again began to weep. Now, verily, they again carried her person, and, moreover, they caused her to stand there again.

So, it continued thus, that, day after day, they were in the habit of carrying her, and causing her to stand there on the high place. It was not long before she by her own efforts was able to climb up to the place where lay the dead man-being. Thus it continued to be that she at all times went to view it.

Some time afterward it thus came to pass that she came down again bringing with her what was called an armlet, that being the kind of thing that the dead man-being had clasped about his arms, and, being of the wampum variety, it was, it is said, fine-looking. The elder one said: "What manner of thing caused thee to remove it?" The girl child replied, saying: "My father said: 'Do thou remove it. It will belong to thee. I, verily, am thy parent.'" The elder one said nothing more. It continued thus that customarily, as soon as

another day came, she would again climb to the place where the burial-case lay.

So, now, verily, all those who were in the lodge paid no more attention to her, merely watching her grow in size. Thus it continued that day after day, at all times, she continued to go to see it [the corpse]. They heard them conversing, it is said, and they also heard, it is told, what the two said. After a while she again came down bringing with her a necklace which the dead man-being had had around his neck, and which she had removed. She, it is reported, said: "Oh, my grandmother! My father gave this to me; that is the reason I removed it." So, it is reported, until the time she was full-grown, she was in the habit of going to view the place where lay the burial-case.

At that time, it is reported, her father said: "Now, my child,. verily, thou hast grown to maturity. Moreover, I will decide upon the time when thou shalt marry." Some time afterward he said: "Thou must tell thy mother, saying: 'My father said to me, "Now thou must marry.'" Now, moreover, verily, thy mother must make loaves of bread, and it must fill a large forehead-strap-borne basket. Now, moreover, thou must make the bread, and thou must have it ready by the time it becomes night."

Truly, it thus came to pass. It became night, and, verily, the elder one had it all ready. She said: "I have now made it ready. The basket is even now full of bread." Now, the maiden again climbed up to the place where lay the burial-case. At that time they heard her say: "My mother has now made everything ready." He then replied: "To-morrow thou must depart; early in the morning thou must depart. The distance from here to the place where lives the one whom thou wilt marry is such that thou wilt spend one night on thy way thither. And he is a chief whom thou art to marry, and his name, by repute, is He-holds-the-earth."

Now the next day she dressed herself. As soon as she was ready she then again ran, going again to the place where lay the dead man-being. Then she told him, saying: "The time for me to depart has arrived."

Now, at that time he told her, saying: "Do thou have courage. Thy pathway throughout its course is terrifying, and the reason that it is so is that many man-beings are traveling to and fro along this pathway. Do not, moreover, speak in reply if some person, whoever he may be, addresses words to thee. And when thou hast gone one half of thy journey, thou wilt come to a river there, and, moreover, the floating log whereon persons cross is maple. When thou dost arrive there, then thou wilt know that thou art halfway on thy journey. Then thou wilt cross the river, and also pass on. Thou must continue to travel without interruption. And thou wilt have traveled some time before thou arrivest at the place where thou wilt see a large field. Thou wilt see there, moreover, a lodge standing not far away. And there beside the lodge stands the tree that is called Tooth. a Moreover, the blossoms this standing tree bears cause that world to be light, making it light for the man-beings dwelling there."

"Such, in kind, is the tree that stands beside the lodge. Just there is the lodge of the chief whom thou art to marry, and whom his people call He-holds-the-earth. When thou enterest the lodge, thou wilt look and see there in the middle of the lodge a mat spread, and there, on the mat, the chief lying down. Now, at that time, thou shalt lay thy basket down at his feet, and, moreover, thou shalt say: 'Thou and I marry.' He will say nothing.

When it becomes night, he who is lying down will spread for thee a skin robe at the foot of his mat. There thou wilt stay over night.

As soon as it is day again, he will say: 'Do thou arise; do thou work. Customarily one who lives in the lodge of her spouse works.' Then, verily, thou must work. He will lay down a string of corn ears and, moreover, he will say: 'Thou must soak the corn and thou must make mush.' At that time there will be a kettle of water set on the fire. As soon as it boils so that it is terrifying, thou must dissolve the meal therein. It must be boiling when thou makest the mush. He himself will speak, saying: 'Do thou undress thyself.'

Moreover, thou must there undress thyself. Thou must be in thy bare skin. Nowhere wilt thou have any garment on thy body. Now, the mush will be boiling, and the mush will be hot. Verily, on thy body will fall in places the spattering mush. He will say: 'Thou must not shrink back from it;' moreover, he will have his eyes fixed on thee there. Do not shrink back from it. So soon as it is cooked, thou shalt speak, saying: 'Now, verily, it is cooked; the mush is done.' He will arise, and, moreover, he will remove the kettle, and set it aside. Then, he will say: 'Do thou seat thyself on this side.'

Now then, he will say: 'My slaves, ye dogs, do ye two come hither.' They two are very large. As soon as they two arrive he will say: 'Do ye two lick her body where the mush has fallen on it.' And their tongues are like rough bark. They will lick thee, going over thy whole body, all along thy body. Blood will drop from the places where they will lick. Do not allow thy body to flinch therefrom. As soon as they two finish this task he will say: 'Now, do thou again put on thy raiment.' Now, moreover, thou must again dress thyself completely. At that time he will take the basket and set it down, saying, moreover: 'Now, thou and I marry.' So now, so far as they are concerned, the dogs, his slaves, they two will eat." That is what the dead man-being told her.

It became night. Now, at that time, they verily laid their bodies down, and they slept. It became day, and the sun was present yonder when the maiden departed. She bore on her back by the forehead strap her basket of bread. Now, verily, she traveled with a rapid gait. It was not long before she was surprised to find a river. There beside the river she stood, thinking, verily, "I have lost my way." At that time she started back.

Not long afterward those who abode in the home lodge were surprised that the maiden returned. She said: "I believe I have lost my way." Now she laid her basket on the mat, and, moreover, she again ran thither and again climbed up to the place where lay the burial-case. So soon as she reached it she said: "Oh, father! I believe that I lost my way."

He said: "What is the character of the land where thou believest that thou lost thy way?" "Where people habitually cross the river, thence I returned," said the maiden. She told him everything.

She said: "A maple log floats at the place where they habitually cross the river." He said: "Thou hast not lost thy way." She replied: "I think the distance to the place where the river is seems too short, and that is the reason that I think that I lost my way."

At that time he said: "The place that I had indicated is far. But thy person is so endowed

with magic potence, thou hast immanent in thee so much orenda that it causes thy pace to be swift. Verily, so soon as thou arrivest at the river, thou shalt cross it and also shalt pass on." At that time the maiden said: "Oh, my father, now I depart." "So be it. Moreover, do thou take courage," said the dead man-being in reply. Now she again descended and again went into the lodge.

There then she placed her basket of bread on her back by means of the forehead strap. It was early in the morning when she departed. She had been traveling some time when she was surprised to hear a man-being speak to her, saying: "Do thou stand, verily." She did not stop. Aurora Borealis it was who was talking.

She had passed on some distance when she heard another man-being talking to her, saying: "I am thankful that thou hast now again returned home, my child. I am hungry, desiring to eat food." She did not stop. It was Fire Dragon of the Storm who was speaking to her. Sometime after she was again at the place where people customarily crossed the river.

Now, at that place, he, the chief himself, stood, desiring to try her mind, saying: "Verily, thou shouldst stop here; verily, thou shouldst rest thyself." She did not stop. She only kept right on, and, moreover, she at once crossed the river there.

She traveled on for some time, and when the sun was at yonder height she was surprised that there was spread out there a large field. At that time, verily, she stopped beside the field. Now she looked, and there in the distance she saw a lodge--the lodge of the chief. Verily, she went thither. When she arrived there, she looked, and saw that it was true that beside the lodge stood the tree Tooth, whose flowers were the source of the light of the earth there present, and also of the man-beings dwelling there.

Verily, she then entered the lodge. Then she looked, and saw that in the middle of the lodge a mat was spread, and that thereon, moreover, lay the chief. Now, at that time, she removed her pack-strap burden, and then she also set the basket before him, and then, moreover, she said: "Thou and I marry," and then, moreover, she handed the basket to him. He said nothing.

When it became night, he spread a mat for her at the foot of his mat, and then, moreover, he said: "Verily, here thou wilt stay overnight." Moreover, it thus came to pass. Now, verily, they laid their bodies down and they slept.

When day came to them, the chief then said: "Do thou arise. Do thou work, moreover. It is customary for one to work who is living in the family of her spouse. Thou must soak corn. Thou must set a pot on the fire. And when it boils, then thou must put the corn therein. Moreover, when it boils, then thou must again remove the pot, and thou must wash the corn. As soon as thou finishest the task thou must then, moreover, pound it so that it will become meal. Now, moreover, thou must make mush. And during the time that it is boiling thou must continue to stir it; thou must do so without interruption after thou hast begun it. Moreover, do not allow thy body to shrink back when the mush spatters. That, moreover, will come to pass. Thou must undress thyself when thou workest. I, as to the rest, will say: 'Now it is cooked.'"

At that time he laid down there a string of corn ears, and the corn was white. So now, verily, she began her work. She undressed herself, and now, verily, she was naked. She soaked the corn, and she also washed the corn, and also pounded it, and she also made meal of it, and, now, moreover, in the pot she had set on the fire she made mush. She stirred it without interruption. But, nevertheless, it was so that she was suffering, for, verily, now there was nothing anywhere on her body. And now, moreover, it was evident that it was hot, as the mush spattered repeatedly.

Some time after she was surprised that the chief said: "Now, verily, the mush which thou art making is cooked." At that time he arose to a standing position, and also removed the pot, and also set it on yonder side. At that time he said: "Do thou sit here." Now he went forward, and, taking up the basket, he took the bread therefrom, out of her basket. At that time he said: "Now, thou and I marry. Verily, so it seems, thou wert able to do it. Hitherto, no one from anywhere has been able to do it."

Now, at that time he shouted, saying: "My slaves, ye two dogs, do ye two come hither. It is necessary for me that ye two should lick this person abiding here clean of the mush that has fallen on her." Verily, she now looked and saw come forth two dogs, pure white in color and terrifying in size. So now, they two arrived at the place where she was. Now, verily, they two licked her entire body. The tongues of these two were like rough bark.

So now, moreover, in whatsoever places they two licked over and along her body blood exuded therefrom. And the maiden did fortify her mind against it, and so she did not flinch from it. As soon as they two completed the task, then he himself took up sunflower oil, and with that, moreover, he anointed her body. As soon as he had finished this task he said: "Now, verily, do thou again dress thyself." Now she redressed herself entirely, and she was again clothed with raiment.

When it became night, he spread a mat for her at the foot of his mat. There they two passed two more nights.

And the third day that came to them the chief said to her: "Now thou must again depart. Thou must go again to the place whence thou didst start." Then he took up the basket of the maiden and went then to the place where he kept meat of all kinds hanging in quarters. Now, verily, he took up the dried meat of the spotted fawn and put it into her basket. All the various kinds of meat he placed therein.

As soon as the basket was full, he shook the basket to cause its contents to settle down. When he did shake it, there was seemingly just a little room left in it. Seven times, it is said, he shook the basket before he completely filled it. At that time he said: "Now thou must again depart. Do not, moreover, stand anywhere in the course of thy path homeward. And, moreover, when thou dost arrive there, thou must tell the people dwelling there that they, one and all, must remove the roofs from their several lodges.

By and by it will become night and I will send that which is called corn. In so far as that thing is concerned, that is what man-beings will next in time live upon. This kind of thing will continue to be in existence for all time." At that time he took up the basket and also said: "Now, verily, thou shouldst bear it on thy back by means of the forehead strap." Now, at that time she departed.

Now again, as she traveled, she heard a man-being talking, saying: "Come, do thou stand."

She did not stand. It was Aurora Borealis who was talking to her. She traveled on for some time, when she again heard a man-being talking, saying: "Verily, do thou stand. Now, verily, thou hast returned home. I am hungry. My child, I desire to eat food."

She did not stop. In so far as he is concerned, it was White Fire Dragon who was talking to her. Now, she again arrived where she had crossed the river, and there again, beside the river, she stood. Now, moreover, she heard again a man-being saying: "Do thou stand. I desire that thou and I should converse together."

She did not stop. It was the chief who was standing here seeking to tempt her mind.

At once she crossed the river on the floating maple log. It was just midday when she again arrived at the place whence she departed, and she went directly into the lodge. As soon as she laid her burden down, she said: "Oh, my mother, now, hither I have returned."

She, the elder one, spoke, saying: "I am thankful that thou hast arrived in peace." Then the maiden again spoke and said: "Ye severally must make preparations by severally removing the roofs from your lodges. There is an abundance of meat and corn also coming, as animals do come, when it becomes night, by and by."

And at that time she at once went to the place where lay the burial-case of her dead father, and now, moreover, she again climbed up there. As soon as she reached the place, she said: "Oh, my father, I have now returned home."

He said, in replying: "How fared it? Was he willing to do it?"

She said: "He was willing."

Now, again, he spoke, saying: "I am thankful that thou wast able to do it, as it seems. Thou art fortunate in this matter. And it seems, moreover, good, that thou shouldst, perhaps, at once return home, for the reason, verily, that the chief is immune to magic potency, that nothing can affect the orenda of Chief-who-has-the-standing-tree-called-Tooth, and whom some call He-holds-the-earth."

At that time all those who dwelt there undid their lodges by removing the roofs from all severally. Then, verily, when it became night, as soon as the darkness became settled, they heard the sounds made by the raining of corn, which fell in the lodges. Then they went to sleep. When it became day, they looked and saw that in the lodges corn lay piled up, quite filling them. Now, moreover, their chief said: "Do ye severally repair your lodges. And, moreover, ye must care for it and greatly esteem it; the thing has visited our village which He-who-has-the-standing-tree-called-Tooth has given you to share with him."

In a short time they were surprised, seemingly, that the maiden was nowhere to be found. She had again departed. They knew that she had again gone to the place where stood the lodge of the chief who was her consort. Now, verily, in reference to him he

himself in turn was surprised to see her return home. When it became day again, the chief noticed that seemingly it appeared that the life of the maiden, his spouse, had changed. a Thus it was that, day after day and night after night, he still considered the matter. The conditions were such that he did not know what thing was the cause that it [his spouse's condition] was thus, so he merely marveled that it had thus come to pass.

It is certain, it is said, that it formed itself there where they two conversed, where they two breathed together; that, verily, his breath is what the maiden caught, and it is that which was the cause of the change in the life of the maiden. And, moreover, that is the child to which she gave birth. And since then, from the time that he [her spouse] let man-beings go here on the earth, the manner in which man-beings are paired has transformed itself. This is the manner in which it will continue to be; this will be its manner of being done, whereby it will be possible for the man-beings dwelling on the earth to produce ohwachiras of posterity. Thus, too, it seems, it came to pass in regard to the beast-world, their bodies all shared in the change of the manner in which they would be able to produce ohwachiras of offspring here on the earth.

Thus it was that, without interruption, it became more and more evident that the maiden would give birth to a child. At that time the chief became convinced of it, and he said: "What is the matter that thy life has changed? Verily, thou art about to have a child. Never, moreover, have thou and I shared the same mat. I believe that it is not I who is the cause that thy life has changed. Dost thou thyself know who it is?" She did not understand the meaning of what he, said.

Now, at that time, the chief began to be ill. Suddenly, it seems, she herself now became aware that her life had changed.

Then she said, addressing the chief: "I believe that there is, perhaps, something the matter, as my life at the present time is not at all pleasant." He did not make any reply. Not long thereafter she again said: "My thoughts are not at all pleasant." Again he said nothing. So it continued thus that she did nothing but consider the matter, believing that something must be the matter, perhaps, that the condition of her body was such as it was. It became more and more evident that she was pregnant. Now it was evident that she was big with child.

Sometime afterward she again resolved to ask him still, once more. She said: "As a matter of fact, there must be something the matter, perhaps, that my body is in this condition. And the thoughts of my mind are not at all pleasant. One would think that there can be no doubt that, seemingly, something is about to happen, because my life is so exceedingly unpleasant." Again he said nothing.

When it became night, then, verily, they laid their bodies down and they slept. So now, verily, he there repeatedly considered the matter. Now, in so far as the maiden was concerned, she still did not understand what was about to take place from the changed condition of her body. Sometime afterward the chief spoke to her, saying: "As a matter of fact, a man-being (or rather woman-being) will arrive, and she is a man-being child, and thou must care for her. She will grow in size rapidly, and her name is Zephyrs." a The maiden said nothing, for the reason that she did not understand what her spouse told her.

Not long afterward, then, verily, she gave birth to a child. She paid no attention to it. The only thing she did was to lay it on the place -where the chief customarily passed the night. After ten days' time she again took it up therefrom.

Sometime afterward the chief became aware that he began to be ill. His suffering became more and more severe. All the persons dwelling in the village came to visit him. There he lay, and sang, saying: "Ye must pull up this standing tree that is called Tooth. The earth will be torn open, and there beside the abyss ye must lay me down. And, moreover, there where my head lies, there must sit my spouse." That is what he, the Ancient One, sang. Then the man-beings dwelling there became aware that their chief was ill.

Now, verily, all came to visit him. They questioned him repeatedly, seeking to divine his Word, what thing, seemingly, was needful for him, what kind of thing, seemingly, he expected, through a dream. Thus, day after day, it continued that they sought to find his Word. After a time the female man-being child was of fair size. She was then able to runabout from place to place. But it thus continued that they kept on seeking to divine his Word. After a while, seemingly, one of the persons succeeded in finding his Word, and he said: "Now, perhaps, I myself have divined the Word of him, the ordure, our chief."

He who is called Aurora Borealis said this. And when he told the chief what manner of thing his soul craved, the chief was very pleased. And when he divined his Word, he said: "Is it not this that thy dream is saying, namely, that it is direful, if it so be that no person should divine thy Word, and that it will become still more direful? And yet, moreover, it is not certain that this is what thy soul craves; that its eyes may have seen thy standing tree, Tooth as to kind, pulled up, in order that the earth be torn open, and that there be an abyss that pierces the earth, and, moreover, that there beside the abyss one shall lay thee, and at thy head thy spouse shall be seated with her legs banging down into the abyss." At that time the chief said: "Ku". a I am thankful! Now, verily, the whole matter has been fulfilled by thy divining my Word."

During this time. [the duration of the dream feast], a large body of man-beings, b paid a visit there. He, the Deer, paid a visit there. He, the Great-horned Deer [the Buck], paid a visit there. He, the Spotted Fawn, paid a visit, and was there seeking to divine the Word of the chief. He, the Bear, also paid a visit. Now, he also, the Beaver, paid a visit. And he, the Wind-who-moves-about-from-place-to-place, paid a visit also. And now, also, he, the Daylight, paid a visit. Now she also, the Night, the Thick Night, paid a visit.

Now also she, the Star, paid a visit. Now, also, he, the Light-orb [the sun] paid a visit. And, too, the Water-of-springs, she paid a visit. Now, also, she, the Corn, paid a visit. Now, also, she, the Bean, paid a visit. Now, also, she, the Squash, paid a visit. Now, also, she, the Sunflower, paid a visit. Now, also, the Fire Dragon with the body of pure white color, he paid a visit. Now, also, the Rattle paid a visit. Now, also, he, the Red Meteor, paid a visit. Now, also, he, the Spring Wind, paid a visit.

Now, also, he, the Great Turtle, paid a visit. Now, also, he, the Otter, paid a visit. Now, also, he, the Wolf, paid a visit. Now, also, he, the Duck, paid a visit. Now, also, he, the Fresh Water, paid a visit. Now, also, he, the Yellowhammer, paid a visit. Now, also, he,

the Medicine, paid a visit. Moreover, all things that are produced by themselves, that produce themselves, that is, the animals, and, next to them, the small animals, the flying things, of every species, all paid a visit.

Now, sometime afterward, he, the Aurora Borealis, paid a visit. And, verily, he it was who divined the Word of the chief. Verily, he said: "The great standing tree, the Tooth, must be uprooted. And wherever it has a root there severally they must stand, and they must severally lay bold of each several root. And just then, and not before, shall they be able to uproot the standing tree. The earth will be torn open.

Moreover, all persons must look therein. And there, beside the abyss, they must lay thee. Now, moreover, there at thy head she with whom thou dost abide must sit with her legs hanging down into the abyss." Then, verily, the chief replied, saying: "Ku". I am thankful that ye have divined my word. Now all things have been fulfilled."

Verily, it did thus come to pass that they did uproot the standing tree, Tooth, that grew beside the lodge of the chief. And all the inhabitants of that place came thither with the intention of looking into the abyss. It did thus come to pass that everyone that dwelt there did look therein. At that time the chief then said, addressing his spouse: "Now, too, let us two look into the abyss. Thou must bear her, Zephyrs, on thy back. Thou must wrap thyself with care." Now, moreover, he gave to her three ears of corn, and, next in order, the dried meat of the spotted fawn, and now, moreover, he said: "This ye two will have for provision." Now he also broke off three fagots of wood, which, moreover, he gave to her. She put them into her bosom, under her garments. Then, verily, they went thitherto the place.

They arrived at the spot where the earth was torn up, and then he said: "Do thou sit here." There, verily, she sat where the earth was broken off. There she hung both legs severally into the abyss. Now, in so far as he was concerned, he, the chief, was looking into the abyss, and there his spouse sat. Now, at that time he upraised himself, and said: "Do thou took hence into the abyss."

Then she did in this manner, holding with her teeth her robe with its burden. Moreover, there along the edge of the abyss she seized with her hands, and, now, moreover, she bent over to look. He said: "Do thou bend much and plainly over." So she did do thus. As soon as she bent forward very much he seized the nape of her neck and pushed her into the abyss. Verily, now at that time she fell down thence.

Now, verily, the man-being child and the man-being mother of it became one again. When she arrived on earth, the child was again born. At that time the chief himself arose and said, moreover: "Now, verily, I have become myself again; I am well again. Now, moreover, do ye again set up the tree."

And the chief was jealous, and that was the cause that he became ill. He was jealous of Aurora Borealis, and, in the next place, of the Fire Dragon with the pure white body. This latter gave him much mental trouble during the time that he, the chief, whom some call He-holds-the-earth, was married.

So now, verily, her body continued to fall. Her body was falling some time before it

emerged. Now, she was surprised, seemingly, that there was light below, of a blue color. She looked, and there seemed to be a lake at the spot toward which she was falling. There was nowhere any earth. There she saw many ducks on the lake [sea], whereon they, being waterfowl of all their kinds, floated severally about. Without interruption the body of the woman-being continued to fall.

Now, at that time the waterfowl, called the Loon shouted, saying: "Do ye look, a woman-being is coming in the depths of the water, her body is floating up hither." They said: "Verily, it is even so." Now, verily, in a short time the waterfowl [duck] called Bittern [Whose eyes-are-ever-gazing-upward], said: "It is true that ye believe that her body is floating up from the depths of the water. Do ye, however, look upward."

All looked upward, and all, moreover, said: "Verily, it is true." They next said: "What manner of thing shall we do?"

One of the persons said: "It seems, then, that there must be land in the depths of the water."

At that time the Loon said: "Moreover, let us first seek to find someone who will be able to bear, the earth on his back by means of the forehead pack strap." All said, seemingly: "I shall be able to bear the earth by means of the forehead pack strap." He replied: "Let us just try; it seems best." Otter, it seems, was the first to make the attempt. As soon, then, as a large bulk of them mounted on his back, verily, he sank. In so far as he was concerned, he was not able to do anything.

And they said: "Thou canst do nothing." Now many of them made the attempt. All failed to do it.

Then he, the Carapace, the Great Turtle, said: "Next in turn, let me make the attempt."

Then, verily, a large bulk of them mounted on his back. He was able to bear them all on his back. Then they said: "He it is who will be able to bear the earth on his back."

Now, at that time, they said: "Do ye go to seek earth in the depths of the water." There were many of them who were not able to obtain earth. After a while it seems that he, the Muskrat, also made the attempt. He was able to get the ground thence. Muskrat is he who found earth. When he came up again, he rose dead, holding earth in his paws, and earth was also in his mouth.

They placed all of it upon the carapace of the Turtle. Now their chief said: "Do ye hurry, and hasten yourselves in your work." Now a large number of muskrats continued to dive into the depths of the water. As fast as they floated to the surface they placed the earth on the back of the Turtle.

Sometime thereafter then, verily, they finished covering the carapace with earth. Now, at that time, the carapace began to grow, and the earth with which they had covered it became the Earth.

Now, also, they said: "Now, moreover, do ye go to see and to meet this woman-being whose body is falling hither." At once a great number of the large waterfowl flew hence,

joining their bodies together, and there on their joined bodies her person impinged. Then slowly the large waterfowl descended, and also they placed the woman-being there on the carapace. Moreover, the carapace had now grown much in size. Now, moreover, they said: "Now, verily, we are pleased that we have attended to the female man-being who has appeared in the same place with us."

he next day came, and she looked and saw lying there a deer, also fire and firebrands, and also a heap of wood, all of which had been brought thither.

At that time she kindled a fire, using for this purpose the three fagots which she had slipt into the bosom of her garment, and of which he [the chief] had said: "Ye two will have this for a provision." At that time she laid hands on the body of the deer. She broke up its body, some of which she roasted for food. She passed three nights there, when she again gave birth, again becoming possessed of a child. The child was a female. That, verily, was the rebirth of Zephyrs. Now the elder woman-being erected a booth, thatching it with grasses. There the mother and daughter remained, one being the parent of the other.

Now the earth was large and was continually increasing in size. It was now plain where the river courses would be. There they two remained, the mother attending to the child, who increased in size very rapidly. Some time afterward she then became a maiden. And they two continued to remain there.

After a while, seemingly, the elder woman-being heard her offspring talking with someone. Now, verily, the elder woman-being was thinking about this matter, wondering: "Whence may it be that a man-being could come to talk with her." She addressed her, saying: "Who is it, moreover, who visits thee?" The maiden said nothing in reply. As soon as it became night and the darkness was complete, he, the man-being, again arrived. And just as the day dawned the elder woman-being heard him say: "I will not come again." Verily he then departed.

Not long after this the life of the maiden was changed. Moreover, it became evident that she was about to give birth to a child. After a time, when, seemingly, the maiden had only a few more days to go, she was surprised, seemingly, to hear two male man-beings talking in her body. One of the persons said: "There is no doubt that the time when man-beings will emerge to be born has now arrived." The other person replied: "Where, moreover, does it seem that thou and I should emerge?" He replied, saying: "This way, moreover, thou and I will go." Now, again, one of them spoke, saying: "It is too far. This way, right here, is near, and, seemingly, quite transparent."

At that time he added, saying: "Do thou go then; so be it." Now, he started and was born. The child was a male. Then, so far as the other was concerned, he came out here through her armpit. And now, verily, he killed his mother. The grandmother saw that the child that was born first was unsurpassedly fine-looking. At that time she asked, saying: "Who, moreover, killed your mother, now dead?" Now, he who did it replied, saying: "This one here." Verily, he told a falsehood. Now, the elder woman-being seized the other one by the arm and cast his body far beyond, where he fell among grasses. Now, she there attended to the other one. It is said that they grew rapidly in size. After a while, seemingly, he was in the habit of going out, and there running about from place to place.

In like manner they two grew very rapidly.

Now the child who lived out of doors kept saying: "Do thou tell thy grandmother, who, verily, is grandmother to us two, that she should make me a bow, and also an arrow." Now, verily, he told her what manner of thing the other person desired. The only result was that she got angry, saying: "Never will I make him a bow and also an arrow. It is he, verily, who killed her who was the mother of you two."

It continued thus that the two brothers played together. They were in the habit of making a circuit of the island a floating there. And, as rapidly as they made a circuit of it, so rapidly did the earth increase in size. When, it is said, the island had grown to a great size, then he who had been cast out of doors kept saying: "Man-beings are about to dwell here." The other person kept saying: "What manner of thing is the reason that thou dost keep saying, 'Man-beings are about to dwell here?'" He said: "The reason that I say that is that it is a matter of fact that man-beings are about to dwell here. And it is I, the Sapling, who say it." So then, this other person began to say: "I shall be called Flint."

When they two had nearly grown to maturity, it is said, then he, the Sapling, made himself a lodge, erecting a booth. And when he had completed it, he departed. He went to hunt. He shot at a bird, but he missed it, and his arrow fell into the water. Verily, he then resolved: "I will take it out of the water again." Now, there into the water he cast himself, plunging into the water. He was surprised that, seemingly, he fell there beside a doorway.

Then, moreover, from the inside of the lodge a man-being spoke to him, saying: "Do thou come in, my child; I am thankful that thou hast visited my lodge. I purposely caused thee to visit the place where my lodge stands. And the reason that it has thus come to pass is that my mind was so affected by what thy grandmother keeps saying. And, moreover, I desired to give thee a bow and also an arrow which thou dost need, and which, by and by, thy brother will see, and then he will ask, saying: 'Whence didst thou get this?' Thou must say: 'My father has given it to me.'"

Now, furthermore, he gave both to him. At this time he bestowed another thing; it was corn. At that time he said: "This corn, as soon as thou arrivest at home, thou must at once roast for food for thyself; and at that time thou must continue to say: 'In this manner will it continue to be that man-beings, who are about to dwell here on the earth, will be in the habit of eating it.' Thy brother will visit thy lodge, and at that time Flint will ask, saying: 'Whence didst thou get this kind of thing?' Thou must say, moreover: 'My father has given it to me.'"

Moreover, it did thus come to pass when he arrived at his home. At that time he husked the ear of corn and also laid it beside the fire; he roasted the ear. So soon as it became hot, it emitted an odor which was exceedingly appetizing. They, his grandmother's people, smelled it. She said: "Flint, do thou go to see what the Sapling is roasting for himself, moreover." He, the Flint, arose at once, and he ran thither. When he arrived there, he said: "Whence didst thou get that which thou art roasting for thyself?"

He said in replying: "It is a matter of fact that my father gave it to me. And it is this that the man-beings who are about to dwell here on the earth will be in the habit of eating."

Then Flint said: "My grandmother has said that thou shouldst share some with her."

The Sapling replied, saying: "I am not able to do it, and the reason is that she desires to spoil it all. I desire, as a matter of fact, that man-beings, who are about to dwell here on the earth shall continue to eat it, and that it shall continue to be good."

Then, verily, the lad returned home. When he arrived there, he told what he had learned, saying: "The Sapling did not consent to it." She arose at once and went thither to the place where the booth of the Sapling stood. Arriving there, she said: "What kind of thing is it that thou art roasting for thyself?" He replied, saying: "It is corn." She demanded: "Where is the place whence thou didst get it?" He said: "My father gave it to me. And it is this which the man-beings who are about to dwell here on this earth will continue to eat." She said: "Thou shouldst give a share, verily, to me." He answered and said: "I can not do it, and the reason is that thou desirest to spoil it."

At that time she said: "It is but a small matter, and thou shouldst pluck off a single grain of corn and give it to me." He said: "I can not do it." She said: "It is a small matter, if thou shouldst give me the nubbin end of the corn ear." He said: "I can not do it. I desire that it shall all be good, so that the man-beings shall continue to eat it."

At that time she became angry and she came forward, and, taking up some ashes, cast them on what he was roasting, and that was now spoiled. She said: "Thou desirest that that which they will continue to eat shall continue to be good. There, it will now be different." Thrice did she repeat the act that spoiled it. Then the Sapling said: "Why hast thou done that deed?"

Now again, another thing: he had a pot wherein he heated water. Then from the ear of corn he plucked a single grain of corn, and he put it therein, saying: "Thus shall man-beings be in the habit of doing when they prepare food for eating." Then he placed the corn in a mortar, and also said: "In this manner also shall man-beings, who are about to dwell here on the earth, continue to do." Then he took from its stand the pounder and brought it down once, and it became finished perfect meal.

He said: "Thus it shall continue to be; thus shall be the manner of preparing meal among the man-beings who are about to dwell here on the earth." At that time she, his grandmother, came forward and heard what he was saying. She arrived there, and said: "Sapling, thou desirest that the man-beings shall be exceedingly happy." She went forward, and, taking off the pot from the fire, put ashes into the hot water. Now, moreover, she took the ear of corn, shelled it, and put the corn into the hot water. She said: "This, moreover, shall be their manner of doing, the method of the man-beings." At that time the Sapling said: "Thou shouldst not do thus."

His grandmother did not obey him. Thence, it is said, originated the evil that causes persons customarily to speak ill when they prepare food. And, it is said, she stated her wish, thus: "This, as a matter of fact, shall be the manner of doing of the man-beings." It so continued to be. The Sapling kept saying: "The way in which thou hast done this is not good, for I desire that the man-beings shall be exceedingly happy, who are about to dwell here on this earth."

Now at that time the Sapling traveled about over the earth. Now there was a large expanse of earth visible. There was a mountain range, visible river courses, and a high clay bank, near which he passed. Now, verily, he there pondered many times.

Then he made the bodies of the small game, the bodies of birds. All were in twos, and were mated, in all the clans [kinds] of birds. The volume of the sound made by all the various kinds of bird voices as they talked together was terrifying. And the Sapling kept saying: "Thus this shall continue to be, whereby the man-beings shall habitually be made happy." And now he made the bodies of the large game animals. He finished the bodies of two deer, and the two were mates. "There, that is sufficient to fill the whole earth," he said. He made all the various kinds of animals severally. All were in twos, and they, each pair, were mates [male and female].

At that time he, the Sapling, again traveled. Now the earth had grown to a very great size, and continued to grow. So now Flint became aware that the animals were ranging about. After a while then Flint concealed all the bodies of the animals. There in the high mountain was a rock cavern whereinto he drove all the animals. And then he closed it with a stone. Then Sapling became aware that the animals no longer roamed from place to place. Now, at this time, he again traveled over the entire earth. He saw on this side a mountain range. He went thither, and he arrived where the opening of the cavern was. And he then took up the great stone and opened it again.

Now, he looked therein and saw that the animals abode in that place. "Do ye again go out of this place," he said. Then they came out again. And it was done very quickly. And all those that fly took the lead in coming out. At that time they, his grandmother and Flint, also noticed that the animals again became numerous. And then Flint ran, running to the place where the rock cavern was. He reached the place while they were still coming out. And he, by at once pulling down the stone again, stopped up the cavern. Verily, some of them failed, and they did not get out, and at the present time they are still there. And it came to pass that they were changed, becoming otgon [malefic] a, and the reason that it thus came to pass is that some customarily put forth their orenda for the purpose of ending the days of the man-beings; and, moreover, they still haunt the inside of the earth.

At this time Sapling again traveled about. Then he was surprised that, seemingly, a man-being came toward him, and his name was Hadu'i' b. They two met. The man-being Hadu'i', said: "Where is the place whence thou dost come?" The Sapling said: "I am going out viewing the earth here present. Where is the place whence on dost come?" Hadu'i' said: "From here do I come. I am going about traveling. Verily, it is I who am the master of the earth here present." At that time the Sapling said: "I it is who finished the earth here present. If it so be that thou art the master of the earth here present, art thou able to cause yonder mountain to move itself hither?" Hadu'i' said: "I can do it."

At that time, he said: "Do thou, yonder mountain, come hither." Then they two faced about. Sometime afterward they two now faced back, and, moreover, saw that the mountain had not changed its position.

At that time Sapling said: "Verily, thou art not the master of the earth here present. I, as matter of fact, am master of it. Now, next in time, I will speak."

He said: "Do thou, yonder mountain, come hither." Now they two faced about. And as quickly as they two faced about again the mountain stood at their backs, The Sapling said: "What sayst thou? Am I master of it?"

Then Hadu'i' said: "It is true that thou art master of it. Thou hast finished the earth here present. Thou shouldst have pity on me that I may be suffered to live. I will aid thee, moreover. Verily, thou dost keep saying: 'Man-beings are about to dwell here on the earth here present.' In this matter, moreover, will it continue to be that I shall aid and assist thee. Moreover, I will aid the man-beings. Seeing that my body is full of orenda and even otgon, as a matter of fact, by and by the man-beings will be affected with mysterious ills. Moreover, it will be possible for them to recover if they will make an imitation of the form of my body. I, who was the first to travel over the earth here present, infected it with my orenda. And, verily, it will magically conform itself to [be marked by] the lineaments of my body. Moreover, this will come to pass. If it so be that a man-being becomes ill by the contagion of this magic power, it is here that I will aid thee. And the man-beings will then live in contentment. And, moreover, they must customarily greet me by a kinship term, saying: 'my Grandfather.' And when, customarily, the man-beings speak of me they must customarily say: 'our Grandfather'; thereby must they designate me. And I shall call the man-beings on my part by a kinship term, saying: 'my Grandchildren.' And they must make customarily a thing of wood which shall be in my likeness, being wrought thus, that will enable them to go to the several lodges, and, moreover, they who thus personate me shall be hondu'i'. a They must employ for this purpose tobacco [native tobacco]. It will be able to cause those who have become ill to recover. There, moreover, I shall take up my abode where the ground is wild and rough, and where, too, there are rock cliffs. Moreover, nothing at all obstructs me [in seeing and hearing or power]. So long as the earth shall be extant so long shall I remain there. I shall continue to aid the man-beings for that length of time."

There, it is said, is the place wherein all kinds of deadly ills begot themselves--fevers,. consumptions, headaches--all were caused by Hadu'i'.

Now, at that time the Sapling again traveled. He again arrived at his lodge, and he marveled that his grandmother was angry. She took from its fastening the head, which had been cut off, of his--the Sapling's--dead mother, and she carried it away also. She bore the head away with her. When she had prepared the head, it became the sun, and the body of flesh became the nocturnal light orb. As soon as it became night, the elder woman-being and, next in order, Flint departed, going in an easterly direction. At the end of three days, then said Sapling: "I will go after the diurnal orb of light. Verily, it is not good that the human beings who are about to dwell here on the earth should continue to go about in darkness. Who, moreover, will accompany me?"

A man-being, named Fisher, spoke in reply, saying: "I will accompany thee."

A man-being, another person, said: "I, too, will accompany thee."

It was the Raccoon who said this.

Another man-being, whose name is Fox, said: "I, too, will accompany thee." There were several others, several man-beings, who, one and all, volunteered to aid Sapling. At that time Sapling said: "Moreover, who will work at the canoe?"

The Beaver said: "Verily, I will make it."

Another man-being, whose name was Yellowhammer, said: "I will make the hollow of it."

At that time there were several others who also gave their attention to it. And then they worked at it, making the canoe.

There Sapling kept saying: "Do ye make haste in the work."

In a short time, now, verily, they finished it, making a canoe. Quickly, now, they prepared themselves. At that time they launched the canoe into the water. Then Sapling said: "Moreover, who shall steer the canoe?"

Beaver said: "I will volunteer to do it."

Otter also said: "I, too."

Now they went aboard and departed. Then Sapling said: "In steering the canoe, thou must guide it eastward." Now, it ran swiftly as they paddled it onward. It was night; it was in thick darkness; in black night they propelled the canoe onward.

After a while, seemingly, they then looked and saw that daylight was approaching. And when they arrived at the place whither they were going it was then daylight. They saw that there was there, seemingly, an island, and they saw that the trees standing there were very tall, and that some of them were bent over, inclining far over the sea, and there in the water where the tree tops ended the canoe stopped.

Then Sapling said: "Moreover, who will go to unfasten the light orb [the sun] from its bonds yonder on the tree top?"

Then Fisher said: "I will volunteer."

Then Fox said: "I, too [will volunteer]."

At that time Fisher climbed up high, and passed along above [the ground]. He crossed from tree to tree, going along on the branches, making his way to the place where the diurnal light orb was made fast; thither he was making his course. But, in regard to Fox, he ran along below on the ground. In a short time Fisher then arrived at the place where the diurnal light orb was made fast.

At once he repeatedly bit that by which it was secured, and, severing it, he removed the sun. Now, moreover, he cast it down to his friend, Fox, who stood near beneath him. He caught it, and now, moreover, they two fled. When they two had run half the way across the island, then Flint's grandmother noticed what had taken place. She became angry and wept, saying: "What, moreover, is the reason, O Sapling, that thou hast done this in this manner?"

Then she, the elder woman-being, arose at once, and began to run in pursuit of the two persons. Fox ran along on the ground and, in turn, Fisher crossed from tree to tree,

running along the branches. Now, the elder woman-being was running close behind, and now she was about to seize Fox, who now, moreover, being wearied, cast the sun up above. Then Fisher caught it. Now, next in turn, she pursued him. And he, next in turn, when she came running close behind him and was about to seize him, being in his turn wearied, cast the sun down, and then Fox in his turn caught it. Thus, verily, it continued. Fisher was in the lead, and he at once boarded the canoe.

And close behind him was Fox, holding the sun in his mouth, and he, too, at once got aboard of the canoe. Now, moreover, the canoe withdrew, and, turning around, it started away. Now, moreover, it was running far away as they paddled it onward when the elder woman-being arrived at the shore of the sea; and she there shouted, saying: "O Sapling, what, moreover, is the reason that thou hast done this thing in this manner? Thou shouldst pity me, verily, in that the sun should continue to pass thence, going thither [in its orbit, giving day and night]." He, Sapling, said nothing.

She said this three times in succession. Now she exclaimed: "O thou, Fox, effuse thy orenda to cause the sun to pass habitually thence, going thither."

Fox said nothing in reply.

Thrice, too, did she repeat this speech. Now, again, she said: "O thou, Fisher, effuse thy orenda whereby thou canst make the sun to pass habitually thence, going thither." He said nothing. Thrice did she repeat this saying. And all the other persons, too, said nothing. She said: "O thou, Beaver, thou shouldst at this time have pity on me; do thou effuse thy orenda; moreover, thou hast the potence to cause the sun to pass thence habitually, going thither." He said nothing.

Thrice, too, did she repeat this speech. All said nothing. Now, there was there a person, a man-being, whose orenda she overmatched. She said: "O thou, Otter, thou art a fine person, do thou effuse thy orenda wherein thou hast the potence to ordain [forethink] that the sun thence shall come to pass, going thither."

He said: "So be it." Instantly accompanying it was her word, saying: "I am thankful." At that time Beaver said: "Now, verily, it is a direful thing, wherein thou hast done wrong." And now, moreover, he took the paddle out of the water and with it he struck poor Otter in the face, flattening his face thereby.

As soon as they arrived home Sapling said: "I am pleased that now we have returned well and successful. Now, I will fasten it up high; on high shall the sun remain fixed hereafter." At that time he then said: "Now, the sun shall pass over the sky that is visible. It shall continue to give light to the earth." Thus, moreover, it too came to pass in regard to the nocturnal light orb [the moon]. Now, Sapling traveled over the visible earth. There was in one place a river course, and he stood beside the river.

There he went to work and he formed the body of a human man-being. a He completed his body and then he blew into his mouth. Thereupon, the human man-being became alive. Sapling said: "Thou thyself ownest all this that is made." So, now, verily, he repeatedly looked around, and there was there a grove whose fruit was large, and there, moreover, the sound of the birds talking together was great. So, now came another

thing. Thus, in his condition he watched him, and he thought that, perhaps, he was lonesome. Now, verily, he again went to work, and he made another human man-being. Next in time he made a human woman-being.

He completed her body, and then he blow into her mouth, and then she, too, became alive. He said, addressing the male man-being: "Now, this woman-being and thou marry. Do thou not ever cause her mind to be grieved. Thou must at all times hold her dear." At that time he said, addressing her who was there: "This human man-being and thou now marry. Thou must hold him dear. And ye two shall abide together for a time that will continue until death shall separate you two. Always ye two must hold one the other dear. Ye two must care for the grove bearing large fruit. For there are only a few trees that belong to you two."

He said: "Moreover, do ye two not touch those which do not belong to you two. Ye two will do evil if it so be that you two touch those which do not belong to you two."

Thus, in this manner, they two remained together, the man-being paying no attention to the woman-being. The male human man-being cared not for the female human man-being. Customarily, they two laid themselves down and they two slept. Now sometime afterward, he who had completed their bodies was again passing that way, and, seeing the condition of things, thought of what he might do to arouse the minds of the two persons. Then he went forward to the place where lay the male person sleeping, and having arrived there he removed a rib from the male person, and then, next in turn, he removed a small rib from the sleeping female man-being.

And now, changing the ribs, he placed the rib of the woman-being in the male human man-being, and the rib of the male human man-being he set in the human woman-being. He changed both alike. At that timer the woman-being awoke. As soon as she sat up she at once seized the place where was fixed the rib that had been hers. And, as soon as, she did this, then the man-being, too, awoke.

And now verily, they both addressed words the one to the other. Then Sapling was highly pleased. He said: "Now I tell you both that, in peace, without ceasing ye both must hold one the other dear. Thou wilt do evil shouldst thou address unkind words to the one who abides with thee in this particular place.

And, next in turn, he addressed the male human man-being, saying: "Do not thou ever come to dislike her with whom thou dost abide. The two human man-beings that I have made are sufficient. The ohwachira [blood-family, offspring of one mother] which ye two will produce will fill the whole earth." Then he again separated from them.

It thus came to pass that he noticed that his brother, Flint, was at work far away. Then he ordered one, saying: "Go thou after him who is at work yonder; he is my brother, Flint." At that time a person went thither, and said: "i have come for thee. Thy brother, Sapling, has sent me to bring thee with me. Then Flint said: "I am at work. By and by I shall complete it, and then, and not before, will I go thither."

He again departed. He arrived home, and moreover, he brought word that Flint had said, "I am at work. I shall complete it by and by, and then, not before, will I go thither to that

place." He said: "Go thou thither again. I have a matter about which I wish to converse with him." Again he arrived there, and he said: "He would that thou and he should talk together."

He replied, saying: "Verily, I must first complete my work, and not until that time will I go thither."

Then he again departed thence. Again he arrived home, and he said: "He yonder did not consent to come."

At that time Sapling said: "He himself, forsooth, is a little more important than I. Moreover, I verily shall go thither."

Thereupon Sapling went to that place. Flint did not notice it. When he arrived there, he said: "Thou art working for thyself, art thou, in thy work?" He replied, saying: "I am working. I desire to assist thee, for that it will take a long time for the man-beings to become numerous, since thou hast made only two."

At that time Sapling said: "Verily, as a matter of fact, the two man-beings that I have completed are sufficient. And, in so far as thou art concerned, thou art not able to make a human man-being. Look! Verily, that which thou believest to be a man-being is not a true one." He saw standing there a long file of things which were not man-beings. There sat the beast with the face of a man-being, a monkey; a there next to him sat the ape; a and there sat the great horned owl.

And there were other things also seated there. Then they all changed, and the reason of it is that they were not man-beings. Sapling said, when he overmatched their orenda: "Verily, it is good that thou, Flint, shouldst cease thy work. It is a direful thing, verily, that has come to pass." He did not consent to stop. Then Sapling said: "It is a marvelously great matter wherein thou hast erred in not obeying me when I forbade thy working."

At that time Flint said: "I will not stop working, because I believe that it is necessary for me to work." Then Sapling said: "Moreover, I now forsake thee. Hence wilt thou go to the place where the earth is divided in two. Moreover, the place whither thou wilt go is a fine place."

At that time he cast him down, and he fell backward into the depths of the earth. There a fire was burning, and into the fire he fell supine; it was exceedingly hot. After awhile Flint said: "Oh, Sapling! Thou wouldst consent, wouldst thou not, that thou and I should converse once more together?" Sapling replied, saying: "Truly, it shall thus come to pass. Moreover, I will appoint the place of meeting to be the place where the earth is divided in two."

And Flint was able to come forth from the fire. At that time then Sapling went thither, going to the point designated by him. He arrived there, and, moreover, he stood there and looked around him.

He looked and saw afar a cloud floating away whereon Flint was standing. Sapling said: "What manner of thing has come to pass that thou art departing hence away?" Flint

answered: "I myself did not will it." Sapling said: "Do thou come thence, hitherward." At that time the cloud that was floating away returned, and again approached the place where Sapling stood. Then this one said: "How did it happen that it started away?", Flint, replying, said: "It is not possible that I personally should have willed it." Sapling rejoined: "How did it happen that thou didst not will it?"

Then Flint said: "I did not do that." Sapling said: "It is true that it is impossible for thee to do it. Moreover, thou and I, verily, are again talking together. What kind of thing desirest thou? What is it that thou needest, that thou and I should again converse together?"

Flint then said: "It is this; I thought that, perhaps, thou wouldst consent that the place where I shall continue to be may be less rigorous. And thou didst say: 'Thou art going to a very fine place.' And I desire that the place where thou wilt again put me be less rigorous than the former."

Sapling said: "It shall thus come to pass. I had hoped that, it may be, thou wouldst say, 'I now repent.' As a matter of fact it did not thus come to pass. Thy mind is unchanged. So, now, I shall again send thee hence. I shall send thee to the bottom of the place where it is hot." Now, at that time his body again fell downward. The place where he fell was exceedingly hot.

At that time Sapling said: "Not another time shalt thou come, forth thence." Then Sapling bound poor Flint with a hair. And he bound him with it that he should remain in the fire as long as the earth shall continue to be. Not until the time arrives when the earth shall come to an end will he then again break the bonds. Then Sapling departed thence.

Moreover, it is said that this Sapling, in the manner in which he has life, has this to befall him recurrently, that he becomes old in body, and that when, in fact, his body becomes ancient normally, he then retransforms his body in such wise that he becomes a new man-being again and again recovers his youth, so that one would think that he had just then grown to the size which a man-being customarily has when he reaches the youth of man-beings, as manifested by the change of voice at the age of puberty.

Moreover, it is so that continuously the orenda immanent in his body--the orenda with which he suffuses his person, the orenda which he projects or exhibits, through which he is possessed of force and potency--is ever full, undiminished, and all-sufficient; and, in the next place, nothing that is otkon a or deadly, nor, in the next place, even the Great Destroyer, otkon in itself and faceless, has any effect on him, he being perfectly immune to its orenda; and, in the next place, there is nothing that can bar his way or veil his faculties.

Moreover, it is verily thus with all the things that are contained in the, earth here present, that they severally retransform or exchange their bodies. It is thus with all the things [zoic] that sprout and grow, and, in the next place, with all things [actively zoic] that produce themselves and grow, and, in the next place, at, the man-beings.

All these are affected in the same manner, that they severally transform their bodies, and, in the next place, that they (actively zoic) retransform their bodies, severally, without cessation.

Origin of the Pleiades

A Onondaga Legend

Beauchamp, *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xiii, 281

A long time ago a party of Indians went through the woods toward a good hunting-ground, which they had long known. They travelled several days through a very wild country, going on leisurely and camping by the way. At last they reached Kan-ya-ti-yo, "the beautiful lake," where the gray rocks were crowned with great forest trees. Fish swarmed in the waters, and at every jutting point the deer came down from the hills around to bathe or drink of the lake. On the hills and in the valleys were huge beech and chestnut trees, where squirrels chattered, and bears came to take their morning and evening meals. The chief of the band was Hah-yah-no, "Tracks in the water," and he halted his party on the lake shore that he might return thanks to the Great Spirit for their safe arrival at this good hunting-ground. "Here will we build our lodges for the winter, and may the Great Spirit, who has prospered us on our way, send us plenty of game, and health and peace." The Indian is always thankful.

The pleasant autumn days passed on. The lodges had been built, and hunting had prospered, when the children took a fancy to dance for their own amusement. They were getting lonesome, having little to do, and so they met daily in a quiet spot by the lake to have what they called their jolly dance. They had done this a long time, when one day a very old man came to them. They had seen no one like him before. He was dressed in white feathers, and his white hair shone like silver. If his appearance was strange, his words were unpleasant as well. He told them they must stop their dancing, or evil would happen to them. Little did the children heed, for they were intent on their sport, and again and again the old man appeared, repeating his warning.

The mere dances did not afford all the enjoyment the children wished, and a little boy, who liked a good dinner, suggested a feast the next time they met. The food must come from their parents, and all these were asked when they returned home. "You will waste and spoil good victuals," said one. "You can eat at home as you should," said another, and so they got nothing at all. Sorry as they were for this, they met and danced as before. A little to eat after each dance would have made them happy indeed. Empty stomachs cause no joy.

One day, as they danced, they found themselves rising little by little into the air, their heads being light through hunger. How this happened they did not know, but one said, "Do not look back, for something strange is taking place." A woman, too, saw them rise, and called them back, but with no effect, for they still rose slowly above the earth. She ran to the camp, and all rushed out with food of every kind, but the children would not return, though their parents called piteously after them. But one would even look back, and he became a falling star. The others reached the sky, and are now what we call the Pleiades, and the Onondagas Oot-kwa-tah. Every falling or shooting star recalls the story, but the seven stars shine on continuously, a pretty band of dancing children.

The Fatal Swing

An Osage Legend

Dorsey, Field Museum: Anthropological Series, vii, 26, No. 22

Once there was a man living by the big water. He was a deer hunter. He would go out and kill wild turkeys and bring them in. Finally his mother-in-law fell in love with him.

There was a swing by the water, and the old woman and her daughter would swing across it and back. After a while, the old woman partially cut the rope, so that it would break. While the husband was out hunting one day the old woman said to her daughter, "Let us go to the swing, and have some fun."

The old woman got in first, and swung across the water and back. Then the girl got in the swing and she swung across all right, but when she was half-way back, the rope broke in two, and the girl fell into the water and was drowned.

The old woman went home and got supper for her son-in-law. The man came in just at dark, and he missed his wife, and said, "Mother-in-law, where is my wife?" The old woman said, "She has gone to the swing, and has not yet returned." The old woman began to prepare supper for her son-in-law. The man said, "Do not give me any supper."

So he started to cry. The old woman said, "Do not cry; she is dead, and we cannot help it. I will take care of the baby. Your wife got drowned, so she is lost entirely." The man cut off his hair and threw his leggings away and his shirt, and was mourning for his wife. He would go out, and stay a week at a time without eating.

He became very poor. Finally he said he was going off to stay several days; that he could not help thinking of his wife. He went off and stayed several days, and when he came home he would cry all the time.

One time, when he was out mourning, a rain and thunderstorm came up, and lightning struck all around the tree he was sitting under. He went back home and saw his baby, but stayed out of his sight. Again he went out, and it rained and thundered, and he went up by a big tree and lightning struck a tree near by him.

The Lightning left him a club, and said, "Man, I came here to tell you about your wife for whom you are mourning. You do not know where she is, or how she came to be missing. That old woman drowned her in the big water. The old woman broke the rope and the girl is drowned in the big water. This club you must keep in a safe place. I was sent here to you, and I will help you get your wife back, and you must not be afraid of the big water. Go ahead and try to get her, and the fourth day you will get her all right."

The man went to the big water, and he saw his wife out in the water, and she said, "I cannot get to you. I am tied here with chains. I am going to come up four times." The next time she came out half-way. She said, "Bring me the baby, and I will let her nurse." So the man took the baby to her mother and let her nurse

The woman said, "They are pulling me, and I must go. But the next time you must get me." So she came out the third time up to her knees. The man took the baby to her and let it nurse again. The woman said, "I have got to go back. They are pulling me by the chains. I must go, but the next time will be the last.

I want you to try your best to get me." The man said, "I am going to get you, without doubt." The woman came out the fourth time, and the man hit the chain with the club and it seemed as though lightning struck it, and broke it. He got his wife.

So they went home, and the old woman said, "My daughter, you have got home." But the woman said not a word. Then the man heated an arrow red-hot and put it through the old woman's ears. So they killed the woman.

Song of the Ghost Dance

A Paiute Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

The snow lies there - ro-rani!
The snow lies there - ro-rani!
The snow lies there - ro-rani!
The snow lies there - ro-rani!

The Milky Way lies there.
The Milky Way lies there.

"This is one of the favorite songs of the Paiute Ghost dance. . . . It must be remembered that the dance is held in the open air at night, with the stars shining down on the wide-extending plain walled in by the giant Sierras, fringed at the base with dark pines, and with their peaks white with eternal snows.

Under such circumstances this song of the snow lying white upon the mountains, and the Milky Way stretching across the clear sky, brings up to the Paiute the same patriotic home love that comes from lyrics of singing birds and leafy trees and still waters to the people of more favored regions. . . .

The Milky Way is the road of the dead to the spirit world."

The Deer Star

A Paiute Legend

Mary Austin, St. Nicholas: An Illustrated Magazine. Vol. 28 No. 4, February 1901

Hear now a tale of the deer-star,
Tale of the days agone,
When a youth rose up for the hunting
In the bluish light of dawn;
Rose up for the red deer hunting,
And what should a hunter do
Who has never an arrow feathered,
Nor a bow strung taut and true?
The women laughed from the doorways, the maidens mocked at the spring;
For thus to be slack at the hunting is ever a shameful thing.
The old men nodded and muttered, but the youth spoke up with a frown:
"If I have no gear for the hunting, I will run the red deer down."

He is off by the hills of the morning,
By the dim, untrodden ways;
In the clean, wet, windy marshes
He has startled the deer agraze;
And a buck of the branching antlers
Streams out from the fleeing herd,
And the youth is apt to the running
As the tongue to the spoken word.
They have gone by the broken ridges, by mesa and hill and swale,
Nor once did the red deer falter, nor the feet of the runner fail;
So lightly they trod on the lupines that scarce were the flower-stalks bent,
And over the tops of the dusky sage the wind of their running went

They have gone by the painted desert,
Where the dawn mists lie uncurled,
And over the purple barrows
On the outer rim of the world.
The people shout from the village,
And the sun gets up to spy
The royal deer and the runner,
Clear shining in the sky.
And ever the hunter watches for the rising of that star
When he comes by the summer mountains where the haunts of the red deer are,
When he comes by the morning meadows where the young of the red deer hide;
He fares him forth to the hunting while the deer and the runner bide.

Paiute Medicine Song
A Paiute Legend

Mary Austin, Medicine Songs, Everybody's Magazine, September 1914

Now all my singing Dreams are gone,
But none knows where they have fled
Nor by what trails they have left me.

Return, O Dreams of my heart,
And sing in the Summer twilight,
By the creek and the almond thicket

And the field that is bordered with lupins!
Now is my refuge to seek
In the hollow of friendly shoulders,

Since the singing is stopped in my pulse
And the earth and the sky refuse me;
Now must I hold by the eyes of a friend

When the high white stars are unfriendly.
Over-sweet is the refuge for trusting;
Return and sing, O my Dreams,

In the dewy and palpitant pastures,
Till the love of living awakes
And the strength of the hills to uphold me.

Coyote and Sun

A Paiute Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Along time ago, Coyote wanted to go to the sun. He asked Pokoh, Old Man, to show him the trail. Coyote went straight out on this trail and he traveled it all day.

But Sun went round so that Coyote came back at night to the place from which he started in the morning.

The next morning, Coyote asked Pokoh to show him the trail. Pokoh showed him, and Coyote traveled all day and came back at night to the same place again.

But the third day, Coyote started early and went out on the trail to the edge of the world and sat down on the hole where the sun came up. While waiting for the sun he pointed with his bow and arrow at different places and pretended to shoot. He also pretended not to see the sun. When Sun came up, he told Coyote to get out of his way.

Coyote told him to go around; that it was his trail. But Sun came up under him and he had to hitch forward a little. After Sun came up a little farther, it began to get hot on Coyote's shoulder, so he spit on his paw and rubbed his shoulder.

Then he wanted to ride up with the sun. Sun said, "Oh, no"; but Coyote insisted. So Coyote climbed up on Sun, and Sun started up the trail in the sky. The trail was marked off into steps like a ladder. As Sun went up he counted "one, two, three," and so on. By and by Coyote became very thirsty, and he asked Sun for a drink of water.

Sun gave him an acorn-cup full. Coyote asked him why he had no more. About noontime, Coyote became very impatient. It was very hot. Sun told him to shut his eyes. Coyote shut them, but opened them again. He kept opening and shutting them all the afternoon.

At night, when Sun came down, Coyote took hold of a tree. Then he clambered off Sun and climbed down to the earth.

Origin of Clear Lake

A Patwin Legend of Sacramento Valley, California

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Before anything was created at all, Old Frog and Old Badger lived alone together. Old Badger wanted to drink, so Old Frog gnawed into a tree, drew out all the sap and put it in a hollow place.

Then he created Little Frogs to help him, and working together they dug out the lake.

Then Old Frog made the little flat whitefish.

Some of them lived in the lake, but others swam down Cache Creek, and turned into the salmon, pike, and sturgeon which swim in the Sacramento.

The Great Fire

A Patwin Legend of Sacramento Valley, California

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Long ago a man loved two women and wished to marry both of them. But the women were magpies and they laughed at him. Therefore the man went to the north, and made for himself a tule boat.

Then he set the world on fire, and himself escaped to sea in his boat.

But the fire burned with terrible speed. It ate its way into the south. It licked up all things on earth, men, trees, rocks, animals, water, and even the ground itself.

Now Old Coyote saw the burning and the smoke from his place far in the south, and he ran with all his might to put it out. He put two little boys in a sack and ran north like the wind. He took honey-dew into his mouth, chewed it up, spat on the fire, and so put it out. Now the fire was out, but there was no water and Coyote was thirsty.

So he took Indian sugar again, chewed it up, dug a hole in the bottom of the creek, covered up the sugar in it, and it turned to water and filled the creek. So the earth had water again.

But the two little boys cried because they were lonesome, for there was nobody left on earth. Then Coyote made a sweat house, and split a number of sticks, and laid them in the sweat house over night. In the morning they had all turned into men and women.

The Medicine Grizzly Bear

A Pawnee Legend

George Bird Grinnell, Published in Harper's monthly magazine, 1901

A long time ago there lived in a camp of Pawnees a certain poor boy. His father had only one pony. Once he had been a leading man in the tribe, but now he seemed to be unlucky.

When he went on the war-path he brought back nothing, and when he fought he did nothing, and the people did not now look up to him.

There was a chief's son who loved the poor boy, and these two went together all the time. They were like brothers; they used to hunt together and go courting together, and when they were traveling, the poor boy often rode one of the ponies of the chief's son, and the latter used to go to the poor boy's lodge and sleep there with him.

Once the camp went off to hunt buffalo, and the poor boy and the chief's son rode together all the time. After the people had made camp at a certain place, the chiefs decided to stop here for four days, because the buffalo were close by, and they could kill plenty and dry the meat here. North of the camp was a hill on which grew many cedar-trees, and during the day the poor boy had overheard people saying that many Indians had been killed on that hill, among those trees. They said that no one ought to go there, for it was a dangerous place.

That night the chief's son went over to his friend's lodge to sleep there, but before they went to bed he left the lodge for a time, and while he was gone the poor boy, as he sat there waiting, began to think about himself and how unhappy he was. He remembered how poor he and his father were, and how everybody looked down on them and despised them, and it did not seem to him that things would ever be any better for them than they were now. For a long time he sat there thinking about all these things, and the more he thought of them the worse they seemed, and at last he felt that he was no longer glad to live, and he made up his mind to go up into those cedars.

He went out of the lodge and started to go up toward the trees. It was bright moonlight, so that he could see well. Just before he reached the edge of the timber he crossed a ravine, and saw there many skeletons of people who had been killed. The ground was white with these bones. He went on into the cedars, and came to a ravine leading up the hills, and followed it. As he went on he saw before him a trail and followed it, and when he came to the head of the ravine there was a big hole in the bank, and the trail led to it. He stopped for a moment when he came to his hole, but then he went in, and when he had entered he saw there, sitting by the fire, a big she-bear and some little cubs.

As the boy stood there looking at her, the she-bear said to him: "I am sorry that you have come here. My husband is the one who kills persons and brings them here for the children and me to eat. You had better go back to your people quickly, or he will eat you up. He has gone hunting, but he will soon be back again. If he finds you here, he will kill you."

The poor boy said: "Well, I came here on purpose to be killed, and I give myself up to you. I shall be glad to be eaten by you. I am here ready to be killed. I am yours. Take me."

The she-bear said: "Oh, I wish I could do something to save you, but I cannot. He is one of those bad bears -- a grizzly -- medicine. I can do nothing for you, but I will try. As soon as you hear any noise outside -- any one coming -- pick up that cub, the littlest one, and hold it in your arms. When he comes in he will tell you to put it down, but do not do so. Hold it tight; he loves that one best of all."

All at once the boy heard outside the cave the noise of a bear snorting and grunting. The she-bear said, "Pick up the cub, quick; he is coming." The boy caught up the little bear, and held it tight to his breast. All at once the noise came to the mouth of the den and stopped. It was the Bear. The boy could hear him talking. He said: "Here! somebody has been about my house. I smell human beings. Yes, he even came in. Where is he? Let me see him, so that I may jump upon him and kill him."

When he came in he saw the boy, and seemed very angry. He stood up on his hind feet and threw up his hands, and then came down again and struck his paws on the ground, and then rose up and snorted "whoof," and blew out red dust from his nostrils, and then came down and jumped about, and sometimes sprang toward the boy, as though he were going to seize him. He was very terrible, and the boy was very much afraid.

The Bear called out to the boy in a loud voice: "How dare you take up my child and hold it? Let it go, or I will tear you to pieces and eat you." But the boy still held the cub. No matter what the Bear said or what he did, the boy held fast to the cub.

When the Bear saw that the boy would not let the cub go, he became quiet, and no longer seemed angry. He said: "Boy, you are my son. Put down your brother, for now he is your brother. He shall go with you, he shall be your companion, and shall be with you always as your guide and helper. He has told me your story, and how you are poor, unhappy, and now he has kept you from being eaten up. I have taken pity on you, and we will send you back to your people, where you may do some good among them. My son, I am at the head of all these animal lodges, down at Pahuk and at Pahur and everywhere else. I am at the head; there is no animal living that is stronger than I; none that I cannot kill. If a man shoots at me, I make the arrow to fall from my skin without hurting me. Look up around my lodge. See these arrows, these guns, these leggings, these beads, and the medicine that men have brought, thinking to kill me; but I have killed them, and have taken these things, and keep them here."

"I knew that your people were coming to this place to hunt. I drove the buffalo over, so that the people should stop here and hunt and kill meat, in order that you might come to my lodge. I know all your feelings. I know that you are sorry for your poor father, my brother, and I wished you to come here, so that I might make you my son and give my power to you, so that you may become a great man among your people. I know that they are now killing buffalo, and that they will be camped here for four days. "

"Now, my son, set your brother free. All the power that I have I give to you. I shall kill my son, your little brother there, and give you his skin to keep and to carry away with you,

so that he may be your companion and may be with you always. Your brother, your friend at the camp, is looking for you, mourning for you, for he thinks you dead, but tomorrow night you shall see him, and shall tell him to rejoice for you and not to mourn. You shall tell him where you have been."

The little bear that he was holding said to the boy: "It is all right now, brother; put me down. My father means what he says. I am glad that I am going to be with you, my brother." The boy put him down.

Then the Bear said to his wife: "Get up. Take that gun." The she-bear took the gun, and they walked around the fire-place in a circle, and sang, and the boy looked on. The Bear took the gun and told the boy to look at them, and to watch carefully everything that they did. After a little he stopped, and shot his wife, and she fell down dead. Then he put down the gun, and went to the she-bear and put his mouth on the wound, and breathed on it and snorted "woof," and sucked in his breath and took the bullet out, and went around the lodge, singing and making motions, and then he took hold of the she-bear and lifted her to her feet, and supported her, and pushed her around, and helped her, and at last she walked, and was well. Then he called the boy to him and said, "Now I will do the same thing to you." And he did the same thing to the boy, and brought him to life in the same way. Then he said, "That is one power I give you to-night."

Then he gave the gun to the boy and went to the other side of the lodge, and sat up, and said, "Now I will open my mouth, and you shoot me right in the mouth." He opened his mouth, and the boy shot him, and he fell over. After a moment he got up on his feet and slapped his paws on his chest several times, and the bullet came out of his mouth, and he walked around the fireplace two or three times, and made motions and grunted, and then he was well. Then he took the boy in his arms, and hugged him and kissed him and breathed on him, and said: "Now I give you my power. Go over there and I will shoot you as you shot me. Do just as I did." The boy went over there, and the Bear shot him, and the boy did just as the Bear had done, and made himself well.

The Bear then put an arrow in the gun and shot it at the boy, and when the smoke cleared away the boy found the arrow fast in his throat, the feather end sticking out. The Bear took it out and made him well, and gave him also this power.

Then the Bear told him to load the gun with a ball and to shoot it at him, and he did so, and shot the Bear, but the lead was made flat and dropped to the ground. The bullet did not go into the Bear.

The Bear now told the boy to take the bow and arrow and to shoot at him with all his strength. The boy did this, but the arrow did not go through the Bear, but the spike rolled up and the shaft was split. The Bear said: "Now you see, my son, that the gun and the bow, the bullet and the arrow, cannot harm me. You shall have the same power. When you go into battle you shall not carry a gun nor arrows, for they are not mine, but you shall take this paint and put it all over your body, then put this feather on your head, and take this club, which is part of my jawbone. All these things have my power and medicine. When you are carrying these things your enemy cannot hurt you, even if you run right on to him; but with one stroke of this club you shall kill your enemy.

The next morning the Bear took the boy out on the prairie and showed him the different roots and leaves of medicines, and told him how to use them; how he should eat some medicine and then he could cure the wounded by just breathing on the wound.

That night the Bear said to him: "Hereafter you shall have the same feelings as the bear. When you get angry, you will have a grunt like a bear; and if you get too fierce, teeth like a bear's will stick out of your mouth, so that the people will know that you are very angry. You shall have my power, and you can go into any of the lodges of the animals, of which I am the chief." And he told him how to get into these lodges.

That day they staid in the Bear's lodge, and the Bear took the claw off from his little finger and gave it and a little bundle of medicine to the boy. He said, "Take this claw and this bundle of medicine and put them on a string and wear them on your neck always, the claw hanging in front." He taught him how to make plums grow on trees, and how to make ground-cherries come out of his mouth.

That night he sent the boy back to the camp. He said: "Tell your father and mother not to mourn for you, for you will return in two days more. I have driven plenty of buffalo to this place, and they will kill them and dry the meat. Now go to the camp and get a pipe and some tobacco, and bring them here."

The boy went back to the camp. When he went into the lodge his father and mother were glad to see him. He told them not to be anxious about him, and not to say anything about his having been away. Then he went out and found his brother, the chief's son, asleep. He said to him: "Wake up, brother. I want you to get some tobacco and a pipe from your father. Tell no one that it is for me. Bring it here. I want to smoke with you. I am going away again, but you must stay in camp. I will be back in a few days." The chief's son got the things and gave them to the boy. He wanted to go with him, but the poor boy would not let him.

That same night the boy went back to the Bear's den, carrying with him the pipe and tobacco. After he went into the lodge he filled his pipe and lighted it, and he and the Bear smoked together. The Bear said to him: "After you have gone home, whenever you smoke, always point your pipe toward my den and ask me to smoke with you. After lighting your pipe, point it first to Atius Tirawat, and then blow a few whiffs to me. Then I shall know that you still remember me. All my power comes from Atius. He made me. There will be an end to my days as there is to those of every mortal. So long as I live I shall protect you; when I die of old age, you shall die too."

After this he said, "Now bring my youngest boy here." The boy brought the little cub, and the Bear said, "Now kill him." The boy hesitated to do this. He did not want to kill the little bear, but it said to him: "Go on, my brother, kill me. After this I am going to be a spirit, and always to be with you." Then the boy killed him, and skinned him, and tanned his hide. After it was tanned he put some red medicine paint on the hide. When this was done the Bear told him to put his paint, his feathers, and his war-club in this hide, and to wrap them up and make a bundle of them.

Then he said: "Now, my son, go to your people, and when you get home hang your bundle up at the back of the lodge, and let the people know nothing of all this. Keep it

secret. Wherever you go, or wherever you are, I shall be with you."

The boy went home to the camp, and told his mother to hang up his bundle, as the Bear had said. Next morning he was in camp and all the people saw him. They were surprised, for they had thought that he had been killed. By this time the Pawnees had all the buffalo they wanted, and the next day they started back to their village.

After they had reached their home, the boy told the chief's son that he wanted him to go off with him on the war-path. His brother said: "It is good. I will go." The poor boy took his bundle, and they started. After traveling many days they came to a camp of the enemy. They went into the village in the daytime, and took many horses and started away with them, riding hard. Soon the enemy pursued them, and at length they could see them coming, and it seemed as if they must soon overtake them. Then the poor boy got off his horse and stopped, telling his brother to go on, driving the horses.

The boy had painted himself red over his whole body. He held his war-club in his hand, and had his feather tied on his head and the little bear-skin on his back. The enemy soon came up and tried to kill him, but they could not. He would run after one and kill him, and all the others would shoot at him with their arrows, but they could not hurt him, and at last they left him and went back, and he went on and overtook the chief's son. Then his brother saw that he had great power.

After this they traveled on slowly, and at last reached the village. His brother told the people that this man was powerful, that they had taken the horses in broad daylight, and the young man had staid behind on foot and fought the enemy off, while he drove on the horses.

A few days after they reached home a war-party of the enemy attacked the village. All the Pawnees went out to fight them, but the poor boy staid behind in the lodge. He took down his bundle, filled the pipe, and pointed it first to Atius, and then toward the Bear's lodge, and smoked. Then he took the paint and mixed it with grease, and rubbed it all over his body except his face: that he painted black.

Then he put the feather on his head and the little bear-robe on his back, and took his war-club in his hand and started out. The Bear had told him that in going into battle he must never start toward the east, but must attack going toward the west. So he went around, and came on the battle-field from one side.

As he came up he saw that his people were having a hard time, and were being driven back. There was one of the enemy who seemed to be the bravest of all. The poor boy rushed at this man and killed him with his club, and then ran back to his own line. When his people looked at him, and saw that it was really the poor boy who had just done so brave a deed, they knew that what the chief's son had said was true. When he started again to rush toward the enemy's line, all the Pawnees followed him.

He ran among the enemy, and with his club killed one here and one there, and the enemy became afraid and ran, and the Pawnees followed and killed many of them. That night they returned to the village, rejoicing over the victory. Everybody was praising the young man. Old men were calling his name, young women were singing about him, and

old women dancing before him. People no longer made fun of his father or mother, or of him. Now they looked upon him as a great and powerful person.

The Bear had told him that when he wanted his name changed he must call himself Ku ruks la war uks ti, Medicine Bear.

That night the Bear came to the boy in his sleep and spoke to him. He said: "My son, tomorrow the chief of the tribe is going to ask you to take his daughter for your wife, but you must not do this yet. I wish you to wait until you have done certain things. If you take a wife before that time, your power will go from you."

The next day the chief came to Medicine Bear and asked him to marry his daughter, and told him the people wanted him to be their head chief. He refused.

Some time after this all the different tribes that had been attacked by him joined forces and came down together to fight the Pawnees. All the people went out to meet them, but he staid in his lodge and painted himself, and put his feather in his head and the bear-claw on his neck and his bear-skin on his back, and smoked as he always did, and took his club and went out. When he came to the battle, the Pawnees were having a hard time, because the enemy were so many.

Medicine Bear charged, and killed a man, and then came back, and the second time he charged the people charged all together, following him, and they killed many and drove the enemy off, and those who had the fastest horses were the only ones who got away. The Pawnees went home to the village.

Everybody rejoiced, and there were many scalp-dances. Now the poor boy was more highly thought of than ever. Even the chiefs bowed their heads when they saw him. They could not equal him. This time he called himself Ku ruks ti carish, Angry Bear.

After the excitement had quieted down, one day the head chief said: "Medicine Bear, in all this tribe there is no chief who is equal to you. Sit down by my daughter. Take her for your wife, and take my place as chief. I and my wife will go out of this lodge, and it shall be yours. You shall be the chief of the tribe. Whatever you say we will abide by." The poor boy said: "My father, I will think about this.

By morning I will let you know." In the night, before he slept, he filled the pipe and smoked as the Bear had told him to do, and then he went to bed. In dreams the Bear said to him: "My son, you have done what I wished you to do. Now the power will remain with you as long as you shall live. Now you can marry, if you will."

But the boy was not yet ready to do this. The girl was very pretty, and he liked her, but he felt that before he married there were still some things that he must do. He called his brother and said to him, "Go, kill the fattest of the buffalo; bring it to me, and I will take a long journey with you."

His brother went hunting and killed a buffalo, and brought the meat home, and they dried it and made a bundle of it. Medicine Bear told his brother to carry this bundle and a rawhide rope and a little hatchet, and they started on a journey toward the Missouri

River. One day toward evening they reached the river, and they found themselves on top of a steep-cut bluff. The river ran at its foot. The poor boy cut a cottonwood pole and drove it into the ground, and tied the rope to it, and then tied the other end of the rope about his brother's body.

Then he sharpened a stick and gave it to his brother and said: "Now take the bundle of meat, and I will let you down over the bank. You must put the meat on a ledge of the cliff, and when the birds come you must feed them. Give a piece to the first one that comes, and then take your sharp stick and get another piece, and so feed all the birds. They are the ones that have power, and they can take pity on you." So he let the chief's son down.

The first bird that came was a buzzard, then an eagle, then hawks and owls, all kinds of birds that kill their prey. He fed them all. While he was doing this, the poor boy was above lying on top of the bank. Late in the afternoon, just as the sun was going down, he saw, far up the river, what looked like a flock of geese coming. They came nearer and nearer, and at last passed out

of sight under the bank. Afterward, when he looked down on the river, he could see in the water red light as if it were all on fire, and as he lay on the bank he could hear down below him the sound of drumming and singing just as plain as could be, and all the time the chief's son was hanging there in front of the bank, and the poor boy would call down to him to cry and ask the animals to take pity on him. When Medicine Bear had done this, he started back and went home, leaving the chief's son hanging there.

The chief's son staid there all the night and all the next day, and for three days and nights, and on the night of the fourth day he fell asleep. When he awoke he was in a lodge. It was under the Missouri River. When he looked about him he saw that those in the lodge were all animals. There was the beaver, there was the otter, two buffalo, the antelope, hawks, owls, ermines, bears, frogs, woodpeckers, catfish -- all kinds of animals. On each side of the lodge was a little pool, and in each pool sat a goose, and every time they sang, the geese would shake their wings on the water, and it sounded just like drumming.

The chief of the animals spoke to him, saying: "My son, at this time we can do nothing for you. We must first send our messenger up to the Bear's lodge to ask him what we may do for you." While he was saying this the Bear's servant entered the lodge and said: "My father, it is all right. Our father the Bear told me to say to you that his son has sent this young man to you, and you must exert all your power for him."

Now the animals began to make ready to use their power to help the chief's son. First the Beaver talked to the young man, to tell him of his powers and his ways, so that he might perform wonderful acts. How he should take the branch of a tree and strike a man with its point and it would go through him, and then how to draw it out and to make the man well again. He gave him the power to do this. He taught him how to take a stick two feet long and swallow it, and then take it out again from his throat, and gave him this power.

The Otter gave him the power, if his enemies ever attacked him, to break their arrows

with his teeth and shoot back the shaft without a spike, and if he hit an enemy with the shaft, it would kill him. "The poison from your mouth will kill him," he said.

The Ground-dog said: "My son, here is my little one. I give him to you. Take him, and if you have an enemy among the doctors in your tribe, take this little one down to the water early in the morning and dip his nose in the water, and when you take it out it will have a piece of liver in its mouth. The man who has tried to kill you will be found dead."

The Owl said: "My son, I give you power to see in the night. When you go on the war-path and want to take horses, the night will be like daytime for you."

The Hawk said: "My son, I give you power to run swiftly, and I give you my war-club, which is my wing. You shall strike your enemy with it only once, and the blow shall kill him. Take also this little black rope; you shall use it when you go on the war-path to catch horses. Take also this scalp which you see hanging down from my claw. You shall be a great man for scalping."

Each of the other animals gave him all his kinds of power.

For two days and two nights, they taught him the different kinds of power, and for two days and two nights they taught him the different kinds of roots and herbs for healing the sick. They said to him: "You shall be the great doctor of your people. Every now and then you must bring us tobacco, so that we can smoke."

They further told him that at this time they could teach him only a little, but that afterward, one at a time, they would meet him out on the prairie, and would teach him more. At last they said: "Now it is time for you to go. Your friend has come, and is waiting for you out on the prairie."

The Buffalo now stood up and said: "My son, I want to be with you always. I give you my robe. Wear it wherever you go, that the people may know that you come from this place." All the animals said, "We want to be with you too." Each one of the birds took off a feather and put it on the robe, and each animal put one of its claws on it, and some put medicine on it. In one of the holes the Beaver tied a little sweet-grass, and others did the same. By the time they were through, the robe was all covered with feathers and claws and smelt sweet. The animals had put their medicine on it so that it smelt sweet. Then the animals said, "Go, my son, to your people, and bring us something to smoke, so that we may be satisfied."

Presently the chief's son found himself upon the bluff, facing his brother. His brother grasped him in his arms and said: "Oh, my brother, you smell nice. What a fine robe you have on! Look at all these feathers." They hugged each other. Then they went home together. The chief's son had a bundle that the animals had given him.

Soon after this the Pawnees had a big doctors' dance. These boys went into the doctors' lodge and said: "Doctors, you are the head doctors, but we have come to-night to visit you. We want to do a few things ourselves." The doctors all said "Lau-a." The young men took seats close to the door, which is the most important place in this dance. All the doctors were surprised, and said "Uh!"

The Bear boy got up first and began shooting at the chief's son, just as he had done with the Bear, and all the doctors thought he was powerful, shooting at this young man and curing him. When he got through, it was the other boy's turn. He would take a long sharp stick and thrust it through his brother, and then heal him again, and then take a knife and stab him, and then cure him. He did some powerful things, more so than his brother had done. After the doctors had seen all these things they all said, "Let us have these two for our head doctors." But the poor boy said: "Not so. This one who is sitting by me has more power than I have. He ought to be the head doctor, for I am a warrior, and can never stay in the camp to doctor people. My brother has gone into the animals' lodge, and they have given him more power than I possess." So the chief's son was chosen to be the head doctor.

When the doctors' dance was over, the two brothers at once started to go to the animals' lodge, carrying with them tobacco and a pipe. When they got there, the chief's son told his brother to wait on the bank, that he was going down to take the tobacco and the pipe to his fathers.

He jumped off the steep bank into the river, down into the door of the lodge, and went in. When they saw him all the animals slapped their mouths and called out. They were glad to see him. After smoking with them, he went back to his friend. After that the chief's son would go off by himself and would meet the animals on the hills. They would tell him about different roots, and how to doctor this disease and that. He would come back with some roots and herbs and put them away.

Finally the head chief sent for the Bear man and said to him: "My son, I offered you my lodge, my daughter, and the whole tribe. Now take all this. Let me go out of this lodge and look for another one, and you stay here with my daughter." The young man said: "What of my brother? Send for the other chief. Let him give his daughter, his lodge, his people, to him, and this day we will accept your gifts to us. My brother will after this be the head doctor of this tribe." The other chief when asked to do this agreed, and it was so done.

The Bear man went often on the warpath, but his brother staid at home, and fought against the enemy only when they attacked the village. He took charge of the doctors' lodge. The Bear man after this had some children, and when they had grown up he told his son the secrets of his power. He was now beginning to grow old, and his son went on the warpath, while he staid at home.

One night he had a dream about his father the Bear. The Bear said to him: "My son, I made you great and powerful among your people. The hairs of my body are falling and soon I shall die. Then you too will die. Tell your son all the secret powers that I gave you. He shall keep the same power that you have had."

Soon after this the old Bear must have died, for the man died. Before he died he said to his brother: "Do not mourn for me, for I shall always be near you. Take care of your people. Cure them when they are sick, and always be their chief."

When the enemy came and attacked these people and wounded any, the chief's son was always there and always cured them. He was a great doctor. At last he also died,

but his son had the same kind of power. But these two sons never had so great a power as their fathers.

The Girl Who Was the Ring

A Pawnee Legend

George Bird Grinnell, "The Girl Who Was the Ring." Harper's Monthly, Feb. 1901

By the bank of a river stood a lodge, in which lived four brothers and their sister. The boys made arrows. To the branch of a tree in front of the lodge they had hung a rawhide strap, such as women use for carrying wood, to make a swing for the girl.

Whenever their meat was all gone and they began to get hungry, The girl used to send her brothers into the timber to cut dogwood shoots to make arrows. When the arrows were ready, she would get into the swing and the boys would swing her. As the swing moved, they would see dust rising all around the horizon, and would know that the Buffalo were coming.

Then all four boys would take their bows and arrows, and stand about the swing so as to protect the girl and not let the Buffalo come near her. When the Buffalo had come close, the boys would kill them in a circle all about the swing. They would quickly carry the girl into the lodge, and would kill so many Buffalo that the rest would be frightened and run away. So they would have plenty to eat, and the dried meat would be piled high in the lodge.

One day the boys went out to get wood for arrows, and left the girl in the lodge alone. While they were away a Coyote came to the lodge and talked to the girl. He said to her: "Granddaughter, I am very poor, and I am very hungry. I have no meat in my lodge, and my children also are hungry. I told my relations that I was coming to ask you for food, and they have been laughing at me. They said, 'Your granddaughter will not give you anything to eat.' "

The girl answered him: "Grandfather, here is plenty of meat. This house is full of it. Take what you want. Take the fattest pieces. Take it to your children. Let them eat."

The Coyote began to cry. He said: "Yes, my relations laughed at me when I said I was going to visit you and ask you for something to eat. They said you would not give me anything. I do not want any dried meat -- I want some fresh meat to take to my children. Have pity on me, and let me put you in the swing, so as to bring the Buffalo. I do not want to swing you hard so as to bring the Buffalo in great herds. I want to swing you only a little so as to bring a few Buffalo. I have a quiver full of arrows to keep the Buffalo off."

The girl said: "No, grandfather, I cannot do this. My brothers are away. Without them we can do nothing."

Then the Coyote slapped his breast and said: "Look at me. Am I not a man and strong? I can run around you fast, after you are in the swing, and I can keep the Buffalo off. I can shoot clear through a Buffalo. I have plenty of arrows, and I need only use a single one for each Buffalo. Come on, I want to swing you just a little, so that but few Buffalo will come." So he coaxed the girl, but still she refused.

After he had begged her for a long time, she agreed to let him swing her a little, and got in the swing. He began to swing her, at first gently, but all at once he pushed her very hard, and kept doing this until she swung high. She screamed and cried, and tried to get off the swing, but it was now too late.

All around -- from all sides -- the Buffalo were coming in great crowds. The Coyote had made ready his arrows, and was running around the girl, trying to kill the Buffalo and keep them off, but they crowded upon him -- so many that he could do nothing -- and at last he got frightened and ran into the lodge.

The Buffalo were now just all over the ground about the lodge, and suddenly one of the young Bulls, the leader of a big band, as he passed under the swing, threw up his head, and the girl disappeared, but the Coyote, peeping out of the lodge door, saw on the horn of this Bull a ring, and then he knew that this ring was the girl. Then the Bull ran away fast, and all the Buffalo ran after him.

When the Buffalo had gone, the Coyote came out of the lodge and saw that the girl was not there. He did not know what to do. He was frightened. Pretty soon he heard the girl's brothers coming. They had seen the dust, and knew that some one was swinging their sister, and that the Buffalo had come.

They hurried back, running fast, and when they reached the lodge they found the Coyote just dragging himself out of a mud-hole. He crawled out crying, and pretended that the Buffalo had run over him and trampled him. His bow and arrows were in the mud. He told the brothers his story and said that he had tried hard to save the girl, but that he had not known that so many Buffalo would come. He said he had thought that the girl must be swung high, so that the Buffalo could see her from a long way off.

The brothers felt very sorry that their sister was lost. They counseled together to see what they should do, trying to decide what would be the best plan to get her back again. While they were talking about this, the Coyote, with all the mud upon him, stood before them and said: "Brothers, do not feel sorry because your sister is lost. I will get her back again. Live on just as you always do. Do not think about this. Do not let it trouble you. I will get her back again." After he had spoken thus, he said, "Now I am going to start off on the war-path," and he left them and went away.

He journeyed on alone considering what he should do, and at length, as he was traveling along over the prairie, he met a Badger, who said to him, "Brother, where are you going?"

The Coyote said: "I am going on the war-path against my enemies. Will you join my party?"

The Badger said, "Yes, I will join you." They went on. After they had gone a long way, they saw a Swift Hawk sitting on the limb of a tree by a ravine. He asked them where they were going, and they told him, and asked him if he would go with them.

He said he would go. After a time they met a Kit Fox, and asked him to join them, and he did so. Then they met a Jack Rabbit, who said he would go with them. They went on,

and at length they met a Blackbird, and asked him to join them. He said: "Let it be so. I will go."

Soon after they had all got together they stopped and sat down, and the Coyote told them how the girl had been lost, and said that he intended to try to get her back. Then they talked, and the Coyote told them the plan that he -- the leader -- had made. The others listened, and said that they would do whatever he told them to. They were all glad to help to recover the girl.

Then they all stood up and made ready to start, and the Coyote said to the Blackbird, "Friend, you stay here until the time comes." So the Blackbird remained there where they had been talking, and the others went on. After they had gone some distance farther, the Coyote told the Hawk to stop and wait there. He did so. The others went on a long way, and then the Coyote said to the Rabbit, "You stay here."

The others went on, and at the next stopping-place he left the Kit Fox; and at the next -- last of all -- he left the Badger. Then the Coyote went on alone and travelled a long way, and at length he came to the Buffalo camp. He went out to the place where the young Bulls used to play the stick game, and lay down there. It was early in the morning.

After a time some of the young Bulls came out, and began to roll the ring and to throw their sticks at it. The Coyote now pretended to be very sick. His hair was all covered with mud, and his tongue hung out of his mouth, and he staggered about and fell down and then got up again, and seemed to feel badly. Sometimes he would get over near to where the ring was being rolled, and then the young Bulls would call out: "Here, hold on! Don't get in the way."

After a little while the Coyote pretended that he felt better, and he got up and went over to where the young Bulls were sitting, looking on at the game, and sat down with them, and watched the play with the others. Every now and then two of the young Bulls would begin to dispute over the game, each saying that his stick was the nearer to the ring, and sometimes they would wrangle for a long time.

Once, while they were doing this, the Coyote went up to them and said: "Here! You men need not quarrel about this. Let me look. I know all about this game. I can tell which stick is the nearer." The Bulls stopped talking and looked at him, and then said: "Yes, let him look. Let us hear what he says." Then the Coyote went up to the ring and looked, and said, pointing: "That stick is nearest. That man has won."

The Bulls looked at each other, and nodded their heads and said, "He knows. He is right." The next time they had a dispute, he decided it again, and all were satisfied.

At length two of the young Bulls had a very fierce dispute, and almost came to fighting over it. The Coyote came up and looked, and said: "This is very close. I must look carefully, but I cannot see well if you are all crowding around me in this way. I must have room. You would all better go over to that hill, and sit down there and wait for me to decide."

The Bulls all went over to the hill and sat down, and then the Coyote began to look. First

he would go to one stick and look carefully, and then he would go to the other and look. The sticks were about the same distance from the ring, and for a long time it seemed that he could not make up his mind which was the nearer. He went backward and forward, looking at the sticks, and stooping down and putting his hands on his knees and squinting, and at last, when once his face was close to the ground, he suddenly snatched up the ring in his mouth, and started, running as hard as he could for the place where he had left the Badger.

As soon as he had started, all the Bulls on the hill saw what he was doing -- that he was taking the ring away from them -- and they started after him. They did not want to lose the ring, for it was very useful to them, and they played with it all the time. When the Buffalo in the camp saw that the young Bulls had started, they all followed, so that soon all the Buffalo were rushing after the Coyote. He ran fast, and for a long time he kept ahead of the Buffalo, but they followed, a great mass of Buffalo crowding and pushing, running as hard as they could run.

At last the Coyote was beginning to get tired, and was running more slowly, and the Buffalo were beginning to catch up to him, but he was getting near to where the Badger was. After a time the Buffalo were getting nearer to the Coyote. He was very tired, and it seemed to him as if he could not run any farther. If he did not soon get to where he had left the Badger, the Buffalo would run over him and trample him to death, and get back the ring. At length, when they were close behind him, he ran over the top of a little hill, and down in the valley below saw the Badger sitting at the mouth of his hole. The Coyote raced down the hill as fast as he could, and when he got to the hole he gave the ring to the Badger, and just as the herd of Buffalo got to the place, they both dived down into the hole.

The Buffalo crowded about the Badger's hole, and began to paw the ground, to dig it up so as to get the Coyote and the ring, but the Badger had dug a hole a long way under the ground, and while the Buffalo were digging he ran along through this hole and came out far off, and ran as hard as he could toward the brothers' lodge. Before he had gone very far, some of the Buffalo on the outside of the herd saw him, and called out to the others: "There he is! There he goes!"

Then all the Buffalo started again and ran after the Badger. When they had come pretty close to him, he would stop running and dig another hole, and while the Buffalo were crowding around the hole, trying to dig him out, he would dig along under the ground, until he had got far beyond them, and would then come to the top of the ground, and run as fast as he could toward the lodge. Then the Buffalo would see him and follow him.

In this way he went a long distance, but at length he got tired and felt that he could not run or dig much farther. He was almost spent. At last, when he dug out of the ground, he saw not far off the Kit Fox, lying curled upon a rock, asleep in the sun. He called out: "Oh, my brother, I am almost tired out! Help me! "

The Kit Fox jumped up and ran to him and took the ring in his mouth and started running, and the Badger dug a deep hole, and staid there. The little Fox ran fast, gliding along like a bird; and the Buffalo, when they saw him running, chased him and ran hard. The Kit Fox is a swift animal, and for a long time he kept ahead of the Buffalo.

When he was almost tired out, he came to where the Rabbit was, and gave him the ring, and ran into a hole, and the Rabbit ran on. The Buffalo followed the Rabbit, but he ran fast and kept ahead of them for a long time. When they had almost caught him, he came to where the Hawk was sitting.

The Hawk took the ring in his claws and flew off with it, and the Rabbit ran off to one side and hid in the long grass. The Buffalo followed the Hawk, and ran after him. They seemed never to get tired. The Hawk, after he had been flying a long time, began to feel very weary. He would sail down low over the Buffalo's backs, and was only just able to keep above them. At last he got near to where the Blackbird was.

When the Blackbird heard the pounding of many hoofs and knew that the Buffalo were coming, he flew up on a sunflower stalk and waited. When the Buffalo came to the place where he was, he flew up over them to the Hawk, and took the ring on his neck, and flew along over the Buffalo. The ring was heavy for so small a bird, and he would alight on the backs of the Buffalo and fly from one to another. The Buffalo would toss their heads and try to hit him with their horns, but he kept flying from one to another, and the Buffalo behind were always pushing forward to get near the ring, and they pushed the other Buffalo ahead of them. Pretty soon the herd passed over a hill and were rushing down to the place on the river where the brothers' lodge stood.

Ever since their sister had been lost, the brothers had been making arrows, and now they had piles of them stacked up about the lodge. When they saw the Buffalo coming they got their bows and took their arrows in their hands, and shot and shot until they had killed many, many Buffalo, and the rest were frightened and ran away.

The Blackbird had flown into the lodge with the ring, and after the brothers had finished killing, they went into the lodge. And there, sitting by the fire and smiling at them as they came in, they saw their sister.

Note:

Of all the games played by men among the Pawnee Indians, none was so popular as the stick game. This was an athletic contest between pairs of young men, and tested their fleetness, their eyesight, and their skill in throwing the stick. The implements used were a ring six inches in diameter, made of buffalo rawhide, and two elaborate and highly ornamented slender sticks, one for each player.

One of the two contestants rolled the ring over a smooth prepared course, and when it had been set in motion the players ran after it side by side, each one trying to throw his stick through the ring. This was not often done, but the players constantly hit the ring with their sticks and knocked it down, so that it ceased to roll.

The system of counting was by points, and was somewhat complicated, but in general terms it may be said that the player whose stick lay nearest the ring gained one or more points. In the story which follows, the Buffalo by their mysterious power transformed the girl into a ring, which they used in playing the stick game. - George Bird Grinnell

The Offended Rolling Stone

A Pawnee Legend

Dorsey, Publications of the Carnegie Institution, lix, 446, No. 126

Coyote was going along, and as he had not had anything to eat for some time he was very hungry. In the evening he went to a high hill and sat down. Early the next morning he started again. He came to a big round stone.

He took out his knife and said: "Grandfather, this knife I give to you as a present. I want you to help me to get something to eat."

Coyote went over a hill, and there in the bottom was a village of people. He went into the village and he could see meat hanging on poles everywhere in the camp. He went into one of the tipis and the people in the tipi roasted a piece of meat for him. Just as he was about to taste of the meat he thought of his knife and said: "Why did I give my knife to that stone? I should have kept it and then I should have been able to cut the meat without having to pull it with my hands." He asked to be excused and went out.

He went to where the stone was. He said: "Grandfather, I will have to take back this knife, for I have found a village of people with plenty of meat." He went over the hills and into the bottom, but there was no village there. Coyote went back and returned the knife to the stone. He went back over the hills and there saw the village and he entered one of the tipis.

They placed before him some meat. He began to chew the meat. He thought of his knife. He went back to the stone, and as he took the knife the stone said: "Why do you take the knife away from me? I am now going to kill you."

Then the stone ran after the Coyote. Coyote ran and came to a den of Bears. He told the Bears that a person was running after him and he asked them to help him. The Bears said that they were not afraid of anything. They asked what the thing was, and he said it was the stone. The Bears said: "Keep on running.

We can not do anything with the stone." The stone was close to Coyote when he came up to another den of Mountain-Lions. They also told Coyote to pass on, as they could not do anything for him. After a while Coyote came to a Buffalo standing all alone, but when the Buffalo found out that it was the stone running after Coyote he told him to pass on.

At last Coyote came to a place where the Bull-Bats stayed. Coyote said: "Grandchildren, there is a person running after me." The Bull-Bats then said: "Enter our lodge and remain there."^[146] When the stone came rolling up it said: "Where is that person who came here?" The Bull-Bats did not reply and the stone became angry.

Then the Bull-Bats said: "He is here and we are going to protect him." The Bull-Bats flew up and then down, and they expelled flatus on the stone. Every time they did this a piece broke off from the stone. The largest Bull-Bat came down and expelled flatus right on the

center and broke the stone into pieces. Then the Coyote was told to come out and go on his way.

Coyote started off, and when he got over the hills he turned around and yelled at the Bull-Bats and said: "All you big-nosed funny things, how you did behave to that stone." The Bull-Bats heard it and did not pay any attention, but he kept on making fun of them. Then the Bull-Bats flew up in a group, and came down, and with their wings they got the stones together again and started it to rolling, and said: "Go and kill that fellow."

The stone then ran after Coyote and Coyote tried to get away, but he could not. At last he gave out. He jumped over a steep bank and the stone was right behind him. As Coyote struck the bottom, the stone fell on him and killed him. This is why we used to find dead coyotes in the hills and valleys.

The Boy and the Beast

A Pima Legend from Arizona

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Once an old woman lived with her daughter and son-in-law and their little boy. They were following the trail of the Apache Indians.

Now whenever a Pima Indian sees the trail of an Apache he draws a ring around it; then he can catch him sooner. And these Pimas drew circles around the trail of the Apaches they were following, but one night when they were asleep, the Apaches came down upon them. They took the man and younger woman by the hair and shook them out of their skins, just as one would shake corn out of a sack. So the boy and the old woman were left alone.

Now these two had to live on berries and anything they could find, and they wandered from place to place. In one place a strange beast, big enough to swallow people, camped in the bushes near them. The grand-mother told the boy not to go near these bushes. But the boy took some sharp stones in his hands, and went toward them. As he came near, the great monster began to breathe. He began to suck in his breath and he sucked the boy right into his stomach. But with his sharp stones the boy began to cut the beast, so that he died. Then the boy made a hole large enough to climb out of.

When his grandmother came to look for him, the boy met her and said, "I have killed that monster."

The grandmother said, "Oh, no. Such a little boy as you are to kill such a great monster!"

The boy said, "But I was inside of him. just look at the stones I cut him with."

Then the grandmother went softly up to the bushes, and looked at the monster. It was full of holes, just as the little boy had said.

Then they moved down among the berry bushes and had all they wanted to eat.

How the Rattlesnake Learned to Bite

A Pima Legend from Arizona

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

After people and the animals were created, they all lived together. Rattlesnake was there, and was called Soft Child because he was so soft in his motions. The people liked to hear him rattle and little rest did he get because they continually poked and scratched him so that he would shake the rattles in his tail. At last Rattlesnake went to Elder Brother to ask help. Elder Brother pulled a hair from his own lip, cut it in short pieces, and made it into teeth for Soft Child. "If any one bothers you," he said, "bite him."

That very evening Ta-api, Rabbit, came to Soft Child as he had done before and scratched him. Soft Child raised his head and bit Rabbit. Rabbit was angry and scratched again. Soft Child bit him again. Then Rabbit ran about saying that Soft Child was angry and had bitten him. Then he went to Rattlesnake again, and twice more he was bitten.

The bites made Rabbit very sick. He asked for a bed of cool sea sand. Coyote was sent to the sea for the cool, damp sand. Then Rabbit asked for the shade of bushes that he might feel the cool breeze. But at last Rabbit died. He was the first creature which had died in this new world. Then the people were troubled because they did not know what to do with the body of Rabbit. One said, "If we bury him, Coyote will surely dig him up." Another said, "If we hide him, Coyote will surely find him."

And another said, "If we put him in a tree, Coyote will surely climb up." So they decided to burn the body of Rabbit, and yet there was no fire on earth.

Blue Fly said, "Go to Sun and get some of the fire which he keeps in his house," So Coyote scampered away, but he was sure the people were trying to get rid of him so he kept looking back.

Then Blue Fly made the first fire drill. Taking a stick like an arrow he twirled it in his hands, letting the lower end rest on a flat stick that lay on the ground. Soon smoke began to arise, and then fire came. The people gathered fuel and began their duty.

But Coyote, looking back, saw fire ascending. He turned and ran back as fast as he could go. When the people saw him coming, they formed a ring, but he raced around the circle until he saw two short men standing together. He jumped over them, and seized the heart of Rabbit. But he burned his mouth doing it, and it is black to this day.

How the Bluebird Got its Color

A Pima Legend from Arizona

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

A long time ago, the bluebird was a very ugly color. But Bluebird knew of a lake where no river flowed in or out, and he bathed in this four times every morning for four mornings.

Every morning he sang a magic song:

"There's a blue water. It lies there.
I went in.
I am all blue."

On the fourth morning Bluebird shed all his feathers and came out of the lake just in his skin. But the next morning when he came out of the lake he was covered with blue feathers.

Now all this while Coyote had been watching Bluebird. He wanted to jump in and get him to eat, but he was afraid of the water. But on that last morning Coyote said, "How is it you have lost all your ugly color, and now you are blue and gay and beautiful? You are more beautiful than anything that flies in the air. I want to be blue, too."

Now Coyote at that time was a bright green.

"I only went in four times on four mornings," said Bluebird. He taught Coyote the magic song, and he went in four times, and the fifth time he came out as blue as the little bird.

Then Coyote was very, very proud because he was a blue coyote. He was so proud that as he walked along he looked around on every side to see if anybody was looking at him now that he was a blue coyote and so beautiful.

He looked to see if his shadow was blue, too. But Coyote was so busy watching to see if others were noticing him that he did not watch the trail. By and by he ran into a stump so hard that it threw him down in the dirt and he was covered with dust all over. You may know this is true because even to-day coyotes are the color of dirt.

Origin of the Saguaro and Palo Verde Cacti

A Pima Legend from Arizona

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Once upon a time an old Indian woman had two grandchildren. Every day she ground wheat and corn between the grinding stones to make porridge for them.

One day as she put the water-olla on the fire outside the house to heat the water, she told the children not to quarrel because they might upset the olla. But the children began to quarrel. They upset the olla and spilled the water and their grandmother spanked them.

Then the children were angry and ran away. They ran far away over the mountains. The grandmother heard them whistling and she ran after them and followed them from place to place. but she could not catch up with them.

At last the older boy said, "I will turn into a saguaro, so that I shall live forever and bear fruit every summer."

The younger said, "Then I will turn into a palo verde and stand there forever. These mountains are so bare and have nothing on them but rocks, I will make them green."

The old woman heard the cactus whistling and recognized the voice of her grandson. So she went up to it and tried to take the prickly thing into her arms, but the thorns killed her.

That is how the saguaro and the palo verde came to be on the mountains and the desert.

The Children of Cloud

A Pima Legend from Arizona

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

When the Hohokam dwelt on the Gila River and tilled their farms around the great temple which we call Casa Grande, there was a beautiful young woman in the pueblo who had two twin sons. Their father was Cloud, and he lived far away.

One day the boys came to their mother, as she was weaving mats. "Who is our father?" they asked. "We have no one to run to when he returns from the hunt, or from war, to shout to him."

The mother answered: "In the morning, look toward the sunrise and you will see a white Cloud standing upright. He is your father."

"Can we visit our father?" they asked.

"Yes," said their mother. You may visit him, but you must make the journey without stopping. First you will reach Wind, who is your father's eldest brother. Behind him you will find your father."

The boys traveled four days and came to the house of Wind. "Are you our father?" they asked.

"No, I am your Uncle," answered Wind. "Your father lives in the next house. Go on to him."

They traveled on to Cloud. But Cloud drove them away. He said, "Go to your uncle Wind. He will tell you something." But Wind sent them back to Cloud again. Thus the boys were driven away from each house four times.

Then Cloud said to them, "Prove to me you are my sons. If you are, you can do what I do."

The younger boy sent chain lightning across the sky with sharp, crackling thunder. The elder boy sent the heat lightning with its distant rumble of thunder.

"You are my children," said Cloud. "You have power like mine."

But again he tested them. He took them to a house near by where a flood of rain had drowned the people. "If I they are my sons," he said, "they will not be harmed."

Then Cloud sent the rain and the storm. The water rose higher and higher, but the two boys were not harmed. The water could not drown them.

Then Cloud took them to his home and there they stayed a long, long time.

But after a long time, the boys wished to see their mother again. Then Cloud made them

some bows and arrows differing from any they had ever seen, and sent them to their mother. He told them he would watch over them as they traveled but they must speak to no one they met on their way.

So the boys traveled to the setting sun. First they met Raven. They remembered their father's command and turned aside so as not to meet him. Then they met Roadrunner, and turned aside to avoid him. Next came Hawk and Eagle.

Eagle said, "Let's scare those boys." So he swooped down over their heads until they cried from fright.

"We were just teasing you," said Eagle. "We will not do you any harm." Then Eagle flew on.

Next they met Coyote. They tried to avoid him, but Coyote ran around and put himself in their way. Cloud was watching and he sent down thunder and lightning. And the boys sent out their magic thunder and lightning also, until Coyote was frightened and ran away.

Now this happened on the mountain top, and one boy was standing on each side of the trail. After Coyote ran away, they were changed into mescal - the very largest mescal ever known. The place was near Tucson. This is the reason why mescal grows on the mountains, and why thunder and lightning go from place to place - because the children did. That is why it rains when we gather mescal.

The Creation of Man-Kind and the Flood

A Pima Legend from Arizona

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

After the world was ready, Earth Doctor made all kinds of animals and creeping things. Then he made images of clay, and told them to be people. After a while there were so many people that there was not food and water enough for all.

They were never sick and none died. At last there grew to be so many they were obliged to eat each other. Then Earth Doctor, because he could not give them food and water enough, killed them all. He caught the hook of his staff into the sky and pulled it down so that it crushed all the people and all the animals, until there was nothing living on the earth. Earth Doctor made a hole through the earth with his stick, and through that he went, coming out safe, but alone, on the other side.

He called upon the sun and moon to come out of the wreck of the world and sky, and they did so. But there was no sky for them to travel through, no stars, and no Milky Way. So Earth Doctor made these all over again. Then he created another race of men and animals.

Then Coyote was born. Moon was his mother. When Coyote was large and strong he came to the land where the Pima Indians lived.

Then Elder Brother was born. Earth was his mother, and Sky his father. He was so powerful that he spoke roughly to Earth Doctor, who trembled before him. The people began to increase in numbers, just as they had done before, but Elder Brother shortened their lives, so the earth did not become so crowded. But Elder Brother did not like the people created by Earth Doctor, so he planned to destroy them again. So Elder Brother planned to create a magic baby. . . .

The screams of the baby shook the earth. They could be heard for a great distance. Then Earth Doctor called all the people together, and told them there would be a great flood. He sang a magic song and then bored a hole through the flat earth-plain through to the other side. Some of the people went into the hole to escape the flood that was coming, but not very many got through. Some of the people asked Elder Brother to help them, but he did not answer. Only Coyote he answered. He told Coyote to find a big log and sit on it, so that he would float on the surface of the water with the driftwood. Elder Brother got into a big olla which he had made, and closed it tight. So he rolled along on the ground under the olla. He sang a magic song as he climbed into his olla.

A young man went to the place where the baby was screaming. Its tears were a great torrent which cut gorges in the earth before it. The water was rising all over the earth. He bent over the child to pick it up, and immediately both became birds and flew above the flood. Only five birds were saved from the flood. One was a flicker and one a vulture. They clung by their beaks to the sky to keep themselves above the waters, but the tail of the flicker was washed by the waves and that is why it is stiff to this day. At last a god took pity on them and gave them power to make "nests of down" from their own breasts

on which they floated on the water. One of these birds was the vipisimal, and if any one injures it to this day, the flood may come again.

Now South Doctor called his people to him and told them that a flood was coming. He sang a magic song and he bored a hole in the ground with a cane so that people might go through to the other side. Others he sent to Earth Doctor, but Earth Doctor told them they were too late. So they sent the people to the top of a high mountain called Crooked Mountain. South Doctor sang a magic song and traced his cane around the mountain, but that held back the waters only for a short time. Four times he sang and traced a line around the mountain, yet the flood rose again each time. There was only one thing more to do.

He held his magic crystals in his left hand and sang a song. Then he struck it with his cane. A thunder peal rang through the mountains. He threw his staff into the water and it cracked with a loud noise. Turning, he saw a dog near him. He said, "How high is the tide?" The dog said, "It is very near the top." He looked at the people as he said it. When they heard his voice they all turned to stone. They stood just as they were, and they are there to this day in groups: some of the men talking, some of the women cooking, and some crying.

But Earth Doctor escaped by enclosing himself in his reed staff, which floated upon the water. Elder Brother rolled along in his olla until he came near the mouth of the Colorado River. The olla is now called Black Mountain. After the flood he came out and visited all parts of the land.

When he met Coyote and Earth Doctor, each claimed to have been the first to appear after the flood, but at last they admitted Elder Brother was the first, so he became ruler of the world.

Coyote's Eyes

A Pima Legend from Arizona

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

When Coyote was traveling about one day, he saw a small bird. The bird was hopping about contentedly and Coyote thought, "What a beautiful bird. It moves about so gracefully."

He drew nearer to the bird and asked, "What beautiful things are you working with?" but the bird could not understand Coyote. After a while the bird took out his two eyes and threw them straight up into the air, like two stones. It looked upward but had no eyes. Then the bird said,

"Come, my eyes. Come quickly, down into my head." The eyes fell down into the bird's head, just where they belonged, but were much brighter than before.

Coyote thought he could brighten his eyes. He asked the bird to take out his eyes. The bird took out Coyote's eyes, held them for a moment in his hands, and threw them straight up into the air. Coyote looked up and called, "Come back, my eyes. Come quickly."

They at once fell back into his head and were much brighter than before. Coyote wanted to try it again, but the bird did not wish to. But Coyote persisted.

Then the bird said, "Why should I work for you, Coyote? No, I will work no more for you." But Coyote still persisted, and the bird took out his eyes and threw them up.

Coyote cried, "Come, my eyes, come back to me."

But his eyes continued to rise into the air, and the bird began to go away. Coyote began to weep. But the bird was annoyed, and called back, "Go away now. I am tired of you. Go away and get other eyes."

But Coyote refused to go and entreated the bird to find eyes for him. At last the bird gathered gum from a pinon tree and rolled it between his hands and put it in Coyote's eye holes, so that he could see.

But his eyes had been black and very bright. His new eyes were yellow.

"Now," said the bird, "go away. You cannot stay here any longer."

Why the Apaches are Fierce

A Pima Legend from Arizona

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Elder Brother, Coyote, and Earth Doctor, after the flood vanished, began to create people and animals.

Coyote made all the animals.

Elder Brother made the people,

Earth Doctor made queer creatures which had only one leg, or immense ears, or many fingers, and some having flames of fire in their knees.

Elder Brother divided his figures of people into four groups. One of the Apaches came to life first. He shivered and said, "Oh, it's very cold," and began to sway back and forth.

Then Elder Brother said, "I didn't think you would be the first to awake," and he took all the Apaches up in his hand and threw them over the mountains.

That made them angry, and that is why they have always been so fierce.

Coyote and the Mesquite Beans

A Pima Legend from Arizona

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

After the waters of the flood had gone down, Elder Brother said to Coyote, "Do not touch that black bug; and do not eat the mesquite beans. It is dangerous to harm anything that came safe through the flood."

So Coyote went on, but presently he came to the black bug. He stopped and ate it up. Then he went on to the mesquite beans.

He stopped and looked at them a while, and then said, "I will just taste one and that will be all." But he stood there and ate and ate until he had eaten them all up.

And the bug and the beans swelled up in his stomach and killed him.

Coyote and the Quails

A Pima Legend from Arizona

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Once upon a time, long ago, Coyote was sleeping so soundly that a covey of quails came along and cut pieces of fat meat out of his flesh without arousing him. Then they went on. After they had camped for the evening, and were cooking the meat, Coyote came up the trail. Coyote said, "Where did you get that nice, fat meat? Give me some."

Quails gave him all he wanted. Then he went farther up the trail. After he had gone a little way, Quails called to him, "Coyote, you were eating your own flesh."

Coyote said, "What did you say?"

Quails said, "Oh, nothing. We heard something calling behind the mountains." Soon the quails called again: "Coyote, you ate your own meat."

"What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing. We heard somebody pounding his grinding stone. "

So Coyote went on. But at last he began to feel where he had been cut. Then he knew what the quails meant. He turned back down the trail and told Quails he would eat them up. He began to chase them. The quails flew above ground and Coyote ran about under them. At last they got tired, but Coyote did not because he was so angry.

By and by Quails came to a hole, and one of the keenest-witted picked up a piece of prickly cholla cactus and pushed it into the hole; then they all ran in after it. But Coyote dug out the hole and reached them. When he came to the first quail he said,

"Was it you who told me I ate my own flesh?"

Quail said, "No." So Coyote let him go and he flew away. When Coyote came to the second quail, he asked the same question. Quail said, "No," and then flew away. So Coyote asked every quail, until the last quail was gone, and then he came to the cactus branch. Now the prickly cactus branch was so covered with feathers that it looked just like a quail. Coyote asked it the same question, but the cactus branch did not answer. Then Coyote said,

"I know it was you because you do not answer."

So Coyote bit very hard into the hard, prickly branch, and it killed him.

The Thirsty Quails

A Pima Legend from Arizona

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

A Quail once had more than twenty children, and with them she wandered over the whole country in search of water and could not find it.

It was very hot and they were all crying, "Where can we get some water? Where can we get some water?" but for a long time they could find none.

At last, way in the north, under a mesquite tree, the mother quail saw a pond of water, but it was very muddy and not fit to drink.

But the little quails had been wandering so many days and were so tired they stopped under the shade of the mesquite tree, and by and by, one by one, they went down to the water and 'drank it.

But the water was so bad they all died.

Speech on the Warpath

A Pima Legend from Arizona

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

We have come thus far, my brothers. In the east there is White Gopher, who gnaws with his strong teeth. He was friendly and came to me. On his way he came to the surface from the underground four times.

Looking in all four directions, he saw a magic whitish trail. Slowly following this, he neared the enemy, coming to the surface from the underground four times during the journey. Their power stood in their land like a mountain, but he bit it off short, and he sank their springs by biting them. He saw that the wind of the enemy was strong and he cut it up with his teeth. He gnawed in short pieces their clouds.

They had good dreams and bright false-seeing, good bow strings and straight-flying reeds, but these he grasped and bit off short. The different belongings lying about he took with him, turning around homeward. On his way homeward over the whitish trail, he came to the surface four times, and magic fire appeared around the edges. Then he came to his bed. He felt that the land roared rejoicingly with him.

In the south was Blue Coyote and there I sent my cry. He was friendly and came to me from his blue darkness, circling around and shouting, four times, on his journey, making magic fire everywhere. When he arrived, he looked in four directions, then understood.

A whitish magic trail lay before him. He cast his blue darkness upon the enemy and slowly approached them, circling around and shouting four times on the way. Like a mountain was their power in the land, and he sucked it in. The springs of water under the trees he sucked in. The wind that was blowing he inhaled. He sucked in the clouds.

The people dreamed of a white thing, and their dreams he sucked in, with their best bow strings and the straight-flying reeds. All the different belongings which lay around he gathered and slowly turned back. Hidden in the blue darkness, he came to me, circling around, shouting, four times on his journey. Then he homeward took his way, circling, howling, four times, and shouting reached his bed. With pleasure he felt all directions thud. The east echoed.

In the sunset direction was Black Kangaroo Mouse, an expert robber. To him I sent my cry. He was friendly to me and came hidden in black darkness, sitting down four times upon his way. Magic fire covered the edges of his trail. When he reached me, he looked in all directions. The magic trail brightly lay before him. He threw black darkness around him and slowly reached the enemy, sitting down four times upon the trail.

He found a bag of the enemy, with much prized possessions. It was tied one knot on top of another) but he bit them off. He took from it the blue necklaces, blue earrings, and the different belongings lying around gathered up with him. Then he slowly took his way back on the magic trail, with magic fire everywhere. Hidden in his yellow darkness, he returned to me. He left the others at the council and in darkness took his homeward way,

resting four times. He sat on his bed and felt all directions of the earth rustling in the darkness. Darkness lay all around.

I called on Owl, the white blood-sucker. To him I sent my cry. He was friendly and came down to me with four thin flies (sailing) on the way. He looked in all directions. The magic trail brightly before him lay. He flew, with four thin flies, toward the enemy.

The mountain of their power which stood in the land he bit off short. The springs he bit off, and their very good dreams. The best bow strings and the straight-flying reeds he grasped and cut very short. He bit off their flesh and made holes in their bones.

From the things gathered, he made a belt from a bowstring. Then he returned. He came through the whitish mist of dawn in four flights. The people held a council. Leaving them there, he after four thin flies reached his bed in the gray dawn mist. Then in all directions he heard the darkness rattling, as he lay there.

Coyote and the Tortillas

A Pima Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Once upon a time, a river rose very high and spread all over the land. An Indian woman was going along the trail by the river side with a basket of tortillas on her head, but she was wading in water up to her waist.

Now Coyote was afraid of the water, so he had climbed into a cottonwood tree. When the woman came up the trail, Coyote called, "Oh, come to this tree and give me some of those nice tortillas."

The woman said, "No. I can't give them to you; they are for somebody else."

"If you do not come here I will shoot you," said Coyote, and the woman really thought he had a bow.

So she came to the tree and said, "You must come down and get them. I can't climb trees."

Coyote came down as far as he dared, but he was afraid of the deep water. The woman laughed at him. She said, "Just see how shallow it is. It's only up to my ankles."

But she was standing on a big stump. Coyote looked at the water. It seemed shallow and safe enough, so he jumped.

But the water was deep and he was drowned. Then the woman went on up the trail.

The Creation of the World

A Pima Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

In the beginning there was nothing at all except darkness. All was darkness and emptiness. For a long, long while, the darkness gathered until it became a great mass.

Over this the spirit of Earth Doctor drifted to and fro like a fluffy bit of cotton in the breeze. Then Earth Doctor decided to make for himself an abiding place. So he thought within himself, "Come forth, some kind of plant," and there appeared the creosote bush. He placed this before him and set it upright.

But it at once fell over. He set it upright again; again it fell. So it fell until the fourth time it remained upright. Then Earth Doctor took from his breast a little dust and flattened it into a cake. When the dust cake was still, he danced upon it, singing a magic song.

Next he created some black insects which made black gum on the creosote bush. Then he made a termite which worked with the small earth cake until it grew very large. As he sang and danced upon it, the flat World stretched out on all sides until it was as large as it is now. Then he made a round sky-cover to fit over it, round like the houses of the Pimas. But the earth shook and stretched, so that it was unsafe.

So Earth Doctor made a gray spider which was to spin a web around the edges of the earth and sky, fastening them together. When this was done, the earth grew firm and solid.

Earth Doctor made water, mountains, trees, grass, and weeds-made everything as we see it now. But all was still inky blackness. Then he made a dish, poured water into it, and it became ice. He threw this round block of ice far to the north, and it fell at the place where the earth and sky were woven together.

At once the ice began to gleam and shine. We call it now the sun. It rose from the ground in the north up into the sky and then fell back. Earth Doctor took it and threw it to the west where the earth and sky were sewn together. It rose into the sky and again slid back to the earth. Then he threw it to the far south, but it slid back again to the flat earth. Then at last he threw it to the east. It rose higher and higher in the sky until it reached the highest point in the round blue cover and began to slide down on the other side. And so the sun does even yet.

Then Earth Doctor poured more water into the dish and it became ice. He sang a magic song, and threw the round ball of ice to the north where the earth and sky are woven together. It gleamed and shone, but not so brightly as the sun. It became the moon, and it rose in the sky, but fell back again, just as the sun had done.

So he threw the ball to the west, and then to the south, but it slid back each time to the earth. Then he threw it to the east, and it rose to the highest point in the sky-cover and began to slide down on the other side. And so it does even to-day, following the sun.

But Earth Doctor saw that when the sun and moon were not in the sky, all was inky darkness.

So he sang a magic song, and took some water into his mouth and blew it into the sky, in a spray, to make little stars.

Then he took his magic crystal and broke it into pieces and threw them into the sky, to make the larger stars. Next he took his walking stick and placed ashes on the end of it. Then he drew it across the sky to form the Milky Way.

So Earth Doctor made all the stars.

Blue Jay and His Companions

A Quinault Legend

Farrand, Jesup North Pacific Expedition, ii, 102, No. 3

Bluejay and his chief, with Land Otter, Beaver, and another man, used to go out seal-hunting together. In the same house with them, but at the other end, lived Grouse.

Grouse was a widower with a lot of children, and he spent most of his time in the woods building a canoe.

Every trip that the five men made, they caught five seals, very fat ones; but they gave nothing but the poor, lean parts to Grouse. Bluejay was at the bottom of this, and kept saying that fat was too good for Grouse; and he poked fun at him and sneered at him whenever he was about. Grouse never said a word, but took what was given him without complaining.

One day Grouse made a wooden seal, carving it out of cedar, and burning it until it was black. Then he talked to the seal, and told it what it was to do; and it dived down into the water and went out to sea.

Next day before daylight, the five men started out, and about sunrise came upon a big seal, and speared it. The seal dived, and swam to the westward, dragging the canoe after it until they were out of sight of land. The spearman tried to get rid of it, but could not; and when night came they were still rushing westward, and when they waked in the morning they were still going, but not so fast.

Not long afterward the line slackened, and they heard something butting against the canoe. Bluejay looked over, and saw a wooden seal with the harpoon sticking into it just behind the flipper. Then his chief began to scold Bluejay, and said, "I know this is Grouse's work. He is angry because we gave him no fat, and because you talked to him so much." Bluejay could only hang his head and say nothing.

They cut the line and began to paddle back, but had no idea where they were going. Three days and two nights they paddled, and the third night they all fell asleep from exhaustion. When they waked in the morning, the canoe was stuck fast and they thought they were ashore, and one of them, the fifth man, jumped out, but he sank and was drowned; and, then they saw that they were not ashore, but that the seaweed was so thick that they had stuck fast in it.

So now there were only four of them, and they paddled on. On the fourth night they did not feel like sleeping, for they thought they could see the hills back of Quinault. In the morning they could discern the coast plainly, and after paddling all day they reached the shore, and landed at a place quite strange to them. Next morning they went on again in what they thought was a southerly direction, and suddenly, as they rounded a point, came upon a village. Several canoes came out through the surf and helped them ashore, and they were taken up to the village.

In the centre of the village was a tall smooth pole which the people said was Squirrel's pole, which he used for climbing; and they said that Squirrel would like to have a climbing-match with Bluejay. Bluejay's master said to him, "Now don't get frightened, but go in and do your best. You know you can climb well, and if you are beaten we may all be killed." Then both Squirrel and Bluejay took sharp bones, so that if one got ahead he could hit the one behind on the head; and they started to climb.

All the people crowded around to see the contest, for the pole was high and the two were well matched. At last the people saw them reach the top, and saw one of them strike the other on the head so that he came tumbling down; and all the people shouted, for they thought it was Bluejay. But when he reached the ground, they found it was Squirrel who had lost. So now, since Bluejay had beaten their best climber, they let him and his companions go.

They paddled on down the coast, and after some time they rounded a point, and come upon another village, much like the first. Here Hair-seal challenged Bluejay to a diving-match, and Bluejay found himself in a difficult position, for he was no diver at all. But his master turned the canoe over and washed it out, leaving the brush from the bottom floating about it on the water. Then he told Bluejay to accept the challenge and dive, but to come up under the brush and lie there concealed, and not to show himself.

So both Bluejay and Hair-seal dived; and Bluejay came up immediately under the brush, and floated there where no one could see him. He waited until he shivered so with the cold that the brush moved with his shaking, and his master began to be afraid the people would notice it: so he rocked the canoe and made waves to conceal the motion of the brush, and no one suspected that Bluejay was hidden there. Now, they had agreed, that, when the sun had passed from one tree to another not far off, each was to have the right to hit the other in the head with a sharp bone. So, when Bluejay saw that the sun had reached the second tree, he dived down, and found Hair-seal lying with his head down close to the bottom.

Bluejay jabbed him with the bone before Hair-seal knew what was happening, and Hair-seal came floating up to the surface. All the people shouted, "Bluejay's up!" But it turned out to be Hair-seal, while Bluejay went back under the brush without showing himself. There he waited about half an hour longer, and then came out shouting and laughing, and saying that he felt splendidly and not tired at all. In that way Hair-seal was beaten, and the people let Bluejay and his party go on again.

They paddled on as before until they came to another village, and there the people challenged the four wanderers to go into a sweat-house with four of their people and see which could stand the most heat. So four of the village people went into one corner of the sweat-house, and the four travelers into the other. Then the door was closed so that it was pitch dark, and soon it became very hot. But Beaver and Land Otter began to dig, and in a very short time they had tunneled to the river. Then all four got into the water and were as comfortable as could be, while the four men from the village were nearly baked.

When the time was up, Bluejay and his friends came back into the sweat-house, and when the door was opened they all jumped out. Bluejay and his friends were as fresh as

possible, while the four men from the village were nearly cooked, and their eyes were all white from the heat. So, having beaten the people at their own game, they were allowed to go on, and, paddling as hard as they could, before they knew it they had rounded another point, and come upon a village as before. They ran the canoe clear up on the beach and tied it, and, taking their paddles, went into one of the houses.

The people immediately challenged the new arrivals to sit up five days and five nights without sleeping, against four of their own number. The friends were afraid not to accept, so they started the match. One party sat on one side of the house and the other on the other. The men from the village had spears, and when any one of them was falling asleep, they would prod him with a spear and wake him. They kept calling out to each other all night, "Are you awake? Are you still awake?" And they reviled each other constantly.

Bluejay did all the talking for his side, and was hardly quiet a minute. All the next day they jeered at each other, and so they did the next night. Bluejay and the spokesman of the other side kept talking back and forth the whole time. The next day they did the same thing, and so on the third night; and the fourth day and the fourth night it was still the same. On that night the men from the village nearly went to sleep; but Bluejay's men were all right as yet. Bluejay himself was almost done up; but his master would pull his ears and kept him awake, for Bluejay's master was the best man of them all.

The fifth night the men of the village went to sleep, and Bluejay's master told Land Otter and Beaver to dig so that they could get out. They did so, and fetched four pieces of old wood with phosphorescent spots on them; and they placed the pieces where they had been sitting, one piece for each man; and the spots looked like eyes.

Then, while the other crowd was still sleeping, they got out, and, taking everything they could lay their hands on, they stole away in the canoe. Just before daylight one of the other four waked, and called Bluejay several times, but got no answer. So he waked the others, and, taking their spears, they speared what they thought were their rivals. But when daylight came, they saw that they had been fooled, and that their spears were sticking into wood.

There was great excitement, and the people decided to give chase, and, making ready their canoes, they started after the fugitives. Along in the afternoon, Bluejay's master said, "I feel sure some one is following us," and, looking back, they saw a lot of canoes in pursuit. Then they paddled with all their might; and Bluejay's master paddled so hard that at every stroke he broke a paddle, until he had broken all they had, and they floated helpless.

Then the others turned to Bluejay and said, "You are always talking about your tamanous. Make use of him now, if you have one, for we are in a bad fix." But Bluejay could only hang his head, for he had no tamanous. Then Land Otter called on his tamanous, and a little wind arose. Then Beaver called upon his, and the wind became a little stronger; but all the time the other canoes were drawing closer. Then Bluejay's master called upon his tamanous, and there swept down a great storm and a fog.

The storm lasted only a short time, and when it had passed, they looked about them and saw hundreds of capsized canoes, but not a man living; for all the people had been

drowned. They went around and gathered up all the paddles they wanted, and went on, and at last reached the Quinault country, and were among good people. The people who had pursued them were probably Makahs, for they are a bad lot.

Finally they reached their home near Damon's Point, and after that, whenever they came in from sealing, they were careful to give Grouse the biggest and fattest seal.

The Dog Husband

A Quinault Legend

Farrand, Jesup North Pacific Expedition, ii, 127, No. 17

A long time ago, there lived a young girl who had a dog of which she was very fond. She took the dog with her wherever she went; and at night, as was a common custom at that time with young girls, the dog slept at the foot of the bed.

Every night he would change into human form and lie with the girl, and in the morning, before it was light, would turn back again into his dog shape: so no one knew anything about it. After a time she became pregnant; and when her parents found it out and knew that the dog was the cause they were greatly ashamed, and calling the people together they tore down the house, put out all the fires, and moved away from the place, leaving the girl to die.

But Crow had pity on her, and, taking some coals, she placed them between two clam-shells, and told the girl secretly that after a time she would hear a crackling, and to go to the spot and she would find fire.

So the girl was left alone, for the people had all gone a long way across the water. She sat still for a long time, listening for the crackling, and when she finally heard it she went to the place and found the fire as Crow had said.

Not long after this she gave birth to five dog pups, but as her father had killed the dog, her lover, she had to look after them by herself, and the only way she could live and care for them was to gather clams and other shellfish on the beach. There were four male pups and one female, and with the care their mother gave them, they grew very fast.

Soon she noticed that whenever she went out, she heard a noise of singing and dancing, which seemed to come from the house, and she wondered greatly. Four times she heard the noise and wondered, and when, on going out again, she heard it for the fifth time, she took her clam-digger and stuck it in the sand, and put her clothes on it to make it look as if she were busy gathering clams. Then she stole back by a roundabout way, and creeping close to the house peeped in through a crack to see what the noise might be.

There she saw four boys dancing and singing, and a little girl watching the place where the mother was supposed to be digging clams. The mother waited a moment and watched, and then coming in she caught them in human form, and scolded them, saying that they ought to have had that form in the first place, for on their account she had been brought to shame before the people. At this the children sat down and were ashamed.

And the mother tore down the dog blankets which were hanging about, and threw them into the fire.

So they remained in human form after this; and as soon as they were old enough she made little bows and arrows for the boys, and taught them how to shoot birds, beginning with the wren, and working up to the largest. Then she taught them to make large bows

and arrows, and how to shoot fur animals, and then larger game, up to the elk.

And she made them bathe every day to try to get tamanous for catching whales, and after that they hunted the hair-seal to make floats of its skin.

And the mother made harpoons for them of Elk-bone, and lines of twisted sinews and cedar, and at the end of the line she fastened the sealskin floats. And when everything was ready, the boys went out whaling and were very successful, and brought in so many whales that the whole beach stank with them.

Now, Crow noticed one day, from far across the water, a great smoke rising from where the old village had stood, and that night she came over secretly to see what it all meant. And before she neared the beach, she smelled the dead whales, and when she came up she saw the carcasses lying all about, and there were so many that some of them had not yet been cut up.

When she reached the house, she found the children grown up; and they welcomed her and gave her food, all she could eat, but gave her nothing to take back, telling her to come over again if she wanted more.

When Crow started back, the girl told her that when she reached home, she was to weep so that the people would believe they were dead. But Crow, on getting home, instead of doing as she was told, described how the beach was covered with sea gulls feeding on the whales that had been killed by the boys.

Now, Crow had brought with her secretly a piece of whale-meat for her children, and after putting out the light she fed it to them; and one of them ate so fast that she choked, and coughed a piece of the meat out on the ground.

And some of the people saw it, and then believed what Crow had told them, as they had not done before. Then the people talked it all over, and decided to go back; and they loaded their canoes and moved to the old village. And the boys became the chiefs of the village, and always kept the people supplied with whales.

The Woman Who Fell From the Sky

A Seneca Legend

Curtin and Hewitt, Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, xxxii, 460, No. 98

A long time ago human beings lived high up in what is now called heaven.

They had a great and illustrious chief.

It so happened that this chief's daughter was taken very ill with a strange affection. All the people were very anxious as to the outcome of her illness.

Every known remedy was tried in an attempt to cure her, but none had any effect.

Near the lodge of this chief stood a great tree, which every year bore corn used for food. One of the friends of the chief had a dream, in which he was advised to tell the chief that in order to cure his daughter he must lay her beside this tree, and that he must have the tree dug up. This advice was carried out to the letter.

While the people were at work and the young woman lay there, a young man came along. He was very angry and said: "It is not at all right to destroy this tree. Its fruit is all that we have to live on."

With this remark he gave the young woman who lay there ill a shove with his foot, causing her to fall into the hole that had been dug.

Now, that hole opened into this world, which was then all water, on which floated waterfowl of many kinds. There was no land at that time. It came to pass that as these waterfowl saw this young woman falling they shouted, "Let us receive her," whereupon they, at least some of them, joined their bodies together, and the young woman fell on this platform of bodies. When these were wearied they asked, "Who will volunteer to care for this woman?"

The great Turtle then took her, and when he got tired of holding her, he in turn asked who would take his place. At last the question arose as to what they should do to provide her with a permanent resting place in this world.

Finally it was decided to prepare the earth, on which she would live in the future.

To do this it was determined that soil from the bottom of the primal sea should be brought up and placed on the broad, firm carapace of the Turtle, where it would increase in size to such an extent that it would accommodate all the creatures that should be produced thereafter. After much discussion the toad was finally persuaded to dive to the bottom of the waters in search of soil.

Bravely making the attempt, he succeeded in bringing up soil from the depths of the sea. This was carefully spread over the carapace of the Turtle, and at once both began to grow in size and depth.

After the young woman recovered from the illness from which she suffered when she was cast down from the upper world, she built herself a shelter, in which she lived quite contentedly. In the course of time she brought forth a girl baby, who grew rapidly in size and intelligence.

When the daughter had grown to young womanhood, the mother and she were accustomed to go out to dig wild potatoes. Her mother had said to her that in doing this she must face the West at all times. Before long the young daughter gave signs that she was about to become a mother. Her mother reproved her, saying that she had violated the injunction not to face the east, as her condition showed that she had faced the wrong way while digging potatoes.

It is said that the breath of the West Wind had entered her person, causing conceptions. When the days of her delivery were at hand, she overheard twins within her body in a hot debate as to which should be born first and as to the proper place of exit, one declaring that he was going to emerge through the armpit of his mother, the other saying that he would emerge in the natural way.[33] The first one born, who was of a reddish color, was called Othagwenda; that is, Flint. The other, who was light in color, was called Djuskaha; that is, the Little Sprout.

The grandmother of the twins liked Djuskaha and hated the other; so they cast Othagwenda into a hollow tree some distance from the lodge.

The boy that remained in the lodge grew very rapidly, and soon was able to make himself bows and arrows and to go out to hunt in the vicinity. Finally, for several days he returned home without his bow and arrows. At last he was asked why he had to have a new bow and arrows every morning. He replied that there was a young boy in a hollow tree in the neighborhood who used them. The grandmother inquired where the tree stood, and he told her; whereupon then they went there and brought the other boy home again.

When the boys had grown to man's estate, they decided that it was necessary for them to increase the size of their island, so they agreed to start out together, afterward separating to create forests and lakes and other things. They parted as agreed, Othagwenda going westward and Djuskaha eastward. In the course of time, on returning, they met in their shelter or lodge at night, then agreeing to go the next day to see what each had made. First they went west to see what Othagwenda had made. It was found that he had made the country all rocks and full of ledges, and also a mosquito which was very large.

Djuskaha asked the mosquito to run, in order that he might see 'whether the insect could fight. The mosquito ran, and sticking his bill through a sapling, thereby made it fall, at which Djuskaha said, "That will not be right, for you would kill the people who are about to come." So, seizing him, he rubbed him down in his hands, causing him to become very small. then he blew on the mosquito, whereupon he flew away. He also modified some of the other animals which his brother had made. After returning to their lodge, they agreed to go the next day to see what Djuskaha had fashioned.

On visiting the east the next day, they found that Djuskaha had made a large number of

animals which were so fat that they could hardly move; that he had made the sugar-maple trees to drop syrup; that he had made the sycamore tree to bear fine fruit; that the rivers were so formed that half the water flowed upstream and the other half downstream. Then the reddish colored brother, Othagwenda, was greatly displeased with what his brother had made, saying that the people who were about to come would live too easily and be too happy.

So he shook violently the various animals--the bears, deer, and turkeys--causing them to become small at once, a characteristic which attached itself to their descendants. He also caused the sugar maple to drop sweetened water only, and the fruit of the sycamore to become small and useless; and lastly he caused the water of the rivers to flow in only one direction, because the original plan would make it too easy for the human beings who were about to come to navigate the streams.

The inspection of each other's work resulted in a deadly disagreement between the brothers, who finally came to grips and blows, and Othagwenda was killed in the fierce struggle.

Seek Your Father

A Seneca Legend

Esquire Johnson, Seneca Chief, 1876

Esquire Johnson, an old Seneca Chief described the origin of the twins Good and Evil, and said the Sun was made by the Good-minded twin out of the face of his dead mother, the first earth-woman, who was the daughter of the Sky-woman.

Another version of this Seneca legend, dated 1876, tells practically the same story, but names the Sky-woman as having borne first a daughter, who, without any knowledge of a man, became that earth-mother of the twins Good and Evil. That daughter died giving birth to the twins, and she was buried by her mother, the Sky-woman.

Sky-woman said to her grandson the good-minded-spirit, "Now you must go and seek your father. When you find him, you must ask him to give you power."

She pointed to the East and said to him, "He lives in that direction. You must go on and on, until you reach the limits of this huge island. Then continue onward, as you must paddle upon the waters, until you come to a high mountain, which rises straight up out of the water. You must climb this mountain to the summit. There you will see a wonderful being, sitting on the highest peak. You must say to him, 'I am your son.'

"Your father is the Sun, and through you, he is also the father of mankind, because of your earthly origin from my daughter."

Turtle's Race with Bear

A Seneca Legend

Esquire Johnson, Seneca Chief, 1876

It was an early winter, cold enough so that the ice had frozen on all the ponds and Bear, who had not yet learned in those days that it was wiser to sleep through the White Season, grumbled as he walked through the woods.

Perhaps he was remembering a trick another animal had played on him, perhaps he was just not in a good mood. It happened that he came to the edge of a great pond and saw Turtle there with his head sticking out of the ice.

"Hah," shouted Bear, not even giving his old friend a greeting. "What are you looking at, Slow One?"

Turtle looked at Bear. "Why do you call me slow?"

Bear snorted. "You are the slowest of the animals. If I were to race you, I would leave you far behind." Perhaps Bear never heard of Turtle's big race with Beaver and perhaps Bear did not remember that Turtle, like Coyote, is an animal whose greatest speed is in his wits. "My friend," Turtle said, "let us have a race to see who is the swiftest."

"All right," said Bear. "Where will we race?"

"We will race here at this pond and the race will be tomorrow morning when the sun is the width of one hand above the horizon. You will run along the banks of the pond and I will swim in the water."

"How can that be?" Bear said. "There is ice all over the pond."

"We will do it this way," said Turtle. "I will make holes in the ice along the side of the pond and swim under the water to each hole and stick my head out when I reach it."

"I agree," said Bear. "Tomorrow we will race."

When the next day came, many of the other animals had gathered to watch. They lined the banks of the great pond and watched Bear as he rolled in the snow and jumped up and down making himself ready.

Finally, just as the sun was a hand's width in the sky, Turtle's head popped out of the hole in the ice at the starting line. "Bear," he called, "I am ready."

Bear walked quickly to the starting place and as soon as the signal was given, he rushed forward, snow flying from his feet and his breath making great white clouds above his head. Turtle's head disappeared in the first hole and then in almost no time at all reappeared from the next hole, far ahead of Bear.

"Here I am Bear," Turtle called. "Catch up to me!" And then he was gone again. Bear was astonished and ran even faster. But before he could reach the next hole, he saw Turtle's green head pop out of it.

"Here I am, Bear," Turtle called again. "Catch up to me!" Now bear began to run in earnest. His sides were puffing in and out as he ran and his eyes were becoming bloodshot, but it was no use. Each time, long before he would reach each of the holes, the ugly green head of Turtle would be there ahead of him calling out to him to catch up!

When Bear finally reached the finish line, he was barely able to crawl. Turtle was waiting there for him, surrounded by all the other animals. Bear had lost the race. He dragged himself home in disgrace, so tired that he fell asleep as soon as he reached his home. He was so tired that he slept until the warm breath of the Spring came to the woods again.

It was not long after Bear and all to other animals had left the pond that Turtle tapped on the ice with one long claw. At his sign it a dozen ugly heads like his popped up from the holes all along the edge of the pond. It was Turtle's cousins and brothers, all of whom looked just like him!

"My relatives," Turtle said, "I wish to thank you. Today we have shown Bear that it does not pay to call other people names. We have taught him a good lesson."

Turtle smiled and a dozen other turtles, all just like him, smiled back. "And we have shown the other animals," Turtle said, "that Turtles are not the slowest of the animals."

Old Man Above Creates the World

A Shasta Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Long, long ago, when the world was so new that even the stars were dark, it was very, very flat.

Chareya, Old Man Above, could not see through the dark to the new, flat earth. Neither could he step down to it because it was so far below him.

With a large stone he bored a hole in the sky. Then through the hole he pushed down masses of ice and snow, until a great pyramid rose from the plain. Old Man Above climbed down through the hole he had made in the sky, stepping from cloud to cloud, until he could put his foot on top the mass of ice and snow.

Then with one long step he reached the earth.

The sun shone through the hole in the sky and began to melt the ice and snow. It made holes in the ice and snow. When it was soft, Chareya bored with his finger into the earth, here and there, and planted the first trees.

Streams from the melting snow watered the new trees and made them grow. Then he gathered the leaves which fell from the trees and blew upon them. They became birds. He took a stick and broke it into pieces. Out of the small end he made fishes and placed them in the mountain streams.

Of the middle of the stick, he made all the animals except the grizzly bear. From the big end of the stick came the grizzly bear, who was made master of all. Grizzly was large and strong and cunning. When the earth was new he walked upon two feet and carried a large club. So strong was Grizzly that Old Man Above feared the creature he had made.

Therefore, so that he might be safe, Chareya hollowed out the pyramid of ice and snow as a tepee. There he lived for thousands of snows.

The Indians knew he lived there because they could see the smoke curling from the smoke hole of his tepee. When the pale-face came, Old Man Above went away. There is no longer any smoke from the smoke hole. White men call the tepee Mount Shasta.

Old Man Above and the Grizzlies

A Shasta Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Along time ago, while smoke still curled from the smoke hole of the tepee, a great storm arose. The storm shook the tepee. Wind blew the smoke down the smoke hole. Old Man Above said to Little Daughter, "Climb up to the smoke hole. Tell Wind to be quiet. Stick your arm out of the smoke hole before you tell him."

Little Daughter climbed up to the smoke hole and put out her arm. But Little Daughter put out her head also. She wanted to see the world. Little Daughter wanted to see the rivers and trees, and the white foam on the Bitter Waters. Wind caught Little Daughter by the hair. Wind pulled her out of the smoke hole and blew her down the mountain. Wind blew Little Daughter over the smooth ice and the great forests, down to the land of the Grizzlies. Wind tangled her hair and then left her cold and shivering near the tepees of the Grizzlies.

Soon Grizzly came home. In those days Grizzly walked on two feet, and carried a big stick. Grizzly could talk as people do. Grizzly laid down the young elk he had killed and picked up Little Daughter. He took Little Daughter to his tepee. Then Mother Grizzly warmed her by the fire. Mother Grizzly gave her food to eat.

Soon Little Daughter married the son of Grizzly. Their children were not Grizzlies. They were men. So the Grizzlies built a tepee for Little Daughter and her children. White men call the tepee Little Shasta. At last Mother Grizzly sent a son to Old Man Above. Mother Grizzly knew that Little Daughter was the child of Old Man Above, but she was afraid. She said: "Tell Old Man Above that Little Daughter is alive."

Old Man Above climbed out of the smoke hole. He ran down the mountain side to the land of the Grizzlies. Old Man Above ran very quickly. Wherever he set his foot the snow melted. The snow melted very quickly and made streams of water. Now Grizzlies stood in line to welcome Old Man Above. They stood on two feet and carried clubs.

Then Old Man Above saw his daughter and her children. He saw the new race of men. Then Old Man Above became very angry. He said to Grizzlies, "Never speak again. Be silent. Neither shall ye stand upright. Ye shall use your hands as feet. Ye shall look downward." Then Old Man Above put out the fire in the tepee. Smoke no longer curls from the smoke hole. He fastened the door of the tepee. The new race of men he drove out. Then Old Man Above took Little Daughter back to his tepee.

That is why grizzlies walk on four feet and look downward. Only when fighting they stand on two feet and use their fists like men.

Shoshone Love Song
A Shoshone Legend

Mary Austin, Medicine Songs, Everybody's Magazine September 1914

Fair is the white star of twilight,
and the sky clearer at the day's end;
But she is fairer, and she is dearer.
She, my heart's friend!

Far stars and fair in the skies bending,
Low stars of hearth fires and wood smoke ascending,
The meadow-lark's nested,
The night hawk is winging;
Home through the star-shine the hunter comes singing.

Fair is the white star of twilight,
And the moon roving
To the sky's end;
But she is fairer, better worth loving,
She, my heart's friend.

The White Trail in the Sky

A Shoshone Legend

Vladimir Hulpach, *American Indian Tales and Legends*, 1965

No one can remember any more exactly how it came about that the black bear Wakini overpowered the strong grey grizzly Wakinu. The black bears say that Wakini was just feeding on the contents of an ant hill when Wakinu came up to him and quite rudely stuck his paw in as well. A great fight ensued, with grey and black hairs flying on every side. Wakini was, of course, in the right, for no animal may ever touch another's prey.

Wakinu thus received a just punishment; but that was by no means all - like a defeated warrior, he had to leave his tribe forever. Wakinu wailed and lamented, but the Indian laws are inexorable. And so he had to go, wading through familiar streams, taking a last look at the familiar pines, and saying farewell to the valley he had lived in all of his life.

He could not see for tears, and so he failed to notice that he was making straight for the Snow Country. Suddenly he fell into a deep snowdrift. Clambering out with difficulty, he wiped his eyes and took a look round. There was nothing but white, unblemished snow everywhere. "I'm sure to find a trail soon," the bear said to himself, and set out on his way once more.

His grey coat had turned completely white with the snow, ice, and bitter wind. But Wakinu took no notice of anything and walked on and on, until he reached a strange land in which a deep, frosty night reigned supreme. Somewhere in the far distance the gale could still be heard, yet here there was no but that made by his own footfalls on the frozen snow. Above him glowed the night sky, while not far away, on the very fringe of the Snow Country and the heavens, a broad white trail could be seen ascending the sky.

Wakinu ran, hardly touching the ground, mesmerized by that gleaming trail. Another leap, and he found himself in the air, shaking the snow from his coat; light as a feather, he soared up and up. The animals who were awake that night saw, for the first time, a wide white trail in the sky, and on it - a grey bear.

"Wakinu has found the Bridge of the Dead Souls and is on his way to the Eternal Hunting-grounds," said the wise black bear Wakini. And the grizzly really did go to the Eternal Hunting-grounds. The only thing he left behind was the snow he had shaken from his coat. And that white snow is there in the sky to this day. Just look and see!

The pale-faces speak about the Milky Way, but every Indian knows that that is the way to the Eternal Hunting-grounds, the path taken by the grey grizzly Wakinu.

The Cloud People

A Legend of the Sia of New Mexico

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Now all the Cloud People, the Lightning People, the Thunder and Rainbow Peoples followed the Sia into the upper world. But all the people of Tinia, the middle world, did not leave the lower world.

Only a portion were sent by the Spider to work for the people of the upper world. The Cloud People are so many that, although the demands of the earth people are so great, there are always many passing about over Tinia for pleasure. These Cloud People ride on wheels, small wheels being used by the little Cloud children and large wheels by the older ones.

The Cloud People keep always behind their masks. The shape of the mask depends upon the number of the people and the work being done. The Henati are the floating white clouds behind which the Cloud People pass for pleasure. The Heash are clouds like the plains and behind these the Cloud People are laboring to water the earth.

Water is brought by the Cloud People, from the springs at the base of the mountains, in gourds and jugs and vases by the men, women, and children. They rise from the springs and pass through the trunk of the tree to its top, which reaches Tinia. They pass on to the point to be sprinkled.

The priest of the Cloud People is above even the priests of the Thunder, Lightning, and Rainbow Peoples. The Cloud People have ceremonials, just like those of the Sia. On the altars of the Sia may be seen figures arranged just as the Cloud People sit in their ceremonials.

When a priest of the Cloud People wishes assistance from the Thunder and Lightning Peoples, he notifies their priests, but keeps a supervision of all things himself.

Then the Lightning People shoot their arrows to make it rain the harder. The smaller flashes come from the bows of the children. The Thunder People have human forms, with wings of knives, and by flapping these wings they make a great noise. Thus they frighten the Cloud and Lightning People into working the harder.

The Rainbow People were created to work in Tinia to make it more beautiful for the people of Ha-arts, the earth, to look upon. The elders make the beautiful rainbows, but the children assist. The Sia have no idea of what or how these bows are made. They do know, however, that war heroes always travel upon the rainbows.

The Earth-Hardening After the Flood

A Legend of the Sia of New Mexico

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

After the flood, the Sia returned to Ha-arts, the earth.

They came through an opening in the far north.

After they had remained at their first village a year, they wished to pass on, but the earth was very moist and Utset was puzzled how to harden it.

Utset called Cougar. She said, "Have you any medicine to harden the road so that we may pass over it?" Cougar replied, "I will try, mother." But after going a short distance over the road, he sank to his shoulders in the wet earth. He returned much afraid and told Utset that he could go no farther.

Then she sent for Bear. She said, "Have you any medicine to harden the road?" Bear started out, but he sank to his shoulders, and returned saying, "I can do nothing."

Then Utset called Badger, and he tried. She called Shrew, and he failed. She called Wolf, and he failed.

Then Utset returned to the lower world and asked Sussistinnako what she could do to harden the earth so that her people might travel over it. He asked, "Have you no medicine to make the earth firm? Have you asked Cougar and Wolf, Bear and Badger and Wolf to use their medicines to harden the earth?"

Utset said, "I have tried all these."

Then Sussistinnako said, "Others will understand." He told her to have a woman of the Kapina (spider) clan try to harden the earth.

When the woman arrived, Utset said, "My mother, Sussistinnako tells me the Kapina society understand how to harden the earth."

The woman said, "I do not know how to make the earth hard."

Three times Utset asked the woman about hardening the earth, and three times the woman said, "I do not know." The fourth time the woman said, "Well, I guess I know. I will try."

So she called together the members of the Spider society, the Kapina, and said, "Our mother, Sussistinnako, bids us work for her and harden the earth so that the people may pass over it." The spider woman first made a road of fine cotton which she produced from her own body, and suspended it a few feet above the earth. Then she told the people they could travel on that. But the people were afraid to trust themselves to such a frail road.

Then Utset said, "I wish a man and not a woman of the Spider society to work for me."

Then he came. He threw out a charm of wood, latticed so it could be expanded or contracted. When it was extended it reached to the middle of the earth. He threw it to the south, to the east, and to the west; then he threw it toward the people in the north.

So the earth was made firm that the people might travel upon it.

Soon after Utset said, "I will soon leave you. I will, return to the home from which I came."

Then she selected a man of the Corn clan. She said to him, "You will be known as Ti-
amoni (arch-ruler). You will be to my people as myself. You will pass with them over the
straight road. I give to you all my wisdom, my thoughts, my heart, and all. I fill your mind
with my mind."

He replied: "It is well, mother. I will do as you say."

Coyote and the Fawns

A Legend of the Sia of New Mexico

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

One day when he was traveling around, Coyote met a deer with two fawns. The fawns were beautifully spotted, and he said to the deer, "How did you paint your children? They are so beautiful!"

Deer replied, "I painted them with fire from the cedar."

"And how did you do the work?" asked Coyote.

"I put my children into a cave and built a fire of cedar in front of it.

Every time a spark flew from the fire it struck my children, making a beautiful spot."

"Oh," said Coyote, "I will do the same thing. Then I will make my children beautiful."

He hurried to his house and put his children in a cave. Then he built a fire of cedar in front of it and stood off to watch the fire. But the children cried because the fire was very hot. Coyote kept calling to them not to cry because they would be beautiful like the deer.

After a time the crying ceased and Coyote was pleased. But when the fire died down, he found they were burned to death. Coyote expected to find them beautiful, but instead they were dead.

Then he was enraged with the deer and ran away to hunt her, but he could not find her anywhere. He was much distressed to think the deer had fooled him so easily.

The Theft of Fire

A Legend of the Sia of New Mexico

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Along, long time ago, the people became tired of feeding on grass, like deer and wild animals, and they talked together how fire might be found. The Ti-amoni said, "Coyote is the best man to steal fire from the world below," so he sent for Coyote.

When Coyote came, the Ti-amoni said, "The people wish for fire. We are tired of feeding on grass. You must go to the world below and bring the fire."

Coyote said, "It is well, father. I will go."

So Coyote slipped stealthily to the house of Sussistinnako. It was the middle of the night. Snake, who guarded the first door, was asleep, and he slipped quickly and quietly by. Cougar, who guarded the second door, was asleep, and Coyote slipped by. Bear, who guarded the third door, was also sleeping. At the fourth door, Coyote found the guardian of the fire asleep. Slipping through into the room of Sussistinnako, he found him also sleeping.

Coyote quickly lighted the cedar brand which was attached to his tail and hurried out. Spider awoke, just enough to know some one was leaving the room. "Who is there?" he cried. Then he called, "Some one has been here." But before he could waken the sleeping Bear and Cougar and Snake, Coyote had almost reached the upper world.

The Great Flood

A Legend of the Sia of New Mexico

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

For a long time after the fight, the people were very happy, but the ninth year was very bad. The whole earth was filled with water. The water did not fall in rain, but came in as rivers between the mesas.

It continued to flow in from all sides until the people and the animals fled to the mesa tops. The water continued to rise until nearly level with the tops of the mesas. Then Sussistinnako cried, "Where shall my people go? Where is the road to the north?" He looked to the north. "Where is the road to the west? Where is the road to the east? Where is the road to the south?" He looked in each direction. He said, "I see the waters are everywhere."

All of the medicine men sang four days and four nights, but still the waters continued to rise.

Then Spider placed a huge reed upon the top of the mesa. He said, "My people will pass up through this to the world above."

Utset led the way, carrying a sack in which were many of the Star people. The medicine men followed, carrying sacred things in sacred blankets on their backs. Then came the people, and the animals, and the snakes, and birds. The turkey was far behind and the foam of the water rose and reached the tip ends of his feathers. You may know that is true because even to this day they bear the mark of the waters.

When they reached the top of the great reed, the earth which formed the floor of the world above, barred their way. Utset called to Locust, "Man, come here." Locust went to her. She said, "You know best how to pass through the earth. Go and make a door for us."

"Very well, mother," said Locust. "I think I can make a way."

He began working with his feet and after a while he passed through the earthy floor, entering the upper world. As soon as he saw it, he said to Utset, "It is good above."

Utset called Badger, and said, "Make a door for us. Sika, the Locust has made one, but it is very small."

"Very well, mother, I will," said Badger.

After much work he passed into the world above, and said,

"Mother, I have opened the way." Badger also said, "Father-mother, the world above is good."

Utset then called Deer. She said, "You go through first. If you can get your head through, others may pass."

The deer returned saying, "Father, it is all right. I passed without trouble."

Utset called Elk. She said, "You pass through. If you can get your head and horns through the door, all may pass."

Elk returned saying, "Father, it is good. I passed without trouble."

Then Utset told the buffalo to try, and he returned saying, "Father-mother, the door is good. I passed without trouble."

Utset called the scarab beetle and gave him the sack of stars, telling him to pass out first with them. Scarab did not know what the sack contained, but he was very small and grew tired carrying it. He wondered what could be in the sack. After entering the new world he was so tired

he laid down the sack and peeped into it. He cut only a tiny hole, but at once the Star People flew out and filled the heavens everywhere.

Then Utset and all the people came, and after Turkey passed, the door was closed with a great rock so that the waters from below could not follow them.

Then Utset looked for the sack with the Star People. She found it nearly empty and could not tell where the stars had gone. The little beetle sat by, very much frightened and very sad. But Utset was angry and said, "You are bad and disobedient. From this time forth, you shall be blind." That is the reason the scarabaeus has no eyes, so the old ones say.

But the little fellow had saved a few of the stars by grasping the sack and holding it fast. Utset placed these in the heavens. In one group she placed seven - the great bear. In another, three. In another group she placed the Pleiades, and threw the others far off into the sky.

Coyote and the Hare

A Legend of the Sia of New Mexico

Katharine Berry Judson, Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest, 1912

One day Coyote was passing about when he saw Hare sitting before his house. Coyote thought, "In a minute I will catch you," and he sprang and caught Hare.

Hare cried, "Man Coyote, do not eat me. Wait just a minute; I have something to tell you - something you will be glad to hear - something you must hear."

"Well," said Coyote, "I will wait."

"Let me sit at the entrance of my house," said Hare. "Then I can talk to you."

Coyote allowed Hare to take his seat at the entrance.

Hare said, "What are you thinking of, Coyote?"

"Nothing," said Coyote.

"Listen, then," said Hare. "I am a hare and I am very much afraid of people. When they come carrying arrows, I am afraid of them. When they see me they aim their arrows at me and I am afraid, and oh! how I tremble!"

Hare began trembling violently until he saw Coyote a little off his guard, then he began to run. It took Coyote a minute to think and then he ran after Hare, but always a little behind. Hare raced away and soon entered a house, just in time to escape Coyote. Coyote tried to enter the house but found it was hard stone. He became very angry.

Coyote cried, "I was very stupid! Why did I allow this Hare to fool me? I must have him. But this house is so strong, how can I open it?"

Coyote began to work, but after a while he said to himself, "The stone is so strong I cannot open it."

Presently Hare called, "Man Coyote, how are you going to kill me?"

"I know how," said Coyote. "I will kill you with fire."

"Where is the wood?" asked Hare, for he knew there was no wood at his house.

"I will bring grass," said Coyote, "and set fire to it. The fire will enter your house and kill you."

"Oh," said Hare, "but the grass is mine. It is my food; it will not kill me. It is my friend. The grass will not kill me."

"Then," said Coyote, "I will bring all the trees of the wood and set fire to them."

"All the trees know me," said Hare. "They are my friends. They will not kill me. They are my food." Coyote thought a minute. Then he said, "I will bring the gum of the pinon and set fire to that."

Hare said, "Now I am afraid. I do not eat that. It is not my friend."

Coyote rejoiced that he had thought of a plan for getting the hare. He hurried and brought all the gum he could carry and placed it at the door of Hare's house and set fire to it. In a short time the gum boiled like hot grease, and Hare cried,

"Now I know I shall die! What shall I do?" Yet all the time he knew what he would do.

But Coyote was glad Hare was afraid. After a while Hare called, "The fire is entering my house," and Coyote answered, "Blow it out!"

But Coyote drew nearer and blew with all his might to blow the flame into Hare's house

Hare cried, "You are so close you are blowing the fire on me and I will soon be burned."

Coyote was so happy that he drew closer and blew harder, and drew still closer so that his face was very close to Hare's face. Then Hare suddenly threw the boiling gum into Coyote's face and escaped from his house.

It took Coyote a long time to remove the gum from his face, and he felt very sorrowful. He said, "I am very, very stupid."

Coyote as a Hunter

A Legend of the Sia of New Mexico

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Coyote traveled a long distance and in the middle of the day it was very hot. He sat down and rested, and thought, as he looked up to Tinia, "How I wish the Cloud People would freshen my path and make it cool."

In just a little while the Cloud People gathered over the trail Coyote was following and he was glad that his path was to be cool and shady.

After he traveled some distance further, he sat down again and looking upward said, "I wish the Cloud People would send rain. My road would be cooler and fresher." In a little while a shower came and Coyote was contented.

But in a short time he again sat down and wished that the road could be very moist, that it would be fresh to his feet, and almost immediately the trail was as wet as though a river had passed over it. Again Coyote was contented.

But after a while he took his seat again. He said to himself, "I guess I will talk again to the Cloud People." Then he looked up and said to them,

"I wish for water over my road-water to my elbows, that I may travel on my hands and feet in the cool waters; then I shall be refreshed and happy."

In a short time his road was covered with water, and he moved on. But again he wished for something more, and said to the Cloud People,

"I wish much for water to my shoulders. Then I will be happy and contented."

In a moment the waters arose as he wished, yet after a while he looked up and said, "If you will only give me water so high that my eyes, nose, mouth and ears are above it, I will be happy. Then indeed my road will be cool."

But even this did not satisfy him, and after traveling a while longer he implored the Cloud People to give him a river that he might float over the trail, and immediately a river appeared and Coyote floated down stream. Now he had been high in the mountains and wished to go to Hare Land.

After floating a long distance, he at last came to Hare Land and saw many Hares a little distance off, on both sides of the river. Coyote lay down in the mud as though he were dead and listened. Soon a woman ka-wate (mephitis) came along with a vase and a gourd for water.

She said, "Here is a dead coyote. Where did he come from? I guess from the mountains above. I guess he fell into the water and died."

Coyote looked up and said, "Come here, woman."

She said, "What do you want?"

Coyote said, "I know the Hares and other small animals well. In a little while they will come here and think I am dead and be happy. What do you think about it?"

Ka-wate said, "I have no thoughts at all."

So Coyote explained his plan. . . .

So Coyote lay as dead, and all the Hares and small animals saw him lying in the river, and rejoiced that he was dead. The Hares decided to go in a body and see the dead Coyote. Rejoicing over his death, they struck him with their hands and kicked him. There were crowds of Hares and they decided to have a great dance. Now and then a dancing Hare would stamp upon Coyote who lay as if dead. During the dance the Hares clapped their hands over their mouth and gave a whoop like a war-whoop.

Then Coyote rose quickly and took two clubs which the ka-wate had given him, and together they killed all of the Hares. There was a great number and they were piled up like stones.

Coyote said, "Where shall I find fire to cook the hares? Ah," he said, pointing across to a high rock, "that rock gives good shade and it is cool. I will find fire and cook my meat in the shade of that rock."

So they carried all the hares to that point and Coyote made a large fire and threw them into it. When he had done this he was very warm and tired. He lay down close to the rock in the shade.

After a while he said to Ka-wate, "We will run a race. The one who wins will have all the hares."

She said, "How could I beat you? Your feet are so much larger than mine."

Coyote said, "I will allow you the start of me." He made a torch of the inner shreds of cedar bark and wrapped it with yucca thread and lighted it. Then he tied this torch to the end of his tail. He did this to see that the ka-wate did not escape him.

Ka-wate started first, but when out of sight of Coyote, she slipped into the house of Badger. Then Coyote started with the fire attached to his tail. Wherever he touched the grass, he set fire to it. But Ka-wate hurried back to the rock, carried all the hares on top except four tiny ones, and then climbed up on the rock.

Coyote was surprised not to overtake her. He said, "She must be very quick. How could she run so fast?" Then he returned to the rock, but did not see her.

He was tired and sat down in the shade of the rock. "Why doesn't she come?" he said. "Perhaps she will not come before night, her feet are so small."

Ka-wate sat on the rock above and heard all he said. She watched him take a stick and look into the mound for the hares. He pulled out a small one which he threw away. But the second was smaller than the first. Then a third and a fourth, each tiny, and all he threw away. "I do not care for the smaller ones," he said. "There are so many here, I will not eat the little ones." But he hunted and hunted in the mound of ashes for the hares. All were gone.

He said, "That woman has robbed me." Then he picked up the four little ones and ate them. He looked about for Ka-wate but did not see her because he did not look up. Then as he was tired and lay down to rest, he looked up and saw her, with the cooked hares piled beside her.

Coyote was hungry. He begged her to throw one down. She threw a very small one. Then Coyote became angry. And he was still more angry because he could not climb the rock. She had gone where he could not go.

Rain Song

A Legend of the Sia of New Mexico

Katharine Berry Judson, Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest, 1912

We, the ancient ones, ascended from the middle of the world below, through the door of the entrance to the lower world, we hold our songs to the Cloud, Lightning, and Thunder Peoples as we hold our own hearts. Our medicine is precious.

(Addressing the people of Tinia:)

We entreat you to send your thoughts to us so that we may sing your songs straight, so that they will pass over the straight road to the Cloud priests that they may cover the earth with water, so that she may bear all that is good for us.

Lightning People, send your arrows to the middle of the earth. Hear the echo! Who is it? The People of the Spruce of the North. All your people and your thoughts come to us. Who is it? People of the white floating Clouds. Your thoughts come to us. All your people and your thoughts come to us. Who is it? The Lightning People. Your thoughts come to us. Who is it? Cloud People at the horizon. All your people and your thoughts come to us.

Rain Song

White floating clouds. Clouds, like the plains, come and water the earth. Sun, embrace the earth that she may be fruitful. Moon, lion of the north, bear of the west, badger of the south, wolf of the east, eagle of the heavens, shrew of the earth, elder war hero, younger war hero, warriors of the six mountains of the world, intercede with the Cloud People for us that they may water the earth. Medicine bowl, cloud bowl, and water vase give us your hearts, that the earth may be watered. I make the ancient road of meal that my song may pass straight over it - the ancient road. White shell bead woman who lives where the sun goes down, mother whirlwind, father Sussistinnako, mother Yaya, creator of good thoughts, yellow woman of the north, blue woman of the west, red woman of the south, white woman of the east, slightly yellow woman of the zenith, and dark woman of the nadir, I ask your intercession with the Cloud People.

Rain Song

Let the white floating clouds - the clouds like the plains - the lightning, thunder, rainbow, and cloud peoples, water the earth. Let the people of the white floating clouds,- the people of the clouds like the plains - the lightning, thunder, rain bow, and cloud peoples - come and work for us, and water the earth.

Coyote and the Rattlesnake

A Legend of the Sia of New Mexico

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Coyote's house was not far from Rattlesnake's home. One morning when they were out walking together, Coyote said to Rattlesnake, "To-morrow come to my house."

In the morning Rattlesnake went to Coyote's house. He moved slowly along the floor, shaking his rattle. Coyote sat at one side, very much frightened. The movements of the snake and the rattle frightened him. Coyote had a pot of rabbit meat on the fire, which he placed in front of the snake, saying, "Companion, eat."

"I will not eat your meat. I do not understand your food," said Rattlesnake.

"What food do you eat?"

"I eat the yellow flowers of the corn."

Coyote at once began to search for the yellow corn flowers. When he found some, Rattlesnake said, "Put some on top of my head so that I may eat it."

Coyote stood as far off as he could and placed the pollen on the snake's head.

The snake said, "Come nearer and put enough on my head so that I may find it."

Coyote was very much afraid, but after a while he came nearer and did as he was told.

Then the snake went away, saying, "Companion, to-morrow you come to my house."

"All right," said Coyote. To-morrow I will come."

Coyote sat down and thought about the morrow. He thought a good deal about what the snake might do. So he made a small rattle by placing tiny pebbles in a gourd and fastened it to the end of his tail. He shook it a while and was much pleased with it.

The next morning he started for the snake's house. He shook the rattle on the end of his tail and smiled, and said to himself, "This is good. When I go into Rattlesnake's house, he will be very much afraid of me."

Coyote did not walk into Snake's house, but moved like a snake. But Coyote could not shake his rattle as the snake shook his. He had to hold it in his hand. But when he shook his rattle, the snake seemed much afraid, and said, "Companion, I am afraid of you."

Now Rattlesnake had a stew of rats on the fire, and he placed some before Coyote. But Coyote said, "I do not understand your food. I cannot eat it because I do not understand it."

Rattlesnake insisted upon his eating, but Coyote refused. He said, "If you put some of the flower of the corn on my head, I will eat. I understand that food."

The snake took some corn pollen, but he pretended to be afraid of Coyote and stood off some distance. Coyote said, "Come nearer and place it on top my head."

Snake replied, "I am afraid of you."

Coyote said, "Come nearer. I am not bad."

Then the snake came closer and put the pollen on top of Coyote's head.

But Coyote did not have the long tongue of the snake and he could not get the pollen off the top of his head. He put out his tongue first on one side of his nose and then on the other, but he could only reach to the side of his nose.

His efforts made the snake laugh, but the snake put his hand over his mouth so Coyote should not see him laugh. Really, the snake hid his head in his body.

At last Coyote went home. As he left the snake's house, he held his tail in his hand and shook the rattle.

Snake cried, "Oh, companion! I am so afraid of you!" but really the snake shook with laughter.

When Coyote reached his home he said to himself, "I was such a fool. Rattlesnake had much food to eat and I would not take it. Now I am very hungry."

Then he went out in search of food.

Spider's Creation

A Legend of the Sia of New Mexico

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

In the beginning, long, long ago, there was but one being in the lower world. This was the spider, Sussistinnako. At that time there were no other insects, no birds, animals, or any other living creature.

The spider drew a line of meal from north to south and then crossed it with another line running east and west. On each side of the first line, north of the second, he placed two small parcels. They were precious but no one knows what was in them except Spider. Then he sat down near the parcels and began to sing. The music was low and sweet and the two parcels accompanied him, by shaking like rattles. Then two women appeared, one from each parcel.

In a short time people appeared and began walking around. Then animals, birds, and insects appeared, and the spider continued to sing until his creation was complete.

But there was no light, and as there were many people, they did not pass about much for fear of treading upon each other. The two women first created were the mothers of all. One was named Utset and she as the mother of all Indians. The other was Now-utset, and she was the mother of all other nations. While it was still dark, the spider divided the people into clans, saying to some, "You are of the Corn clan, and you are the first of all." To others he said, "You belong to the Coyote clan." So he divided them into their clans, the clans of the Bear, the Eagle, and other clans.

After Spider had nearly created the earth, Ha-arts, he thought it would be well to have rain to water it, so he created the Cloud People, the Lightning People, the Thunder People, and the Rainbow People, to work for the people of Ha-arts, the earth. He divided this creation into six parts, and each had its home in a spring in the heart of a great mountain upon whose summit was a giant tree.

One was in the spruce tree on the Mountain of the North; another in the pine tree on the Mountain of the West; another in the oak tree on the Mountain of the South; and another in the aspen tree on the Mountain of the East; the fifth was on the cedar tree on the Mountain of the Zenith; and the last in an oak on the Mountain of the Nadir.

The spider divided the world into three parts: Ha-arts, the earth; Tinia, the middle plain; and Hu-wa-ka, the upper plain. Then the spider gave to these People of the Clouds and to the rainbow, Tinia, the middle plain.

Now it was still dark, but the people of Ha-arts made houses for themselves by digging in the rocks and the earth. They could not build houses as they do now, because they could not see.

In a short time Utset and Now-utset talked much to each other, saying, "We will make light, that our people may see. We cannot tell the people now, but to-morrow will be a good day and the day after to-morrow will be a good day," meaning that their thoughts

were good. So they spoke with one tongue. They said, "Now all is covered with darkness, but after a while we will have light."

Then these two mothers, being inspired by Sussistinnako, the spider, made the sun from white shell, turkis, red stone, and abalone shell. After making the sun, they carried him to the east and camped there, since there were no houses. The next morning they climbed to the top of a high mountain and dropped the sun down behind it. After a time he began to ascend. When the people saw the light they were happy.

When the sun was far off, his face was blue; as he came nearer, the face grew brighter. Yet they did not see the sun himself, but only a large mask which covered his whole body.

The people saw that the world was large and the country beautiful. When the two mothers returned to the village, they said to the people, "We are the mothers of all."

The sun lighted the world during the day, but there was no light at night. So the two mothers created the moon from a slightly black stone, many kinds of yellow stone, turkis, and a red stone, that the world might be lighted at night. But the moon traveled slowly and did not always give light. Then the two mothers created the Star People and made their eyes of sparkling white crystal that they might twinkle and brighten the world at night. When the Star People lived in the lower world they were gathered into beautiful groups; they were not scattered about as they are in the upper world.

The Course of the Sun

A Legend of the Sia of New Mexico

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Sussistinnako, the spider, said to the sun, "My son, you will ascend and pass over the world above. You will go from north to south. Return and tell me what you think of it."

The sun said, on his return, "Mother, I did as you bade me, and I did not like the road."

Spider told him to ascend and pass over the world from west to the east. On his return, the sun said, "It may be good for some, mother, but I did not like it."

Spider said, "You will again ascend and pass over the straight road from the east to the west. Return and tell me what you think of it."

That night the sun said, "I am much contented. I like that road much."

Sussistinnako said, "My son, you will ascend each day and pass over the world from east to west."

Upon each day's journey the sun stops midway from the east to the centre of the world to eat his breakfast. In the centre he stops to eat his dinner. Halfway from the centre to the west he stops to eat his supper. He never fails to eat these three meals each day, and always stops at the same points.

The sun wears a shirt of dressed deerskin, with leggings of the same reaching to his thighs. The shirt and leggings are fringed. His moccasins are also of deerskin and embroidered in yellow, red, and turkis beads. He wears a kilt of deerskin, having a snake painted upon it. He carries a bow and arrows, the quiver being of cougar skin, hanging over his shoulder, and he holds his bow in his left hand and an arrow in his right. He always wears the mask which protects him from the sight of the people of Ha-arts.

At the top of the mask is an eagle plume with parrot plumes; an eagle plume is at each side, and one at the bottom of the mask. The hair around the head and face is red like fire, and when it moves and shakes people cannot look closely at the mask. It is not intended that they should observe closely, else they would know that instead of seeing the sun they see only his mask. The moon came to the upper world with the sun and he also wears a mask.

Each night the sun passes by the house of Sussistinnako, the spider, who asks him, "How are my children above? How many have died to-day? How many have been born to-day?" The sun lingers only long enough to answer his questions. He then passes on to his house in the east.

Unktomi and the Arrowheads

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

There were once upon a time two young men who were very great friends, and were constantly together. One was a very thoughtful young man, the other very impulsive, who never stopped to think before he committed an act.

One day these two friends were walking along, telling each other of their experiences in love making. They ascended a high hill, and on reaching the top, heard a ticking noise as if small stones or pebbles were being struck together.

Looking around they discovered a large spider sitting in the midst of a great many flint arrowheads. The spider was busily engaged making the flint rocks into arrowheads. They looked at the spider, but he never moved, but continued hammering away on a piece of flint which he had nearly completed into another arrowhead.

"Let's hit him," said the thoughtless one.

"No," said the other, "he is not harming any one; in fact, he is doing a great good, as he is making the flint arrowheads which we use to point our arrows."

"Oh, you are afraid," said the first young man. "He can't harm you. just watch me hit him." So saying, he picked up an arrowhead and throwing it at Unktomi, hit him on the side.

As Unktomi rolled over on his side, got up and stood looking at them, the young man laughed and said: "Well, let us be going, as your grandfather, Unktomi, doesn't seem to like our company."

They started down the hill, when suddenly the one who had hit Unktomi took a severe fit of coughing. He coughed and coughed, and finally small particles of blood came from his mouth. The blood kept coming thicker and in great gushes. Finally it came so thick and fast that the man could not get his breath and fell upon the ground dead.

The thoughtful young man, seeing that his friend was no more, hurried to the village and reported what had happened. The relatives and friends hurried to the hill, and sure enough, there lay the thoughtless young man still and cold in death.

They held a council and sent for the chief of the Unktomi tribe. When he heard what had happened, he told the council that he could do nothing to his Unktomi, as it had only defended itself.

Said he: "My friends, seeing that your tribe was running short of arrowheads, I set a great many of my tribe to work making flint arrowheads for you. When my men are thus engaged they do not wish to be disturbed, and your young man not only disturbed my

man, but grossly insulted him by striking him with one of the arrowheads which he had worked so hard to make.”

“My man could not sit and take this insult, so as the young man walked away the Unktomi shot him with a very tiny arrowhead. This produced a hemorrhage, which caused his death. So now, my friends, if you will fill and pass the peace pipe, we will part good friends and my tribe shall always furnish you with plenty of flint arrowheads.”

So saying, Unktomi Tanka finished his peace smoke and returned to his tribe.

Ever after that, when the Indians heard a ticking in the grass, they would go out of their way to get around the sound, saying, "Unktomi is making arrowheads; we must not disturb him."

Thus it was that Unktomi Tanka (Big Spider) had the respect of this tribe, and was never after disturbed in his work of making arrowheads.

The Artichoke and the Muskrat

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

On the shore of a lake stood an artichoke with its green leaves waving in the sun. Very proud of itself it was, and well satisfied with the world.

In the lake below lived a muskrat in his tepee, and in the evening as the sun set he would come out upon the shore and wander over the bank.

One evening he came near the place where the artichoke stood.

"Ho, friend," he said, "you seem rather proud of yourself. Who are you?"

"I am the artichoke," answered the other, "and I have many handsome cousins. But who are you?"

"I am the muskrat, and I, too, belong to a large family. I live in the water. I don't stand all day in one place like a stone."

"If I stand in one place all day," retorted the artichoke, "at least I don't swim around in stagnant water, and build my lodge in the mud."

"You are jealous of my fine fur," sneered the muskrat. "I may build my lodge in the mud, but I always have a clean coat. But you are half buried in the ground, and when men dig you up, you are never clean."

"And your fine coat always smells of musk," jeered the artichoke.

"That is true," said the muskrat. "But men think well of me, nevertheless. They trap me for the fine sinew in my tail; and handsome young women bite off my tail with their white teeth and make it into thread."

"That's nothing," laughed the artichoke. "Handsome young warriors, painted and splendid with feathers, dig me up, brush me off with their shapely hands and eat me without even taking the trouble to wash me off."

A Bashful Courtship

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

A young man lived with his grandmother. He was a good hunter and wished to marry. He knew a girl who was a good moccasin maker, but she belonged to a great family. He wondered how he could win her. One day she passed the tent on her way to get water at the river. His grandmother was at work in the teepee with a pair of old worn-out sloppy moccasins. The young man sprang to his feet. "Quick, grandmother! Let me have those old sloppy moccasins you have on your feet!" he cried.

"My old moccasins, what do you want of them?" cried the astonished woman.

"Never mind! Quick! I can't stop to talk," answered the grandson as he caught up the old moccasins the old lady had doffed, and put them on. He threw a robe over his shoulders, slipped through the door, and hastened to the watering place. The girl had just arrived with her bucket.

"Let me fill your bucket for you," said the young man. "Oh, no, I can do it," the girl said.

"Oh, let me, I can go in the mud. You surely don't want to soil your moccasins," and taking the bucket he slipped in the mud, taking care to push his sloppy old moccasins out so the girl could see them. She giggled outright.

"My, what old moccasins you have!" she cried. "Yes, I have nobody to make me a new pair," he answered. "Why don't you get your grandmother to make you a new pair?" she asked.

"She's old and blind and can't make them any longer. That's why I want you," he answered.

"Oh, you're fooling me. You aren't speaking the truth," she said

"Yes, I am. If you don't believe--come with me now!" said the man.

The girl looked down; so did the youth. At last he said softly, "Well, which is it? Shall I take up your bucket, or will you go with me?"

And she answered, still more softly, "I guess I'll go with you!" The girl's aunt came down to the river, wondering what kept her niece so long. In the mud she found two pairs of moccasin tracks close together; at the edge of the water stood an empty keg.

The Bound Children

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

There once lived a widow with two children; the elder a daughter and the younger a son. The widow went in mourning for her husband a long time. She cut off her hair, let her dress lie untidy on her body and kept her face unpainted and unwashed.

There lived in the same village a great chief. He had one son just come old enough to marry. The chief had it known that he wished his son to take a wife, and all of the young women in the village were eager to marry the young man. However, he was pleased with none of them.

Now the widow thought, "I am tired of mourning for my husband and caring for my children. Perhaps if I lay aside my mourning and paint myself red, the chief's son may marry me."

So she slipped away from her two children, stole down to the river and made a bathing place thru the ice. When she had washed away all signs of mourning, she painted and decked herself and went to the chief's teepee. When his son saw her, he loved her, and a feast was made in honor of her wedding.

When the widow's daughter found herself forsaken, she wept bitterly. After a day or two she took her little brother in her arms and went to the teepee of an old woman who lived at one end of the village. The old woman's tumble down teepee was of bark and her dress and clothing were of old smoke-dried tent cover. But she was kind to the two waifs and took them in willingly.

The little girl was eager to find her mother. The old woman said to her: "I suspect your mother has painted her face red. Do not try to find her. If the chief's son marries her she will not want to be burdened with you."

The old woman was right. The girl went down to the river, and sure enough found a hole cut in the ice and about it lay the filth that the mother had washed from her body. The girl gathered up the filth and went on. By and by she came to a second hole in the ice. Here too was filth, but not so much as at the previous place. At the third hole the ice was clean.

The girl knew now that her mother had painted her face red. She went at once to the chief's teepee, raised the door flap and went in. There sat her mother with the chief's son at their wedding feast.

The girl walked up to her mother and hurled the filth in her mother's face.

"There," she cried, "you who forsake your helpless children and forget your husband, take that!"

And at once her mother became a hideous old woman.

The girl then went back to the lodge of the old woman, leaving the camp in an uproar. The chief soon sent some young warriors to seize the girl and her brother, and they were brought to his teepee. He was furious with anger.

"Let the children be bound with lariats wrapped about their bodies and let them be left to starve. Our camp will move on," he said. The chief's son did not put away his wife, hoping she might be cured in some way and grow young again.

Everybody in camp now got ready to move; but the old woman came close to the girl and said, "In my old teepee I have dug a hole and buried a pot with punk and steel and flint and packs of dried meat. They will tie you up like a corpse. But before we go I will come with a knife and pretend to stab you, but I will really cut the rope that binds you so that you can unwind it from your body as soon as the camp is out of sight and hearing."

And so, before the camp started, the old woman came to the place where the two children were bound. She had in her hand a knife bound to the end of a stick which she used as a lance. She stood over the children and cried aloud, "You wicked girl, who have shamed your own mother, you deserve all the punishment that is given you. But after all I do not want to let you lie and starve. Far better kill you at once and have done with it!" and with her stick she stabbed many times, as if to kill, but she was really cutting the rope.

The camp moved on; but the children lay on the ground until noon the next day. Then they began to squirm about. Soon the girl was free, and she then set loose her little brother. They went at once to the old woman's hut where they found the flint and steel and the packs of dried meat.

The girl made her brother a bow and arrows and with these he killed birds and other small game.

The boy grew up a great hunter. They became rich. They built three great teepees, in one of which were stored rows upon rows of parfleche bags of dried meat.

One day as the brother went out to hunt, he met a handsome young stranger who greeted him and said to him, "I know you are a good hunter, for I have been watching you; your sister, too, is industrious. Let me have her for a wife. Then you and I will be brothers and hunt together."

The girl's brother went home and told her what the young stranger had said.

"Brother, I do not care to marry," she answered. "I am now happy with you."
"But you will be yet happier married," he answered, "and the young stranger is of no mean family, as one can see by his dress and manners."

"Very well, I will do as you wish," she said. So the stranger came into the teepee and was the girl's husband.

One day as they were in their tent, a crow flew overhead, calling out loudly, "Kaw, Kaw, They who forsook the children have no meat."

The girl and her husband and brother looked up at one another.

"What can it mean?" they asked. "Let us send for Unktomi (the spider). He is a good judge and he will know."

"And I will get ready a good dinner for him, for Unktomi is always hungry," added the young wife.

When Unktomi came, his yellow mouth opened with delight at the fine feast spread for him. After he had eaten he was told what the crow had said.

"The crow means," said Unktomi, "that the villagers and chief who bound and deserted you are in sad plight. They have hardly anything to eat and are starving."

When the girl heard this she made a bundle of choicest meat and called the crow.

"Take this to the starving villagers," she bade him.

He took the bundle in his beak, flew away to the starving village and dropped the bundle before the chief's teepee. The chief came out and the crow called loudly, "Kaw, Kaw! The children who were forsaken have much meat; those who forsook them have none."

"What can he mean?" cried the astonished villagers.

"Let us send for Unktomi," said one, "he is a great judge; he will tell us."

They divided the bundle of meat among the starving people, saving the biggest piece for Unktomi.

When Unktomi had come and eaten, the villagers told him of the crow and asked what the bird's words meant.

"He means," said Unktomi, "that the two children whom you forsook have teepees full of dried meat enough for all the village."

The villagers were filled with astonishment at this news. To find whether or not it was true, the chief called seven young men and sent them out to see. They came to the three teepees and there met the girl's brother and husband just going out to hunt (which they did now only for sport).

The girl's brother invited the seven young men into the third or sacred lodge, and after they had smoked a pipe and knocked out the ashes on a buffalo bone the brother gave them meat to eat, which the seven devoured greedily. The next day he loaded all seven with packs of meat, saying, "Take this meat to the villagers and lead them hither."

While they awaited the return of the young men with the villagers, the girl made two

bundles of meat, one of the best and choicest pieces, and the other of liver, very dry and hard to eat.

After a few days the camp arrived. The young woman's mother opened the door and ran in crying: "Oh, my dear daughter, how glad I am to see you." But the daughter received her coldly and gave her the bundle of dried liver to eat. But when the old woman who had saved the children's lives came in, the young girl received her gladly, called her grandmother, and gave her the package of choice meat with marrow.

Then the whole village camped and ate of the stores of meat all the winter until spring came; and withal they were so many, there was such abundance of stores that there was still much left

A Little Brave and the Medicine Woman

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

A village of Indians moved out of winter camp and pitched their tents in a circle on high land overlooking a lake. A little way down the hill was a grave. Choke cherries had grown up, hiding the grave from view. But as the ground had sunk somewhat, the grave was marked by a slight hollow.

One of the villagers going out to hunt took a short cut through the choke cherry bushes. As he pushed them aside he saw the hollow grave, but thought it was a washout made by the rains.

But as he moved to step over it, to his great surprise he stumbled and fell. Made curious by his mishap, he drew back and tried again; but again he fell. When he came back to the village he told the old men what had happened to him.

They remembered then that a long time before there had been buried there a medicine woman or conjurer. Doubtless it was her medicine that made him stumble.

The story of the villager's adventure spread thru the camp and made many curious to see the grave. Among others were six little boys who were, however, rather timid, for they were in great awe of the dead medicine woman.

But they had a little playmate named Brave, a mischievous little rogue, whose hair was always unkempt and tossed about and who was never quiet for a moment.

"Let us ask Brave to go with us," they said. And they went as a group to see him.

"All right," said Brave; "I will go with you. But I have something to do first. You go on around the hill that way, and I will hasten around this way, and meet you a little later near the grave."

So the six little boys went on as bidden until they came to a place near the grave. There they halted.

"Where is Brave?" they asked.

Now Brave, full of mischief, had thought to play a joke on his little friends. As soon as they were well out of sight he had sped around the hill to the shore of the lake and sticking his hands in the mud had rubbed it over his face, plastered it in his hair, and soiled his hands until he looked like a new risen corpse with the flesh rotting from his bones. He then went and lay down in the grave and awaited the boys.

When the six little boys came they were more timid than ever when they did not find Brave; but they feared to go back to the village without seeing the grave, for fear the old men would call them cowards.

So they slowly approached the grave and one of them timidly called out, "Please, grandmother, we won't disturb your grave. We only want to see where you lie. Don't be angry."

At once a thin quavering voice, like an old woman's, called out, "Han, han, takoja, hechetuya, hechetuya! Yes, yes, that's right, that's right."

The boys were frightened out of their senses, believing the old woman had come to life.

"Oh, grandmother," they gasped, "don't hurt us; please don't, we'll go."

Just then Brave raised his muddy face and hands up thru the choke cherry bushes. With the oozy mud dripping from his features he looked like some very witch just raised from the grave. The boys screamed outright. One fainted. The rest ran yelling up the hill to the village, where each broke at once for his mother's teepee.

As all the tents in a Dakota camping circle face the center, the boys as they came tearing into camp were in plain view from the teepees. Hearing the screaming, every woman in camp ran to her teepee door to see what had happened. Just then little Brave, as badly scared as the rest, came rushing in after them, his hair on end and covered with mud and crying out, all forgetful of his appearance, "It's me, it's me!"

The women yelped and bolted in terror from the village. Brave dashed into his mother's teepee, scaring her out of her wits. Dropping pots and kettles, she tumbled out of the tent to run screaming with the rest. Not a single villager come near poor little Brave until he had gone down to the lake and washed himself

The Gift of Corn

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

In a deep forest, far from the villages of his people, lived a hermit. His tent was made of buffalo skins, and his dress was made of deer skin. Far from the haunts of any human being this old hermit was content to spend his days.

All day long he would wander through the forest studying the different plants of nature and collecting precious roots, which he used as medicine. At long intervals some warrior would arrive at the tent of the old hermit and get medicine roots from him for the tribe, the old hermit's medicine being considered far superior to all others.

After a long day's ramble in the woods, the hermit came home late, and being very tired, at once lay down on his bed and was just dozing off to sleep, when he felt something rub against his foot. Awakening with a start, he noticed a dark object and an arm was extended to him, holding in its hand a flint pointed arrow.

The hermit thought, "This must be a spirit, as there is no human being around here but myself!"

A voice then said: "Hermit, I have come to invite you to my home."

"How (yes), I will come," said the old hermit. Wherewith he arose, wrapped his robe about him and followed.

Outside the door he stopped and looked around, but could see no signs of the dark object.

"Whoever you are, or whatever you be, wait for me, as I don't know where to go to find your house," said the hermit.

Not an answer did he receive, nor could he hear any noises as though anyone was walking through the brush.

Re-entering his tent he retired and was soon fast asleep. The next night the same thing occurred again, and the hermit followed the object out, only to be left as before.

He was very angry to think that anyone should be trying to make sport of him, and he determined to find out who this could be who was disturbing his night's rest.

The next evening he cut a hole in the tent large enough to stick an arrow through, and stood by the door watching.

Soon the dark object came and stopped outside of the door, and said, "Grandfather, I came to--," but he never finished the sentence, for the old man let go his arrow, and he heard the arrow strike something which produced a sound as though he had shot into a

sack of pebbles. He did not go out that night to see what his arrow had struck, but early next morning he went out and looked at the spot about where he thought the object had stood. There on the ground lay a little heap of corn, and from this little heap a small line of corn lay scattered along a path. This he followed far into the woods. When he came to a very small knoll the trail ended. At the end of the trail was a large circle, from which the grass had been scraped off clean.

"The corn trail stops at the edge of this circle," said the old man, "so this must be the home of whoever it was that invited me." He took his bone knife and hatchet and proceeded to dig down into the center of the circle. When he had got down to the length of his arm, he came to a sack of dried meat. Next he found a sack of Indian turnips, then a sack of dried cherries; then a sack of corn, and last of all another sack, empty except that there was about a cupful of corn in one corner of it, and that the sack had a hole in the other corner where his arrow had pierced it.

From this hole in the sack the corn was scattered along the trail, which guided the old man to the hiding place.

From this the hermit taught the tribes how to keep their provisions when traveling and were overloaded. He explained to them how they should dig a pit and put their provisions into it and cover them with earth.

By this method the Indians used to keep provisions all summer, and when fall came they would return to their cache, and on opening it would find everything as fresh as the day they were placed there.

The old hermit was also thanked as the discoverer of corn, which had never been known to the Indians until discovered by the old hermit.

The Pet Donkey

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

There was a chief's daughter once who had a great many relations so that everybody knew she belonged to a great family. When she grew up she married and there were born to her twin sons.

This caused great rejoicing in her father's camp, and all the village women came to see the babes. She was very happy. As the babes grew older, their grandmother made for them two saddle bags and brought out a donkey.

"My two grandchildren," said the old lady, "shall ride as is becoming to children having so many relations. Here is this donkey. He is patient and surefooted. He shall carry the babes in the saddle bags, one on either side of his back."

It happened one day that the chief's daughter and her husband were making ready to go on a camping journey. The father, who was quite proud of his children, brought out his finest pony, and put the saddle bags on the pony's back.

"There," he said, "my sons shall ride on the pony, not on a donkey; let the donkey carry the pots and kettles."

So his wife loaded the donkey with the household things. She tied the tepee poles into two great bundles, one on either side of the donkey's back; across them she put the travois net and threw into it the pots and kettles and laid the skin tent across the donkey's back.

But no sooner done than the donkey began to rear and bray and kick. He broke the tent poles and kicked the pots and kettles into bits and tore the skin tent. The more he was beaten the more he kicked.

At last they told the grandmother. She laughed. "Did I not tell you the donkey was for the children," she cried. "He knows the babies are the chief's children. Think you he will be dishonored with pots and kettles?"

And she fetched the children and slung them over the donkey's back, when he became at once quiet again.

The camping party left the village and went on their journey. But the next day as they passed by a place overgrown with bushes, a band of enemies rushed out, lashing their ponies and sounding their war whoop.

All was excitement. The men bent their bows and seized their lances. After a long battle the enemy fled. But when the camping party came together again--where were the donkey and the two babes?

No one knew. For a long time they searched, but in vain. At last they turned to go back to the village, the father mournful, the mother wailing.

When they came to the grandmother's tepee, there stood the good donkey with the two babes in the saddle bags.

The Faithful Lovers

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

There once lived a chief's daughter who had many relations. All the young men in the village wanted to have her for wife, and were all eager to fill her skin bucket when she went to the brook for water.

There was a young man in the village who was industrious and a good hunter; but he was poor and of a mean family. He loved the maiden and when she went for water, he threw his robe over her head while he whispered in her ear, "Be my wife. I have little but I am young and strong. I will treat you well, for I love you."

For a long time the maiden did not answer, but one day she whispered back. "Yes, you may ask my father's leave to marry me. But first you must do something noble. I belong to a great family and have many relations. You must go on a war party and bring back the scalp of an enemy."

The young man answered modestly, "I will try to do as you bid me. I am only a hunter, not a warrior. Whether I shall be brave or not I do not know. But I will try to take a scalp for your sake."

So he made a war party of seven, himself and six other young men. They wandered through the enemy's country, hoping to get a chance to strike a blow. But none came, for they found no one of the enemy.

"Our medicine is unfavorable," said their leader at last. "We shall have to return home."

Before they started they sat down to smoke and rest beside a beautiful lake at the foot of a green knoll that rose from its shore. The knoll was covered with green grass and somehow, as they looked at it, they had a feeling that there was something about it that was mysterious or uncanny. But there was a young man in the party named the jester, for he was venturesome and full of fun. Gazing at the knoll he said, "Let's and jump on its top."

"No," said the young lover, "it looks mysterious. Sit still and finish your smoke."

"Oh, come on, who's afraid," said the jester, laughing. "Come on you--come on!" and springing to his feet he ran up the side of the knoll. Four of the young men followed. Having reached the top of the knoll all five began to jump and stamp about in sport, calling, "Come on, come on," to the others.

Suddenly they stopped--the knoll had begun to move toward the water. It was a gigantic turtle.

The five men cried out in alarm and tried to run--too late! Their feet by some power were held fast to the monster's back.

"Help us--drag us away," they cried; but the others could do nothing. In a few moments the waves had closed over them

The other two men, the lover and his friend, went on, but with heavy hearts, for they had forebodings of evil. After some days, they came to a river. Worn with fatigue the lover threw himself down on the bank.

"I will sleep awhile," he said, "for I am wearied and worn out."

"And I will go down to the water and see if I can chance upon a dead fish. At this time of the year the high water may have left one stranded on the seashore," said his friend

And as he had said, he found a fish which he cleaned, and then called to the lover.

"Come and eat the fish with me. I have cleaned it and made a fire and it is now cooking."

"No, you eat it; let me rest," said the lover.

"Oh, come on," said the friend.

"No, let me rest," the lover answered.

"But you are my friend. I will not eat unless you share it with me," the friend said.

"Very well," said the lover, "I will eat the fish with you, but you must first make me a promise. If I eat the fish, you must promise, pledge yourself, to fetch me all the water that I can drink."

"I promise," said the other, and the two ate the fish out of their war-kettle. For there had been but one kettle for the party.

When they had eaten, the kettle was rinsed out and the lover's friend brought it back full of water. This the lover drank at a draught.

"Bring me more," he said.

Again his friend filled the kettle at the river and again the lover drank it dry. "More!" he cried.

"Oh, I am tired. Can't you go to the river and drink your fill from the stream?" asked his friend.

"Remember your promise." he said.

"Yes, but I am weary. Go now and drink," said the friend.

"Ek-hey, I feared it would be so. Now trouble is coming upon us," said the lover sadly. He walked to the river, sprang in, and lying down in the water with his head toward land, drank greedily.

By and by he called to his friend. "Come hither, you who have been my sworn friend. See what comes of your broken promise."

The friend came and was amazed to see that the lover was now a fish from his feet to his middle. Sick at heart he ran off a little way and threw himself upon the ground in grief. By and by he returned. The lover was now a fish to his neck.

"Cannot I cut off the part and restore you by a sweat bath?" the friend asked.

"No, it is too late. But tell the chief's daughter that I loved her to the last and that I die for her sake. Take this belt and give it to her. She gave it to me as a pledge of her love for me," and he being then turned to a great fish, swam to the middle of the river and there remained, only his great fin remaining above the water.

The friend went home and told his story. There was great mourning over the death of the five young men, and for the lost lover. In the river the great fish remained, its fin just above the surface, and was called by the Indians "Fish that Bars," because it barred navigation.

Canoes had to be portaged at great labor around the obstruction.

The chief's daughter mourned for her lover as for a husband, nor would she be comforted. "He was lost for love of me, and I shall remain as his widow," she wailed.

In her mother's tepee she sat, with her head covered with her robe, silent, working, working.

"What is my daughter doing," her mother asked. But the maiden did not reply.

The days lengthened into moons until a year had passed. And then the maiden arose. In her hands were beautiful articles of clothing, enough for three men. There were three pairs of moccasins, three pairs of leggings, three belts, three shirts, three head dresses with beautiful feathers, and sweet smelling tobacco.

"Make a new canoe of bark," she said, which was made for her.

Into the canoe she stepped and floated slowly down the river toward the great fish.

"Come back my daughter," her mother cried in agony. "The great fish will eat you."

She answered nothing.

Her canoe came to the place where the great fin arose and stopped, its prow grating on the monster's back. The maiden stepped out boldly. One by one she laid her presents on the fish's back, scattering the feathers and tobacco over his broad spine.

"Oh, fish," she cried, "Oh, fish, you who were my lover, I shall not forget you. Because you were lost for love of me, I shall never marry. All my life I shall remain a widow. Take these presents. And now leave the river, and let the waters run free, so my people may

once more descend in their canoes."

She stepped into her canoe and waited. Slowly the great fish sank, his broad fin disappeared, and the waters of the St. Croix (Stillwater) were free.

The Rabbit and the Bear With the Flint Body

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

The Rabbit and his grandmother were in dire straits, because the rabbit was out of arrows. The fall hunt would soon be on and his quiver was all but empty. Arrow sticks he could cut in plenty, but he had nothing with which to make arrowheads.

"You must make some flint arrowheads," said his grandmother. "Then\ you will be able to kill game."

"Where shall I get the flint?" asked the rabbit.

"From the old bear chief," said his old grandmother. For at that time all the flint in the world was in the bear's body

So the rabbit set out for the village of the bears. It was winter time and the lodges of the bears were set under the shelter of a hill where the cold wind would not blow on them and where they had shelter among the trees and bushes.

He came at one end of the village to a hut where lived an old woman. He pushed open the door and entered. Everybody who came for flint always stopped there because it was the first lodge on the edge of the village. Strangers were therefore not unusual in the old woman's hut, and she welcomed the rabbit. She gave him a seat and at night he lay with his feet to the fire.

The next morning the rabbit went to the lodge of the bear chief. They sat together awhile and smoked. At last the bear chief spoke.

"What do you want, my grandson?" he said.

"I have come for some flint to make arrows," answered the rabbit.

The bear chief grunted, and laid aside his pipe. Leaning back he pulled off his robe and, sure enough, one half of his body was flesh and the other half hard flint.

"Bring a stone hammer and give it to our guest," he bade his wife. Then as the rabbit took the hammer he said, "Do not strike too hard."

"Grandfather, I shall be careful," said the rabbit.

With a stroke he struck off a little flake of flint from the bear's body. "Ni-sko-ke-cha? So big?" he asked.

"Harder, grandson; strike off bigger pieces," said the bear.

The rabbit struck a little harder. "Ni-sko-ke-cha? So big?" he asked.

The bear grew impatient. "No, no, strike off bigger pieces. I can't be here all day. Tanka kaksá wo! Break off a big piece."

The rabbit struck again--hard! "Ni-sko-ke-cha?" he cried, as the hammer fell. But even as he spoke the bear's body broke in two, the flesh part fell away and only the flint part remained.

Like a flash the rabbit darted out of the hut.

There was a great outcry in the village. Openmouthed, all the bears gave chase. But as he ran the rabbit cried: "Wa-hin-han-yo (snow, snow) Ota-po, Ota-po--lots more, lots more," and a great storm of snow swept down from the sky.

The rabbit, light of foot, bounded over the top of the snow. The bears sunk in and floundered about helpless. Seeing this, the rabbit turned back and killed them one by one with his club.

That is why we now have so few bears.

The Forgotten Ear of Corn

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

An Arikara woman was once gathering corn from the field to store away for winter use. She passed from stalk to stalk, tearing off the ears and dropping them into her folded robe.

When all was gathered she started to go, when she heard a faint voice, like a child's, weeping and calling: "Oh, do not leave me! Do not go away without me."

The woman was astonished. "What child can that be?" she asked herself. "What babe can be lost in the cornfield?"

She set down her robe in which she had tied up her corn, and went back to search; but she found nothing. As she started away she heard the voice again, "Oh, do not leave me. Do not go away without me."

She searched for a long time. At last in one corner of the field, hidden under the leaves of the stalks, she found one little ear of corn.

This it was that had been crying, and this is why all Indian women have since garnered their corn crop very carefully, so that the succulent food product should not even to the last small nubbin be neglected or wasted, and thus displease the Great Mystery.

The Bear and the Rabbit Hunt Buffalo

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

Once upon a time there lived as neighbors a bear and a rabbit. The rabbit was a good shot, and the bear being very clumsy could not use the arrow to good advantage.

The bear was very unkind to the rabbit. Every morning, the bear would call over to the rabbit and say, "Take your bow and arrows and come with me to the other side of the hill. A large herd of buffalo are grazing there, and I want you to shoot some of them for me, as my children are crying for meat."

The rabbit, fearing to arouse the bear's anger by refusing, consented, and went with the bear, and shot enough buffalo to satisfy the hungry family. Indeed, he shot and killed so many that there was lots of meat left after the bear and his family had loaded themselves, and packed all they could carry home.

The bear being very gluttonous, and not wanting the rabbit to get any of the meat, said, "Rabbit, you come along home with us and we will return and get the remainder of the meat."

The poor rabbit could not even taste the blood from the butchering, as the bear would throw earth on the blood and dry it up. Poor Rabbit would have to go home hungry after his hard day's work.

The bear was the father of five children. The youngest boy was very kind to the rabbit. The mother bear, knowing that her youngest was a very hearty eater, always gave him an extra large piece of meat. What the baby bear did not eat, he would take outside with him and pretend to play ball with it, kicking it toward the rabbit's house, and when he got close to the door he would give the meat such a great kick, that it would fly into the rabbit's house, and in this way poor Rabbit would get his meal unknown to the papa bear.

Baby bear never forgot his friend Rabbit. Papa bear often wondered why his baby would go outside after each meal. He grew suspicious and asked the baby where he had been.

"Oh, I always play ball outside, around the house, and when I get tired playing I eat up my meat ball and then come in."

The baby bear was too cunning to let papa bear know that he was keeping his friend rabbit from starving to death. Nevertheless, papa bear suspected baby and said: "Baby, I think you go over to the rabbit's after every meal."

The four older brothers were very handsome, but baby bear was a little puny fellow, whose coat couldn't keep out much cold, as it was short and shaggy, and of a dirty brown color. The three older brothers were very unkind to baby bear, but the fourth one always took baby's part, and was always kind to his baby brother.

Rabbit was getting tired of being ordered and bullied around by papa bear. He puzzled his brain to scheme some way of getting even with Mr. Bear for abusing him so much. He studied all night long, but no scheme worth trying presented itself. Early one morning Mr. Bear presented himself at Rabbit's door.

"Say, Rabbit, my meat is all used up, and there is a fine herd of buffalo grazing on the hillside. Get your bow and arrows and come with me. I want you to shoot some of them for me."

"Very well," said Rabbit, and he went and killed six buffalo for Bear. Bear got busy butchering and poor Rabbit, thinking he would get a chance to lick up one mouthful of blood, stayed very close to the bear while he was cutting up the meat.

The bear was very watchful lest the rabbit get something to eat. Despite bear's watchfulness, a small clot of blood rolled past and behind the bear's feet. At once Rabbit seized the clot and hid it in his bosom. By the time Rabbit got home, the blood clot was hardened from the warmth of his body, so, being hungry, it put Mr. Rabbit out of sorts to think that after all his trouble he could not eat the blood.

Very badly disappointed, he lay down on his floor and gazed up into the chimney hole. Disgusted with the way things had turned out, he grabbed up the blood clot and threw it up through the hole.

Scarcely had it hit the ground when he heard the voice of a baby crying, "Ate! Ate!" (father, father). He went outside and there he found a big baby boy. He took the baby into his house and threw him out through the hole again. This time the boy was large enough to say "Ate, Ate, he-cun-sin-lo." (Father, father, don't do that).

But nevertheless, he threw him up and out again. On going out the third time, there stood a handsome youth smiling at him. Rabbit at once adopted the youth and took him into his house, seating him in the seat of honor (which is directly opposite the entrance), and saying: "My son, I want you to be a good, honest, straightforward man. Now, I have in my possession a fine outfit, and you, my son, shall wear it."

Suiting his action to his words, he drew out a bag from a hollow tree and on opening it, drew out a fine buckskin shirt (tanned white as snow), worked with porcupine quills. Also a pair of red leggings worked with beads. Moccasins worked with colored hair. A fine otter skin robe. White weasel skins to intertwine with his beautiful long black locks. A magnificent center eagle feather. A rawhide covered bow, accompanied by a quiver full of flint arrowheads.

The rabbit, having dressed his son in all the latest finery, sat back and gazed long and lovingly at his handsome son. Instinctively Rabbit felt that his son had been sent him for the purpose of being instrumental in the downfall of Mr. Bear, as events will show.

The morning following the arrival of Rabbit's son, Mr. Bear again presents himself at the door, crying out: "You lazy, ugly rabbit, get up and come out here. I want you to shoot some more buffalo for me."

"Who is this, who speaks so insultingly to you, father?" asked the son.

"It is a bear who lives near here, and makes me kill buffalo for his family, and he won't let me take even one little drop of blood from the killing, and consequently, my son, I have nothing in my house for you to eat."

The young man was anxious to meet Mr. Bear but Rabbit advised him to wait a little until he and Bear had gone to the hunt. So the son obeyed, and when he thought it time that the killing was done, he started out and arrived on the scene just as Mr. Bear was about to proceed with his butchering.

Seeing a strange shadow on the ground beside him, Mr. Bear looked up and gazed into the fearless eyes of rabbit's handsome son.

"Who is this?" asked Mr. Bear of poor little Rabbit.

"I don't know," answered Rabbit.

"Who are you?" asked the bear of Rabbit's son. "Where did you come from?"

The rabbit's son not replying, the bear spoke thus to him: "Get out of here, and get out quick, too."

At this speech the rabbit's son became angered, and fastened an arrow to his bow and drove the arrow through the bear's heart. Then he turned on Mrs. Bear and served her likewise. During the melee, Rabbit shouted: "My son, my son, don't kill the two youngest. The baby has kept me from starving and the other one is good and kind to his baby brother."

So the three older brothers who were unkind to their baby brother met a similar fate to that of their selfish parents.

This is the reason that bears travel only in pairs.

The Story of the Peace Pipe

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

Two young men were out strolling one night talking of love affairs. They passed around a hill and came to a little ravine or coulee.

Suddenly they saw coming up from the ravine a beautiful woman. She was painted and her dress was of the very finest material.

"What a beautiful girl!" said one of the young men. "Already I love her. I will steal her and make her my wife."

"No," said the other. "Don't harm her. She may be holy."

The young woman approached and held out a pipe which she first offered to the sky, then to the earth and then advanced, holding it out in her extended hands.

"I know what you young men have been saying; one of you is good, the other is wicked," she said.

She laid down the pipe on the ground and at once became a buffalo cow. The cow pawed the ground, stuck her tail straight out behind her, and then lifted the pipe from the ground again in her hoofs. Immediately she became a young woman again.

"I am come to give you this gift," she said. "It is the peace pipe. Hereafter all treaties and ceremonies shall be performed after smoking it. It shall bring peaceful thoughts into your minds. You shall offer it to the Great Mystery and to mother earth."

The two young men ran to the village and told what they had seen and heard. All the village came out where the young woman was.

She repeated to them what she had already told the young men and added, "When you set free the ghost (the spirit of deceased persons) you must have a white buffalo cow skin."

She gave the pipe to the medicine men of the village, turned again to a buffalo cow and fled away to the land of buffaloes.

The Rabbit and the Grouse Girls

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

The rabbit once went out on the prairie in winter time. On the side of a hill away from the wind he found a great company of girls all with grey and speckled blankets over their backs. They were the grouse girls and they were coasting down hill on a board. When the rabbit saw them, he called out, "Oh, maidens, that is not a good way to coast down hill. Let me get you a fine skin with bangles on it that tinkle as you slide."

And away he ran to the tepee and brought a skin bag. It had red stripes on it and bangles that tinkled. "Come and get inside," he said to the grouse girls.

"Oh, no, we are afraid," they answered.

"Don't be afraid, I can't hurt you. Come, one of you," said the rabbit. Then as each hung back he added coaxingly: "If each is afraid alone, come all together. I can't hurt you all."

And so he coaxed the whole flock into the bag. This done, the rabbit closed the mouth of the bag, slung it over his back and went home. "Grandmother," said he, as he came to the tepee, "here is a bag full of game. Watch it while I go for willow sticks to make spits." But as soon as the rabbit had gone out of the tent, the grouse girls began to cry out, "Grandmother, let us out."

"Who are you?" asked the old woman. "Your dear grandchildren," they answered.

"But how came you in the bag?" asked the old woman. "Oh, our cousin was jesting with us. He coaxed us in the bag for a joke. Please let us out."

"Certainly, dear grandchildren, I will let you out," said the old woman as she untied the bag. And lo, the grouse flock with chuck-a-chuck-chuck flew up, knocking over the old grandmother and flew out of the square smoke opening of the winter lodge.

The old woman caught only one grouse as it flew up and held it, grasping a leg with each hand.

When the rabbit came home with the spits she called out to him, "Grandson, come quick. They got out but I have caught two."

When he saw what had happened he was quite angry, yet could not keep from laughing.

"Grandmother, you have but one grouse," he cried, and it is a very skinny one at that!"

The Raccoon and the Crawfish

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

Sharp and cunning is the raccoon, say the Indians, by whom he is named Spotted Face.

A crawfish one evening wandered along a river bank, looking for something dead to feast upon. A raccoon was also out looking for something to eat. He spied the crawfish and formed a plan to catch him.

He lay down on the bank and feigned to be dead. By and by the crawfish came near by.

"Ho," he thought, "here is a feast indeed; but is he really dead. I will go near and pinch him with my claws and find out." So he went near and pinched the raccoon on the nose and then on his soft paws. The raccoon never moved. The crawfish then pinched him on the ribs and tickled him so that the raccoon could hardly keep from laughing. The crawfish at last left him.

"The raccoon is surely dead," he thought. And he hurried back to the crawfish village and reported his find to the chief.

All the villagers were called to go down to the feast. The chief bade the warriors and young men to paint their faces and dress in their gayest for a dance. So they marched in a long line, first the warriors, with their weapons in hand, then the women with their babies and children, to the place where the raccoon lay.

They formed a great circle about him and danced, singing...

"We shall have a great feast on the spotted-faced beast, with soft smooth paws!"

"He is dead! He is dead! We shall dance!"

"We shall have a good time We shall feast on his flesh."

But as they danced, the raccoon suddenly sprang to his feet saying, "Who is that you say you are going to eat? He has a spotted face, has he? He has soft, smooth paws, has he? I'll break your ugly backs. I'll break your rough bones. I'll crunch your ugly, rough paws."

And he rushed among the crawfish, killing them by scores. The crawfish warriors fought bravely and the women ran screaming, all to no purpose.

They did not feast on the raccoon; the raccoon feasted on them!

The Legend of Standing Rock

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

A Dakota had married an Arikara woman, and by her had one child. By and by he took another wife. The first wife was jealous and pouted. When time came for the village to break camp she refused to move from her place on the tent floor. The tent was taken down, but she sat on the ground with her babe on her back. The rest of the camp with her husband went on.

At noon her husband halted the line. "Go back to your sister-in-law," he said to his two brothers. "Tell her to come on and we will await you here. But hasten, for I fear she may grow desperate and kill herself."

The two rode off and arrived at their former camping place in the evening. The woman still sat on the ground.

The elder spoke, "Sister-in-law, get up. We have come for you. The camp awaits you."

She did not answer, and he put out his hand and touched her head. She had turned to stone!

The two brothers lashed their ponies and came back to camp. They told their story, but were not believed.

"The woman has killed herself and my brothers will not tell me," said the husband.

However, the whole village broke camp and came back to the place where they had left the woman. Sure enough, she sat there still, a block of stone.

The Indians were greatly excited. They chose out a handsome pony, made a new travois and placed the stone in the carrying net. Pony and travois were both beautifully painted and decorated with streamers and colors.

The stone was thought "wakan" (holy), and was given a place of honor in the center of the camp. Whenever the camp moved the stone and travois were taken along. Thus the stone woman was carried for years, and finally brought to Standing Rock Agency, and now rests upon a brick pedestal in front of the agency office.

From this stone Standing Rock Agency derives its name.

The Signs of Corn

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

When corn is to be planted by the Indians, it is the work of the women folk to see to the sorting and cleaning of the best seed. It is also the women's work to see to the planting. (This was in olden times.)

After the best seed has been selected, the planter measures the corn, lays down a layer of hay, then a layer of corn. Over this corn they sprinkle warm water and cover it with another layer of hay, then bind hay about the bundle and hang it up in a spot where the warm rays of the sun can strike it. While the corn is hanging in the sun, the ground is being prepared to receive it. Having finished the task of preparing the ground, the woman takes down her seed corn which has by this time sprouted. Then she proceeds to plant the corn. Before she plants the first hill, she extends her hoe heavenwards and asks the Great Spirit to bless her work, that she may have a good yield. After her prayer she takes four kernels and plants one at the north, one at the south, one at the east and one at the west sides of the first hill. This is asking the Great Spirit to give summer rain and sunshine to bring forth a good crop.

For different growths of the corn, the women have an interpretation as to the character of the one who planted it.

1st... Where the corn grows in straight rows and the cob is full of kernels to the end, this signifies that the planter of this corn is of an exemplary character, and is very truthful and thoughtful.

2nd... If the rows on the ears of corn are irregular and broken, the planter is considered careless and unthoughtful. Also disorderly and slovenly about her house and person.

3rd... When an ear of corn bears a few scattering kernels with spaces producing no corn, it is said that is a good sign that the planter will live to a ripe old age. So old will they be that like the corn, their teeth will be few and far between.

4th... When a stalk bears a great many nubbins, or small ears growing around the large one, it is a sign that the planter is from a large and respectable family.

After the corn is gathered, it is boiled into sweet corn and made into hominy; parched and mixed with buffalo tallow and rolled into round balls, and used at feasts, or carried by the warriors on the warpath as food. When there has been a good crop of corn, an ear is always tied at the top of the medicine pole of the sun dance, in thanks to the Great Spirit for his goodness to them in sending a bountiful crop.

The Simpleton's Wisdom

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

There was a man and his wife who had one daughter. Mother and daughter were deeply attached to one another, and when the latter died the mother was disconsolate.

She cut off her hair, cut gashes in her cheeks and sat before the corpse with her robe drawn over her head, mourning for her dead. Nor would she let them touch the body to take it to a burying scaffold.

She had a knife in her hand, and if anyone offered to come near the body the mother would wail, "I am weary of life. I do not care to live. I will stab myself with this knife and join my daughter in the land of spirits."

Her husband and relatives tried to get the knife from her, but could not. They feared to use force lest she kill herself. They came together to see what they could do.

"We must get the knife away from her," they said.

At last they called a boy, a kind of simpleton, yet with a good deal of natural shrewdness. He was an orphan and very poor. His moccasins were out at the sole and he was dressed in wei-zi (coarse buffalo skin, smoked).

"Go to the teepee of the mourning mother, " they told the simpleton, "and in some way contrive to make her laugh and forget her grief. Then try to get the knife away from her."

The boy went to the tent and sat down at the door as if waiting to be given something. The corpse lay in the place of honor where the dead girl had slept in life. The body was wrapped in a rich robe and wrapped about with ropes.

Friends had covered it with rich offerings out of respect to the dead.

As the mother sat on the ground with her head covered she did not at first see the boy, who sat silent. But when his reserve had worn away a little he began at first lightly, then more heavily, to drum on the floor with his hands.

After a while he began to sing a comic song. Louder and louder he sang until carried away with his own singing he sprang up and began to dance, at the same time gesturing and making all manner of contortions with his body, still singing the comic song. As he approached the corpse he waved his hands over it in blessing.

The mother put her head out of the blanket and when she saw the poor simpleton with his strange grimaces trying to do honor to the corpse by his solemn waving, and at the same time keeping up his comic song, she burst out laughing. Then she reached over and handed her knife to the simpleton.

"Take this knife," she said. "You have taught me to forget my grief. If while I mourn for the dead I can still be mirthful, there is no reason for me to despair. I no longer care to die. I will live for my husband."

The simpleton left the teepee and brought the knife to the astonished husband and relatives.

"How did you get it? Did you force it away from her, or did you steal it?" they asked.

"She gave it to me. How could I force it from her or steal it when she held it in her hand, blade uppermost? I sang and danced for her and she burst out laughing. Then she gave it to me," he answered.

When the old men of the village heard the orphan's story they were very silent. It was a strange thing for a lad to dance in a teepee where there was mourning. It was stranger that a mother should laugh in a teepee before the corpse of her dead daughter.

The old men gathered at last in a council. They sat a long time without saying anything, for they did not want to decide hastily. The pipe was filled and passed many times. At last an old man spoke.

"We have a hard question. A mother has laughed before the corpse of her daughter, and many think she has done foolishly, but I think the woman did wisely. The lad was simple and of no training, and we cannot expect him to know how to do as well as one with good home and parents to teach him. Besides, he did the best that he knew. He danced to make the mother forget her grief, and he tried to honor the corpse by waving over it his hands."

"The mother did right to laugh, for when one does try to do us good, even if what he does causes us discomfort, we should always remember rather the motive than the deed. And besides, the simpleton's dancing saved the woman's life, for she gave up her knife. In this, too, she did well, for it is always better to live for the living than to die for the dead."

How the Rabbit Lost His Tail

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

Once upon a time there were two brothers, one a great genie and the other a rabbit. Like all genie, the older could change himself into any kind of an animal, bird, fish, cloud, thunder and lightning, or in fact anything that he desired.

The younger brother (the rabbit) was very mischievous and was continually getting into all kinds of trouble. His older brother was kept busy getting Rabbit out of all kinds of scrapes.

When Rabbit had attained his full growth he wanted to travel around and see something of the world. When he told his brother what he intended to do, the brother said: "Now, Rabbit, you are Witkotko (mischievous), so be very careful, and keep out of trouble as much as possible. In case you get into any serious trouble, and can't get out by yourself, just call on me for assistance, and no matter where you are, I will come to you."

Rabbit started out and the first day he came to a very high house, outside of which stood a very high pine tree. So high was the tree that Rabbit could hardly see the top.

Outside the door, on an enormous stool, sat a very large giant fast asleep. Rabbit (having his bow and arrows with him) strung up his bow, and, taking an arrow from his quiver, said, "I want to see how big this man is, so I guess I will wake him up."

So saying he moved over to one side and took good aim, and shot the giant upon the nose. This stung like fire and awoke the giant, who jumped up, crying: "Who had the audacity to shoot me on the nose?"

"I did," said Rabbit.

The giant, hearing a voice, looked all around, but saw nothing, until he looked down at the corner of the house, and there sat a rabbit.

"I had hiccoughs this morning and thought that I was going to have a good big meal, and here is nothing but a toothful."

"I guess you won't make a toothful of me," said Rabbit, "I am as strong as you, though I am little."

"We will see," said the giant. He went into the house and came out, bringing a hammer that weighed many tons.

"Now, Mr. Rabbit, we will see who can throw this hammer over the top of that tree."

"Get something harder to do," said Rabbit.

"Well, we will try this first," said the giant. With that he grasped the hammer in both

hands, swung it three times around his head and sent it spinning thru the air. Up, up, it went, skimming the top of the tree, and came down, shaking the ground and burying itself deep into the earth.

"Now," said the giant, "if you don't accomplish this same feat, I am going to swallow you at one mouthful."

Rabbit said, "I always sing to my brother before I attempt things like this." So he commenced singing and calling his brother. "Cinye! Cinye!" (brother, brother) he sang. The giant grew nervous, and said, "Boy, why do you call your brother?"

Pointing to a small black cloud that was approaching very swiftly, Rabbit said: "That is my brother; he can destroy you, your house, and pine tree in one breath."

"Stop him and you can go free," said the giant. Rabbit waved his paws and the cloud disappeared.

From this place Rabbit continued on his trip towards the west. The next day, while passing thru a deep forest, he thought he heard some one moaning, as though in pain. He stopped and listened; soon the wind blew and the moaning grew louder. Following the direction from whence came the sound, he soon discovered a man stripped of his clothing, and caught between two limbs of a tall elm tree. When the wind blew the limbs would rub together and squeeze the man, who would give forth the mournful groans.

"My, you have a fine place up there. Let us change. You can come down and I will take your place." (Now this man had been placed up there for punishment, by Rabbit's brother, and he could not get down unless some one came along and proposed to take his place on the tree). "Very well," said the man. "Take off your clothes and come up. I will fasten you in the limbs and you can have all the fun you want."

Rabbit disrobed and climbed up. The man placed him between the limbs and slid down the tree. He hurriedly got into Rabbit's clothes, and just as he had completed his toilet, the wind blew very hard. Rabbit was nearly crazy with pain, and screamed and cried. Then he began to cry "Cinye, Cinye" (brother, brother). "Call your brother as much as you like, he can never find me." So saying the man disappeared in the forest.

Scarcely had he disappeared, when the brother arrived, and seeing Rabbit in the tree, said: "Which way did he go?"

Rabbit pointed the direction taken by the man. The brother flew over the top of the trees, soon found the man and brought him back, making him take his old place between the limbs, and causing a heavy wind to blow and continue all afternoon and night, for punishment to the man for having placed his brother up there.

After Rabbit got his clothes back on, his brother gave him a good scolding, and wound up by saying: "I want you to be more careful in the future. I have plenty of work to keep me as busy as I want to be, and I can't be stopping every little while to be making trips to get you out of some foolish scrape. It was only yesterday that I came five hundred miles to help you from the giant, and today I have had to come a thousand miles, so be more careful from now on."

Several days after this the Rabbit was traveling along the banks of a small river, when he came to a small clearing in the woods, and in the center of the clearing stood a nice little log hut. Rabbit was wondering who could be living here when the door slowly opened and an old man appeared in the doorway, bearing a tripe water pail in his right hand. In his left hand he held a string which was fastened to the inside of the house. He kept hold of the string and came slowly down to the river. When he got to the water he stooped down and dipped the pail into it and returned to the house, still holding the string for guidance.

Soon he reappeared holding on to another string, and, following this one, went to a large pile of wood and returned to the house with it. Rabbit wanted to see if the old man would come out again, but he came out no more. Seeing smoke ascending from the mud chimney, he thought he would go over and see what the old man was doing. He knocked at the door, and a weak voice bade him enter. He noticed that the old man was cooking dinner.

"Hello Tunkasina (grandfather), you must have a nice time, living here alone. I see that you have everything handy. You can get wood and water, and that is all you have to do. How do you get your provisions?"

"The wolves bring my meat, the mice my rice and ground beans, and the birds bring me the cherry leaves for my tea. Yet it is a hard life, as I am all alone most of the time and have no one to talk to, and besides, I am blind."

"Say, grandfather," said Rabbit, "let us change places. I think I would like to live here."

"If we exchange clothes," said the other, "you will become old and blind, while I will assume your youth and good looks." (Now, this old man was placed here for punishment by Rabbit's brother. He had killed his wife, so the genie made him old and blind, and he would remain so until some one came who would exchange places with him).

"I don't care for youth and good looks," said Rabbit, "let us make the change."

They changed clothes, and Rabbit became old and blind, whilst the old man became young and handsome.

"Well, I must go," said the man. He went out and cutting the strings close to the door, ran off laughing.

"You will get enough of your living alone, you crazy boy," and saying this he ran into the woods.

Rabbit thought he would like to get some fresh water and try the string paths so that he would get accustomed to it. He bumped around the room and finally found the tripe water bucket. He took hold of the string and started out.

When he had gotten a short distance from the door he came to the end of the string so suddenly, that he lost the end which he had in his hand, and he wandered about, bumping against the trees, and tangling himself up in plum bushes and thorns, scratching his face and hands so badly that the blood ran from them. Then it was that he

commenced again to cry, "Cinye! Cinye!" (brother, brother). Soon his brother arrived, and asked which way the old man had gone.

"I don't know," said Rabbit, "I couldn't see which path he took, as I was blind."

The genie called the birds, and they came flying from every direction. As fast as they arrived the brother asked them if they had seen the man whom he had placed here for punishment, but none had seen him.

The owl came last, and when asked if he had seen the man, he said "hoo-hoo."

"The man who lived here," said the brother. "Last night I was hunting mice in the woods south of here and I saw a man sleeping beneath a plum tree. I thought it was your brother, Rabbit, so I didn't awaken him," said the owl.

"Good for you, owl," said the brother, "for this good news, you shall hereafter roam around only at night, and I will fix your eyes, so the darker the night the better you will be able to see. You will always have the fine cool nights to hunt your food. You other birds can hunt your food during the hot daylight." (Since then the owl has been the night bird).

The brother flew to the woods and brought the man back and cut the strings short, and said to him: "Now you can get a taste of what you gave my brother."

To Rabbit he said: "I ought not to have helped you this time. Any one who is so crazy as to change places with a blind man should be left without help, so be careful, as I am getting tired of your foolishness, and will not help you again if you do anything as foolish as you did this time."

Rabbit started to return to his home. When he had nearly completed his journey he came to a little creek, and being thirsty took a good long drink. While he was drinking he heard a noise as though a wolf or cat was scratching the earth.

Looking up to a hill which overhung the creek, he saw four wolves, with their tails intertwined, pulling with all their might. As Rabbit came up to them one pulled loose, and Rabbit saw that his tail was broken.

"Let me pull tails with you. My tail is long and strong," said Rabbit, and the wolves assenting, Rabbit interlocked his long tail with those of the three wolves and commenced pulling and the wolves pulled so hard that they pulled Rabbit's tail off at the second joint. The wolves disappeared.

"Cinye! Cinye! (Brother, brother.) I have lost my tail," cried Rabbit. The genie came and seeing his brother Rabbit's tail missing, said, "You look better without a tail anyway."

From that time on rabbits have had no tails.

The Boy and the Turtles

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

A boy went on a turtle hunt, and after following the different streams for hours, finally came to the conclusion that the only place he would find any turtles would be at the little lake, where the tribe always hunted them.

So, leaving the stream he had been following, he cut across country to the lake. On drawing near the lake he crawled on his hands and knees in order not to be seen by the turtles, who were very watchful, as they had been hunted so much.

Peeping over the rock he saw a great many out on the shore sunning themselves, so he very cautiously undressed, so he could leap into the water and catch them before they secreted themselves.

But on pulling off his shirt one of his hands was held up so high that the turtles saw it and jumped into the lake with a great splash.

The boy ran to the shore, but saw only bubbles coming up from the bottom. Directly the boy saw something coming to the surface, and soon it came up into sight. It was a little man, and soon others, by the hundreds, came up and swam about, splashing the water up into the air to a great height.

So scared was the boy that he never stopped to gather up his clothes but ran home naked and fell into his grandmother's tent door.

"What is the trouble, grandchild," cried the old woman.

But the boy could not answer.

"Did you see anything unnatural?"

He shook his head, "no." He made signs to the grandmother that his lungs were pressing so hard against his sides that he could not talk. He kept beating his side with his clenched hands.

The grandmother got out her medicine bag, made a prayer to the Great Spirit to drive out the evil spirit that had entered her grandson's body, and after she had applied the medicine, the prayer must have been heard and answered, as the boy commenced telling her what he had heard and seen.

The grandmother went to the chief's tent and told what her grandson had seen. The chief sent two brave warriors to the lake to ascertain whether it was true or not. The two warriors crept to the little hill close to the lake, and there, sure enough, the lake was swarming with little men swimming about, splashing the water high up into the air. The warriors, too, were scared and hurried home, and in the council called on their return told

what they had seen.

The boy was brought to the council and given the seat of honor (opposite the door), and was named "Wankan Wanyanka" (sees holy).

The lake had formerly borne the name of Truth Lake, but from this time on was called "Wicasa-bde"-- Man Lake.

The Story of the Lost Wife

A Sioux Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

A Dakota girl married a man who promised to treat her kindly, but he did not keep his word. He was unreasonable, fault-finding, and often beat her. Frantic with his cruelty, she ran away. The whole village turned out to search for her, but no trace of the missing wife was to be found.

Meanwhile, the fleeing woman had wandered about all that day and the next night. The next day she met a man, who asked her who she was.

She did not know it, but he was not really a man, but the chief of the wolves.

"Come with me," he said, and he led her to a large village.

She was amazed to see here many wolves--gray and black, timber wolves and coyotes. It seemed as if all the wolves in the world were there.

The wolf chief led the young woman to a great teepee and invited her in. He asked her what she ate for food.

"Buffalo meat," she answered.

He called two coyotes and bade them bring what the young woman wanted. They bounded away and soon returned with the shoulder of a fresh-killed buffalo calf.

"How do you prepare it for eating?" asked the wolf chief.

"By boiling," answered the young woman.

Again he called the two coyotes. Away they bounded and soon brought into the tent a small bundle. In it were punk, flint and steel--stolen, it may be, from some camp of men.

"How do you make the meat ready?" asked the wolf chief.

"I cut it into slices," answered the young woman.

The coyotes were called and in a short time fetched in a knife in its sheath. The young woman cut up the calf's shoulder into slices and ate it.

Thus she lived for a year, all the wolves being very kind to her.

At the end of that time the wolf chief said to her, "Your people are going off on a buffalo hunt. Tomorrow at noon they will be here. You must then go out and meet them or they will fall on us and kill us."

The next day at about noon the young woman went to the top of a neighboring knoll. Coming toward her were some young men riding on their ponies. She stood up and held her hands so that they could see her.

They wondered who she was, and when they were close by gazed at her closely.

"A year ago we lost a young woman; if you are she, where have you been," they asked.

"I have been in the wolves' village. Do not harm them," she answered.

"We will ride back and tell the people," they said. "Tomorrow at noon, we shall meet you.

The young woman went back to the wolf village, and the next day went again to a neighboring knoll, though to a different one. Soon she saw the camp coming in a long line over the prairie. First were the warriors, then the women and tents.

The young woman's father and mother were overjoyed to see her. But when they came near her the young woman fainted, for she could not now bear the smell of human kind. When she came to herself she said, "You must go on a buffalo hunt, my father and all the hunters. Tomorrow you must come again, bringing with you the tongues and choice pieces of the kill."

This he promised to do; and all the men of the camp mounted their ponies and they had a great hunt. The next day they returned with their ponies laden with the buffalo meat.

The young woman bade them pile the meat in a great heap between two hills which she pointed out to them. There was so much meat that the tops of the two hills were bridged level between by the meat pile.

In the center of the pile the young woman planted a pole with a red flag. She then began to howl like a wolf, loudly.

In a moment the earth seemed covered with wolves. They fell greedily on the meat pile and in a short time had eaten the last scrap.

The young woman then joined her own people.

Her husband wanted her to come and live with him again. For a long time she refused. However, at last they became reconciled.

Adam and Eve

A Thompson Legend

et, Jesup North Pacific Expedition, viii, 399, No. 105

When this earth was very young, only two people lived on it,--a man called A'taam and a woman called lim. The Chief (or God) lived in the upper world, and the Outcast (or Devil) lived in the lower world. They were enemies to each other, and tried to do each other harm, but God was the more powerful. He frequently visited the earth and talked with A'taam and lim.

One day the Devil created an animal like a horse, and made it appear before the man and woman. When the latter saw it, she said, "That is God come to visit us"; but A'taam said it was not. At last, however, he believed it must be God, and they went and spoke with it. Soon afterwards God appeared, and then they recognized the difference. He was angry and said, "Why do you mistake the Devil for me and converse with him? Have I not told you he is evil, and will do you harm?" Then, looking at the animal, he said to the couple, "Well, since this beast is here, I will so transform him that he will be useful to you."

He wetted both his thumbs, pressed them on the animal's front legs, and thus marked him, saying, "Henceforth you will be a horse and a servant and plaything of the people, who will ride you, and use you for many purposes. You will be a valuable slave of man."

Now the mosquitoes were tormenting the horse very much, so God plucked some long grass which grew near by, and threw it at the animal's backside, and it became a long tail. He also threw some on the horse's neck, and it became a mane. He said, "Henceforth you will be able to protect yourself from the mosquitoes."

Then he plucked out more grass, and threw it ahead of the horse, saying, "That will be your food." It turned into bunch grass, which soon spread over the whole country.

Now God departed, telling the man and woman he would soon return and show them which trees bore the proper kinds of food to eat. Hitherto they had eaten no fruit, for they did not know the edible varieties. At that time all trees bore fruit, and the pines and firs in particular had large sweet fruit. Now the Devil appeared, and, pretending to be God, he took the large long fruit of the white pine, and gave it to him.

She thought he was God, ate the fruit as directed, and gave some to A'taam. Then the Devil disappeared; and all the fruit on the trees withered up, and became transformed into cones. Some kinds shriveled up to a small size, and became berries. When God came and saw what had happened, he sent the woman to live with the Devil, and, taking A'taam, he broke off his lower rib, and made a woman out of it. This rib-woman became A'taam's wife, and bore many children to him.

Noah's Flood

A Thompson Legend

Teit, Jesup North Pacific Expedition, viii, 400, No. 106

God came down to the earth, and found it was very dirty, and full of bad things, bad people, mysteries, and cannibals. He thought he would make a flood to clean the earth, and drown all the bad people and monsters.

The flood covered the tops of the mountains; and all the people were drowned, except one man and his two daughters, who escaped in a canoe. When the water receded, they came ashore and found that the earth was clean. They were starving, and looked for food, but nothing edible could they see. No plants grew near by, only some trees of several varieties.

They crushed a piece of fir with stones, and soaked it in water. They tried to eat it, and to drink the decoction; but it was too nasty, and they threw it away. Thus they tried pine, alder, and other woods, and at last they tried service-berry wood, which tasted much better. The women drank the decoction, and found that it made them tipsy. They gave some to their father, and he became quite drunk. Now they thought to themselves, "How is the earth to be peopled!"

And they each had connection with their father without his knowing it. As the water receded, they became able to get more and more food; but they still continued to drink the service-berry decoction, and, as their father was fond of it, they frequently made him drunk, and had connection with him. Thus they bore many children, and their father wondered how they became pregnant.

These children, when they grew up, married one another, and thus was the earth re-peopled. The animals and birds also became numerous again.

The Bag Of Winds

A Thompson Legend

Teit, *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vi, 87, No. 34

Long ago the Wind did much damage, blowing violently over the country of the Indian. Moreover, it often killed many people and destroyed much property. At that time there was a man who lived near Spences Bridge, and who had three sons.

The youngest was very ambitious, and fond of trying to do wonderful things. One day he said to his father and brothers, "I will snare the Wind"; but they laughed at him, saying, "How can you do that? The Wind is unseen." However, he went out and set a snare.

He did not succeed for several nights, as his noose was too large. He made it smaller every night, and, on visiting his snare one morning, found he had caught the Wind. After great difficulty, he succeeded at last in getting it into his blanket, and made for home with it, where he put it down. He told his people that he had at last captured the Wind.

They laughed at him. Then, to verify his statements, he opened one corner of the blanket, and immediately it began to blow fiercely, and the lodge itself was almost blown over.

The people cried to him to stay the force of the Wind, which he did by again tying up the corner of the blanket. At last he released the Wind on the condition that he would never blow strongly enough to hurt people in the Indian country again, which promise he has kept.

The Arrow Chain

A Tlingit Legend

Swanton, Bulletin of the Bureau of American Ethnology, xxxix, 209, No. 56

Two very high-caste boys were chums. The father of one was town chief and had his house in the middle of the village, but the house of the other boy's father stood at one end.

These boys would go alternately to each other's houses and make great quantities of arrows which they would play with until all were broken up.

One time both of the boys made a great quantity of arrows to see which could have the more. Just back of their village was a hill on the top of which was a smooth grassy place claimed by the boys as their playground, and on a certain fine, moonlight night they started thither.

As they were going along the lesser chief's son, who was ahead, said, "Look here, friend. Look at that moon. Don't you think that the shape of that moon is the same as that of my mother's labret and that the size is the same, too?" The other answered, "Don't: You must not talk that way of the moon."

Then suddenly it became very dark about them and presently the head chief's son saw a ring about them just like a rainbow. When it disappeared his companion was gone. He called and called to him but did not get any answer and did not see him. He thought, "He must have run up the hill to get away from that rainbow." He looked up and saw the moon in the sky. Then he climbed the hill, and looked about, but his friend was not there.

Now he thought, "Well! the moon must have gone up with him. That circular rainbow must have been the moon."

The boy thus left alone sat down and cried, after which he began to try the bows. He put strings on them one after the other and tried them, but every one broke. He broke all of his own bows and all of his and his chum's except one which was made of very hard wood.

He thought, "Now I am going to shoot that star next to the moon." In that spot was a large and very bright one. He shot an arrow at this star and sat down to watch, when, sure enough, the star darkened. Now he began shooting at that star from the big piles of arrows he and his chum had made, and he was encouraged by seeing that the arrows did not come back.

After he had shot for some time he saw something hanging down very near him and, when he shot up another arrow, it stuck to this. The next did likewise, and at last the chain of arrows reached him. He put a last one on to complete it.

Now the youth felt badly for the loss of his friend and, lying down under the arrow chain, he went to sleep. After a while he awoke, found himself sleeping on that hill, remembered the arrows he had shot away, and looked up. Instead of the arrows there

was a long ladder reaching right down to him. He arose and looked so as to make sure. Then he determined to ascend.

First, however, he took various kinds of bushes and stuck them into the knot of hair he wore on his head. He climbed up his ladder all day and camped at nightfall upon it, resuming his journey the following morning. When he awoke early on the second morning his head felt very heavy. Then he seized the salmon berry bush that was in his hair, pulled it out, and found it was loaded with berries.

After he had eaten the berries off, he stuck the branch back into his hair and felt very much strengthened. About noon of the same day he again felt hungry, and again his head was heavy, so he pulled out a bush from the other side of his head and it was loaded with blue huckleberries. It was already summer there in the sky.

That was why he was getting berries. When he resumed his journey next morning his head did not feel heavy until noon. At that time he pulled out the bush at the back of his head and found it loaded with red huckleberries.

By the time he had reached the top the boy was very tired. He looked round and saw a large lake. Then he gathered some soft brush and some moss and lay down to sleep. But, while he slept, some person came to him and shook him saying, "Get up. I am after you." He awoke and looked around but saw no one. Then he rolled over and pretended to go to sleep again but looked out through his eyelashes.

By and by he saw a very small but handsome girl coming along. Her skin clothes were very clean and neat, and her leggings were ornamented with porcupine quills. Just as she reached out to shake him he said, "I have seen you already."

Now the girl stood still and said, "I have come after you. My grandmother has sent me to bring you to her house." So he went with her, and they came to a very small house in which was an old woman. The old woman said, "What is it you came way up here after, my grandson?" and the boy answered, "On account of my playmate who was taken up hither." "Oh!" answered the old woman, "He is next door, only a short distance away. I can hear him crying every day. He is in the moon's house."

Then the old woman began to give him food. She would put her hand up to her mouth, and a salmon or whatever she was going to give would make its appearance. After the salmon she gave him berries and then meat, for she knew that he was hungry from his long journey. After that she gave him a spruce cone, a rose bush, a piece of devil's club, and a small piece of whetstone to take along.

As the boy was going toward the moon's house with all of these things he heard his playmate screaming with pain. He had been put up on a high place near the smoke hole, so, when his rescuer came to it, he climbed on top, and, reaching down through the smoke hole, pulled him out. He said, "My friend, come. I am here to help you." Putting the spruce cone down where the boy had been, he told it to imitate his cries, and he and his chum ran away.

After a while, however, the cone dropped from the place where it has been put, and the

people discovered that their captive had escaped. Then the moon started in pursuit. When the head chief's son discovered this, he threw behind them the devil's club he had received from the old woman, and a patch of devil's club arose which the moon had so much trouble in getting through that they gained rapidly on him.

When the moon again approached, the head chief's son threw back the rose bushes, and such a thicket of roses grew there that the moon was again delayed. When he approached them once more, they threw back the grindstone, and it became a high cliff from which the moon kept rolling back. It is on account of this cliff that people can say things about the moon nowadays with impunity. When the boys reached the old woman's house they were very glad to see each other, for before this they had not had time to speak.

The old woman gave them something to eat, and, when they were through, she said to the rescuer, "Go and lie down at the place where you lay when you first came up. Don't think of anything but the playground you used to have." They went there and lay down, but after some time the boy who had first been captured thought of the old woman's house and immediately they found themselves there.

Then the old woman said, "Go back and do not think of me any more. Lie there and think of nothing but the place where you used to play.

They did so, and, when they awoke, they were lying on their playground at the foot of the ladder.

As the boys lay in that place they heard a drum beating in the head chief's house, where a death feast was being held for them, and the head chief's son said, "Let us go," but the other answered, "No, let us wait here until that feast is over." Afterward the boys went down and watched the people come out with their faces all blackened. They stood at a corner, but, as this dance is always given in the evening, they were not seen.

Then the head chief's son thought, "I wish my younger brother would come out," and sure enough, after all of the other people had gone, his younger brother came out. He called to his brother saying, "Come here. It is I," but the child was afraid and ran into the house instead. Then the child said to his mother, "My brother and his friend are out here."

"Why do you talk like that?" asked his mother. "Don't you know that your brother died some time ago?" And she became very angry. The child, however, persisted, saying, "I know his voice, and I know him."

His mother was now very much disturbed, so the boy said, "I am going to go out and bring in a piece of his shirt." "Go and do so," said his mother. "Then I will believe you."

When the boy at last brought in a piece of his brother's shirt his mother was convinced, and they sent word into all of the houses, first of all into that of the second boy's parents, but they kept both with them so that his parents could come there and rejoice over him. All of the other people in that village also came to see them.

The Flood and the Theft of Fire

A Tolowa Legend

Marie L. McLaughlin, *Myths and Legends of the Sioux*, 1913

Along time ago there came a great rain. It lasted a long time and the water kept rising till all the valleys were submerged, and the Indian tribes fled to the high lands.

But the water rose, and though the Indians fled to the highest point, all were swept away and drowned—all but one man and one woman. They reached the very highest peak and were saved. These two Indians ate the fish from the waters around them.

Then the waters subsided. All the game was gone, and all the animals. But the children of these two Indians, when they died, became the spirits of deer and bear and insects, and so the animals and insects came back to the earth again.

The Indians had no fire. The flood had put out all the fires in the world. They looked at the moon and wished they could secure fire from it. Then the Spider Indians and the Snake Indians formed a plan to steal fire. The Spiders wove a very light balloon, and fastened it by a long rope to the earth. Then they climbed into the balloon and started for the moon. But the Indians of the Moon were suspicious of the Earth Indians. The Spiders said, "We came to gamble." The Moon Indians were much pleased and all the Spider Indians began to gamble with them. They sat by the fire.

Then the Snake Indians sent a man to climb up the long rope from the earth to the moon. He climbed the rope, and darted through the fire before the Moon Indians understood what he had done. Then he slid down the rope to earth again. As soon as he touched the earth he traveled over the rocks, the trees, and the dry sticks lying upon the ground, giving fire to each. Everything he touched contained fire. So the world became bright again, as it was before the flood.

When the Spider Indians came down to earth again, they were immediately put to death, for the tribes were afraid the Moon Indians might want revenge.

The Princess Who Rejected Her Cousin

A Tsimshian Legend

Boas, Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, xxxi, 185, No. 25

There was a custom among our people that the nephew of the chief had to marry the chief's daughter, because the tribe of the chief wanted the chief's nephew to be the heir of his uncle and to inherit his place after his death.

This custom has gone on, generation after generation, all along until now, and the places of the head men have thus been inherited. So it is with this story.

A very long time ago there was a great village with many people. They had only one chief. There was also his sister. They were the only two chiefs in the large town. The chief also had a beautiful daughter, and the chief's sister had a fine son. All the people of the village were glad to see the young prince and the young princess growing up, and they expected that these two would soon marry. Therefore the relatives of the prince went and talked with the father of the princess, and they also went to the uncles of the princess and talked to them.

Now, the relatives of the girl accepted, but the girl rejected the proposal and said that she would not marry him; but the young prince loved her very much, and still she refused him. The young man loved her still more, and he was always true to her. Moreover, he was very anxious to speak to her, but the young woman rejected him.

Now, the princess wanted to make a fool of her cousin. One day she dressed herself up and went to the end of the village to take some fresh air. The young man saw her pass by his door, and he went after her. Soon he saw her sitting under a large tree, and went up to her, and the girl was very kind to him. She smiled when she saw him coming. Then the young man sat down by her side under the tree as gently as he could. He asked her if she did not want to marry him. The girl said, "If you make a deep cut in your cheek, then you may marry me." Therefore the handsome young man took his knife and cut down his right cheek. The girls laughed at him, and they went home.

When the cheek of the young man was healed, the princess put on her finest dress, passed the door of her cousin, and the young man saw her pass by. He followed her, and saw her sit at the same place where he had met her before.

He went to her; and she stretched out her hands to greet him, put her arms around him, and kissed him once, since her cousin wanted to marry her. Then the young man loved her still more because she had kissed him the first time ever since he had loved her; and when the young man was overflowing with love, she said, "If you love me so much, show your love and make a cut down your left cheek; then I shall know that you really love me." The young man did not like to do it.

However, he wanted to marry her, and so he took his knife and made a cut down his left cheek. They went home, and the young man was always thinking of her.

Soon his wounded cheek was healed. He did not mind his foolish acts. On the following day he saw her passing his door. The young man followed her, and she was sitting under the tree. She smiled at him when he was coming to her, and said, "Do you come to me again, my beloved one?" and he replied, "Yes, I come to marry you." Then he put his arms around her, and she kissed him again. He asked her, "Do you love me, my dear cousin?" and she replied, "Yes, you know how much I love you," and the princess asked him, "Do you also love me, cousin?", and he replied, "Indeed, I love you very much."

Thus said the young man, for he wanted to marry her. Then the princess said to him, "Now, show me your love. Cut off your hair; then you may marry me." So the young prince took his knife and cut off his beautiful yellow hair. (In those days the young men and the old men wore their hair as long as women's hair, and it was considered dishonorable to cut a man's hair as we do it now.)

They went home, and on the following day the young man sent some one to her, saying that he wanted to marry her now. Therefore the messenger went to her and told her what her cousin had said; but the woman replied, "Tell him that I do not want to marry a bad-looking person like him, ugly as he is"; and she gave him the nickname Mountain With Two Rock Slides, as he had a scar down each cheek. She laughed at him and scorned him' saying, "I do not want to marry a man who cut his hair like a slave."

The young man's messengers came back to him and told him what she had said. Therefore the youth was very much ashamed. He remembered that he also was a prince, and he cried because his own cousin had mocked him.

Now, he decided to leave his father's house and his uncle's house, for he was ashamed before his fellows of the scars which he had made on his own cheeks by order of his beloved one. He went about, not knowing which way to go. Day by day he went, and he came to a narrow trail. He walked along it, and saw a small hut away off. He went toward it. Before it was evening he reached there; and when he was near, he walked up to it quietly. He stood outside and looked through a small hole.

Behold! a woman was sitting there by the side of a fireplace. She said, "Come in, dear prince, if it is you who was rejected by his own cousin!" So the young man went in, and the woman made him sit down on the other side of the fire. She gave him to eat. When he started from home, four young men, his own friends, had accompanied him on his way; but three of them had gone back home, and only one, his dearest friend, followed him all along the way until they came to the little hut.

After the old woman had given them to eat, she said to the young man, "Soon you will arrive at the large house of Chief Pestilence, which is just across the little brook yonder. Leave your companion at this side of the brook, and you yourself go to the large house. When you get there, push open the large door, then say this: 'I come to be made beautiful in the house of Pestilence!' Shout this as loud as you can.

Then you will see that the house on both sides is full of maimed persons. They will call you to come to their sides; but do not go there, because they will make you like one of them. When they stop calling you, then Chief Pestilence will call you to the rear of the house.

Follow his calling. He will make you beautiful." Thus said the old woman to him. On the following day, after they had had their breakfast, they started. As soon as they crossed the brook, the prince said to his companion, "Stay here, and I will go on alone. Wait until I come back to you!" So the companion staid there.

Now he went on alone. Soon he saw a large house in the distance, and went as quickly as he could. He pushed open the door, ran in, and shouted at the top of his voice, "I came to be made beautiful, Chief Pestilence!" Then all the maimed people on both sides of the house beckoned to him and shouted. Those on one side would say, "Come this way, come this way!" and those on the other side said, "Come, come, come!" The prince remained standing in the doorway. There were many good-looking women among these maimed persons. They shouted and called him; but he stood still, waiting until Chief Pestilence should come forth from his room in the rear of the large house.

Soon the noise of the maimed people ceased. Then the door of the chief's room was opened, and, behold! Chief Pestilence came forth with his beautiful daughter. He said, "Dear prince, come this way!" Then the young man went to him and sat down on his right side.

Then Chief Pestilence ordered his attendants to bring his bathtub. They brought him a large tub full of hot water. Then the chief took the young man, put him into this tub, and, as soon as he was in the tub, the water began to boil and the water boiled over the tub, boiling of its own accord. When the dross was all off, the chief took the bare bones of the young man, put them on a wide board, joining them together, and after he had done so, he called to his young daughter, who leaped over the bones. Then the young man was alive again. His features were changed, and his body was as white as snow.

Then the chief said, "Bring me a nice comb!" and his attendants brought him a comb of crystal. The chief took it and combed the prince's hair down to his loins. His hair was red, like tongues of fire. He was the most beautiful of all.

The chief did not want to let him go at once, but kept him in his house for two days. The young man thought he had been there two days, but in reality two years had passed. Then the young man remembered his friend whom he had left by the brook before he entered the house of Chief Pestilence. Now, the prince told the young woman that he loved his friend by the brook; therefore the young woman said, "Let us go to see him!"

They went together; and when they came to the place, they found the man's bare bones heaped up there. Therefore the young prince wept, but the young woman commanded him to take the bare bones to her father's house. The young man did what the young woman had told him, and took the bare bones to the chief. The chief ordered his attendants to bring his bathtub.

They brought it to him, and he put the bare bones into the tub. Then the water began to boil, and the dross of the bare bones boiled over the tub. Thus the young man saw what the Chief Pestilence had done to him.

Then the chief took out the bones and placed them on a wide board and joined them together; and the young woman leaped over them four times, and the young man was

alive again. Next the chief asked for his own comb. They brought it to him, and the chief asked what color of hair he wanted. The man said, "Dark-yellow hair." He also asked him how long he wanted it; and the man said, "Right down to the knee." So the chief combed his hair down to his knees; and this man was lighter color than the other. Now they started for home. It was not many days before they arrived at their home. The prince looked like a supernatural being, and his friend too was handsomer than any of the other people. They came and visited them; and all the people talked about these two men who had just come back from the house of Chief Pestilence, who had transformed them and given them great beauty.

The young people coveted their beauty, and they questioned them one day to know how far the house of Chief Pestilence was from their village. Then the prince's friend told them that it was not very far away.

Now, let us go back to the princess who years ago had refused to marry her own cousin. She was very anxious to see her cousin who had just come home from the house of Chief Pestilence. People were talking about it, that he was more beautiful than any other person in the village; and she heard the people say that he looked like a supernatural being. Therefore the young woman tried hard to see him. One day the chief, the father of the princess, invited his nephew to his house.

The prince went with some of the chief's head men; and as soon as the prince entered his uncle's house, the young princess looked at him. Oh, how fine he looked! and more beautiful than any of the people. Then she tried to make her rejected cousin turn and look at her, but the young man took no notice of her courting. His hair was like fire, and his face shone like the rays of the sun.

Now, the young woman came down from her room, and walked to and fro behind the guests, laughing and talking, trying to make the beautiful prince look at her; but he took no notice of her. As soon as the feasting was over, he arose and went home, and the young princess felt full of sorrow.

The following day she sent her maid to call the beautiful prince. When the girl came to him and told him what her mistress had said to the prince, he did not answer a word, and the maid went back to her mistress and told her that the prince would not answer her a word.

She sent to him again; and when the girl came to him, she told him that her mistress wanted him to come and see her. But he said to the girl, "Go and tell her that she rejected me then, so I will not go to her now." Then the girl went and told her mistress what the prince had said.

The princess sent her girl again. "Go and tell him that I will do whatever he desires me to do." She went and told him what her mistress had said: "My mistress says that whatever you desire her to do she will do." Then the prince said to the girl, "Go and tell her that I desire her to cut down her right cheek, and I will come and be her guest."

Therefore the girl went and told her mistress what the prince had said. So the princess took her knife and cut down her right cheek. She said to her maid, "Go and tell him that I

will do whatever he wants me to do." She went and told the prince what her mistress had done.

Again the beautiful prince said, "Just tell her to cut down her other cheek, and then I will come and see her." So she went and told her mistress, and thereupon the princess cut her left cheek. Again she sent her maid, who went to him and told him. This time he said, "Let her cut her hair, then I will go to her." She went and told her, and the princess took her knife and shaved off her hair, and she sent her hair to him.

The maid took it to the prince; but when the prince saw the hair, he refused to accept it. "Don't bring it near me! It is too nasty! Take it back to your mistress and tell her that I don't want to see the ugly scars on her cheeks and her ugly shaved hair. It is too nasty for me." Then he left, and laughed louder and louder, mocking her; and the girl returned to her mistress very sad.

She came slowly; and her mistress asked her, "My dear, what tidings do you bring?" Then she told her mistress how scornfully he had spoken of the ugly scars on her cheeks, and of her shaving her hair, and that everybody had been laughing at her, and that every one had heard him mocking her. Then the young princess was very much ashamed. She set out with her maid, and walked along crying.

She wanted to hang herself, but her maid talked to her and comforted her all the way. They went on and on, trying to go to the house of Chief Pestilence. Her heart took courage, for she hoped to get there and ask Chief

Pestilence to make her beautiful. They went on and on, and passed many mountains and rivers and valleys, and reached the edge of a large plain. There they met a man, who asked them which way they intended to go; and the princess told him that they intended to go to the house of Chief Pestilence. She passed by him, and did not look at him, for she was ashamed to let any one look at her.

Soon they saw a large house in the distance. They went toward it; and when they reached the door, they went right in and shouted as they stood in the doorway, "We come to the house of Chief Pestilence to be made beautiful!" Then all the maimed people on both sides of the house called to them, "Come, come, come!" and those on the other side shouted, "This way, this way, this way!" and the princess went to those who called her to come; and the other one went too those who shouted "This way!"

Then the maimed people fell on the princess, broke her backbone, and made her lame. They turned her head to one side, and broke one of her arms; and those on the other side plucked out one of the eyes of her maid, tore up one side of her mouth, and scratched the two women all over their bodies, and then threw them outside. There they lay wounded, and nobody came to help them. The princess was more severely injured than her maid.

When the maid felt a little better, she saw her mistress lying there with wounds all over her body. She went too her, and saw how she was bruised. They were both in great distress, and the princess was groaning. So her maid helped her up and led her home. They spent many days coming down, and finally arrived at their home. Then she lay in bed, and finally died.

Raven Becomes Voracious A Tsimshian Legend

Boas, Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, xxxi, 58

At one time the whole world was covered with darkness. At the southern point of Queen Charlotte Islands there was a town in which the animals lived. Its name was Kungalas.

A chief and his wife were living there, and with them a boy, their only child, who was loved very much by his parents. Therefore his father tried to keep him out of danger. He built for his son a bed above his own, in the rear of his large house. He washed him regularly, and the boy grew up to be a youth.

When he was quite large the youth became ill, and, being very sick, it was not long before he died. Therefore the hearts of his parents were very sad. They cried on account of their beloved child.

The chief invited his tribe, and all the (animal) people went to the chief's house and entered. Then the chief ordered the child's body to be laid out; and he said, "Take out his intestines."

His attendants laid out the body of the chief's child, took out the intestines, burned them at the rear of the chief's house, and placed the body on the bed which his father had built for his son. The chief and the chieftainess wailed every morning under the corpse of their dead son, and his tribe cried with them. They did so every day after the young man's death.

One morning before daylight came, the chieftainess went again to wail. She arose, and looked up to where her son was lying. There she saw a youth, bright as fire, lying where the body of their son had been. Therefore she called her husband, and said to him, "Our beloved child has come back to life."

Therefore the chief arose and went to the foot of the ladder which reached to the place where the body had been. He went up to his son, and said, "Is it you, my beloved son? Is it you?" Then the shining youth said, "Yes, it is I." Then suddenly gladness touched the hearts of the parents.

The tribe entered again to console their chief and their chieftainess. When the people entered, they were much surprised to see the shining youth there. He spoke to them. "Heaven was much annoyed by your constant wailing, so He sent me down to comfort your minds." The great tribe of the chief were very glad because the prince lived again among them. His parents loved him more than ever.

The shining youth ate very little. He staid there a long time, and he did not eat at all; he only chewed a little fat, but he did not eat any.

The chief had two great slaves--a miserable man and his wife. The great slaves were called Mouth At Each End. Every morning they brought all kinds of food into the house. One day, when they came in from where they had been, they brought a large cut of

whale meat. They threw it on the fire and ate it.

They did this every time they came back from hunting. Then the chieftainess tried to give food to her son who had come back to life, but he declined it and lived without food.

The chieftainess was very anxious to give her son something to eat. She was afraid that her son would die again. On the following day the shining youth took a walk to refresh himself. As soon as he had gone out, the chief went up the ladder to where he thought his son had his bed. Behold, there was the corpse of his own son! Nevertheless he loved his new child.

One day the chief and chieftainess went out to visit the tribe, and the two great slaves entered, carrying a large piece of whale meat. They threw the whale fat into the fire and ate of it. Then the shining youth came toward them and questioned the two great slaves, asking them, "What makes you so hungry?" The two great slaves replied, "We are hungry because we have eaten scabs from our shin bones." Therefore the shining youth said to them, "Do you like what you eat?" Then the slave-man said, "Yes, my dear!"

Therefore the prince replied, "I will also try the scabs you speak about." Then the slave-woman said, "No, my dear! Don't desire to be as we are." The prince repeated, "I will just taste it and spit it out again." The male slave cut off a small piece of whale meat and put in a small scab. Then the female slave scolded her husband for what he was doing. "O bad man! what have you been doing to the poor prince?" The shining prince took up the piece of meat with the scab in it, put it into his mouth, tasted it, and spit it out again.

Then he went back to his bed. When the chief and the chieftainess came back from their visit, the prince said to his mother, "Mother, I am very hungry." The chieftainess said at once, "Oh, dear, is it true, is it true?" She ordered her slaves to feed her beloved son with rich food. The slaves prepared rich food, and the youth ate it all. Again he was very hungry and ate everything, and the slaves gave him more to eat than before.

He did so for several days, and soon all the provisions in his father's house were at an end. Then the prince went to every house of his father's people and ate the provisions that were in the houses. This was because he had tasted the scabs of Mouth At Each End. Now the provisions were all used up. The chief knew that the provisions of his tribe were almost exhausted. Therefore the chief felt sad and ashamed on account of what his son had done, for he had devoured almost all the provisions of his tribe.

Therefore the chief invited all the people in, and said, "I will send my child away before he eats all our provisions and we lack food."

Then all the people agreed to what the chief had said. As soon as they had all agreed, the chief called his son. He told him to sit down in the rear of the house. As soon as he had sat down there, the chief spoke to his son, and said, "My dear son, I shall send you away inland to the other side of the ocean."

He gave his son a small round stone and a raven blanket and a dried sea-lion bladder filled with all kinds of berries.

The chief said to his son, "When you fly across the ocean and feel weary, drop this round stone on the sea, and you shall find rest on it; and when you reach the mainland, scatter the various kinds of fruit all over the land; and also scatter the salmon roe in all the rivers and brooks, and also the trout roe; so that you may not lack food as long as you live in this world."

Then he started. His father named him Giant.

The Theft of Light

A Tsimshian Legend

Boas, Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, xxxi, 60

Giant flew inland (toward the east). He went on for a long time, and finally he was very tired, so he dropped down on the sea the little round stone which his father had given to him. It became a large rock way out at sea.

Giant rested on it and refreshed himself, and took off the raven skin.

At that time there was always darkness. There was no daylight then. Again Giant put on the raven skin and flew toward the east. Now, Giant reached the mainland and arrived at the mouth of Skeena River. There he stopped and scattered the salmon roe and trout roe. He said while he was scattering them, "Let every river and creek have all kinds of fish!"

Then he took the dried sea-lion bladder and scattered the fruits all over the land, saying, "Let every mountain, hill, valley, plain, the whole land, be full of fruits!"

The whole world was still covered with darkness. When the sky was clear, the people would have a little light from the stars; and when clouds were in the sky, it was very dark all over the land. The people were distressed by this. Then Giant thought that it would be hard for him to obtain his food if it were always dark. He remembered that there was light in heaven, whence he had come. Then he made up his mind to bring down the light to our world.

On the following day Giant put on his raven skin, which his father the chief had given to him, and flew upward. Finally he found the hole in the sky, and he flew through it. Giant reached the inside of the sky. He took off the raven skin and put it down near the hole of the sky. He went on, and came to a spring near the house of the chief of heaven. There he sat down and waited.

Then the chief's daughter came out, carrying a small bucket in which she was about to fetch water. She went down to the big spring in front of her father's house. When Giant saw her coming along, he transformed himself into the leaf of a cedar and floated on the water. The chief's daughter dipped it up in her bucket and drank it. Then she returned to her father's house and entered.

After a short time she was with child, and not long after she gave birth to a boy. Then the chief and the chieftainess were very glad. They washed the boy regularly. He began to grow up. Now he was beginning to creep about. They washed him often, and the chief smoothed and cleaned the floor of the house. Now the child was strong and crept about every day.

He began to cry, "Hama, hama!" He was crying all the time, and the great chief was troubled, and called in some of his slaves to carry about the boy. The slaves did so, but he would not sleep for several nights. He kept on crying, "Hama, hama!" Therefore the

chief invited all his wise men, and said to them that he did not know what the boy wanted and why he was crying. He wanted the box that was hanging in the chief's house.

This box, in which the daylight was kept, was hanging in one corner of the house. Its name was Maa. Giant had known it before he descended to our world.

The child cried for it. The chief was annoyed, and the wise men listened to what the chief told them. When the wise men heard the child crying aloud, they did not know what he was saying. He was crying all the time, "Hama, hama, hama!"

One of the wise men, who understood him, said to the chief, "He is crying for the maa." Therefore the chief ordered it to be taken down. The man put it down. They put it down near the fire, and the boy sat down near it and ceased crying. He stopped crying, for he was glad. Then he rolled the ma about inside the house. He did so for four days. Sometimes he would carry it to the door. Now the great chief did not think of it.

He had quite forgotten it. Then the boy really took up the ma, put it on his shoulders, and ran out with it. While he was running, some one said, "Giant is running away with the maa!" He ran away, and the hosts of heaven pursued him. They shouted that Giant was running away with the ma.

He came to the hole of the sky, put on the skin of the raven, and flew down, carrying the maa. Then the hosts of heaven returned to their houses, and he flew down with it to our world.

At that time the world was still dark. He arrived farther up the river, and went down river. Giant had come down near the mouth of Nass River. He went to the mouth of Nass River. It was always dark, and he carried the ma about with him. He went on, and went up the river in the dark.

A little farther up he heard the noise of the people, who were catching olachen in bag nets in their canoes.

There was much noise out on the river, because they were working hard. Giant, who was sitting on the shore, said, "Throw ashore one of the things that you are catching, my dear people!" After a while, Giant said again, "Throw ashore one of the things you are catching!" Then those on the water scolded him. "Where did you come from, great liar, whom they call Txä'msem?"[*] The (animal) people knew that it was Giant.

Therefore they made fun of him. Then Giant said again, "Throw ashore one of the things that you are catching, or I shall break the maa!" and all those who were on the water answered, "Where did you get what you are talking about, you liar?"

Giant said once more, "Throw ashore one of the things that you are catching, my dear people, or I shall break the maa for you!" One person replied, scolding him.

Giant had repeated his request four times, but those on the water refused what he had asked for. Therefore Giant broke the ma. It broke, and it was daylight. The north wind began to blow hard; and all the fisherman, the Frogs, were driven away by the north

wind. All the Frogs who had made fun of Giant were driven away down river until they arrived at one of the large mountainous islands.

Here the Frogs tried to climb up the rock; but they stuck to the rock, being frozen by the north wind, and became stone. They are still on the rock. The fishing frogs named him Txä'msem, and all the world had the daylight.

Pokoh, the Old Man

A Ute Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Pokoh, Old Man, they say, created the world. Pokoh had many thoughts. He had many blankets in which he carried around gifts for men. He created every tribe out of the soil where they used to live.

That is why an Indian wants to live and die in his native place. He was made of the same soil. Pokoh did not wish men to wander and travel, but to remain in their birthplace.

Long ago, Sun was a man, and was bad. Moon was good. Sun had a quiver full of arrows, and they are deadly. Sun wishes to kill all things.

Sun has two daughters (Venus and Mercury) and twenty men kill them; but after fifty days, they return to life again.

Rainbow is the sister of Pokoh, and her breast is covered with flowers.

Lightning strikes the ground and fills the flint with fire. That is the origin of fire. Some say the beaver brought fire from the east, hauling it on his broad, flat tail. That is why the beaver's tail has no hair on it, even to this day. It was burned off.

There are many worlds. Some have passed and some are still to come. In one world the Indians all creep; in another they all walk; in another they all fly. Perhaps in a world to come, Indians may walk on four legs; or they may crawl like snakes; or they may swim in the water like fish.

Coyote and Sun

A Pai Ute Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Along time ago, Coyote wanted to go to the sun. He asked Pokoh, Old Man, to show him the trail. Coyote went straight out on this trail and he traveled it all day.

But Sun went round so that Coyote came back at night to the place from which he started in the morning.

The next morning, Coyote asked Pokoh to show him the trail. Pokoh showed him, and Coyote traveled all day and came back at night to the same place again.

But the third day, Coyote started early and went out on the trail to the edge of the world and sat down on the hole where the sun came up. While waiting for the sun he pointed with his bow and arrow at different places and pretended to shoot. He also pretended not to see the sun. When Sun came up, he told Coyote to get out of his way.

Coyote told him to go around; that it was his trail. But Sun came up under him and he had to hitch forward a little. After Sun came up a little farther, it began to get hot on Coyote's shoulder, so he spit on his paw and rubbed his shoulder.

Then he wanted to ride up with the sun. Sun said, "Oh, no"; but Coyote insisted. So Coyote climbed up on Sun, and Sun started up the trail in the sky. The trail was marked off into steps like a ladder. As Sun went up he counted "one, two, three," and so on. By and by Coyote became very thirsty, and he asked Sun for a drink of water.

Sun gave him an acorn-cup full. Coyote asked him why he had no more. About noontime, Coyote became very impatient. It was very hot. Sun told him to shut his eyes. Coyote shut them, but opened them again. He kept opening and shutting them all the afternoon.

At night, when Sun came down, Coyote took hold of a tree. Then he clambered off Sun and climbed down to the earth.

California Big Trees

A Pai Ute Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

The California big trees are sacred to the Monos, who call them "woh-woh-nau," a word formed in imitation of the hoot of the owl.

The owl is the guardian spirit and the god of the big trees.

Bad luck comes to those who cut down the big trees, or shoot at an owl, or shoot in the presence of the owl.

In old days the Indians tried to persuade the white men not to cut down the big trees. When they see the trees cut down they call after the white men. They say the owl will bring them evil.

The Migration of the Water People

A Walpi Legend (Arizona)

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

In the long ago, the Snake, Horn, and Eagle people lived here (in Tusayan) but their corn grew only a span high and when they sang for rain, the Cloud god sent only a thin mist. My people lived then in the distant Pa-lat Kwa-bi in the South.

There was a very bad old man there. When he met any one he would spit in their faces. He did all manner of evil. Baholihonga got angry at this and turned the world upside down. Water spouted up through the kivas and through the fire places in the houses.

The earth was rent in great chasms, and water covered everything except one narrow ridge of mud. Across this the Serpent-god told all the people to travel. As they journeyed across, the feet of the bad slipped and they fell into the dark water.

The good people, after many days, reached dry land.

While the water was rising around the village, the old people got on top of the houses. They thought they could not struggle across with the younger people. But Baholihonga clothed them with the skins of turkeys.

They spread their wings out and floated in the air just above the surface of the water, and in this way they got across.

There were saved of us, the Water people, the Corn people, the Lizard, Horned-toad, and Sand peoples, two families of Rabbit, and the Tobacco people. The turkey tail dragged in the water.

That is why there is white on the turkey's tail now. This is also the reason why old people use turkey-feathers at the religious ceremonies.

The Skin Shifting old Woman

A Wichita Legend

Dorsey, Publications of the Carnegie Institution, xxi, 124, No. 17

In the story of Healthy-Flint-Stone-Man, it is told that he was a powerful man and lived in a village and was a chief of the place. He was not a man of heavy build, but was slim.

Often when a man is of this type of build he is called "Healthy-Flint-Stone-Man," after the man in the story. Healthy-Flint-Stone-Man had parents, but at this time he had no wife. Soon afterwards he married, and his wife was the prettiest woman that ever lived in the village. When she married Healthy-Flint-Stone-Man they lived at his home.

She was liked by his parents, for she was a good worker and kind-hearted. As was their custom, the men of the village came at night to visit Healthy-Flint-Stone-Man, and his wife did the cooking to feed them, so that he liked her all the more, and was kind to her.

Early in the morning a strange woman by the name of Little-Old-Woman came to their place and asked the wife to go with her to get wood. Out of kindness to Little-Old-Woman she went with her, leaving her husband at home. Little-Old-Woman knew where all the dry wood was to be found. When they reached the place where she thought there was plenty of wood they did not stop.

They went on past, although there was plenty of good dry wood. The wife began to cut wood for the old woman and some for herself. When she had cut enough for both she fixed it into two bundles, one for each. Little-Old-Woman knelt by her pile and waited for the wife to help her up. Little-Old-Woman then helped the wife in the same way, and they started toward their home. They talked on the way about their manner of life at home. Arrived at the village, the old woman went to her home. When the wife got home she began to do her work.

Again, the second time, the old woman came around and asked the wife to go with her to fetch wood. They started away together, and this time went farther than on the first time to get their wood, though they passed much good wood. The wife cut wood for both and arranged it in two piles, but this time she herself first knelt by her pile and asked the old woman to take hold of her hands and pull her up; then the wife helped the old woman with her load.

They returned home, and on the way the old woman said to the wife, "If you will go with me to fetch wood for the fourth time I shall need no more help from you." They again went far beyond where any other women had gone to get wood. When they got to the village they parted. The wife wondered why the old woman came to her for help. She found the men passing the time talking of the past as usual. She kept on doing her duty day after day.

The third time the old woman came for the wife to ask her to help her fetch wood, as she was all out of it again. Again they went out, and this time they went still further for the wood, and now they were getting a long way from the village. The wife cut wood and

arranged it in two bundles, one for each of them to carry. This time it was the old woman's turn first to be helped up with the wood.

They helped each other, and on the way home the old woman told the wife that they had only once more to go for wood, and the work would all be done. She always seemed thankful for the help she received. They reached the village and went to their homes. The wife found her men as usual, and commenced to do her work. After the men were through eating they went home, though some stayed late in the night.

Finally the old woman came the fourth time^[266] to ask the wife to go with her and help her fetch some wood. This time they went about twice as far as they had gone the third time from the village. When the old woman thought they were far enough they stopped, and the wife began cutting wood for both of them. When she had cut enough she arranged it in two bundles. Now it was the wife's turn to be helped up with the wood, but the old woman refused to do it as usual and told her to go ahead and kneel by the bundle of wood. The wife refused.

Now, each tried to persuade the other to kneel first against the bundle of wood. The old woman finally prevailed, and the wife knelt against the wood, and as she put her robe around her neck the old woman seemed pleased to help her, but as the old woman was fixing the carrying ropes she tightened them, after slipping them around the wife's neck until the wife fell at full length, as though dying.

The old woman sat down to rest, as she was tired from choking the wife. Soon she got up and untied the wife. Now, they were in the thick timber, and there was flowing water through it. After the old woman had killed the wife she blew into the top of her head and blew the skin from her, hair and all. This she did because she envied the wife her good looks, since the wife was the best-looking woman in the village, and her husband was good-looking and well thought of by all the prominent men, and the old woman wanted to be treated as well as the wife had been treated.

Then the old woman began to put on the wife's skin, but the wife was a little smaller than the old woman, though the old woman managed to stretch the skin and drew it over her, fitting herself to it. Then she smoothed down the skin until it fitted her nicely. She took the wife's body to the flowing water and threw it in, having found a place that was never visited by anyone, and that had no trail leading to it. She then went to her pile of wood and took it to her home. She found the men visiting the chief.

The chief did not discover that she was not his wife. The old woman knew all about the former wife's ways, for she had talked much with her when they were coming home with the wood, and she had asked the wife all sorts of questions about her husband. She understood how the men carried on at the chief's place. The wife had told the chief that the old woman had said that they were to go for wood four different times, and the last time being the fourth time, he supposed it was all over and his wife had got through with the old woman. So, as the old woman was doing his wife's duty, he thought her to be his wife until the time came when the skin began to decay and the hair to come off. Still there were big crowds of men around, and the old woman began to be fearful lest they would find her out.

So she made as if she were sick. The chief tried to get a man to doctor her, but she refused to be doctored. Finally he hired a servant to doctor her. This was the man who always sat right by the entrance, ready to do errands or carry announcements to the people. His name was Buffalo-Crow-Man. He had a dark complexion. The old woman began to rave at his medicine working.

He began to tell who the old woman was, saying that there was no need of doctoring her; that she was a fraud and an evil spirit; and that she had become the wife of the chief through her bad deeds. The old woman told the chief not to believe the servant; and that he himself was a fraud and was trying to get her to do something wrong. The servant then stood at the feet of the old woman and began to sing.

Then over her body he went and jumped at her head. Then he commenced to sing again, first on her left side, then on her right. He sang the song[*] four times, and while he was doing this the decayed hide came off from her. The servant told the men to take her out and take her life for what she had done to the chief's wife, telling how she had fooled the chief. They did as they were told.

The servant told the men he had suspected the old woman when she had come around to get the wife to go after wood with her; that when going after wood they always went a long distance, so that no one could observe them, but that he had always flown very high over them, so they could not see him, and had watched them; that on the fourth time they went for wood he had seen the old woman choke the wife with the wife's rope; how the old woman had secured the whole skin of the wife and had thrown her body into the flowing water. He told the men where the place was, and directed them there the next day. The men went to their homes, feeling very sad for the wicked thing the old woman had done.

On the next day the chief went as directed, and he came to a place where he found a pile of wood that belonged to his former wife. He went to the place where he supposed his wife to be. He sat down and commenced to weep. There he stayed all night and the next day. He returned to his home, but he could not forget the occurrence. So he went back again and stayed another night and again returned home.

The chief was full of sorrow. He went back to the place the third time, and when he got there he sat down and commenced to weep. Again he stayed all night, and early next morning it was foggy and he could not see far. While he sat and wept he faced the east, and he was on the west side of the flowing waters, so that he also faced the flowing water wherein his wife's body was thrown.

He heard some one singing, but he was unable to catch the sound so that he could locate the place where the sound came from. He finally discovered that it came from the flowing water. He went toward the place and listened, and indeed it was his wife's voice, and this is what she sang:

Woman-having-Powers-in-the-Water,
Woman-having-Powers-in-the-Water,
I am the one (you seek),
I am here in the water.

As he went near the river he saw in the middle of the water his wife standing on the water. She told him to go back home and tell his parents to clean their grass-lodge and to purify the room by burning sage. She told her husband that he might then return and take her home; that he should tell his parents not to weep when she should return, but that they should rejoice at her return to life, and that after that he could take her home. So the man started to his home.

After he arrived he told his mother to clean and purify the lodge; and that he had found his wife and that he was going back again to get her. He told her that neither she nor any of their friends should weep at sight of the woman. While his mother was doing this cleaning he went back to the river and stayed one more night, and early in the morning he heard the woman singing again. He knew that he was to bring his wife back to his home. When he heard her sing he went straight to her.

She came out of the water and he met her. She began to tell her husband about her troubles--how she met troubles and how he was deceived. That day they went to their home, and Flint-Stone-Man's parents were glad to see his wife back once more. They lived together until long afterward.

The Lizard-Hand
A Yokut Legend

Kroeber, University of Cal. Publications in -American Archaeology and Ethnology, iv, 231, No. 38

It was Coyote who brought it about that people die.

He made it thus because our hands are not closed like his.

He wanted our hands to be like his, but a lizard said to him: "No, they must have my hand."

He had five fingers and Coyote had only a fist.

So now we have an open hand with five fingers.

But then Coyote said: "Well, then they will have to die."

Origin of the Sierra Nevadas and Coast Range

A Yokut Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Once there was a time when there was nothing in the world but water. About the place where Tulare Lake is now, there was a pole standing far up out of the water, and on this pole perched Hawk and Crow.

First Hawk would sit on the pole a while, then Crow would knock him off and sit on it himself. Thus they sat on the top of the pole above the water for many ages. At last they created the birds which prey on fish. They created Kingfisher, Eagle, Pelican, and others. They created also Duck. Duck was very small but she dived to the bottom of the water, took a beakful of mud, and then died in coming to the top of the water. Duck lay dead floating on the water. Then Hawk and Crow took the mud from Duck's beak, and began making the mountains.

They began at the place now known as Ta-hi-cha-pa Pass, and Hawk made the east range. Crow made the west one. They pushed the mud down hard into the water and then piled it high. They worked toward the north. At last Hawk and Crow met at Mount Shasta. Then their work was done. But when they looked at their mountains, Crow's range was much larger than Hawk's.

Hawk said to Crow, "How did this happen, you rascal? You have been stealing earth from my bill. That is why your mountains are the biggest." Crow laughed.

Then Hawk chewed some Indian tobacco. That made him wise. At once he took hold of the mountains and turned them around almost in a circle. He put his range where Crow's had been. That is why the Sierra Nevada Range is larger than the Coast Range.

The Foxes and the Sun

A Yurok Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Once upon a time, the Foxes were angry with Sun. They held a council about the matter. Then twelve Foxes were selected - twelve of the bravest to catch Sun and tie him down.

They made ropes of sinew; then the twelve watched until the Sun, as he followed the downward trail in the sky, touched the top of a certain hill.

Then the Foxes caught Sun, and tied him fast to the hill. But the Indians saw them, and they killed the Foxes with arrows. Then they cut the sinews.

But the Sun had burned a great hole in the ground. The Indians know the story is true, because they can see the hole which Sun burned.

The Coyote and the Beetle

A Zuni Legend

Frank Hamilton Cushing, Zuni Folk Tales, 1901

In remote times, after our ancients were settled at Middle Ant Hill, a little thing occurred which will explain a great deal.

My children, you have doubtless seen Tip-beetles. They run around on smooth, hard patches of ground in spring time and early summer, kicking their heels into the air and thrusting their heads into any crack or hole they find.

Well, in ancient times, on the pathway leading around to Fat Mountain, there was one of these Beetles running about in all directions in the sunshine, when a Coyote came trotting along. He pricked up his ears, lowered his nose, arched his neck, and stuck out his paw toward the Beetle. "Ha!" said he, "I shall bite you!"

The Beetle immediately stuck his head down close to the ground, and, lifting one of his antenna deprecatingly, exclaimed: "Hold on! Hold on, friend! Wait a bit, for the love of mercy! I hear something very strange down below here!"

"Humph!" replied the Coyote. "What do you hear?"

"Hush! hush!" cried the Beetle, with his head still to the ground. "Listen!"

So the Coyote drew back and listened most attentively. By-and-by the Beetle lifted himself with a long sigh of relief. "Okwe!" exclaimed the Coyote. "What was going on?"

"The Good Soul save us!" exclaimed the Beetle, with a shake of his head. "I heard them saying down there that tomorrow they would chase away and thoroughly chastise everybody who defiled the public trails of this country, and they are making ready as fast as they can!"

"Souls of my ancestors!" cried the Coyote. "I have been loitering along this trail this very morning, and have defiled it repeatedly. I'll cut!" And away he ran as fast as he could go.

The Beetle, in pure exuberance of spirits, turned somersaults and stuck his head in the sand until it was quite turned. Thus did the Beetle in the days of the ancients save himself from being bitten. Consequently the Tip-beetle has that strange habit of kicking his heels into the air and sticking his head in the sand.

Thus shortens my story.

How the Summer Birds Came

A Zuni Legend

Frank Hamilton Cushing, Zuni Folk Tales, 1901

In the days of the ancients, in the town under Thunder Mountain called K'íákime, there lived a most beautiful maiden. But one thing which struck the people who knew her was that she seldom came forth from her room.

She never went out of her house; never seemed to care for the people around her, never seemed to care to see the young men when they were dancing.

Now, this was the way of it. Through the roof of her room was a little skylight, open, and when it rained, one of the Gods Of the Rain descended in the rain-drops and wooed this maiden, and married her all unknown to her people; so that she was in his company every time it rained, and when the dew fell at night, on his ladder of water descending he came, and she was very happy, and cared not for the society of men. By-and-by, behold! to the utter surprise of the people, whose eyes could not see this god, her husband, there was a little boy born to her.

Now, he was the child of the gods, and, therefore, before he was many days old, he had begun to run about and speak, and had wonderful intelligence and wonderful strength and vivacity. He was only a month or two old when he was like a child of five or six or eight years of age, and he would climb to the house-top and run down into the plaza and out around the village hunting birds or other small animals.

With only his fingers and little stones for weapons, he never failed to slay and bring home these little creatures, and his mother's house was supplied more than any other house in the town with plumes for sacrifice, from the birds which he captured in this way.

Finally he observed that the older men of the tribe carried bows and arrows, and that the arrows went more swiftly and straighter than the stones he threw; and though he never failed to kill small animals, he found he could not kill the larger ones in that way. So he said to his mother one night: "Oh, mother, where does the wood grow that they make bows of, and where do they get sticks for their arrows? I wish you would tell me."

But the mother was quite silent; she didn't like to tell him, for she thought it would lead him away from the town and something would happen to him. But he kept questioning her until at last, weary with his importunities, she said: "Well, my little boy, if you go round the cliff here to the eastern side, there is a great hollow in the rocks, and down at the bottom of that hollow is a great cave.

Now, around that shelter in the rocks are growing the trees out of which bows are made, and there also grow the bushes from which arrows are cut; they are so plentiful that they could supply the whole town, and furnish all the hunters here with bows and arrows; but they cannot get them, because in the cave lives a great Bear, a very savage being, and no one dares go near there to get timber for the bows or sticks for the arrows, because the Bear would surely devour whoever ventured there. He has devoured many of our

people; therefore you must not go there to get these arrows.

"No, indeed," said the boy. But at night he lay down with much in his mind, and was so thoughtful that he hardly slept the whole night. He was planning what he would do in the morning.

The next morning his mother was busy about her work, and finally she went down to the spring for some water, and the little boy slipped out of the house, ran down the ladder, went to the riverside, stooped down, and crawled along the bank of the river, until he could get around on the side of the cliff where the little valley of the spring that flows under Thunder Mountain lies.

There he climbed up and up until he came to the shelter in the rocks round on the eastern side of Thunder Mountain. The mouth of this hollow was entirely closed with fine yellow-wood and oak, the best timber we have for bows, and straight sprouts were growing everywhere out of which arrows could be made.

"Ah, this must be the place," said the boy, as he looked at it. I don't see any Bear. I think I will climb up and see if there is anything to be afraid of, and try if I can cut a stick before the Bear comes out."

He started and climbed into the mouth of the cavern, and his father, one of the Gods of the Rain, threw a tremendous shaft of lightning, and it thundered, and the cave closed together.

"Ha!" cried the boy. "What in the world is the meaning of this?" Then he stood there a moment, and presently the clouds finished and the cave opened, and all was quiet. He started to go in once more, and down came the lightning again, to remind him that he should not go in there.

"Ha!" cried the boy again. "What in the world does it mean?" And he rubbed his eyes, it had rather stunned him,--and so soon as it had cleared away he tried again, and again for the fourth time.

Finally the god said, "Ah! I have reminded him and he does not heed. He must go his own way." So the boy climbed into the cave.

No sooner had he got in than it began to get dark, and Wah! came the Bear on his hind legs and grabbed the boy and began to squeeze him very tight.

"O my! O my!" cried he. Don't squeeze me so hard! It hurts; don't squeeze me so hard! My mother is one of the most beautiful women you ever saw!"

"Hollo!" exclaimed the Bear. "What is that you say?"

"My mother is one of the most beautiful women you ever saw!"

"Indeed!" said the Bear, as he relaxed his hold.

"My son, sit down. What did you come to my house for? I am sure you are very welcome."

"Why," said the boy, "I came to get a piece of wood for a bow and sticks for arrows."

Said the Bear, "I have looked out for this timber for a long time. There is none better in the whole country. Let me tell you what I will do. You don't look very strong. You haven't anything to cut the trees down with. I will go myself and cut down a tree for you. I will pick out a good one for a bow; not only that, but I will get fine sticks for arrows, too. So he stalked off into the forest, and crack, crack, he smashed the trees down, and, picking out a good one, gnawed off the ends of it and brought it to the boy, then gathered a lot of fine straight sticks for arrow-shafts and brought them.

"There," said he, "take those home. Do you know how to make a bow, my son?"

"No, I don't very well," replied he.

"Well," said the Bear, "I have cut off the ends; make it about that length. Now take it home, and shave down the inside until it is thin enough to bend quickly at both ends, and lay it over the coals of fire so it will get hard and dry. That is the way to make a good bow."

"All right," said the boy; and as he took up the bundle of sticks and the stave for the bow, he said: "just come along toward night and I will introduce you to my mother."

"All right," said the old Bear; "I will be along just about sunset. Then I can look at your bow and see whether you have made it well or not."

So the boy trudged home with his bundle of sticks and his bow stave, and when he arrived there his mother happened to be climbing out, and saw him coming.

"You wretched boy," she said, "I told you not to go out to the cave! I warrant you have been there where the Bear stays!"

"Oh, yes, my mother; just see what I have brought," said the boy. "I sold you to the Bear. He will be here to get you this evening. See what I have brought!" and he laid out his bow-timber and arrow-shafts.

"Oh," said she, "you are the most wretched and foolish of little boys; you pay no attention to what any one says to you; your mother's word is nothing but wind in your ears."

"Just see what I have brought home," said he. He worked as hard as he could to make his bow, stripped the arrow-shafts, smoothed and straightened them before the fire, and made the points of obsidian... very black it is; very hard and sharp were the points when he placed them on the arrows. Now, after placing the feathers on the arrows, he stood them up on the roof of the house against the parapet in the sunlight to dry; and he had his bow on the other side of the house against the other parapet to dry. He was still at work, toward sunset, when he happened to look up and saw the Bear coming along, slowly, comfortably, rolling over the sand.

"Ah!" said he, "the old man is coming." He paid no attention to him, however.

Presently the Bear came close to the ladder, and shook it to see if it was strong enough to hold him.

"Thou comest?" asked the boy.

"Yes," said the Bear. "How have you been all day?"

"Happy," said the boy.

"How is your mother?"

"Happy," said the boy, "expecting you."

So the old Bear climbed up. "Ah, indeed," said he, as he got over the edge of the house, "have you made the bow?"

"Yes, after a fashion."

So the Bear went over, raised himself on his hind feet, looked at the bow, pulled it, and said, as he laid it down: "It is a splendid bow. What is this black stuff on these arrows?"

"Obsidian," answered the boy.

"These points are nothing but black coals," said the Bear.

"I tell you," said the boy, "they are good, black, flint arrow-heads, hard and sharp as any others."

"No," said the other, "nothing but coals."

"Now, suppose you let me try one of those coals on you," said the boy.

"All right," said the Bear. He walked over to the other side of the roof and stood there, and the boy took one of the arrows, fitted it to the bow, and let go. It went straight into the heart of the Bear, and even passed through him entirely.

"Wah!" uttered the Bear, as he gave a great snort and rolled over on the house-top and died.

"Ha, ha!" shouted the boy, "what you had intended to do unto me, thus unto you! Oh, mother!" called he, as he ran to the skyhole, "here is your husband; come and see him. I have killed him; but, then, he would have me make the experiment," said the boy.

"Oh, you foolish, foolish, disobedient boy!" said the mother. What have you been doing now? Are we safe?

"Oh, yes," said he; "my step-father is as passive as if he were asleep." And he went on and skinned his once prospective step-father, and then took out his heart and hung it to

the cross-piece of the ladder as a sign that the people could go and get all the bow-timber and arrows they pleased.

That night, after the evening meal was over, the boy sat down with his mother, and he said: "By the way, mother, are there any monsters or fearful creatures anywhere round about this country that kill people and make trouble?"

"No," said the mother, "none whatever."

"I don't know about that; I think there must be," said the boy.

"No, there are none whatever, I tell you," answered the mother.

The boy began to tumble on the floor, rolling about, playing with his mother's blankets, and throwing things around, and once in a while he would ask her again the same question, until finally she got very cross with him and said: "Yes, if you want to know, down there in the valley, beyond the great plains of sagebrush, is a den of Misho Lizards who are fearful and deadly to every one who goes near them. Therefore you had better be careful how you run round the valley."

"What makes them so fearful?" asked he.

"Well," said she, "they are venomous; they have a way of throwing from their mouths or breath a sort of fluid which, whenever it strikes a person, burns him, and whenever it strikes the eyes it blinds them.

A great many people have perished there. Whenever a man arrives at their den they are very polite and greet him most courteously; they say: 'Come in; sit down right here in the middle of the floor before the fire.' But as soon as the person is seated in their house they gather round the walls and throw this venom on him, and he dies almost immediately."

"Is it possible?" responded the little boy; and for some reason or other he began to grow sleepy, and said: "Now, let us go to sleep, mother."

So he lay down and slept. Just as soon as it was light the next morning he aroused himself, dressed, took his bow and arrows, and, placing them in a corner near the ladder, said: "Oh, mother, give me my breakfast; I want to go and shoot some little birds. I would like to have some roasted birds for dinner."

She gave him his breakfast as quickly as she could, and he ran down the ladder and went to shooting at the birds, until he happened to see that his mother and others were out of sight; then he skulked into the sagebrush and went as straight as he could for the den of the Misho Lizards. There happened to be two young ones sunning themselves outside, and they said:

"Ah, my fine little fellow, glad to see you this morning. Come in, come in; the old ones will be very much pleased to entertain you. Come in!"

"Thank you," said the boy. He walked in, but he felt under his coat to see if a huge lump

of rock salt he had was still there.

"Sit right down here," said the old people. The whole den was filled with these Misho Lizards, and they were excessively polite, every one of them.

The boy sat down, and the old Misho said to the young ones: "Hurry up, now; be quick!" And they began to throw their venom at him, and continued until he was all covered with it; but, knowing beforehand, and being the child of the gods, he was prepared and protected, and it did him no harm.

"Thank you, thank you," said the boy. "I will do the same thing.

Then he pulled out the salt and pushed it down into the fire, where it exploded and entirely used up the whole council of Misho Lizards.

"There!" cried the boy. "Thus would you have done unto me, thus unto you."

He took two fine ones and cut out their hearts, then started for home. When he arrived there, he climbed the ladder and suspended the two hearts beside that of the Bear and went down into the house, saying, "Well, mother, is dinner ready?"

"There now," said she, "I know it. I saw you hang those hearts up. You have been down there."

"Yes," said he, "they are all gone--every solitary one of them."

"Oh, you foolish, foolish, disobedient fellow! I am all alone in the world, and if you should go to some of those fearful places some time and not come back, who would hunt for me? What should I do?" said the mother.

"Don't be troubled, mother, now," said the boy. "I don't think I will go any more. There is nothing else of that kind around, is there, mother?"

"No, there is not," she replied; "not a thing. There may be somewhere in the world, but there is not anywhere here."

In the evening, as he sat with his mother, the boy kept questioning and teasing her to tell him of some other monsters--pulling on her skirts and repeating his questions.

"I tell you," she said, "there are no such creatures."

"Oh, mother, I know there are," said he, "and you must tell me about them."

So he continued to bother her until her patience gave out, and she told him of another monster.

Said she: "If you follow that cañon down to the southeast, there is a very, very, very high cliff there, and the trail that goes over that cliff runs close by the side of a precipice. Now, that has been for ages a terrible place, for there is a Giant living there, who wears a hair-

knot on his forehead. He lies there at length, sunning himself at his ease.

He is very good-natured and very polite. His legs stretch across the trail on which men have to go who pass that way, and there is no other way to get by. And whenever a man tries to go by that trail, he says: 'Pass right along, pass right along; I am glad to see you. Here is a fresh trail; some one has just passed. Don't disturb me; I am sunning myself.' Down below is the den where his children live, and on the flesh of these people he feeds them."

"Mercy!" exclaimed the boy. "Fearful! I never shall go there, surely. That is too terrible! Come, let us go to sleep; I don't want to hear anything more about it."

But the next morning, just as soon as daylight appeared, he got up, dressed himself, and snatched a morsel of food.

His mother said to him: "Where are you going? Are you thinking of that place I told you about?"

"No," said he; "I am going to kill some prairie-dogs right here in sight. I will take my war-club."

So he took his war-club, and thrust it into his belt in front, ran down the hill on which the village stood, and straightway went off to the place his mother had told him of.

When he reached the top of the rocks he looked down, and there, sure enough, lay the Giant with the forehead knot.

The Giant looked up and said: "Ah, my son, glad to see you this morning; glad to see you coming so early. Some one just passed here a little while ago; you can see his tracks there."

"Well," said the boy, "make room for me."

"Oh, just step right over," said the old man; "step right over me."

"I can't step over your great legs," said the boy; "draw them up."

"All right," said the old Demon. So he drew his knees up. "There, now, there is plenty of room; pass right along, my son."

Just as the boy got near the place, he thrust out his leg suddenly that way, to kick him off the cliff; but the boy was too nimble for him, and jumped aside.

"Oh, dear me," cried the Monster; "I had a stitch in my leg; I had to stretch it out."

"Ah," said the boy, "you tried to kick me off, did you?"

"Oh, no," said the old villain "I had a terrible stitch in my knee,"--and he began to knead his knee in the most vehement manner. "just pass right along; I trust it won't happen

again." The boy again attempted to pass, and the same thing happened as before.

"Oh, my knee! my knee!" exclaimed the Monster.

"Yes, your knee, your knee!" said the boy, as he whipped out his war-club and whacked the Giant on the head before he had time to recover himself. "Thus unto me you would have done, thus unto you!" said the boy.

No sooner had the Giant fallen than the little Top-knots gathered round him and began to eat; and they ate and ate and ate,--there were many of them, and they were voracious--until they came to the top-knot on the old fellow's head, and then one of them cried; "Oh, dear, alas and alas! this is our own father!"

And while they were still crying, the boy cut out the Giant's heart and slung it over his shoulder; then he climbed down the cliff to where the young Top-knots were, and slew them all except two,--a pair of them. Then he took these two, who were still young, like little children, and grasping one by the throat, wrung its neck and threw it into the air, when it suddenly became a winged creature, and spread out its wings and soared away, crying: "Peep, peep, peep," just as the falcons of today do. Then he took the other one by the neck, and swung it round and round, and flung it into the air, and it flew away with a heavy motion, and cried: "Boohoo, boohoo, boohoo!" and became an owl.

"Ah," said the boy, "born for evil, changed for good! Ye shall be the means whereby our children in the future shall sacrifice to the gods themselves."

Then he trudged along home with the Giant's heart, and when he got there, he hung it on the cross-piece of the ladder by the side of the other hearts. It was almost night then.

"There, now!" said his mother, as he entered the house; "I have been troubled almost to death by your not coming home sooner. You went off to the place I told you of; I know you did!"

"Ha!" said he, "of course I did. I went up there, and the poor fellows are all dead."

"Why will you not listen to me?" said she.

"Oh, it is all right, mother," said the boy. "It is all right." She went on scolding him in the usual fashion, but he paid no attention to her.

As soon as she had sat down to her evening tasks, he asked: "Now, is there any other of these terrible creatures?"

"Well, I shall tell you of nothing more now," said she.

"Why, is there anything more?" asked the boy.

"No, there is not," replied she.

"Ah, mother, I think there must be."

"No; there is nothing more, I tell you."

"Ah, mother, I think there must be."

And he kept bothering and teasing until she told him again (she knew she would have to): "Yes, away down in the valley, some distance from here, near the little Cold-making Hill, there lives a fearful creature, a four-fold Elk or Bison, more enormous than any other living thing.

Awiteli Wakashi he is called, and no one can go near him. He rushes stamping and bellowing about the country, and people never pass through that section from fear."

"Ah," said the boy don't tell me any more he must be a fearful creature, indeed."

"Yes; but you will be sure to go there," said she.

"Oh, no, no, mother; no, indeed!"

But the next morning he went earlier than ever, carrying with him his bows and arrows. He was so filled with dread, however, or pretended to be, that as he went along the trail he began to cry and sniffle, and walk very slowly, until he came near the hole of an old Gopher, his grandfather.

The old fellow was working away, digging another cellar, throwing the dirt out, when he heard this crying. Said he: "That is my grandson; I wonder what he is up to now." So he ran and stuck his nose out of the hole he was digging, and said:

"Oh, my grandchild, where are you doing?"

The boy stopped and began to look around.

"Right here! right here!" cried the grandfather, calling his attention to the hole. "Come, my boy."

The boy put his foot in, and the hole enlarged, and he went down into it.

"Now, dry your eyes, my grandchild, and tell me what is the matter."

"Well," said the boy, "I was going to find the four-fold Bison. I wanted to take a look at him, but I am frightened!"

"Why, what is the matter? Why do you not go?" said the Gopher.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I thought I would try to kill him," he answered.

"Well, I will do what I can to help; you had better not try to do it alone. Sit here comfortably; dry your eyes, and I will see what I can do."

The old Gopher began to dig, dig, dig under the ground for a long way, making a fine

tunnel, and packed it hard on the top and sides so that it would not fall in.

He finally came to hear the "thud, thud, thud" of the heart of this creature, where it was lying, and dug the hole up to that spot. When he got there he saw the long layers of hair on its body, where no arrow could penetrate, and he cut the hair off, so that the skin showed white.

Then he silently stole back to where the boy was and said: "Now, my boy, take your bow and arrows and go along through this hole until you get to where the tunnel turns upward, and then, if you look well, you will see a light patch. That is the skin next the heart of the four-fold Bison. He is sleeping there. You will hear the 'thud, thud, thud' of his heart. Shoot him exactly in the middle of that place, and then, mind you, turn around and run for your life, and the moment you get to my hole, tumble in, headforemost or any way."

So the boy did as he was told-crawled through the tunnel until he came to where it went upward, saw the light patch, and let fly an arrow with all his might, then rushed and scrambled back as hard as he could.

With a roar that shook the earth the four-fold Bison fell over, then struggled to his feet, snorted, bellowed, and stuck his great horn into the tunnel, and like a flash of fire ripped it from end to end, just as the boy came tumbling into the deeper hole of his grandfather.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Gopher.

"He almost got me," said the boy.

"Sit still a moment and rest, my grandson," said the Gopher. "He didn't catch you. I will go and see whether he is dead."

So the Gopher stuck his nose out of the hole and saw there a great heap of flesh lying. He went out, nosed around, and smelt, jumped back, and went forward again until he came to the end of the creature, and then he took one of his nails and scratched out an eye, and there was no sign of life. So he ran back to the boy, and said: "Yes, he breathes no more; you need not fear him longer."

"Oh, thank you, my grandfather!" said the boy.

And he climbed out, and laid himself to work to skin the beast. He took off its great thick skin, and cut off a suitable piece of it, for the whole pelt was so large and heavy that he could not carry it; then he took out the animal's great heart, and finally one of the large intestines and filled it with blood, then started for home.

He went slowly, because his load was so heavy, and when he arrived he hung the heart on the ladder by the side of the others, and dragged the pelt to the skyhole, and nearly scared the wits out of his mother by dropping it into the room.

"Oh, my child, now, here you are! Where have you been?" cried she. "I warned you of the place where the four-fold Bison was; I wonder that you ever came home."

"Ah, the poor creature said the boy he is dead. just look at this. He isn't handsome any more; he isn't strong and large any more."

"Oh, you wretched, wretched boy! You will be the death of me, as well as of yourself, some time," said the mother.

"No, mother," said the boy; "that is all nonsense."

That evening the boy said to his mother: "Now, mother, is there anything else of this kind left? If there is, I want to know it. Now, don't disappoint me by refusing to tell."

Oh, my dear son," said she, "I wish you wouldn't ask me; but indeed there is. There are terrible birds, great Eagles, fearful Eagles, living over on Shuntekia. In the very middle of an enormous cliff is a hollow place in the rocks where is built their nest, and there are their young ones. Day after day, far and near, they catch up children and young men and women, and carry them away, never more to be seen. These birds are more terrible than all the rest, because how can one get near to slay them? My son, I do hope and trust that you will not go this time,--but, you foolish little boy, I see that you will go."

"Well, mother, let us go to sleep, and never mind anything about it," said the boy.

But after his mother had gone to sleep, he took the piece of rawhide he had skinned from the fourfold Bison, and, cutting it out, made himself a suit--a green rawhide suit, skin-tight almost, so that it was perfectly smooth. Then he scraped the hair off, greased it all over, and put it away inside a blanket so that it would not dry.

In the morning, quite early, he took his weapons, and taking also his rawhide suit, and the section of the four-fold Bison's intestine which he had filled with blood, he ran into the inlet, and across it, and climbed the mesa near the Shuntekia cliff. When he came within a short distance of the nest of the Eagles, he stopped and slipped on his rawhide suit, and tied the intestine of blood round his neck, like a sausage.

Then he began to cry and shake his head, and he cried louder than there was any need of his doing in reality; for presently the old father of the Eagles, who was away up in the sky, just a mere speck, heard and saw him and came swishing down in a great circle, winding round and round the boy, and the boy looked up and began to cry louder still, as if frightened out of his wits, and finally rolled himself up like a porcupine, and threw himself down into the trail, crying and howling with apparent fear.

The Eagle swooped down on him, and tried to grasp him in his talons, and, kopo kopooo, his claws simply slipped off the rawhide coat.

Then the Eagle made a fiercer grab at him and grew angry, but his claws would continually slip off, until he tore a rent in the intestine about the boy's neck, and the blood began to stream over the boy's coat, making it more slippery than ever.

When the Eagle smelt the blood, he thought he had got him, and it made him fiercer than ever; and finally, during his struggling, he got one talon through a stitch in the coat, and he spread out his wings, and flew up, and circled round and round over the point

where the young Eagles nest was, when he let go and shook the boy free, and the boy rolled over and over and came down into the nest; but he struck on a great heap of brush, which broke his fall. He lay there quite still, and the old Eagle swooped down and poised himself on a great crag of rock near by, which was his usual perching place.

"There, my children, my little ones," said he, "I have brought you food. Feast yourselves! Feast yourselves! For that reason I brought it."

So the little Eagles, who were very awkward, long-legged and short-winged, limped tip to the boy and reached out their claws and opened their beaks, ready to strike him in the face. He lay there quite still until they got very near, and then said to them: "Shhsht!" And they tumbled back, being awkward little fellows, and stretched up their necks and looked at him, as Eagles will.

Then the old Eagle said: "Why don't you eat him? Feast yourselves, my children, feast yourselves!"

So they advanced again, more cautiously this time, and a little more determinedly too; and they reached out their beaks to tear him, and he said "Shhsht!" and, under his breath, "Don't eat me! And they jumped back again.

"What in the world is the matter with you little fools?" said the old Eagle. "Eat him! I can't stay here any longer; I have to go away and hunt to feed you; but you don't seem to appreciate my efforts much." And he lifted his wings, rose into the air, and sailed off to the northward.

Then the two young Eagles began to walk around the boy, and to examine him at all points. Finally they approached his feet and hands.

"Be careful, be careful, don't eat me! Tell me about what time your mother comes home," said he, sitting up. "What time does she usually come?"

"Well," said the little Eagles, "she comes home when the clouds begin to gather and throw their shadow over our nest." (Really, it was the shadow of the mother Eagle herself that was thrown over the nest.)

"Very well," said the boy; "what time does your father come home?"

"When the fine rain begins to fall," said they, meaning the dew.

"Oh," said the boy. So he sat there, and by-and-by, sure enough, away off in the sky, carrying something dangling from her feet, came the old mother Eagle. She soared round and round until she was over the nest, when she dropped her burden, and over and over it fell and tumbled into the nest, a poor, dead, beautiful maiden. The young boy looked at her, and his heart grew very hot, and when the old Eagle came and perched, in a moment he let fly an arrow, and struck her down and dashed her brains out.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed the boy. "What you have done to many, thus unto you."

Then he took his station again, and by-and-by the old father Eagle came, bearing a youth, fair to look upon, and dropped him into the nest. The young boy shut his teeth, and he said: "Thus unto many you have done, and thus unto me you would have done; so unto you." And he drew an arrow and shot him. Then he turned to the two young Eagles and killed them, and plucked out all the beautiful colored feathers about their necks, until he had a large bundle of fine plumes with which he thought to wing his arrows or to waft his prayers.

Then he looked down the cliff and saw there was no way to climb down, and there was no way to climb up.

,Then he began to cry, and sat on the edge of the cliff, and cried so loud that the old Bat Woman, who was gathering cactus-berries below, or thought she was, overheard the boy.

Said she: "Now, just listen to that. I warrant it is my fool of a grandson, who is always trying to get himself into a scrape. I am sure it must be so. Phoo! phoo!"

She spilled out all the berries she had found from the basket she had on her back, and then labored up to where she could look over the edge of the shelf.

"Yes, there you are," said she; "you simpleton! you wretched boy! What are you doing here?"

"Oh, my grandmother," said he, "I have got into a place and I cannot get out."

"Yes," said she; "if you were anything else but such a fool of a grandson and such a bard-hearted wretch of a boy, I would help you get down; but you never do as your mother and grandmother or grandfathers tell you."

"Ah, my grandmother, I will do just as you tell me this time," said the boy.

"Now, will you?" said she. "Now, can you be certain?--will you promise me that you will keep your eyes shut, and join me, at least in your heart, in the prayer which I sing when I fly down? Yan lehalliah kiana. Never open your eyes; if you do, the gods will teach you a lesson, and your poor old grandmother, too."

"I will do just as you tell me," said he, as he reached over and took up his plumes and held them ready.

"Not so fast, my child," said she; "you must promise me."

"Oh, my grandmother, I will do just as you tell me," said he.

"Well, step into my basket, very carefully now. As I go down I shall go very prayerfully, depending on the gods to carry so much more than I usually carry. Do you not wink once, my grandson."

"All right; I will keep my eyes shut this time," said he. So he sat down and squeezed his

eyes together, and held his plumes tight, and then the old grandmother launched herself forth on her skin wings. After she had struggled a little, she began to sing

"Ha ash tcha ni,--Ha ash tcha ni:

Tche pa naa,--thlen-thle.

Thlen! Thlen! Thlen!

Now, just listen to that," said the boy; "my old grandmother is singing one of those tedious prayers; it will take us forever to go down."

Then presently the old Bat Woman, perfectly unconscious of his state of mind, began to sing again

"Thlen thla kia yai na kia."

"There she goes again," said he to himself; "I declare, I must look up; it will drive me wild to sit here all this time and hear my old grandmother try to sing."

Then, after a little while, she commenced again:

"Ha ash tcha ni,--Ha ash tcha ni;

Tche pa naa,--thlen-thle.

Thlen! Thlen! Thlen!"

The boy stretched himself up, and said: "Look here, grandmother! I have heard your 'Thlen! Thlen! Thlen!' enough this time. I am going to open my eyes.

"Oh, my grandchild, never think of such a thing." Then she began again to sing:

Ha ash tcha ni,--Ha ash tcha ni:

Tche pa naa,--thlen-thle.

Thlen! Thlen! Thlen

She was not near the ground when she finished it the fourth time, and the boy would not stand it any more.

Lo! he opened his eyes, and the old grandmother knew it in a moment. Over and over, boy over bat, bat over boy, and the basket between them, they went whirling and pitching down, the old grandmother tugging at her basket and scolding the boy.

"Now, you foolish, disobedient one! I told you what would happen! You see what you have done!" and so on until they fell to the ground. It fairly knocked the breath out of the boy, and when he got tip again he yelled lustily.

The old grandmother picked herself up, stretched herself, and cried out anew: "You wretched, foolish, hard-hearted boy; I never will do anything for you again-never, never, never!"

"I know, my grandmother," said the boy, "but you kept up that 'Thlen! Thlen! Thlen!' so much. What in the world did you want to spend so much time thlening, thlening; and

buzzing round in that way for?"

"Ah, me!" said she, "he never did know anything--never will be taught to know anything."

"Now," said she to him, "you might as well come and eat with me. I have been gathering cactus-fruit, and you can eat and then go home." She took him to the place where she had poured out the contents of the basket, but there was scarcely a cactus-berry. There were cedar-berries, cones, sticks, little balls of dirt, coyote-berries, and everything else uneatable.

"Sit down, my grandson, and eat; strengthen yourself after your various adventures and exertions. I feel very weary myself," said she. And she took a nip of one of them; but the boy couldn't exactly bring himself to eat. The truth is, the old woman's eyes were bad, in the same way that bats' eyes are usually bad, and she couldn't tell a cactus-berry from anything else round and rough.

"Well, inasmuch as you won't eat, my grandson," said she, "why, I can't conceive, for these are very good, it seems to me. You had better run along home now, or your mother will be killing herself thinking of you. Now, I have only one direction to give you. You don't deserve any, but I will give you one. See that you pay attention to it. If not, the worst is your own. You have gathered a beautiful store of feathers. Now, be very careful. Those creatures who bore those feathers have gained their lives from the lives of living beings, and therefore their feathers differ from other feathers. Heed what I say, my grandson.

When you come to any place where flowers are blooming,--where the sunflowers make the field yellow,--walk round those flowers if you want to get home with these feathers. And when you come to more flowers, walk round them. If you do not do that, Just as you came you will go back to your home."

"All right, my grandmother," said the boy. So, after bidding her good-by, he trudged away with his bundle of feathers; and when he came to a great plain of sunflowers and other flowers he walked round them; and when he came to another large patch he walked round them, and then another, and so on; but finally he stopped, for it seemed to him that there were nothing but fields of flowers all the way home. He thought he had never seen so many before.

"I declare," said he, "I will not walk round those flowers any more. I will hang on to these feathers, though."

So he took a good hold of them and walked in amongst the flowers. But no sooner had he entered the field than flutter, flutter, flutter, little wings began to fly out from the bundle of feathers, and the bundle began to grow smaller and smaller, until it wholly disappeared.

These wings which flew out were the wings of the Sacred Birds of Summerland, made living by the lives that had supported the birds which bore those feathers, and by coming into the environment which they had so loved, the atmosphere which flowers always bring of summer.

Thus it was, my children, in the days of the ancients, and for that reason we have little jay-birds, little sparrows, little finches, little willow-birds, and all the beautiful little birds that bring the summer, and they always hover over flowers.

"My friends" [said the story-teller], "that is the way we live. I am very glad, otherwise I would not have told the story, for it is not exactly right that I should,--I am very glad to demonstrate to you that we also have books; only they are not books with marks in them, but words in our hearts, which have been placed there by our ancients long ago, even so long ago as when the world was new and young, like unripe fruit. And I like you to know these things, because people say that the Zuñis are dark people."

Thus shortens my story.

The Corn Maidens

A Zuni Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

After long ages of wandering, the precious Seed-things rested over the Middle at Zuni, and men turned their hearts to the cherishing of their corn and the Corn Maidens instead of warring with strange men.

But there was complaint by the people of the customs followed. Some said the music was not that of the olden time. Far better was that which of nights they often heard as they wandered up and down the river trail. Wonderful music, as of liquid voices in caverns, or the echo of women's laughter in water-vases. And the music was timed with a deep-toned drum from the Mountain of Thunder. Others thought the music was that of the ghosts of ancient men, but it was far more beautiful than the music when danced the Corn Maidens.

Others said light clouds rolled upward from the grotto in Thunder Mountain like to the mists that leave behind them the dew, but lo! even as they faded the bright garments of the Rainbow women might be seen fluttering, and the broidery and paintings of these dancers of the mist were more beautiful than the costumes of the Corn Maidens.

Then the priests of the people said, "It may well be Paiyatuma, the liquid voices his flute and the flutes of his players."

Now when the time of ripening corn was near, the fathers ordered preparation for the dance of the Corn Maidens. They sent the two Master-Priests of the Bow to the grotto at Thunder Mountains, saying, "If you behold Paiyatuma, and his maidens, perhaps they will give us the help of their customs."

Then up the river trail, the priests heard the sound of a drum and strains of song. It was Paiyatuma and his seven maidens, the Maidens of the House of Stars, sisters of the Corn Maidens.

The God of Dawn and Music lifted his flute and took his place in the line of dancers. The drum sounded until the cavern shook as with thunder. The flutes sang and sighed as the wind in a wooded canon while still the storm is distant. White mists floated up from the wands of the Maidens, above which fluttered the butterflies of Summer-land about the dress of the Rainbows in the strange blue light of the night.

Then Paiyatuma, smiling, said, "Go the way before, telling the fathers of our custom, and straightway we will follow."

Soon the sound of music was heard, coming from up the river, and soon the Flute People and singers and maidens of the Flute dance. Up rose the fathers and all the watching people, greeting the God of Dawn with outstretched hand and offering of prayer meal. Then the singers took their places and sounded their drum, flutes, and song of clear waters, while the Maidens of the Dew danced their Flute dance. Greatly

marvelled the people, when from the wands they bore forth came white clouds, and fine cool mists descended.

Now when the dance was ended and the Dew Maidens had retired, out came the beautiful Mothers of Corn. And when the players of the flutes saw them, they were enamored of their beauty and gazed upon them so intently that the Maidens let fall their hair and cast down their eyes. And jealous and bolder grew the mortal youths, and in the morning dawn, in rivalry, the dancers sought all too freely the presence of the Corn Maidens, no longer holding them so precious as in the olden time.

And the matrons, intent on the new dance, heeded naught else. But behold! The mists increased greatly, surrounding dancers and watchers alike, until within them, the Maidens of Corn, all in white garments, became invisible. Then sadly and noiselessly they stole in amongst the people and laid their corn wands down amongst the trays, and laid their white brodered garments thereupon, as mothers lay soft kiltling over their babes. Then even as the mists became they, and with the mists drifting, fled away, to the far south Summer-land.

The Youth and His Eagle

A Zuni Legend

Frank Hamilton Cushing, Zuni Folk Tales, 1901

In forgotten times, in the days of our ancients, at the Middle Place, or what is now Shíwina (Zuñi), there lived a youth who was well grown, or perfect in manhood.

He had a pet Eagle which he kept in a cage down on the roof of the first terrace of the house of his family. He loved this Eagle so dearly that he could not endure to be separated from it; not only this, but he spent nearly all his time in caring for and fondling his pet. Morning, noon, and evening, yea, and even between those times, you would see him going down to the eagle-cage with meat and other kinds of delicate food. Day after day there you would find him sitting beside the Eagle, petting it and making affectionate speeches, to all of which treatment the bird responded with a most satisfied air, and seemed equally fond of his owner.

Whenever a storm came the youth would hasten out of the house, as though the safety of the crops depended upon it, to protect the Eagle. So, winter and summer, no other care occupied his attention. Corn-field and melon-garden was this bird to this youth; so much so that his brothers, elder and younger, and his male relatives generally, looked down upon him as negligent of all manly duties, and wasteful of their substance, which he helped not to earn in his excessive care of the bird.

Naturally, therefore, they looked with aversion upon the Eagle; and one evening, after a hard day's work, after oft-repeated remonstrances with the youth for not joining in their labors, they returned home tired and out of humor, and, climbing the ladder of the lower terrace, passed the great cage on their way into the upper house.

They stopped a moment before entering, and one of the eldest of the party exclaimed: "We have remonstrated in vain with the younger brother; we have represented his duties to him in every possible light, yet without effect. What remains to be done? What plans can we devise to alienate him from this miserable Eagle?"

"Why not kill the wretched bird?" asked one of them. "That, I should say, would be the most simple means of curing him of his infatuation."

"That is an excellent plan," exclaimed all of the brothers as they went on into the house; "we must adopt it."

The Eagle, apparently so unconscious, heard all this, and pondered over it. Presently came the youth with meat and other delicate food for his beloved bird, and, opening the wicket of the gate, placed it within and bade the Eagle eat. But the bird looked at him and at the food with no apparent interest, and, lowering its head on its breast, sat moody and silent.

"Are you ill, my beloved Eagle?" asked the youth, "or why is it that you do not eat?"

"I do not care to eat," said the Eagle, speaking for the first time. "I am oppressed with much anxiety."

"Do eat, my beloved Eagle," said the youth. "Why should you be sad? Have I neglected you?"

"No, indeed, you have not," said the Eagle. For this reason I love you as you love me; for this reason I prize and cherish you as you cherish me; and yet it is for this very reason that I am sad. Look you! Your brothers and relatives have often remonstrated with you for your neglect of their fields and your care for me. They have often been angered with you for not bearing your part in the duties of the household. Therefore it is that they look with reproach upon you and with aversion upon me, so much so that they have at last determined to destroy me in order to do away with your affection for me and to withdraw your attention. For this reason I am sad,—not that they can harm me, for I need but spread my wings when the wicket is opened, and what can they do? But I would not part from you, for I love you. I would not that you should part with me, for you love me. Therefore am I sad, for I must go tomorrow to my home in the skies," said the Eagle, again relapsing into moody silence.

"Oh, my beloved bird! my own dear Eagle, how could I live without you? How could I remain behind when you went forward, below when you went upward?" exclaimed the youth, already beginning to weep. "No! Go, go, if it need be, alas! but let me go with you," said the youth.

"My friend! my poor, poor youth!" said the Eagle, "you cannot go with me. You have not wings to fly, nor have you knowledge to guide your course through the high skies into other worlds that you know not of."

"Let me go with you," cried the youth, falling on his knees by the side of the cage. "I will comfort you, I will care for you, even as I have done here; but live without you I cannot!"

"Ah, my youth," said the Eagle, "I would that you could go with me, but the end would not be well. You know not how little you love me that you wish to do this thing. Think for a moment! The foods that my people eat are not the foods of your people; they are not ripened by fire for our consumption, but whatever we capture abroad on our measureless hunts we devour as it is, asking no fire to render it palatable or wholesome. You could not exist thus."

"My Eagle! my Eagle!" cried the youth. "If I were to remain behind when you went forward, or below when you went upward, food would be as nothing to me; and were it not better that I should eat raw food, or no food, than that I should stay here, excessively and sadly thinking of you, and thus never eat at all, even of the food of my own people? No, let me go with you!"

"Once more I implore you, my youth," said the Eagle, "not to go with me, for to your own undoing and to my sadness will such a journey be undertaken."

"Let me go, let me go! Only let me go!" implored the youth.

"It is said," replied the Eagle calmly. "Even as you wish, so be it. Now go unto your own home for the last time; gather large quantities of sustaining food, as for a long journey. Place this food in strong pouches, and make them all into a package which you can sling upon your shoulder or back. Then come to me tomorrow morning, after the people have begun to descend to their fields."

The youth bade good-night to his Eagle and went into the house. He took of parched flour a great quantity, of dried and pulverized wafer-bread a large bag, and of other foods, such as hunters carry and on which they sustain themselves long, he took a good supply, and made them all into a firm package. Then, with high hopes and much thought of the morrow, he laid himself to rest. He slept late into the morning, and it was not until his brothers had departed for their fields of corn that he arose; and, eating a hasty breakfast, slung the package of foods over his shoulders and descended to the cage of the Eagle. The great bird was waiting for him. With a smile in its eyes it came forth when he opened the wicket, and, settling down on the ground, spread out its wings and bade the youth mount.

"Sit on my back, for it is strong, oh youth! Grasp the base of my wings, and rest your feet above my thighs, that you may not fall off. Are you ready? Ah, well. And have you all needful things in the way of food? Good. Let us start on our journey."

Saying this, the Eagle rose slowly, circling wider and wider as it went up, and higher and higher, until it had risen far above the town, going slowly. Presently it said: "My youth, I will sing a farewell song to your people for you and for me, that they may know of our final departure."

Then, as with great sweeps of its wings it circled round and round, going higher and higher, it sang this song:

Huli-i-i-- Huli-i-i--
Pa shish lakwa-a-a--
U-u-u-u--
U-u-u-u-a!
Pa shish lakwa-a-a--
U-u-u-u--
U-u-u-u-a!

As the song floated down from on high, "Save us! By our eyes!" exclaimed the people. "The Eagle and the youth! They are escaping; they are leaving us!"

And so the word went from mouth to mouth, and from ear to ear, until the whole town was gazing at the Eagle and the youth, and the song died away in the distance, and the Eagle became smaller and smaller, winding its way upward until it was a mere speck, and finally vanished in the very zenith.

The people shook their heads and resumed their work, but the Eagle and the youth went on until at last they came to the great opening in the zenith of the sky. In passing upward by its endless cliffs they came out on the other side into the sky-world; and still upward soared the Eagle, until it alighted with its beloved burden on the summit of the Mountain

of Turquoises, so blue that the light shining on it paints the sky blue.

"Huhua!" said the Eagle, with the weariness that comes at the end of a long journey. "We have reached our journey's end for a time. Let us rest ourselves on this mountain height of my beloved world."

The youth descended and sat by the Eagle's side, and the Eagle, raising its wings until the tips touched above, lowered its head, and catching hold of its crown, shook it from side to side, and then drew upon it, and then gradually the eagle-coat parted, and while the youth looked and wondered in love and joy, a beautiful maiden was uncovered before him, in garments of dazzling whiteness, softness, and beauty. No more beautiful maiden could be conceived than this one,--bright of face, clear and clean, with eyes so dark and large and deep, and yet sharp, that it was bewildering to look into them. Such eyes have never been seen in this world.

"Come with me, my youth--you who have loved me so well," said she, approaching him and reaching out her hand. "Let us wander for a while on this mountain side and seek the home of my people."

They descended the mountain and wound round its foot until, looking up in the clear light of the sky-world, they beheld a city such as no man has ever seen. Lofty were its walls,--smooth, gleaming, clean, and white; no ladders, no smoke, no filth in any part whatsoever.

"Yonder is the home of my people," said the maiden, and resuming her eagle-dress she took the youth on her back again, and, circling upward, hovered for a moment over this home of the Eagles, then, through one of the wide entrances which were in the roof, slowly descended. No ladders were there, inside or outside; no need of them with a people winged like the Eagles, for a people they were, like ourselves--more a people, indeed, than we, for in one guise or the other they might appear at will.

No sooner had the Eagle-maiden and the youth entered this great building than those who were assembled there greeted them with welcome assurances of joy at their coming. "Sit ye down and rest," said they.

The youth looked around. The great room into which they had descended was high and broad and long, and lighted from many windows in its roof and upon its walls, which were beautifully white and clean and finished, as no walls in this world are, with many devices pleasing to the eye. Starting out from these walls were many hooks or pegs, suspended from which were the dresses of the Eagles who lived there, the forms of which we know.

"Yea, sit ye down and rest and be happy," said an old man. Wonderfully fine he was as he arose and approached the couple and said, spreading abroad his wings: "Be ye always one to the other wife and husband. Shall it be so?"

And they both, smiling, said "Yes." And so the youth married the Eagle-maiden.

After a few days of rest they found him an eagle-coat, fine as the finest, with broad,

strong wings, and beautiful plumage, and they taught him how to conform himself to it and it to himself. And as Eagles would teach a young Eagle here in this world of ours, so they taught the youth gradually to fly.

At first they would bid him poise himself in his eagle-form on the floor of their great room, and, laying all over it soft things, bid him open his wings and leap into the air. Anxious to learn, he would spread his great wings and with a powerful effort send himself high up toward the ceiling; but untaught to sustain himself there, would fall with many a flap and tumble to the floor. Again and again this was tried, but after a while he learned to sustain and guide himself almost wholly round the room without once touching anything; and his wife in her eagle-form would fly around him, watching and helping, and whenever his flight wavered would fan a strong wind up against his wings with her own that he might not falter, until he had at last learned wholly to support himself in the air.

Then she bade him one day come out with her to the roof of the house, and from there they sailed away, away, and away over the great valleys and plains below, ever keeping to the northward and eastward; and whenever he faltered in his flight she bore his wings up with her own wings, teaching him how, this way and that, until, when they returned to the roof, those who watched them said: "Now, indeed, is he learned in the ways of our people. How good it is that this is so!" And they were very happy, the youth and the Eagle-maiden and their people.

One day the maiden took the youth out again into the surrounding country, and as they flew along she said to him: "You may wonder that we never fly toward the southward. Oh, my youth, my husband! never go yonder, for over that low range of mountains is a fearful world, where no mortal can venture. If you love me, oh, if you truly love me, never venture yonder!" And he listened to her advice and promised that he would not go there. Then they went home.

One day there was a grand hunt, and he was invited to join in it. Over the wide world flew this band of Eagle hunters to far-away plains.

Whatsoever they would hunt, behold! below them somewhere or other might the game be seen, were it rabbit, mountain sheep, antelope, or deer, and each according to his wish captured the kind of game he would, the youth bringing home with the rest his quarry. Of all the game they captured he could eat none, for in that great house of the Eagles, so beautiful, so perfect, no fire ever burned, no cooking was ever done.

And after many days the food which the youth brought with him was diminished so that his wife took him out to a high mountain one day, and said: "As I have told you before, the region beyond those low mountains is fearful and deadly; but yonder in the east are other kinds of people than those whom you should dread. Not far away is the home of the Pelicans and Storks, who, as you know, eat food that has been cooked, even as your people do. When you grow hungry, my husband, go to them, and as they are your grandparents they will feed you and give you of their abundance of food, that you may bring it here, and thus we shall do well and be happy."

The youth assented, and, guided part of the way by his faithful, loving wife, he went to the home of the Storks. No sooner had he appeared than they greeted him with loud

assurances of welcome and pleasure at his coming, and bade him eat. And they set before him bean-bread, bean-stews, beans which were baked, as it were, and mushes of beans with meat intermixed, which seemed as well cooked as the foods of our own people here on this mortal earth. And the youth ate part of them, and with many thanks returned to his home among the Eagles. And thus, as his wife had said before, it was all well, and they continued to live there happily.

Between the villages of the Eagles and the Storcks the youth lived; so that by-and-by the Storcks became almost as fond of him as were the Eagles, addressing him as their beloved grandchild. And in consequence of this fondness, his old grandfather and grandmother among the Storcks especially called his attention to the fearful region lying beyond the range of mountains to the south, and they implored him, as his wife had done, not to go thither. "For the love of us, do not go there, oh, grandchild!" said they one day, when he was about to leave.

He seemed to agree with them, and spread his wings and flew away. But when he had gone a long distance, he turned southward, with this exclamation: "Why should I not see what this is? Who can harm me, floating on these strong wings of mine? Who can harm an Eagle in the sky?" So he flew over the edge of the mountains, and behold! rising up on the plains beyond them was a great city, fine and perfect, with walls of stone built as are the towns of our dead ancients. And the smoke was wreathing forth from its chimneys, and in the hazy distance it seemed teeming with life at the moment when the youth saw it, which was at evening time.

The inhabitants of that city saw him and sent messages forth to the town of the Eagles that they would make a grand festival and dance, and invited the Eagles to come with their friends to witness this dance. And when the youth returned to the home of his Eagle people, behold! already had this message been delivered there, and his wife in sorrow was awaiting him at the doorway.

"Alas! alas! my youth! my husband!" said she. "And so, regarding more your own curiosity than the love of your wife, you have been into that fearful country, and as might have been expected, you were observed. We are now invited to visit the city you saw and to witness a dance of the inhabitants thereof, which invitation we cannot refuse, and you must go with us. It remains to be seen, oh my youth, whom I trusted, if your love for me be so great that you may stand the test of this which you have brought upon yourself, by heedlessness of my advice and that of your grandparents, the Storcks. Oh, my husband, I despair of you, and thus despairing, I implore you to heed me once more, and all may be well with you even yet.

Go with us tonight to the city you saw, the most fearful of all cities, for it is the city of the damned, and wonderful things you will see; but do not laugh or even smile once. I will sit by your side and look at you. Oh, think of me as I do of you, and thus thinking you will not smile. If you truly love me, and would remain with me always, and be happy as I would be happy, do this one thing for me."

The youth promised over and over, and when night came he went with the Eagle people to that city. A beautiful place it was, large and fine, with high walls of stone and many a little window out of which the red firelight was shining. The smoke was going up from its

chimneys, the sparks winding up through it, and, with beacon fires burning on the roofs, it was a happy, bustling scene that met the gaze of the youth as he approached the town. There were sounds and cries of life everywhere. Lights shone and merriment echoed from every street and room, and they were ushered into a great dance hall, or kiwitsin, where the audience was already assembled.

By-and-by the sounds of the coming dance were heard, and all was expectation. The fires blazed up and the lights shone all round the room, making it as bright as day. In came the dancers, maidens mostly, beautiful, and clad in the richest of ancient garments; their eyes were bright, their hair black and soft, their faces gleaming with merriment and pleasure. And they came joking down the ladders into the room before the place where the youth sat, and as they danced down the middle of the floor they cried out in shrill, yet not unpleasant voices, as they jostled each other, playing grotesque pranks and assuming the most laughter-stirring attitudes:

"Hapa! hapa! is! is! is!" ("Dead! dead this! this! this!")--pointing at one another, and repeating this baleful expression, although so beautiful, and full of life and joy and merriment.

Now, the youth looked at them all through this long dance, and though he thought it strange that they should exclaim thus one to another, so lively and pretty and jolly they were, he was nevertheless filled with amusement at their strange antics and wordless jokes. Still he never smiled.

Then they filed in again and there were more dancers, merrier than before, and among them were two or three girls of surpassing beauty even in that throng of lovely women, and one of them looked in a coquettish manner constantly toward the youth, directing all her smiles and merriment to him as she pointed round to her companions, exclaiming: "Hapa! hapa! is! is! is!"

The youth grew forgetful of everything else as he leaned forward, absorbed in watching this girl with her bright eyes and merry smiles. When, finally, in a more amusing manner than before, she jostled some merry dancer, he laughed outright and the girl ran forward toward him, with two others following, and reaching out, grasped his hands and dragged him into the dance. The Eagle-maiden lifted her wings and with a cry of woe flew away with her people. But ah, ah! the youth minded nothing, he was so wild with merriment, like the beautiful maidens by his side, and up and down the great lighted hall he danced with them, joining in their uncouth postures and their exclamations, of which he did not yet understand the true meaning--"Hapa! hapa! is! is! is!"

By-and-by the fire began to burn low, and the maidens said to him: "Come and pass the night with us all here. Why go back to your home? Are we not merry companions? Ha! ha! ha! ha! "Hapa! hapa! is! is! is!" They began to laugh and jostle one another again. Thus they led the youth, not unwillingly on his part, away into a far-off room, large and fine like the others, and there on soft blankets he lay himself down, and these maidens gathered round him, one pillowing his head on her arm, another smiling down into his face, another sitting by his side, and soon he fell asleep. All became silent, and the youth slept on.

In the morning, when broad daylight had come, the youth opened his eyes and started. It

seemed as though there were more light than there should be in the house. He looked up, and the room which had been so fine and finished the night before was tottering over his head; the winds shrieked through great crevices in the walls; the windows were broken and wide open; sand sifted through on the wind and eddied down into the old, barren room. The rafters, dried and warped with age, were bending and breaking, and pieces of the roof fell now and then when the wind blew more strongly. He raised himself, and clammy bones fell from around him; and when he cast his eyes about him, there on the floor were strewn bones and skulls.

Here and there a face half buried in the sand, with eyes sunken and dried and patches of skin clinging to it, seemed to glare at him. Fingers and feet, as of mummies, were strewn about, and it was as if the youth had entered a great cemetery, where the remains of the dead of all ages were littered about. He lifted himself still farther, and where the head of one maiden had lain or the arms of another had entwined with his, bones were clinging to him. One by one he picked them off stealthily and laid them down, until at last he freed himself, and, rising, cautiously stepped between the bones which were lying around, making no noise until he came to the broken-down doorway of the place.

There, as he passed out, his foot tripped against a splinter of bone which was embedded in the debris of the ruin, and as a sliver sings in the wind, so this sang out. The youth, startled and terrorized, sprang forth and ran for his life in the direction of the home of the Storks. Shrieking, howling, and singing like a slivered stick in the wind, like creaking boughs in the forest, with groans and howls and whistlings that seemed to freeze the youth as he ran, these bones and fragments of the dead arose and, like a flock of vampires, pursued him noisily.

He ran and ran, and the great cloud of the dead were coming nearer and nearer and pressing round him, when he beheld one of his grandparents, a Badger, near its hole. The Badger, followed by others, was fast approaching him, having heard this fearful clamor, and cried out: "Our grandson! Let's save him!" So they ran forward and, catching him up, cast him down into one of their holes.

Then, turning toward the uncanny crowd and bristling up, with sudden emotion and mighty effort they cast off that odor by which, as you know, they may defile the very winds. Thlitchiii! it met the crowd of ghosts. Thliwoooo! the whole host of them turned with wails and howls and gnashings of teeth back toward the City of the Dead, whence they had come. And the Badgers ran into the hole where lay the youth, lifted him up, and scolded him most vigorously for his folly.

Then they said: "Sit up, you fool, for you are not yet saved! Hurry!" said they, one to another. "Heat water!" And, the water being heated, nauseating herbs and other medicines were mingled with it, and the youth was directed to drink of that. He drank, not once, but four times. Ukch, usa!--and after he had been thus treated the old Badgers asked him if he felt relieved or well, and the youth said he was very well compared with what he had been.

Then they stood him up in their midst and said to him: "You fool and faithless lout, why did you go and become enamored of Death, however beautiful? It is only a wonder that with all our skill and power we have saved you thus far. It will be a still greater wonder, O

foolish one, if she who loved you still loves you enough after this faithlessness to save the life which you have forfeited. Who would dance and take joy in Death?

Go now to the home of your grandparents, the Storks, and there live. Your plumage gone, your love given up, what remains? You can neither descend to your own people below without wings, nor can you live with the people of the Eagles without love. Go, therefore, to your grandparents!"

And the youth got up and dragged himself away to the home of the Storks; but when he arrived there they looked at him with downcast faces and reproached him over and over, saying: "There is small possibility of your regaining what you have forfeited,--the love and affection of your wife."

"But I will go to her and plead with her," said the youth. "How should I know what I was doing?"

"We told you not to do it, and you heeded not our telling."

So the youth lagged away to the home of the Eagles, where, outside that great house with high walls, he lingered, moping and moaning. The Eagles came and went, or they gathered and talked on the housetop, but no word of greeting did they offer him; and his wife, at last, with a shiver of disgust, appeared above him and said: "Go back! go back to your grandparents. Their love you may not have forfeited; mine you have. Go back! for we never can receive you again amongst us. Oh, folly and faithlessness, in you they have an example!"

So the youth sadly returned to the home of the Storks. There he lingered, returning ever and anon to the home of the Eagles; but it was as though he were not there, until at last the elder Eagles, during one of his absences, implored the Eagle-maid to take the youth back to his own home.

"Would you ask me, his wife, who loved him, now to touch him who has been polluted by being enamored of Death?" asked she.

But they implored, and she acquiesced. So, when the youth appeared again at the home of the Eagles, she had found an old, old Eagle dress, many of the feathers in it broken; ragged and disreputable it was, and the wing-feathers were so thin that the wind whistled through them. Descending with this, she bade him put it on, and when he had done so, she said: "Come with me now, according to the knowledge in which we have instructed you."

And they flew away to the summit of that blue mountain, and, after resting there, they began to descend into the sky which we see, and from that downward and downward in very narrow circles.

Whenever the youth, with his worn-out wings, faltered, the wife bore him up, until, growing weary in a moment of remembrance of his faithlessness, she caught in her talons the Eagle dress which sustained him and drew it off, bade him farewell forever, and sailed away out of sight in the sky. And the youth, with one gasp and. shriek,

tumbled over and over and over, fell into the very center of the town in which he had lived when he loved his Eagle, and utterly perished.

Thus it was in the times of the ancients; and for this reason by no means whatsoever may a mortal man, by any alliances under the sun, avoid Death. But if one would live as long as possible, one should never, in any manner whatsoever, remembering this youth's experience, become enamored of Death.

Thus shortens my story.

The Men of the Early Times

A Zuni Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Eight years was but four days and four nights when the world was new. It was while such days and nights continued that men were led out, in the night-shine of the World of Seeing.

For even when they saw the great star, they thought it the Sun-father himself, it so burned their eye-balls.

Men and creatures were more alike then than now. Our fathers were black, like the caves they came from; their skins were cold and scaly like those of mud creatures; their eyes were goggled like an owl's; their ears were like those of cave bats; their feet were webbed like those of walkers in wet and soft places; they had tails, long or short, as they were old or young.

Men crouched when they walked, or crawled along the ground like lizards. They feared to walk straight, but crouched as before time they had in their cave worlds, that they might not stumble or fall in the uncertain light.

When the morning star arose, they blinked excessively when they beheld its brightness and cried out that now surely the Father was coming. But it was only the elder of the Bright Ones, heralding with his shield of flame the approach of the Sun-father.

And when, low down in the east, the Sun-father himself appeared, though shrouded in the mist of the world-waters, they were blinded and heated by his light and glory. They fell down wallowing and covered their eyes with their hands and arms, yet ever as they looked toward the light, they struggled toward the Sun as moths and other night creatures seek the light of a camp fire. Thus they became used to the light.

But when they rose and walked straight, no longer bending, and looked upon each other, they sought to clothe themselves with girdles and garments of bark and rushes. And when by walking only upon their hinder feet they were bruised by stone and sand, they plaited sandals of yucca fiber.

The Foster Child of the Deer

A Zuni Legend

Frank Hamilton Cushing, Zuni Folk Tales, 1901

Once, long, long ago, at Háwikuh, there lived a maiden most beautiful. In her earlier years her father, who was a great priest, had devoted her to sacred things, and kept her always in the house secure from the gaze of all men, and thus she grew.

She was so beautiful that when the Sun looked down along one of the straight beams of his own light, if one of those beams chanced to pass through a chink in the roof, the skyhole, or the windows of the upper part of the maiden's room, he beheld her and wondered at her rare beauty, unable to compare it with anything he saw in his great journeys round about the worlds.

Thus, as the maiden grew apace and became a young woman, the Sun loved her exceedingly, and as time went on he became so enamored of her that he descended to earth and entered on one of his own beams of light into her apartment, so that suddenly, while she was sitting one noon-day weaving pretty baskets, there stood before her a glorious youth, gloriously dressed.

It was the Sun-father. He looked upon her gently and lovingly; she looked upon him not fearfully: and so it came about that she loved him and he loved her, and he won her to be his wife. And many were the days in which he visited her and dwelt with her for a space at noon-time; but as she was alone mostly, or as she kept sitting weaving her trays when any one of the family entered her apartment, no one suspected this.

Now, as she knew that she had been devoted to sacred things, and that if she explained how it was that she was a mother she would not be believed, she was greatly exercised in mind and heart. She therefore decided that when her child was born she would put it away from her.

When the time came, the child one night was born. She carefully wrapped the little baby boy in some soft cotton-wool, and in the middle of the night stole out softly over the roof-tops, and, silently descending, laid the child on the sheltered side of a heap of refuse near the little stream that flows by Háwikuh, in the valley below. Then, mourning as a mother will mourn for her offspring, she returned to her room and lay herself down, poor thing, to rest.

As daylight was breaking in the east, and the hills and the valleys were coming forth one after another from the shadows of night, a Deer with her two little brightly-speckled fawns descended from the hills to the south across the valley, with ears and eyes alert, and stopped at the stream to drink.

While drinking they were startled by an infant's cry, and, looking up, they saw dust and cotton-wool and other things flying about in the air, almost as if a little whirlwind were blowing on the site of the refuse-heap where the child had been laid. It was the child, who, waking and finding itself alone, hungry, and cold, was crying and throwing its little

hands about. "Bless my delight!" cried the Deer to her fawns. I have this day found a waif, a child, and though it be human it shall be mine; for, see, my children, I love you so much that surely I could love another."

Thereupon she approached the little infant, and breathed her warm breath upon it and caressed it until it became quiet, and then after wrapping about it the cotton-wool, she gently lifted it on her broad horns, and, turning, carried it steadily away toward the south, followed on either side by her children, who kept crying out "Neh! neh!" in their delight.

The home of this old Deer and her little ones, where all her children had been born for years, was south of Háwikuh, in the valley that turns off among the ledges of rocks near the little spring called Póshaan. There, in the shelter of a clump of piñon and cedar trees, was a soft and warm retreat, winter and summer, and this was the lair of the Deer and her young.

The Deer was no less delighted than surprised next morning to find that the infant had grown apace, for she had suckled it with her own milk, and that before the declining of the sun it was already creeping about. And greater was her surprise and delight, as day succeeded day, to find that the child grew even more swiftly than grow the children of the Deer. Behold! on the evening of the fourth day it was running about and playing with its foster brother and sister. Nor was it slow of foot, even as compared with those little Deer.

Behold! yet greater cause for wonder, on the eighth day it was a youth fair to look upon—looking upon itself and seeing that it had no clothing, and wondering why it was not clothed, like its brother and sister, in soft warm hair with pretty spots upon it.

As time went on, this little foster-child of the Deer (it must always be remembered that it was the offspring of the Sun-father himself), in playing with his brother and sister, and in his runnings about, grew wondrously strong, and even swifter of foot than the Deer themselves, and learned the language of the Deer and all their ways.

When he had become perfected in all that a Deer should know, the Deer-mother led him forth into the wilds and made him acquainted with the great herd to which she belonged. They were exceedingly happy with this addition to their number; much they loved him, and so sagacious was the youth that he soon became the leader of the Deer of the Háwikuh country.

When these Deer and the Antelopes were out on the mesas ranging to and fro, there at their head ran the swift youth. The soles of his feet became as hard as the hoofs of the Deer, the skin of his person strong and dark, the hair of his head long and waving and as soft as the hair on the sides of the Deer themselves.

It chanced one morning, late that summer, that the uncle of the maiden who had cast away her child went out hunting, and he took his way southward past Póshaan, the lair of the Deer-mother and her foster-child. As he traversed the borders of the great mesas that lie beyond, he saw a vast herd of Deer gathered, as people gather in council. They were quiet and seemed to be listening intently to some one in their midst.

The hunter stole along carefully on hands and knees, twisting himself among the bushes until he came nearer; and what was his wonder when he beheld, in the midst of the Deer, a splendid youth, broad of shoulder, tall and strong of limb, sitting nude and graceful on the ground, and the old Deer and the young seemed to be paying attention to what he was saying.

The hunter rubbed his eyes and looked again; and again he looked, shading his eyes with his hands. Then he elevated himself to peer yet more closely, and the sharp eyes of the youth discovered him. With a shout he lifted himself to his feet and sped away like the wind, followed by the whole herd, their hoofs thundering, and soon they were all out of sight.

The hunter dropped his bow and stood there musing; then picking it up, he turned himself about and ran toward Háwikuh as fast as he could. When he arrived he related to the father of the girl what he had seen. The old priest summoned his hunters and warriors and bade the uncle repeat the story. Many there were who said: "You have seen an apparition, and of evil omen to your family, alas! alas!"

"No," said he, "I looked, and again I looked, and yet again, and again, and I avow to you that what I saw was as plain and as mortal as the Deer themselves."

Convinced at last, the council decided to form a grand hunt, and word was given from the housetops that on the fourth day from that day a hunt should be undertaken--that the southern mesa should be surrounded, and that the people should gather in from all sides and encompass the herd there, in order that this wonderful youth should not escape being seen, or possibly captured.

Now, when the Deer had gone to a safe distance they slackened their pace and called to their leader not to fear. And the old foster-mother of the youth for the first time related to him, as she had related to them long ago, that he was the child of mortals, telling how she had found him.

The youth sat with his head bowed, thinking of these things. Then he raised his head proudly, and said: "What though I be the child of mortals, they have not loved me: they have cast me from their midst, therefore will I be faithful to thee alone."

But the old Deer-mother said to him: "Hush, my child! Thou art but a mortal, and though thou might'st live on the roots of the trees and the bushes and plants that mature in autumn, yet surely in the winter time thou could'st not live, for my supply of milk will be withholden, and the fruits and the nuts will all be gone."

And the older members of that large herd gathered round and repeated what she had been saying. And they said: "We are aware that we shall be hunted now, as is the invariable custom when our herd has been discovered, on the fourth day from the day on which we were first seen. Amongst the people who come there will be, no doubt, those who will seek you; and you must not endeavor to escape.

Even we ourselves are accustomed to give up our lives to the brave hunters among this people, for many of them are sacred of thought, sacred of heart, and make due

sacrifices unto us, that our lives in other form may be spared unceasingly."

A splendid Deer rose from the midst of the herd, and, coming forward, laid his cheek on the cheek of the boy, and said: "Yet we love you, but we must now part from you. And, in order that you may be like unto other mortals, only exceeding them, accompany me to the Land of the Souls of Men, where sit in council the Gods of the Sacred Dance and Drama, the Gods of the Spirit World."

To all this the youth, being convinced, agreed. And on that same day the Deer who had spoken set forward, the swift youth running by his side, toward the Lake of the Dead. On and on they sped, and as night was falling they came to the borders of that lake, and the lights were shining over its middle and the Gardens of the Sacred Dance. And the old Drama-woman and the old Drama-man were walking on its shores, back and forth, calling across to each other.

As the Deer neared the shore of the lake, he turned and said to his companion: "Step in boldly with me. Ladders of rushes will rise to receive you, and down underneath the waters into the great Halls of the Dead and of the Sacred Dance we will be borne gently and swiftly."

Then they stepped into the lake. Brighter and lighter it grew. Great ladders of rushes and flags lifted themselves from the water, and upon them the Deer and his companion were borne downward into halls of splendor, lighted by many lights and fires.

And in the largest chamber the gods were sitting in council silently. Páutiwa, the Sun-priest of the Sacred Drama (Kâkâ), Shúlawitsi (the God of Fire), with his torch of ever-living flame, and many others were there; and when the strangers arrived they greeted and were greeted, and were given a place in the light of the central fire.

And in through the doors of the west and the north and the east and the south filed long rows of sacred dancers, those who had passed through the Lake of the Dead, clad in cotton mantles, white as the daylight, finely embroidered, decked with many a treasure shell and turquoise stone. These performed their sacred rites, to the delight of the gods and the wonder of the Deer and his foster-brother.

And when the dancers had retired, Páutiwa, the Sun-priest of the Sacred Dance, arose, and said: "What would'st thou?"-though he knew full well beforehand. "What would'st thou, oh, Deer of the forest mesas, with thy companion, thy foster-brother; for not thinking of nothing would one visit the home of the Kâkâ."

Then the Deer lifted his head and told his story.

"It is well," said the gods.

"Appear, my faithful one," said Páutiwa to

Shúlawitsi. And Shúlawitsi appeared and waved his flame around the youth, so that he became convinced of his mortal origin and of his dependence upon food prepared by fire. Then the gods who speak the speech of men gathered around and breathed upon

the youth, and touched to his lips moisture from their own mouths, and touched the portals of his ears with oil from their own ears, and thus was the youth made acquainted with both the speech and the understanding of the speech of mortal man.

Then the gods called out, and there were brought before them fine garments of white cotton embroidered in many colors, rare necklaces of sacred shell with many turquoises and coral-like stones and shells strung in their midst, and all that the most beautifully clad of our ancients could have glorified their appearance with. Such things they brought forth, and, making them into a bundle, laid them at the feet of the youth.

Then they said: "Oh, youth, oh, brother and father, since thou art the child of the Sun, who is the father of us all, go forth with thy foster-brother to thy last meeting-place with him and with his people; and when on the day after the morrow hunters shall gather from around thy country, some of ye, oh, Deer," said he, turning to the Deer, "yield thyself up that ye may die as must thy kind ever continue to die, for the sake of this thy brother."

"I will lead them," simply replied the Deer.

"Thanks."

And Páutiwa continued: "Here full soon wilt thou be gathered in our midst, or with the winds and the mists of the air at night-time wilt sport, ever-living. Go ye forth, then, carrying this bundle, and, as ye best know how, prepare this our father and child for his reception among men. And, O son and father," continued the priest-god, turning to the youth, "Fear not! Happy wilt thou be in the days to come, and treasured among men.

Hence thy birth. Return with the Deer and do as thou art told to do. Thy uncle, leading his priest-youths, will be foremost in the hunt. He will pursue thee and thy foster-mother. Lead him far away; and when thou hast so led him, cease running and turn and wait, and peacefully go home whither he guides thee."

The sounds of the Sacred Dance came in from the outer apartments, and the youth and the Deer, taking their bundle, departed. More quickly than they had come they sped away; and on the morning when the hunters of Háwikuh were setting forth, the Deer gathered themselves in a vast herd on the southern mesa, and they circled about the youth and instructed him how to unloose the bundle he had brought.

Then closer and closer came the Deer to the youth and bade him stand in his nakedness, and they ran swiftly about him, breathing fierce, moist breaths until hot steam enveloped him and bathed him from head to foot, so that he was purified, and his skin was softened, and his hair hung down in a smooth yet waving mass at the back of his head.

Then the youth put on the costume, one article after another, he having seen them worn by the Gods of the Sacred Dance, and by the dancers; and into his hair at the back, under the band which he placed round his temples, he thrust the glowing feathers of the macaw which had been given him. Then, seeing that there was still one article left,--a little string of conical shells,--he asked what that was for; and the Deer told him to tie it about his knee.

The Deer gathered around him once more, and the old chief said: "Who among ye are willing to die?" And, as if it were a festive occasion to which they were going, many a fine Deer bounded forth, striving for the place of those who were to die, until a large number were gathered, fearless and ready. Then the Deer began to move.

Soon there was an alarm. In the north and the west and the south and the east there was cause for alarm. And the Deer began to scatter, and then to assemble and scatter again. At last the hunters with drawn bows came running in, and soon their arrows were flying in the midst of those who were devoted, and Deer after Deer fell, pierced to the heart or other vital part.

At last but few were left,--amongst them the kind old Deer-mother and her two children; and, taking the lead, the glorious youth, although encumbered by his new dress, sped forth with them. They ran and ran, the fleetest of the tribe of Háwikuh pursuing them; but all save the uncle and his brave sons were soon left far behind. The youth's foster-brother was soon slain, and the youth, growing angry, turned about; then bethinking himself of the words of the gods, he sped away again. So his foster-sister, too, was killed; but he kept on, his old mother alone running behind him.

At last the uncle and his sons overtook the old mother, and they merely caught her and turned her away, saying: "Faithful to the last she has been to this youth." Then they renewed the chase for the youth; and he at last, pretending weariness, faced about and stood like a stag at bay. As soon as they approached, he dropped his arms and lowered his head. Then he said: "Oh, my uncle" (for the gods had told who would find him)--" Oh, my uncle, what wouldst thou? Thou hast killed my brothers and sisters; what wouldst thou with me?"

The old man stopped and gazed at the youth in wonder and admiration of his fine appearance and beautiful apparel. Then he said: "Why dost thou call me uncle?"

"Because, verily," replied the youth, "thou art my uncle, and thy niece, my maiden-mother, gave birth to me and cast me away upon a dust-heap; and then my noble Deer found me and nourished me and cherished me."

The uncle and his sons gazed still with wonder. Then they thought they saw in the youth's clear eyes and his soft, oval face a likeness to the mother, and they said: "Verily, this which he says is true." Then they turned about and took him by the hands gently and led him toward Háwikuh, while one of them sped forward to test the truth of his utterances.

When the messenger arrived at Háwikuh he took his way straight to the house of the priest, and told him what he had heard. The priest in anger summoned the maiden.

"Oh, my child," said he, "hast thou done this thing which we are told thou hast done?" And he related what he had been told.

"Nay, no such thing have I done," said she.

"Yea, but thou hast, oh, unnatural mother! And who was the father?" demanded the old

priest with great severity.

Then the maiden, thinking of her Sun-lover, bowed her head in her lap and rocked herself to and fro, and cried sorely. And then she said: "Yea, it is true; so true that I feared thy Wrath, oh, my father! I feared thy shame, oh, my mother! and what could I do?" Then she told of her lover, the Sun,--with tears she told it, and she cried out: "Bring back my child that I may nurse him and love but him alone, and see him the father of children!"

By this time the hunters arrived, some bringing game, but others bringing in their midst this wondrous youth, on whom each man and maiden in Háwikuh gazed with delight and admiration.

They took him to the home of his priest-grandfather; and as though he knew the way he entered the apartment of his mother, and she, rising and opening wide her arms, threw herself on his breast and cried and cried. And he laid his hand on her head, and said: "Oh, mother, weep not, for I have come to thee, and I will cherish thee.

So was the foster-child of the Deer restored to his mother and his people.

Wondrously wise in the ways of the Deer and their language was he--so much so that, seeing them, he understood them. This youth made little ado of hunting, for he knew that he could pay those rites and attentions to the Deer that were most acceptable, and made them glad of death at the hand of the hunter. And ere long, so great was his knowledge and success, and his preciousness in the eyes of the Master of Life, that by his will and his arm alone the tribe of Háwikuh was fed and was clad in buckskins.

A rare and beautiful maiden he married, and most happy was he with her.

It was his custom to go forth early in the morning, when the Deer came down to drink or stretch themselves and walk abroad and crop the grass; and, taking his bow and quiver of arrows, he would go to a distant mesa, and, calling the Deer around him, and following them as swiftly as they ran, he would strike them down in great numbers, and, returning, say to his people: "Go and bring in my game, giving me only parts of what I have slain and taking the rest yourselves."

So you can readily see how he and his people became the greatest people of Háwikuh. Nor is it marvellous that the sorcerers of that tribe should have grown envious of his prosperity, and sought to diminish it in many ways, wherein they failed.

At last one night the Master of Sorcerers in secret places raised his voice and cried "Weh-h-h-h! Weh-h-h-h-h-h!" And round about him presently gathered all the sorcerers of the place, and they entered into a deep cavern, large and lighted by green, glowing fires, and there, staring at each other, they devised means to destroy this splendid youth, the child of the Sun.

One of their number stood forth and said: "I will destroy him in his own vocation. He is a hunter, and the Coyote loves well to follow the hunter." His words were received with acclamation, and the youth who had offered himself sped forth in the night to prepare, by

incantation and with his infernal appliances, a disguise for himself.

On the next morning, when the youth went forth to hunt, an old Coyote sneaked behind him after he reached the mesas, and, following stealthily, waited his throwing down of the Deer; and when the youth had called and killed a number of Deer and sat down to rest on a fallen tree, the Coyote sneaked into sight. The youth, looking at him, merely thought: "He seeks the blood of my slain Deer," and he went on with his prayers and sacrifices to the dead of the Deer. But soon, stiffening his limbs, the Coyote swiftly scudded across the open, and, with a puff from his mouth and nostrils like a sneeze toward the youth, threw himself against him and arose a man,--the same man who had offered his services in the council of the wizards--while the poor youth, falling over, ran away, a human being still in heart and mind, but in form a coyote.

Off to the southward he wandered, his tail dragging in the dust; and growing hungry he had naught to eat; and cold on the sides of the mesas he passed the night, and on the following morning wandered still, until at last, very hungry, he was fain even to nip the blades of grass and eat the berries of the juniper. Thus he became ill and worn; and one night as he was seeking a warm place to lay him down and die, he saw a little red light glowing from the top of a hillock. Toward this light he took his way, and when he came near he saw that it was shining up through the sky hole of someone's house. He peered over the edge and saw an old Badger with his grizzly wife, sitting before a fire, not in the form of a badger but in the form of a little man, his badger-skin hanging beside him. Then the youth said to himself "I will cast myself down into their house, thus showing them my miserable condition." And as he tried to step down the ladder, he fell, teng, on the floor before them.

The Badgers were disgusted. They grabbed the Coyote, and hauling him up the ladder, threw him into the plain, where, toonoo, he fell far away and swooned from loss of breath. When he recovered his thoughts he again turned toward the glowing skyhole, and, crawling feebly back, threw himself down into the room again. Again he was thrown out, but this time the Badger said: "It is marvellously strange that this Coyote, the miserable fellow, should insist on coming back, and coming back."

"I have heard," said the little old Badger-woman, "that our glorious beloved youth of Háwikuh was changed some time ago into a Coyote. It may be he. Let us see when he comes again if it be he. For the love of mercy, let us see!"

Ere long the youth again tried to clamber down the ladder, and fell with a thud on the floor before them. A long time he lay there senseless, but at last opened his eyes and looked about. The Badgers eagerly asked if he were the same who had been changed into a Coyote, or condemned to inhabit the form of one. The youth could only move his head in acquiescence.

Then the Badgers hastily gathered an emetic and set it to boil, and when ready they poured the fluid down the throat of the seeming Coyote, and tenderly held him and pitied him. Then they laid him before the fire to warm him. Then the old Badger, looking about in some of his burrows, found a sacred rock crystal, and heating it to glowing heat in the fire, he seared the palms of the youth's hands, the soles of his feet, and the crown of his head, repeating incantations as he performed this last operation, whereupon the skin

burst and fell off, and the youth, haggard and lean, lay before them. They nourished him as best they could, and, when well recovered, sent him home to join his people again and render them happy. Clad in his own fine garments, happy of countenance and handsome as before, and, according to his regular custom, bearing a Deer on his back, returned the youth to his people, and there he lived most happily.

As I have said, this was in the days of the ancients, and it is because this youth lived so long with the Deer and became acquainted with their every way and their every word, and taught all that he knew to his children and to others whom he took into his friendship, that we have today a class of menthe Sacred Hunters of our tribe,--who surpassingly understand the ways and the language of the Deer.

Thus shortens my story.

The Coyote and the Locust

A Zuni Legend

Frank Hamilton Cushing, Zuni Folk Tales, 1901

In the days of the ancients, there lived south of Zuñi, beyond the headland of rocks, at a place called Suski-ashokton ("Rock Hollow of the Coyotes"), an old Coyote. And this side of the headland of rocks, in the bank of a steep arroyo, lived an old Locust, near where stood a piñon tree, crooked and so bereft of needles that it was sunny.

One day the Coyote went out hunting, leaving his large family of children and his old wife at home. It was a fine day and the sun was shining brightly, and the old Locust crawled out of his home in the loam of the arroyo and ascended to one of the bare branches of the piñon tree, where, hooking his feet firmly into the bark, he began to sing and play his flute. The Coyote in his wanderings came along just as he began to sing these words:

"Tchumali, tchumali, shohkoya,
Tchumali, tchumali, shohkoya!
Yaamii heeshoo taatani tchupatchinte,
Shohkoya,
Shohkoya!"

Locust, locust, playing a flute,
Locust, locust, playing a flute!
Away up above on the pine-tree bough, closely clinging,
Playing a flute,
Playing a flute!

"Delight of my senses!" called out the Coyote, squatting down on his haunches, and looking up, with his ears pricked and his mouth grinning; "Delight of my senses, how finely you play your flute!"

"Do you think so?" said the Locust, continuing his song.

"Goodness, yes!" cried the Coyote, shifting nearer. "What a song it is! Pray, teach it to me, so that I can take it home and dance my children to it. I have a large family at home."

"All right," said the Locust. "Listen, then." And he sang his song again:

"Tchumali, tchumali, shohkoya,
Tchumali, tchumali, shohkoya!
Yaamii heeshoo taatani tchupatchinte,
Shohkoya,
Shohkoya!"
"Delightful!" cried the Coyote. "Now, shall I try?"

"Yes, try."

Then in a very hoarse voice the Coyote half growled and half sang (making a mistake here and there, to be sure) what the Locust had sung, though there was very little music in his repetition of the performance.

"Tchu u-mali, tchumali--shohshoh koya,
Tchu tchu mali, tchumali shohkoya,
Yaa mami he he shoo ta ta tante tchup patchin te,
Shohkoya,
Shohkoya!"

Ha!" laughed he, as he finished; "I have got it, haven't I?"

"Well, yes," said the Locust, "fairly well."

"Now, then, let us sing it over together."

And while the Locust piped shrilly the Coyote sang gruffly, though much better than at first, the song.

"There, now," exclaimed he, with a whisk of his tail; "didn't I tell you?" and without waiting to say another word he whisked away toward his home beyond the headland of rocks. As he was running along the plain he kept repeating the song to himself, so that he would not forget it, casting his eyes into the air, after the manner of men in trying to remember or to say particularly fine things, so that he did not notice an old Gopher peering at him somewhat ahead on the trail; and the old Gopher laid a trap for him in his hole.

The Coyote came trotting along, singing: "Shohkoya, shohkoya," when suddenly he tumbled heels over head into the Gopher's hole. He sneezed, began to cough, and to rub the sand out of his eyes; and then jumping out, cursed the Gopher heartily, and tried to recall his song, but found that he had utterly forgotten it, so startled had he been.

"The lubber-cheeked old Gopher! I wish the pests were all in the Land of Demons!" cried he. "They dig their holes, and nobody can go anywhere in safety. And now I have forgotten my song. Well, I will run back and get the old Locust to sing it over again. If he can sit there singing to himself, why can't he sing it to me? No doubt in the world he is still out there on that piñon branch singing away." Saying which, he ran back as fast as he could. When he arrived at the piñon tree, sure enough, there was the old Locust still sitting and singing.

"Now, how lucky this is, my friend cried the Coyote, long before he had reached the place. "The lubber-cheeked, fat-sided old Gopher dug a hole right in my path; and I went along singing your delightful song and was so busy with it that I fell headlong into the trap he had set for me, and I was so startled that, on my word, I forgot all about the song, and I have come back to ask you to sing it for me again."

"Very well," said the Locust. "Be more careful this time." So he sang the song over.

"Good! Surely I'll not forget it this time," cried the Coyote; so he whisked about, and

away he sped toward his home beyond the headland of rocks. "Goodness!" said he to himself, as he went along; "what a fine thing this will be for my children! How they will be quieted by it when I dance them as I sing it! Let's see how it runs. Oh, yes!

"Tchumali, tchumali, shohkoya,
Tchumali, tchumali, shohko--"

Thli-i-i-i-p, piu-piu, piu-piu! fluttered a flock of Pigeons out of the bushes at his very feet, with such a whizzing and whistling that the Coyote nearly tumbled over with fright, and, recovering himself, cursed the Doves heartily, calling them "gray-backed, useless sage-vermin"; and, between his fright and his anger, was so much shaken up that he again forgot his song.

Now, the Locust wisely concluded that this would be the case, and as he did not like the Coyote very well, having been told that sometimes members of his tribe were by no means friendly to Locusts and other insects, he concluded to play him a trick and teach him a lesson in the minding of his own affairs.

So, catching tight hold of the bark, he swelled himself up and strained until his back split open; then he skinned himself out of his old skin, and, crawling down the tree, found a suitable quartz stone, which, being light-colored and clear, would not make his skin look unlike himself. He took the stone up the tree and carefully placed it in the empty skin. Then he cemented the back together with a little pitch and left his exact counterfeit sticking to the bark, after which he flew away to a neighboring tree.

No sooner had the Coyote recovered his equanimity to some extent than, discovering the loss of his song and again exclaiming "No doubt he is still there piping away; I'll go and get him to sing it over,"--he ran back as fast as he could.

"Ah wha!" he exclaimed, as he neared the tree. "I am quite fatigued with all this extra running about. But, no matter; I see you are still there, my friend. A lot of miserable, gray-backed Ground-pigeons flew up right from under me as I was going along singing my song, and they startled me so that I forgot it; but I tell you, I cursed them heartily! Now, my friend, will you not be good enough to sing once more for me?"

He paused for a reply. None came.

"Why, what 's the matter? Don't you hear me?" yelled the Coyote, running nearer, looking closely, and scrutinizing the Locust. "I say, I have lost my song, and want you to sing for me again. Will you, or will you not?" Then he paused.

"Look here, are you going to sing for me or not?" continued the Coyote, getting angry.

No reply.

The Coyote stretched out his nose, wrinkled up his lips, and snarled: "Look here, do you see my teeth? Well, I'll ask you just four times more to sing for me, and if you don't sing then, I'll snap you up in a hurry, I tell you. Will--you--sing--for me? Once. Will you sing--for me? Twice. Two more times! Look out! Will you sing for me? Are you a fool? Do you

see my teeth? Only once more! Will--you--sing--for me?"

No reply.

"Well, you are a fool!" yelled the Coyote, unable to restrain himself longer, and making a quick jump, he snapped the Locust skin off of the bough, and bit it so hard that it crushed and broke the teeth in the middle of his jaw, driving some of them so far down in his gums that you could hardly see them, and crowding the others out so that they were regular tusks.

The Coyote dropped the stone, rolled in the sand, and howled and snarled and wriggled with pain. Then he got up and shook his head, and ran away with his tail between his legs. So excessive was his pain that at the first brook he came to he stooped down to lap up water in order to alleviate it, and he there beheld what you and I see in the mouths of every Coyote we ever catch,--that the teeth back of the canines are all driven down, so that you can see only the points of them, and look very much broken up.

In the days of the ancients the Coyote minded not his own business and restrained not his anger. So he bit a Locust that was only the skin of one with a stone inside. And all his descendants have inherited his broken teeth. And so also to this day, when Locusts venture out on a sunny morning to sing a song, it is not infrequently their custom to protect themselves from the consequences of attracting too much attention by skinning themselves and leaving their counterparts on the trees.

Thus shortens my story.

The Maiden of the Yellow Rocks

A Zuni Legend

Frank Hamilton Cushing, Zuni Folk Tales, 1901

In the days of the ancients, our ancestors lived in the Village of the Yellow Rocks, also in the Salt City, also in the Village of the Winds, and also in the Village of the White Flowering Herbs, and also in the Village of Odd Waters.

When in fact all these now broken-down villages were inhabited by our ancients, there lived in the Village of the Yellow Rocks a very beautiful maiden, the daughter of the high priest.

Although a woman, she was wonderfully endowed by birth with the magic knowledge of the hunt and with the knowledge of all the animals who contribute to the sustenance of man,--game animals. And, although a woman, she was also somewhat bad in her disposition, and selfish, in that, possessing this knowledge above all other men and women, she concluded she would have all these animals--the deer, antelope, rabbits--to herself.

So, through her wonderful knowledge of their habits and language, she communicated with them and charmed them, and on the top of the mountain--where you will see to this day the ancient figures of the deer cut in the rock--she built a huge corral, and gathered one after another all the deer and antelope and other wild animals of that great country. And the hunters of these villages hunted in vain; they trailed the deer and the antelope, but they lost their trails and always came home with nothing save the weapons they took with them.

But this maiden, whenever she wished for deer, would go to her corral and kill whatever animal she wanted; so she and her family always had plenty of meat, while others were without it; always had plenty of buckskins with which to make moccasins and apparel, while others were every day wearing out their old supply and never able to replenish it.

Now, this girl was surpassingly beautiful, and was looked upon by many a young man as the flower of his heart and the one on whom he would ultimately concentrate his thoughts for life. Amongst these young men, the first to manifest his feelings was a youth from the Village of the Winds.

One day he said to his old people: "I am going courting."

And they observed that he made up a bundle of various precious things for women's dress and ornamentation--necklaces, snow-white buckskin moccasins and leggings, and embroidered skirts and mantles--and, taking his bundle on his shoulders, he started off for the Village of the Yellow Rocks.

When he reached the village he knew the home of the maiden by the beauty of the house. Among other houses it was alone of its kind. Attached to the ladder was the cross-piece carved as it is in these days, but depending from it was a fringe of black hair

(not scalp-locks) with which they still ornament certain houses when they have sacred ceremonies; and among this fringe were hung low stalactites from a sacred cave on the Colorado Chiquito, which sounded, when the wind blew them together, like little bells.

This fringe was full of them, so that when a stranger came to this important chief-priest's house he no sooner touched the ladder-rung at the foot than the bells tinkled, and they knew some one was coming.

As he placed his foot on the lowermost rung of the ladder, chi-la-li sang the bells at the top.

Said the people within: "Some one is coming."

Step after step he went up, and still the bells made music at the top, and as he stepped over on the roof, thud, thud, his footsteps sounded as he walked along; and when he reached the door, those within said: "Thou comest?" And he replied: "I come. Draw me in"; by which expression he meant that he had brought with him a present to the family. Whenever a man has a bundle to hand down, it is the place of the woman to take it; and that is called "drawing a man in," though she only takes his bundle and he follows.

In this case he said "Draw me in," and the maiden came to the top of the ladder and took the bundle and dropped it on the floor. They knew by the appearance of the bundle what the object of the visit was.

The old man was sitting by the fireplace,--it was night-time,--and as the stranger entered, said, "Thou hast come?"

The young man answered: "Yes."

Said the old man: "It is not customary for a stranger to visit the house of a stranger without saying something of what may be in his thoughts."

"It is quite true," said the youth; "I come thinking of this maiden, your daughter. It has occurred to me that I might happily and without fear rest my thoughts and hopes on her; therefore I come."

The daughter brought forth food for the young man and bade him eat. He reached forth his hand and partook of the food. She sat down and took a mouthful or two, whereby they knew she was favorably disposed. She was favorably disposed to all appearance, but not in reality. When he had finished eating, she said: "As you like, my father. You are my father." She answered to her own thoughts: "Yes, you have often reproached me for not treating with more gentleness those who come courting me."

Finally said the father: "I give ye my blessing and sacred speech, my children. I will adopt thee as my child."

"My children," said the father, after a while, when he had smoked a little, "the stranger, now a son, has come a long distance and must be weary."

So the maiden led him to an upper chamber, and said: "Rest here; you are not yet my husband. I would try you in the morning. Get up early, when the deer are most plentiful, and go forth and slay me a fine one, and then indeed shall we rest our hopes and thoughts on each other for life."

"It is well," said the youth; and he retired to sleep, and in the morning arose early. The maiden gave into his hands the food for the day; he caught up his bows and arrows and went forth into the forests and mountains, seeking for the deer. He found a superb track and followed it until it suddenly disappeared, and though he worked hard and followed it over and over again, he could find nothing.

While the young man was out hunting and following the tracks for nothing, the young girl went out, so as to be quite sure that none of her deer should get out; and what did she do? She went into the river and followed it against the current, through the water beyond the village and where the marked rocks stand, up the cañon to the place where her deer were gathered. They were all there, peaceful and contented. But there were no tracks of the girl; no one could follow where she went.

The young man hunted and hunted, and at night-time, all tired out and hungry, took his way back to the home of the maiden. She was there.

"Ha!" said she, "what good fortune today?"

And the young man with his face dragged down and his eyes not bright, answered: "I found no game today."

"Well," said the girl, "it is too bad; but under the circumstances we cannot rest our thoughts and hopes on each other for life."

"No, I suppose not," said the young man.

"Here is your bundle," said the girl. She raised it very carefully and handed it to him. He took it over his shoulder, and after all his weary work went on his way home.

The very next day a young man named Hálona, when he heard of this, said: "Ha! ha! What a fool he was! He didn't take her enough presents; he didn't please her. I am said to be a very pleasant fellow" (he was a very conceited young man); "I will take her a bundle that will make things all right."

So he put into a bundle everything that a woman could reasonably want,--for he was a wealthy young man, and his bundle was very heavy,--put on his best dress, and with fine paint on his face started for the home of the maiden. Finally, his foot touched the lowermost rung of the ladder; the stalactites went jingling above as he mounted, and thud went his bundle as he dropped it on the roof.

"Somebody has come," said the people below. "Listen to that!"

The maiden shrugged her shoulders and said: "Thou comest?"

"Yes," answered the young man; "draw me in."

So she reached up and pulled the huge bundle down into the room, placing it on the floor, and the young man followed it down.

Said the old man, who was sitting by the fire, for it was night: "Thou comest. Not thinking of nothing doth one stranger come to the house of another. What may be thy thoughts?"

The young man looked at the maiden and said to himself: "What a magnificent creature she is! She will be my wife, no fear that she will not." Then said he aloud: "I came, thinking of your daughter. I would rest my hopes and thoughts on her."

"It is well," said the old man. "It is the custom of our people and of all people, that they may possess dignity, that they may be the heads of households; therefore, young men and maidens marry and establish themselves in certain houses. I have no objection. What dost thou think, my daughter?"

"I have no objection," said the daughter.

"Ah, what did I tell you?" said the youth to himself, and ate with a great deal of satisfaction the meal placed before him.

The father laid out the corn-husks and tobacco, and they had a smoke; then he said to his daughter: "The stranger who is now my son has come a long way, and should not be kept sitting up so long."

As the daughter led him to another room, he thought: "What a gentle creature she is! How softly she steps up the ladder."

When the door was reached, she said: "Here we will say good-night."

"What is the matter?" he asked.

Said she: "I would like to know of my husband this much, that he is a good hunter; that I may have plenty of food all my days, and plenty of buckskins for my clothing. Therefore I must ask that in the morning you go forth and hunt the deer, or bring home an antelope for me."

The young man quickly recovered himself, and said: "It is well," and lay himself down to rest.

So the next morning he went out, and there was the maiden at the top of the house watching him. He couldn't wait for daylight; he wanted the Sun, his father, to rise before his time, and when the Sun did rise he jumped out of bed, tied his quiver to his belt, took his bow in his hand, and, with a little luncheon the maiden had prepared for him, started off.

As he went down the river he saw the maiden was watching him from the top of the house; so he started forward and ran until he was out of sight, to show how fine a runner he was and how good a hunter; because he was reputed to be a very strong and active

young man. He hunted and hunted, but did not find any deer, nor even any tracks.

Meanwhile, the maiden went up the stream as before and kept watch of the corral; and he fared as the other young man had fared. At night he came home, not quite so downcast as the other had been, because he was a young man of more self-reliance.

She asked, as she met him: "Haven't you got any deer today?"

He answered: "No."

She said: "I am sorry, but under the circumstances I don't see how we can become husband and wife."

So he carried his bundle home.

The next day there was a young man in the City of Salt who heard of this,--not all of it, but he heard that day after day young men were going to the home of this maiden to court her, and she turned them all away. He said: "I dare say they didn't take enough with them." So he made up two bundles and went to the home of the maiden, and he said to himself: "This time it will be all right."

When he arrived, much the same conversation was gone through as before with the other young men, and the girl said, when she lighted him to the door of his room: "My young friend, if you will find a deer for me tomorrow I will become your wife and rest my hope only on you."

"Mercy on me!" thought the young man to himself, "I have always been called a poor hunter. What shall I do?"

The next morning he tried, but with the same results.

Now, this girl was keeping the deer and antelope and other animals so long closed up in the corral that the people in all the villages round about were ready to die of hunger for meat. Still, for her own gratification she would keep these animals shut up. The young man came back at evening, and she asked him if he had found a deer for her. "No," said he, "I could not even find the trail of one."

"Well," she said, "I am sorry, for your bundles are heavy."

He took them up and went home with them.

Finally, this matter became so much talked about that the two small gods on the top of Thunder Mountain, who lived with their grandmother where our sacrificial altar now stands, said: "There is something wrong here; we will go and court this maiden." Now, these gods were extremely ugly in appearance when they chose to be--mere pigmies who never grew to man's stature. They were always boys in appearance, and their grandmother was always crusty with them; but they concluded one night that they would go the next day to woo this maiden.

Said one to the other: "Suppose we go and try our luck with her." Said he: "When I look at you, you are very handsome."

Said the other to him: "When I look at you, you are extremely handsome."

They were the ugliest beings in human form, but in reality were among the most magnificent of men, having power to take any form they chose.

Said the elder one: "Grandmother, you know how much talk there is about this maiden in the Village of the Yellow Rocks. We have decided to go and court her."

"You miserable, dirty, ugly little wretches! The idea of your going to court this maiden when she has refused the finest young men in the land!"

"Well, we will go," said he.

"I don't want you to go," replied she. "Your names will be in the mouths of everybody; you will be laughed and jeered at."

"We will go," said they. And, without paying the slightest attention to their grandmother, they made up their bundle--a very miserable bundle it was; the younger brother put in little rocks and a sticks and bits of buckskins and all sorts of worthless things--and they started off.

"What are you carrying this bundle for?" asked Áhaiyúta, the elder brother.

"I am taking it as a present to the maiden," said Mátsailéma, the younger one.

"She doesn't want any such trash as that," said the other. "They have taken very valuable presents to her before; we have nothing to take equal to what has been carried to her by others."

They decided to throw the bundle away altogether, and started out with absolutely nothing but their bows and arrows.

As they proceeded they began to kill wood-rats, and continued until they had slaughtered a large number and had a long string of them held up by their tails.

"There!" exclaimed the younger brother.

"There is a fine present for the girl." They knew perfectly well how things were, and were looking out for the interests of their children in the villages round about.

"Oh, my younger brother!" said the elder. "These will not be acceptable to the girl at all; she would not have them in the house!"

"Oh, yes, she would," said the younger; "we will take them along as a present to her."

So they went on, and it was hardly noon when they arrived with their strings of rats at the white cliffs on the southern side of the cañon opposite the village where the maiden

lived. "Here, let us sit down in the shade of this cliff," said the elder brother, "for it is not proper to go courting until evening."

"Oh, no," said the younger, "let us go along now. I am in a hurry! I am in a hurry!"

"You are a fool!" said the elder brother; "you should not think of going courting before evening. Stay here patiently."

So they sat down in the shade of the cliff. But the younger kept jumping up and running out to see how the sun was all the afternoon, and he would go and smooth out his string of rats from time to time, and then go and look at the sun again. Finally, when the sun was almost set, he called out: "Now, come on!"

"Wait until it is wholly dark," said the other. "You never did have any patience, sense, or dignity about you."

"Why not go now?" asked the younger.

So they kept quarrelling, but the elder brother's wish prevailed until it was nearly dark, when they went on.

The elder brother began to get very bashful as they approached the village. "I wonder which house it is," said he.

"The one with the tallest ladder in front of it, of course," said the other.

Then the elder brother said in a low voice: "Now, do behave yourself; be dignified."

"All right!" replied the younger.

When they got to the ladder, the elder one said in a whisper: "I don't want to go up here; I don't want to go courting; let's go back."

"Go along up," said the younger.

"Keep still; be quiet said the elder one; "be dignified!"

They went up the ladder very carefully, so that there was not a tinkle from the bells. The elder brother hesitated, while the younger one went on to the top, and over the edge of the house.

"Now!" cried he.

"Keep still!" whispered the other; and he gave the ladder a little shake as he went, and the bells tinkled at the top.

The people downstairs said: "Who in the world is coming now?"

When they were both on the roof, the elder brother said: "You go down first."

"I will do nothing of the kind," said the other, you are the elder."

The people downstairs called out: "Who comes there?"

"See what you have done, you simpleton!" said the elder brother. Then with a great deal of dignity he walked down the ladder. The younger one came tumbling down, carrying his string of rats.

"Throw it out, you fool; they don't want rats!" said the elder one.

"Yes, they do," replied the other. "The girl will want these; maybe she will marry us on account of them!"

The elder brother was terribly disturbed, but the other brought his rats in and laid them in the middle of the floor.

The father looked up, and said: "You come?"

"Yes," answered the two odd ones.

"Sit down," said the old man. So they sat down, and food was placed before them.

"It seems," said the father, "that ye have met with luck today in hunting," as he cast his eyes on the string of rats.

"Yes," said the Two.

So the old priest went and got some prayer-meal, and, turning the faces of the rats toward the east, said a short prayer.

"What did I tell you?" said the younger brother they like the presents we have brought. just see!"

Presently the old man said: "It is not customary for strangers to come to a house without something in mind."

"Quite so," said the younger brother.

"Yes, my father," said the elder one; "we have come thinking of your daughter. We understand that she has been wooed by various young men, and it has occurred to us that they did not bring the right kind of presents."

"So we brought these," said the younger brother.

"It is well," said the old man. "It is the custom for maidens and youths to marry. It rests with my daughter."

So he referred the matter to his daughter, and she said: "As you think, my father. Which one?"

"Oh, take us both!" said the younger brother.

This was rather embarrassing to the maiden, but she knew she had a safe retreat. So when the father admonished her that it was time to lead the two young men up into the room where the others had been placed, she told them the same story.

They said, "It is well."

They lay down, but instead of sleeping spent most of the night in speculating as to the future.

"What a magnificent wife we will have," said one to the other.

"Don't talk so loud; every one will hear you; you will be covered with shame!"

After a while they went to sleep; but were awake early the next morning. The younger brother began to talk to the elder one, who said: "Keep quiet; the people are not awake; don't disturb them!"

The younger one said: "The sun is rising."

"Keep quiet," said the other, "and when they are awake they will give us some luncheon to take with us."

But the younger one jumped up and went rushing about the house, calling out: "The sun is rising; Get up!"

The luncheon was provided, and when they started off the maiden went out on the house-top and asked them which direction they would take.

Said they: "We will go over to the south and will get a deer before long, although we are very small and may not meet with very good luck."

So they descended the ladder, and the maiden said to herself: "Ugly, miserable little wretches; I will teach them to come courting me in this way!"

The brothers went off to the cliffs, and, while pretending to be hunting, they ran back through the thickets near the house and waited to see what the maiden would do.

Pretty soon she came out. They watched her and saw that she went down the valley and presently ran into the river, leaving no trail behind, and took her course up the stream. They ran on ahead, and long before she had ascended the river found the path leading out of it up the mountain. Following this path, they came to the corral, and, looking over it, they saw thousands of deer, mountain-sheep, antelope, and other animals wandering around in the enclosure.

"Ha! here is the place!" the younger brother exclaimed. "Let us go at them now!"

"Keep quiet! Be patient! Wait till the maiden comes," said the elder one. "If we should happen to kill one of these deer before she comes, perhaps she has some magic power

or knowledge by which she would deprive us of the fruits of our efforts."

"No, let us kill one now," said the other. But the elder one kept him curbed until the maiden was climbing the cliff, when he could restrain him no longer, and the youth pulled out his bow and let fly an arrow at the largest deer. One arrow, and the deer fell to the ground, and when the maiden appeared on the spot the deer was lying dead not far away.

The brothers said: "You come, do you? And here we are!"

She looked at them, and her heart went down and became as heavy as a stone, and she did not answer.

"I say, you come!" said the younger brother. "You come, do you?"

She said, "Yes." Then said she to herself: "Well, I suppose I shall have to submit, as I made the arrangement myself." Then she looked up and said: "I see you have killed a deer."

"Yes, we killed one; didn't have any difficulty at all," said the younger brother. "Come, and help us skin him; we are so little and hungry and tired we can't do it. Come on."

So the girl went slowly forward, and in a dejected way helped them skin the deer. Then they began to shoot more deer, and attempted to drag them out; but the men were so small they could not do it, and the girl had to help them. Then they cut up the meat and made it into bundles. She made a large one for herself, and they made two little ones for themselves.

"Now," said they, wiping their brows, "we have done a good day's work, haven't we?" and they looked at the maiden with twinkling eyes.

"Yes," said she; "you are great hunters."

"Shall we go toward home?" asked the younger brother of the maiden. "It would be a shame for you to take such a bundle as that. I will take it for you."

"You little conceited wretch!" cried the elder brother. "Haven't I tried to restrain you?--and now you are going to bury yourself under a bundle of meat!"

No," said the younger brother, "I can carry it." So they propped the great bundle of meat against a tree. The elder brother called on the maiden to help him; the younger one stooped down and received it on his back. They had no sooner let go of it than it fell on the ground and completely flattened the little man out.

"Mercy! mercy! I am dying; help me out of here!" cried he.

So they managed to roll the thing off, and he got up and rubbed his back, complaining bitterly (he was only making believe), and said: "I shall have to take my little bundle."

So he shouldered his little bundle, and the maiden took the large one; but before she started she turned to the animals and said, "Oh, my children! these many days, throwing the warm light of your favor upon me, you have rested contented to remain away from the sight of men. Now, hereafter you shall go forth whithersoever you will, that the earth may be covered with your offspring, and men may once more have of your flesh to eat and of your pelts to wear." And away went the antelope, the deer, the mountain-sheep, the elk, and the buffalo over all the land.

Then the young Gods of War turned to the maiden and said: "Now, shall we go home?"

"Yes," said she.

"Well, I will take the lead," said the younger brother.

"Get behind where you belong," said the other;

I will precede the party." So the elder brother went first, the maiden came next, and the younger brother followed behind, with his little bag of meat.

So they went home, and the maiden placed the meat to dry in the upper rooms of the house.

While she was doing this, it was yet early in the day. The two brothers were sitting together, and whispering: "And what will she say for herself now?"

"I don't see what she can say for herself."

"Of course, nothing can she say for herself."

And when the meat was all packed away in the house and the sun had set, they sat by themselves talking this over: "What can she say for herself?"

"Nothing whatever; nothing remains to be done."

"That is quite so," said they, as they went in to the evening meal and sat with the family to eat it.

Finally the maiden said: "With all your hunting and the labors of the day, you must be very weary. Where you slept last night you will find a resting-place. Go and rest yourselves. I cannot consent to marry you, because you have not yet shown yourselves capable of taking care of and dressing the buckskins, as well as of killing deer and antelope and such animals. For a long time buckskins have been accumulating in the upper room. I have no brothers to soften and scrape them; therefore, if you Two will take the hair off from all my buckskins tomorrow before sunset, and scrape the underside so that they will be thin and soft, I will consent to be the wife of one of you, or both."

And they said: "Oh mercy, it is too bad!"

"We can never do it," said the younger brother.

"I don't suppose we can; but we can try," said the elder.

So they lay down.

"Let us take things in time," said the elder one, after he had thought of it. And they jumped up and called to the maiden: "Where are those buckskins?"

"They are in the upper room," said she.

She showed them the way to the upper room. It was packed to the rafters with buckskins. They began to make big bales of these and then took them down to the river. When they got them all down there they said: "How in the world can we scrape so many skins? There are more here than we can clean in a year."

"I will tell you what," said the younger brother; "we will stow away some in the crevices of the rocks, and get rid of them in that way."

"Always hasty, always hasty," said the elder. "Do you suppose that woman put those skins away without counting every one of them? We can't do that."

They spread them out in the water that they might soak all night, and built a little dam so they would not float away. While they were thus engaged they heard some one talking, so they pricked up their ears to listen.

Now, the hill that stands by the side across from the Village of the Yellow Rocks was, and still is, a favorite home of the Field-mice. They are very prolific, and have to provide great bundles of wool for their families. But in the days of the ancients they were terrible gamblers and were all the time betting away their nests, and the young Mice being perfectly bare, with no wool on them at all, died of cold. And still they kept on betting, making little figures of nests and betting these away against the time when they should have more. It was these Mice which the two gods overheard.

Said the younger brother: "Listen to that! Who is talking?"

"Some one is betting. Let us go nearer."

They went across the river and listened, and heard the tiny little voices calling out and shouting.

"Let us go in," said the younger brother. And he placed his foot in the hole and descended, followed by the other. They found there an enormous village of Field-mice in human form, their clothes, in the shape of Mice, hanging over the sides of the house. Some had their clothing all off down to their waists, and were betting as hard as they could and talking with one another.

As soon as the two brothers entered, they said: "Who comes?"

The Two answered: "We come."

"Come in, come in," cried the Mice,--they were not very polite. "Sit down and have a

game. We have not anything to bet just now, but if you trust us we will bet with you."

"What had you in mind in coming?" said an old Field-mouse with a broken tail. They answered that they had come because they heard voices. Then they told their story.

"What is this you have to do?" asked the Mice.

"To clean all the hair off those pelts tomorrow."

The Mice looked around at one another; their eyes fairly sparkled and burned.

"Now, then, we will help you if you will promise us something," said they; "but we want your solemn promise."

"What is that?" asked the brothers.

"That you will give us all the hair."

"Oh, yes," said the brothers; "we will be glad to get rid of it."

"All right," said they; "where are the skins?"

Then they all began to pour out of the place, and they were so numerous that it was like water, when the rain is falling hard, running over a rock.

When they had all run out the two War-gods drew the skins on the bank, and the Field-mice went to nibbling the hair and cleaning off the underside. They made up little bundles of the flesh from the skins for their food, and great parcels of the hair. Finally they said: "May we have them all?"

"No," said the brothers, "we must have eight reserved, four for each, so that we will be hard at work all day tomorrow."

"Well," said the Mice, "we can't consent to leaving even so many, unless you promise that you will gather up all the hair and put it somewhere so that we can get it."

The Two promised that, and said: "Be sure to leave eight skins, will you? and we will go to bed and rest ourselves."

"All right, all right!" responded the Field-mice.

So the brothers climbed up the hill to the town, and up the ladder, and slept in their room.

The next morning the girl said: "Now, remember, you will have to clean every skin and make it soft and white."

So they went down to the river and started to work. The girl had said to them that at midday she would go down and see how they were getting along. They were at work

nearly all the forenoon on the skins. While the elder brother shaved the hair off, the younger one scraped them thin and softened them.

When the maiden came at noon, she said: "How are you getting along?"

"We have finished four and are at work on the fifth."

"Remember," said she, "you must finish all of them today or I shall have to send you home."

So they worked away until a little before the sun set, when she appeared again. They had just finished the last. The Field-mice had carefully dressed all the others (they did it better than the men), and there they lay spread out on the sands like a great field of something growing, only white.

When the maiden came down she was perfectly overcome; she looked and looked and counted and recounted. She found them all there. Then she got a long pole and fished in the water, but there were none.

Said she: "Yes, you shall be my husbands; I shall have to submit."

She went home with them, and for a long time they all lived together, the woman with her two husbands. They managed to get along very comfortably, and the two brothers didn't quarrel any more than they had done before.

Finally, there were born little twin boys, exactly like their fathers, who were also twins, although one was called the elder and the other the younger.

After a time the younger brother said: "Now, let us go home to our grandmother. People always go home to their own houses and take their families with them."

"No," said the elder one. "you must remember that we have been only pretending to be human beings. It would not do to take the maiden home with us."

"Yes," said the other; "I want her to go with us. Our grandmother kept making fun of us; called us little, miserable, wretched creatures. I want to show her that we amount to something!"

The elder brother could not get the younger one to leave the wife behind, and like a dutiful wife she said: "I will go with you." They made up their bundles and started out. It was a very hot day, and when they had climbed nearly to the top of Thunder Mountain, the younger brother said: "Ahem! I am tired. Let us sit down and rest."

"It will not do," said the elder brother. "You know very well it will not do to sit down; our father, the Sun, has forbidden that we should be among mortals. It will not do."

"Oh, yes, it will; we must sit down here," said the younger brother; and again his wish prevailed and they sat down.

At midday the Sun stood still in the sky, and looked down and saw this beautiful woman,

and by the power of his withdrawing rays quickly snatched her from them while they were sitting there talking, she carrying her little children.

The brothers looked around and said: "Where is our wife?"

"Ah, there she is," cried the younger; "I will shoot her."

"Shoot your wife!" cried the elder brother.

No, let her go! Serves you right!"

"No," said the younger, "I will shoot her!" He looked up and drew his arrow, and as his aim was absolutely unerring, swish went the arrow directly to her, and she was killed. The power of life by which the Sun was drawing her up was gone, the thread was cut, and she fell over and over and struck the earth.

The two little children were so very small, and their bones so soft, that the fall did not hurt them much. They fell on the soft bank, and rolled and rolled down the hill, and the younger brother ran forward and caught them up in his arms, crying: "Oh, my little children!" and brought them to the elder brother, who said: "Now, what can be done with these little babies, with no mother, no food?"

"We will take them home to grandmother," said the younger brother.

"Your grandmother cannot take care of these babies," said the elder brother.

"Yes, she can, of course," said the younger brother. "Come on, come on! I didn't want to lose my wife and children, too; I thought I must still have the children; that is the reason why I shot her."

So one of them took one of the children, and the other one took the other, and they carried them up to the top of Thunder Mountain.

"Now, then," said the elder brother, "we went off to marry; we come home with no wife and two little children and with nothing to feed them."

"Oh, grandmother!" called out the younger brother.

The old woman hadn't heard them for many a day, for many a month, even for years. She looked out and said: "My grandchildren are coming," and she called to them: "I am so glad you have come!"

"Here, see what we have," said the younger brother. "Here are your grandchildren. Come and take them!"

"Oh, you miserable boy, you are always doing something foolish; where is your wife?" asked the grandmother.

"Oh, I shot her!" was the response.

"Why did you do that?"

"I didn't want my father, the Sun, to take them away with my wife. I knew you would not care anything about my wife, but I knew you would be very fond of the grandchildren. Here they are."

But she wouldn't look at all. So the younger brother drew his face down, and taking the poor little children in his arms said: "You unnatural grandmother, you! Here are two nice little grandchildren for you!"

She said: "How shall I feed them? or what shall I do with them?"

He replied: "Oh, take care of them, take care of them!"

She took a good look at them, and became a true grandmother. She ran and clasped the little ones, crying out: "Let me take you away from these miserable children of mine!" She made some beds of sand for them, as Zuñi mothers do today, got some soft skins for them to lie on, and fed them with a kind of milk made of corn toasted and ground and mixed with water; so that they gradually enlarged and grew up to be nice children.

Thus it was in the days of the ancients, and has been told to us in these days, that even the most cruel and heartless of the gods do these things. Even they took these helpless children to their grandmother, and she succored them and brought them up to the time of reason.

Therefore it is the duty of those who find helpless babies or children, inasmuch as they are not so cruel and terrible as were the Gods of War,--not nearly,--surely it is their duty to take those children and succor and bring them up to the time of reason, when they can care for themselves. That is why our people, when children have been abandoned, provide and care for them as if they were their own. Thus long is my story.

The Search for the Middle & the Hardening of the World

A Zuni Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

As it was with the first men and creatures, so it was with the world. It was young and unripe. Earthquakes shook the world and rent it. Demons and monsters of the underworld fled forth

Creatures became fierce, beasts of prey, and others turned timid, becoming their quarry. Wretchedness and hunger abounded and black magic. Fear was everywhere among them, so the people, in dread of their precious possessions, became wanderers, living on the seeds of grass, eaters of dead and slain things. Yet, guided by the Beloved Twain, they sought in the light and under the pathway of the Sun, the Middle of the world, over which alone they could find the earth at rest.

When the tremblings grew still for a time, the people paused at the First of Sitting Places. Yet they were still poor and defenseless and unskilled, and the world still moist and unstable. Demons and monsters fled from the earth in times of shaking, and threatened wanderers.

Then the Two took counsel of each other. The Elder said the earth must be made more stable for men and the valleys where their children rested. If they sent down their fire bolts of thunder, aimed to all the four regions, the earth would heave up and down, fire would belch over the world and burn it, floods of hot water would sweep over it, smoke would blacken the daylight, but the earth would at last be safer for men.

So the Beloved Twain let fly the thunderbolts.

The mountains shook and trembled, the plains cracked and crackled under the floods and fires, and the hollow places, the only refuge of men and creatures, grew black and awful. At last thick rain fell, putting out the fires. Then water flooded the world, cutting deep trails through the mountains, and burying or uncovering the bodies of things and beings. Where they huddled together and were blasted thus, their blood gushed forth and flowed deeply, here in rivers, there in floods, for gigantic were they.

But the blood was charred and blistered and blackened by the fires into the black rocks of the lower mesas. There were vast plains of dust, ashes, and cinders, reddened like the mud of the hearth place. Yet many places behind and between the mountain terraces were unharmed by the fires, and even then green grew the trees and grasses and even flowers bloomed. Then the earth became more stable, and drier, and its lone places less fearsome since monsters of prey were changed to rock.

But ever and again the earth trembled and the people were troubled. "Let us again seek the Middle," they said. So they traveled far eastward to their second stopping place, the Place of Bare Mountains.

Again the world rumbled, and they traveled into a country to a place called Where-tree-boles-stand-in-the-midst-of-waters. There they remained long, saying, "This is the Middle." They built homes there. At times they met people who had gone before, and thus they learned war. And many strange things happened there, as told in speeches of the ancient talk.

Then when the earth groaned again, the Twain bade them go forth, and they murmured. Many refused and perished miserably in their own homes, as do rats in falling trees, or flies in forbidden food.

But the greater number went forward until they came to Steam-mist-in-the-midst-of-waters. And they saw the smoke of men's hearth fires and many houses scattered over the hills before them. When they came nearer, they challenged the people rudely, demanding who they were and why there, for in their last standing-place they had had touch of war.

"We are the People of the Seed," said the men of the hearth-fires, "born elder brothers of ye, and led of the gods."

"No," said our fathers, "we are led of the gods and we are the Seed People . . ."

Long lived the people in the town on the sunrise slope of the mountains of Kahluelawan, until the earth began to groan warningly again. Loath were they to leave the place of the Kaka and the lake of their dead. But the rumbling grew louder and the Twain Beloved called, and all together they journeyed eastward, seeking once more the Place of the Middle. But they grumbled amongst themselves, so when they came to a place of great promise, they said, "Let us stay here. Perhaps it may be the Place of the Middle."

So they built houses there, larger and stronger than ever before, and more perfect, for they were strong in numbers and wiser, though yet unperfected as men. They called the place "The Place of Sacred Stealing."

Long they dwelt there, happily, but growing wiser and stronger, so that, with their tails and dressed in the skins of animals, they saw they were rude and ugly.

In chase or in war, they were at a disadvantage, for they met older nations of men with whom they fought. No longer they feared the gods and monsters, but only their own kind. So therefore the gods called a council.

Changed shall ye be, oh our children, "cried the Twain." Ye shall walk straight in the pathways, clothed in garments, and without tails, that ye may sit more straight in council, and without webs to your feet, or talons on your hands."

So the people were arranged in procession like dancers. And the Twain with their weapons and fires of lightning shored off the forelocks hanging down over their faces, severed the talons, and slit the webbed fingers and toes. Sore was the wounding and loud cried the foolish, when lastly the people were arranged in procession for the razing of their tails.

But those who stood at the end of the line, shrinking farther and farther, fled in their terror, climbing trees and high places, with loud chatter. Wandering far, sleeping ever in tree tops, in the far-away Summerland, they are sometimes seen of far-walkers, long of tail and long handed, like wizened men-children.

But the people grew in strength, and became more perfect, and more than ever went to war. They grew vain. They had reached the Place of the Middle. They said, "Let us not wearily wander forth again even though the earth tremble and the Twain bid us forth."

And even as they spoke, the mountain trembled and shook, though far-sounding.

But as the people changed, changed also were the Twain, small and misshapen, hard-favored and unyielding of will, strong of spirit, evil and bad. They taught the people to war, and led them far to the eastward.

At last the people neared, in the midst of the plains to the eastward, great towns built in the heights. Great were the fields and possessions of this people, for they knew how to command and carry the waters, bringing new soil. And this, too, without hail or rain. So our ancients, hungry with long wandering for new food, were the more greedy and often gave battle.

It was here that the Ancient Woman of the Elder People, who carried her heart in her rattle and was deathless of wounds in the body, led the enemy, crying out shrilly. So it fell out ill for our fathers. For, moreover, thunder raged and confused their warriors, rain descended and blinded them, stretching their bow strings of sinew and quenching the flight of their arrows as the flight of bees is quenched by the sprinkling plume of the honey-hunter. But they devised bow strings of yucca and the Two Little Ones sought counsel of the Sun-father who revealed the life-secret of the Ancient Woman and the magic powers over the under-fires of the dwellers of the mountains, so that our enemy in the mountain town was overmastered. And because our people found in that great town some hidden deep in the cellars, and pulled them out as rats are pulled from a hollow cedar, and found them blackened by the fumes of their war magic, yet wiser than the common people, they spared them and received them into their next of kin of the Black Corn. . . .

But the tremblings and warnings still sounded, and the people searched for the stable Middle.

Now they called a great council of men and the beasts, birds, and insects of all kinds. After a long council it was said,
"Where is Water-skate? He has six legs, all very long. Perhaps he can feel with them to the uttermost of the six regions, and point out the very Middle."

So Water-skate was summoned. But lo! It was the Sun-father in his likeness which appeared. And he lifted himself to the zenith and extended his fingerfeet to all the six regions, so that they touched the north, the great waters; the west, and the south, and the east, the great waters; and to the northeast the waters above. and to the southwest the waters below. But to the north his finger foot grew cold, so he drew it in.

Then gradually he settled down upon the earth and said, "Where my heart rests, mark a spot, and build a town of the Mid-most, for there shall be the Mid-most Place of the Earth-mother."

And his heart rested over the middle of the plain and valley of Zuni. And when he drew in his finger-legs, lo! there were the trail-roads leading out and in like stays of a spider's nest, into and from the mid-most place he had covered.

Here because of their good fortune in finding the stable Middle, the priest father called the town the Abiding-place-of-happy-fortune.

The Beginning of Newness

A Zuni Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Before the beginning of the New-making, the All-father Father alone had being. Through ages there was nothing else except black darkness.

In the beginning of the New-making, the All-father Father thought outward in space, and mists were created and up-lifted. Thus through his knowledge he made himself the Sun who was thus created and is the great Father. The dark spaces brightened with light. The cloud mists thickened and became water.

From his flesh, the Sun-father created the Seed-stuff of worlds, and he himself rested upon the waters. And these two, the Four-fold-containing Earth-mother and the All-covering Sky-father, the surpassing beings, with power of changing their forms even as smoke changes in the wind, were the father and mother of the soul beings.

Then as man and woman spoke these two together. "Behold!" said Earth-mother, as a great terraced bowl appeared at hand, and within it water, "This shall be the home of my tiny children. On the rim of each world-country in which they wander, terraced mountains shall stand, making in one region many mountains by which one country shall be known from another."

Then she spat on the water and struck it and stirred it with her fingers. Foam gathered about the terraced rim, mounting higher and higher. Then with her warm breath she blew across the terraces. White flecks of foam broke away and floated over the water. But the cold breath of Sky-father shattered the foam and it fell downward in fine mist and spray.

Then Earth-mother spoke:

"Even so shall white clouds float up from the great waters at the borders of the world, and clustering about the mountain terraces of the horizon, shall be broken and hardened by thy cold. Then will they shed downward, in rain-spray, the water of life, even into the hollow places of my lap. For in my lap shall nestle our children, man-kind and creature-kind, for warmth in thy coldness."

So even now the trees on high mountains near the clouds and Sky-father, crouch low toward Earth mother for warmth and protection. Warm is Earth-mother, cold our Sky-father.

Then Sky-father said, "Even so. Yet I, too, will be helpful to our children." Then he spread his hand out with the palm downward and into all the wrinkles of his hand he set the semblance of shining yellow corn-grains; in the dark of the early world-dawn they gleamed like sparks of fire.

"See," he said, pointing to the seven grains between his thumb and four fingers, "our children shall be guided by these when the Sun-father is not near and thy terraces are as darkness itself. Then shall our children be guided by lights." So Sky-father created

the stars. Then he said, "And even as these grains gleam up from the water, so shall seed grain like them spring up from the earth when touched by water, to nourish our children." And thus they created the seed-corn. And in many other ways they devised for their children, the soul-beings.

But the first children, in a cave of the earth, were unfinished. The cave was of sooty blackness, black as a chimney at night time, and foul. Loud became their murmurings and lamentations, until many sought to escape, growing wiser and more man-like.

But the earth was not then as we now see it. Then Sun-father sent down two sons (sons also of the Foam-cap), the Beloved Twain, Twin Brothers of Light, yet Elder and Younger, the Right and the Left, like to question and answer in deciding and doing. To them the Sun-father imparted his own wisdom.

He gave them the great cloud-bow, and for arrows the thunderbolts of the four quarters. For buckler, they had the fog-making shield, spun and woven of the floating clouds and spray. The shield supports its bearer, as clouds are supported by the wind, yet hides its bearer also. And he gave to them the fathership and control of men and of all creatures.

Then the Beloved Twain, with their great cloud-bow lifted the Sky-father into the vault of the skies, that the earth might become warm and fitter for men and creatures. Then along the sun-seeking trail, they sped to the mountains westward. With magic knives they spread open the depths of the mountain and uncovered the cave in which dwelt the unfinished men and creatures. So they dwelt with men, learning to know them, and seeking to lead them out.

Now there were growing things in the depths, like grasses and vines. So the Beloved Twain breathed on the stems, growing tall toward the light as grass is wont to do, making them stronger, and twisting them upward until they formed a great ladder by which men and creatures ascended to a second cave.

Up the ladder into the second cave-world, men and the beings crowded, following closely the Two Little but Mighty Ones. Yet many fell back and were lost in the darkness. They peopled the under-world from which they escaped in after time, amid terrible earth shakings.

In this second cave it was as dark as the night of a stormy season, but larger of space and higher. Here again men and the beings increased, and their complainings grew loud. So the Twain again increased the growth of the ladder, and again led men upward, not all at once, but in six bands, to become the fathers of the six kinds of men, the yellow, the tawny gray, the red, the white, the black, and the mingled. And this time also many were lost or left behind.

Now the third great cave was larger and lighter, like a valley in starlight. And again they increased in number. And again the Two led them out into a fourth cave.

Here it was light like dawning, and men began to perceive and to learn variously, according to their natures, wherefore the Twain taught them first to seek the Sun-father.

Then as the last cave became filled and men learned to understand, the Two led them forth again into the great upper world, which is the World of Knowing Seeing.

The Origin of the Society of Rattlesnakes

A Zuni Legend

Frank Hamilton Cushing, Zuni Folk Tales, 1901

In very ancient times, there lived at Tâ'ia,' below the Zuñi Mountains, an old shíwani or priest-chief, who had a young son named Héasailuhtiwa ("Metal-hand"), famed throughout the land of the Zuñis for his success in hunting.

When very young, this lad had said to his parents: "My old ones, let me go away from the home of my fathers and dwell by myself."

"Why do you, a young boy, wish to go and dwell by yourself, my son? Know you not that you would fare but badly, for you are careless and forgetful? No, no! remain with us, that we may care for you."

But the boy answered: "Why should I fare badly? Can I not hunt my own game and roast the meat over the fire? It is because you never care to have me go forth alone that I wish to live by myself, for I long to travel far and hunt deer in the mountains of many countries: yet whenever I start forth you call me back, and it is painful to my longing thoughts thus to be held back when I would go forward."

It was not until the lad had spoken thus again and again, and once more, that the parents sadly yielded to his wish. They insisted, however, much to the boy's displeasure, that his younger sister, Waíasialuhtitsa, should go with him, only to look after his house, and to remind him here and there, at times, of his forgetfulness.

So the brother and sister chose the lofty rooms of a high house in the upper part of the pueblo and lived there.

The boy each day went out hunting and failed not each time to bring in slain animals, while the sister cooked for him and looked after the house. Yet, although the boy was a great hunter, he never sacrificed to the Deer he had slain, nor to the Gods of Prey who delight in aiding the hunter who renews them; for the lad was forgetful and careless of all things.

One day he went forth over the mountain toward the north, until he came to the Waters of the Bear. There he started up a huge Buck, and, finding the trail, followed it far toward the northward. Yet, although swift of foot, the youth could not overtake the running Deer, and thus it happened that he went on and on, past mesas, valleys, and mountains, until he came to the brink of a great river which flows westward from the north.

On the banks of this great river grew forests of cottonwood, and into the thickets of these forests led the trail, straight toward the river bank. just as the young man was about to follow the track to the bank, he thought he saw under a large tree in the midst of the thickets the form of the Deer, so, bending very low, he ran around close to the bank, and came up between the river and the thicket.

As he guardedly approached the tree, his eyes now following the track, now glancing up, he discovered a richly dressed, handsome young man, who called out to him: "How art thou these days, and whither art thou going?"

The young man straightened up, and quickly drawing his breath, replied: "I am hunting a Deer whose tracks I have followed all the way from the Waters of the Bear."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the stranger, "and where has thy Deer gone?"

"I know not," replied the youth, "for here are his tracks." Then he observed that they led to the place where the stranger was sitting, and the latter at the same time remarked:

"I am the Deer, and it was as I would have it that I enticed thee hither."

"Hai-i!" exclaimed the young man.

"Aye," continued the stranger. "Alas! alas! thou forgetful one! Thou hast day after day chased my children over the plains and slain them; thou hast made thyself happy of their flesh, and of their flesh added unto thine own meat and that of thy kindred; but, alas! thou hast been forgetful and careless, and not once hast thou given unto their souls the comfort of that which they yearn for and need. Yet hast thou had good fortune in the chase. At last the Sun-father has listened to the supplications of my children and commanded that I bring thee here, and here have I brought thee. Listen! The Sun-father commands that thou shalt visit him in his house at the western end of the world, and these are his instructions."

"Indeed! Well, I suppose it must be, and it is well!" exclaimed the young man.

"And," continued the Deer-being, "thou must hasten home and call thy father. Tell him to summon his Pithlan Shíwani (Priest of the Bow, or Warrior) and command him that he shall instruct his children to repair to the rooms of sacred things and prepare plumed prayer-sticks for the Sun-father, the Moon-mother, and the Great Ocean, and red plumes of sacrifice for the Beings of Prey; that fully they must prepare everything, for thou, their child and father, shalt visit the home of the Sun-father, and in payment for thy forgetfulness and carelessness shalt render him, and the Moon-mother, and the Beings of the Great Ocean, plumes of sacrifice. "

"Hasten home, and tell thy father these things. Then tell thy sister to prepare sweetened meal of parched corn to serve as the food of thy journey, and pollen of the flowers of corn; and ask thy mother to prepare great quantities of new cotton, and, making all these things into bundles, thou must summon some of thy relatives, and come to this tree on the fourth day from this day."

"Make haste, for thou art swift of foot, and tell all these things to thy father; he, will understand thee, for is he not a priest-chief? Hast thou knives of flint?"

"Yes," said the young man, "my father has many."

"Select from them two," said the Deer-being--"a large one and a smaller one; and when

thou hast returned to this place, cut down with the larger knife yonder great tree, and with the smaller knife hollow it out. Leave the large end entire, and for the smaller end thou must make a round door, and around the inside of the smaller end cut a notch that shall be like a terrace toward the outside, but shall slope from within that thou mayest close it from the inside with the round door; then pad the inside with cotton, and make in the bottom a padding thicker than the rest; but leave space that thou mayest lie thy length, or sit up and eat."

"And in the top cut a hole larger inside than out, that thou mayest close it from the inside with a plug of wood. Then when thou hast placed the sweetened meal of parched corn inside, and the plumed prayer-sticks and the sacred pollen of corn-flowers, then enter thyself and close the door in the end and the hole in the top that thy people may roll thee into the river. Thou wilt meet strange beings on thy way. Choose from amongst them whom thou shalt have as a companion, and proceed, as thy companion shall direct, to the great mountain where the Sun enters. Haste and tell thy father these things." And ere the youth could say, "Be it well," and, "I will," the Deer-being had vanished, and he lifted up his face and started swiftly for the home of his fathers.

At sunset the sister looked forth from her high house-top, but nowhere could she see her brother coming. She turned at last to enter, thinking and saying to her breast: "Alas! what did we not think and guess of his carelessness." But just as the country was growing dim in the darkness, the young man ran breathlessly in, and, greeting his sister, sat down in the doorway.

The sister wondered that he had no deer or other game, but placed a meal before him, and, when he had done, herself ate. But the young man remained silent until she had finished, then he said: "Younger sister, I am weary and would sit here; do you go and call father, for I would speak to him of many things."

So the sister cleared away the food and ran to summon the father. Soon she returned with the old man, who, sighing, "Ha hua!" from the effort of climbing, greeted his son and sat down, looking all about the room for the fresh deer-meat; but, seeing none, he asked: "What and wherefore hast thou summoned me, my son?"

"It is this," replied the son, and he related all that had been told him by the Deer-being, describing the magnificent dress, the turquoise and shell ear-rings, necklaces, and wristlets of the handsome stranger.

"Certainly," replied the father. "It is well; for as the Sun-father hath directed the Deer-being, thus must it be done."

Then he forthwith went away and commanded his Priest of the Bow, who, mounting to the topmost house, directed the elders and priests of the tribe, saying:

Ye, our children, listen!
Ye I will this day inform,
Our child, our father,
He of the strong hand,
He who so hunts the Deer,
Goes unto the Sunset world,

Goes, our Sun-father to greet
Gather at the sacred houses,
Bring thy prayer-sticks, twines, and feathers,
And prepare for him,
For the Sun-father,
For the Moon-mother,
For the Great Ocean,
For the Prey-beings, plumes and treasures.
Hasten, hasten, ye our children, in the morning!"

So the people gathered in the kiwetsiwe and sacred houses next morning and began to make prayer-plumes, while the sister of the young man and her relatives made sweet parched cornmeal and gathered pollen. Toward evening all was completed. The young man summoned his relatives, and chose his four uncles to accompany him. Then he spread enough cotton-wool out to cover the floor, and, gathering it up, made it into a small bundle. The sweet meal filled a large sack of buckskin, and he took also a little sack of sacred red paint and the black warrior paint with little shining particles in it. Then he bade farewell to his lamenting people and rested for the evening journey.

Next morning, escorted by priests, the young man, arrayed in garments of embroidered white cotton and carrying his plumes in his arms, started out of the town, and, accompanied only by his four uncles, set out over the mountains. On the third day they reached the forest on the bank of the great river and encamped.

Then the young man left the camp of his uncles and went alone into the forest, and, choosing the greatest tree he could find, hacked midway through it with his great flint knife. The next day he cut the other half and felled it, when he found it partly hollow. So with his little knife he began to cut it as he had been directed, and made the round door for it and the hole through the top. With his bundle of cotton he padded it everywhere inside until it was thickly coated and soft, and he made a bed on the bottom as thick as himself.

When all was ready and he had placed his food and plumes inside, he called his uncles and showed them the hollow log. "In this," said he, "I am to journey to the western home of our Sun-father. When I have entered and closed the round door tightly and put the plug into the upper hole securely, do ye, never thinking of me, roll the log over and over to the high brink of the river, and, never regarding consequences, push it into the water." Then it was that the uncles all lamented and tried to dissuade him; but he persisted, and they bade him "Go," as forever, "for," said they, "could one think of journeying even to the end of the earth and across the waters that embrace the world without perishing?"

Then, hastily embracing each of them, the young man entered his log, and, securely fastening the door from the inside, and the plug, called out (they heard but faintly), "Kesi!" which means "All is ready."

Sorrowfully and gently they rolled the log over and over to the high river bank, and, hesitating a moment, pushed it off with anxious eyes and closed mouths into the river. Eagerly they watched it as it tumbled end-over-end and down into the water with a great splash, and disappeared under the waves, which rolled one after another across to the

opposite banks of the river. But for a long time they saw nothing of it. After a while, far off, speeding on toward the Western Waters of the World, they saw the log rocking along on the rushing waters until it passed out of sight, and they sadly turned toward their homes under the Mountains of the South.

When the log had ceased rocking and plunging, the young man cautiously drew out the plug, and, finding that no water flowed in, peered out. A ray of sunlight slanted in, and by that he knew it was not yet midday, and he could see a round piece of sky and clouds through the hole. By-and-by the ray of sunlight came straight down, and then after a while slanted the other way, and finally toward evening it ceased to shine in, and then the youth took out some of his meal and ate his supper.

When after a while he could see the stars, and later the Hanging Lines [the sword-belt of Orion], he knew it was time to rest, so he lay down to sleep.

Thus, day after day, he travelled until he knew he was out on the Great Waters of the World, for no longer did his log strike against anything or whirl around, nor could he see, through the chink, leaves of overhanging trees, nor rocks and banks of earth. On the tenth morning, when he looked up through the hole, he saw that the clouds did not move, and wondering at this, kicked at his log, but it would not move. Then he peered out as far as he could and saw rocks and trees. When he tried to rock his log, it remained firm, so he determined to open the door at the end.

Now, in reality, his log had been cast high up on the shore of a great mountain that rose out of the waters; and this mountain was the home of the Rattlesnakes. A Rattlesnake maiden was roaming along the shore just as the young man was about to open the door of his log. She espied the curious vessel, and said to herself in thought: "What may this be? Ah, yes, and who? Ah, yes, the mortal who was to come; it must be he!" Whereupon she hastened to the shore and tapped on the log.

"Art thou come?" she asked.

"Aye," replied the youth. "Who may you be, and where am I?"

"You are landed on the Island of the Rattlesnakes, and I am one of them. The other side of the mountain here is where our village is. Come out and go with me, for my old ones have expected you long."

"Is it dry, surely?" asked the young man.

"Why, yes! Here you are high above the waters."

Thereupon the young man opened from the inside his door, and peered out. Surely enough, there he was high among the rocks and sands. Then he looked at the Rattlesnake maiden, and scarcely believed she was what she called herself, for she was a most beautiful young woman, and like a daughter of men. Yet around her waist--she was dressed in cotton mantles--was girt a rattlesnake-skin which was open at the breast and on the crown of the head.

"Come with me," said the maiden; and she led the way over the mountain and across to a deep valley, where terrible Serpents writhed and gleamed in the sunlight so thickly that they seemed, with their hissing and rattling, like a dry mat shaken by the wind. The youth drew back in horror, but the maiden said: "Fear not; they will neither harm you nor frighten you more, for they are my people."

Whereupon she commanded them to fall back and make a pathway for the young man and herself; and they tamely obeyed her commands. Through the opening thus made they passed down to a cavern, on entering which they found a great room. There were great numbers of Rattlesnake people, old and young, gathered in council, for they knew of the coming of the young man. Around the walls of their houses were many pegs and racks with serpent skins hanging on them--skins like the one the young girl wore as a girdle. The elders arose and greeted the youth, saying: "Our child and our father, comest thou, comest thou happily these many days?"

"Aye, happily," replied the youth.

And after a feast of strange food had been placed before the young man, and he had eaten a little, the elders said to him: "Knowest thou whither thou goest, that the way is long and fearful, and to mortals unknown, and that it will be but to meet with poverty that thou journeyest alone? Therefore have we assembled to await thy coming and in order that thou shouldst journey precious, we have decided to ask thee to choose from amongst us whom thou shalt have for a companion."

"It is well, my fathers," said the young man, and, casting his eyes about the council to find which face should be kindest to him, he chose the maiden, and said: "Let it be this one, for she found me and loved me in that she gently and without fear brought me into your presence."

And the girl said: "It is well, and I will go."

Instantly the grave and dignified elders, the happy-faced youths and maidens, the kind-eyed matrons, all reached up for their serpent skins, and, passing them over their persons,--lo! in the time of the telling of it, the whole place was filled with writhing and hissing Serpents and the din of their rattles. In horror the young man stood against the wall like a hollow stalk, and the Serpent maiden, going to each of the members of the council, extracted from each a single fang, which she wrapped together in a piece of fabric, until she had a great bundle.

Then she passed her hand over her person, and lo! she became a beautiful human maiden again, holding in her hand a rattlesnake skin. Then taking up the bundle of fangs, she said to the young man: "Come, for I know the way and will guide you,"--and the young man followed her to the shore where his log lay.

"Now," said she, "wait while I fix this log anew, that it may be well," and she bored many little holes all over the log, and into these holes she inserted the crooked fangs, so that they all stood slanting toward the rear, like the spines on the back of a porcupine.

When she had done this, she said: "First I will enter, for there may not be room for two,

and in order that I may make myself like the space I enter, I will lay on my dress again. Do you, when I have entered, enter also, and with your feet kick the log down to the shore waters, when you must quickly close the door and the waters will take us abroad upon themselves."

In an instant she had passed into her serpent form again and crawled into the log. The young man did as he was bidden, and as he closed the door a wave bore them gently out upon the waters. Then, as the young man turned to look upon his companion coiled so near him, he drew back in horror.

"Why do you fear?" asked the Rattlesnake.

"I know not, but I fear you; perhaps, though you speak gently, you will, when I sleep, bite me and devour my flesh, and it is with thoughts of this that I have fear."

"Ah, no!" replied the maiden, "but, that you may not fear, I will change myself." And so saying, she took off her skin, and, opening the upper part of the door, hung the skin on the fangs outside.

Finally, toward noon-time, the youth prepared his meal food, and placing some before the maiden, asked her to eat.

"Ah, no! alas, I know not the food of mortals. Have you not with you the yellow dust of the corn-flower?"

"Aye, that I have," said the young man, and producing a bag, opened it and asked the girl: "How shall I feed it to you?"

"Scatter it upon the cotton, and by my knowledge I will gather it."

Then the young man scattered a great quantity on the cotton, wondering how the girl would gather it up. But the maiden opened the door, and taking down the skin changed herself to a serpent, and passing to and fro over the pollen, received it all within her scales. Then she resumed her human form again and hung the skin up as before.

Thus they floated until they came to the great forks of the Mighty Waters of the World, and their floating log was guided into the southern branch. And on they floated toward the westward for four months from the time when the uncles had thrown him into the river.

One day the maiden said to the youth: "We are nearing our journey's end, and, as I know the way, I will guide you. Hold yourself hard and ready, for the waters will cast our house high upon the shores of the mountain wherein the Sun enters, and these shores are inaccessible because so smooth."

Then the log was cast high above the slippery bank, and when the waters receded there it remained, for the fangs grappled it fast.

Then said the maiden: "Let us now go out. Fear not for your craft, for the fangs will hold

it fast; it matters little how high the waves may roll, or how steep and slippery the bank."

Then, taking in his arms the sacred plumes which his people had prepared for him, he followed the girl far up to the doorway in the Mountain of the Sea. Out of it grew a great ladder of giant rushes, by the side of which stood an enormous basket-tray. Very fast approached the Sun, and soon the Sun-father descended the ladder, and the two voyagers followed down. They were gently greeted by a kind old woman, the grandmother of the Sun, and were given seats at one side of a great and wonderfully beautiful room.

Then the Sun-father approached some pegs in the wall and from them suspended his bow and quiver, and his bright sun-shield, and his wonderful travelling dress. Behold! there stood, kindly smiling before the youth and maiden, the most magnificent and gentle of beings in the world--the Sun-father.

Then the Sun-father greeted them, and, turning to a great package which he had brought in, opened it and disclosed thousands of shell beads, red and white, and thousands more of brilliant turquoises.

These he poured into the great tray at the door-side, and gave them to the grandmother, who forthwith began to sort them with great rapidity. But, ere she had done, the Sun-father took them from her; part of them he took out with unerring judgment and cast them abroad into the great waters as we cast sacred prayer-meal. The others he brought below and gave them to the grandmother for safe-keeping.

Then he turned once more to the youth and the maiden, and said to the former: "So thou hast come, my child, even as I commanded. It is well, and I am thankful." Then, in a stern and louder voice, which yet sounded like the voice of a father, he asked: "Hast thou brought with thee that whereby we are made happy with our children?"

And the young man said: "Aye, I have."

"It is well; and if it be well, then shalt thou precious be; for knowest thou not that I recognize the really good from the evil,--even of the thoughts of men,--and that I know the prayer and sacrifice that is meant, from the words and treasures of those who do but lie in addressing them to me, and speak and act as children in a joke? Behold the treasure which I brought with me from the cities of mankind today! Some of them I cherished precious, for they are the gifts to me of good hearts and I treasure them that I may return them in good fortune and blessing to those who gave them."

"But some thou sawest I cast abroad into the great waters that they may again be gathered up and presented to me; for they were the gifts of double and foolish hearts, and as such cannot be treasured by me nor returned unto those who gave them. Bring forth, my child, the plumes and gifts thou hast brought. Thy mother dwelleth in the next room, and when she appeareth in this, thou shalt with thine own hand present to her thy sacrifice."

So the youth, bowing his head, unwrapped his bundle and laid before the Sun-father the plumes he had brought. And the Sun-father took them and breathed upon them and

upon the youth, and said: "Thanks, this day. Thou hast straightened thy crooked thoughts."

And when the beautiful Mother of Men, the Moon-mother--the wife of the Sun-father--appeared, the boy placed before her the plumes he had brought, and she, too, breathed upon them, and said: "Thanks, this day," even as the Sun-father had.

Then the Sun-father turned to the youth and said: "Thou shalt join me in my journey round the world, that thou mayest see the towns and nations of mankind--my children; that thou mayest realize how many are my children. Four days shalt thou join me in my journeyings, and then shalt thou return to the home of thy fathers."

And the young man said: "It is well!" but he turned his eyes to the maiden.

"Fear not, my child," added the Father, "she shall sit preciously in my house until we have returned."

And after they had feasted, the Sun-father again enrobed himself, and the youth he dressed in appearance as he himself was dressed. Then, taking the sun-dress from the wall, he led the way down through the four great apartments of the world, and came out into the Lower Country of the Earth.

Behold! as they entered that great world, it was filled with snow and cold below, and the tracks of men led out over great white plains, and as they passed the cities of these nether countries people strange to see were clearing away the snow from their housetops and doorways.

And so they journeyed to the other House of the Sun, and, passing up through the four great rooms, entered the home of the aunts of the Sun-father; and here, too, the young man presented plumes of prayer and sacrifice to the inmates, and received their thanks and blessings.

Again they started together on their journey; and behold! as they came out into the World of Daylight, the skies below them were filled with the rain of summer-time.

Across the great world they journeyed, and they saw city after city of men, and many tribes of strange peoples. Here they were engaged in wars and in wasting the lives of one another; there they were dying of famine and disease; and more of misery and poverty than of happiness saw the young man among the nations of men. "For," said the Sun-father, "these be, alas! my children, who waste their lives in foolishness, or slay one another in useless anger; yet they are brothers to one another, and I am the father of all."

Thus journeyed they four days; and each evening when they returned to the home where the Sun-father enters, he gave to his grandmother the great package of treasure which his children among men had sacrificed to him, and each day he cast the treasures of the bad and double-hearted into the great waters.

On the fourth day, when they had entered the western home of the Sun-father, said the

latter to the youth: "Thy task is meted out and finished; thou shalt now return unto the home of thy fathers--my children below the mountains of Shíwina. How many days, thinkest thou, shalt thou journey?"

"Many days more than ten," replied the youth with a sigh.

"Ah! no, my child," said the Sun-father. "Listen; thou shalt in one day reach the banks of the river whence thou camest. Listen! Thou shalt take this, my shaft of strong lightning; thou shalt grasp its neck with firm hands, and as thou extendest it, it will stretch out far to thy front and draw thee more swiftly than the arrow's flight through the water. Take with thee this quiver of unerring arrows, and this strong bow, that by their will thou mayest seek life; but forget not thy sacrifices nor that they are to be made with true word and a faithful heart. Take also with thee thy guide and companion, the Rattlesnake maiden. When thou hast arrived at the shore of the country of her people, let go the lightning, and it will land thee high."

"On the morrow I will journey slowly, that ere I be done rising thou mayest reach the home of the maiden. There thou must stop but briefly, for thy fathers, the Rattle-tailed Serpents, will instruct thee, and to their counsel thou must pay strict heed, for thus only will it be well. Thou shalt present to them the plumes of the Prey-beings thou bringest, and when thou hast presented these, thou must continue thy journey. Rest thou until the morrow, and early as the light speed hence toward the home of thy fathers. May all days find ye, children, happy." With this, the Sun-father, scarce listening to the prayers and thanks of the youth and maiden, vanished below.

Thus, when morning approached, the youth and the maiden entered the hollow house and closed it. Scarce did the youth grasp the lightning when, drawn by the bright shaft, the log shot far out into the great waters and was skimming, too fast to be seen, toward the home of the Rattle-tailed Serpents.

And the Sun had but just climbed above the mountains of this world of daylight when the little tube was thrown high above the banks of the great island whither they were journeying.

Then the youth and the maiden again entered the council of the Rattlesnakes, and when they saw the shining black paint on his face they asked that they too might paint their faces like his own; but they painted their cheeks awkwardly, as to this day may be seen; for all rattlesnakes are painted unevenly in the face. Then the young man presented to each the plumes he had brought, and told the elders that he would return with their maiden to the home of his father.

"Be it well, that it may be well," they replied; and they thanked him with delight for the treasure-plumes he had bestowed upon them.

"Go ye happily all days," said the elders. "Listen, child, and father, to our words of advice. But a little while, and thou wilt reach the bank whence thou started. Let go the shaft of lightning, and, behold, the tube thou hast journeyed with will plunge far down into the river. Then shalt thou journey with this our maiden three days. Care not to embrace her, for if thou doest this, it will not be well. journey ye precious, our children,

and may ye be happy one with the other."

So again they entered their hollow log and, before entering, the maiden placed her rattlesnake skin as before on the fangs. With incredible swiftness the lightning drew them up the great surging river to the banks where the cottonwood forests grow, and when the lad pressed the shaft it landed them high among the forest trees above the steep bank. Then the youth pressed the lightning-shaft with all his might, and the log was dashed into the great river.

While yet he gazed at the bounding log, behold! the fangs which the maiden had fixed into it turned to living serpents; hence today, throughout the whole great world, from the Land of Summer to the Waters of Sunset, are found the Rattlesnakes and their children.

Then the young man journeyed with the maiden southward; and on the way, with the bow and arrows the Sun-father had given him, he killed game, that they might have meat to eat. Nor did he forget the commandments of his Sun-father. At night he built a fire in a forest of piñons, and made a bower for the maiden near to it; but she could not sit there, for she feared the fire, and its light pained her eyes. Nor could she eat at first of the food he cooked for her, but only tasted a few mouthfuls of it. Then the young man made a bed for her under the trees, and told her to rest peacefully, for he would guard her through the night.

And thus they journeyed and rested until the fourth day, when at evening they entered the town under the mountains of Shíwina and were happily welcomed by the father, sister, and relatives of the young man. Blessed by the old priest-chief, the youth and the maiden dwelt with the younger sister Waíasialuhtitsa, in the high house of the upper part of the town. And the boy was as before a mighty hunter, and the maiden at last grew used to the food and ways of mortals.

After they had thus lived together for a long time, there were born of the maiden two children, twins.

Wonderful to relate, these children grew to the power of wandering, in a single day and night; and hence, when they appeared suddenly on the housetops and in the plazas, people said to one another:

"Who are these strange people, and whence came they?"--and talked much after the manner of our foolish people. And the other little children in the town beat them and quarrelled with them, as strange children are apt to do with strange children.. And when the twins ran in to their mother, crying and complaining, the poor young woman was saddened; so she said to the father when he returned from hunting in the evening:

"Ah!, 'their father,' it is not well that we remain longer here. No, alas! I must return to the country of my fathers, and take with me these little ones," and, although the father prayed her not, she said only: "It must be," and he was forced to consent.

Then for four days the Rattlesnake woman instructed him in the prayers and chants of her people, and she took him forth and showed him the medicines whereby the bite of her fathers might be assuaged, and how to prepare them. Again and again the young

man urged her not to leave him, saying: "The way is long and filled with dangers. How, alas! will you reach it in safety?"

"Fear not," said she: "go with me only to the shore of the great river, and my fathers will come to meet me and take me home."

Sadly, on the last morning, the father accompanied his wife and children to the forests of the great river. There she said he must not follow but as he embraced them he cried out:

"Ah, alas! my beautiful wife, my beloved children, flesh of my flesh, how shall I not follow ye?"

Then his wife answered: "Fear not, nor trouble thyself with sad thoughts. Whither we go thou canst not follow, for thou eatest cooked food (thou art a mortal); but soon thy fathers and mine will come for thee, and thou wilt follow us, never to return." Then she turned from him with the little children and was seen no more, and the young man silently returned to his home below the mountains of Shíwina.

It happened here and there in time that young men of his tribe were bitten by rattlesnakes; but the young man had only to suck their wounds, and apply his medicines, and sing his incantations and prayers, to cure them. Whenever this happened, he breathed the sacred breath upon them, and enjoined them to secrecy of the rituals and chants he taught them, save only to such as they should choose and teach the practice of their prayers.

Thus he had cured and taught eight, when one day he ascended the mountains for wood. There, alone in the forest, he was met and bitten by his fathers. Although he slowly and painfully crawled home, long ere he reached his town he was so swollen that the eight whom he had instructed tried in vain to cure him, and, bidding them cherish as a precious gift the knowledge of his beloved wife, he died.

Immediately his fathers met his breath and being and took them to the home of the Maiden of the Rattlesnakes and of his lost children. Need we ask why he was not cured by his disciples?

Thus it was in the days of the ancients, and hence today we have fathers amongst us to whom the dread bite of the rattlesnake need cause no sad thoughts,--the Tchi Kialikwe (Society of the Rattlesnakes).

Thus much and thus shortened is my story.

Origin of the Raven and the Macaw

A Zuni Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

The priest who was named Yanauluha carried ever in his hand a staff which now in the daylight was plumed and covered with feathers - yellow, blue-green, red, white, black, and varied. Attached to it were shells, which made a song-like tinkle. The people when they saw it stretched out their hands and asked many questions.

Then the priest balanced it in his hand, and struck with it a hard place, and blew upon it. Amid the plumes appeared four round things-mere eggs they were. Two were blue like the sky and two dun-red like the flesh of the Earth-mother.

Then the people asked many questions; "These," said the priests, "are the seed of living beings. Choose which ye will follow. From two eggs shall come beings of beautiful plumage, colored like the grass and fruits of summer. Where they fly and ye follow, shall always be summer. Without toil, fields of food shall flourish. And from the other two eggs shall come evil beings, piebald, with white, without colors. And where these two shall fly and ye shall follow, winter strives with summer. Only by labor shall the fields yield fruit, and your children and theirs shall strive for the fruits. Which do ye choose?"

"The blue! The blue!" cried the people, and those who were strongest carried off the blue eggs, leaving the red eggs to those who waited. They laid the blue eggs with much gentleness in soft sand on the sunny side of a hill, watching day by day. They were precious of color; surely they would be the precious birds of the Summer-land. Then the eggs cracked and the birds came out, with open eyes and pin feathers under their skins.

"We chose wisely," said the people. "Yellow and blue, red and green, are their dresses, even seen through their skins." So they fed them freely of all the foods which men favor. Thus they taught them to eat all desirable food. But when the feathers appeared, they were black with white bandings. They were ravens. And they flew away croaking hoarse laughs and mocking our fathers.

But the other eggs became beautiful macaws, and were wafted by a toss of the priest's wand to the faraway Summer-land.

So those who had chosen the raven, became the Raven People. They were the Winter People and they were many and strong. But those who had chosen the macaw, became the Macaw People. They were the Summer People, and few in number, and less strong, but they were wiser because they were more deliberate. The priest Yanauluha, being wise, became their father, even as the Sun-father is among the little moons of the sky. He and his sisters were the ancestors of the priest-keepers of things.

The Search for the Corn Maidens

A Zuni Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

The people in their trouble called the two Master-Priests and said: "Who, now, think ye, should journey to seek our precious Maidens? Bethink ye! Who amongst the Beings is even as ye are, strong of will and good of eyes?"

Then they added, "There is our great elder brother and father, Eagle, he of the floating down and of the terraced tail-fan. Surely he is enduring of will and surpassing of sight."

"Yea. Most surely," said the fathers. "Go ye forth and beseech him."

Then the two sped north to Twin Mountain, where in a grotto high up among the crags, with his mate and his young, dwelt the Eagle of the White Bonnet.

They climbed the mountain, but behold! Only the eaglets were there. They screamed lustily and tried to hide themselves in the dark recesses. "Pull not our feathers, ye of hurtful touch, but wait. When we are older we will drop them for you even from the clouds."

"Hush," said the warriors. "Wait in peace. We seek not ye but thy father."

Then from afar, with a frown, came old Eagle. "Why disturb ye my featherlings?" he cried.

"Behold! Father and elder brother, we come seeking only the light of thy favor. Listen!"

Then they told him of the lost Maidens of the Corn, and begged him to search for them.

"Be it well with thy wishes," said Eagle. "Go ye before contentedly."

So the warriors returned to the council. But Eagle winged his way high into the sky. High, high, he rose, until he circled among the clouds, small-seeming and swift, like seed-down in a whirlwind. Through all the heights, to the north, to the west, to the south, and to the east, he circled and sailed. Yet nowhere saw he trace of the Corn Maidens.

Then he flew lower, returning. Before the warriors were rested, people heard the roar of his wings. As he alighted, the fathers said, "Enter thou and sit, oh brother, and say to us what thou hast to say." And they offered him the cigarette of the space relations.

When they had puffed the smoke toward the four points of the compass, and Eagle had purified his breath with smoke, and had blown smoke over sacred things, he spoke.

"Far have I journeyed, scanning all the regions. Neither bluebird nor woodrat can hide from my seeing," he said, snapping his beak. "Neither of them, unless they hide under bushes. Yet I have failed to see anything of the Maidens ye seek for. Send for my

younger brother, the Falcon. Strong of flight is he, yet not so strong as I, and nearer the ground he takes his way ere sunrise."

Then the Eagle spread his wings and flew away to Twin Mountain. The Warrior-Priests of the Bow sped again fleetly over the plain to the westward for his younger brother, Falcon.

Sitting on an ant hill, so the warriors found Falcon. He paused as they approached, crying, "If ye have snare strings, I will be off like the flight of an arrow well plumed of our feathers! "

"No," said the priests. "Thy elder brother hath bidden us seek thee."

Then they told Falcon what had happened, and how Eagle had failed to find the Corn Maidens, so white and beautiful.

"Failed!" said Falcon. "Of course he failed. He climbs aloft to the clouds and thinks he can see under every bush and into every shadow, as sees the Sunfather who sees not with eyes. Go ye before."

Before the Warrior-Priests had turned toward the town, the Falcon had spread his sharp wings and was skimming off over the tops of the trees and bushes as though verily seeking for field mice or birds' nests. And the Warriors returned to tell the fathers and to await his coming.

But after Falcon had searched over the world, to the north and west, to the east and south, he too returned and was received as had been Eagle. He settled on the edge of a tray before the altar, as on the ant hill he settles today. When he had smoked and had been smoked, as had been Eagle, he told the sorrowing fathers and mothers that he had looked behind every copse and cliff shadow, but of the Maidens he had found no trace.

"They are hidden more closely than ever sparrow hid," he said. Then he, too, flew away to his hills in the west.

"Our beautiful Maiden Mothers," cried the matrons. "Lost, lost as the dead are they!"

"Yes," said the others. "Where now shall we seek them? The far-seeing Eagle and the close-searching Falcon alike have failed to find them."

"Stay now your feet with patience," said the fathers. Some of them had heard Raven, who sought food in the refuse and dirt at the edge of town, at daybreak.

"Look now," they said. "There is Heavy-nose, whose beak never fails to find the substance of seed itself, however little or well hidden it be. He surely must know of the Corn Maidens. Let us call him."

So the warriors went to the river side. When they found Raven, they raised their hands, all weaponless.

"We carry no pricking quills," they called. "Blackbanded father, we seek your aid. Look now! The Mother-maidens of Seed whose substance is the food alike of thy people and our people, have fled away. Neither our grandfather the Eagle, nor his younger brother the Falcon, can trace them. We beg you to aid us or counsel us."

"Ka! ka!" cried the Raven. "Too hungry am I to go abroad fasting on business for ye. Ye are stingy! Here have I been since perching time, trying to find a throatful, but ye pick thy bones and lick thy bowls too clean for that, be sure."

"Come in, then, poor grandfather. We will give thee food to eat. Yea, and a cigarette to smoke, with all the ceremony."

"Say ye so?" said the Raven. He ruffled his collar and opened his mouth so wide with a lusty kaw-la-ka- that he might well have swallowed his own head. "Go ye before," he said, and followed them into the court of the dancers.

He was not ill to look upon. Upon his shoulders were bands of white cotton, and his back was blue, gleaming like the hair of a maiden dancer in the sunlight. The Master-Priest greeted Raven, bidding him sit and smoke.

"Ha! There is corn in this, else why the stalk of it?" said the Raven, when he took the cane cigarette of the far spaces and noticed the joint of it. Then he did as he had seen the Master-Priest do, only more greedily.

He sucked in such a throatful of the smoke, fire and all, that it almost strangled him. He coughed and grew giddy, and the smoke all hot and stinging went through every part of him. It filled all his feathers, making even his brown eyes bluer and blacker, in rings. It is

not to be wondered at, the blueness of flesh, blackness of dress, and skinniness, yes, and tearfulness of eye which we see in the Raven to-day. And they are all as greedy of corn food as ever, for behold! No sooner had the old Raven recovered than he espied one of the ears of corn half hidden under the mantle-covers of the trays.

He leaped from his place laughing. They always laugh when they find anything, these ravens. Then he caught up the ear of corn and made off with it over the heads of the people and the tops of the houses, crying.

"Ha! ha! In this wise and in no other will ye find thy Seed Maidens."

But after a while he came back, saying, "A sharp eye have I for the flesh of the Maidens. But who might see their breathing-beings, ye dolts, except by the help of the Father of Dawn-Mist himself, whose breath makes breath of others seem as itself." Then he flew away cawing.

Then the elders said to each other, "It is our fault, so how dare we prevail on our father Paiyatuma to aid us? He warned us of this in the old time."

Suddenly, for the sun was rising, they heard Paiyatuma in his daylight mood and transformation. Thoughtless and loud, uncouth in speech, he walked along the outskirts

of the village. He joked fearlessly even of fearful things, for all his words and deeds were the reverse of his sacred being. He sat down on a heap of vile refuse, saying he would have a feast.

"My poor little children," he said. But he spoke to aged priests and white-haired matrons.

"Good-night to you all," he said, though it was in full dawning. So he perplexed them with his speeches.

"We beseech thy favor, oh father, and thy aid, in finding our beautiful Maidens." So the priests mourned.

"Oh, that is all, is it? But why find that which is not lost, or summon those who will not come?"

Then he reproached them for not preparing the sacred plumes, and picked up the very plumes he had said were not there.

Then the wise Pekwinna, the Speaker of the Sun, took two plumes and the banded wing-tips of the turkey, and approaching Paiyatuma stroked him with the tips of the feathers and then laid the feathers upon his lips.

. . .

Then Paiyatuma became aged and grand and straight, as is a tall tree shorn by lightning. He said to the father:

"Thou are wise of thought and good of heart. Therefore I will summon from Summer-land the beautiful Maidens that ye may look upon them once more and make offering of plumes in sacrifice for them, but they are lost as dwellers amongst ye."

Then he told them of the song lines and the sacred speeches and of the offering of the sacred plume wands, and then turned him about and sped away so fleetly that none saw him.

Beyond the first valley of the high plain to the southward Paiyatuma planted the four plume wands. First he planted the yellow, bending over it and watching it. When it ceased to flutter, the soft down on it leaned northward but moved not. Then he set the blue wand and watched it; then the white wand. The eagle down on them leaned to right and left and still northward, yet moved not.

Then farther on he planted the red wand, and bending low, without breathing, watched it closely. The soft down plumes began to wave as though blown by the breath of some small creature. Backward and forward, northward and southward they swayed, as if in time to the breath of one resting.

"'T is the breath of my Maidens in Summer-land, for the plumes of the southland sway soft to their gentle breathing. So shall it ever be. When I set the down of my mists on the plains and scatter my bright beads in the northland(7), summer shall go thither from afar, borne on the breath of the Seed Maidens. Where they breathe, warmth, showers, and

fertility shall follow with the birds of Summer-land, and the butterflies, northward over the world."

Then Paiyatuma arose and sped by the magic of his knowledge into the countries of Summer-land, - fled swiftly and silently as the soft breath he sought for, bearing his painted flute before him. And when he paused to rest, he played on his painted flute and the butterflies and birds sought him. So he sent them to seek the Maidens, following swiftly, and long before he found them he greeted them with the music of his songsound, even as the People of the Seed now greet them in the song of the dancers.

When the Maidens heard his music and saw his tall form in their great fields of corn, they plucked ears, each of her own kind, and with them filled their colored trays and over all spread embroidered mantles, - embroidered in all the bright colors and with the creature-songs of Summer-land. So they sallied forth to meet him and welcome him. Then he greeted them, each with the touch of his hands and the breath of his flute, and bade them follow him to the northland home of their deserted children.

So by the magic of their knowledge they sped back as the stars speed over the world at night time, toward the home of our ancients. Only at night and dawn they journeyed, as the dead do, and the stars also. So they came at evening in the full of the last moon to the Place of the Middle, bearing their trays of seed.

Glorious was Paiyatuma, as he walked into the courts of the dancers in the dusk of the evening and stood with folded arms at the foot of the bow-fringed ladder of priestly council, he and his follower Shutsukya. He was tall and beautiful and banded with his own mists, and carried the banded wings of the turkeys with which he had winged his flight from afar, leading the Maidens, and followed as by his own shadow by the black being of the corn-soot, Shutsukya, who cries with the voice of the frost wind when the corn has grown aged and the harvest is taken away.

And surpassingly beautiful were the Maidens clothed in the white cotton and embroidered garments of Summer-land.

Then after long praying and chanting by the priests, the fathers of the people, and those of the Seed and Water, and the keepers of sacred things, the Maiden-mother of the North advanced to the foot of the ladder. She lifted from her head the beautiful tray of yellow corn and Paiyatama took it. He pointed it to the regions, each in turn, and the Priest of the North came and received the tray of sacred seed.

Then the Maiden of the West advanced and gave up her tray of blue corn. So each in turn the Maidens gave up their trays of precious seed. The Maiden of the South, the red seed; the Maiden of the East, the white seed; then the Maiden with the black seed, and lastly, the tray of all-color seed which the Priestess of Seed-and-All herself received.

And now, behold! The Maidens stood as before, she of the North at the northern end, but with her face southward far looking; she of the West, next, and lo! so all of them, with the seventh and last, looking southward.

And standing thus, the darkness of the night fell around them. As shadows in deep night,

so these Maidens of the Seed of Corn, the beloved and beautiful, were seen no more of men.

And Paiyatuma stood alone, for Shutsukya walked now behind the Maidens, whistling shrilly, as the frost wind whistles when the corn is gathered away, among the lone canes and dry leaves of a gleaned field.

The Serpent of the Sea

A Zuni Legend

Frank Hamilton Cushing, Zuni Folk Tales, 1901

In the times of our forefathers, under Thunder Mountain was a village called K'íákime ("Home of the Eagles"). It is now in ruins; the roofs are gone, the ladders have decayed, the hearths grown cold.

But when it was all still perfect, and, as it were, new, there lived in this village a maiden, the daughter of the priest-chief. She was beautiful, but possessed of this peculiarity of character: There was a sacred spring of water at the foot of the terrace whereon stood the town.

We now call it the Pool of the Apaches; but then it was sacred to Kólowissi (the Serpent of the Sea). Now, at this spring the girl displayed her peculiarity, which was that of a passion for neatness and cleanliness of person and clothing.

She could not endure the slightest speck or particle of dust or dirt upon her clothes or person, and so she spent most of her time in washing all the things she used and in bathing herself in the waters of this spring.

Now, these waters, being sacred to the Serpent of the Sea, should not have been defiled in this way.

As might have been expected, Kólowissi became troubled and angry at the sacrilege committed in the sacred waters by the maiden, and he said: "Why does this maiden defile the sacred waters of my spring with the dirt of her apparel and the dun of her person? I must see to this."

So he devised a plan by which to prevent the sacrilege and to punish its author.

When the maiden came again to the spring, what should she behold but a beautiful little child seated amidst the waters, splashing them, cooing and smiling. It was the Sea Serpent, wearing the semblance of a child,—for a god may assume any form at its pleasure, you know. There sat the child, laughing and playing in the water.

The girl looked around in all directions—north, south, east, and west—but could see no one, nor any traces of persons who might have brought hither the beautiful little child.

She said to herself: "I wonder whose child this may be! It would seem to be that of some unkind and cruel mother, who has deserted it and left it here to perish. And the poor little child does not yet know that it is left all alone. Poor little thing! I will take it in my arms and care for it."

The maiden then talked softly to the young child, and took it in her arms, and hastened with it up the hill to her house, and, climbing up the ladder, carried the child in her arms into the room where she slept.

Her peculiarity of character, her dislike of all dirt or dust, led her to dwell apart from the rest of her family, in a room by herself above all of the other apartments.

She was so pleased with the child that when she had got him into her room she sat down on the floor and played with him, laughing at his pranks and smiling into his face; and he answered her in baby fashion with cooings and smiles of his own, so that her heart became very happy and loving. So it happened that thus was she engaged for a long while and utterly unmindful of the lapse of time.

Meanwhile, the younger sisters had prepared the meal, and were awaiting the return of the elder sister.

"Where, I wonder, can she be?" one of them asked.

"She is probably down at the spring," said the old father; "she is bathing and washing her clothes, as usual, of course! Run down and call her."

But the younger sister, on going, could find no trace of her at the spring. So she climbed the ladder to the private room of this elder sister, and there found her, as has been told, playing with the little child. She hastened back to inform her father of what she had seen. But the old man sat silent and thoughtful. He knew that the waters of the spring were sacred.

When the rest of the family were excited, and ran to behold the pretty prodigy, he cried out, therefore: "Come back! come back! Why do you make fools of yourselves? Do you suppose any mother would leave her own child in the waters of this or any other spring? There is something more of meaning than seems in all this."

When they again went and called the maiden to come down to the meal spread for her, she could not be induced to leave the child.

"See! it is as you might expect," said the father. "A woman will not leave a child on any inducement; how much less her own."

The child at length grew sleepy. The maiden placed it on a bed, and, growing sleepy herself, at length lay by its side and fell asleep. Her sleep was genuine, but the sleep of the child was feigned. The child became elongated by degrees, as it were, fulfilling some horrible dream, and soon appeared as an enormous Serpent that coiled itself round and round the room until it was full of scaly, gleaming circles. Then, placing its head near the head of the maiden, the great Serpent surrounded her with its coils, taking finally its own tail in its mouth.

The night passed, and in the morning when the breakfast was prepared, and yet the maiden did not descend, and the younger sisters became impatient at the delay, the old man said: "Now that she has the child to play with, she will care little for aught else. That is enough to occupy the entire attention of any woman."

But the little sister ran up to the room and called. Receiving no answer, she tried to open the door; she could not move it, because the Serpent's coils filled the room and pressed

against it. She pushed the door with all her might, but it could not be moved. She again and again called her sister's name, but no response came. Beginning now to be frightened, she ran to the skyhole over the room in which she had left the others and cried out for help.

They hastily joined her,--all save the old father,--and together were able to press the door sufficiently to get a glimpse of the great scales and folds of the Serpent. Then the women all ran screaming to the old father. The old man, priest and sage as he was, quieted them with these words: "I expected as much as this from the first report which you gave me.

It was impossible, as I then said, that a woman should be so foolish as to leave her child playing even near the waters of the spring. But it is not impossible, it seems, that one should be so foolish as to take into her arms a child found as this one was."

Thereupon he walked out of the house, deliberately and thoughtful, angry in his mind against his eldest daughter. Ascending to her room, he pushed against the door and called to the Serpent of the Sea: "Oh, Kólowissi! It is I, who speak to thee, O Serpent of the Sea I, thy priest. Let, I pray thee, let my child come to me again, and I will make atonement for her errors. Release her, though she has been so foolish, for she is thine, absolutely thine. But let her return once more to us that we may make atonement to thee more amply." So prayed the priest to the Serpent of the Sea.

When he had done this the great Serpent loosened his coils, and as he did so the whole building shook violently, and all the villagers became aware of the event, and trembled with fear.

The maiden at once awoke and cried piteously to her father for help.

"Come and release me, oh, my father! Come and release me!" she cried.

As the coils loosened she found herself able to rise. No sooner had she done this than the great Serpent bent the folds of his large coils nearest the doorway upward so that they formed an arch. Under this, filled with terror, the girl passed. She was almost stunned with the dread din of the monster's scales rasping past one another with a noise like the sound of flints trodden under the feet of a rapid runner, and once away from the writhing mass of coils, the poor maiden ran like a frightened deer out of the doorway, down the ladder and into the room below, casting herself on the breast of her mother.

But the priest still remained praying to the Serpent; and he ended his prayer as he had begun it, saying: "It shall be even as I have said; she shall be thine!"

He then went away and called the two warrior priest-chiefs of the town, and these called together all the other priests in sacred council. Then they performed the solemn ceremonies of the sacred rites--preparing plumes, prayer-wands, and offerings of treasure.

After four days of labor, these things they arranged and consecrated to the Serpent of the Sea. On that morning the old priest called his daughter and told her she must make

ready to take these sacrifices and yield them up, even with herself,--most precious of them all,--to the great Serpent of the Sea; that she must yield up also all thoughts of her people and home forever, and go hence to the house of the great Serpent of the Sea, even in the Waters of the World. "For it seems," said he, "to have been your desire to do thus, as manifested by your actions.

You used even the sacred water for profane purposes; now this that I have told you is inevitable. Come; the time when you must prepare yourself to depart is near at hand."

She went forth from the home of her childhood with sad cries, clinging to the neck of her mother and shivering with terror. In the plaza, amidst the lamentations of all the people, they dressed her in her sacred cotton robes of ceremonial, embroidered elaborately, and adorned her with earrings, bracelets, beads,--many beautiful, precious things.

They painted her cheeks with red spots as if for a dance; they made a road of sacred meal toward the Door of the Serpent of the Sea--a distant spring in our land known to this day as the Doorway to the Serpent of the Sea--four steps toward this spring did they mark in sacred terraces on the ground at the western way of the plaza.

And when they had finished the sacred road, the old priest, who never shed one tear, although all the villagers wept sore,--for the maiden was very beautiful,--instructed his daughter to go forth on the terraced road, and, standing there, call the Serpent to come to her.

Then the door opened, and the Serpent descended from the high room where he was coiled, and, without using ladders, let his head and breast down to the ground in great undulations. He placed his head on the shoulder of the maiden, and the word was given--the word: "It is time"--and the maiden slowly started toward the west, cowering beneath her burden; but whenever she staggered with fear and weariness and was like to wander from the way, the Serpent gently pushed her onward and straightened her course.

Thus they went toward the river trail and in it, on and over the Mountain of the Red Paint; yet still the Serpent was not all uncoiled from the maiden's room in the house, but continued to crawl forth until they were past the mountain--when the last of his length came forth. Here he began to draw himself together again and to assume a new shape. So that ere long his serpent form contracted, until, lifting his head from the maiden's shoulder, he stood up, in form a beautiful youth in sacred gala attire! He placed the scales of his serpent form, now small, under his flowing mantle, and called out to the maiden in a hoarse, hissing voice: "Let us speak one to the other. Are you tired, girl?" Yet she never moved her head, but plodded on with her eyes cast down.

"Are you weary, poor maiden?"--then he said in a gentler voice, as he arose erect and fell a little behind her, and wrapped his scales more closely in his blanket--and he was now such a splendid and brave hero, so magnificently dressed! And he repeated, in a still softer voice: "Are you still weary, poor maiden?"

At first she dared not look around, though the voice, so changed, sounded so far behind her and thrilled her wonderfully with its kindness. Yet she still felt the weight on her shoulder, the weight of that dreaded Serpent's head; for you know after one has carried

a heavy burden on his shoulder or back, if it be removed he does not at once know that it is taken away; it seems still to oppress and pain him. So it was with her; but at length she turned around a little and saw a young man—a brave and handsome young man.

"May I walk by your side?" said he, catching her eye. "Why do you not speak with me?"

"I am filled with fear and sadness and shame," said she.

"Why?" asked he. "What do you fear?"

"Because I came with a fearful creature forth from my home, and he rested his head upon my shoulder, and even now I feel his presence there," said she, lifting her hand to the place where his head had rested, even still fearing that it might be there."

"But I came all the way with you," said he, "and I saw no such creature as you describe."

Upon this she stopped and turned back and looked again at him, and said: "You came all the way? I wonder where this fearful being has gone!"

He smiled, and replied: "I know where he has gone."

"Ah, youth and friend, will he now leave me in peace," said she, "and let me return to the home of my people?"

"No," replied he, "because he thinks very much of you."

"Why not? Where is he?"

"He is here," said the youth, smiling, and laying his hand on his own heart. "I am he."

"You are he?" cried the maiden. Then she looked at him again, and would not believe him.

"Yea, my maiden, I am he!" said he. And he drew forth from under his flowing mantle the shriveled serpent scales, and showed them as proofs of his word. It was wonderful and beautiful to the maiden to see that he was thus, a gentle being; and she looked at him long.

Then he said: "Yes, I am he. I love you, my maiden! Will you not haply come forth and dwell with me? Yes, you will go with me, and dwell with me, and I will dwell with you, and I will love you. I dwell not now, but ever, in all the Waters of the World, and in each particular water. In all and each you will dwell with me forever, and we will love each other."

Behold! As they journeyed on, the maiden quite forgot that she had been sad; she forgot her old home, and followed and descended with him into the Doorway of the Serpent of the Sea and dwelt with him ever after.

It was thus in the days of the ancients. Therefore the ancients, no less than ourselves, avoided using springs, except for the drinking of their water; for to this day we hold the

flowing springs the most precious things on earth, and therefore use them not for any profane purposes whatsoever. Thus shortens my story.

The Origins of the Totems and of Names

A Zuni Legend

Katharine Berry Judson, *Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest*, 1912

Now the Twain Beloved and the priest-fathers gathered in council for the naming and selection of man-groups and creature-kinds, and things.

So they called the people of the southern space the Children of Summer, and those who loved the sun most became the Sun people. Others who loved the water became the Toad people, or Turtle people, or Frog people.

Others loved the seeds of the earth and became the Seed people, or the people of the First-growing grass, or of the Tobacco. Those who loved warmth were the Fire or Badger people. According to their natures they chose their totems.

And so also did the People of Winter, or the People of the North. Some were known as the Bear people, or the Coyote people, or Deer people; others as the Crane people, Turkey people, or Grouse people. So the Badger people dwelt in a warm place, even as the badgers on the sunny side of hills burrow, finding a dwelling amongst the dry roots whence is fire.

The Poor Turkey Girl A Zuni Legend

Frank Hamilton Cushing, Zuni Folk Tales, 1901

Long, long ago, our ancients had neither sheep nor horses nor cattle; yet they had domestic animals of various kinds--amongst them Turkeys.

In Mátsaki, or the Salt City, there dwelt at this time many very wealthy families, who possessed large flocks of these birds, which it was their custom to have their slaves or the poor people of the town herd in the plains round about Thunder Mountain, below which their town stood, and on the mesas beyond.

Now, in Mátsaki at this time there stood, away out near the border of the town, a little tumbledown, single-room house, wherein there lived alone a very poor girl,--so poor that her clothes were patched and tattered and dirty, and her person, on account of long neglect and ill-fare, shameful to look upon, though she herself was not ugly, but had a winning face and bright eyes; that is, if the face had been more oval and the eyes less oppressed with care. So poor was she that she herded Turkeys for a living; and little was given to her except the food she subsisted on from day to day, and perhaps now and then a piece of old, worn-out clothing.

Like the extremely poor everywhere and at all times, she was humble, and by her longing for kindness, which she never received, she was made kind even to the creatures that depended upon her, and lavished this kindness upon the Turkeys she drove to and from the plains every day. Thus, the Turkeys, appreciating this, were very obedient. They loved their mistress so much that at her call they would unhesitatingly come, or at her behest go whithersoever and whensoever she wished.

One day this poor girl, driving her Turkeys down into the plains, passed near Old Zuñi,--the Middle Ant Hill of the World, as our ancients have taught us to call our home,--and as she went along, she heard the herald-priest proclaiming from the house-top that the Dance of the Sacred Bird (which is a very blessed and welcome festival to our people, especially to the youths and maidens who are permitted to join in the dance) would take place in four days.

Now, this poor girl had never been permitted to join in or even to watch the great festivities of our people or the people in the neighboring towns, and naturally she longed very much to see this dance. But she put aside her longing, because she reflected: "It is impossible that I should watch, much less join in the Dance of the Sacred Bird, ugly and ill-clad as I am." And thus musing to herself, and talking to her Turkeys, as was her custom, she drove them on, and at night returned them to their cages round the edges and in the plazas of the town.

Every day after that, until the day named for the dance, this poor girl, as she drove her Turkeys out in the morning, saw the people busy in cleaning and preparing their garments, cooking delicacies, and otherwise making ready for the festival to which they had been duly invited by the other villagers, and heard them talking and laughing merrily

at the prospect of the coming holiday. So, as she went about with her Turkeys through the day, she would talk to them, though she never dreamed that they understood a word of what she was saying.

It seems that they did understand even more than she said to them, for on the fourth day, after the people of Mátsaki had all departed toward Zuñi and the girl was wandering around the plains alone with her Turkeys, one of the big Gobblers strutted up to her, and making a fan of his tail, and skirts, as it were, of his wings, blushed with pride and puffed with importance, stretched out his neck and said: "Maiden mother, we know what your thoughts are, and truly we pity you, and wish that, like the other people of Mátsaki, you might enjoy this holiday in the town below.

We have said to ourselves at night, after you have placed us safely and comfortably in our cages: 'Truly our maiden mother is as worthy to enjoy these things as any one in Mátsaki, or even Zuñi.' Now, listen well, for I speak the speech of all the elders of my people:

If you will drive us in early this afternoon, when the dance is most gay and the people are most happy, we will help you to make yourself so handsome and so prettily dressed that never a man, woman, or child amongst all those who are assembled at the dance will know you; but rather, especially the young men, will wonder whence you came, and long to lay hold of your hand in the circle that forms round the altar to dance. Maiden mother, would you like to go to see this dance, and even to join in it, and be merry with the best of your people?

The poor girl was at first surprised. Then it seemed all so natural that the Turkeys should talk to her as she did to them, that she sat down on a little mound, and, leaning over, looked at them and said: "My beloved Turkeys, how glad I am that we may speak together! But why should you tell me of things that you full well know I so long to, but cannot by any possible means, do?"

"Trust in us," said the old Gobbler, "for I speak the speech of my people, and when we begin to call and call and gobble and gobble, and turn toward our home in Mátsaki, do you follow us, and we will show you what we can do for you. Only let me tell you one thing: No one knows how much happiness and good fortune may come to you if you but enjoy temperately the pleasures we enable you to participate in.

But if, in the excess of your enjoyment, you should forget us, who are your friends, yet so much depend upon you, then we will think: 'Behold, this our maiden mother, though so humble and poor, deserves, forsooth, her hard life, because, were she more prosperous, she would be unto others as others now are unto her.'"

"Never fear, O my Turkeys," cried the maiden,--only half trusting that they could do so much for her, yet longing to try,--"never fear. In everything you direct me to do I will be obedient as you always have been to me."

The sun had scarce begun to decline, when the Turkeys of their own accord turned homeward, and the maiden followed them, light of heart. They knew their places well, and immediately ran to them. When all had entered, even their bare-legged children, the

old Gobbler called to the maiden, saying: "Enter our house." She therefore went in. "Now, maiden, sit down," said he, "and give to me and my companions, one by one, your articles of clothing. We will see if we cannot renew them."

The maiden obediently drew off the ragged old mantle that covered her shoulders and cast it on the ground before the speaker. He seized it in his beak, and spread it out, and picked and picked at it; then he trod upon it, and lowering his wings, began to strut back and forth over it. Then taking it up in his beak, and continuing to strut, he puffed and puffed, and laid it down at the feet of the maiden, a beautiful white embroidered cotton mantle.

Then another Gobbler came forth, and she gave him another article of dress, and then another and another, until each garment the maiden had worn was new and as beautiful as any possessed by her mistresses in Mátsaki.

Before the maiden donned all these garments, the Turkeys circled about her, singing and singing, and clucking and clucking, and brushing her with their wings, until her person was as clean and her skin as smooth and bright as that of the fairest maiden of the wealthiest home in Mátsaki. Her hair was soft and wavy, instead of being an ugly, sun-burnt shock; her cheeks were full and dimpled, and her eyes dancing with smiles,--for she now saw how true had been the words of the Turkeys.

Finally, one old Turkey came forward and said: "Only the rich ornaments worn by those who have many possessions are lacking to thee, O maiden mother. Wait a moment. We have keen eyes, and have gathered many valuable things,--as such things, being small, though precious, are apt to be lost from time to time by men and maidens."

Spreading his wings, he trod round and round upon the ground, throwing his head back, and laying his wattled beard on his neck; and, presently beginning to cough, he produced in his beak a beautiful necklace; another Turkey brought forth earrings, and so on, until all the proper ornaments appeared, befitting a well-clad maiden of the olden days, and were laid at the feet of the poor Turkey girl.

With these beautiful things she decorated herself, and, thanking the Turkeys over and over, she started to go, and they called out: "O maiden mother, leave open the wicket, for who knows whether you will remember your Turkeys or not when your fortunes are changed, and if you will not grow ashamed that you have been the maiden mother of Turkeys? But we love you, and would bring you to good fortune. Therefore, remember our words of advice, and do not tarry too long."

"I will surely remember, O my Turkeys!" answered the maiden.

Hastily she sped away down the river path toward Zuñi. When she arrived there, she went in at the western side of the town and through one of the long covered ways that lead into the dance court. When she came just inside of the court, behold, every one began to look at her, and many murmurs ran through the crowd,--murmurs of astonishment at her beauty and the richness of her dress,--and the people were all asking one another, "Whence comes this beautiful maiden?"

Not long did she stand there neglected. The chiefs of the dance, all gorgeous in their holiday attire, hastily came to her, and, with apologies for the incompleteness of their arrangements,--though these arrangements were as complete as they possibly could be,--invited her to join the youths and maidens dancing round the musicians and the altar in the center of the plaza.

With a blush and a smile and a toss of her hair over her eyes, the maiden stepped into the circle, and the finest youths among the dancers vied with one another for her hand. Her heart became light and her feet merry, and the music sped her breath to rapid coming and going, and the warmth swept over her face, and she danced and danced until the sun sank low in the west.

But, alas! In the excess of her enjoyment, she thought not of her Turkeys, or, if she thought of them, she said to herself, "How is this, that I should go away from the most precious consideration to my flock of gobbling Turkeys? I will stay a while longer, and just before the sun sets I will run back to them, that these people may not see who I am, and that I may have the joy of hearing them talk day after day and wonder who the girl was who joined in their dance."

So the time sped on, and another dance was called, and another, and never a moment did the people let her rest; but they would have her in every dance as they moved around the musicians and the altar in the center of the plaza.

At last the sun set, and the dance was well-nigh over, when, suddenly breaking away, the girl ran out, and, being swift of foot,--more so than most of the people of her village,--she sped up the river path before any one could follow the course she had taken.

Meantime, as it grew late, the Turkeys began to wonder and wonder that their maiden mother did not return to them. At last a gray old Gobbler mournfully exclaimed, "It is as we might have expected. She has forgotten us; therefore is she not worthy of better things than those she has been accustomed to. Let us go forth to the mountains and endure no more of this irksome captivity, inasmuch as we may no longer think our maiden mother as good and true as once we thought her."

So, calling and calling to one another in loud voices, they trooped out of their cage and ran up toward the Cañon of the Cottonwoods, and then round behind Thunder Mountain, through the Gateway of Zufii, and so on up the valley.

All breathless, the maiden arrived at the open wicket and looked in. Behold, not a Turkey was there! Trailing them, she ran and she ran up the valley to overtake them; but they were far ahead, and it was only after a long time that she came within the sound of their voices, and then, redoubling her speed, well-nigh overtook them, when she heard them singing this song:

"K'yaanaa, to! to!
K'yaanaa, to! to!
Ye ye!
K'yaanaa, to! to!
K'yaanaa, to! to!
Yee huli huli!

"Hon awen Tsita
Itiwanakwīn
Otakyaan aaa kyaa;
Lesna akyaaa
Shoya-k'oskwi
Teyāthtokwīn
Hon aawani!

Ye yee huli huli,
Tot-tot, tot-tot, tot-tot,
Huli huli!
Tot-tot, tot-tot, tot-tot,
Huli huli!"

Up the river, to! to!
Up the river, to! to!
Sing ye ye!
Up the river, to! to!
Up the river, to! to!
Sing yee huli huli!

Oh, our maiden mother
To the Middle Place
To dance went away;
Therefore as she lingers,
To the Cañon Mesa
And the plains above it
We all run away!

Sing ye yee huli huli,
Tot-tot, tot-tot, tot-tot,
Huli huli!
Tot-tot, tot-tot, tot-tot,
Huli huli!"

Hearing this, the maiden called to her Turkeys; called and called in vain. They only quickened their steps, spreading their wings to help them along, singing the song over and over until, indeed, they came to the base of the Cañon Mesa, at the borders of the Zuñi Mountains. Then singing once more their song in full chorus, they spread wide their wings, and thlakwa-a-a, thlakwa-a-a, they fluttered away over the plains above.

The poor Turkey girl threw her hands up and looked down at her dress. With dust and sweat, behold! it was changed to what it had been, and she was the same poor Turkey girl that she was before. Weary, grieving, and despairing, she returned to Mátsaki.

Thus it was in the days of the ancients. Therefore, where you see the rocks leading up to the top of Cañon Mesa (Shoya-k'oskwi), there are the tracks of turkeys and other figures to be seen. The latter are the song that the Turkeys sang, graven in the rocks; and all over the plains along the borders of Zuñi Mountains since that day turkeys have been more abundant than in any other place.

After all, the gods dispose of men according as men are fitted; and if the poor be poor in heart and spirit as well as in appearance, how will they be aught but poor to the end of their days?

Thus shortens my story.

The Warrior Suitor of Moki A Zuni Legend

Frank Hamilton Cushing, Zuni Folk Tales, 1901

We take up a story. Of the times of the ancients, a story. Listen, ye young ones and youths, and from what I say draw inference.

For behold! the youth of our nation in these recent generations have become less sturdy than of old; else what I relate had not happened.

To our shame be it told that not many generations ago there lived in Moki a poor, ill-favored outcast of a young man, a not-to-be-thought-of-as-hero youth, yet nevertheless the hero of my story; for this youth, the last-mentioned in the numbering of the men of Moki in those days, alone brought great grief on the nation of Zuñi.

And it happened that in Walpi, on the first mesa of the Mokis, there lived an amiable, charming, and surpassingly beautiful girl, whose face was shining, eyes bright, cheeks red like the frost-bite on the datila; whose hair was abundant and soft, black and waving, and done up in large whorls above her ears,--larger than those of the other maidens of her town or nation,--and whose beautiful possessions were as many as were the charms of her person.

What wonder, then, that the youths of the Moki towns should be enamored of her, and seek constantly, with much urgent bespeaking, for the favor of her affections? Yet she would none of them. She would shake her head with a saucy smile, and reply to every one, as well as to every recommendation of one from her elders: "A hero for me or no one! Any one of these young men may win my affections if he will, for who knows until the time comes whether a man be a hero or not?"

So she made a proposition. She said to all the youths who came suing for her hand Behold! our nation is at enmity with the Zuñis, far off to the eastward, over the mountains.

If any of you be so stout of limb and strong of heart and brave of will, let him go to Zuñi, slay the men of that nation, our enemies, and bring home, not only as proofs of his valor, but as presentations to the warrior societies of our people, scalps in goodly number. Him will I admire to the tips of my eyelashes; him will I cherish to the extent of my powers; him will I make my husband, and in such a husband will I glory!"

But most of the young and handsome suitors who worried her with their importunities would depart forthwith, crestfallen, loving the girl as they did, forsooth, much less than they feared the warriors of Zuñi,--so degenerate they had become, for shame! Months passed by. Not one of those who went to the maiden's house full of love came away from it with as much love as want of valor.

At last this outcast youth I have mentioned--who was spoken to by none, who lived not even in the houses of his people, but, all filth and rags, made himself comfortable as best he could with the dogs and eagles and other creatures captive of the people, eating

like them the castaway and unwholesome scraps of ordinary meals--heard these jilted lovers conversing from time to time, exclaiming one to another: "A valuable maiden, indeed, for whom one would risk one's life single handed against a nation whose ancients ever prevailed over all men! No! though she be the loveliest of women, I care not for her on those conditions." "Nor I Nor I!" others would exclaim.

Overhearing this talk, the youth formed a most presumptuous resolution--no other, in fact, than this: that he himself would woo the maiden.

All dirty and ragged as he was, with hair unkempt, finger-nails long, and person calloused by much exposure, lean and wiry like an abused but hardened cur, he took himself one night to the home of the maiden's father.

"She-e!" he exclaimed at the entrance of the house, on the top.

And the people within called out: "Kwátchi!"

"Are ye in?" inquired the youth, in such an affable and finished tone and manner of speaking that the people expected to see some magnificent youth enter, and to listen to his proposal of marriage with their maiden.

When they called out "Come in!" and he came stepping down the ladder into the lighted room, they were, therefore, greatly surprised to see this vagabond in the place of what they expected; nevertheless, the old father greeted him pleasantly and politely and showed him a seat before the fireplace, and bade the women set food before him. And the youth, although he had not for many a day tasted good food or consumed a full meal even, ate quite sparingly; and, having finished, joined, by the old man's invitation, in the smoking and conversation of the evening.

At last the old man asked him what he came thinking of; and the youth stated that, although it might seem presumptuous, he had heard of the conditions which the maiden of this house had made for those who would win her, and it had occurred to him that he would be glad to try,--so little were his merits, yet so great his love.

The old man listened, with an inward smile; and the maiden, though she conceived no dislike for the youth (there was something about him, strange to say, now that his voice had been heard, which changed her opinion of him), nevertheless was quite merry, all to herself, over this unheard-of proposal.

So, when she was asked what she thought of the matter, merely to test the seriousness of the young vagabond's motives, she made the conditions for him even harder than she had for the others, saying: "Look you, stranger! If you will slay single-handed some of the warriors of the valiant Zuñis and bring back to our town, to the joy of our warriors and people, a goodly number of their scalps, I will indeed wed you, as I have said I would the others."

This satisfied the youth, and, bidding them all pass a happy night, he went forth into the dark.

Not quite so poor and helpless as he seemed, was this youth; but one of those wonderful beings of this earth in reality, for, behold! as he had lived all his days since childhood with the dogs and eagles and other captive animals of the towns of Moki-land, so, from long association with them, he had learned their ways and language and had gained their friendship and allegiance as no other mortal ever did. No family had he; no one to advise him, save this great family of dogs and other animals with which he lived.

What do you suppose he did? He went to each hole, sheltered nook, and oven in the town and called on the Dogs to join him in council, not long before morning of that same night. Every Dog in the town answered the summons; and, below the mesa on which Walpi stands, on one of those sloping banks lighted by the moon, they gathered and made a tremendous clamor with their yelpings and barkings and other noises such as you are accustomed to hear from Dogs at night-time. The proposition which the youth made to this council of Dogs was as follows:

"My friends and brothers, I am about to go forth on the path of war to the cities of the Zuñis toward the sunrise. If I succeed, my reward will be great. Now, as I well know from having lived amongst you and been one of you so long, there are two things which are more prized in a Dog's life than anything else. An occasional good feast is one of them; being let alone is another. I think I can bring about both of these rewards for you all if you will, four days hence, after I have prepared a sufficiency of food for the party, join me in my warlike expedition against the Zuñis."

The Dogs greeted this proposition with vociferous acclamation, and the council dispersed.

On the following day, toward evening, the youth again presented himself at the home of the maiden. "My friends," said he to the family; "I am, as you know, or can easily perceive, extremely poor. I have no home nor source of food; yet, as I anticipate that I shall be long on this journey, and as I neither possess nor know how to use a bow and arrow, I come to humbly beseech your assistance. I will undertake this thing which has been proposed to me; but, in order that I may be enabled the more easily to do so, I desire that you will present to me a sufficiency of food for my journey; or, if you will lend it to me, I shall be satisfied."

Now, the maiden's people were among the first in the nation, and well-to-do in all ways. They most willingly consented to give the young man not only a sufficiency of food for days, but for months; and when he went away that night he had all that he could carry of meal, coarse and fine, piki or Moki wafer-rolls, tortillas, and abundant grease-cakes, which he well knew would be most tempting to Dogs.

On the fourth day thereafter,--for he had been making his weapons: some flint knives and a good hard war-club,--at evening, he again called at each of the holes and places the Dogs of the town inhabited, and he said to all of them: "I shall leave forthwith on my journey, having provided myself with a sufficiency of food for much feasting on the way. Like yourselves, I have become inured to hardship and am swift of foot, and by midnight I shall be half-way to Zuñi. As soon as the people are asleep, that they may not pelt you with stones and drive you back, follow on the trail to Zuñi as fast as you can. I will await you by the side of the Black Mountains, near the Spring of the Nighthawks, and there I will cook the provisions, that we may have a jolly feast and the more strongly proceed on

our journey the day following." The Dogs gave him repeated assurances of their willingness to follow; and, heavily laden with his provisions, the youth, just at dusk, climbed unobserved down the nether side of the mesa and set out through the plains of sagebrush, over the hills far east of Moki, and so on along the plateaus and valleys leading to this our town of Zuñi. At the place he had appointed as a rendezvous he arrived not long before midnight, lighted a fire, unstrapped his provisions, and began to cook mush in great quantities.

Now, after the lights in the windows of Moki began to go out--shutting up their red eyes, as it were, as the maidens of Moki shut up their bright eyes--there was tremendous activity observed among the Dogs. But they made not much noise about it until every last Dog in town--as motley a crowd of curs and mongrels as ever were seen, unless one might see all the Dogs of Moki today--descended the mesa, and one by one gathered in a great pack, and started, baying, barking, and howling louder and louder as they went along over the eastern hills on the trail which the youth had taken.

By-and-by he heard them coming; te-ne-e-e-e they sounded as they ran; wo-wo-o-o-o they came, baying and barking in all sorts of voices, nearer and nearer. So the youth prepared his provisions, and as the nearest of them came into the light of the fire, cried out: "Ho, my friends, ye come! I am glad to see ye come! Sit ye round my camp-fire. Let us feast and be merry and lighten the load of my provisions. Methinks we will all carry some of them when we start out tomorrow."

Thereupon he liberally distributed mush, tortillas, and paper bread,--inviting the hot, tired Dogs to drink their fill from the spring and eat their fill from the feast. The Dogs, being very hungry, as Dogs always are--and the more so from the memory of many a long fast--fell to with avidity (and you know what that means with Dogs); and the Short-legs and Beagles would not have fared very well had the youth not considered them and held back a good supply of provisions against their tardy appearance.

Finally, when all were assembled and had eaten, if not to their satisfaction--that was impossible--yet to their temporary gratification, a merry, noisy, much-wriggling crowd they became. Some lay down and rested, others were impatient for the journey; so that even before daylight the youth, making up his bundle of provisions, again set forth at a swift trot, followed by this pack of Dogs which ran along either side of him and strung out on the trail the length of a race-course behind him.

Before night, see this valiant youth quietly hiding himself away in one of the deep arroyos around the western end of Grand Mountain, and the foot-hills of Twin Mountain, near which, as you know, the trail from Moki leads to our town. He is giving directions to the Dogs in a quiet manner, and feeding them again, rather more sparingly than at first that they may be anxious for their work.

He says to them: "My friends and brothers, lay yourselves about here, each one according to his color in places most suited for concealment,--some near the gray sage-bushes; and you fellows with fine marks on your backs keep out of sight, pray, in these deep holes, and come in as our reserve force when we want you. Now, lie here patiently, for you will have enough work to do, and can afford to rest. Tomorrow morning, not long after sunrise, I shall doubtless come, with more precipitation than willingness, toward your ambushade, with a pack of Dogs less worthy the name than yourselves at my

heels. Be ready to help me; they are well-nurtured Dogs, and doubtless, if you like, you will be wise enough to make much of this fact."

The Dogs were well pleased with his proposition, and, in louder voices than was prudent, attested their readiness to follow his suggestion, going so far as to assure him that he need have no fear whatsoever, that they alone would vanquish the Zuñi nation--which, they had heard from other Dogs, was becoming rather lazy and indifferent in manly matters, Dogs and all.

The night wore on; the youth had refreshed himself with sleep, and somewhat after the herald-stars of the morning-star had appeared, he stealthily picked his way across our broad plain, toward the hill of Zuñi; and out west there, only a short space from the sunset front of our town, he crouched down on a little terrace to wait.

Not long after the morning-star had risen, a fine old Zuñi came out of his house, shook his blanket, wrapped it round him, and came stealing down in the daylight to the river side. After he had presented his morning sacrifice toward the rising sun, he returned and sat down a moment. He had no sooner seated himself than the wily, sinewy youth with a quick motion sprang up, pulled the poor man over, and with his war-club knocked his brains out, after which he leisurely took off the scalp of the one he had slain.

He had barely finished this operation when he heard a ladder creak in one of the tipper terraces of the town. He quickly tucked the scalp in his belt, pulled himself together, and thrusting the body of the dead man into the bottom of a hole, which was very near, crouched over it and waited. The footsteps of the man who was coming sounded nearer and nearer.

Presently he also came to this place; but no sooner had he reached the terrace than the Moki youth leaped up and dealt him such a blow on the head that, without uttering a sound, he instantly expired. This one he likewise scalped, and then another and another he served in the same way, until, there being four slain men in the pit, he had to drag some out of the way and throw them behind the dust-heap. Just as he returned another man sauntered down to the place.

The youth murdered him like the rest, and was busy skinning his scalp, when another who had followed him somewhat closely appeared at the hole, and discovering what was going on, ran toward the town for his weapons, shouting the war-cry of alarm as he went. Picking up the scalps and snatching from the bodies of the slain their ornaments of greatest value, the Moki youth sped off over the plain.

In less time than it takes to tell it, the people of Zuñi were in arms; dogs barked, children cried, women screamed,--for no one knew how many the enemy might be,--and the Priests of the Bow, in half-secured armor of buckskin, and with weapons in hand, came thundering down the hill and across the plains in pursuit of the fleeing youth and in readiness to oppose his band. Long before this crowd of warriors, now fully awake and wild with rage, had reached the spot, the youth plunged into the arroyo and called out to his Dogs: "Now for it, my friends! They will be here in a minute! Do you hear them coming?"

"Oh, ho!" softly barked the Dogs; and they stiffened their claws and crouched

themselves to spring when the time should come.

Presently on came the crowd of warriors, now feeling that they had but a small force, if indeed more than one man to oppose. And they came with such precipitation that they took the gray and dun and yellow-shaded Dogs for so many rocks and heaps of sand, and were fairly in the midst of those brutes before they became aware of them at all. Death and ashes! what a time there was of it!

The youth fell in with his war-club, the Dogs around, behind, and in front of them howling, snarling, biting, tearing, and shaking the Zuñis on every hand, until every one of the band was torn to pieces or so mangled that a few taps of the club of the youth dispatched them. Those who had followed behind, not knowing what to think of it all, frantically ran back to their people,--the shame-begrimed cowards!--while the youth, with abundant leisure, went on skinning scalps, until, perceiving much activity in the distant town, concluded it would be wise to abandon some few he had not finished.

So, catching up his pack of provisions and his bloody string of scalps (which was so long and thick he could hardly carry it, and which dragged on the ground behind him), he trotted over the hills, followed by some of the Dogs--the others remaining behind, feeling more secure of swiftness--to take advantage of the ample feast spread before them.

When the youth and the Dogs who followed him, or afterward joined him, had again reached the great spring by the Black Mountains, leaving those who pursued far behind, they stopped; and, building a fire of brush and pine-knots, the youth cooked all the provisions he had. "Thanks this day, my friends and brothers!" he cried to the Dogs. "Ye have nobly served me. I will feast ye of the best..

Whereupon he produced the grease-cakes and the more delicate articles of food which he had reserved as a reward for the Dogs. They ate and ate, and loud were their demonstrations of satisfaction. Then the youth, taking up the string of scalps again, attached them to a long pole, which, to keep the lower ones from dragging on the ground, he elevated over his shoulder, and, striking up a song of victory, he wound his way along the trail toward Moki.

The Dogs, crazy with victory and much gluttoned, could not contain themselves, but they bow-wowed with delight and yelped and scurried about, cutting circles dusty and wide around their father, the conquering youth. They hurried on so fast that by-and-by it was noticeable that the Beagle Dogs fell in the rear. "By the music of marrowbones!" exclaimed some of the swifter of foot; "we will have to slacken our pace, father."

Said they, addressing the youth: "Our poor brothers, the Short-legs, are evidently getting tired; they are falling far in the rear, and it is not valorous, however great your victory and however strong your desire to proclaim it at home, to leave a worn-out brother lagging behind. The enemy might come unawares and cut off his return and his daylight." Most reluctantly, therefore, they slackened their pace, and with shouts and yelps encouraged as much as possible the stump-legged Dogs following behind.

Now, on that day in Moki there had been much surprise expressed at the absence of the Dogs, except those which were so young or so old that they could not travel; and the

people began to think that some devil or all the wizards in Mokidom had been conjuring their Dogs away from them, when toward evening they heard a distant sound, which was the approaching victors' demonstration of rejoicing, and clear above all was the song of victory shouted by the lusty youth as he came bringing his scalps along. "Woo, woo, woo!" the Dogs sounded as they came across the valley and approached the foot of the mesa; and when the people looked down and saw the blood and dirt with which every Dog was covered, they knew not what to make of it,--whether their Dogs had been enticed away and foully beaten, or whether they had taken after a herd of antelope, perhaps, and vanquished them.

But presently they espied in the midst of the motley crowd of Curs the tall lank form of the vagabond youth and heard his lusty song. The youths who had been jilted by the maiden at once had their own ideas. Some of them sneaked away; others ground their teeth and covered their eyes, filled with rage and shame; while the elder-men of the nation, seeing what feats of valor this neglected youth had accomplished, glorified him with answering songs of victory and gathered in solemn council, as if for a most honored and precious guest, to receive him.

So, victorious and successful in all ways, the outcast dog of a youth who went to Zufi and returned the hero of the Moki nation right willingly was accepted by this beautiful maiden as her husband after the ceremonies of initiation and purification had been performed over him.

Ah, well! that was very fine; but all this praise of one who had been despised and abused by themselves, and, more than all, the possession of such a beautiful wife, wrought fierce jealousy in the breasts of the many jilted lovers; making those who had looked askance at one another before, true friends and firm brothers in a single cause--the undoing of this lucky vagabond youth. Nor were they alone in this desire, for behold! copying their lucky sister, all the pretty maidens in Moki declared that they would marry no one who did not show himself at least in some degree heroic, like the youth of the dog-holes who had married their pretty sister.

It therefore came about that the whole tribe of Moki, so far as the young men were concerned became a company of jilted lovers, and all the maidens became confirmed in their resolutions of virgin maidenhood.

The jilted lovers got together one night in a cautious sort of way (for they were all afraid of this hero) and held a council. But the fools didn't think of the Dogs lying around outside, who heard what they said. They concluded the best way to get even with this youth was to kill him; but how to kill him was the problem, for they were cowards. "We will get up a hunt," said one; "and make friends with him and ask him to go, paying him all sorts of attention, and ask him to instruct us in the arts of war, the wretch! He will readily join us in our hunting excursion, and some of us will sling a throwing-stick at him and finish the conceited fellow's days!"

Now, the Dogs scrambled off immediately and informed their friend and brother what was going on.

He said: "All right! I will accept their advances and go with them on the hunt."

He went off that night to a cave, where he had often sought shelter from the wind when driven out of the town of Walpi, and thus had made acquaintance with those most unerring travellers in crooked places--the Cave-swallows. He went to one of them, an elderly, wise bird, and, addressing him as "Grandfather," told him what was going on.

"Very well," said the old bird; "I will help you." And he made a boomerang for the youth which had the power to fly around bushes and down into gullies; and if well thrown, of course, it could not be dodged by any rabbit, however swift of foot or sly in hiding. Having finished this boomerang, he told the youth to take it and use it freely in hunting. The youth thanked him, and returning to his town passed a peaceful night.

When he appeared the next morning, the others greeted him pleasantly--those who happened to see him--to which greetings he replied with equal cordiality.

They were so importunate with the priest-chiefs to be allowed to undertake a grand rabbit-hunt that these fathers of the people, always desirous of contributing to the happiness of their children, ordered a grand hunt for the very next day. So everybody was busy forthwith in making throwing-sticks and boomerangs.

The next day all the able-bodied youth of the town, selecting the hero of whom we have told as their leader, took their way to the great plain south of Moki, and there, spreading out into an enormous circle, they drove hundreds of rabbits closer and closer together among the sagebrush in the center of the valley. Some of them succeeded in striking down one--some of them three or four--but ere long every one observed that each time the youth threw his stick he struck a rabbit and secured it, until he had so many that he was forced to call some boys who had followed along to carry them for him.

Already inflamed by their jealousies to great anger, what was the chagrin of this crowd of dandies, now that this youth whom they so heartily despised actually surpassed them even in hunting rabbits! They gnashed their teeth with rage, and one of them in a moment of excitement, when two or three rabbits were trying to escape, took deliberate aim at the youth and threw his boomerang at him. The youth, who was wily, sprang into the air so high, pretending meanwhile to throw his boomerang, that the missile missed his vital parts, but struck his leg and apparently broke it, so that he fell down senseless in the midst of the crowd; and the people set up a great shout--some of lamentation, some of exultation.

"Let him lie there and rot!" said the angry suitors, catching up their own rabbits and making off for the pueblo. But some of the old men, who deplored this seeming accident of the youth, ran as fast as they could toward the town--fearing to raise him lest they should make his hurt worse--for medicine.

When the youth had been left alone, he opened his eyes and smiled. Then, taking from his pouch a medicine unfailing in its effects, applied it to the bruised spot and quickly became relieved of pain, if not even of injury.

Rising, he looked about and found the rabbits where, panic-stricken, the boys had dropped them and fled away. He made up a huge bundle, and not long before sunset, behold! singing merrily, he came marching, though limping somewhat, through the plain

before the foot-hills of Moki, bearing an enormous burden of rabbits. He climbed the mesa, greeted every one pleasantly as though nothing had occurred, took his way to his home, and became admired of all the women of Moki, young and old, as a paragon of valor and manhood.

It became absolutely necessary after that, of course,--for these faint-hearted dandies tried no more tricks with the youth,--for anyone who would marry a Moki maiden to show himself a man in some way or other; and, as the ugliest and most neglected of children generally turn out sharpest because they have to look out for themselves, so it happens that to this day the husbands of Moki are generally very ugly; but one thing is certain--they are men.

Reflect on these things, ye young ones and youths.

Thus shortens my story.