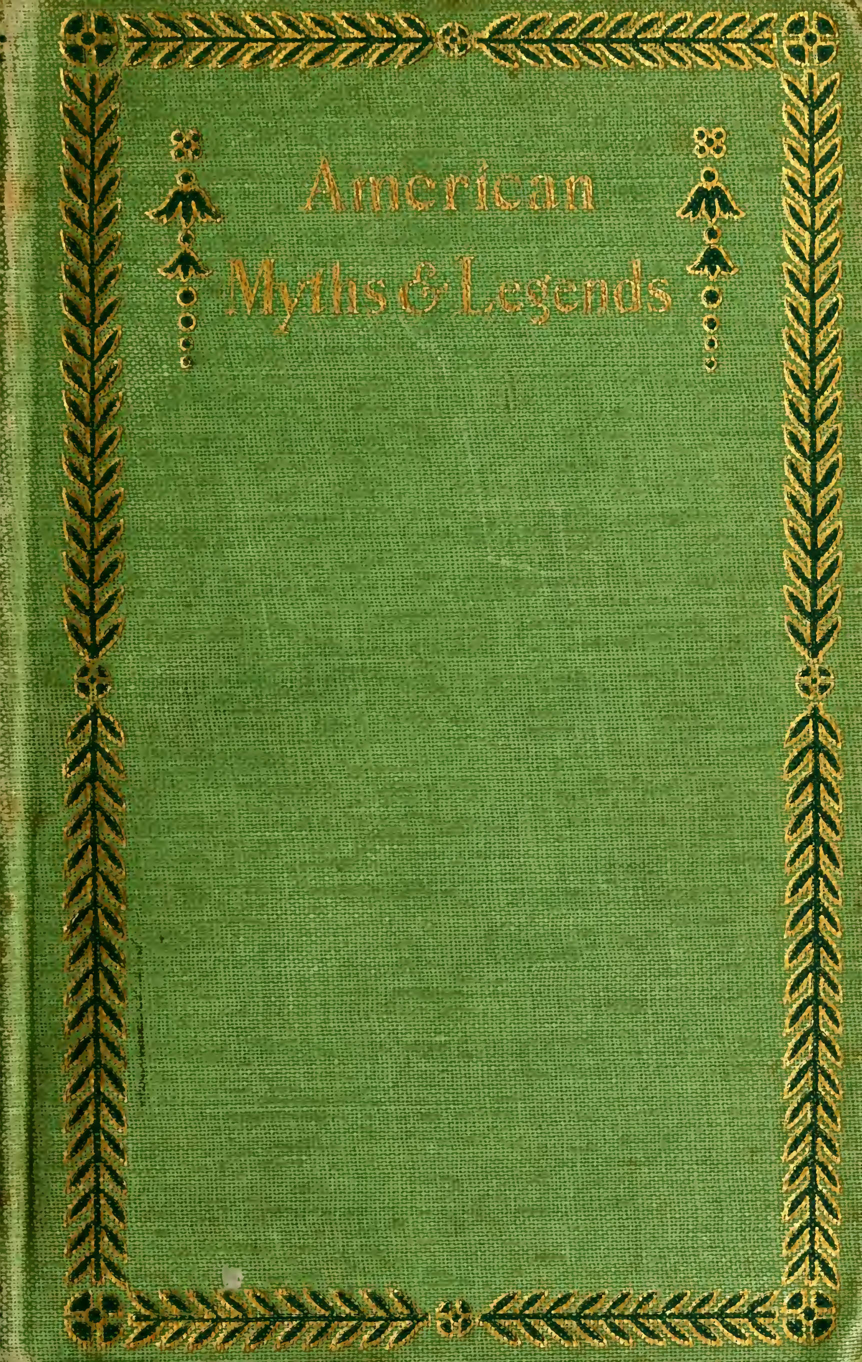
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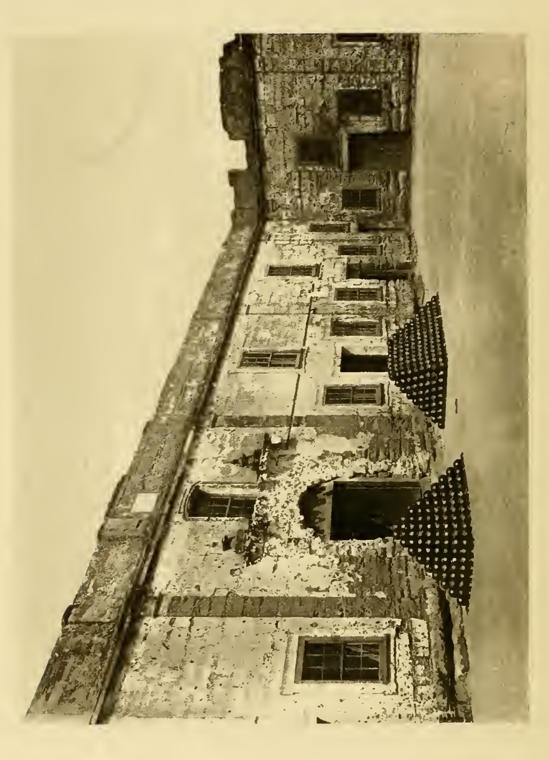

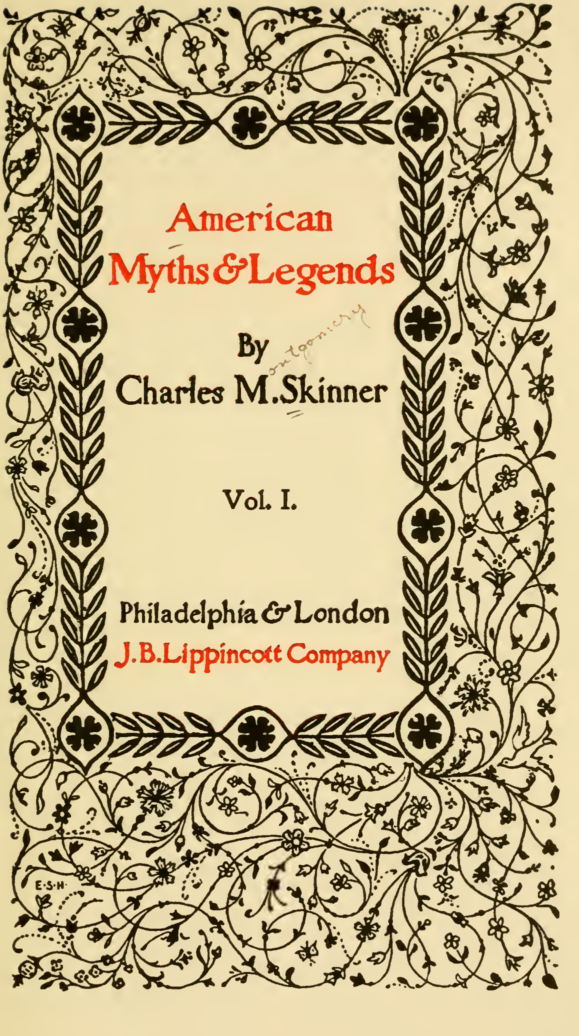

American Myths & Legends

By

Charles M. Skinner

Vol. I.

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TO

DR. JOSEPH H. HUNT

Preface

THE greeting to my first book has encouraged me to continue the collection of our legends. Americans have an interest in their own traditions, at least such as concern the land during the centuries of white occupancy—a fact disclosed by the appearance, within half a dozen years, of many stories, poems, and essays that have for their subjects these transmitted but unverified histories. Where the legend becomes parable or myth, and widens beyond any local source or application, it is a subject for scientific rather than popular treatment; because it may then give a clue to tribal emigrations, race origins, world faiths, and social history.

In these days we hear scorn for the rumors of haunted houses and haunted men that figure in so many rustic traditions, and for the transformations and supernatural appearances that pertain, not only among the records of early settlers whose religious faith was deep, but to our

Indians; yet the belief in the immortality of the spirit which is betokened in these stories is more illuminative, as to certain phases of thought, than are volumes given to the recounting of merely material happenings instructive as to mankind's moral advancement.

I plead guilty to a bit of autorial conceit in the preface to my "Myths and Legends of Our Own Land," in that I claimed for it "some measure of completeness." I am older and wiser now. The first collection was not complete, or the second would not be here.

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American Myths & Legends

THE SMOKING PINE

ON the bank of the brook that bears the name of Vaughn, at Hallowell, Maine, stands the smoking pine. When the stream, then known as Bombahook, was first seen of white men the wigwams of many Indians stood near this water and the red people were friendly with the invaders. They asked only to be let alone. They wished to live beside the stream. But whether they were led into conflict with the whites, or whether they succumbed to the diseases and vices sown among them by the English,—and deadlier they were than the weapons of their armies,—the Indians began ere long to peak away in body and lose the hold they had on life when they were free of all horizons. Their chief, Asonimo, realized, before many years had passed, that the place which his brothers had held in the land

was no longer secure; that although the white people might still smile and withhold their hands from wrath, the woods in which his fathers had chased the deer and the fields where the squaws had raised corn and fruits were not much longer to be called his own. So he gathered his people and told them that the Great Spirit had spoken their fate: it was to be destruction. Yet he warned them how useless it would be to strive against their doom. The Great Spirit had willed it; so let it be. They could at least spend their declining days in peace with the new-comers and secure life and some of the comforts of life for their children. And he called the English that were near and bade the red men light the peace-pipe and smoke it with the settlers as a token that nevermore should strife befall between them. And said he: "When I am gone a pine shall come from the earth above my body, and from that pine the smoke shall rise, for a sign of friendship that must always be between you." It was but a little later that Asonimo was struck dead by a thunderbolt near the spot where this council had been held. The fate ordained by the god had begun its work.

He was put into the earth; and surely, as he had spoken, there grew from his grave, by and by, a pine that seemed to carry in its tough branches the stoutness of the life that had been ended there. In early summer, when his people went back to that spot, great was their surprise to see that the tree had grown to full height, and lo! as he had told, the smoke of peace floated from its branches and spread, mist-like, on the breeze. It was a sign they dared not disobey. They ceased their murmurings against the new-comers in the land and went their way toward the setting sun—in sorrow, but in wonder.

VARIOUS GRINDSTONE HILL

NEAR the west branch of the Penobscot stands a tall hill, in the form of a grindstone on edge and half sunk in the ground. The oddity of Grindstone Hill has given rise to many queer tales, and none of those concerning its origin agree with one another. The Indian story is this:

Long before the white men crossed the blue water to vex the red people a little yellow

moon used to float through the heavens in the wake of the bigger one that is still shining. Melgasoway, a boy who was like other boys in that he would rather practise with his bow and arrows and worry the dogs and go fishing and swimming and kill snakes and climb trees and tear his breech-clout and pick berries than gather firewood and do errands, was sent by his mother to fetch a pumpkin out of a cornfield, for supper. No doubt Melgasoway intended to gather the fruit and dutifully return with it; but he saw a rabbit, and he chased it so long that when the sun set he found himself miles from home and pretty tired and hungry. The big moon set soon after the sun, so that the boy would not have been back until morning had it not been for the little moon's light. As this orb lifted into view he stood still and laughed aloud; for, seen through interlacing branches, it was wondrous like a pumpkin. Melgasoway did not dare to go back without what he had been sent for, but the cornfield was a mile or so out of his way, his mother was old and near-sighted, and this moon might pass for a pumpkin if only he could bring it down. As it came swinging above him he

drew his arrow to the head and shot. The shaft passed out of his sight and he thought he had missed his mark; but after a little the moon began to quiver, then it pitched out of the sky and tumbled toward the earth. Now, it had been supposed that this little moon was just above the tree-tops and was no larger than a pumpkin. Great was the astonishment of Melgasoway when it grew and grew in his sight until he saw that he would be crushed if he stayed there any longer. And he didn't. He bounded off to his spanking at home, yelling with dismay, for while the falling mass was still at some distance from the earth he saw that hundreds of devils were clinging to it; yellow devils with long tails and claws. Melgasoway took his whipping with positive enjoyment; for he expected worse, now that he had destroyed a moon and released a company of imps into the woods. Yet he told his people what he had done, and they, who had met the devils already in the neighborhood and had discovered the moon stuck in the swamp, with its light out, praised him for his daring and made him medicine-man. So Melgasoway lived to the end of his days in

honor in sight of the hill he had brought down from the sky.

As for the Yankee version, that the hill was put where it is by a wizard in order to accommodate the mowers at opposite ends of a hay-field when they might need to sharpen their scythes, and that it used to turn by means of a water-wheel in the west branch; and the Irish version, that the hill is the wheel of a barrow on which a stout fellow was trundling a monument back to the north pole where his ancestors had placed it, but which had been brought down to Maine on an iceberg—they may be dismissed as inventions of a day of sensational journalism.

The French habitant, who comes down to chop wood and goes back to Canada at the end of the lumbering season, eagerly clutching all but four or five of the American dollars he has earned, knows Grindstone Hill and tells his version of how it came there. His story slightly suggests the Indians. It is that during the war which ended French rule in Canada a number of Frenchmen were marching across Maine to reenforce Montcalm's garrison in Quebec. It was August, and the heat and thunder-storms were

trying to the temper of the men. One afternoon, when it was raining especially hard and there was not one in the dripping, draggled party who had not sworn all he knew how to swear and wished that he was fluent in English so that he could swear better, that being the tongue in which past-masters of the art exploit themselves, the captain, one Antoine LeBlanc, roared out, with a compound oath in two languages that nearly loosened his molars, that he wished it would rain grindstones and harrow-teeth and have done with it. Hardly had he uttered this dreadful wish and coupled it with an invocation to the Devil ere a dense shadow fell upon the spot and a fearful rushing sound was heard; then, plunging through the clouds, came this father of all grindstones, and, tumbling on the company, buried them two thousand feet deep in mud—all but the man who survived to tell what happened, and this he would not have done but for being so frightened at the oaths that his legs were weak and he could not keep up with his comrades.

A PROPHET OF WAR

NELL HILTON'S ghost will appear on the big rock of Hilton's Neck, Jonesboro, Maine, wave its hands, and give the Passamaquoddy war-whoop at dawn on the 1st of March of any year in which this country shall engage in war. She foretold the French and Indian troubles and the Revolution before her death, and after it she prophesied our break with England in 1812, with Mexico, and the Civil War. Nell Hilton was a Puritan girl who, in 1740, wearying of the coldness and strictness of life in Plymouth, prevailed on her father to move to the Passamaquoddy country that they might enjoy a little liberty. She proposed to have her own share of it, anyhow, for her father, returning to his cabin in Jonesboro on a certain evening, found her in the embrace of a big Indian and submitting with smiles to his kisses. After killing and scalping this visitor he learned that the girl had just engaged herself to him as his future wife. In disgust Hilton told her that if she was so fond of Indians she could go and live with them; and she did.

The Puritans would sell no powder to the natives, while the French in Canada would sell no rum; hence the savages had to travel constantly, selling their skins in the south for ammunition with which to get more skins, and selling those skins in the north for strong waters in which to pickle their own skins from the inside. Nell's services were in demand at the frontier as bargain-maker and interpreter, for she spoke French and Indian as well as English, and taught in the rude schools of Maine and New Brunswick. Though she never married, she gained power over the natives, who regarded her as a queen and invited her to all their councils. In 1746, when the English drove the Acadians from Nova Scotia, she foretold the war that was to follow, and advised the Indians to remain true to the French, who had exhibited more regard for their physical if not their moral hankerings than had been shown by the English. In 1775 she reappeared among her neighbors in Jonesboro to urge them to prepare for war, outlining the history of the Revolution from Lexington skirmish to Yorktown surrender. Two years later she was captured by Tories and carried to

St. John for trial as a Yankee spy, and though every one who knew her testified to her charities and virtues, she was declared guilty and hanged. It was on the gallows that she promised to be true to the American people and to revisit them on her death-day anniversary whenever they were to prepare for war. There, on her rock of prophesy, the people always saw and heard her when strife was imminent.

A SHOT IN THE MOONLIGHT

ON the Stroudwater road, leading out of Portland, Maine, stood the Horse Tavern, a mere watering-place in the woods, but a landmark, for it occupied the site of a cabin put up there in 1740 by Joe Wyer, known more generally as The Scout. Wyer dressed in leather, with a powder-horn and a knife slung from his shoulder, and this hut was his lonely shelter when he was not hunting Indians. In the summer of 1746 word reached him from Horse Beef Falls, ten miles away, that his sister had been killed by the savages and her daughter carried into captivity. He was on the trail within the

minute. The girl had evidently been confident of rescue, for she had struck her heel into the earth occasionally, to leave a mark; had broken off twigs and leaves, and on one rock where she had rested had scattered some beads from a bracelet that The Scout had given to her on a birthday.

Wyer's trained eye was quick to see and understand these tokens. He followed fast. Once, as he slipped on a ledge, he caught a branch, tearing its foliage. The noise was heard, for presently an Indian came slinking back upon the trail, peering cautiously about. Wyer dropped behind a bush and held his breath. The Indian listened long, then straightened and went back, evidently believing that the sound had been made by a deer, and unsuspecting longer that an avenger might be on his track. The Indian soon overtook a comrade of his own race who had been walking onward with the girl. She had small reason to fear harm, for she guessed that she would be sold to the French in Canada, and to make the march a long and slow one she was affecting lameness. When the two savages stopped at nightfall they bound her wrists and

ankles but allowed her to sit beside their fire while they prepared some venison and berries for her supper. After smoking for awhile, one of the Indians rolled himself in his blanket and instantly went to sleep, leaving the other to watch beside his prisoner.

Luckily a wind was stirring the forest, and the slow steps of Wyer were not heard amid the sway, creak, and crackle of the branches. Waiting patiently in the shadows until the Indian had turned his head, he crept behind the captive and cut her bonds. She was frontier bred, and not a start or murmur of surprise betrayed her glad emotion. Wyer approached closer and in the faintest of whispers asked if any other Indians were of the party. She shook her head. The guard, who an instant before had been seated stolidly on the earth with his eyes seemingly fixed on vacancy, noticed the motion and leaped up, knife in hand. Almost at the instant Wyer's rifle spoke and the man fell, dead.

The sleeping Indian, wakened by the report, sprang to his feet with senses all alert, and, hoping to get the girl away from her

rescuers, he grasped her wrist and urged her into the darkness. She broke and ran.

"Double on him," cried Wyer, who was hastily reloading his gun. And she did so. In a little break where the moonlight came down he could see the two running toward him, exactly aligned. Evidently the Indian had now given up the thought of saving the girl alive, and was bent upon her death and that of her friend. The Scout could not fire without imperilling the girl, though the savage was gaining on her and had pulled out his axe. The risk must be taken, though it might be death in either case. The Indian was a head taller than his captive, but both were in quick motion, and it was dark and confused under the trees. Groaning a prayer, Wyer threw the piece to his shoulder. He saw the axe lift and glint in the moon. Another report. A lock of hair flew up—cut from his niece's head by the bullet that pierced through the Indian's brain. The girl was saved. As they set off on the homeward way they heard wolves quarrelling over the corpses.

THE RESCUE OF MOLLY FINNEY

IN 1756 Thomas Mains had cleared some acres in what is now Freeport, Maine, and had put up a comfortable log house; but he was not to enjoy his possession long. The Indians came to the place in the night, slew him and one of his children, wounded his wife, and carried into captivity his sister-in-law, the pretty, pert, and lively Molly Finney. One of the red raiders had been shot, and on the six-weeks' march to Quebec, where the band was to collect the bounty offered by the French for English and Yankee scalps and where they expected to sell their captive, the girl was compelled to serve as nurse to the wounded man. It is thought that she put more salt and tobacco than emollients into the dressings, for the patient would spring from his couch with the most awful howls and threaten her with beatings; but the others always interfered, for they were forced to admire her pluck and pride, albeit they told her that if the injured one died on the journey they would surely make an end of her at the same time.

On reaching Quebec she was sold to a man

named Lemoine, who treated her fairly, except that he gave her no more liberty than she needed for the sweeping of dust from the walks, under his eye—and into it, when she could. She was a good cook and manager, hence she presently reached a place in the kitchen, and was there seen by one Master Beauvais, a soft-hearted, none too stout-headed neighbor, who found frequent reason for calls on the Lemoines, and who presently began open court to the red-cheeked wench.

Old Lemoine did not like this. An elderly wife of acid temper had suspected him of pinching the cheek of their house-maid; but, be that as it might, the old fellow had paid hard cash for Molly, and the servant question was as much of a problem then as it has often been since. He was not going to let his prize escape; and biding the time when she might be trusted abroad on errands, he kept close watch upon her and locked her into her room every night. This precaution was to her ultimate advantage. One morning she answered a knock at the front door and was confronted by a young, well-appearing Yankee sea-captain whose ship had recently

come to port for trading; for hostilities were over and the colonists were eager to make money again. Before she could ask his errand—a commonplace one made up for the occasion—he had thrust a note into her hand with a sign of caution. This paper she read in her room. It told her that friends in Maine had commissioned the bearer to smuggle her away from Quebec as quickly and secretly as possible. He had learned, through diplomatic inquiry, where she was, and how closely guarded, so he would await her reply at seven o'clock next morning. At that hour she was industriously sweeping the walk, and one of the things that was swept almost into the hands of Captain McLellan as he strolled past was a folded letter, which that worthy read as soon as he had rounded the corner; for old Lemoine was glaring upon them both from the doorway. It revealed the plan of the house, showed the position of Molly's room, and appointed eleven o'clock that night as the time for the escape. Prompt at the hour the sailor was under her window. He tossed a rope to her, which she made fast to her bed and descended into his arms. In a quarter of an hour

the two were aboard the "Hepzibah Strong," which was off for her home port, Falmouth, at daybreak. And after the journey, of course they were married.

When Daddy Lemoine unlocked Molly's door in the morning he knocked and called, but there was no response. He entered. Gone! Ha! a note! What was that? "Woman's will is the Lord's will. Good-day, M. Lemoine." A rope, too, the minx! An elopement: that's what it was. That sneaking scamp Beauvais, with his soft voice and smooth ways! Lemoine seized his cane,—and a good, stout timber it was. He went around to neighbor Beauvais, and before that worthy could offer any protest or explanation he had given him a dreadful basting.

DEAD MAN'S LEDGE

DEAD MAN'S LEDGE, near Gull's Head, on the Maine coast, has borne that name since the finding of a body there—the body of a man clinging to the kelp and swinging grotesquely in the surges. His ship had been pounded to splinters the night before. People

on the Head have claimed that they could hear the man wailing whenever a storm was coming up. Recking little of this superstition, old John Brown and his wife Bess set up a ship-shape cabin near the ledge and eked out a living by gardening, jobbing, fishing, and gathering stores and timber such as washed in along the shore. A sturdy soul was Brown, and although they called him a wrecker, he never in his life had shown a false beacon or kept property claimed by any other. Solace of his age was his foster-daughter, Nell, a precious bit of flotsam that in her infancy had come to land from a stranded bark, while a fourth inmate of the place—that is, for several years—was Antonio, a strong, quiet, dark-faced Spaniard who sometimes helped Brown in his work on the boats but was allowed to ramble much as he chose, often wandering alone for hours together on the rocks, muttering to himself, his eyes, that could gleam lovingly, flashing in a dangerous fashion. For another had come to the crowded little house: a young Southerner, Edward Irving, whom old Brown had rescued off shore from a capsized yacht. Irving was a student, a fellow of taste,

manner, and reading, and Antonio saw with misgiving the dawn of an interest on Nell's part in this visitor who had so much to tell her of the life of the field and the sea that she had never known, and to whose interpretations she owed a new love for the grandeur and beauty of nature.

Antonio shadowed them in their walks, and his way of moodiness and silence increased upon him. One evening he proposed that Irving should go with him to a rock beyond Dead Man's Ledge, where some curious purple shells were to be found, and with a promise to return presently the two sailed off together. The ledge was but three feet out of water, and the tide was coming in—the tide that in a few hours would bury the rock under two fathoms of sea. Knowing that the time was short, Irving bent so earnestly to the search that he had no eyes for anything else; he did not see Antonio wander in pretended aimlessness back to the boat; he did not see his black scowl as he clambered in and cast off. The rattle of the sail as it was hauled into place aroused him. The incoming waves were wetting his feet. Antonio uttered a gibing laugh as he caught his eye, and, throwing down

the helm, swung about and danced off on a freshening wind. Irving called to him to stop his pranks and take him aboard. The Spaniard showed his teeth in a tigerish snarl, shouted a curse at him, and bade him die as a dog; then turning his back he let out the sail and cut away.

Irving was for a time unable to believe that Antonio was not joking; but as the boat receded in the twilight and the water rose about him it came upon him that he had been abandoned there to certain death. Antonio, then, was his enemy. Why? The girl! Heaven! Why had he been so blind? The vast and whitening waters now lapped to his knees. The moon was rising. Its light was the last he should ever look upon. He realized the hopelessness of his situation. His last breath he would give to prayer, to begging pardon for his sins and blessings on the girl who had smiled happiness into his heart so short a time before. With the utterance of her name a new life seemed to enter him. He called, "Nell!" Then despite his distress he half smiled at his folly. He was miles beyond her hearing. But what was that—that black thing, going by in the moon track? A boat? No. A

shark? Possibly; yet it floated too lightly to be alive. It was a floating spar. If only he could reach it, he might be saved. Death was certain if he stayed. He would chance his strength against wind and tide. Throwing off his shoes and jacket he plunged into the waves, and after an exhausting struggle he reached the timber, threw himself upon it at full length, and prayed more earnestly than before.

How long he drifted he could not tell. It seemed days. As he lay clinging to the piece of wreckage a far, faint halloo came to his ears. He replied with a shout. The call was repeated from time to time, a little louder at each repetition, and each time answered. At last a rushing sound was heard and a boat came flying up. "Luff, there, Nell. Steady. Here he is. God's name, lad, how came ye in this fix? Gi' a hand. Easy, now. There ye are. Where's 'Tonio? Where's the boat? Nell, ye see you couldn't have heard Mister Edward call your name, but you were right in guessing he was in danger. Women are mostly—well, I don't mind your kissing him, considering. Don't cry. He's only chilled a bit. We'll have him before the fire in

half an hour, and this old sail will cover him meantime. But the boat!"

The old man's rage and astonishment were boundless when he learned of Antonio's treachery; but he and his household buried their animosity next day, when some neighbors came to report that they had found a body on Dead Man's Ledge. It was Antonio, drowned.

MAINE'S WOODLAND TERRORS

IT is feared that some of the creatures which infest the woods of Aroostook, Piscataquis, and Penobscot counties, especially in the lumbering season, have had their mischievous qualities magnified in local myths for the silencing of fretful children and the stimulation of generosity on the part of green choppers. It is the newcomer in a lumber-camp who is expected to supply the occasional quart of whiskey that shall pacify Razor-shins, and to do a little more than his share of the breakfast-getting, errand-running, and so on, in order to quiet the hostility of the will-am-alones. Like the duppies and rolling calves of the West Indies, these creatures are

A LOGGING-CAMP IN THE MAINE WOODS

not seen as often as they were, for they have a fixed hostility to schools, never venturing within ten miles of one.

The will-am-alone is a quick little animal, like a squirrel, that rolls in its fingers poison-lichens into balls and drops them into the ears and on the eyelids of sleeping men in camp, causing them to have strange dreams and headaches and to see unusual objects in the snow. It is the hardest drinkers in the camp who are said to be most easily and most often affected by the poison. The liquor in prohibition States is always plentiful and bad, and in combination with the pellets of the will-am-alones is nearly fatal.

More odd than this animal is the side-hill winder, a rabbit-like creature so called because he winds about steep hills in only one direction; and in order that his back may be kept level, the down-hill legs are longer than the up-hill pair. He is seldom caught; but the way to kill him is to head him off with dogs when he is corkscrewing up a mountain. As the winder turns, his long legs come on the up-hill side and tip him over, an easy prey. His fat is a cure for dis-

eases caused by the will-am-alone, but to eat his flesh is to die a hard and sudden death.

Much to be dreaded is the ding-ball, a panther whose last tail-joint is ball shaped and bare of flesh. With this weapon it cracks its victim's skull. There is no record of a survival from the blow of a ding-ball. In older traditions it sang with a human voice, thus luring the incautious from their cabins to have their sconces broken in the dark. It is fond of human flesh, and will sing all night for a meal of Indians.

An unpleasant person is Razor-shins, a deathless red man who works for such as are kind to him, but mutilates that larger number of the ignorant who neglect to pay tribute. Keep Razor-shins supplied with fire-water,—a jug at every full moon,—and he will now and then fell a tree for you with his sharp shin-bones, if nobody is around, or will clear up a bit of road. But fail in this, and you must be prepared to give up your scalp, which he can slice from your head with a single kick, or he will clip off your ears and leave cuts on you that will look like sabre-strokes. When a green hand arrives in a lumber-camp it is his duty to slake the thirst of

Razor-shins. He puts a jug of virulent Bangor whiskey at the door. The best proof that the Indian gets it is shown in the odor of breathed alcohol that pervades the premises all night and the emptiness of the jug in the morning.

Where French Canucks are employed at chopping, you must look to see them all quit work if a white owl flies from any tree they are felling; and they must not look back nor speak to it, for it is a ghost and will trouble them unless they leave that part of the wood for fully thirty days.

But worst of all is the windigo, that ranges from Labrador to Moosehead Lake, preferring the least populous and thickest wooded districts. A Canadian Indian known as Sole-o'-your-foot is the only man who ever saw one and lived—for merely to look upon the windigo is doom, and to cross his track is deadly peril. There is no need to cross the track, for it is plain enough. His footprints are twenty-four inches long, and in the middle of each impress is a red spot, showing where his blood has oozed through a hole in his moccasin; for the windigo, dark and huge and shadowy as he seems, has yet a human shape and many human attributes. The belief in this mon-

ster is so genuine that lumbermen have secured a monopoly of certain jobs by scaring competitors out of the neighborhood through the simple device of tramping past their camp in fur-covered snow-shoes and squeezing a drop of beef blood or paint into each footprint. There was at one time a general flight of Indian choppers from a lumber district in Canada, and nothing could persuade them to return to work; for the track of the windigo had been seen. It was found that this particular windigo was an Irishman who wanted that territory for himself and his friends; but the Indians would not be convinced. They kept away for the rest of the season. The stealthy stride of the monster makes every lumberman's blood run as cold as the Androscoggin under its ice roof, and its voice is like the moaning of the pines.

On the slopes of Mount Katahdin lives Pomoola, the Indian devil, a being that has the shape of a panther but is larger and wears four tusks that hang out of his mouth for twelve or fourteen inches. He will eat animals and Indians, but is so terrified by white men that no scientist has been able to get within telescoping

range of him. Bullets avail nothing against him, and knives are as mosquito-stings. Only one thing can kill him: a stroke of lightning. In the old days Pomoola made a yearly levy on the Indians, selecting half a dozen of the most juicy, but since they had doings with sportsmen the Indians have become so flavored with rum that Pamoola can stomach only the maidens. In 1823 the devil killed four members of a hunting party on Jo Mary Lake, three more next day at South Twin Lake, and had nearly overtaken the survivors at Milinickert Rips, near Elbow Lake, when a thunderbolt fell down a birch-tree on which he was sharpening his claws and stretched him dead. The Indians say that he was twice as long as a four-man canoe. The body was floated to Old Town on two boats, and the people of that sober burg, the capital of the Indian reservation, celebrated the death with candles and fire-water. One of the tusks, blackened by the lightning, is treasured in the family of old Chief Sockalexis. Geologists have seen it and say it came out of the head of the sabre-toothed tiger that lived in the Maine woods several millions of years ago. As the scientists did not live in

Maine in 1823, how are they to know that the tiger did not hold over until that date?

THE GREAT STONE FACE

AFTER the venerable Passaconaway had been translated to heaven on his fire-car the chieftaincy of the Pennacooks fell to his son, Wonalanset. His rule for some years was happy, his people trusted him, and he found a helpful wife in Mineola, daughter of Chocorua; but trouble came in time, as it does to all nations and all peoples. Rimmon, the sister of Mineola, loved Wonalanset, secretly, and loved him to sickness. Finding that the chief was content in his family relations and unconscious of her longing, she flung herself from a steep at the west of Amoskeag Falls. The fortune of the tribe began to change. Wonalanset never knew the reason for the suicide.

The Pennacooks had lived in a peace their watchful enemies said was weakness, and their chief became a praying Indian. It was about this time that young Konassaden, of the Mohawks, raking up some ancient and forgotten

injuries, roused his people to remember—and revenge. Passaconaway, who had commanded the spirits, was no longer to be feared, and with five hundred men to wage war the Pennacooks might be exterminated. So Konassaden picked his best and bravest and left his home in the Adirondacks for the loftier Agiochooks. He reached the principal camp of Wonalanset's people while only the women, children, and aged were there, the hunters having departed on an expedition in search of fish and game, and when the hunters returned to what had been their homes they found only wreck, with the gory corpses of their fathers lying among the ashes. No time was lost in the pursuit of the marauders, whose trail was still fresh, for their women and children were to be recovered, other villages were to be warned, and as many as possible of the foe were to be killed.

The captives were overtaken and sent back, but the slippery Mohawks fled and were lost among the giant hills—the ghostly and forbidden mountains of Franconia. It is said that in the last hours of their march they were led by a tall, dark man,—a tireless man with legs of oak,

—who kept so far ahead that they could not be sure it was Konassaden; yet nobody had seen Konassaden fall out. On through tangled woods they went, heavy with sleep, empty of food, unspeakably weary, some of them sore with wounds received in the fight. On, over ledges slippery with moss. On, over and under windfalls. Then they came to a lighter growth, then to broken masses of granite, and the domes of the Agiochooks were against the stars before them. Descending into a valley, stumbling with exhaustion, they found water and drank; then, stretched carelessly on the grass, they fell asleep.

In the morning they rose, wearily,—for they must go far ere they could be safe from the axes of the Pennacooks,—and looked for their leader. An exclamation of astonishment and awe caused every eye to turn aloft. From the crest of a mighty cliff smitten with the red light of dawn and wreathed in cloud looked forth a great and solemn face of stone. "It is the Great Spirit!" cried the Indians, and falling to the earth they buried their faces in their hands. When they looked again the morning glow had faded and

the face was dark and stern. A blaze of light filled the valley for an instant, and a voice spoke in thunder tones: "You have warred needlessly on your brothers. You have invaded the hills which are the home of Manitou. You have neglected your wives and children to shed human blood. I am angered at your cruelty. Therefore, die. But you shall be a warning in your deaths. You shall be turned to rocks on this mountain-side."

Then it seemed as if all the forest broke into a dirge, and the Mohawks sank to the earth again and slept—slept never again to wake. And their bodies strew the slope at the foot of the stone manitou's throne.

THE STREAM-SPIRIT'S WIFE

AN Indian living in the vast amphitheatre of Tuckerman's Ravine, on the side of Mount Washington, had a daughter famed for amiability and beauty, and long before she had reached maturity the suitors for her hand had included nearly every young man whose lodge was within sight of the central peak of the Agio-

chooks. Yet, considering her charms and goodness, none of these seemed worthy to call her wife. Returning from the hunt one evening the father found his wigwam empty. This did not surprise him, as he knew that his squaw had gone into the glen to gather raspberries, and he supposed that his daughter was with her; but when the woman returned at nightfall she came alone. No spicy smoke or savor of roasting bear-meat or of boiling succotash foretokened the cheer and sufficiency of home. The husband and father sat upon a ledge, looking stolidly up at the rocky walls of the ravine deepening in shadow. Seeing that the girl was with neither, both parents began to suffer anxiety on her account. Had she lost her way in the wood? Had she fallen from some of the cliffs? Had she slipped into some of the ponds or streams, and, striking on a rock, been stunned and drowned? They called loudly, but there was no answer save in the faint, far echo of their own voices. They sought persistently while light remained, forcing their way through thickets and over rocks and fallen trees, but without avail. Next day they resumed the search, and the next, but to no purpose, for the

girl did not appear. Bitter, then, was their grief, for they now believed that she had fallen from a height or had been dispatched by a bear or panther, and she was given up as lost.

Some hunters came in after a time with joyful news: the girl had been seen at the edge of the pool below Glen Ellis Falls, smiling into the stream born from summer-lasting snows, and clasped in the arms of a tall man with a shining face, whose hair fell to his waist. The two disappeared when they found the eyes of the hunters upon them, even as the spray of the torrent vanished in the wind; but the parents' hearts were eased, for they knew that their daughter had become the wife of a god of the mountain. And though they never saw her again, the manitou blessed them for her sake, these mountain spirits being nearly always kind. The old couple had only to go to the pool and call for a deer, moose, or bear, when the animal would bound from the shrubbery into the water and swim against their spear-points.

STONE WOMAN OF SQUAM

SQUAM LAKE, in the White Mountains, is really Wonneasquamauke, meaning, "beautifully surrounded place of water;" but with a willingness to avoid work that is characteristic of some of us in this day, the name has been reduced to a syllable. One of the bays on this lovely sheet has for years been known as Squaw Cove, because of a block of granite on its shore that resembled a woman. This block having a history and interest was destroyed by white men years ago. Here lived Waunega, a withered crank who in his age desired a young and pretty wife. Yes, Suneta would do as well as any. He had known her father for more than seventy years; he had two ponies to swap for her; she was a pretty good cook and leather dresser; therefore, Suneta it should be. He proposed, to her father, and was by the latter accepted as a son-in-law, albeit red human nature is like other kinds, and pretty girls do not marry fusty codgers except when money or titles are thrown in. This girl had no love for Waunega; she had long ago changed hearts with Anonis;

SQUAM LAKE

but this exchange of affection not being a needed prelude to marriage in the Indian country, she was told off to wed the rickety groom. There was a great feast on the day that should have been happy,—a feast that Anonis failed to grace by his really graceful presence,—and old Waunega so gorged himself with corn and deer-meat that he could keep awake only long enough to reach his wigwam, where he dropped on his pile of furs and went sound asleep. A squall was rising, so he did not hear the lifting of his tent-flap nor see the dusky face that was peering in. Suneta sat apart, motionless, silent. Anonis entered and bent over her.

"Come," he whispered. "My canoe is waiting. I cannot live without you. If I go from here alone I shall never see the sun again."

"My heart has always been yours," she answered. "I hate this man to whom they have given me. But, hark! The storm! The Great Spirit is angry. I dare not go."

"I dare all. Trust me, and I will protect you." Seizing her in his arms, he carried her through the door and down the path. Either the fall of the door-flap or a gust of coming tempest

awakened the husband, and looking about him in the gathering dusk he found that he was deserted. With a fear of something amiss he caught up his bow and arrows and looked out. Two figures were entering a canoe. A lightning flash revealed them. Fitting an arrow to the string, he shot. Anonis uttered a cry and pitched headlong to the bottom of the lake, overturning the canoe, so that Suneta was fain to scramble for the shore, where she stood dumbly wringing her hands and peering with great eyes into the water. The husband made no step to recover his bride. He looked up and raised his lean arms to the whirling clouds. "Great Spirit," he prayed, "the other I leave to you; but this faithless one: make an example of her to all her sex. Strike her with your fire arrows."

A flash sent him tottering back, and a roar so filled the glens that his heart stood still. Repenting his anger he staggered toward the lake, calling on Suneta, but she did not answer. He stumbled and fell heavily on his head. When he awoke, with many pains, the sun shone, and near where he had killed Anonis stood Squaw Rock, a monument.

THE CONFESSION OF HANSERD KNOLLYS

IT is not generally known that Hawthorne's romance, "The Scarlet Letter," had at least an alleged foundation—the charge, namely, against the Reverend Hanserd Knollys, M.A., first pastor of a church in Dover, New Hampshire, a man of learning, "a good man" in Cotton Mather's reckoning. He was a native of Lincolnshire in old England, where he died at ninety-three, and he came to New England to escape persecution, for he had embraced Puritanism and was obliged to endure the usual consequences. When the law put its grip on him for the holding of mischievous doctrine he had the rare fortune to fall into the hands of a sympathetic constable who, seeing no more evil in one religion than another, allowed Knollys to escape. Twelve weeks it took him to reach America, and six brass farthings were his only wealth when he went ashore. This man was born for trouble. Hardly was he secure in the stronghold of Puritanism ere the spirit again moved him, this time to become a Baptist; so he was as vigorously

cast out and as rigorously kept out as if he had been a Papist. In those days it was no slight matter to differ with the clergy, and for one to cast contempt on them was to incur a fine of twenty shillings and " set in ye stocks, not exceeding four hours; but if he go on to transgress in ye same kind, then to be amerced 40 s., or to be whiped for every such trancegression." He may have been neither amerced nor " whiped," but he was driven away from Boston.

Still a safe harbor offered in Dover, and there for several years he preached the gospel according to his lights and lived in seeming peace. Alack! It befell that his deeper troubles only began with his removal. His look and carriage, at first so full of strength, lost quality. His aspect grew haggard and furtive. He shrank in body, his eye was clouded, his brow bent or lifted at an angle, as in pain. He walked the street gazing abstractedly on the earth. The greetings of his people made him start and cry out. His dress was uncared for. His wife kept her home and was often in tears. Rumors of witchcraft were abroad. Surely the pastor was

a victim. Would it end in death? No; it ended in confession and deliverance.

That day was long remembered when Mr. Knollys from his pulpit humbled himself and asked forgiveness of his people and his God. Never again would he preach from the Sacred Book; never again would he stand at that desk, their minister; never again would he meet his fellow-citizens as friends. A figure bowed almost to the floor in the parson's pew: his wife.

"And now," said Knollys, "I leave you; I, unworthy, self-despised." He tore apart the sermon he had preached. It fell fluttering to the floor. He closed the great Bible and reverently kissed its cover. "I cast myself on the pity of Our Father. Comfort and aid my wife and children. Have mercy on the maids I have dishonored."

He looked over the assemblage. Every head was bent. Slowly, with white, drawn face and uncertain step, he passed down the aisle into the soft, white Sabbath sunshine. Next day two girls whose cheeks had been fresh were seen with scarlet letters broidered on their gar-

ments: the "AD" that spelled to every colonist "Adulteress."

PEABODY'S LEAP

PEABODY'S LEAP, a cliff thirty feet high on the Vermont side of Lake Champlain, perpetuates the fame of Timothy Peabody, who settled thereabout when there were no other white residents within fifty miles. His family had been killed by the Indians, and it was in order to retaliate on the red men that he chose this solitary place for his abode. Whenever he had news of the movement of any company of natives within striking distance he was waiting somewhere on their line of march, and they had generally left two or three dead behind them before they reached their destination. Several times they tried to burn his hut, but were always interrupted by a succession of shots from some unlikely hollow or tree-top, and in time they came to have a superstitious fear of him and were greatly willing not to meet him.

His leap was made in escaping from a party that had passed his neighborhood with three

white prisoners. An Indian who had gone aside from the advance guard to look for game saw the well-known cap of the hunter—a long cap of fox skin—cautiously projecting itself from behind a tree; whereupon he fired. Peabody, who had hung his cap on the end of his rifle in order to draw the bullet of the Indian, coolly stepped from his cover and shot his foeman dead. Knowing that two shots in quick succession were likely to bring the band upon him, Peabody rapidly stripped the corpse of hunting-shirt, moccasins, belt, wampum, and knife, which he put upon himself, daubed his brow, chin, and cheeks with the warm blood of his victim,—in lieu of paint,—and so disguised that any stray Indian might not fire at him he pushed along the trail and reached the camp at nightfall. Without disclosing himself he contrived to gain possession of the guns of the party long enough to withdraw the charges, wriggled to the shore, cut one or two of their canoes adrift, silently entered the water, and in a whisper warned the three prisoners—who were tied and lying in a boat for safe keeping—to make no noise and not to try to sit upright. He then swam back

to shore, where he had left his rifle,—"Old Plumper," he called it,—but was seen by a guard, and the whole company made for him. He shot one, gave to another a dreadful clump on the head with gun-butt, then, leaping from the precipice into deep water, he swam to the prisoners' canoe and with vigorous strokes pushed it into the darkness. He made a small circuit and landed the captives in safety while the Indians were shouting in rage over their lost canoes and harmless guns.

A TRAVELLED NARRATIVE

THERE is one narrative, formerly common in school-readers, in collections of moral tales for youth, and in the miscellany columns of newspapers, that is thought to have been a favorite with Aristophanes and to have beguiled the Pharaohs when they had the blues—supposing blues to have been invented in their time. Every now and again it reappears in the periodicals and enjoys a new vogue for a couple of months. Many villages clamor for recognition as the scene of the incident, but as Rutland,

Vermont, makes a special appeal, it may as well have happened there as anywhere.

So let it be in Rutland that the cross-roads store-keeper dwelt who was burdened by the usual loungers that sat about his shop, talked politics, squirted tobacco-juice on his stove, and, merely to beguile the time, nibbled at his dried fish, cheese, crackers, maple sugar, and spruce gum, consuming in the course of a year a long hundredweight of these commodities. These pickings were made openly and were not looked upon as thefts any more than are the little pieces of cloth that are taken home as samples by women who go shopping. Groceries that were not nailed up—or down—were a sort of bait to gather purchasers. The store-keeper did not mind these abstractions, because he added a penny to a bill now and then, and so kept even. What he did object to was the sneaking away of dearer commodities, like white sugar, drugs, tobacco, ammunition, ribbons, boots, scented soap, and catechisms.

On a sharp night in December the usual worthies sat about the stove, telling one another how many different kinds of a great man

Andrew Jackson was and what was the best way to cure mange in dogs. The air of the shop was close and hot, but those who breathed it believed it pleasanter than the crisp cold outside. Fresh and wholesome air is never so little prized as where there is most of it. The proprietor, who occupied a rickety arm-chair and was throwing in his wisdom to make the aggregate impressive, kept his eye roving over his stock, and presently he noticed that Ichabod Thompson, a shiftless, out-at-elbows fellow, was nibbling more freely from the cracker-barrel than it was "genteel" to do. He pretended ignorance of this, and in a little time he saw Ichabod slip a pat of butter out of a firkin where each pound lay neatly wrapped in cloth, take off his hat in a pretence of wiping his forehead, drop the butter into the hat, and put it on again. Ichabod then loitered ostentatiously before the harness and blanket departments, made a casual inquiry as to current rates for Dr. Pilgarlic's Providential Pills, went to the stove, spreading his hands for a moment of warmth, then, turning up his collar, said he guessed he must be going.

"Oh, don't go yet," said the shop-keeper,

kindly. "Sit down a minute while I tell you what happened to Hank Buffum's big sow last week."

Not wishing to come under suspicion by exhibiting anxiety to reach home,—the place to which he never went until all the other places were closed,—Ichabod accepted a seat in the circle. The shop-keeper spun his yarn to a tenuous length. He piled wood into the stove, too, until the iron sides of it glowed cherry-red; the heat became furious, a glistening yellow streak appeared on the suspect's forehead. He wiped it away with his handkerchief. He did not seem at ease. In a few minutes he yawned, laboriously, remarked that he had been up late the night before, and that he must be going home.

"All right," consented the merchant; "but just wait a few minutes till I put up a few ginger-snaps for your missus—some I just got from Boston."

Naturally an offer like that could not be refused. It took an unconscionable time to put up a dozen little cakes, and Ichabod was now sweating butter in good earnest. He accepted

the gift thankfully, yet with a certain preoccupation, and as he bent over to tuck his trousers into his boots he showed his hair soaking with grease, his collar limp with it, streaks and spatters down his coat, and spots appearing in his hat. The store-keeper winked at the members of his congress, pointed significantly to the butter-tub, then to Ichabod's hat, then laid his finger on his lips. The loungers caught the idea, and when their victim was again ready to start they remembered errands and business for him that kept him for several minutes longer in their company. The butter was now coming down in drops and rills, and the poor scamp was at one moment red with heat and confusion then pale with fear, because thieves fared hardly in that town. On one pretext and another he was detained till the butter was all melted and his clothes, partial ruins before, were wholly spoiled. He arose with decision at last and said he could not stay another minute. " Well," said the shop-keeper, " we can let you go now. We've had fun enough out of you to pay for the butter you stole. You'll be needing new clothes to-morrow. Give us a call. Good-night."

THE ESCAPED NUN

ALL trace of it is gone now: the convent that was burned in 1834; the hill it stood upon, the garden, the orchard, the high walls; and it is better so. With its disappearance has vanished the token of an act never to be repeated on American soil. For fifty years the ruins of an Ursuline nunnery topped the deserted Mount Benedict, in Somerville, Massachusetts. A rifle-shot away arose the shaft that commemorates our first great battle for political liberty—the monument on Bunker Hill: strange contrast to the shattered masonry that recorded a seeming attack on religious freedom. It is well to weigh the case before blaming too severely; and, because prejudice has so clouded it that the truth will never be known, this story of the convent has already become a tradition rather than a history.

Puritan Boston was disturbed when a Romanist convent was built within her precincts in 1820. The great irruption of Celts and Latins had not then begun. Americans were of English stock and were a people united in belief, the

descendants of the Cavaliers in the South forming so small a Catholic population that it made no show worth mentioning in figures. Popular dislike had something to do with the convent's removal, a few years later, to an isolated hilltop overlooking the marshes of the Mystic, though it could not have been dreamed that such a measure had been compelled by any sense of insecurity. It was strange and foreign, this house of the black-robed. The inmates had all been sent from Europe—women apt in the teaching of accomplishments which passed for an education in that day: the harp, the piano, singing, drawing, wax flowers, embroidery, etiquette, and French. Women who could read Latin and had gone through Euclid were frowned upon as blue-stockings.

Yet the benign purposes of the nuns were so misunderstood and misconstrued that a selectman of the town told the Mother Superior that he wanted to tear the place about her ears. Echoes of mediæval history sounded in the streets and were alleged to come from the lonely building on the hill. There were tales of horrible punishments; of nuns walled up alive for

disobedience; of tunnels and dungeons deep under the earth; and it was common belief that the priests and nuns were proselyting among the Protestant girls who had been committed to their care. There was no active hostility until Sister Mary John, who had been Miss Elizabeth Harrison, of Philadelphia, "escaped" from the convent and sought shelter in Cambridge. She was greatly agitated and said that one of the priests had made violent love to her and pursued her out of the grounds. Public indignation mounted to fever-heat when this was rumored, and it approached the danger-point when a second report was broadcast that the nun had been "captured" and taken back to the convent.

Here we come to the parting of the ways, for there were men of position who averred that the evidence against the priest was absolute, and that the subsequent denial by the girl was forced from her by threats, while Bishop Fenwick and the Mother Superior declared that the girl had been crazed by overwork in teaching in addition to certain religious fasts and observances of an exhausting nature. When she was called to tes-

tify in a court of justice the sister said that she had been out of her mind; then, suddenly averting her face from the gaze of those in the courtroom, she burst into tears. A few nights after this episode a mob was heard coming down the Medford road. Torches glimmered through the dusk, and above the threatening shouts could be heard the cry, "Down with the convent!" A panic overcame the pupils, though the nuns preserved an outward calm and drew away with the girls to places of safety. The throng broke down the high fence, assaulted the gardener who alone attempted to stay its entrance, insulted the sisters in their flight, looted the main building, smashed the windows, split up the pianos, and at last applied the torch. Fire-alarms were rung, but the crowd kept the engines from playing on the building. No lives were lost, but the convent was destroyed.

Next day such of Boston as had not lost its senses in that sad and savage foray, or had recovered them, took measures to secure the arrest of the offenders, several of whom were as well known as the mayor; but they stood together in a general defence, and the only one

to be punished was a scapegrace and scapegoat of a boy, who was sent to prison for life. There were mutterings of revenge for long after, but no active retaliation was attempted. The fences were repaired, a keeper was put in charge, and the blackened walls were preserved, apparently as a reproach. Year after year, unfailingly, a bill was presented by the Church to the State for the damage worked by the mob. As regularly it was overlooked, refused, or pigeon-holed by the legislature. Hatreds were sown on that night that in some quarters are traditionary still.

THE LONG SLEEP

MOUNT MIANOMO, or Rag Rock, in eastern Massachusetts, was one of the dead monsters that had crawled down from the north with ice and stones on its back to desolate the sun god's land. All of these creatures were checked when they reached the hollows dug by the sun god to stay their march—the hollows that have become the pretty New England lakes—and there the god pelted them to death with heated spears. At the foot of this hill, three

centuries ago, lived many of the Aberginians—progenitors, it is said, of the Aber-Nits, that arose on the isle of Manhatta in after years. Their chief was one Wabanowi, who thought more of himself than all the rest of his people did, who never learned anything, never made a true prophecy, and passed into vulgar local history as Headman Stick-in-the-mud. This chief had a daughter, Heart-stealer, and he made it a duty to nag and to thwart her in every wish, as befitted the Indian parent of romance. Fighting Bear, chief of the Narragansetts, fell in love with the girl, and after a speech of three pages in which he likened himself to the sun, the storm, the ocean, to all the strong animals he could remember, and the girl to the deer,—could it have been a dear?—the singing bird, the zephyr, the waves, and the flowers, he descended to business and claimed her hand. Every Indian, he said, had heard the prophecy that a great race with sick faces, hair on its teeth, thickly clad in summer, and speaking in a harsh tongue, was coming to drive the red man from the land of his fathers. By this marriage the Aberginians and Narragansetts would be

united, and two such families could destroy anybody or anything.

The professional pride of Stick-in-the-mud was touched. He sprang to his feet and cried: "Who has foretold this? I didn't. There is only one prophet in this district, and that's me. It isn't for green youngsters, Narragansetts at that, to meddle with this second-sight business. Understand? Moreover, my arm is so strong it needs no help to exterminate an enemy. I can beat him with my left hand tied behind me. Had you merely asked for my daughter I would have given her up without a struggle. If somebody doesn't take her soon I shall lose my reason. But you have added insult to oratory, and if you don't go quick you'll never get there at all."

Thus speaking, Stick-in-the-mud once more wrapped his furs around him so that only his nose and his pipe were left outside, while Fighting Bear folded his arms, scowled, observed something to the effect that Ha, ha! a time would come, and strode into the forest.

One evening a smoke hung over Rag Rock and shadowy figures flitted through it. A vague

fear possessed the public. Stick-in-the-mud, waking from a mince-pie dream in the middle of the night, saw in his door, faint against the sky, the shape of a woman who beckoned, and, hoping to uncover some secret that would be more useful to him in his fortune-telling matches than his usual and lamentable guess-work, he arose and followed her. The spirit moved lightly, silently up Rag Rock and entered a cavern that the chief had never seen before—a cavern glowing with soft light and bedded with deep moss. He sank upon this cushioned floor, at a gesture from the spirit; then, with her arms waving above him, he fell into a sleep. Next day, and for several days, the citizens scoured the woods, the hills, and every other thing except themselves, in the search for Stick-in-the-mud, but they did not find him. Another man, who had enjoyed singular misfortune in foretelling the weather, was promoted to be seer; then when the news reached Rhode Island—that was what it was going to be ere long—Fighting Bear hurried to the scene of his former interview and again claimed Heart-stealer as his bride. Nobody said a word, so he took her to his home.

Now came the men of sick and hairy faces, white men, who wanted the earth and took it, making it no longer a pleasant place to live on. It was plain that they were the people whose coming had been foretold, and when King Philip waged a war against the English, Fighting Bear and a hundred of his friends joined in the riot. He was beaten soundly, and, being a man of sense, once was enough. He kept the peace after that.

When Stick-in-the-mud awoke the cave was lighted again and the spirit that had led him there stood watching. As his eyes opened she spoke: " Wabanowi, I caused you to sleep that you might be spared the pain of seeing your people forsake their home for other lands. The men with pale faces and black hearts are here. Had you been with your people you would have stirred them to fight, and all would have been killed. As it is, they have not fought. I now set you free. Go into the Narragansett country and live with your daughter. You will find her married to Fighting Bear. Do not disturb their happiness. Come."

Then the rock opened and the chief tottered

into the sunlight. He was full of rheumatism and fringed with moth-eaten whiskers that presently made the dogs bark. He needed new clothes. He needed a dinner. He needed a smoke. If he had known anything of fire-water he would have been sure that he needed a drink. He looked down at Lake Initou: not a canoe! On the site of his village: not a wigwam! The trees had been cut, log houses stood in the clearings, people with colorless faces were using strange implements in tilled fields. A cock crew. Stick-in-the-mud started; it was a new sound to him. A horse laughed; he winced. A sheep bleated; he began to sweat. A cow lowed; he started for a tree. A jackass warbled; he looked around for the cave, but it had closed.

Descending, after he had gained confidence, he shaved himself with a quohog shell, found his wreck of a canoe, guided it for the last time across the lake, and landing at its southern end crushed it to pieces—not the pond, but the canoe. Then he went to Providence, where his daughter met him and presented a few of her children, who climbed over him, hung on to his hair, and otherwise made him feel at home. He saw that

he had been outclassed as a prophet and that if he had taken the advice of his son-in-law he might have avoided being put to sleep in Rag Rock. Still, this Indian Rip Van Winkle had been refreshed by his slumbers, and he lived for a long time after, spending a part of every pleasant day in playing horse with the youngest of his grandchildren—for he had found that horses do not bite hard—and proudly watching the replacement of youngest No. 8 by youngest No. 9, then by No. 10, and so on to a matter of 18 or 20. In September, on the day nearest to full moon, he still goes back to Rag Rock and looks off at sunrise. You may see him then, or you may see him half an hour later skimming the surface of Horn Pond in his shadow canoe. Having thus revisited the scenes of his youth, he retires for another year.

TOM DUNN'S DANCE ON RAG ROCK

RAG ROCK, in which Wabanowi had his long sleep, was a home of sprites and demons down to the nineteenth century. Thomas Dunn knew this, and on ordinary nights he

would have taken all manner of long cuts around it, for he had no fondness for things not of this world, whether they were ghosts or gospels. But on the night of his dance, having been to a husking-bee where he had "kept his spirits up by pouring spirits down," and having found so many red ears that he was in a state of high self-satisfaction, for he had kissed his pretty partner twenty times, he spunked up and chanced it straight across the hill. As he approached he saw a glow among the trees and heard a fiddle going—going like mad. He buffeted his way through the thicket to see who of his towns-people were holding a picnic in the moonshine and dancing to such sacrilegious music; for there was dancing; he could hear the shuffle of feet. In a minute he had reached the edge of a glade lighted by torches and found there a richly dressed and merry company tripping it with such spirit as he had never seen before. He dearly liked to shake a leg in a jig or reel, and a chance like this was not to be withstood. He entered the ring, bowing and all a-grin, and was welcomed with a shout. On a hummock of moss sat a maid without a part-

ner, a maid whose black eyes snapped with mischief, whose cheeks and lips were rosy, and whose skirt, raised a trifle higher than common, showed a pair of marvellous neat ankles. The invitation in her smile and sidelong glance were not to be resisted. Tom caught her by the waist, dragged her to her feet, and whirled off with her into the gayest, wildest dance he had ever led. He seemed to soar above the earth. After a time he found that the others had seated themselves and were watching him. This put him on his mettle, and the violin put lightning into his heels. He feated it superbly and won round on round of applause. He and the girl had separated for a matter of six feet and had set in to dance each other down. As he leaped and whirled and cracked his heels in the air in an ecstasy of motion and existence Tom noticed with pain that the freshness was leaving his partner's face, that it was becoming longer, the eyes deeper and harder. This pain deepened into dismay when he saw that the eyes had turned green and evil, the teeth had projected, sharp and yellow, below the lip, the form had grown lank and withered. He realized at last that it

was the demon crew of the hill with which he was in company, and his heart grew so heavy that he could barely leap with it inside of him, yet leap he must, for he was lost unless he could keep up the dance till sunrise or unless a clergyman should order him to stop—which was not a likely thing to happen. So he flung off his coat, hat, vest, and tie and settled into a business jog. The moon was setting. In two hours he would be free, and then—a cramp caught him in the calf, and with a roar of "God save me!" he tumbled on his back.

The cry did save him, for a witch cannot endure to hear the name of God. He saw a brief vision of scurrying forms, heard growling, hissing, and cursing in strange phrases, realized for a second that a hideous shape hung threatening over him, was blinded by a flame that stank of sulphur, then he saw and heard no more till daylight. If he was drunk, and imagined all this, how can one explain the two portraits of the witch he danced with? They were etched in fire on the handle of his jack-knife, one as she appeared when he met her, the other as she looked when his eyes were closing. A fever followed

this adventure. After he had regained his health Tom took to himself a wife, joined the church, forsook all entertainments, drank tea, and became a steady workman. He recovered his peace of mind, died a deacon, and was rewarded by having a cherub with a toothache sculptured on his gravestone.

WOBURN GHOSTS

THE ancient town of Woburn, Massachusetts, had its complement of sprites and spooks. Did not John Flagg have to pull water from the Black House well from midnight till dawn, as fast as he could make the bucket go, to slake the thirst of various imps that crouched on the earth around him, roosted on the well-sweep, leaped on his shoulders, and gamboled in the air? True, he had visited the tavern assiduously for a week before, but the only contestants against his claim that he had seen imps and fish with owls' wings and snakes' tails were the people who could do no more than swear they had not seen any. And why? Because they had been asleep.

This Black House, so called because it was painted black, was built by one of the cleverest criminal pleaders of his day—so skilful in thwarting justice that people said the Old Harry was his partner. A thief having stolen a quantity of trousers from a Woburn tailor, he argued him out of quod and took the trousers in part payment for his services—to the deep regret of the tailor who had constructed them. The thief, considering himself wronged in having to give up all the trousers when half of them would have been enough, and strengthening his purpose by repeating a well-known adage relating to honor among associates, broke into the lawyer's house to steal them back again, when he was so terrified by the appearance of a ghost on the stairs—a white ghost with black wings—that he leaped through a window, cutting himself sadly, and escaped to another county, leaving his jimmy, keys, dark-lantern, and pistol, an added prize, in possession of his defender. While this burglar did not succeed, somebody else did, for the trousers began to disappear, one pair every night. The serving-maid swore that they were of no use to her. The lawyer had

no wife who might be ambitious to wear them. And the strange part of it was that the bells attached by the lawyer to his windows never rang, the stiff paper strewn over the floors to crackle and make the robber advertise and scare himself was never rumpled, the bolts and keys were all in the morning as they had been when shot for the night. So the thief was the ghost. Several neighbors had seen this dreadful shape with its white robe and dark wings—seen it as plainly as they could see the house. Being a sound sleeper, the lawyer hired a young farmer to bring his gun and watch for the robber from the covert of a closet where the now famous trousers hung in concealing festoons. At two in the morning the watcher saw the lawyer arise from bed, tie a pair of trousers about his neck like a huge cravat, softly descend the stair, unfasten his door, cross his yard, bury the garment in his hay-rick, return, lock his door, and go to bed. He did this in his sleep. Next morning they pulled eleven pairs of trousers out of the hay. And again the tailor sorrowed.

Another disappointing ghost lived in a ramshackle loft above the horse-shed of a tavern

that occupied the site of the Central House. It moaned and groaned and rattled a chain. A travelling showman investigated the place, pulled out a splinter that hummed in the wind like a reed, hooked up a chain that clanked whenever the building shook, and brought in a pigeon that wheezed with pip or asthma. The populace was so convinced that he had laid the ghost—not by courage but by supernatural acts—that it flocked to his show and enabled him to reach his next town with money enough to live on for a week.

A less explainable ghost is that of the Indian squaw who was drowned in Horn Pond by her husband, and who pokes her head out of the water, sputtering and screaming as she did at the time of the tragedy. A gunner, hearing this hubbub and taking it to be the outcry of a loon, was going to fire, when he saw the head and shoulders plainly and found on the shore a blood-stained moccasin.

As to dead Indians, a party of them used to hold dances in a cavern opening on Dunham's Pond—now drained, filled, and built over. An early settler who found his way into the cave

never found the way out, and he too may be dancing—with impatience.

Most feared of all the ghosts was the sheeted skeleton of Daddy Wright, that lived in a hollow oak on the edge of Wright's Pond—also drained and filled. The old man had hanged himself from a limb of this tree, probably because he could not find the Spanish dollars that a thief had buried among its roots. A man in the neighborhood who had become suddenly rich was believed to have been quicker and luckier in his search than the late and previous Mr. Wright. When this ghost came out for an airing he shone with green and mouldy light. He could burn, too. A man who passed the tree on his way from the tavern in the small hours was so frightened by the sudden emergence of the skeleton that a lock of his hair turned white. It leaped on his shoulders, scorching his hat as it touched him, and thence bounded back into the branches. Once it leaped upon the back of a cow as she drank from the pond in late twilight, and when the startled animal ran from under the tree the skeleton darted out of sight among the leaves, rising as lightly as a bubble.

HOW THE BLACK HORSE WAS BEATEN

SAM HART, of Woburn, was well known in the Bay State in the later years of the eighteenth century, for he was a lover of swift horses, a fearless rider, a layer of shocking wagers, and a regular attendant at fairs, races, and other manner of doubtful enterprises. He had one mare that he offered to pit against any piece of horse-flesh in the country, and he bragged about her, in season and out, making of her his chief topic of conversation and prayers, after the manner of men who drive fast horses. While taking the air on his door-step on a summer evening he was visited by a bland and dignified stranger whose closely shaven jowls, sober coat, cocked hat, and white wig made him look like a parson, but whose glittering black eyes did not agree with his make-up. This gentleman had called to brag about his black horse, that would beat anything on legs, as he wished to prove by racing him against Hart's mare. He offered odds of three to one, with his horse into the bargain, and he would give the mare ten rods start. The race was to

begin at Central Square and the black horse must catch the mare by the tail with his teeth before Woburn Common was reached.

Sam accepted this challenge in an instant, and next morning the village emptied itself upon the street to see the fun. The word was given. There was a cry and a snap of the whip, and away went the coursers, tearing over the earth like a hurricane. The mare was supple, long-winded, and strong, yet the big black was surely gaining. His breath seemed actually to smoke, so hot was his pace. Sam began to suspect what sort of being this was behind him, and instead of ending the run in the way prescribed he made for the Baptist church. It was impossible to pull up sharply with such a headway, and the chase went three times around the building at a furious gallop before Sam could steer the mare close enough to the church door to be on holy ground. Fire sprang from the black horse's nostrils. It singed the mare's tail and the horizontally streaming coat-tails of her rider. Then the black horse went down upon his haunches, and Sam, pulling up with difficulty, dismounted. The Devil, who had been riding

the black, was out of his saddle first. Said he: " You have cheated one whose business is cheating, and I'm a decent enough fellow to own up when I'm beaten. Here's your money. Catch it, for you know I can't cross holy ground, you rascal; and here's my horse; he'll be tractable enough after I've gone home, and as safe as your mare. Good luck to you."

A whiff of sulphur smoke burst up from the road and made Sam wink and cough. When he could open his eyes again the Devil was gone. He put the black horse into his stable, and had him out at all the fairs and functions, winning every race he entered. Still, the neighbors doubted the blessing of the Devil, for they used to say that the black was still the Devil's horse, and that money won by racing—especially when it was won on a sure thing—would weigh the soul of its owner down to the warm place when he died.

THE BREAKING OF PLYMOUTH ROCK

THE rock on the beach that enabled the fathers and mothers of the Yankee nation to land dry shod figures in popular oratory as the corner-stone of our liberties. The rude block of granite, sea stained and weather worn, is now protected from the elements by a stone roof and from the vandals by an iron fence. Through the weary time of war and toil and hunger and privation, when the permanence and safety of the little colony were in constant doubt, the place of this corner-stone was remembered. A century and a half later the people of Plymouth, in common with those of all New England, were alarmed by the rumors of war that began to fill the country, and fearing lest the stone should be forgotten in the years of battle that might follow, the organization known as the Sons of Liberty decided to move it back from the water's edge. Should they be driven from their homes they might yet fight their way back, one day, to Plymouth, and the rock of the Pilgrims would then become the basement-stone of a stronger, finer nation. In any case they

deemed it well to save it from the wash of the waves and burial in sand and concealment in weeds and mosses, and to place it as a memorial where their descendants might always look on it, and so doing might honor the principles that in an accepted symbolism it represented. As it was being lifted from its bed by a derrick it cracked and fell in two pieces. And there were some who saw in this a forecast of affliction, for it surely boded a rupture between those who now peopled the land and those from whom they were descended and who still ruled the colonies from beyond the sea. Truly, in four years from that time, "the shot heard round the world" rang out at Lexington, and England's old dominion in America was shorn of strength, influence, and dimension. New pilgrims make holiday at the place pressed by the feet of the first settlers, and each day's news brings proof that the offspring of that hardy band are extending their power around the globe.

THE SWAN OF LIGHT

THERE was no island on Horn Pond, Massachusetts, in the long ago. When it was Lake Initou the red men worshipped so many lesser gods that they had no time to praise the one Master of Life. So it chanced that signs of anger were seen on the earth and in the heavens. Lake Initou, Mirror of the Spirit, was dark and troubled even in the calmest weather. Flashes of light and unaccountable sounds were seen and heard on Towanda and Mianomo. Then the game fled away, the fish grew scarce, the roots and berries suffered from a blight. As Chief Wakima lay in sleep on the lake shore he saw through his closed lids a growing light, and, opening his eyes, beheld a luminous boat advancing, self-driven, across the water, bearing a tall and beautiful form that also shone in white. The chief sprang to his feet in amazement, but sank to his knees again in awe when the boat grounded on the beach and the messenger stood before him, looking down with a face of sorrow and rebuke.

The shining one said: " You pray to the air,

to the lake, to the trees, that your people may not suffer from disease and hunger, from the heat of summer and the winter frosts. You do not appeal to the Spirit that rules all lesser ones and all the earth. Are your prayers to the manitous of the woods and waters answered? No; you have only sickness, famine, disappointment. Bid your medicine-men stop their follies, their shaking of rattles, their chants, their ceremonies, and address their words to Him who bends from the clouds to listen and is sorry to hear no voice of His children. When your people have prayed properly, gather them at the water-side, and if you have been true and good the Great Spirit will give a sign that He loves you."

Wakima raised his head to answer, but found himself alone. The vision seemed like a dream. Yet in his heart he knew he had offended. He would obey the shining one. He told his prophets what had been told to him, and ere long the game returned to the hills, the fish to the waters, the fruits were sweet and plenty, and the young grew fast and strong. When the Moon of Flowers had come Wakima recalled the

promise of the messenger and gathered his people on the lake in their canoes to wait the sign. Gradually the boats, as of some will of their own, drifted into a circle, and in the middle of this ring, deep down, a light began to glow. It became brighter and brighter as it neared the surface, and presently arose in the air a gigantic swan, that shone with a glorious white light, as silver would shine in the sun. It spread its vast wings till they covered all the tribe as in token of blessing; then it settled on the water again and sank, the light paling as slowly as it had grown. When it had disappeared something dark arose silently from the lake, and in the morning an island stood there—the island that the red men called the Swan.

THE LOVE OF A PRAYING INDIAN

WHEN an Indian became a praying Indian, that is, a convert to Christianity, he was not always so well trusted by the Massachusetts colonists as he felt he should be, and his pride was often hurt by the slights that white men put upon him after he had forsworn his native fash-

ions. So it was with young Bran, of Natick. He had given away his axe and feathers, cropped his hair, taken to washing himself, learned to drink ale and eat pumpkin pie, and, dressed in the cast-offs of a Puritan farmer, was thoroughly moral and uncomfortable. How much of this reformation was due to preaching and how much to the farmer's pretty daughter, Lydia, it would be unsafe to say, but the neighbors believed that Lydia had at least as large a share in it as the parson. And she, being strange to the ways of town gallants, seeing more of red folks than of white ones, contrasting the usefulness and gentleness of Bran with the wildness of his relatives, and meeting him at the table every day,—for he had become her father's helper,—was not wholly averse to the young fellow whose chief aim in life was to so shape that life as to please her best.

The idea of a union between Lydia and the Indian was monstrously distasteful to the girl's parents. She told them, rather tartly, that they falsified their own precepts and reflected on their own work when they persisted in treating Bran as an inferior and an outcast, especially as he

could now read, write, cipher, had become a steady worker, and was a better hunter than any white man in Natick. A time of trouble came. The war begun by King Philip against the whites reached the village and broke forth in fire and blood. Some of the praying Indians forgot their gospelling and joined him. Bran returned from the fields one evening to find the farmhouse in ashes and no trace of the people, save their footprints in the earth. That was enough. He kicked off the garb of civilization, glad to be free of it, put on his breech-clout and moccasins, stuck a feather in his hair, painted himself gaudily, begged, borrowed, or stole an axe to add to his knife and gun, and almost before the trail was cold he was following the route of the conquerors through the woods and over the hills. From Mount Wachusett he saw the smoke of their camp rising through the trees, and in another hour he was among them.

As he was apparently in arms against the English he was welcomed by the people, and a certain white captive of theirs—who was no other than Lydia—did not imagine that it was

her lover who was strutting about and urging the savages to fight. She, poor girl, was trussed against a tree for burning. She had tried to escape, and as a warning to the other prisoners it had been resolved to punish this attempt with death. Bran delivered an oration of some length and much fervor, reciting the wrongs he had suffered from the whites and asking that Lydia and her parents be given into his hands for torture and killing. He pleaded his cause so well, following his address with a present of three or four silver pieces and a swig from a bottle of rum for each of the leading warriors, that he had his wish.

That night he volunteered to guard the camp at its eastern edge,—for the pursuit of the Puritans was feared,—and he gave the rest of the rum to the guards who were nearest to him—rum in which he had steeped the leaves of a drowsy plant. Then in whispers he disclosed himself to his captives, bade them arm, and when the night was half spent he led them out of camp and away to safety. They lodged next night in the ruin of a house but lately burned; and if there was any chase it did not overtake

them, for they reached Natick tired with the haste of their journey but otherwise none the worse. When they had rebuilt their house the old folks resolved to take life easier, and they looked with a kind eye on their rescuer. They could no longer refuse to become the parents-in-law of one who had showed himself so courageous, so ready in resource, and so true in love. And the marriage was a happy one.

THE GANDER'S MESSAGE

IN the eighteenth century there stood a gambrelled house at Somerset, Massachusetts, where Widow Le Doit lived with her daughter and five stout sons. Biel, the youngest, suffered a fate common to the smallest member of a family in that he was teased and badgered by his brothers so that he often begged his mother's permission to go away and earn his living elsewhere. Above all things he would be a sailor. He was a confirmed roamer, and he wanted more room. In one of his lonely rambles he caught a wild goose that he domesticated and prized until somebody shot her,—he suspected his

brothers,—but one of her eggs was hatched under a hen and the "cute" little gosling that emerged became a special charge of Biel. A time came at last when the widow yielded to the boy's pleadings and consented that he should go to sea. As a pet, a reminder of home, and possibly as a Thanksgiving dinner in some distant port, the gander kept him company in the ship "L'Ouverture," bound for the western Indies. Three years the ship was gone, for she was to change cargoes and trade in the interests of her owners, so that letters were infrequent. Biel might be in Uruguay, China, or Denmark, or he might be on any of the seas.

On the third Thanksgiving day, when the horn was blown for the great dinner of the year at the old home, a queer call came back: the honk of a goose. Widow Le Doit's eyes filled. She recalled her son's pet gander. Another blast and another call from the meadow. The daughter shuddered a little. "Is the meadow haunted," she asked, "or is something about to happen?"

"Why do you speak of such things, Annie?"

"Because there is only one wild goose in the

world that knows our horn and will answer it. Blow once more, mother."

A third blast rang from the horn and echoed against the low hills. A form arose from the grass and the laurel patches in the pasture and flew low toward the house. It alighted before the two women, honked loudly, then flew off again. Annie hid her face on her mother's shoulder. "Biel is dead!" she cried.

The elder woman soothed the younger and tried to laugh at her fears, but the laughter had no ring in it. The two went in, presently, to receive their guests. All seemed dull and oppressed until another call of the wild goose sent a little shudder through the company. It seemed like an omen.

"It is there again!" exclaimed the widow. "I will call it." And stepping to the door she sounded a stronger note than ever on the horn. In a few moments the wild fowl, as the others thought it, alighted in the yard and pattered up the walk toward the door. Annie sprang upon it and carried it to the table, where it stood stretching its wings and pluming itself, not in the least disturbed by the presence of the com-

pany, until, with a sudden rouse, as if it had heard something at a distance that it meant to answer, it stretched forth its neck and uttered a honk that made the roof ring. A step sounded on the door-stone, a brown-faced, sturdy figure dashed in, caught the widow about the waist with one arm, Annie with the other, and smacked them heartily; then gave to each of the brothers such a resounding whack upon his back that he quailed. It was Biel. After a minute of tears, laughter, and hand-shakings the gander paddled to the edge of the table and cocked up an inquiring eye. "Well, if it isn't our gander!" cried the sailor. "He cut away from the ship two days ago, and I supposed he was a long way ahead of us. Aha! I see; you thought we were wrecked. Not a bit of it. Gold in our pockets and appetites for two. Am I in time for the Thanksgiving dinner?"

CASE OF THE BROTHERS BROWN

TOWARD the end of the Revolution Captain Ira Brown, having endured his share of the dangers and privations of war, retired to the home of his elder brother, Hezekiah, near Fair Haven, Massachusetts, to rest for a few weeks and forget, so well as he might, the shedding of blood. Hezekiah was a lawyer of no great brilliancy, who lived by egging the farmer and fisher folk of the vicinage into quarrels and suits, that he might be employed as their attorney. At that time the lawyer was paying court to the daughter of a well-to-do merchant, who obviously felt little warmth of interest in him, however, the favored suitor being a young fellow of good family named Seymour. The rivalry for this damsel's hand had established a bitterness between Seymour and the lawyer. On an evil day the captain, who was in nowise concerned in this love affair, was taking his daily walk near the shore of Buzzard's Bay when a startled, half-smothered exclamation caused him to look about. A figure dodged out of his sight behind a sand dune.

What did that mean? Was somebody preparing to play a joke on him? He climbed the dune and from its top commanded a view of a damp hollow, half filled with bushes. Among these bushes lay the body of Seymour. Crouching at a little distance, with bloody fingers held weakly before his face, was Hezekiah. "What is this?" cried the captain, hurrying to his brother. "You have blood on you. Are you hurt?"

"No—no—I—we met here. He called me a name—you understand? I thought he would fight when I struck him. I struck him again, and—and——"

"Hezekiah! You have committed murder!"

"No! No! No! Not that! I didn't mean to hurt him. I thought he would attack me. It was self-defence—self-defence."

"This is dreadful, Hezekiah, to kill an unarmed man."

"I know it. I didn't mean to do it. Save me!"

"Pull yourself together. Take my handkerchief and wipe your hands. Don't shake so. You must get out of this, somehow."

"You won't tell. You can't. You're my

brother. For our mother's sake, you won't give me up."

"No."

"Swear it. Swear that whatever happens you'll not tell."

"I swear."

"Let me get away. Stay and watch for a minute, and call if you see any one coming. Or, if any one does come, decoy him away from here."

And with a face as white as that still face in the shrubbery he peered over the dune's edge, looked about in every direction, and with soft, yet rapid, eager step he went out of sight. Some minutes later the captain took the homeward path. He walked with a firm stride, but his face, too, was pale; his expression was that of astonishment and pain, his fingers locked and shifted behind his back. Two neighbors whom he met, presently, and to whom he hardly gave greeting, had never before seen that mood upon him. That night the captain was arrested and taken to New Bedford jail on a charge of murder. Seymour's body had been found, the captain's bloody handkerchief had been picked up

near it, the captain himself had been seen leaving the spot in pallor and agitation. He was a man of arms, quick in quarrel. His motive might appear at the trial.

When the case came before judge and jury, as it did quickly,—for it was not the way in those days to delay trials on quibbles month after month and year after year,—Hezekiah was his brother's defender. Everybody commented on the coolness of the prisoner, on his almost disdainful regard for the lawyer, and everybody noted how his advocate trembled, started, and perspired at various passages in the evidence. The prisoner declined to testify in his own defence, merely pleading innocence. If he were a murderer, the people said, he must have struck his victim for some reason, and probably in a dispute. Of the two brothers the lawyer was in the worse case. One might have fancied him to be the accused. The evidence on both sides was quickly taken. The State's attorney made a case against the prisoner, circumstantial, without motive, yet plausible, and the jury found him guilty.

" Have you anything to say why sentence of

death should not be passed on you?" asked the judge.

For several seconds the captain looked into his brother's eye. The lawyer quailed, his brow was wet, he could barely stand; it was pitiful to see him.

"I can say nothing," answered the accused.

"I regret the need of condemning one to the gallows who has fought ably for his country; one whose name has borne no stain till now; but I am only the agent of the law, and you are held guilty of the abhorrent crime of murder. You have faced death in other forms. You must now prepare to face it in its most shameful, terrible shape. I sentence you to——"

There was a shriek. It was the lawyer, who, throwing up his hands, fell heavily to the floor.

"It was too much for him. How he feels for his brother!" was whispered in the throng.

A glass of water revived him. His eyes were wild. "I saw him—there—at the door. It was his ghost!" he exclaimed, in hoarse, tense tones. "There! Look! It is he—Seymour! My God! It was I who killed him. My brother is innocent. I am the assassin."

The judge had risen and was looking down in amazement. "Is this true?" he asked, so soon as he could find words.

"He has confessed," replied the captain.

A pallid man with a bandage on his head had been trying for some moments to get through the throng. He raised his hand and caught the eye of the judge. "This man has not told the truth," he said, "though he told what he believed. I am Seymour, hurt, but not a ghost. Let these men go free."

A RECOVERED POCKET-BOOK

IN the days when Brighton, Massachusetts, was the greatest cattle-market in the Eastern States, a certain farmer went there to sell his cows, and realized a good price for them. A pick-pocket and miscellaneous scalawag, disguised as a trader, had seen with longing the wad of bills that the farmer had stowed away in his garments, and, after the manner of such knights of fortune, had found an excuse to introduce himself and treat the happy agriculturist to three or four glasses of whiskey and a

drugged cigar. This combination took effect presently, while the farmer was resting under the shade of a tree, and he gradually collapsed on the grass and addressed himself to sleep. His rest had not been of many minutes' duration when an acquaintance shook him and asked him if he would change a bill. He felt in his pocket for the money, but it was gone, and so was his friend of an hour. He was awake now. Far down the road he saw the fellow running, and although a pursy man himself he gave so lively a chase, and bawled "Stop thief!" so loudly that the rogue made toward a woman who sat beside the way enveloped in a cloak and rocking a child on her knee, tossed something at her, and was off, over a fence and out of sight behind some sheds. The farmer arrived, panting. "Aha!" he cried, to the woman. "You are that scoundrel's confederate, are you? Give me that pocket-book." And with a dash at his treasure he wrested it from her hand. Then, plucking aside the cloak, he looked into the face of his own wife.

It chanced that the farmer's wife had started to town to do some shopping, several hours after

her husband had left home, and that near the market her sympathy had been awakened by a forlorn woman in a faded dress who held a child and swayed back and forth, moaning as in pain and muttering sentences from which the spectator surmised that she awaited, yet dreaded, the arrival of a husband who was engaged in some wrong-doing. She begged the farmer's wife to hold her baby while she explored the cattle-yards and inns, that she might find her husband and persuade him to go home before he fell into trouble. This the farmer's wife undertook willingly enough, for she was a motherly soul, and to protect herself and the infant from dust she slipped the thin black cloak over her head in the same fashion in which its owner had worn it.

In a few minutes along comes the thief at a run, and, not realizing that his wife's place had been taken by a stranger, being intent only on saving his bacon, he emptied his pockets into her lap, saying, "Look out for these," and continued his flight. If her surprise at this action was great, it increased when she recognized her husband's pocket-book, stuffed as never before, and it was at its height when her lord confronted

her and claimed his money. Great was the astonishment of the man to find in his partner the apparent consort of a thief; but matters were explained, directly, and the couple were put about on finding that in addition to their own wealth they had become custodians of one other well-filled pocket-book, a purse of silver, a gold watch and chain, and half a dozen silver spoons. The pick-pocket's wife returned, presently, to claim her babe, and sat by the way-side again to wait for her scamp of a husband. The thief was caught in a few days, and you may be sure that the farmer's wife did not allow the wallet to leave her sight till she had obtained from it the price of the most resplendent bonnet that ever was shown in the village church. And she wore it with great pride on the next Sunday.

THE WALKING CORPSE OF MALDEN

IN the old graveyard of Malden, Massachusetts, is the burial place of a citizen who disturbed the town for years, because he would not rest after he was dead. He had been moody and misunderstood in his life, and had given his

nights to the study of strange things. Odors of abhorrent chemicals had issued from his house and choked people in the street, unaccountable noises had been heard in his laboratory, shadows had flitted athwart his curtains so goblinesque and frightening that two people who saw them lay down on the spot and had fits. When his death-hour came the man called an attendant, who had braved the terrors of the mansion, and with mouth at his ear he gasped: "In my life I have differed from other men, and by the foul fiend I will continue different after I am dead. My flesh is not common flesh, like yours. It will never rot."

Nor did it. His body was put into one of the old-fashioned tombs, five feet below the ground and reached by an iron door in a granite gable. Some years afterward this tomb was opened, and the corpse was almost as it had been in life, save that it had grown brown and hard and dreadful. A medical student, who was greatly exercised by this discovery, and had doubts if it were really a man's body that had been coffined there, visited the cemetery alone on a squally night, entered the tomb, lighted a lan-

tern, and with some composure sawed the head from the body and put it into a bag, intending to remove it to his home, where he could examine it at leisure. No sooner had he finished this grewsome business than there came to his ears whispers from the other coffins in the sepulchre, soft treading in the wet grass outside, moans and wails, stifled, gibbering cries; and shadows passed—he saw them on the green and slimy wall of the tomb. His heart was shaken. With a yell for mercy, he flung the head upon the floor, leaped out of the pit, and ran at a frenzied speed toward home, hurting himself grievously by falls and stumbles over graves and stones.

Some months elapsed before any one else took courage to visit the desecrated place, but curiosity would not be stayed, and after a time adventurous boys would go into the tomb and exhibit the head at the door to scare their smaller friends, especially the girls. This was always in the daytime, with a bright sun shining, for nobody would enter the yard at night lest they should see the fearful thing that happened when the clock struck twelve. On the last stroke of the bell the tomb door opened, the brown trunk

in its mildewed garments crawled out of its coffin, pulled itself up by the door-ledge, and went stalking about the cemetery as if in search of its head. At the first crowing of the cock it went back to its rest. Seventy-five years ago a man bathing in the river just before sunrise saw a white-robed figure scramble out of the tomb, and, too horrified to realize what he was doing, he fled through the Malden streets, unclad as he was, waking the public with his yells. It was found that the figure was no corpse, but a poor, insane creature that had crawled into the house of death to sleep. The man was so frightened that he would not believe this. He insisted that he had been summoned by a ghost, and from that very day he began to change, becoming silent and self-absorbed, and his death occurred soon after. Then the authorities banked earth against the tomb until its door was buried, and the corpse was never afterward seen abroad.

A ROLLICKING GHOST

IT was none of your crying, moaning ghosts, damp and afflictive, that visited old Buxton Inn, in Massachusetts, on a winter night. On the contrary, he was just such a wight as any good toper and easy gamester would wish to pass an evening withal. It was harsh weather out-of-doors—snow and wind and cold—and the travellers storm-bound in the tavern had gathered in the cozy tap-room where they were beguiling the time with cards, flip, pipes, and the telling of stories. All were joined in a chorus, none too steady or tuneful, but hearty and mirthful, when the knocker gave a lively rat-tat, and, as the landlord was rheumatic and fumbled at the bolt, the first summons was followed by a couple of sounding kicks.

"Let him in out o' the weather, heaven's name!" urged one.

"'Tis one more to our party, and the more the merrier," declared another.

The door finally opening, there entered a dashing, handsome blade whose gold-laced garments—something out of style, to say the truth,

yet well preserved—were covered with snow. He shook off the white burden to the floor with a stamp, a laugh, and an oath, and there seemed a prodigious deal of it.

"Gad, neighbor," exclaimed one of the roisterers, "you must have been buried!"

The young fellow told the landlord that his horses had been stabled, and his servant had found lodging in the loft. He had supped, but he wanted tobacco and drink, "if I have the price for them," he added, slapping his pocket, with a roguish smile. "If not, I'll throw the dice with any or all in the company."

The others were willing enough. When the wine is in, the wit and the wealth are out, and after some hours every penny in the pockets of the company had transferred itself to the purse of this unknown lack-grace who sat, tilted in his chair, sipping the last of his drink and viewing and chaffing his victims with easy insolence.

Presently the old serving-woman came in to begin her day's work—to put out the candles, sweep the hearth, and take the glasses to the kitchen; for the storm was over and the dawn was in the east. She stared long at the young

fashionable, who, with pipe in mouth, and looking perhaps a trifle faded in the gray light, stared as fixedly at her.

"Master, you do be the very cut of Sir Charles, off our sign-board," she cried.

"Is it so?" asked the guest. "Then let's see what I look like."

The yokels, startled at the old woman's discovery, followed her to the window. Surely, Captain Charles Buxton in the paint was very like this ruffler in the flesh; indeed, one straining his eyes out of the smoky room into the morning twilight might have indulged the fancy that Sir Charles out there in the snow had put on a mocking hitch in his lip, over night, and that the lid of the right eye drooped knowingly, just a trifle. And one of the fellows said, in a voice thickened with the night's potations, "It's the image. Dom'd if he isn't looking down at us!"

All turned to compare the picture with the person, but—he had gone; gone, and no door or window opened, no footprints in the snow; gone back upon the sign-board.

CRYSTAL SPRING

MEDFIELD, Massachusetts, has its Crystal Spring, where good Deacon Smith dipped water on a memorable day in 1675. The Indians had been growing uneasy and had been threatening vaguely. A council of Wampanoags and Narragansetts had been held on Noon Hill, and the light of their fire had been seen afar. Philip and Canonchet had upbraided their followers for allowing the white men to overrun their territory, and the voice of both tribes had been for war. Deacon Smith did not know that, when he arose in the frosty dawn and went to the spring for water for his cattle. On the way, however, he caught a glimpse of an Indian, crouched in the shadow of a tree. In a moment he saw another, lying flat in a thicket. "Truly, methinks this savors of dissembling," thought the deacon, and thereupon he began to dissemble, himself. If he were to shout with surprise or fear, or if he were to run to cover, the Indians would spring up with the cry, "We are discovered. Let us slay him before he carries a warning to the others."

So Deacon Smith sang; not a merry ballad, because he was a Puritan, and he knew no such trifles, but a solemn hymn of wrath and vengeance against the enemies of the Lord. He filled his bucket and stalked severely home with it, singing all the way; but directly that he had gained the shelter of his house he kissed his wife and his two children and hurried them to the back door. "Quick!" he whispered. "Don't lose a minute. The Indians are here. Through the woods to the garrison house. Tell them there is danger. God keep you."

"We will go with you," answered his wife, with composure.

"No. Unless they see me back at work they will know that we are trying to run away. I will be with you, soon;" and he added, as the door closed on them, "if not here, in the better world."

To keep the attention of the lurking foe and give time to his family to escape, he went to the water again, singing as before, and he was yet again on his way between the spring and the house when the clang of a bell in the distance gave note that the settlement had been alarmed

and its people were gathering for defence. Almost at the first stroke upon the metal the song died from the deacon's lips, and he fell to the earth with an arrow in his thigh. The Indians dragged him to his house, intending to shut him in it and burn it over his head; for their rage was great when they found his wife and children gone, and Canonchet, realizing that he had been tricked, ordered him to be kept for the torture.

At that moment King Philip rode by, and, seeing the deacon wounded, on the earth, he asked:

"What is the white man doing here, alive, and wearing his scalp?"

Canonchet, scowling blackly, told how the captive had gone about his work, singing the worship songs, to throw the Indians off their guard; how his wife had reached the settlement and aroused its people, so that the raid was certain to fail, and how this offender was to be kept for signal punishment. Philip paused. "Take out the arrow," he commanded. "Bind the wound. Now let him go. Philip loves a brave man, whatever his nation. If he cannot walk, leave

him at the spring. Now on with all, and kill the others of this lying, stealing race."

The fight was hot that day. Men on one side were battling for their lands and on the other for their homes. Clouds of smoke from burning houses hid the combatants from time to time, but the torches, knives, and arrows of the red man were of small avail against the murthering-pieces of the white. Ere long the Indians were in retreat, and as the men of Medfield swept on in pursuit they heard, from the hollow by Crystal Spring, the voice of Deacon Smith, a little shaky with weakness, yet full of vim, singing one of Cromwell's battle hymns: "Let God arise; let his enemies be scattered."

THE CHEAPENING OF THE "LUCY JACKSON"

CONSIDERING that the fishing-schooner "Lucy Jackson" was so good a boat, it was hard for the Gloucester people to understand why she changed owners so often. Somebody would buy her, fit her for a run to the Grand Banks, then suddenly sell her for less

than she had cost him. When she had been sold four times in about as many weeks, public interest in the matter demanded that the reason should be made known; and so at last it was learned that it was not leaks. No; the "Lucy Jackson" was seaworthy. She had a ghost! The owners were quiet about this, because ghosts are apt to injure the value of property, and they tried to sell before damaging rumors had gone abroad too widely. Everybody heard of it, however, by the time she had been transferred for the fifth or sixth time, and, more than that, several people had seen it: a white figure that moved about the deck, that entered the cabin, that lost itself among the smells and shadows of the hold. This was no dream; no invention of nervous persons; it had been seen by fishermen not more than commonly affected toward sea superstitions.

The last purchaser was Jake Davenport. "What do I care for ghosts?" he asked. "Hain't I sailed with 'em often enough? Damsite ruther have 'em aboard any vessel of mine than rats. They say the 'Lucy' lost some of her men on the Banks—drowned, you know.

Well, if it's any comfort to the poor devils to keep their berths with us I guess we can let 'em, so long as they keep middling quiet and don't hurt our luck."

These were brave words, but they may have been no more than throat-deep, for old Jake Davenport knew, as well as anybody, that he would have the tormentedest kind of a time shipping a crew aboard of any craft that had spectres in her hold. He went down to the wharf to see his prize—for she was a prize, considering how much he had not paid for her—and to estimate what it would take to put her into the best condition. He botched around till night fell and the harbor-front was deserted. A melancholy fog came in, dulling the few lamps to be seen ashore, so he lighted a lantern and continued his explorations. She was a lonesome tub, he had to admit that; and the mice and rats and roaches emphasized the loneliness rather than otherwise. The forecastle, pervaded by the customary smell of stale pipe-smoke and mouldy boots, was in a dreadful state of dirt, and he began to pile up some old boxes and rusty panikins and torn oil-skins, intending to

pitch them ashore or slip them overboard, when he was interrupted by a groan. He stood stock still and listened. Pshaw! It was the schooner rubbing against the timbers of the wharf. Maybe the wind was coming up. He would just gather the rubbish and come around in the morning and finish, because his lantern might go out and—there it was again! He felt a sudden chill. For a moment his legs were paralyzed. But he kept a hold on himself. It would not do to give way to panic. The noise this time seemed to come from the deck. He ascended the narrow, greasy stair, held the lantern above his head, and looked about. All dark; a faint roll in the water, and choppy gurgles under the wharf among the bearded piles; nobody stirring. He went aft toward the cabin, for he had left his pea-jacket there. He would put it on and go home. Hardly had he passed the hatch when an awful groan ascended, and something white came toiling up the ladder.

Captain Jake felt his scalp slide back and his eyes pop and his mouth pull into a grin of terror. In a sort of frenzy he clutched a swordfish lance that jutted over the deck-house, and,

recovering his speech in that action, suffered his feelings to explode in vigorous marine language. The spectre was on the deck, groaning and reaching toward him. He yelled and flung the spear full at the dread visitant. The ghost threw up its hands and went down with a shriek and a slam. This seemed human and substantial, and therefore comforting. Jake ventured nearer and put his lantern close to the mystery. It wore boots—number tens. It was also bleeding, for the spear had grazed and cut its neck. It was also swearing. Captain Jake gave a tug at the white wrappings, and they came off, considerably blood stained. Then he stood erect, with arms a-kimbo and brows darkling, and said:

"Abe Dimmick, you durned old fool! What are you doing in them duds? This is pretty business for a grown man to be in, ain't it? And you the skipper of this very boat, once. I'm surprised, I am, and I'm good and ashamed on ye. Say: you do look most sick enough for a ghost. Guess I must have scratched you, eh? Well, I've got my flask of Medford rum. Take a pull, and I'll tie up your neck. You can say

a prayer while I'm a-doing it, if you've a mind to, along of not being killed outright."

So, ex-Skipper Dimmick, being patched and strengthened, was taken home, and there he confessed that he had been playing ghost so as to bring a bad name on the schooner, that she might be cheapened down to three thousand dollars,—for he had saved that much and wanted to buy her. He got well, sailed in the "Lucy Jackson" as mate, and was drowned off the Cape, soon after. Since becoming a real ghost he has not been seen on board at all.

PARSON HOOKER'S GOLD PLATE

YOU must never lose your wits when the Devil is about. He is unceasing in his devices for the upset of good morals. There were the four lads in a Connecticut village, for instance, who knew well enough that card-playing was a sin, but intended to make it merely a little sin by playing for only a few minutes. A stump of a candle was on the table when they began, and they lighted it, saying, "We will stop as soon as the candle goes out." They played and

played, and looking up after a time discovered it was daybreak, and they had been at the cards all Saturday night. Of course the Devil had kept the candle burning, and it is dreadful to think what happened in consequence.

This instance and others like it were doubtless known to good, keen Parson Hooker, and he profited by his meditations on them, as this narrative will show. Travelling on horseback,—and on church business,—at one time he was benighted in the village of Springfield, Massachusetts, and put up at the inn. There were so many people in the house that the best the landlord could do for his reverend guest was to bestow him in a room his townsfolk would avoid, for it had the reputation of being haunted. It proved to be a comfortable, well-furnished apartment, and, after reading a chapter or two in his Bible, the minister addressed himself to sleep. At midnight he was roused. The witches were coming. It seemed as if all the hags of Salem and every other pestered settlement were crowding in. They arrived by the chimney, they came in at the open window, they squeezed through the crack under the door. Presently

they had set a noble feast, with gold and silver dishes, and, discovering the parson, whose eyes bulged like dark-lanterns over a rim of bedclothes, they clamored with delight and bade him draw up and eat with them.

Now, the parson had supped but lightly, and he was tempted; yet, it was known that if one ate with witches he would become a witch himself. After a brief cogitation he made a resolve, arose, slipped on his breeches, and sat with the rabble of uncouth creatures at the table. All grasped knives and dishes. "It is my habit," quoth the parson, "to ask a blessing on my meals." At the first words of the prayer the creatures fled, gibbering and whining, leaving everything to the clergyman, who ate a good meal and put the gold and silver plate into his saddle-bags. As he rode away in the morning a crow squalled from a tree overhead, "You're Hooker by name, hooker by nature, and you've hooked it all."

THE EVIL DOING OF HOBOMOC

IN Hobomoc Pond, "the star mirror," at Pembroke, Massachusetts, was a stump that always stood at the same height out of water, whether the pond were low in an August drought or high with melting snow in April. Believing it to be an evil thing, the Indians avoided it. But one reckless company of fellows, while out in a canoe, struck it with their paddles. Immediately the water was stirred as by a wind, the water-lilies closed, the stump rocked harder and harder, finally tipping completely over and, as it turned, giving such a clump to the boat that it capsized, and the young men had to swim to shore. It was by this token that the stump was known for Hobomoc himself: the evil one.

There are Indians, and some folks not Indians, who seldom take the trouble to pray to the good gods, arguing that because they are good they can have no wish to do an injury. They pray to the malignant gods instead, that the latter may be considerate in respect of punishments. And that was the way with these

Mattakeesets: they offered corn and meat and wampum to Hobomoc, so that whenever he "saw red," and was moved to hurt somebody, he would go over and worry the Tunks, in the next valley. But though Hobomoc said little, he bobbed about the pond, waiting to avenge the injury he had suffered in his dignity. He struck Chief Buck, first, with a sly but consuming illness. When that worthy felt that his end was near he asked his wife, Sunny Eye, to dress him in full regalia, draw him to his wigwam door, where the people might look at him, then, so soon as his breath should be gone, to wash his sins off in the pond, and bury his weapons with him in a quiet grave under the pines. So in a few days it was Sunny Eye who ruled the Mattakeesets. And now Hobomoc had a new chance. His wiles, his temptings, his pictures shown to the late chief in dreams, had been vain as lures from the broad, straight path of virtue. He had put it into the hearts of the white settlers to take away the Indians' lands, but against Buck they had made no head. On his death they renewed negotiations with the queen and made some offers of beads and penknives for fields and woods that

they knew were worth gold watches and iron foundries. Still the Indians were slow to move.

As a last resort the settlers sent a scar-faced peddler to the natives, with blankets which he sold for so little that he left his whole stock in their hands. In a few days the poison of small-pox began to work, for the blankets were infected. Now the curse of Hobomoc was complete. The fever raged among the people; many died and remained for days unburied because there was none strong enough to dig the graves; some lost their sight; some lost their minds; the cooking fires went out before their wigwams; the Tunks, with whom they had smoked a hoboken of peace but a little time before, kept away in dread. When the stronger had recovered they could no longer endure the memory of a place that had been so bitterly cursed. They destroyed their plague-infested goods and moved away. Sunny Eye, who refused to follow the tribe, went to Furnace Pond, where she lived to a great age and was known to the English settlers as Queen Patience. Her people took their farewell of her with a solemn dance, and left her with ample gifts of furs,

corn, and venison. As the last one disappeared among the trees, having turned his back on his old home forever, the stump arose high in the water and a low, hoarse laugh was heard. The curse of Hobomoc had worked to its end.

THE TERRIBLE MOONAK

TUGGIE BANNOCKS, a gaunt old negress and ex-slave, lived in Narragansett, Rhode Island, near the Gilbert Stuart mill. Everybody believed her to be a witch, unless it might be the Indian woman, Mum Amey, whom Tuggie accused of witch-riding her at night when she had awakened in fatigue and found the mark of the bit at the corners of her mouth, and whom she could not counter-charm because the squaw herself had interrupted the boiling of a "project," or pot of witch-broth, in Tuggie's kitchen. Yet the negress seemed to get little good of her voodoo powers. She was the most superstitious of the superstitious. It was she who was thrown into frantic terror by chancing on old Benny Nichols's sick sheep, dressed in red trousers and a blue jacket, believing it to be

the Devil. When she found how she had been deceived she " took it out" on Nichols by dancing on his roof, blowing soot and smoke down his chimney, and spoiling the cookery. Tuggie would never use a chair, and was alleged to have a habit of sitting on her kitchen wainscot, or clinging to it with her heels. She had two rows of double teeth, without incisors, and her grin filled the beholder with alarm. Her home, the L of a tumble-down house, was seldom visited except in the daytime, and then by neighbors who wanted to hire her to help in their house-work, so she could devote her nights to mischief with little fear of interruption.

On a winter evening she was busy with her hell-broth, for she had a " conjure" to work against a bungling tinker who had spoiled her kettle. She would not kill him, but she would fill him with rheumatism—" make his body all stomach-ache," as a Canuck habitant put it. The pot with its " project," including a rabbit's foot, a handful of graveyard earth, a piece of red flannel, the tail of a herring, some rusty nails, and sprigs of a plant stolen from the tinker's yard, was bubbling merrily, and she was

humming and muttering the charms that brought the help of the moonak, or Devil's deputy, waving her arms and tapping the floor the while, when a rushing sound was heard that made her wool straighten itself on her scalp. Whatever the creature was, it came straight on with the speed of a tempest, gave one knock at her rickety door, a tremendous knock, burst it open, rushed over the floor, dealt her an awful blow on the legs, and threw her down. For a moment all was still. With face in her hands—she dared not look—she begged the fiend to go away, promising to do no more evil, to give up the ways of witches; and she lamely repeated such Bible verses and prayers as she could remember. Then she trembled and groaned anew, for she could hear soft steps and breathing in the room, and a grip at her ankle made her yell, with fright. A dragging noise succeeded; it vanished into the distance; and, roused by the winter wind that was blowing through her door, she at last summoned courage to rise, empty the burning "project" from the pot, close the door, and creep into bed. Perhaps she never knew that her moonak was a heavy bob-sled that four boys had been

unable to control in its flight down an ice-covered hill. The youngsters had tumbled off as it approached the house; had watched its violent entrance to her kitchen; peeping in, had seen her abject fear, and had rescued their property from the place of dread, one of them giving a yank at her foot as he passed.

POMPERAUG'S LOVE AND BURIAL

POMPERAUG, Connecticut, is named for a young chief, one of fifty members in his tribe that survived King Philip's war. He knew little cause to love the white race, yet he was not one to nurse a hate. When the conquerors of his people entered his valley, under the lead of the Rev. Noah Benison, he welcomed them and promised that they should always be free of injury from the Indians. After the settlers had helped themselves to as much of his land as they cared for, and had built houses on it, he called on Mr. Benison, intending to offer some adjacent territory for money, as he had learned, with astonishment, that some Europeans were honest. This promised to be an amical

and business-like visit, and probably would have been so had not the parson's daughter slipped into the room to speak to her father. Pomperaug saw her for no more than a couple of minutes at that time, but they ended his peace. Mary Benison was seventeen years old, black haired, rosy cheeked, quiet, graceful, soft voiced, and of striking beauty. She seemed unconscious of her visitor's admiration, but he went back to his cabin under the cliff—Pomperaug's Castle, they called it—with his dignity shaken, his pulse quickened, his thoughts busied about other matters than the hunt. He mended his weapons, he set his lodge in order, he prepared skins for tanning. It was useless; he could not fix his mind on any task; his work was a bungle; and when night came he could not sleep: the Puritan girl wholly occupied his thought. For several days he wandered through the wilderness, hunting and fishing with utmost energy and trying to forget; for was not the squaw for a chief's lodge a red girl, a free woman, rather than a house-dwelling pale-face, with a skimped waist, who shivered in an autumn wind and could not live on bear-meat in a bad season? It may

have been so, but he could not argue longer with himself. He returned to the minister's house and went to the point at once: "I love my woods as the eagle loves the air, as fishes love the sea, yet I will give my land to you if you will give me the bird in your nest."

The clergyman was angry. "It is the panther that asks for the bird. Keep to your own people, knave, and never name my child again." Striking his staff on the floor, Mr. Benison turned away and walked over to his desk, as a notice that the interview had ended. Without another word Pomperaug went back to his castle, but it was with widened nostril and blazing eye. That evening a messenger arrived in the village —Pomperaug did not deign to go himself—with orders that the English vacate the land, at once. Not an inch of it would be sold, not an inch be given away. The head men of the settlement undertook to argue with the young chief, to plead, to make offers of guns, beads, and blankets. He would not listen; he would not, in fact, receive them. Where the Anglo-Saxon plants himself he stays.

A few nights later the settlers put themselves

in battle order, intending to kill the owners of the soil, but they were ambushed on the way to the place of muster, the pastor fell at the first fire, several were hurt, and only two Indians were shot.

Within a year, however, all the red men had been killed or driven from their homes. With never a thought that one of them might have remained, or that he would have the heart to return, Mary Benison had gone to her father's grave at Bethel Rock, as her custom was, to meditate and pray. On this particular evening a slight noise alarmed her, and thinking to reach home by a short cut she scaled the rock. At the top a form sprang to meet her, with a smiling face and extended hands—Pomperaug! With a shriek she stepped backward, slipped, and vanished over the edge of the cliff. The chief hurried below, but he could do nothing. There was no life in the face that had haunted his dreams in all these months. He buried her with his own hands where she had fallen—a northern Chactas and his Atala—and her beauty became a memory. Pomperaug joined the little remnant of his tribe in the Housatonic Valley. Fifty years

afterward some Indians stole back to this region bearing a heavy burden which they buried beside the grave of Mary, and in the morning they were gone again. No white man saw the burial, nor for many years knew that the fresher grave contained all that was mortal of Chief Pomperaug.

BLOODY-HEART RHODODENDRONS

IT is called Mast Swamp—in eastern Connecticut—because in other days good timber for ships' masts used to be cut there, and in spring it is as often known as Ledyard's flower-garden, for then it is ablaze with rhododendrons of strong crimson centres—bloody-hearts, they have been named. Before the white man came the Pequots called it Ohomowauk (place of owls) and Kupakamauk (hiding-place), the last name being given because of its darkness and tangle, for the Indians often found shelter there. Kupakamauk was, indeed, the commonest of its names. In this jungle, just as the rhododendrons were in their glory, the Pequots who had survived the defeat at their fort on the Mystic

in 1637, took refuge from the English, entering by paths unknown to their pursuers. Their case was desperate. Captain Stoughton was watching the swamp at every outlet, day and night, with one hundred and twenty soldiers, and he had told the Indians that whether they fought or surrendered it was all one: he meant to have their lives. They held out for a long time, their wives and children gradually sinking from starvation, until at last they were obliged to sue for mercy. Over a hundred of them, feeble with hunger and illness, were taken prisoners. Eighty women and children became bond-slaves of the whites and thirty men were carried, bound, on Captain Gallup's sloop to New London Harbor, where they were flung overboard and drowned.

Stoughton had spared the chief, Putaquaponk, in the hope that he would reveal the hiding-place of others whose country he had invaded; but although he had seemed hesitant, the Indian refused to do this when he learned how the English had murdered his brothers; hence they bound him with withes, flung him upon the earth beneath a gorgeous rhododendron, and, putting their muskets against the heart of their helpless

victim, shot him dead. Finding that he was to die in this manner, the chief cursed Kupakamauk because it had starved his people into surrender, and cursed the English for their craving for human blood. He prophesied that the flowers which nodded in the breeze above him would show golden hearts no longer, but hearts of blood instead, as a reproach to the white people which they might read whenever the anniversary of the massacre came around. And since then the rhododendrons have been red, as with the gore of the Pequots who have passed to the happy hunting grounds. When transplanted the flowers are said to show yellow centres again, but in the swamp where Putaquaponk's life was so cruelly taken they bloom as he had said.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE

THERE are certain types, not a whit different from their congeners and associates, that keep their hold on public interest when other representatives are forgotten. Charlotte Temple's is a case in point. In the shadow of Trinity, in that grateful oasis which its church-

yard makes in New York's desert of brick and granite, is a freestone slab bearing the name "Charlotte Temple." Pilgrims go there with wreaths, bouquets, and potted plants and place them on the grave, and the crowd of money-makers who venture millions every day in the exchanges, a stone's toss distant, possibly wonder at the survival of sentiment in this day and in such a city. As a place for strangers to cry over it is almost as popular as the tomb of Abelard and Heloise. There really was a Charlotte Temple, though this may not be the right one. She whose dust lies here was the granddaughter of an Earl of Stanley, according to one report, and of an Earl of Derby, in another tradition. The oblong hollow in the gravestone was once filled by a plate, put there by Lucy Blackeney, daughter of the deceased, in 1800, and said to have been engraved with the Derby arms and the words, "Sacred to the Memory of Charlotte Temple, aged 19 Years." This plate, being of silver, was promptly stolen, and although the thieves dropped it in the grass, being frightened away by the sexton, it was never replaced.

What is popularly supposed to be the story of Miss Temple's life was told by Mrs. Rowson in the early years of the century, in a book called "Charlotte Temple; a Tale of Truth." It is an interesting relic of an affected literary period. It exudes sentiment on every page, it is stilted, rhetorical, and preachy, its people pine and weep and declare their griefs with Alases! and prayers, and when Charlotte is won from an English boarding-school by the handsome, dashing Captain Montraville, and brought by him to New York, she expresses sorrow at his continued neglect of the marriage ceremony by sitting in an arbor and playing on a harp, "accompanying it with her plaintive, harmonious voice."

She had run away from poor but aristocratic and affectionate parents and had come to America on a troop-ship with the man who should have wedded her. Captain Montraville seems to have found her too damp and miserable, and it was not many weeks after he had joined the British garrison in New York—a circumstance that interferes with the date and age on the tombstone—before he fell in love with a Yankee girl, an "elegant" creature of a lively spirit and

an income; yet he was kind to Charlotte until one Belcour, a designing brother officer, made him believe her false, when he cast her off and married the American. Left without resources, the poor girl sought charity, and found it only with a servant, in whose hovel her child was born and she received such kindness as wretchedly poor people could show. Her death followed in a few days, but her last moments were cheered by the outcries of the servant and the lamentations of her father, who had followed to New York to forgive and rescue her. Captain Montraville entered the church-yard, by chance, during the interment, and on learning whose body had been committed to the earth, he offered his life to Mr. Temple, who declined it, as of no advantage to him. He preferred that he should live and suffer from remorse. Captain Montraville then hunted up Belcour, ran him through with his sword, and himself fell into a dangerous illness. To the end of his life he was afflicted with melancholy, and until the British forces were compelled to evacuate New York he would often repair to the grave of his victim and repine because of his wrong-doing.

JAN SOL AND THE MONSTER

IN the solemn days of the Dutch occupation of New York, when people went bear-hunting in Harlem, picked violets in Ladies' Alley (now Maiden Lane), wore gags in their mouths, and had their elbows trussed for speaking evil of dignitaries, there was a ruffling little man of the town-garrison, Jan Sol, square-built, flat-faced, pop-eyed, who by his own confession was the doughtiest soldier on the isle of Manhattoes. As corporal of the town-guard his duty was to keep Indians out and wastrels in, to see that no unwarranted entries were made into the houses of burghers or the windows of ladies, and that people leaving taverns in an unaccountable state were piloted to their homes, if they were persons of consequence, and to the lock-up otherwise.

On a bright spring evening he mounted guard, as usual, before the gate in the defence that has left its name to Wall Street. If Dutchmen ever have nerves, he must have had them that night; for he could not sleep, and he kept thinking; and thinking was an employment that always

left him used up for a day afterwards. Never had the hours seemed so long, never had the trees whispered and snickered and beckoned so, never were so many shadows floating over the earth. Witches had just reached the New World, queer forms had been met in Ladies' Alley, a copious growth of toadstools had been reported on Windmill Meadow. The windmill? Hark! Its creaking sounded like words. Tail of a swine! why must his mind run on these things? He lugged out a leathern pottle that hung at his belt and took a long, long pull, yet his warm courage went to zero, for as the flask went up at an angle of forty-five degrees he espied over the shoulder of that comforter a monster with glowing eyes, long teeth, and thrashing wings, and up went the hair of Jan Sol so high that it nearly lifted off his helmet. He had enough presence of mind left to fire his blunderbuss, which, being heavily loaded, knocked him flat, and the relief coming up, almost at a run in its excitement, took him, limp and helpless, before the governor, to whom he chattered his story.

The governor gravely warned him against the

over-use of schnapps, and as a punishment directed that he spend four hours of the next day riding the wooden horse in sight of the populace. "Punishment!" echoed the soldier. "Punishment for what?" But the governor waved him majestically from the presence. The council, however, gave a hearing to Jan Sol, after he had come from straddling the beam and had kicked the circulation back into his legs; and for four hours thereafter it discussed what ought to be done with the monster. At the end of that time it adjourned, in astonished silence; for a taciturn member had opened his head for the first time in a month to ask, respecting this bugaboo, "Is there one?"

On the next Saturday night seven picked men went on guard, loaded with all the iron weights they could borrow from the shop-keepers, that the creature might not fly off with them. Midnight having struck without anything happening to break the peace, it was agreed to take turns on guard, and, greatly to his sorrow, the first turn fell to Jan Sol. His companions forthwith rolled into the lee of the wooden wall and fell to snoring doughtily. Now the moon sunk, and

darkness overspread the earth; the windmill began to creak and chirp; there were strange rustlings and the patter of feet, and the heart of the guard began to bump his oaken ribs once more. He was frozen with horror when, just as he turned to walk back along his beat, he saw the awful creature of his fears rising again above the timber fort. It flew down, glided swiftly toward the governor's house, where it seemed to leap the wall, covered though it was with its defence of broken bottles, and then Jan Sol found his voice in stentorian roars.

The guard roused, and so soon as it could make out what Jan had on his mind—an affair of a quarter of an hour or so—it ran to the governor's mansion and roused the household, which turned out in nightcaps with pistols and pokers in hand. While the convention was discussing the affair of the night a sound, as of a key softly fitted to a lock, caught the ear of two of the guard. They therefore flattened themselves against the wall, one on either side of the gate, and held a rope across it. The gate opened quietly, then a figure rushed forth, caught its foot in the rope, and fell heavily to the earth.

The entire company, excepting the governor's daughter, a pretty minx of eighteen, who was in a state of tearful agitation, fell upon the monster—for there is courage in numbers—and pulled him within doors. After he had been despoiled of his long cloak and sugar-loaf hat the creature proved to be a presentable fellow in his twenties. He admitted that he had leaped the wall at about the time the mill sails had begun to move on a freshening wind—a circumstance that had scared Jan Sol into a belief that the stranger had wings. Indeed, through the rest of a long life Jan held out for wings, and scornfully repudiated the idea that this fresh-faced gallant was the being that had leaped the wall. The stranger said he was from Pavonia, but when they asked him why he had come into New Amsterdam by a way and at an hour that laid him liable to the death penalty, he set his jaw and would not speak. So they sentenced him to die by the rope.

Some time before the day set for the execution the governor's daughter flung herself at her father's feet, made confession, and implored the young man's release. He was her husband. She

had met him at a pleasure excursion across the river, where he had won her respect and love by kicking a drunken Indian who had been impertinent to her. Before the governor had recovered from the shock of this disclosure he was waited upon by a dignified gentleman in a cocked hat—the governor of the rival colony of Pavonia, who had come to plead for the pardon of his son. The disobedience of his daughter and his dislike of all Pavonians well-nigh confirmed the ruler of New Amsterdam in his intention to let the law have its course, but when the other governor began to talk of giving up his right to the river-front and to the shad-fisheries, and when he looked into the tearful countenance of his family and saw that his daughter was like to die of grief, the old man gave in and signed a pardon for the prisoner. The young fellow and his wife retired to a house in Broad Street, which, after a few years, they had peopled with chubby younkers, every one of whom refuted Jan Sol's story that their father had wings.

A GIFT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

AMONG the people leaving old Amsterdam for a home in New Amsterdam before the latter town was much more than come to its majority was Claas Schlaschenschlinger, who practised the profession of cobbler in a little house at the head of New Street and had money enough to entitle him to wear eight pairs of breeches at once, and therefore to cut a wide figure in the society of the new metropolis. He had a pond behind his house, where he kept geese that multiplied to his profit, and he was calmly content with his lot—in fact, with his house and lot—till he fell in love. Nobody is calm or contented after that happens to him. His love would have been a successful enterprise had not the coquettish Anitje, on whom his heart was set, been desired by the burgomaster, Roeloffsen. There were other young women in the colony who might have endured that person's temper, his homeliness, his stinginess, for the sake of the comfortable widowhood promised by his advancing years, because he was the richest man in the town; but Anitje was none of such.

She was too good an American already to sell herself for money or position, so she accepted Claas, to the infinite joy of that aspiring artisan. Among his other mean qualities Roeloffsen now developed a revengeful disposition, for, by the time Claas and Anitje were comfortably, and, as they fancied, securely settled, and were occupied in the rearing of an annually increasing family, the burgomaster began a series of expensive and disconcerting improvements,—extending streets through pastures, filling hollows, lowering mounds, bridging rills, and draining puddles. Claas's pond had to go. The money for his geese tided him over until the next improvement, but the assessment for cutting trees and guttering the street and laying a walk past Claas's house to a marsh, took all the silver he had stored in the old pewter teapot. Worst of all, there arrived from Holland, about this time, to complete his ruin, a blacksmith who filled the soles and heels of New Amsterdam with hobnails, which enabled the wearers to preserve a pair of boots for years, and announced their goings and comings on the plank walks and brick pavements and tavern floors with a clatter

like a revolution. So it fell out on Christmas eve of a certain year that Claas, his wife, his six children, and his cat sat before a meagre fire and heard the wind howl and the snow dash against the panes. They digested their supper of bread and cheese and beer with deplorable facility, and bleakly wondered what there would be for breakfast.

Claas sighed forth his sorrow that he had ever left Holland. What could he do to carry him through another week? He might sell the silver clasps on the Bible. Fie! It had been his mother's, and beside—to deface the Good Book! Well, then, what? He sprang up with a laugh, for it had just come to him that on the morning of his departure for America he had found in his best stockings a meerschaum pipe, so beautifully dyed by some faithful smoker that no mere cobbler was fit to use it. Without a question it had been a gift from St. Nicholas, his name-saint. A pipe of such a rich mahogany color was worth the price of a Christmas dinner, and pork and tea for several days beside. He went to the old chest and unburied it from a quantity of gear that had come from the old

country with him, took it to the window, and rubbed it carefully on his sleeve. A gust of wind filled the room. Claas cried, "Now, which of you children will do such a thing as not to keep the house shut in weathers like these?" and started to close the door, when he bumped into a little portly stranger who had entered and stood regarding Claas with twinkling eyes.

"Eh? Did somebody call me?" asked the unknown. "Well, seeing that I am in, and have been out there in the cold for hours, I will make free to warm myself at your fire."

The family having made room for him before the excuse for a blaze, the visitor rubbed his glowing cheeks and shining nose and spread his fingers over the ashes. "I must say, Mynheer Schlaschenschlinger," said he, "that you are not very hospitable. You might at least put another couple of logs on the hearth. Humph! 'In need, one learns to know one's friends.'"

"There are more Faderland proverbs than that, also, and one is, 'It is hard combing where there is no hair.'"

"Pooh, pooh! Never talk to me of that. Let

me remind you of another: 'Who gives from what he has deserves to live.'"

"Ah, mynheer," answered Claas, with a rueful countenance, "no man has ever been turned from my hearth; but I have nothing left to burn, unless it is my house."

"Aha! Is it so? Been wasting your substance, I see. Well, then, 'Who burns himself behind must sit on the blisters.' There, never mind; I was jesting. 'A good understanding needs only half a word.'" And before Claas could prevent it the stranger had cracked a fine rosewood cane over his knee and tossed it on the embers. Instantly it blazed up merrily, giving as much heat as an armful of hickory logs, so that the cat roused in astonishment at the singeing of her tail and was fain to crawl to a cool corner; and the cane burned for ever so long without going out, making the place seem cheery and home-like once more. Presently the guest began to rub his paunch and look wistfully at the cupboard, glancing aside at the cobbler and his wife, as if wondering how long they would be in taking a hint. Finally he blurted, "I've had no dinner, and I hoped I

might be asked to share a bite and sup. This, you know, is Christmas eve."

Claas winced. "You should be welcome with gladness, if we had some things to eat that we could offer to you."

"Never tell me that you've had your supper. I can eat anything. 'Hunger makes raw beans sweet.'"

"It is hard, what I have to tell. It is that we have no beans."

"Look here, Claas, I don't think you intend to be mean. Never trouble about the beans. A cut from that fowl will do, for it is a fowl I see on that shelf, isn't it? And there is no mistaking that big bread-loaf. And are my eyes dim with the heat, or are those cookies and olykoeks and mince pies? And never tell me it is water you keep in that bottle."

Claas eyed his friend wearily, yet warily, for he doubted but the little man was daft, while Anitje went to the cupboard to show the visitor how well he was mistaken; that his eyes had turned the flickering shadows and reflections into things that were not there; but she threw up her hands and cried aloud; then ran to Claas with

a roast goose on a platter, whereon Claas cried louder, and the offspring cried loudest.

"'Better a half egg than an empty shell,' as we say in Amsterdam," remarked the ruddy man with a sarcastic wink, and his finger at his nose.

Candles were lighted, and in a minute a brave array of good things smoked on the table, for the wonder of it was that except the wine and schnapps, which were cold and fragrant, they seemed to have come but then from the oven.

"Now, then," said the stranger, beaming, "'one may not give away his shirt if not sure of his skirt,' as we used to say in Holland, but I think you can spare me a plate of that goose."

So they fell to and feasted themselves in the merriest humor, and the shavers flocked to the knee of the man with the twinkling eyes, who was full of quips and stories, and they pledged one another in glasses of Rhenish—Claas dimly wondering where he had bought those handsome glasses—and in the end the stranger gave Vrou Anitje a tremendous smack, which only made her blush and Claas to grin, for those greetings were duties and compliments in the simple days.

Then Claas showed the pipe he had intended to sell, whereon the stranger cried, "That pipe! I know it. John Calvin used to smoke it. It is a lucky pipe. You must keep it all your days and leave it to your children. Whoop! What's all that?" For at this moment the boys of the neighborhood, who were allowed on this one night to sit up later than nine o'clock, or had been called by their indulgent parents, greeted their holiday by firing their little cannon.

"Midnight!" exclaimed the twinkling little man. "I must be off. Merry Christmas and happy New Year to you all. Good-night."

And with that the stranger arose and bowed himself into the chimney. Now, whether he stamped among the ashes and sent up such a cloud as to blind them all,—for it is certain their eyes were watery and they fell a-sneezing,—or whether the little gentleman was so very lively that he got away through the door before they could say "Jack Robinson,"—which they never did say, there being no such man in the colony—Claas and his wife and children could never agree, Anitje and the girls insisting that he went up the chimney, as if he had been blown

away in the draft. In the morning, when the wife swept the hearth before starting a new fire, she heard the chink of silver, and there in the ashes she found a fat purse bearing the words, "A Gift from St. Nicholas."

While she and her husband were marvelling properly upon this an increasing gabble of voices was heard outside, and behold, there was half the town populace staring up at their windows and expressing great astonishment. And with reason, for the house was no longer of wood, but of brick. There was talk of arresting Claas and his family as wizards and dangerous to the well-being of the State, but he told so straight a story, and showed such substantial evidences of his new prosperity, that they made him alderman instead. "The Dutch House," as they called it, was for many years a landmark. When it was torn down, by an alien of British origin, the workmen were slapped about the sconce by unseen hands and had laths and slats vehemently applied to their sitting parts so that the neighbors said St. Nicholas was protecting his own.

STATEN ISLAND DUELLING GROUND

ALTHOUGH a borough of New York City, Staten Island keeps a hold on the past not generally retained in districts where people come and go so fast that the meaning of home is unknown, where relics and trophies are eagerly swept aside to make room for money-making institutions, and where immigrants to whom our history is unmeaning and unknown swarm in. Here are the old Moravian church; the home of Garibaldi, the Italian liberator; the quaint Black Horse Inn; the fort thrown up by Lord Howe back of "old Richmond towne;" the Billopp, Taylor, and Fountain houses, built when the "Chapel," "Castle," and "Tea House" were erected on the New Jersey side of the Kill von Kull in the belief that Perth Amboy was to be the American metropolis. In a hollow southwest of Black Horse Inn, New Dorp, many gallants and rufflers of the eighteenth century fought their duels with sword or pistol, as the challenged might elect. General Robertson, of the British army, killed a French naval officer, Vollogne, who had resigned his commission and

followed him to America for the express purpose of fighting him. General Skinner, of the British army, went out to exchange shots with a Hessian officer, but on General Howe's peremptory order he had to defer the duel, and met his death in battle. Two other of Howe's officers, Colonels Illig and Pentman, fought here on horseback for an hour, slashing at one another like savages, and stopping only when they were weak with loss of blood. Major André was Illig's second. Two officers of a Scottish regiment who sleep side by side in the cemetery of St. Andrew's, Richmond, in forced or seeming friendliness, fell on this ground, each by the hand of the other. They loved a girl who had been making havoc among the officers of the post, for she must have been a desperate flirt, and as her father was a Tory and a volunteer officer on Howe's staff she was often seen about head-quarters. Whether she showed a preference for either of these hot-headed Highlanders, to the rage of the slighted one, or whether they fought in sheer exasperation because she would notice neither, was and is unknown. Friends tried to reconcile them, but without avail. Two brother

officers paced off the ground, put the pistols into their hands, and the word to fire was given. Both fell mortally hurt at the first shot. Was the girl smitten with remorse? A slender figure was often seen at twilight in the graveyard where they rest beneath unmarked mounds, and while she lived those little heaps of earth were kept green and fair.

A TRANSFERRED LOVE

UP-TOWN, on the west side of Manhattan, is an unoccupied brick house standing back from the street and thereby attracting notice, since it differs from the average of residences in that quarter, which are built so close to the pavement that to see the cars go by would seem to be the most precious privilege of the people who rent them. This was the home of a young physician who, with his wife, had been drawn to New York in the hope of acquiring such a practice as his gifts would appear to warrant, for he was a man of good presence, well bred, skilled in his vocation, and needing

only a chance to make fame and fortune. But the chance did not come. The little he had saved was soon absorbed by rent and house expenses, and the two found themselves confronted by actual penury.

When affairs were at their worst an evil providence put wealth in their reach. It came as an orphan who had nearly lost her sight in a convent school. Though friendless she was heir to a large sum that would become hers on the attainment of her majority, and that would be properly administered until that time, only a year away. Her case required frequent treatment and good nursing, and when it was found that liberal payments could be made for these services the doctor, who had been called at a hazard, persuaded her to go home with him, that he might study her case more closely and give kindly nursing. She was thankful that she had found a protector at last. Her health promised an early demise, and then—— The physician and his wife had consulted long before taking this step. They loved one another, even though poverty had entered the home and made life bitter for them; but a mutual sacrifice would

insure for their future such a provision as they had never dared to hope.

It was a bold thing they resolved to do; it was conspiracy; it was violation of the law; yet, it was so easy, and it promised so well! The wife was to represent herself as the physician's sister, she was to help her husband to commit bigamy in marrying him to this half-blind and dying girl, and she was to keep house for them until death relieved them of the incubus and put the fortune into their hands. The plan worked with surprising ease. Whatever the wife may have felt when she heard her husband promise to love and cherish this frail rival, and saw him slip her ring on the finger of the bride, she held her peace, in company. In order to impress the trustee of the girl's estate with the integrity of his efforts on her behalf, the physician took her on a wedding-trip to the West Indies, believing, as he said, that it would restore her health. Before sailing he bought this house in New York, with her money, and installed wife number one there to await their return. The trip lasted longer than any had expected, and the woman alone in the old

brick house often paced up and down the rooms in agitation of mind. The baggage was taking a good while a-dying, she thought. It would have been better had she been kept at the North and killed with another of our raw winters.

But word came at last that the happy pair would be at home on a certain date, and the house was put in order for their reception. The "sister" had freely spent all of the bride's money she could gain, and the house had become inviting. They reached the home, that husband and wife, and the "sister's" face grew gray and her heart beat in pain, for she saw that the new wife was better loved than ever the first one had been, and that the voyage and the care had completely restored her health. Instead of a pallid, weak, dim-sighted girl, her rival was now a pretty, smiling, graceful, altogether attractive creature, clear of eye, merry in her laughter, and supremely happy. Well, the comedy must be played to its end. She received the couple with every token of solicitude and affection, and a delightful little dinner was served in the cozy dining-room. The husband was alternately gay

and moody, and he drank more wine than was quite meet.

Charging three glasses he bade the women drink with him to health and long life. The watchful "sister" had seen the quick motion by which something had been dropped into the glass he passed to her, but without ceasing to smile she drank half of it. Then, under pretence of removing a dish, she managed, unknown to him, to exchange glasses with her "brother," for his own glass now held the same amount as hers. "You do not drink," she declared. "You neglect your wife. To the bride!"

The physician tossed down the half-glass of poisoned liquor. Then the wife rising, with an uncertain motion, her face drawn, her lips blue and shaking, her eyes staring, caught him about the neck. "At last!" she cried. "You are mine again. Mine—mine—and Death's!" The servant hurried for a clergyman, but it was too late.

Husband and wife were buried together. Shocked out of her sanity, the bride had to gain health anew in a retreat. The house was rented to several tenants, but none of them would stay, for they reported disturbances in the night, and

one man said that he had heard a failing cry, as in some remote room, of "Mine—mine—and Death's!"

GHOSTS OF DOSORIS

DOSORIS ISLAND, off the north shore of Long Island, is said to have taken its name from *dos uxoris*, "a wife's gift," the property having passed to a former owner on his marriage. It was sold to one Robert Williams, in 1668, by Agulon, Areming, Gohan, Nothan, Yamalamok, and Ghogloman, chiefs of the Matinecock Indians. If so small a tribe could afford half a dozen chiefs, the distinction associated with the title was about equal to that enjoyed by orderly sergeants in a regiment. And speaking of soldiers, General Nathaniel Coles, then owner of this land, was caught by the British during the Revolution, and hanged here, in his own doorway. They left him for dead, after ten minutes; and when they had gone he untied his hempen cravat and walked away in a fine frenzy to do battle with them on some field where they had no facilities for hanging prisoners. The secret of his escape was in his great

height; for while his enemies supposed that he was strangling to death he was merely standing tip-toe on his door-sill.

According to the people who lived on Dosoris in the last century, its woods and its beautiful lane were a common resort of elves and goblins, and people who ventured out at night, except in company and with lanterns, were apt to scuttle homeward again at the first cry of a cricket or call of a dreaming bird, for the lane alone had three vexatious spooks: one of Derrick Wilkinson, a hard-riding jockey who had broken his neck in a race and who would waylay belated revellers from Glen Cove, not merely to affright, but to larrup them with a strangely ponderous cudgel; one of Billy Cowles, an asthmatic, who hurried about in search of his breath, and who could be identified by his wheezing, his open collar, and a cravat which he never wore except in his hand; and one of a bibulous miller, who was often seen flying up the lane like a belated member of the wild hunt, astride a monster demijohn that he lashed and spurred until it had carried him to the foot of the "drinking-tree," where he would disappear, for he ended his life

under that very tree by filling his skin so full of alcohol that nature could not endure it; and if you don't believe it, the tree stands there to this day, in proof.

THE ROCK OF BATTLE

THE early settlers at Massachusetts Bay did not go far from home. There were no roads, and there were savages and wild beasts to forbid long wanderings. Still, the Anglo-Saxons are a conquering and uneasy race. There were incitements to exploration and adventure that they could not forego, and we have it on fair authority that stout and stubby Miles Standish, who was most of the military force at Plymouth, brought up on one occasion as far away from that town as Manhasset, on the north shore of Long Island, nearly a couple of hundred miles distant. Possibly his rejection by the lady of his choice may have made the company of the woods agreeable to him, and possibly he may have been casting about for worlds to conquer. His companion on this journey was one Davis, an English lad of gentle birth,

strong, tall, and handsome. Their stay among the Indians of this region was long and friendly enough to allow Davis to get into a love-scrape, for he conceived a violent attachment for one of the Manhasset girls, and his affection was returned. Had she not been promised to one of her own people, the affair would have had a successful issue; but Davis had a rival, and neither would yield in favor of the other. The girl encouraged her white admirer and held stolen meetings with him.

Contrary to the way of many of the English, who wooed and won the native women only to abandon them, Davis was in earnest, and he wished to make The Fern his wife. He planned an elopement. Standish appears to have gone home, or at least he was not with his lieutenant when the affair became portentous, so that our Romeo had to venture all alone. Cautiously though he had planned, the Indian lover kept his watch; and he was quickly on the heels of the runaways, with a dozen or twenty Indians in his train. There is in Manhasset a great bowlder that is a favorite trysting-place with swains and damsels of the vicinage. This stone

marks the end of the flight, for here Davis and the bride-expectant were overtaken. Setting his back to the rock, like Roderick Dhu, he loaded his cumbrous gun and gave battle. Some of his enemies he laid low, yet he could be no match against their ambush and their quick darts. It was a despairing and useless fight. Numbers conquered. Davis fell with an arrow in his heart. The dusky Juliet, plucking this shaft, smoking with his life-blood, from his body, drove it forcibly into her own breast, and lying beside him with folded arms breathed out her existence. The names of the two were cut in the stone, and may still be read, though moss and lichen have partly overgrown them.

THE NON-ARRIVAL OF FITZ-WILLIAM

THEY do say that Matilda Roxana Sammis was a good deal of a flirt, but people who reasoned things out never took much stock in the success of her attempt to play Hero to the Leander of Henry Fitzwilliam. For Matilda lived on the bluffs north of Glen Head, Long

Island, and would sit on the shore reading poetry-books at sunset. The Connecticut shore, where Fitzwilliam lived, is about six miles away, across the sound. So, if, as they say, she displayed a candle in her window after her father had sent her to bed with a lecture tingling in her ears, and the possible mark of her mother's slipper tingling elsewhere, she was a wicked girl to expect her Henry to swim that stretch of water, and a foolish one if she thought he could see her candle six miles away. The chances are that Henry was less of a sentimentalist and a chump than she fondly imagined him, and that he crossed the sound in a sensible Yankee fashion, in a boat. True, he may have spilled himself overboard just before he reached Glen Head, if he found that it made her happier to believe he was risking cramp, pneumonia, rheumatism, and sharks for her dear sake; and a reason for thinking that he did this can be found in the lessening number of his visits. He was engaged, it is true, but wasn't Leander, too? Yes; he swam the Hellespont to call on his lady, and one night he didn't get across alive. Aha! One night Fitzwilliam didn't get

across, either, and a corpse was found on the shore next week. They said it was his. Now, it may be true that Miss Sammis paled and peaked and pined and perished; or that her father moved to Iowa, where she found a mate who did not know how to swim, and became a shrill, fussy matron, with eight children to look after. Both versions of her fate are extant. Twenty years after the loss of Mr. Fitzwilliam a hearty mariner, somewhat bulbous of outline, somewhat bald, somewhat gay as to his nose, appeared in Glen Head, married a buxom farmer lass of Hempstead, bought the old Sammis place, and settled down. He pretended that his name was McCorkle, but some of the neighbors winked, solemnly, and said they knew whether it was or not.

TRAGEDY OF THE SECRET ROOM

ON Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, between Clarkson and Winthrop Streets, stands a part of Melrose Hall, that in 1740 was a noble old place, with twenty acres of lawn and garden about it, facing down a long drive edged and

shadowed with pines. It was furnished with a luxury unusual in that day and in such a place, for although the prosaic trolley-car now carries one from the mansion to New York City Hall in half an hour, it was no such matter in those days of sailing-ferries and bad roads. It had a vogue of its own in the high society of the region, and its dinners, dances, and jollities were famous.

Colonel William Axtell, second son of an English nobleman, was the builder, and it was designed with reference to a peculiar domestic contingency. All of the large, oak-panelled rooms were well lighted save one that extended over the ballroom and was commonly thought to be a useless garret. This had only two small windows with diamond-shaped panes, and no obvious entrance. When Colonel Axtell's father died and he was left in the usual penniless condition of a younger son, an opportunity came to him of uniting with a rich family. It was the younger daughter, Alva, whom he would have chosen, and she fell deep in love with him at sight; but the family would have it that he must wed Agatha, the elder. Indeed, that

arrangement was effected before any of those in interest had thought over the matter sufficiently, for the colonel had resolved to emigrate to America, where he believed new fortunes could be made, and where the promise of an office assured him of the social position he enjoyed.

The next ship that sailed for New York after the marriage took the colonel and Agatha as passengers. On the ship that followed was Alva, a runaway. Arriving on this side of the water the girl took a place as a servant, but having seen her sister and the colonel driving in a handsome carriage, with slaves mounted as equerries, she fell prey to love and jealousy, and found a way to gain her lover's presence, after a time, without exciting the suspicions of the wife. She was installed in the long chamber above the ballroom, which was fitted with more comforts than was any other part of the house. There were silken hangings, Eastern rugs, lion skins, pictures, books, ornate furniture, and such cheery knick-knacks as women like to have about them. Fresh flowers were furnished for the table, and one old negress, who could be trusted, was the servant for the charming prisoner. This

black woman was the only person, except the colonel, who knew that the entrance to the room was behind a full-length portrait that swung on hinges in the study wall. If Alva went abroad, it was only at night. For three years the sisters lived in this fashion, under the same roof, and while the mistress could hear all the merriment in the apartments below, she could share no social pleasures with the wife.

Trouble with the Indians, the beginnings of that war which was to result presently in the destruction of Saratoga, compelled Colonel Axtell to leave his home for about six weeks. On his return he found that the old slave who had been Alva's servant had died a few days after his departure. Filled with foreboding, he rushed to the study and would have swung the portrait on its hinges, but found it caught in some way. He applied his whole strength against the frame; it yielded suddenly, and he stumbled into the room. A withering corpse lay on the floor. Alva had died alone. The spring that opened the door had broken. To call from the windows or rap on the floor would have exposed the situation, ruined her sister's peace, and in-

jured her lover's prospects. She had starved to death,—starved in the midst of plenty,—and none in that house had heard a moan. In the small hours Colonel Axtell took the light and ghastly thing that had been his mistress and buried it in his grounds. Three days later he, too, was dead, and his wife had learned the truth. Mrs. Axtell sold the property and went, with her children, home to England.

WHO WAS JOHN WALLACE?

JOHN WALLACE has prototypes in other lands and ages. Who was he? A stranger with a Scotch accent who in 1840 arrived in East Hampton, Long Island, a village celebrated, if for no other reason, as the abode of John Howard Paine, author of "Home Sweet Home." It is just possible there was a suggestion in the song that lured him to the spot. He was a pleasant, courtly man of fifty, who at first kept a servant and lived in the respect and curiosity of the whole township, for, being rich, the Paul Prys and sewing-circle spinsters were almost perishing to know how rich and where

he got his money. He was an easy writer, spoke often of literary associates in the Old World, taught Latin as a sort of recreation, was lay-reader in the Episcopal Church which was founded by his help, was free in his charities and gentle in his counsels. He lived here in comparative seclusion till the age of eighty-one, when he died, as quietly and bafflingly as he had entered East Hampton.

In over thirty years he had never left the village except for rides of a few miles. As John Wallace he lived and died, and that is the name on his gravestone. Of his history none—even in the family he lived with—had an inkling. The gossips said he was a bishop who had erred and come to the New World to hide himself, that his sin might be forgotten. Several times a year he received a letter with an English postmark and would observe, smilingly, "This is from my lady friend." It was thought that some woman sent money to him. The mystery about the man has never been made clear, but thus much has been learned since his death: that he was no Wallace; that he was a bachelor, though a lover of his kind, a founder of Sunday-

schools, and so much a creditor of the State that he enjoyed a pension, or something of the sort. In 1840 he was high-sheriff of a county in Scotland and had made fame as a jurist and a scholar. In that year a charge was made against him, a charge of some strange crime of which he had not been guilty. He was a victim of plot or misunderstanding, but he was sensitive, modest, and proud, and to be thrown into jail like a thief, to be a show in the courts, to be the butt of I-told-you-so's, was beyond his endurance. The lord-advocate knew this and was not disposed to be cruel. He told a friend to let the high-sheriff know that a warrant would issue for his arrest next day. That day he "died" across the border, and Scotland never saw him after.

THE HUDSON SPIRITS

AT various times, in the mouths of various tribes, and in various miles of its length between its source and the sea, the Hudson has borne various names. Rising as it did in the Tear of the Clouds, in the shadow of Mount Marcy, the Indians of its upper reaches knew

it as Cahohatatia (the river from the mountains), and other names it bore were Skanektade (the river from the pines), Shatemuc, Mohicannituck, Shatinicut, Manhattan, Manhattoes, Nassau, De Groote, Noordt, North, Mauritius, River of the Mountains, Great River, and Hudson. Its valley was once the home of the Mohicans, sons of the Great Spirit who had travelled eastward across the snow-peaks and the vast dry plains, for they had heard that under the rising sun was a paradise where salmon, beaver, bear, and deer were plenty; where berries grew on the hills and great woods abounded. Hundreds fell by the way, slain by fever and fatigue, privation, cold, and summer heat, but the survivors gained the green lands, extended their dominion, and multiplied. At the debouch of the creek at Stockport they had great storehouses of grain and meat, and on the fields thereabout they raised corn. The last of their race, killed in an ambush set for them by the fighters of the Five Nations, lie buried on Rogers Island, a little above Catskill.

The chief of the Mohicans during the great emigration was Evening Star, and Morning Star

was his wife. Their child was Osseo, Son of the Evening Star. Father and son were destroyed by the Great Bear, and in pity for her sorrow the pukwujininee—the little men of the woods, who appear as night comes on—raised the bereaved Morning Star to the sky, where her son and husband had found refuge from the troubles of the world. Her mother-in-law, Minnewawa, fearing that others of the tribe might also be waylaid and eaten, lighted the dark places for them, and to that end gave to the fire-flies the little lamps they bear even at this day. Then she climbed the Catskills and helped to light the heavens at night—she could reach it, for are they not Ontiora, "peaks of the sky?"—and there she hung the moons, cutting them into pieces for stars when they grew old. So Manitou, looking down and noting her care for the human race, took away her mortality and made her a spirit like himself, with the mountains for a home, and gave to her the treasury of light and storm. When the hunting time was over she warned her people by tipping up the lower horn of the moon so that a bow could be hung upon it, in token that the weapon need be

used no more till spring. If the people grumbled or did evil, her voice thundered in rebuke and she threw lightnings at them; but when they were good she would shake showers and dews from her mantle and spin clouds and blow them into the valley. In some of the legends she is not a goddess, but a witch, with many powers for mischief. There were wicked beings among the hills, and Manitou, or Manetho,—who lent his name to Manhattoes, or Manhattan, which is therefore a godly place,—built the Highlands and Palisades as a wall to prevent their descent into the world of men, as well as to deter those mortals who might be tempted to intrude into paradise. The Hudson, bursting through the mountain dam behind which spread the vast inland sea of Ontario, made an exit from the region of lakes, and in the foam and mist—the upheaving and down-breaking of that cataclysm—the wicked ones escaped and now dwell among mankind.

UTSAYANTHA

MOUNT UTSAYANTHA, of the Catskills, is a frequented view-point near Stamford, its dome rising a couple of thousand feet above that pleasant town. Few of the boarders in the neighborhood are aware that its name is that of an Indian girl, of whom her father was overfond, as few Indians are, most of them regarding women as a hinderance, or, at least, a superfluity. This parent could find none of his own race whom he deemed to be worthy of her, and in desperation, for her charms were beginning to fade, she took advantage of leap-year to throw herself on the mercy of a white hunter.

The eloping pair disappeared from view for a couple of years, and when a longing to see her old home came upon the woman, her welcome from the irreconcilable was startling. The father met them at the threshold, killed the white man off hand, then tore the infant—for there was an infant—from its mother's arms and cast it into a lake. Having done this duty, and therein maintained certain traditions of

tribal conduct, the old gentleman conceived that all of his daughter's affection would be once more centred upon himself. He was disappointed. She felt a sudden and violent aversion to this summary old person, and, being helpless to express it in any other way, she paddled out upon the lake where her infant had been drowned and threw herself into the water. The old man mourned bitterly when her body floated ashore, and chose for it the proudest tomb that ambition could have named, for he buried her at the very top of this mountain, whence it became known as the Hill of Utsayantha, and her name it will keep till some company of real estate exploiters succeeds in persuading the legislature to change it to Jones's Mountain or Smith's Peak.

UNCLE SAM

IN illustrated journals, especially of the humorous sort, our republic is personified by Uncle Sam: a tall, gaunt Yankee with a tuft of beard on his chin, long hair falling from under a furry beaver, trousers that are striped like

the flag, and a blue coat. He generally wears a confident air; and in days of peace he whittles a stick, while in time of war he is often pictured as spanking his opponent. The original of this figure has been variously accounted for. It has been said that the first of these pictures was an actual portrait of a Yankee then living in Maine. In his attributes he is the clock-peddler, Sam Slick, who was invented by Judge Haliburton, of Nova Scotia, for purposes of sarcasm and amusement, but who is accepted by a nation that is not ashamed of its shrewdness. Brother Jonathan is an older name than Uncle Sam, and is thought to have been first bestowed on Colonel Jonathan Trumbull, one of Washington's aids, and a painter to whom the father of his country gave sittings for portraits. How the country's genius came to be called Uncle Sam is not surely known, but it is guessed that the christening occurred in Albany during the war with England in 1812. A sloop had gone up the Hudson with munitions for troops, and the powder-boxes were marked, "U. S." Some fellow who did not spell straight enough to know that these initials stood for United States, asked a by-stander if

he knew what merchant was receiving this uncommonly large cargo. It chanced that the dock-master was an elderly man who, his first name being Samuel, was known to the neighborhood as Uncle Sam; so the person addressed replied that the boxes appeared, from the "U. S." painted on them, to belong to Uncle Sam. Uncle Sam's ammunition was fired at John Bull's troops and sailors; and Uncle Sam's name presently extended across the country, and has likewise crossed the waters.

THE GOLDEN TOOTH

GOEDEVROUW DOORTJE STOGPENS sat alone in her little back parlor in a little back street of the little town of Albany, dreaming over the pictures in a meagre fire and taking comfort in the monotonous tapping of rain on the window. Her knitting lay in her lap, and she was debating within herself whether she would have more pleasure in quaffing a gill of Hollands, as a sleeping draught, or foregoing and having so much the more spirits in stock. A drink avoided was twopence saved, and the

saving of twopence was a thing to be seriously debated. She finally promised herself an extra allowance at Christmas, and an extra pinch of snuff at once, as a reward for abstaining, so, with a sigh of resignation, she arose to prepare for bed: an operation that in the case of a Dutch vrouw involved not merely the mysterious marching and countermarching, the opening and closing of doors, the moving of furniture, the overhauling of bureaus, and the displacing of dry goods in closets that is common in the cerc-monies which precede retirement in Western households, but the removal of a matter of half a dozen petticoats, some of them quilted and lined with silk from China and therefore as greatly prized as family silver. Not more than four or five of these garments had been unpinned when there came a quick, low knock at the door.

"Who is there?" she asked.

"Does the wife of Diederik Stogpens, the sailor, live here?" was asked, in harsh, weather-cracked tones outside.

"Yes."

"Then, please let me in."

"I do not know your voice. Who are you

that comes around at this hour?" (Here the hanging clock struck eight.) "Do you hear that? Be off with you."

"I am a friend. I bring news of your husband."

"My husband! It's near two years since I've heard from him." The dame went eagerly to the door, just as she was, with barely four petticoats on, and drew the bolt. A burly, seafaring sort of person, with a wide head and thick neck, entered the room, stamped his feet on the sanded floor to shake the water from his baggy trousers, and gave his wilted hat a flip that scattered rain drops to the ceiling. A long queue dangled between his shoulders, and as he stepped into the light of her candle the goedevrouw discovered that her visitor's face was ringed with bedraggled red whiskers that had been the sport of the winds for nobody could tell how long. He lounged into Madame Stogpens's easy-chair and put his wet boots into the ashes, causing them to steam and hiss like a barbecue, and he then pulled forth a short, rank pipe, and, lighting it with a coal that he picked up in his thick, brown fingers, began to utter smoke through his

whiskers, as a wood will issue vapor after rain. "And if you have a noggin of liquor handy, ma'am," he remarked, "I could persuade myself to taste it, being that I am chilled with long travel in the wind and rain."

Poor Doortje! She wished now that she had yielded to the craving of her thirst, but there was the gin-bottle in plain sight, and how could she refuse? "Never mind a cup," said the stranger. "I'm used to taking it from glass." Whereupon he tilted the nectar into his beard, and when he offered the bottle again to his hostess a miracle had been wrought, for, lo! it was empty.

"Ha! That's better," said the salt-looking person, sinking deeper into the chair, resting his head on its back, and straddling his legs farther apart. "So you are the wid—the wife of my old friend Dirk Stogpens, eh? A mad fellow, madam—a mad fellow!"

"Not at all, sir. The steadiest, most saving——"

"Tut, tut! Oh, you mean, at home? I dare say. But at sea, or in a foreign port, the deepest drinker, the loudest singer, the hardest swearer,

the quickest fighter, the longest at the cards, the quickest to see a pretty—hm! Eh, hm!" And the stranger cleared his throat.

"You are wrong, I'm sure. Most likely it is some other Stopgens. Now, there's a branch of our family in Weehawk."

"No, for he gave me your address before he left our ship to overhaul a rich-looking stranger on the Grand Banks."

"Overhaul?"

"Aye. To board her—to capture—to loot—you understand."

"To capture? But there is no war."

"Haw, haw, haw! And you didn't know Dirk Stogpens was a privateer? a—what people call a pirate? a sea-robber?"

"Oh, Dirk! Dirk! How you have deceived me! But wait till you come home!"

"He will never come home. Prepare yourself, madam, for evil news. He was killed in the attack on the brig. Ah, we all lamented him. Yes, you may weep; yet consider how much wiser it was of him to meet his end battling stoutly than to come to it at the end of a halter, as I am like to do unless you shelter me. For

your husband's sake, I ask you to hide me for a few days. I am Captain Kidd."

Though the widow had been drowned in tears a moment before, at the mention of that dread name she nearly dropped from fright. "Spare me! Spare me!" she cried, going on her knees and lifting her hands in appeal.

"Why, ma'am," replied Kidd, in real surprise, "I'm not going to hurt anybody. Do you think so ill of me as that? Well, I have been a hard man, no doubt, but I'm not for pirating in fresh-water towns like Albany. Dirk has been dead these eighteen months, so it's no use mourning for him now. And see: here's a purse of his earnings in our company. Don't refuse it, ma'am, for there's solid yellow comfort in it."

The Widow Stogpens was sooner consoled than one might have thought, and though she took the relic with lamentations, she took it nevertheless, and after a dutiful parley and protest consented to keep the captain in her spare room in the garret till the search that was a-making for him should be over. He kept close for several days, receiving his meals from the

widow and carefully chewing them on the right side of his mouth, for on the left side was the hollow—rather tender—in which he wore the golden tooth the Devil had given to him when he burned his Bible. "A golden tooth?" inquired the relict, in one of the long conversations whereby he tried to modify the dreariness of his seclusion.

"Yes, it gives me the power to turn anything to gold that I bite upon. I don't know how long the gift will last, so I've been nibbling a quantity of copper money and tin cups, and my men buried them the other night over at Coeymans, on Beeren Island, and at the place they've already named the Kidden hooghten, near the mouth of Norman's Kill. So, now, if you've any such matter as a couple of andirons or a few dishes you'd like me to change for you, in the way of pay for my lodging, bring them in."

And he was as good as his word. Confounded with the possession of so much wealth, the widow turned several of her plates into crowns and squandered them royally on new petticoats, shoes, buckles, combs, fans, girdles, and lace, to

the joyous astonishment of the shopkeepers and the mystification of her neighbors. Such a change from the prudence of her ways could not fail to arouse comment, and Captain Kidd began presently to be alarmed at the frequency of calls in the rooms below, and to suffer greatly at having to contain all the profanity that at other times had free vent. The Devil's gift was removable, and as Kidd was in the habit of smoking a short pipe, the tooth would become unendurably hot after a dozen pulls, so that he was fain to yank it out and put it on a chest of drawers to cool. Leaving it there one evening he sauntered down to the sitting-room for a glass of Hollands and a toast of his shins at the fire, when there came a lively rapping at the door and a scuffle of feet on the walk. Suspecting that he had been traced to the house and was wanted, Kidd flung up a back window, leaped out upon the turf, and was gone from Albany, forever. How the widow explained matters, if it really was a search party,—for it may have been a church committee to protest against Dame Stogpens's extravagance,—Kidd never knew; at least, he never inquired; and

the next that was heard of him was that he was hanged.

On the morning after his abrupt disappearance Goedevrouw Stogpens awoke with an odd feeling in her mouth, and grinning seriously at herself in the glass she discovered the Devil's tooth stoutly lodged in a hollow of her jaw. She bounced out of bed in a trice, picked up her battered pewter snuff-box and bit upon it. She cried aloud for joy, for the snuff-box was of gold. For several minutes she employed herself with gnawing and gnashing at various small belongings, and was in a way to become the rival in riches of the Rensselaers and Duyckincks and the other patroons down the river before breakfast; but a thought came to her that made her leave biting of her tableware and caused her to plump into her chair so vehemently that the breath was shocked out of her for several seconds: The tooth was not movable; it was lodged fast. How, then, was she to eat? She bit on a crust and it became as stone. It was gold. By cautiously stowing her food well over to the right side of her mouth she managed to get enough to stay the cravings of appetite, and

fortified likewise with a draught of Hollands, which the tooth had no power to solidify, she went straight to Petrus Huysmans, the blacksmith, who, for a consideration, would extract an aching tooth and give his patient full money's worth in time and pains; and he hauled out the offending member.

There is no doubt that the Devil put that tooth into Vrouw Stogpens's jaw in pure kindness of spirit, with which we know him to be occasionally overcome, and as pay for the good will she had shown to Captain Kidd, his pet and pupil. But never accept the Devil's gifts. They always bring bad luck. True, they may be forced upon you, as they were on Vrouw Stogpens, and in such case a priest and a surgeon may be needed to help you free. The widow neglected the parson. Result: the blacksmith gossiped about her new tooth—a tooth that dented under his turnkey like metal; that was yellow, like gold; that left yellow streaks on the instrument; and other gossips, taking up the story, enlarged and adorned it until they had made out the unhappy woman to be a witch, and vowed they had seen her riding above the

roofs on a broomstick on nights when the weather was thick. Some affected that she had bought the tooth to replace one she had lost by walking into her bedpost after putting out the candle, and one or two discoursed of a new way of filling hollow teeth with metal; but these affected the prevailing belief not a whit, and, watched, worried, and maligned, Vrouw Stoggens allowed herself to take a cold, in spite of her eight petticoats,—later increased to ten,—and so perished. As for the tooth, it is believed that she cast it into the fire, and that as it melted it gave off blue flames that danced up the chimney in the shape of little imps.

THE WHITE LADY OF DOBBS'S FERRY

SOME time before the Revolution a branch of the family that gave its unromantic name to Dobbs's Ferry, on the Hudson, was allured by the original Dobbs across the sea and built a home on a sightly hill above that hamlet. For a time the mansion was accounted palatial, and the occupants spent money with a lavish hand to increase its beauty. Those who mowed

the lawns and trained the flowers about it were hired from the little farming settlements near by, and when they went down to the tavern for a mug and a pipe, or went home on Saturday night to get a clean shirt and read the Bible, they were assailed with no end of questions by their eagerly curious relatives and neighbors. To live to yourself in the country is to rouse the protest of everybody within five miles of you. In the city one may have a certain privacy, because there are plenty of other people to get acquainted with and to help in making a noise. The villages, on the contrary, have so few social advantages that every resident is expected to do something for the general entertainment, if it is only to run over to the next hamlet and collect gossip.

The occupants of the Dobbs mansion were a comfortable, law-abiding people, not ascetics by any means, but they did not invite the neighbors and did not visit. They had books and music, dabbled in science, enjoyed gardening, and appeared to be happy. Who, then, was the White Lady? What was her power to destroy their home? Did she do it by destroying life? or had

she a craft like that of the Pied Piper, to compel whom she would to follow? She arrived in broad day, dressed from hat to shoes in white, and on some ground persuaded the whole family to go with her to a house near by. They never went back. None had seen the woman or the others pass by any road, or go up or down or over the river in a boat. The fine house filled with dust and cobwebs, the lawns and gardens went to weeds. Twice the glint of a shaded light was seen in the upper windows, but nothing was removed, and no footprints could be found on the rain-softened earth outside. Who, then, and what, was the White Lady?

THE UNDERGROUND STATION

SO near New York that its lights whiten their night sky, yet separated by so many marshes, woods, and rocks that they are farther than by miles removed from the metropolis, the dwellers among Ramapo Hills have the character that isolation and rustic living fix upon a people. Here the last men of the Monsee tribe came to their end. Here, after the Revolution,

came broken soldiers, camp-followers, and men with a dread of constables, from whom have sprung the lonely, gypsy-like farmers and hunters of to-day. Here, just before the Civil War, were stations in the "underground railroad" that led from the slave States into Canada, and the hill-folk were always ready to hide, clothe, and feed the runaway negroes and send them rejoicing on their northward way. Some of these stragglers did not reach the British provinces. Secure in the guard of friendly whites, they took up homes in caves and cabins and in bosky hollows, seldom appearing among men, and living apart, like troglodytes.

Into these watched and silent hills there came, on an autumn day, a tall and swarthy man with a black moustache and imperial, sharp eyes that looked from under a gray slouch hat—a Southerner, as you could see, who chewed his cigar nervously, yet with a determined set of the teeth. An official-looking document peeped from an inner pocket of his long coat, and the right skirt of that garment bulged above the pistol-pocket. A local worthy who had accompanied him to the gate of a valley, and who carried a rifle, as if he

had expected to stir up game, showed such signs of fatigue as they neared the hills that the Southerner dismissed him, contemptuously, and smiled as he saw with what briskness the tired constable waded through the herbage homeward. The stranger took a hearty pull at a flask, examined a rude chart on a scrap of wrapping paper, then dropped a little aside from the path, though keeping it in sight, and struck westward into the wilderness.

In an hour he had reached the edge of a clearing where stood a cabin of slabs, and seated on a stump, in the concealment of a thicket, he resigned himself patiently to watch. A breeze sprang up as the sun went low, and the sounds in the wood increased, the cracking of twigs and whisking of leaves often causing him to start and peer cautiously about him. Time dragged. Nobody entered the hut; nobody left it. He arose and stretched himself, yawning. As he did so, his arms were grasped from behind and brought together with a wrench that nearly loosened them from the shoulders. He was flung forward on his face and in an instant his pistol was plucked from his pocket. He raised

his hand; a blow with the pistol-butt broke two of his fingers.

"Kneel, or I'll shoot!" commanded a voice behind him. "I know yo', Tom Doggett, an' I know yo' errand. Give me that paper—that paper, I say. Yo' po' hound, did yo' think the law of Alabama was wo'th the ink it took to write it, in New York? So yo've turned sheriff, an' yo've taken to chasin' runaway niggahs, eh? I'm jess a-goin' to give yo' Alabama judge a proof yo've met me an' tried to do yo' duty. When yo' were an ovahseer, eight yeahs ago, yo' flogged me. Remember that? I'm seven-eighths white, an' I don't take beatings, but I've had to wear scars fo' yo', all these eight yeahs. Bend lowah, an' don't turn, or I'll kill yo'."

The whistle of a big whip sounded and ended in a crack. Ten blows fell on the sheriff's back—fierce blows, that tore like knives. "Go back, now, an' tell yo' people that a niggah thrashed yo'," added the voice. "An' go back soon, fo' yo're not safe heah. It's no use to look fo' me. The larst train by the undahground road leaves this yar place to-night."

THE INDIAN PRINCESS APPLE

AN old orchard on the Peter Turner homestead, Monroe, New York, has a gnarly old apple-tree whose fruit is different from that of any other in the county in that it is splashed with red from its golden skin to its core; and it is known as the Indian princess. Wild fruit grew plentifully in the Ramapo Valley a couple of centuries ago, when Indians abode thereabout, and among the red residents was that invariable unfortunate without whom no Indian settlement was complete: a lover whose sweetheart's father had refused to become a father-in-law to him. The old chief—this mistaken mortal was always an old chief—told his child to discourage the attentions of the lover, and threatened both of the young folks with the most substantial kind of opposition if they attempted any flirting in his neighborhood. The result was natural and usual: the young folks cared twice as much for one another as before, and lost no opportunity to be together. People became frugal of walking about in the dark, for fear of falling over them or bumping into them as they sat or stood

in the shade clasping hands and sighing over the parent's sternness, and the match was secretly and naturally helped along by all the gossips in the village. But the day of discovery and reckoning arrived. The old chief came upon them as they were walking hand-in-hand through the wood and ordered the girl to return to her wigwam. The lover folded his arms and awaited her decision. She looked from one to the other for a moment, then ran to her lover's arms. The father said never a word, but bent his bow and sent an arrow quivering into his daughter's side. She sank quietly to the earth, nevermore breathing, and the father strode away. Something ought to have happened to him afterwards, but if it did the legends of his people do not record it. Just where the girl was put to death a wild apple-tree was springing, and its roots drank up her blood. At fruiting-time the blood drops show in the juicy globes.

THE BLUE SKANEATELES

FLOOD legends are world-wide, and those retained by our Northern Indians are in nowise evidence of their early relation to the lost tribes of Israel. That relation has a better, or more plausible, grounding in the observance among the Iroquois of the rite of circumcision, in the offering of deer-meat and first fruits to the Deity, as in the green-corn dance, and in the likeness of the Indian names for God to the Hebrew titles, as witness, Ya, Abba, and Yehowa. Their sages and medicine-men often recall the Biblical patriarchs, for, like them, they had moments of supernatural power. They tell, for instance, of medicine-men who could bring down men or brutes by pointing at them, or by commanding in a loud, imperious voice that they fall dead. Tales of an ark, of a bird returning to it after a search for land, of a destruction of wicked towns by fire, are analogous to incidents described in the Old Testament. In the Indian stories of flood subsidence, however, local traditions are often at variance, but several of them tell of the splitting of the

hills that pent waters might flow away and seek the sea. The Six Nations believed that the Great Spirit—the Invisible Hand—drained the Genesee country of its water, only the narrow, finger-shaped cluster of lakes remaining. Skaneateles Lake is deep blue, and they said that when the heavens used to be nearer to the earth than they are now the sky spirits leaned out of their home to admire themselves in this mirror. The lake spirit fell in love with them and absorbed the color of their robes into the water, so that it is of a fine, deep blue to this day.

THE ONONDAGA FAIRIES

THE Onondagas are a dull, peaceful, farming people who occupy a reservation of six thousand fertile acres in central New York. Their pristine wildness has disappeared, they are noted for honesty and do not beat their children. While missionaries have striven with them and induced a nominal acceptance of Christianity, they continue some of their pagan dances and ceremonies, and little is done to make them better workmen. Hiawatha, or Hoyawentha, greatest of Indians, they claim

as their tribesman, and say that he was born near the end of the sixteenth century. Among the old faiths that have survived the chapel and the school is a belief in fairies: little people who abounded near Palatine Bridge, and were known as "stone throwers," in spite of their kindly disposition. Men now living seriously declare that they have seen them, and that they could appear and vanish at pleasure.

A hunter who lived in the seventeenth century enjoyed the good will of these elves and for no reason save that his ill-luck aroused their compassion. He had been absent on the chase for some days, but nothing had fallen beneath his hand. Tired and discouraged, he sank down in the wood to rest; but becoming aware of a presence, he looked up and saw a very small woman standing beside him. She bade him be cheered, for he should find gold and silver, such as the white traders liked, and should kill as many animals as he pleased; that he had but to call them and they would offer themselves to his knife. He seems to have neglected the gold and silver, but he always had his dinner when he wanted it, after that meeting.

In later times a feeble old woman, while walking with her grandchild, met one of the fairies, who commiserated with her upon her rheumatism and her bent back, and told her to order the child to walk on, that he might not see the gift she would confer upon her. After the boy had passed some rods along the road the fairy handed a comb to the beldam and bade her use it. The old woman did so, and noticed at each passage of the implement through her grizzled locks that the hair was growing darker and darker. She felt of her face and broke into a joyous laugh, for the wrinkles were leaving her brow and her skin was becoming softer and smoother; she was growing young. Had she kept silence the transformation would, in a few minutes, have been complete, for it appears needful that supernatural gifts shall not be questioned nor too closely noticed. But at the sound of her laugh the child, who was running among the trees in advance, stopped and looked back. This broke the spell. With a wailing cry, "Dear child, you have destroyed me!" the woman fell dead.

GREYCOURT'S LITTLE HISTORY

DANIEL CROMLINE, the first settler in Greycourt, New York,—a man of distinction, because his log cabin had doors and floors of planed boards,—was in New York on the day when a ship came in from the other side of the sea. He wanted to buy a laborer. In those days men and women were sold for debt and were slaves to the man who furnished the amount they owed, until they had repaid the sum by work. William Bull, a young Irishman, was one of the passengers, and he was in hot dispute with the captain of the ship anent an overcharge for passage-money. The skipper had told him on sailing that five guineas—all he had—would cover the cost of the trip, but on arriving in America he informed Bull that this was not enough, and that he would be set at work for some one who would make up the deficiency. Bull answered that he would pay never another penny—he had no more—and demanded to be taken back on the same ship, saying, " I'll be a slave in Ireland, if I must be a slave at all."

Cromline saw and liked the lad, paid the over-

charge to the rapacious captain, and took Bull home with him. The young fellow became, in time, a landed proprietor near Duck Cedar, which is now by the elect called Tuxedo. There was no other white resident in that part of the wild Shawangunk Hills at the time, except Sarah Wells, who had been sold to a Long Island farmer and had removed here after working out her freedom. The Indians, pitying her lonely state, had built a cabin for her, telling her that she need seek no farther for a home site; moreover, they supplied maize and vension whenever her supplies ran short, and she was in a fair way to become an Indian herself, when Bull arrived on the scene. Both being of the white race, they naturally made a mutual offer of friendly services, and that they should eventually fall in love with one another is no great wonder, either. That is what happened. Bull proposed marriage, but explained that, as he was of the Episcopal faith, it would be necessary to publish the bans before the knot could be tied—a condition that gave rise to anxieties until the magistrate who was to perform the ceremony complied with it, to the satisfaction of both concerned, by going

to the door and bawling into the wilderness, "If any one objects to the marriage of William Bull and Sarah Wells, let him speak, or hold his peace forever after." He went back, shut the door, waited a minute and repeated the call. The third summons brought no answer, so in due time the twain were united.

There was a wedding-feast with much deer meat, corn, wild fruits, and fermented honey, and hunters and border-men from the country round were guests, in their rough, fringed dress and unfringed manners, and the fiddler, who had come all the way from Jersey, played with irresistible dash, and all jigged it riotously; and thus was begun the long and prosperous career of the family of Bull. The log house where the ceremony occurred still stands near Goshen. The Cromline house, being on the road to New Jersey, became an inn, and had for its sign a wooden oval with a picture of a goose on one side and King George III on the other. Stout brandy, smoking flip, and beguiling punch were served across its bar alike to Whigs, Tories, neutrals, Indians, and every other sort during the dark days of war that followed, presently;

but when the success of the American arms appeared to be certain, everything English had to go, even the "crown stone" that had been brought from the old country for Goshen jail, and which an enthusiastic patriot destroyed with a hammer. The portrait of the royal George was sedulously neglected. The once brilliant coat and countenance faded in the summer suns and winter storms until the figure was ridiculed by the country-folk as "old gray coat." So in time the tavern itself came to be known as the Gray Coat Inn. Presently came in people from the towns who represented the Virtues, especially that of the Mode, and they saw that it would never do to have their friends address letters to Gray Coat, so they solemnly changed the name to Greycourt, which sounds correct, though of course there is no court of gray or any other color within miles.

THE GOOD BIRD SPIRIT

IN the country called Kayaderossera, in and about Saratoga, New York, are many battle-grounds where tribes of old contended for supremacy. The fields about the healing waters that in our time are every summer resorted to by thousands were held by the Mohawks and they were under the protection of many manitous, none of whom were more kind than the good bird spirit. Though usually wearing the form of a white dove, the manitou would take the shape of an enemy and suffer itself to be killed, when it would rise again in its bird shape, guide the straggler back to his camp, and even restore the dead to life. A hunter who had missed the trail and was wandering through the forest saw a gray owl on a branch that overhung him, and heard its hoot. It is a common belief that in the rare accident of an Indian's losing his way some evil influence is working against him, that he is doomed to wander in a circle till he is exhausted, the circles growing smaller as he nears the place of the demon. To his excited fancy this bird was a fiend and was mocking his

distress. He slipped an arrow on his bow-string and shot the creature through. It fell fluttering to the earth, where he would have dispatched it with his axe had not a dove sprung from the body and soared above his head. The brooding clouds broke away, the hunter's moon struck its light through the branches, making the new snow to sparkle, and the despair in the man's heart gave way to thankfulness, for he realized that he had been rescued by the spirit of the wood; and, following his guide in its slow flight, he presently emerged on the shore of Saratoga Lake at the point where he had left his canoe three days before.

Among most Indian tribes physical courage is the highest virtue, and young men must endure injuries and disfigurements to prove their bravery. If they fail, they suffer the contempt of men and women alike. In the old days girls as well as young men had to prove their strength and ability to suffer uncomplainingly, that it might be known if they were fit to become the wives of fighters and mothers of heroes. Saratoga Lake was a frequent scene of these tests, for it was customary to force the maidens, in

their thirteenth year, to swim from the mouth of Kayaderosseras River to the Hill of Storms, now called Snake Hill. The Mohawks were never a stronger people than when they gathered at this water to see the daughter of their chief, his only child, cross it, or drown in the attempt as one not worthy to be a princess. In the moon of green corn the day had been set. The father led the girl to the canoe that was to take her to the other shore and bade her be of good heart. She paddled across, disembarked, tossed off her clothing, and plunged, boldly, lightly, into the lake, the old man watching for her, anxiously. It was a long way, the wind had veered so as to baffle the swimmer, and waves were rising. Her progress grew slower and slower. She turned on her back and floated for a little to regain breath and strength, thus drifting away again. It was plain that she was exhausted. Feebly moving forward once more, she began her death-song. Her father's face was a picture of woe. Suddenly, a shout of astonishment from the people: a great eagle, darting from the clouds, struck his talons into her hair and tried to lift her. She caught him by the legs, then both disappeared

beneath the surface. A moan came from the company, then a cry of gladness. Out of the dark water a dove had flown, and, rising to her feet in a shallow, the girl had reappeared. While wading to the shore, where a score of arms were held toward her, the dove circled, then alighted on her head and remained there until she had reached firm ground. The sudden rack of pain and joy was too much for her father. With a look of gratitude at the sky, into which the dove was now ascending, he ceased to breathe. So the girl was queen of the Mohawks, and for long after it was the daughter, not the son, who succeeded to the chieftaincy. The dove became the tribal totem.

Once, in the moon of roses, five hundred Mohawks marching northward met a party of Algonquins coming from Canada. The Mohawks, who were of that great family, the Iroquois, "the Romans of the West," were on ill terms with their neighbors of the cold lands, calling them Adirondacks (tree-eaters), because when game was scarce in the biting winters they stripped the trees of buds, gum, and inner bark, for food. It was near the site of Ballston that

they met this time, and a fight began at once. While it raged an eagle, sniffing blood and hoping to find prey among creatures so wasteful of life, hovered above the field, now trampled and sodden with gore, yet only an hour ago a flowery meadow, sweet smelling and peaceful in the sun. Weary with its flight it settled on a pine as the day was ending, and still watched the exhausted savages as they struck and parried, and shot, and slew, and scalped. Its screams had given heart to both armies, but now they began to believe that it was an evil creature who had lured them to this slaughter. As by common consent the bowmen on both sides shot a flight of arrows at the bird; so many that arrows followed one another through the same wound. Directly that it had fallen into the deep grass a shining dove arose from the spot and perched on the branch from which the eagle had fallen: the good bird spirit; the dove of peace. Arrows that were being fitted to the bows dropped to the ground. The men seemed as if waking from an ugly dream. The chiefs moved toward each other, their heads hung in sorrow as they looked on the corpses of their brothers

slain in useless rage for a feud of forgotten origin. There was a long talk. Then both sides gathered around a fire and smoked the pipe of friendship. Because of the killing on that day the stream whose waters ran red is still the Mourning Kill.

THE LOVERS UNITED

IN the summer the high ground of Yaddo, Saratoga, was occupied by Mohicans, who went to drink the medicine waters and break the heads of the Mohawks. The latter claimed ownership of the region; not that they wanted it, or used it, or needed it, but it served as well as anything else to fight about. One summer the Mohawks were absent, pounding the lives out of some distant relatives, and the Mohicans, finding themselves pleasantly neglected, made their camp near a beaver-dam on the Little Tassawassa. The time was auspicious for a June wedding; therefore Wequagan, who was a chief,—like every other Indian whose name has been saved to us,—was married to Awonunsk,—like every other Indian girl whose name has appeared in

the papers,—another chief's daughter. Directly after the ceremony the bride crossed the beaver-pond, with several of her friends, to gather strawberries for the wedding-feast. In those simple times brides did not expect to be waited on much, nor did they take long bridal tours. While the women were gathering the fruit a shrill yell was heard, followed by the screams of Awonunsk and her friends as they ran to regain their canoes. The Mohawks had returned.

All of the women on the farther bank were slain or captured, except the bride, who reached her boat, and all the Mohicans within sound of the hubbub ran to the pond. They were in time to see the girl send her birch out on the water with a vigorous push and ply her paddle, closely pursued in another canoe by a big Mohawk. This fellow was clever enough to keep himself in line with his intended victim, so that her friends should not shoot for fear of harming her. They might as well have done so, for he soon caught up with her and at a range of only a few yards sent an arrow through her body. Looking into her husband's eyes, with an agony

of appeal in her face, she held her arms toward him, toppled into the lake, and disappeared. Avengement was swift, for in another second the twang of fifty bowstrings sounded, and the murderer pitched into the water, dead.

The bereaved husband stood for a long time on the bank, while reddened waves lapped at his feet and a black mist came lowering. A blight seemed suddenly to have fallen on the place. Next day it was the same, and the next. Trees withered and the clouds hung down; the game fled to the hills, and the Mohawks, having begun the war in a usual and infernal fashion, kept at it until they had driven the Mohicans back across the Hudson and the pond was deserted. Yet every summer, in the moon of strawberries, Wequagan secretly returned to look at the spot which his saddest and happiest hours had sanctified to him. Years passed. He became an old man. The last time he returned to the beaver-pond his hair was white, his face was wrinkled. He was as one waiting for death. He stood on the shore, a few followers at his side, and peered into the mist that still hung upon the water. Presently a brightness began to disperse the

dark, and the mist, lifting, showed Awonunsk, in the bloom of youth and shining like the moon. All pain had vanished from her face, and with a smile of love she seemed as if advancing to meet her husband. He with a cry of joy staggered two steps toward her and fell dead on the sand. Now the dark mist was torn by a bar of sunlight, and the watchers heard music, falling from the sky. A form, in likeness of their chief, but young and strong, arose through the waves beside Awonunsk, and the two were entwined in each other's arms. They ascended softly, as vapors drift from pools at dawn, and melted into sunlight. And the shadows never rested on that spot again.

POKE-O'-MOONSHINE

ONE of our few satisfying mountain names is Poke-o'-Moonshine, or Peekamoonshine, in the Adirondacks, the rule having been to burden our hills with a nomenclature either foolish or commonplace. In this lonely height is a cave with a crack in the roof through which, in certain phases of the moon, a ray of

light will enter; and this peek or peep or poke of moonshine has given a name to the mountain itself. In 1757 a young Huguenot noble, François du Bois, came to America to join his regiment in Canada. He came the more willingly because he knew that his sweetheart, Clemence La Moille, would presently follow him, for her father had incurred the dislike of certain political enemies and had been virtually banished from the kingdom. And, true enough, it was not long ere Emil Le Moille and his daughter left their home, forever. From New Rochelle, where they lived for a little time, they went northward with an Indian guide and eventually settled in a lovely valley, east of Lake Champlain, on the bank of that river now called La Moille. Clemence found a way to let her lover know their whereabouts. He ascended the lake at that time with Montcalm's force, which some days later attacked the English near Lake George, and no doubt he cast a longing eye at the peaceful hills that walled Champlain on its eastern side, for somewhere among them his lady awaited him.

Possibly he did not then imagine that in a

few days he should be seeking her, a disgraced and heart-sick soldier, but so it fell out. Truth is, he had little stomach for his business. He was less in love with war than with Clemence; being Protestant, he could not sympathize heartily with the scheme of a Catholic government against a Protestant people; and especially he loathed the brutalities that the Indians committed under permission of his fellow-officers. The horrible massacre that followed the French victory on Lake George ended his endurance. He stole away from camp at night, found a canoe, and in a few days he had reached the La Moille cabin, weak, discouraged, but with no jot of his love abated. He did not dare to meet the father. Exile though he was, the old man still revered his France and loved his old profession of arms. When he learned that this proposed son-in-law was a deserter he would spurn him indignantly from his presence.

But with the girl it was otherwise. Du Bois gained audience with her, and with pity for his mental and bodily suffering mingled with her love she sheltered him. The French army would soon be returning toward the St. Lawrence, and

he might be seen, chased, captured, and imprisoned, if not shot. Clemence lived almost as free a life as an Indian, and she was a wilful girl withal. It was an easy matter to absent herself for a day or two from home. In a night journey across the lake the young couple reached a trail leading into the fastnesses of the Adirondacks, and there Clemence left François, after directing him how he should reach Poke-o'-Moonshine, and promising to join him so soon as she could replenish their ammunition and recover some of her belongings.

A few days later she kissed her father and said she was going upon the lake. She never returned. Her dog reached home that evening with a letter in his collar, but rain or dew had made it illegible. Years afterward old La Moille, while hunting in the mountains, took shelter from a storm in the grotto of Poke-o'-Moonshine. The tempest lasted so long that he gave up the thought of leaving it that night, so he made himself comfortable and went to sleep. In the small hours he awoke to see a slender ray of moonlight falling through a chink in the rock. It rested on a scrap of gold lace

from a military coat, and on a necklace—his daughter's. Was he dreaming? He reached out and took the pearls into his hand. They were real. Had the cave become the tomb of the young pair? Had they fallen victim to bears or panthers? It will never be known. But the cross that stood at the cave door for years after has banned all shadows, and the figures that glide over Lake Onewaska by moonlight are said to be François and Clemence.

THE NIAGARA THUNDER GOD

AN Indian girl who lived on the shore of Niagara a little way above the cataract had been promised in marriage in the good old Indian fashion—shared, sometimes, by the European aristocracy—to a man she hated. The wedding-day had dawned, and though no church-bells were ringing, the people were gathering for the festival. The bridegroom, ill-favored, selfish, and surly, but for that hour all smiles, replied with jests to the broad raillery of his acquaintances. From the shade of her wigwam the unhappy maid looked out upon the group.

She noted the air of easy triumph in the man who would presently command her, whom she would be forced to serve for the rest of her life, for whom she must cook and drudge, whose clothing she must make, whose bed of furs she must prepare, whose lodge she must strike and raise again, whose weapons she must decorate, whose dogs she must feed. A strong shudder went through her. She could not—would not be his wife.

Stealing softly from the wigwam she reached the river edge and looked back. The face of her lord-to-be was lower, more imbruted than ever, as he smiled meaningly on the people who congratulated him. Yes; death was better than life with him. Death it should be. She stepped into her canoe, pushed it from the shore, threw away the paddle, and resigned herself to the current. Some moments passed. The little boat, drifting idly at first, began to move with ever-increasing rapidity. From a distance behind her she heard a cry of dismay. She had been seen by her people. In answer she began her death-song. Those behind it heard, more and more faintly—faintly—then silence. She was fairly

in the power of the river. The shores were hurrying by. Had she any thought of trying to make the shore it was now too late. A vast yet distant roaring could be heard, growing louder every moment. The rapids were near—the long hurry of water leading to the plunge of the green flood into the abyss. The sky lay on the top step of the rapids as she looked down-stream. Anon the billows pulsed beneath her and heaved the canoe and dropped it with sickening force and quickness. The slope deepened, the turmoil of waters was deafening, yet the growl of the cataract sounded through it. Over that fearful brink she must pass to liberty. Those clouds, boiling upward from the pit, would hide the last scene in the tragedy. No eye of a chance hunter would see her mangled form when it was hurled against the rocks. The boat leaped forward. It was the last—the last. The prow hung above the chasm, the vast slide of water curled at the edge of the cliff. She leaped to her feet, with a cry, and shot into the void.

But not to death. Heno, the thunderer, rising in the mist, had seen her. He held forth his arms, and into them the girl fell, safely and

softly. Stepping through the water-curtain, protecting her from its rush and weight, he seated her on a bench of rock. She was in a great cavern behind the fall and the deluge tempered the day to a drowsy twilight. This place was her home thenceforward. Heno cared for her as for a daughter, and in time she married one of his strong sons, to whom she bore a beautiful child that became an associate thunderer with Heno. For her sake the god was kind to her people. When pestilence appeared he lifted her to the shore, that she might tell them to leave their villages and go to a higher country. It was the great serpent, she told them, who had poisoned the water they drank and would slay them if they stayed. Hardly had they left Niagara before the snake appeared, all green and white, and trailing his body through miles of country, like a river. He had slept after poisoning the water, but was hungry now, and would feed on their bodies. On finding their camp deserted he hissed with wrath, and the hissing was like the rush of the rapids. He would have followed the tribe, but Heno, looking from the mists, saw the creature, and

with a thunderbolt struck him dead. The huge mass floated down the stream and lodged above the cataract, a fold in its body deflecting the larger volume of water to the Horseshoe fall, which was made curving and deep on that day. Heno's home was destroyed by the flood thus centred at that point, and, assembling all of his children and the Indian girl, he arose with them to the heavens, where he thunders in the cloud-mists as he once did in the vapors from the fall. Yet, though he lives in the skies, an echo of his voice is always sounding at Niagara.

THE DEATH ON THE PALISADES

MANITOU reared the Palisades of the Hudson that they might hide his dwelling on the top from the eyes of men who hunted and fished and pried along the river, the Algonquin, or Leni-Lenape, "first men," having already come from the West to plant their villages by the sea. The Iroquois had promised that they might pass through the Mississippi country to reach this Eastern land of fabled wealth, without offering war; yet, like all east-

ward migrations in history, this was a failure, for the Iroquois, seeing the large numbers of the moving tribe, feared that the prairies would be taken from them, and, suddenly revoking the permission, they fell upon and destroyed the Leni-Lenape in thousands. Many of the latter reached the sea, however, and spread over the mountain belt, where they were ever afterward the enemies of the Iroquois.

Hence, in after years, it argued a high courage in the young chief from Niagara to penetrate to the heart of his foeman's land; but love gives that courage, and he had seen in a dream a girl so fair that he could not abide in peace one hour until he had found her. His dream had told him where she was, and, gathering his arms and paint, he said farewell to his people and began his long walk toward the rising sun. Seven days and almost seven nights he walked and ran and swam, and then he climbed the easy shoreward ascent of Manitou's wall, and came out at the brink of the cliff, five hundred feet above the great river, near the spot where Hudson afterward repelled a hundred Manhattans with a cannon-shot, and oppo-

site the hill where the yonk heer built the manor that was to grow into the city of Yonkers.

He resolved to emblazon his arms, or totem, on the rock, and had already sketched the outline when a deer bounded by, with a Leni-Lenape in pursuit. In an instant the painter had lifted himself back to the edge of the cliff, and in a few seconds was fiercely wrestling with the hunter. Neither gaining much advantage, the hunter proposed a truce until he could gather his people, that they might see how both of them could die like fighters. The Iroquois consented, and employed the time of his foeman's absence in finishing his totem in the brightest pigments. Then he flung his axe and spear into the river and waited, his many-colored belt bound tight upon him. With a rush of many footsteps came the Leni-Lenape, bursting through the bushes, bounding over the rocks, and glaring in hatred on the intruder. He arose, faced them defiantly, and began his vaunting death-song, mingled with sneers and curses for his enemies. Another rushing sound, this time of arrows, with the twang of a hundred bow-cords, and the young chief stood before them studded with

darts. He swayed, but almost as he was in the act of falling a new life seemed to enter him, and he sprang erect, with eyes fixed in admiration on a face at the edge of the scowling multitude, a face that had longing and pity in it, the face of his dreams. Before he could speak the young man whom he had engaged ran forward to him. "I am here," cried the hunter, and picking the Iroquois up in his arms, as he would have raised an infant, he sprang into space, and kept his promise.

PANTHER CHIEF OF THE SENECAS

WHITE THUNDER, leader of the Senecas when they occupied their lands in what is now Western New York, was a chief of strength and wisdom, who was always against war,—not that he was timid, but because he was old and wise and knew what war meant in suffering, waste, and carnage. Yet his people did not always reason, but were swayed by their passions; and after years of inactivity they longed for battle. Even the wife of White Thunder felt angered and disgraced by her

husband's peaceful preaching, and once, in the silence of the woods, she begged that the Great Spirit would give to her people a chief who could be as fierce and bloody as a panther.

A storm was rising as she left the forest. The pines were swaying and moaning, and it seemed as if through the noise she could hear the growl and snarl of beasts. Fallen leaves whirled into spirals in the clearings and the dancing masses suggested the forms of animals of prey. The lake, which she reached presently, was lapping and hissing against the rocks, and the sounds were like the drinking and spitting of a lynx. Great eyes seemed to roll and glare in the openings of the cloud that deepened and hurried overhead. A curious possession of fear, alien to her savage nature, came upon the woman, and, drawing her robe about her head, she ran toward her lodge. Before she could reach the village, however, the rains began to pour, and a bolt of fire, hurled from the sky, rived the tallest pine in the wood. For shelter she climbed a bank to the protection of a ledge, and there, reclining on a couch of moss and feeling that the storm would last for hours, she fell asleep.

In a dream she fancied that she had penetrated the wood to a greater deep than she had ever seen before, and had there discovered a giant panther, crouched and watchful, his eyes gleaming, his lips drawn back, his tail switching, and his hams quivering with impulse for a spring. And the meaning of her prayer came to her,—that her people might have a chief who should be as a panther in his thirst for blood and lack of any gentleness. The autumn passed, and in the winter the woman bore a child. And the look of that child was the look of a ferocious beast. White Thunder scowled as he saw his offspring, and said, "You have your wish. This child shall be named the Little Panther. He shall lead my people to their death." And it was so.

As the boy grew he became even more a brute in looks; and his ways were the ways of the panther, too,—secret, slinking, bloody, and full of greed. He lived only for war. He was unceasing in his strife. Hundreds of his fellows he led to death, that he might give death to his enemies. He prowled the woods alone when he could command no following, and

burned and harried and slew, sparing neither the aged nor the sick nor the babes nor the women. And the name of Seneca was hated in the land. His people were ashamed of Little Panther; and when they saw his green eyes peering at them from the shadow, they feared him, too. But his days were to be short,—for, meeting a panther among the hills and trying to kill it, he lost his own life. And his people gave thanks to the Great Spirit.

THE SPOOKS OF SCHOOLEY'S MOUNTAIN

IT is not so very long ago that you could find ghosts in New Jersey. There may be a few left to-day. Some of them must have gone there to enjoy one another's society and escape those doubters of New York, Philadelphia, and other godless places who were forever running their hard heads against graveyard facts known to every beldam and every school-boy elsewhere in the land. What! Had these infidels never heard of the spooks that guard the buried treas-

SCHOOLEY'S MOUNTAIN

ure of the beaches? Would they deny that the mark of a spirit-hand was left on the chest of a reveller in Andover, and that he reformed his ways in a night? Could they affirm that Blackbeard had not stowed a fortune in coin and jewels under the Pirate's Tree in Burlington, or that witches did not dance about the big willow in the same village on squally nights? Because a deacon of the Presbyterian Church, a sober, solvent man, had seen the witches, and as to Blackbeard—well, a couple of adventurous fellows one night started to dig for his gold. They had turned up three or four feet of soil about the roots of the ancient walnut when a well-like opening was uncovered, and, looking down, they could see, in a cavern lighted by a throbbing, ruddy glow, the old villain himself, with his beard in curl-papers, sprawling on his jars of money and glaring up at the intruders with blue fire in his eyes. Yelling with terror, the countrymen leaped out of the pit and flew to their home, staying neither for fences, rocks, nor bushes in their determination to get there by the straightest way. Arrived among their people, they told their fearsome tale with chattering

jaws, though their parchment jowls and goggling eyes told it better. "Look," they cried, "at the hell-flame rising!" And for an instant a shaft of dull light was seen hanging in the murky air between sky and earth; then it faded, and in the morning there was no mark of pick or spade about the Pirate's Tree.

Ah, yes; you say these things don't happen now; that the Indian chiefs, long since attenuated to blue vapor, never more stand on the bluffs of Weehawken and meditate on their departed greatness; and the tunnels of the Bonaparte house in Bordentown—the only American village that ever had a king for a citizen—may shelter rats, but the people who whisper that shadows of the Corsicans have been seen there are people of indifferent morals and low degree. This is doubtless true, for ghosts cannot abide factories, locomotives, breweries, and trolley-cars, and houses with steam heat and exposed plumbing do not interest them. But it was different a hundred years ago. We had not then set ourselves with such energy to make it impossible for the departed to visit us, when they took a notion, by scaring them into smoke-

wreaths with our blazing arc-lights, shattering them apart with our earth-shaking railroad trains, and frightening them back to their tombs by the worse than spectral horrors of sensational newspapers.

And it was because they had spectres in New Jersey that Ransford Rogers tramped away from Connecticut to "lay" them and relieve the anxieties of the citizens. Rogers was afflicted with youth. Something of the ligneous quality of the nutmegs they manufactured in his State pertained to his countenance, especially to that part of it which in these days of low language would be named his cheek. Yet, he had been a school-master in his own State, and in common estimation had learned many things the gaping public might never hope to master. Rumor said he had studied chemistry, and in his native village had been known to work far into the night —a fearful thing in itself, where righteous people were abed by nine, and doubly fearful when the work was associated with blue lights seen through chinks in the blind, evil smells, and uncanny noises. He did not deny the rumor; he was complacent under its imputations when it

followed him to Morristown, and it cannot be doubted that it raised him in the regard of many burghers in that village when he chose it as his place of abode in 1788. For the jar of the late war had hardly driven out of mind the evil doings of Mother Meechum, the witch, and should her successor appear, why, here was safety in a man who could exorcise in college Latin, and could draw the true figure of Solomon's seal on the earth before a stable when the cows were possessed with devils. Mother Meechum, having a compact with the powers of iniquity, might have lived like a queen, but it betokens the vulgar nature of witches that they ask nothing in return for their souls but the knack of keeping butter from coming in the churn, of breaking sheep's legs as they lie in the fold, of spreading sickness among cattle, and of making pigs to look in at house windows and whisper words of an unknown language. The Yankee pedagogue and the new parson ought to be a match for all the witches in the country, if not for the ghosts, the neighbors said.

Rogers had learned of the attempt to resurrect

Blackbeard's hoard, and he proposed to renew the enterprise, promising to use his strongest Latin and even some phrases in Chaldee on the spectre in curl-papers, but the previous experience had been too terrifying, and he could not win a volunteer. There was another mine of guineas and doubloons, however, on Schooler's (now called Schooley's) Mountain, and if only —Hm! There are various ways of gaining treasure upon earth, and it takes more than one ghost to get the better of a Connecticut Yankee.

Our pedagogue encouraged the citizens of Morristown to tell the fiend and phantom tales of their vicinage until they had so frightened themselves that they dared not go home alone after their evening sessions in the grocery, and he embroidered upon their narratives strange happenings in his own experience that deepened their chills and apprehensions. When he had reduced them almost to a gibbering humility he would cast out large rumors of the possibilities of Schooler's Mountain. They had found a part of Kidd's treasure on Shelter Island. Did it not behoove them, as men of mark and mettle, to recover from the feeble sprites on the hills

the larger wealth that pirates had hidden there, and, by so doing, likewise to drive the spectres forever from the region? For himself, he did not care. He rather enjoyed the company of the dead. A ghost? What was it, after all? The mere shadow of a pirate, slain to guard the gold. A shadow! Pooh! He knew words and ceremonies—he would say nothing now, but the time would come when they might wish they had been his partners. Did he say partners? He might have used the word. And, if it came to that, why not partners? Why not a company? Why not a mutual trust in the exploitation of this treasure? If they really insisted, Mr. Rogers would do all that he could for such a company, but—it would be expensive.

Forty residents of Morristown agreed to endure the expense, and, having been sworn to secrecy, were invited to meet Mr. Rogers, Master of the Spirits, in the woods on the mountain, at midnight, to learn from the lips of the spectres themselves what would be a fair assessment. Mr. Rogers went about town, presently, with his cocked hat a trifle on one side and silver buckles on his Sunday shoes, which he now wore

every day. He several times paid cash at the grocery, when the proprietor was strenuous, and he no longer soothed the tavern-keeper with promises. Any unworthy suspicions that may have been indulged by these gentlemen were therefore swallowed in silence.

History is a little shy as to what occurred for awhile after the formation of the Schooler's Mountain Spook-laying and Treasure-lifting Company, Limited, for its meetings were conducted with great secrecy, and Mr. Rogers requested, as a favor, that the small preliminary loans that the other members advanced to him might be treated as personal and confidential affairs, not to be mentioned to the other members. At the meeting in the wood he was as impressive as a promontory. He called aloud in Latin, and a creature from nowhere leaped into the lighted circle and pranked about, moaning and muttering in a strange voice—another imp from Connecticut, in a table-cloth, as a witness ventured some weeks afterward to remark. Simultaneously with the appearance of this object flames burst from the ground, with a slight report and evil smell, and the uncharitable after-

ward wondered if these upheavals might not have been managed by gunpowder and slow matches.

The sheeted visitant calmed, after a little, and told the cringing audience—which cringed the more at the dreadful news—that each man of it must pay to the honest Rogers sixty dollars in gold, and to return to the mountain at a certain date. Some of the investors in pirate wealth had to mortgage their houses and sell their cattle to raise the required sum, and had to do so privately, of course, for they had wives; yet, at the second session the spirit declared that one of the forty had blabbed the secret, and to punish that one all must prove their integrity by returning home and keeping silent four weeks longer. During these four weeks Mr. Rogers, who, it is feared, had found the paths of opportunity so broad and flowery that he could no longer endure to be confined in the narrow and humdrum ways of rectitude, organized another company under an oath of secrecy, and obtained another fund. Neither company knew of the other. The later guild was provided with little packets of powder made from the bones of the

dead that guarded the treasure. In the middle of the night—fateful night for Rogers!—a wife, inspecting the pockets of her sleeping lord for possible letters and likelier coin, came upon one of these parcels of dust. In the language of the commoner, the jig was up. The woman's curiosity would be satisfied with nothing less than a full explanation. At this very juncture the evil genius of Ransford Rogers, having followed him once or twice too often to the village bar, persuaded him to undertake the teasing or terrifying of certain promising residents into a third company of gold-hunters. On that night a sheeted spectre walked the streets of Morristown itself. The constable saw it, and was girding his loins for flight, when the ghost stumbled and distinctly hiccoughed. The constable stole nearer. There was a fragrance of old Medford in the atmosphere. This mere odor gave to the officer of the law a courage as high as if he had swallowed the liquor that made it. He laid a heavy hand on the arm of the apparition, pulled off the sheet in which it was wrapped, and behold: Rogers, tipsy, and wearing a piece of tin over his mouth to change his voice.

It was a sheepish company of citizens that assembled in the grocery next evening. Ransford Rogers had confessed, had made public the names of his dupes, and with an agility that made them wonder if there were not something uncanny about him after all, had slipped through the fingers of the constable, taking most of his money with him—that is, of their money. And so ends this sadly veracious item of town history. Spooks no longer walk on Schooley's Mountain; but, bless you, they break out in other places every year or two.

THE HOUSE OF MISFORTUNE

CRANBERRY, New Jersey, does not exactly boast of its pre-Revolutionary house, though it is complacent over its association with the names of Washington, Lafayette, Jefferson, and Hamilton. Had these been the only guests at the mansion the blight would never have come upon it, the gossips say. It stands at the corner of the New Brunswick pike and King George's highway,—the old coach-road from New York to Philadelphia,—and was a fine old place

already when it was bought by Commodore Truxton, of the United States Navy. To this stout old sailor's misfortune, he knew Aaron Burr, the brilliant, persuasive, handsome, ambitious, unprincipled schemer. Burr was an athlete and a dead shot, as well as a man of reading, a skilled debater, and a clever politician. His power over women was remarkable, and scores of them suffered dishonor from their confidence in his promises. In 1804 he picked a quarrel with Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, a fellow-student at Princeton, to whom he charged defeat in his struggle for re-election to the Vice-Presidency of the nation. Hamilton did not believe in duelling, but being incessantly nagged by his enemy, and fearing to be posted as a coward and used in a scurrile fashion if he refused, he accepted the challenge, and went calmly to his death on the Weehawken Palisades. He fired into the air, while Burr deliberately shot him.

The disgraced survivor of this affair fled to Cranberry and was reluctantly allowed by Truxton to occupy a room on the top floor, reached by a secret stair behind the fireplace, which had

been constructed when the scene of Revolutionary activities shifted to New Jersey. He came out only by night, and took the air in the heavy shade of trees. At an early opportunity he fled the country, and, after engaging in schemes for the foundation of a rival republic in the West and the liberation of Mexico from the Spaniard, and standing trial for treason, he died in poverty and neglect. The gloomy, vehement, wicked spirit of the man had no other home, so it apparently encamped itself in the place where it had been received in partial friendship, and ill-luck fell on nearly all who had to do with the place. Truxton engaged in speculations, lost his money, and moved away. He was succeeded by a judge whose severities won general dread and hate, and who felt the pressure of public opinion through his hard nature to such a degree that the place was no longer tenable by him. Residence in the house seemed to coarsen and brutalize him. He imposed the law to the letter, and once sentenced a man to death for stealing a piece of cloth. An elderly Quaker, who next bought the house, was married to a young wife who presently became a slave to opium. He shut

her up in Burr's room, but to passing school-children she lowered a basket containing money, and they bought the drug for her. A servant, detected in smuggling pills to her chamber, was beaten senseless and locked in the cellar on a bread-and-water diet for a month. Shortly afterward the woman killed herself. The Quaker had another trouble, in the form of a son who had inherited no Quaker instincts of peace or propriety but had become a wild, brawling, drunken, and unruly member. He had ridden a pair of horses through the streets, standing on their backs like a circus performer and lighting cigars with ten-dollar bills; he had ridden them into a pond, and drowned them; and soon after he tumbled over the banister on the third story and was killed, his blood leaving a stain on the floor that is still to be seen. The Quaker lost his fortune and disappeared.

Next came a slave-owner from the South, with some of his negroes. The servants burned his barns and ran away, or died on his hands, one of them falling dead before the fire while fiddling for a dance. This owner, too, lost money and moved. A retired army officer who followed

him was forced into bankruptcy within a year. The next occupant of the house of misfortune was a physician, who thereafter lost heavily from incendiaries of barns and poisoners of cattle, though his wife had placed crosses and horseshoes above all the doors and windows. Then followed a financier, who lost his fortune and political prestige, and his wife her reason and her life. Last in the line was a distiller, who came to his end by a hemorrhage, his wife dying in the same manner. Now and then were whispers of foot-falls in the passage leading to Burr's chamber, and of shadows on the walls, cast by no living being; but the evil genius of the house worked more commonly in silence and in secret.

THE LONETOWN MYSTERY

CERTAIN jokes, kept alive by negro minstrels and the makers of patent-medicine almanacs, are said to have been traced back to Egypt and India, and to have been descried dimly receding beyond the historical horizon. The man of the Stone Age may have invented

the jest about his mother-in-law to lighten the gloom while waiting in his cave for a storm to pass, and the court-fool of the Ptolemies is believed to have originated the perennial tale of the plumber. One quip of long endurance has been traced back for a century to Lonetown, but that may have been only a stopping-place on its flight down the ages. It is this:

Lonetown had been stirred to its foundations by the arrival of a stranger at the tavern. Any stranger was a refreshment and an excitement, but this one was a marvel, because he was evidently going to stay. Week after week went by; still he set foot in no other township. Nobody knew his business, and not to know what everybody was doing in Lonetown was anguish. Why, the fellow did not so much as say that he had any business. He did not even give his name. Rustic curiosity could not endure this sort of thing. A committee of citizens was finally selected, at an informal meeting held in the store, and they went to the tavern to see what information could be squeezed out of the stranger. He received them with dignity, listened without surprise to their remonstrances

against his seclusion and their request for knowledge, and said: "I am obliged to you, gentlemen, for this proof of interest in my affairs, and I will say, plainly, that I am not a man with whom you are likely to associate. A jury says I am a criminal. The judge gave me the choice of being hanged or of spending six months in Lonetown. Oh, but I am sorry I chose Lonetown! Good-night."

As there isn't any Lonetown—now that you have read the story—it is evident that any one of several localities may be hidden under that name. Several towns have contended for the right to it; but, after sifting the evidence, it is said by the best authorities that the scene of the incident was either Jersey City or Camden.

THE LEEDS DEVIL

WITHIN recent times the Leeds Devil has ramped about the New Jersey pine region, between Freehold and Cape May, though it should have been "laid" many years ago. Its coming portends evil, for it appears before wars, fires, and great calamities.

Albeit a sober Quaker in appearance, Mother Leeds, of Burlington, New Jersey, was strongly suspected of witchcraft; and suspicion became certainty when, in 1735, a child was born to her. The old women who had assembled on that occasion, as they always do assemble wherever there is death or birth or marriage, reported that while it was like other human creatures at first, the child changed, under their very eyes. It began to lose its likeness to other babes, and grew long and brown; it presently took the shape of a dragon, with a snake-like body, a horse's head, a pig's feet, and a bat's wings. This dreadful being increased in strength as it gained in size, until it exceeded the bulk and might of a grown man, when it fell on the assemblage, beating all the members of the party, even its own mother, with its long, forked, leathery tail. This despite being wreaked, it arose through the chimney and vanished, its harsh cries mingling with the clamor of a storm that was raging out-of-doors.

That night several children disappeared: the dragon had eaten them. For several years thereafter it was glimpsed in the woods at nightfall,

and it would wing its way heavily from farm to farm, though it seldom did much mischief after its first escape into the world. To sour the milk by breathing on it, to dry the cows, and to sear the corn were its usual errands. On a still night the farmers could follow its course, as they did with trembling, by the howling of dogs, the hoots of owls, and the squawks of poultry. It sometimes appeared on the coast, generally when a wreck impended, and was seen in the company of the spectres that haunt the shore: the golden-haired woman in white, the black-muzzled pirate, and the robber, whose head being cut off at Barnegat by Captain Kidd, stumps about the sands without it, guarding a treasure buried near. When it needed a change of diet the Leeds Devil would breathe upon the cedar swamps, and straightway the fish would die in the pools and creeks, their bodies, whitened and decayed by the poison, floating about in such numbers as to threaten illness to all the neighborhood. In 1740 the service of a clergyman was secured, who, by reason of his piety and exemplary life, had dominion over many of the fiends that plagued New Jersey, and had

even prevailed in his congregation against apple-jack, which some declared to be a worse fiend than any other, if, indeed, it did not create some of those others. With candle, book, and bell the good man banned the creature for a hundred years, and, truly, the herds and henneries were not molested in all that time. The Leeds Devil had become a dim tradition when, in 1840, it burst its cerements, if such had been put about it; or, at all events, it broke through the clergyman's commandments, and went whiffling among the pines again, eating sheep and other animals, and making clutches at children that dared to sport about their dooryards in the twilight. From time to time it reappeared, its last raid occurring at Vincentown and Burrville in 1899, but it is said that its life has nearly run its course, and with the advent of the new century many worshipful commoners of Jersey dismissed, for good and all, the fear of this monster from their minds.

ROSE O'MALLY AND CALIXTO

NOTHING was known about O'Mally, when he settled at Foul Rift, on the Delaware, beyond the two facts that he had a daughter and had been a convict. Whether he had served his time in the old country or the new, whether for filching purses or cutting throats, nobody could find out. He was harsh, moody, and dangerous. It was gossipped about that he visited the house of the Gray Witch, not many miles away: a house she complacently appropriated when its owner had been killed. She was usually seen to pass a residence just before a death occurred there, and in time she died alone, after making the cross on her floor with a coal, to prove that she still hoped for heaven.

It was likewise said that when the spirit of the Delaware Indian girl, who had been burned alive on a rival's false testimony, came back in the form of a white doe to drink from the river, as she did on every anniversary of her death, O'Mally was the only one who had the hardihood to fire at her. The bullet went wide and his

gun kicked him black and blue when he did it. O'Mally's visits to the witch and his settlement in this lonely region had some bearing on the Hans Pfal treasure; yet if he recovered it he never spent more than enough to keep him in bullets and whiskey.

Hans Pfal was a Dutch pirate who had ascended the Delaware in a sloop loaded with the spoil of many robberies. After reaching Pfal's Point he packed his gold into a chest, sunk it, and that night killed every one of his crew, lest the hiding-place should be revealed and he should lose some of his savings. Young men addicted to late hours and taverns declare that although the pirate has long been dead he has been seen prowling along the shore by torch-light, arrayed in clothes that are hopelessly out of date in style and of lamentable thinness as to quality. He appears to be examining the shoal water near the bank. O'Mally was just the kind of man who would help himself to hidden treasure, if he could find it, and whether its owner were dead or alive was of little consequence. Ghosts did not count for much with him. He never kept at the search continuously,

lest he should be watched. He chose for his work nights that were cold, raw, windy, snowy, or wet—nights that kept other people in-doors and sent them soon to bed. A spade, a pick, some rope, and a bull's-eye lantern were his outfit, and a pistol was always within reach. Seemingly the treasure did not discover itself, for the ex-convict grew more taciturn, and scowled more in his lonely walks than ever. The one soft spot in his nature was a love for his daughter, Rose, a modest, pretty, fair-haired maid, who commended herself to more than her father, because she was so unlike him. He did all he could to keep her from seeing the world and from letting the world see her; yet this was impossible after the girl had grown toward womanhood and begun to take such duties out of her father's hands as required her to do errands and work in the garden.

Several sparks visited that garden while O'Mally was looking for Hans Pfal's money, or was hunting among the hills, but if he caught them within gunshot they never attempted a second visit. One wooer alone persisted where others had fled. It was Calixto, a handsome,

intelligent half-breed Indian lad, the son of a priest who had formerly been stationed in the vicinity. Though seemingly as mild in disposition as a woman, quiet in manner and low in voice, he had a stout native courage that made him respected by white and red people alike, by all people, indeed, except O'Mally, who had warned him never to speak to his daughter or approach his cabin nearer than half a mile. For a young man of Calixto's stamp such warnings were invitations, and he was a visitor oftener than anybody guessed—anybody except Rose, who, having been allowed to see few members of the opposite sex, quickly fell in love with this gentle but resolute fellow. O'Mally, returning from the river on a certain evening, saw the two walking arm in arm. He stole forward in the shadows of the trees until he had come within a few yards of them, when he fired a charge of slugs into the body of the young man, tearing his heart to pieces. That night Calixto's friends and relatives surrounded O'Mally's house, set it on fire and danced about it, yelling and rejoicing as it settled into ashes. Both Rose and her father perished in the flames.

THE GOBLIN JESUIT

LOPATCONG—the name was given by the Leni-Lenape to a pretty valley in the Blue Mountains of Pennsylvania—contains a mission-house that village rumor declares to be haunted by the Goblin Jesuit. Some residents will tell you that they have heard the chimes ringing the angelus, and that the sound grows higher and fainter as you approach the ruin. It is long since the old place had an inhabitant, and for a century and a half the superstitious have looked at it without liking, for during the Indian war of 1755–56 half a dozen British troopers and an officer met here with misadventure. Being benighted in a winter storm, they had taken refuge in the house, built a roaring fire, and were bowsing it stoutly from leather bottles. The empty chambers were echoing to the profane songs and boisterous toasts of the soldiers when the officer, looking about the hall, exclaimed, "Why, I recognize this place. It's the old mission, and—they say it has a ghost."

"Let him stay below this night. I warrant

it's warmer where he is," sang out a maudlin fellow.

"Tush! Be quiet. Let us know the story," said another.

The lieutenant tossed down a heating draught and answered: "So far as I remember the ghost is a Jesuit—a monk—a Frenchman, and sure to be no friend of ours. I wonder his bones don't stir in their coffin at the idea of his house being in the hands of his enemies. Eh? What was that? Sounded like something moving, in a box. Well, they say that on the anniversary of his death, just when the chimes had gone midnight—there are no chimes here any longer, you know—Hark! By Jove! Did you rascals hear that? It was like a bell. I'm sure there's no village near. A high wind plays pranks with a man's imagination on a night like this. Where was I? Ah, yes. As the bell sounds the last stroke of twelve there is a knock at the great door, and the monk——"

Rat—tat—tat! The knocker on the door had fallen. The men turned, lowering their bottles from their mouths, and stared. Their ears hummed with their own blood. They could hear

the surge of it above the snapping of the logs and the roaring of the wind.

"Pah! No spirit could rap so soundly. It's some poor, belated devil, seeking shelter, like ourselves. Come in!" Though the lieutenant shouted the last words bravely, he fell back in his chair, clenched the arms of it, and turned white in spots through the flush of the brandy. For the door had swung open, and a cloaked and grizzled man, with fixed eyes and snow-white face, was entering the hall. He scowled darkly on the company; then advancing to the table where the liquor was, he picked up a bottle with a bony hand.

"Aha!" cried one. "He takes his tipple. He's honest flesh and blood. Sit by the fire, neighbor, and rouse it to old King George."

"Ay! Drink!" shouted the others.

The monk stood still and stared into the faces of the soldiers. Not a word was spoken, then. Again the silence fell. The watching faces turned white and sharp. The stranger walked noiselessly to the fireplace and poured the liquor on the hearth. In a moment it began to rise in steam, thicker and thicker, more and more

stifling. One could no longer see across the room. With a shriek the officer broke the spell that he felt to be closing about him and rushed into the storm. It was daylight before he dared go back. When he reached the mission he still lingered on the step, fearing to go in. At last he turned the knob and entered. Six bodies lay on the stone floor.

A KINDNESS REPAID

DURING the Revolution there was no little friction between loyalists and advocates of liberty in parts of the country that were not often scourged by the armies of either colonies or king. In Pennsylvania the Germans were inclined to side with the Tories, possibly because their kinsmen, the Hessians, had engaged as soldiers of fortune under the English flag, while the Scottish settlers endorsed the Declaration of Independence, and some of them bore arms with the troops of Washington. In doubtful districts the opposing parties kept close watch of one another, and on the arrival of a stranger

in a village not many hours would elapse before his business was known.

While the patriots lay encamped at Morristown, New Jersey, during the winter, spies were abroad in the service of both armies. A tall, courteous stranger arrived at Brakeley Manor, Lopatcong, one evening, for, as there are no inns hereabout, he had bone there to ask food and shelter, which were willingly granted by the hospitable old squire. If the stranger had thought to arrive or leave without being seen, however, he was mistaken. Guards and watchers had reported his progress from point to point, and late in the night there was a clatter of hoofs outside, a clang and click of weapons, then an assault on the door, which was forced. Squire Brakeley, roused by the commotion, went into the hall, holding his candle high, and was confronted by half a dozen cavalrymen in buff and blue.

"Gentlemen," said he—"for I take it from the color of your coats that you are gentlemen—I do not know your errand here, but I have to remind you that there are ways of entering one's house without breaking in."

"Your pardon," said an officer; "but we feared that if we gave warning our man might escape."

"What man? Have I disobeyed the law?"

"We know you, squire, yet you are disobeying the law. We have learned that you are harboring a spy. The notorious Moody is under your roof at this moment."

"It may be as you say. I do not know this Moody. A man came to me asking food and shelter. So long as he has placed his life in my hands, I shall not betray him to his enemies, though his enemies are my friends."

Threat and argument availed nothing. The old man was so determined, yet so complacent, that the troopers guessed the neighborhood to be unsafe. They might be menaced by the approach of a British squadron. So they hastily withdrew. As they rode away, Moody—for it was he—stepped from his concealment and thankfully wrung the hand of his host.

"Sir," said the squire, "I would have no harm befall you under this roof; but if it is true that you are seeking the injury of my country, I must ask you to go."

With a bow, and renewed thanks for the favor he had enjoyed, Moody took his leave.

Some months later Squire Brakeley was stopped by three highwaymen while riding toward his home in the moonlight. With the butt of his whip he struck one fellow in the face, and almost upon the stroke there came a pistol-shot from a thicket. Another of the robbers grasped a wounded wrist. Then all three ran away uttering loud curses. A stranger stepped from the bush; he lifted his hat, as Brakeley thanked him for his interference, and showed the face of Moody, the British spy. Was he chief of the robber band, or was his arrival an accident? At all events, the old squire's kindness was repaid.

THE WHITE WOLF OF VENANGO

ON Cornplanter's reserve, in Venango County, Pennsylvania, lived an Indian family named Jacobs; big, athletic fellows, full of hard sense and afraid of but one thing: the white wolf. For to see the wolf was "bad medicine;" to chase it, death. There was never a

doubt as to its being a real wolf; it had eaten too many hens and sheep and killed too many dogs to leave room for any question on that point. Yet traps would not catch him; dogs in packs could not bring him to bay; bullets either missed him or glanced from him. A young member of the Jacobs family engaged to guide a party of hunters through this region, and all went well until they had reached the head of the Clarion. On breaking camp at this spot Jim Jacobs took no part in the preparations. He smoked a silent pipe and said that the others must go on by themselves; for he had seen the white wolf, and that meant bad luck. They joked and gibed him without moving him in the least. He finished his pipe, told them by what trails they could reach McCarty's trading-station, bade them adieu, struck into the forest labyrinth, and went home. He was killed in an accident soon after.

The hunters, scoffing at Jacobs's superstitions, kept on. They got the help of a trapper, who kept a number of dogs, and decided to leave the deer to their liberty for a time and hunt down this hoodoo. After much luring and watching

they came upon the fellow's tracks, and on a quantity of pheasant feathers, for he had left his lunch in a hurry, and presently, near Baker's Rocks, they saw him: white as a polar bear, three feet high at the shoulder, bristling and snarling. The eyes of this beast seemed to shoot red fire. Four rifle-shots rang out, and the wolf was gone, with the dogs in hot pursuit. In an hour he was overtaken again, and again the guns were emptied. The animal leaped over a cliff, sixty feet, into a stream, almost at the moment when the shots were fired. No blood was visible, no splash was heard. The dogs found no scent. It was the last time that the white wolf was seen, but in a few months every member of the hunting party was dead.

WHEELING STOGIES

IN Wheeling, West Virginia, they make a cheap cigar, called the stogy. Similar offenders are made in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, one variety of which is known as the toby. These long, thin bunches of tobacco are hastily put together, native leaf and leavings being used

in the making. They are alleged by experts to be not more than half as bad as they look—and smell. The name stogy came about in this way: Before the days of canals and railroads all freight had to be sent from the coast cities to what was then called the West in big, canvas-topped wagons known—from the place of their manufacture—as Conestogas. The teamsters were willing to take a part of their pay in tobacco, out of which they fashioned a rough likeness to a cigar that became known as a Conestoga. That name was too long, so they called it a "stoga," and this got itself twisted into "stogie" by the tavern idlers to whom the carters gave the rolls of leaf.

The tale of the Pittsburg toby sounds less likely, but its origin has become a town tradition, so here it is, for what it is worth. When that city was a village, and a good, blue Presbyterian one, a certain burgess suffered wide renown as a swearer. Every time he was taken to task for his temper and profanity he would quote the passage from his favorite "Tristram Shandy" in which Uncle Toby said a bad word, which a guardian spirit took straight to heaven

—a wrong place to take such words; for though the recording angel entered it on the great book, he dropped a tear that blotted it out forever.

As the burgess grew old his memory became uncertain, and it troubled him not a little to be compelled to get his book from the shelf when he wanted to repeat a paragraph that had been as familiar to him as his own name. Deep was his sorrow when some unconscionable reformer ran off with "Tristram Shandy," leaving the old man to gasp and glare and stammer when he tried to frame his usual excuse. They did say that a church elder took the book, in order that the burgess should have no support in his sin. This elder—at least, an elder—began an earnest effort for the burgess' reform, and he was at it one day, preaching, arguing, gesticulating, while his victim sat on his porch, hunched in his chair, his eyes roving sadly and his fingers working in the vain attempt to recall his defensive quotation, when Tom Jenkins, a well-known teamster, came lumbering along in his Conestoga.

He knew the burgess, and, taking a sudden pity on him, halted his horses, jumped off from his wagon, and stumped up the steps to have a

word with him, but also to save him from the avalanche of adjuration. Giving no heed to the elder's hints and signs, he offered one of his stogies to the burgess—the first the old man had ever seen. Flint and steel were pulled out, a light was struck, and the two began to smoke, while the elder grew in deeper earnest and shouted louder and louder in warning and expostulation. The stogie seemed to have medicinal qualities, for soon the burgess began to find his tongue in the old way, and he loosed a torrent of profane objurgation that made his tormenter stand aghast. Then he quoted: "And the ministering angel—the angel, damme!—flew up to heaven—to heaven, you blink, blank son-of-a-sea-cook—with the oath—and blushed as he gave it in." He shouted this, his memory coming back to him. "But the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out, forever. F'rever, sir!" he roared, as the elder hurried down the steps, holding his hands to his ears and raising his eyes in despair. Then, turning to the teamster, the burgess said, looking significantly at the roll of tobacco he held in his fingers: "Tom, you've brought back

my Uncle Toby." And the name of toby fastened upon the cigar that day.

THE MAN WITH THE SKATES

FOR all they have schools and colleges round about Bryn Mawr, Haverford and other near towns keep alive the traditions and superstitions that belonged to early settlers west of Philadelphia, and it is suspected that the colleges have as much as anything else to do with the survival. There are abandoned houses and ruined mills and desolate cemeteries to which ghost stories naturally attach themselves; and the students of Bryn Mawr know the house with a chamber in which nobody can sleep because a red eye is watching all night from a corner; and the house with a boarded-up room in which the Gray Lady walks—a quiet, unobtrusive, well-bred spectre; and the two-story stone house at Glenwood, that was built in 1753 and is so undoubtedly haunted that sensitive visitors, even as they approach it in the daytime, feel that they are being watched by something through the heart-shaped holes in the green shutters. The

original occupant of this house was a Tory miller, who sold to the Revolutionary troops flour in which he had mixed powdered glass. His only reason for remaining about the place in these days is to protect the money he buried in his cellar before he himself was buried, his neighbors having considerately hanged him. It is reported that several persons who have attempted to explore that cellar have come to a quick and violent end.

But no ghost of the neighborhood is quite so creepy as the Man With the Skates. He was a young fellow, a collegian, who, while skylarking with his room-mate, lost his temper and dealt a vicious crack on the other's head. His friend seized him by the throat and punished him with a terrible choking. People in a passion do not realize what strength they exert, and when the room-mate relaxed his fingers he was horrified to see the young man fall back, his eyes staring, his tongue thrust between his teeth, a livid mark about his neck. He shook him; there was no resistance. He called to him; there was no answer. He listened at his heart; there was no beating. The man was dead. The homicide's

first impulse was to shout for help, to summon a doctor, but as he placed his hand on the knob of his door he asked himself how he should explain those ghastly marks of murder. Murder! The blood of a fellow-creature was on his hands! He cowered; he wept; he prayed; but the figure on the bed did not stir. He threw a towel over the face, but the lips seemed to move beneath it, the eyes to shine through, and he took it off again. How should he be rid of that accusing object? He went into the hall and listened. The house was still. A clock in a distant room struck one. He went back to the dead man, put the stiffening body in an overcoat, gloves, and hat, fastened skates on its feet, and dragged it, as quietly as he could, down the stairs; but every now and then the skates would catch with a metallic click, and he would pause, in an agony of fear, to know if the sound had roused some one from his bed. He drew the body out of the house without being seen, however, and hauled it over the frozen earth to a pond often used for skating. The ice was thin. He broke a hole through it and cast in the body. Next day a search was made, the corpse was

found in the pond, and a coroner's jury declared that death was caused by drowning.

On the next night, soon after the clock had struck one, there came to the ears of the sleepless man, in the chamber where the killing had occurred, a clinking sound on the stairs, and a chill coursed through him as he thought of the skates. The sound came nearer, and he could hear that it was caused by something dragging itself along the floor. The knob turned, but the door did not yield. Then, by the light of the lamp, without which he had not dared to stay in that room, the watcher saw two swollen hands in wet gloves clutch the edge of the transom and heard something scrape along the door as the body lifted itself into sight. The man in bed pressed the quilt against his mouth to avoid a shriek of terror, for the face that glared through the transom was the face of the man he had killed. The body lowered itself, the skate-clogged feet shuffled through the hall, and there was silence. On the next night the man found an excuse to change his room; but shortly after the stroke of the clock at one the same sounds were heard, and this time the drowned man

entered and stood threatening above him; then the bloated, dripping shape lumbered out of the apartment, and there was peace—that mockery of peace that has no rest. The man had a feeling that if he were visited for a third time it would be his death-night. Worn out with fear, remorse, and sleeplessness, he went to the house of a friend and asked leave to lodge with him. In the morning he was dead, with finger marks on his throat. Some say that, babbling crazily in his sleep, he disclosed his secret, and that the friend, in a sort of hypnotic frenzy, repeated the killing. Others believe that the drowned man returned in the small hours and avenged himself.

THE DEATH OF TAMMANY

IN spite of its present status, the organization known as Tammany was once composed of Americans, and existed for a benevolent purpose. Tammany, or Tamanend, the Indian chief for whom it is named, was as migratory as Homer in the matter of a birth-place, but it is commonly agreed that he was a Pennsylvanian; that

he lived at one time on the site of Easton; that he lived in Delaware afterward; that he hunted and roamed over the hills about the Delaware Water Gap; that he occupied Tammany flat, in Damascus, Connecticut; that he was one of the Indians who made the treaty with William Penn; that he had a favorite tree, an elm, in the shade of which he was fond of loitering, and the Tammany Society of Philadelphia used to assemble beneath it to eat planked shad, a fashion of serving this delectable fish that is believed to have originated with old Tammany himself. He was a brave man and sturdy fighter, but he kept faith with the English and Americans, and did much to restrain the martial ardor of his people when they howled with longing for scalps with red and yellow hair. Admiration for this service led to the appearance of societies named in his honor in thirteen States; in towns and villages, too, in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and Louisiana.

His last resting-place is as various as that of his birth, for he has been distributed over parts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, one tradition putting him under the cellar of Nassau

Hall, in Princeton; another denying to him an earthly burial, because, like Passaconaway, he was translated in a flame to heaven. In this last tradition he took leave of the world on the bank of Neshaminy Creek, near Prospect Hill, New Britain, Pennsylvania, a spot that was an Indian burial-ground a long time ago. It is related that when he had grown quite old he undertook a journey to Philadelphia to hold conference with the Quakers, but having become rheumatic and slow, the younger men left him on Prospect Hill, supposing that he would keep on at his own pace, while they pushed ahead, being impatient to reach the town. A girl of the tribe remained with him to cook his meals and prepare his couch, but as she had a lover in the neighborhood she ran away shortly after the fall of night, and the venerable chief found himself entirely alone. Then he realized that he had outlived usefulness and respect, and might better be dead. To the poor little fire which the girl had left for his cheer he added wood until it became a blaze that could be seen afar, and its glow against the clouds filled several watchers with astonishment and with fear lest it should be a token of coming

misfortune. Standing close beside the fire he plunged a knife into his heart and fell into the flames. A great shower of sparks arose, and Chief Tammany was a memory.

His charred corpse, with the knife in it, was found by the other Indians on their return from the long talk. They buried it between two trees, and as his relatives died their bodies were placed in the earth near his, every grave being marked with a stone. But there are some who say that by reason of the virtues that made him a saint he did not suffer in his death; that instead of committing self-murder, the flame bore him lightly upward, out of the sight of men, and that he reached the happy hunting-grounds alone.

HEXENSHDEDL

PENNSYLVANIA no longer has its witches, but it has its Hexenshdedl, or witch-village, that was founded in the nineteenth century. It was famous in the twenties for the three witches, or hexes, who practised spells and divinations there, and were regarded by the

neighbors with awe. One of these old women, who was accustomed to spend her time in wandering over South Mountain, had a dead cheek. The Devil had touched it. In those times a witch also had this power of numbing and killing flesh by touching it. The two other beldams, withered and forbidding, often met this woman on the mountain, each bent upon her cane, her sharp nose and perky chin appearing beneath a hood. What they did and what they said no Christian might know, but the three moving dots on the mountain-top that were seen against the moon were known to be the witches, and every good Dutchman, when he saw them, read his Bible with all the speed he knew.

While these meetings lasted all sorts of mischiefs were abroad: windows rattled, the trees whispered, there were scuttlings and clickings of clawed feet on dark stairs and in cellars and garrets, corn was also stolen from cribs and scattered about, hay was lifted from mows and lugged off to the barns of less thrifty people, fires went out, ovens refused to bake, cats bawled as if their hearts were breaking, bells were struck, and occasionally some person suffered a

downright injury, as in the case of the girl who disliked work and was "spelled" for twenty-one months, so that she could not leave her bed and chair. Her father became a-weary of these doings and made his peace with the witch who had cast the spell, by carrying water for her. When he had done this the crone made signs in the air, cackled a laugh, and showed her three teeth.

"She's well," she squeaked. And when the father went home the daughter was on her feet, singing hymns with the rest of the family.

One housewife could not bake her bread, the oven misbehaved so. She sent word to the witches that if her bread did not bake next day she would rouse the village and drive the hags for twenty miles. A blood-curdling yell was heard outside of her house that night, as if a devil were being forced from his congenial fires into the December chill. Nothing was seen through the windows, no hoof-marks were found in the snow, but the bread was baked next day. Some of the more timid kept on the safe side by making presents to the witches, especially of flour and vegetables. For all the Devil's aid,

these poor old women lived in greater straits than any of their neighbors. In the Old World a soul was never sold except in payment for riches, splendor, power, fame, love, pleasure, youth, long life; but in America hardly a witch made any material gain through her barter with the fiend. She usually dwelt in squalor, and her powers were principally exercised in prodding pins into hysterical subjects, frightening children, curdling milk, causing pigs to walk on their hind legs, and affecting hens with pip. Poor creatures!

A PHILADELPHIA EXCITEMENT

PHILADELPHIA has been compelled to endure a reputation for peace that is galling to the spirit of those residents who gauge the importance of a town by the amount of commotion it makes, and who point with envy to cities where murders, politics, sensational journalism, and steam whistles betoken the intellectual ferment. As New England felt the restraint of the Roundheads, and as the opposing spirit of the Cavaliers was kept alive in the South, so

Philadelphia was impressed by Quaker doctrine and Quaker dress, and never went in for hysterics. Even in witch times it refused to engage in hangings and burnings. It prayed over the suspected, and made them feel uneasy, but it would not punish them. When one genius—who was born too early, for he belonged to our age of self-advertisement—proclaimed that he was "going to hell at 6 P.M., sharp," only a handful of town idlers gathered to see him off, and appeared to be sorry that he changed his mind. There used to be a phantom coach that was driven madly through the streets in the middle of the night by the ghost of a man who had died in an unforgiving spirit toward one of his servants. He created no end of din and clatter, in order to show how sorry he felt, and the people said, "If it relieves his feelings to do this, even let him continue his excursions."

Philadelphia came perilously near to being excited, however, in the days of Colonel Tom Forrest. He was one of those people who knew where the pirate, Blackbeard, had buried his treasure,—it was somewhere between Atlantic City and Elizabeth,—and the mysterious hints

he kept dropping, his wise nods, his ifs and buts spoken in tones of thrilling significance, stirred the town deeply. At one time he allowed it to be supposed that the wealth was hidden in the earth on Coates Street (now called Fairmount Avenue), near Front Street, and with hope and enthusiasm Philadelphia laid off its jacket and dug for it, but in vain. He appeared in the market-place soon after, with a parchment that looked old,—his enemies and several of his friends vowed that its look of age was due to candle smoke and dirt and vinegar,—purporting to contain the dying confession of a scamp who had been hanged on Tyburn, and who, just before he submitted to the halter, told his confidant how he and other associates of Blackbeard had put several golden fortunes into an iron pot and sunk it in the sand at Cooper's Point, New Jersey.

A company was formed to consider this revelation, and Colonel Tom had engaged a room for its business purposes. This room was just under a hall used by secret societies, and in the midst of a discussion which was being carried on in a bated breath,—the Colonel's being more strongly baited than usual,—a trap-door in the

ceiling slid open and a skeleton leaped down upon the table at which the adventurers were seated. Here, again, the Colonel's ever-ready enemies declared it was no skeleton that broke up the meeting in such fell disorder, but a young man in black tights on which a skeleton had been painted. Forrest held his ground, like the soldier that he was, and when he rejoined his comrades, who were shivering in the street, he told them how the awful visitant had unbent to him and had given permission, on behalf of the pirates, to dig for Blackbeard's treasure.

The hat was passed in order to cover the expense of the venture. A few nights later the company assembled at Cooper's Point, and, so soon as it was dark enough, began to ply picks and spades, under the Colonel's direction. Just as one of the spades struck a metal substance, supposed to be the treasure-pot, two black men in breech-clouts leaped from nowhere upon the pile of stones where the Tyburn rascal's parchment lay, and all except the Colonel fled. He succeeded in persuading his associates to return, but when two black cats sprang out of the pit, with tails sputtering and fizzing and snapping,

wondrously like fire-crackers, the horror was complete. Yet the pot was unearthed and carried to Philadelphia; but while lifting it from the boat to the wharf the tackle broke and it sank into the river, never again to be seen by any stockholder in the Blackbeard Treasure Company—unless it might have been the Colonel; for he appeared so merry and prosperous for months afterward that he was boldly accused of emptying the gold in his own valise before the pot went overboard, and was actually sued by fellow-members of the corporation to recover their share of the plunder.

THE BELLED BUZZARD

ROXBURY MILLS, Maryland, is the home of a buzzard that wears a bell about its neck, and the clang of the tocsin strikes terror to all who hear it, for, so surely as this iron note sounds through the air, so surely are war, pestilence, or accident impending. None knows when or by whom this curious freight was added, but it is said that the creature has affected the hills of the Patapsco for many years. It avoids

all company, or else its kind is frightened and avoids it, as it is always seen alone, when seen at all. It will sit for hours on a limb or crag, gazing over the country and dreaming of the time when the land shall echo again to the rattle of rifle volleys and crash of cannon, for the people believe that it took its abode here soon after the Civil War, and, having tasted that most expensive of meats, human flesh, will not touch meaner carrion. It has never been known to prey on dead cows or horses, but it seems to divine the provision of its wished-for food, for whenever riot, or murder, or conflagration, or pestilence, or disaster approaches in any form, its black shadow is seen moving across the fields and roofs, and its bell is knelling some soul to a speedy flight.

STICK PILE HILL

A MOURNFULLY decadent village is Orleans Cross-roads, in Maryland, on the line of the old Chesapeake and Ohio Canal; especially mournful to people whose memories are long enough to recall it when it was a

bustling place in the coaching days. The disappearance of the stages, the lessening of canal traffic, and the opening of other districts by the railroad took the life out of it. While the canal was a-building many rough fellows were employed in the construction, and rougher ones hung about their camps, profiting, on wage-nights, by the selling of liquor and cheating at cards; and graves on the hillsides mark the scene of drunken differences.

Among the spots along the canal which have their " haunts" and spooks none is better known than Stick Pile Hill, with its terrifying peddler. In the flesh he was an old fellow who had arrived at Orleans Cross-roads by canal, and, after selling some of his goods in that settlement, had flung his pack on his back and trudged away on the bad road that wound across the mountains. The loafers basking in the spring sunshine watched him until he disappeared. Next morning a scared man rode into Orleans and stammered a tale of murder on the highway; how, riding to replenish his jug and sack, he had found at the roadside the body of a stranger with the head beaten to " sassidge meat," the

pockets turned wrong side out, and a rifled pack close by. The victim of the crime was buried where they found him.

A week later one of those worthies who make a business of sitting in village stores on Saturday nights was deprived of a month's growth by a vision near the peddler's grave, and he retained such a nightly fear of the place afterward that he would go a mile and a half out of his way to reach his home. The peddler had appeared to him, " misty-like, with his head like mush," and his clothes dabbled with red. Others began to report on the apparition. It dodged in and out among the trees; it rushed at them in a way to make their hearts leap out of their throats, where those organs had lodged at first sight of it, and, whirling off like a leaf on the gale, emerged from an unsuspected corner and made them faint with dismay. People fell out of the habit of using the road at night, and presently out of the habit of using it at all after it had been noticed that when one passed the grave in the day some quick misfortune was sure to happen in consequence. The travellers lost articles of value; they fell and broke their bones; their

wagons collapsed; their horses ran away. The road threatened to go utterly to weeds, and people went around the spot until a worthy at the Cross-roads recalled that a ghost could be laid by a small branch thrown on the grave where the body had been interred. And to this day the farmers who cross the mountain toss a few twigs on the earth in which the peddler has at last consented to secrete himself. The pile sometimes reaches a height of five feet, and is burned every winter to make room for a fresh accumulation. That is the reason for calling it Stick Pile Hill.

THE PICTURE TREE OF TENALLY-TOWN

A LARGE chestnut-oak near Tenallytown, Maryland, is held in much account among the people round about because it has a part in the story of the place. It relates to a slave-owner named Clagett, a coarse, ill-natured fellow, who vented his spites on the backs of his negroes and who could live on kindly terms with nobody. It was said of him that he sold his own

children into slavery, partly that he might profit by the sale and partly that he might inflict the pain of separation on the slave women who had borne them. Clagett left his house on a rainy night in one of his tempers and started for the village, two miles away, over a road deep in mud. He did not return, and toward morning a search was made for him. He and his horse were found beneath the chestnut-oak, both dead, their skulls broken by a collision against the trunk. They must have struck it with tremendous force. The body of the man had Christian burial, but there was no sorrow at his grave. His widow bore a red stripe across her face—Clagett's good-by to her on the night when he left home.

So soon as the estate could be settled the family moved to a Northern town, and in time the name of Clagett was half forgotten. The slaves were either sold or ran away to the free States, and the way of their owner's death would have passed out of the local traditions if it had not been that the knots and gnarls in the bark of the old tree began to take the shape of the torn faces of a man and a horse, just at that part

of the trunk which had been spattered by their blood.

It was not until after the war that it became known how Clagett had died. It had been supposed that he was reckless with rage and liquor, and that in the intense dark his horse had not seen the obstacle he had struck. Reckless he was, but the night was not so black as to hide a sheeted figure that arose at the wayside, tossed its arms at him, and screamed in a voice which sent a chill through his fevered blood; for, like many harsh people, he was superstitious and was known to believe in ghosts.

When Clagett was drunk or disappointed he would find somebody to vent his cruelty upon. His usual victim was the first slave he encountered, man, woman, or child. On the last day of his life he had seized upon an unoffending elderly woman and had tied her by the wrists to a tree. Her clothing was torn from the upper part of her body that he might strike her with his whip as he passed to and fro about his plantation, and there she stood, hour after hour, with blood trickling from welts on her back and a chill rain numbing her. After darkness had

fallen Clagett's wife stole out to the poor creature, cut the thongs at her wrists, led her to her cabin, and gave her some restoratives as well as some pitying words. She had hoped that presently her wretched husband would go to bed drunk, and would not discover the release of the slave. But he did discover it, and he stormed into the house, shouting and swearing at his wife, and finally striking her in the face with the very whip which had been reddened in the blood of the old negress. Then he went forth, cursing, kicked his stable-boy, ordered him to saddle his fleetest and most spirited horse, and in a few minutes had posted off toward the tavern, through the rain.

There was in his household a stout negress, the mother of one of his children, and her wrath against him that night was as deep as his against his wife, though more silent. The slave who had been so outrageously treated at his drunken whim was her mother. When the boy started to saddle the horse she knew where Clagett was bound. It may be that she merely wished to shock or scare him, or cause him to break an arm or leg by a fall, so that he would be incapacitated from

further abusing his people for a time; and it may be that she did not think about the matter at all,—that she obeyed a blind instinct for revenge. With a sheet from the wash in her hands she ran across the fields and by a cut-off reached the chestnut-oak just as he came lurching and pounding by. She threw the sheet over her head, sprang forward, and screeched with all her lungs. She heard his frightened yell, a crash, and then the world was better off.

THE DEVIL'S RACE-COURSE

IN his own improper person the Devil was a more familiar figure in the Old World than he ever became in the New. It seems as if he must have found more subjects there. Yet he did find time to pay an occasional visit to these shores, and one of the towns that he favored with a visit was Baltimore. It is alleged, indeed, that he found this little city so congenial that he set up a sort of head-quarters there, but the residents pooh-pooh at his statement, and set it down to the workings of evil minds in Annapolis, since Baltimore became the State

metropolis and Annapolis merely secured a brick capitol and a Naval Academy. But to our story.

There was in Baltimore, on the edge of the hill called Mount Clare, a circular clearing, three hundred feet across, that was known to a few as the Forest Ring and to the many as the Devil's Race-course. Until the nineteenth century had been half spent it was avoided by the superstitious, who could still trace it on the earth. Near it stood the cabin of Sam Jones, a free negro—the Jones who reported that when hunting one night he fired at a coon in the middle of the ring and nearly died of fright, for the coon sat up and uttered a long, bellowing laugh, and the stump he sat upon flashed into livid flame. It took two or three years for Sam to recover his nerve, and when he did he kept about the populous districts after dark. As luck would have it, however, he was halted in the twilight, on one of his infrequent errands in this quarter, and bidden by a tall, dim stranger to give a letter to a recluse, commonly known as Surly Bill, who lived on the other side of the river. The coin that the unknown dropped into his

palm to speed him nearly scorched his fingers. The stranger, as the reader will have guessed, was the Devil himself.

"But why didn't he take his own message?" will be asked.

Because at that instant the shadow of the cross, made by branches of a withered pine, rested on Bill's roof in the half moonlight, and two parsons who had offered to pray for the hermit were talking under his window, though, as it fell out, neither had the courage to enter. They were hardly out of hearing when Sam whacked his summons at the door.

"What the devil brings you here?" bawled Surly Bill, as he faced the messenger.

"Letter for you, sah," answered Sam, thrusting a square missive into his hand, and holding out his own, in evident hope of reward. He got a kick, and fled; still, he had not fared badly in his own accounting, for the Devil's dollar kept him in rum and mischief for a couple of nights.

Over the fire in Bill's kitchen hung a caldron of witch-broth that had been bubbling and stewing, giving out the vilest odors, but as he bent to the perusal of the letter the fire died, the

stuff chilled, and its power of ill-doing was lost. For Bill dwelt long upon the letter. It reminded him that since his compact with the chief of hell he had not sent a single soul below, and the time had arrived when he must do so. He must shed the blood of some one who had committed a crime. Who should that one be? Ha! He had it; the captain under whom he had sailed as buccaneer, the blackest-hearted rascal he knew, whose hands had smoked in the gore of fifty victims, and who—a murrain on him!—had triced him at the mainmast for breaking into a liquor-cask and lashed his back till ribbons of skin hung down. He would be revenged tremendously, for he would not only slay his body,—he would worse than slay his soul.

Surly Bill had served behind the old brass murthering-pieces aboard the pirate, had chopped the timbers of many a merchantman with eight-pound shot, and never felt a kink in his moral inwards, because he hadn't many of those fitments; yet, now, when he came to deal the blow to his old captain, he found he could not do it without first engaging him in fight. He went about the business early in the morn-

ing, got into a successful brawl, struck and killed him, tipped his corpse overboard, and left for the other side of the sea in the first ship that had her nose pointed in that direction. His chest was full of the captain's gold, he was buoyant in the Devil's promise of five years of pleasure and plenty. Under a name that is best not told, for the tradition of his bounties and entertainments is still current among many whose blood is blue, he flourished through the Old World capitals, drinking deeper than any prince, yet never drunk; gaming fiercely, yet always winning; throwing money right and left, yet never lacking. With all his fortune, he could never keep a friend. His temper was high, his tastes were low, his passions were vulgarly displayed. But there was something more; at the wine a wild light that was like despair blazed in his eyes, and the mark of a claw burned on his forehead. In St. Peter's, at Rome, the meaning of his doom came over him so that he shrieked in agony, and so fearful was his cry that a priest who was serving at the altar fell paralyzed.

Toward the end of the five years he returned,

hoping, believing, that through his arts and promises he could gain another stay from Satan. His house was as he had left it, and he resumed possession, unknown to any neighbor at the time. The last night of his five mad years had come. Sam Jones, making his way home, belated, had the second and vastest scare of his life. A storm was raging—such a storm as the oldest resident could not remember. Rocks were splintered by lightning, trees fell with a resounding crash, torrents burst through dry hollows, cries and moans sounded through the booming, howling, and plashing of the tempest. At the Devil's Race-course Sam saw a figure in flight, seemingly crazed and not aware that it was running in a circle, while close behind, going at an easy lope, was the Fiend. A Niagara of fire descended, a long, bellowing laugh reverberated through the heavens. Sam's liver, heart, and other "works" went up. In the morning a charred thing that had been Surly Bill lay in the centre of the circle.

SPECTRES IN ANNAPOLIS

NO town of its size in this country contains more quaint old houses than the drowsy capital of Maryland. If it were not for the drilling and skylarking in the Naval Academy and the periodical irruption of the legislature, Annapolis would be in danger of oversleeping, every now and again, and so missing a day. It is a place not only of law-makers and future admirals, but of ghosts, some of whom belong as rightfully to the wharves and markets and old mansions as do the white porticos and brass knockers. There is the headless man, for instance, who frequents the market-house and has been seen, even within a dozen years, by a crabber, who, going abroad at a small hour to prepare for his work, was startled on beholding the trunk walking down Green Street and loitering about the empty place where the gardeners and hucksters would presently assemble. The beholder turned his back on the apparition and scuttled away for home with all his might. Judge, then, of his horror when he found the grisly being awaiting him on his own door-step!

The Brice house, with its fifty thousand dollar wine-cellar, had a gentle ghost that the occupants regarded with a friendly interest and did not interfere with, for she never groaned, or glared, or knocked at doors and windows, as ill-bred spirits will do. She appeared at dusk, just before candles were lighted, when the rooms were vague and shadowy, rather than at midnight. She seems as in search of some one, for she looks into the faces of those she meets, then turns sadly, goes to the great mantel in the parlor, and leans against it with her face in her hands. When the lights enter she is gone. Her visits may have something to do with the treasure secreted in the walls. A whitewasher, working in the cellar, alleged that he pulled a loose stone out of the basement, thereby disclosing the entrance to a hiding-place. He rolled up his sleeve to thrust his arm the easier into the cavity, when a spider of monstrous size and horrific aspect leaped into the opening. Its head was as large as a child's, and armed with ferocious fangs. The whitewasher struck at it with the handle of his brush. The creature bit it off, as one might crack a clay pipe with his teeth,

and swallowed it. Then the workman pushed the stone back to its place again, convinced that if any money had been put there it was not for him.

And there was the ancient, hip-roofed Chandler mansion, on Duke of Gloucester Street, where a woman abode who was held in respect for her courage and sense. Both of these qualities were put to the test one moonlight night, just after she had retired. The curtains at the wide door parted and a man entered her bedroom. Had she lacked courage she would have fainted. Had she lacked sense she would have thrown a pillow at him and screamed at him to get out. Her first thought was that he was a thief; but his bearing was that of a gentleman, his action was not furtive or menacing, and he was well dressed, as she saw by the moon when he crossed the chamber, and, resting his head on his hands, looked sadly down the street toward a light that twinkled in an upper window—her cousin's house. The man gave no attention to her nor to the objects in the room. Her next thought, therefore, was that the unknown was some visitor of distinction, the guest of a nabob in the

town, who had the habit of sleep-walking, and had entered her house through some door or window accidentally left open or unlatched. Should she call the servants and reveal his presence to the household? The situation would be called compromising by any gossips base enough to put evil constructions upon accidents, yet the very fact of summoning the servants would prove that there had been no secrecy and no understanding of such a visit. She was resolved. It was only a step to the bell-cord, and she gave a pull to it that roused a long jingle in a remote part of the mansion. Feet were heard pattering through the hall outside, and the servants entered with lights. The stranger had disappeared. No trace was found of him, high nor low, and no bolt or clasp or lock had been tampered with. In the morning the woman called on her cousin and related her adventure, describing the man with some minuteness. The cousin fell into a chair, crying, in amazement: "It is Mr. Blank, my betrothed! What is he doing here?" A few days later came a message announcing that Mr. Blank had died at sea at the hour when he was seen in the Chandler place.

GOGGLE-EYED JIM

NEAR Lake Drummond, in the Dismal Swamp, is a lonesome house, half in ruins, surrounded by rotten palings and dead trees. It is said to be of great age, for a new country,—to have been built, in short, by a land partner of one of the famous pirates of the Spanish Main who wanted a safe hiding-place both for captured treasure and himself. Being so close to the line between Virginia and the Carolinas, he felt that in case of pursuit by the officers of either colony he could claim to be out of their jurisdiction, and this uncertainty as to boundaries helped a number of other scallawags out of trouble in later years, for they took shelter there also, and even so late as the Civil War it was used by spies, deserters, blockade-runners, and smugglers, a rumor that the place was beset by "haunts" favoring the privacy that law-breakers and adventurers wished to keep.

At one time a poor parson set up his office here for the wedding of runaway couples, and the spirit of a bridegroom, slain by the angry father of the bride, is one of the "haunts" most

often seen about the place. Another phantom that may be met in this vast and lonely marsh is that of Goggle-Eyed Jim, a horse-thief of distinction, who wore green goggles as a disguise and came to his end—but that is a mystery: the when, the where, and the how of it. Suffice it that the fellow had been troublesome for many years along the border, and he usually kept so close to the State line that when a Carolina sheriff was after him he could dodge into Virginia, and vice versa. At last a Carolina constable was put upon his track by a "swamp angel," as residents of the swamp were called, and followed to this house near the lake. The thief-taker's "mad was up," and, requisition or not, he was resolved to have Goggle-Eyed Jim.

Under cover of night he climbed by a rickety ladder to a window where he had seen a dull light, and, looking in, he saw Jim carousing with a bold-looking woman. They were drinking liquor from tin-cups.

"You don't go out of this place alive," muttered the constable, as he pulled a big pistol from his belt. Jim's face was toward him, and the thief still wore his goggles. It seemed as

if the eyes behind the glasses shone green, and the face, gray and uncertain in the light of the one candle, turned toward the window with a malignant grin. The pistol went off with a startling clamor. The woman leaped to her feet and whirled out of the room. Jim, with both hands clasped over his heart, where the bullet seemed to lodge, rushed to an open window and balanced, ready to leap into the air.

On firing the shot and seeing that it had sped to its mark, the constable slid down the ladder and ran around to this window. He saw the dark form of the robber shoot into space and disappear in the grass. " I have you," he cried, and sprang to the spot where Goggle-Eyed Jim had fallen. But nothing was there—nothing but the long grass rustling in the evening wind; no mark of a body, no print of feet. The constable lit his lantern, but it revealed no trace of any human creature. He knocked at the door of the house. No answer. He pushed the door open and ran through the rooms—silent and empty, all. He went away in a hurry. A few days later the body of the " swamp angel" who had betrayed the criminal was found floating in

Lake Drummond, with a buzzard perched on its breast. Is it any wonder that Goggle-Eyed Jim is thought to be the Devil?

THE DISMAL SWAMP SHIP.

AMONG the buccaneers from the West Indies who afflicted our coast, "Spadebeard" was one of the worst. He looked every bit the devil that he was. His eyes were like fire, his hair and beard were glossy and coal black, he was alternately treacherous and imperious. He had fallen in with an English merchant-ship that had been separated from her convoy in a gale, and had turned her adrift after killing all of her crew and stolen all her treasure, for she was freighted with bullion. Before the frigate which was her convoy could attack, he had run in behind the Virginia sand-keys and escaped. But heaven's vengeance he could not thwart. An immense tidal wave swept against the shore. The pirate vessel was lifted upon it and carried inland, mile after mile, through the cypresses, and left among the trees when the tide flowed back.

There, in the Dismal Swamp, among bayous barely wide enough to give her passage, this shattered hulk is doomed to cruise forever. Her rigging and sails are gone, but swamp-moss has grown to her masts and spars in their place, and the crew, wasted to skeletons and gray with mold, still work the ship, reef in gales with dangling snakes, and yell oaths and blasphemies. Spade-beard, with one arm off at the shoulder and a piece broken out of his head, copes with phantom enemies and fires silent broadsides of green light from rusty cannon into the melancholy woods. Pale gleams flit over the deck and shine through seams in the hull. This dreadful ship is usually seen in thunder-storms, at night, and is often struck by lightning, though never disabled. Guides and hunters in the swamp dread it beyond all other things of this world, for whoever meets it is doomed to death within a year.

JIMSON WEED

AMONG the flourishing, therefore despised, growths of waste places in our cities is the stramonium, or thorn-apple, more generally known as jimson weed. It has a beautiful trumpet-shaped flower of white streaked with lavender, faintly fragrant, and the blossom is succeeded by a seed-pod as large as a butternut and covered with thorns. The odor of the crushed leaves is sickish and unpleasant. The plant has long borne an ill name, for it said that witches have used it to work injury, and to this day Hualpi medicine-men take a decoction of it, in small doses, to produce visions from which they can prophesy.

Jimson is a short and careless way of pronouncing Jamestown, for it is recorded that after Jamestown, Virginia, had been burned, in 1676, in order to keep out the objectionable Governor Berkeley, this plant sprang up and covered the ruins. Nobody knew how it got there, for according to one authority it had to come up from Tropic America to reach our vacant lots, while another expert says that it came all the way

from the Caspian. It is, or ought to be, well known that the plant is a poison, and children who swallow its seeds require the doctor, quick. In proper form it is a useful remedy, but it is not for quacks and grannies to play with. Nor is it to eat, as the soldiers at Jamestown discovered; for they picked a quantity of the young leaves in the spring, for greens, and "the effect was a very pleasant comedy; for they turned natural fools upon it, for several days. One would blow up a feather in the air, another would dart straws at it with fury; another, stark naked, was sitting in a corner like a monkey, grinning and making maws at them; a fourth would fondly kiss and paw his companions and smile in their faces with a countenance more antic than a Dutch doll. A thousand simple tricks they played, and after eleven days returned to themselves again, not remembering anything that had passed."

WHITE HOUSE

THE place in Virginia, not far from the national capital, that is called White House took the name because it was applied, originally, to the well-built home of a planter, now somewhat fallen from its ancient dignities. It is not white, and never was, but the fact that it is called so perpetuates the memory of a young man who aspired to be the nation's President. Thousands of American boys have the same ambition until they outgrow their youth, but they seldom believe so earnestly as did this one in their divine ordainment to election. The young fellow was a student, a Virginian, gallant, aristocratic in bearing, eager, intelligent, and deeply in love with the maid who owned the manor. Last of her line, she had received the old place as an inheritance, and lived here attended by two or three black servants of the family.

The student's consuming purpose, aside from that of calling himself the husband of this young woman, was to be seated in the White House at Washington. He so often discussed

this matter with the mistress of the manse that she, too, became imbued with the idea that he had been chosen by fate to shape the destinies of the republic during at least four years of his life. It was possibly a wee pride in what she felt would therefore be her own station that caused her to accept him almost precipitately when he offered his heart and hand. They could not marry for a time, but the years of betrothal were in part occupied by rehearsals for their dignities to come. They went to Washington, where their relationship to old families caused them to be received into official society; they attended diplomatic dinners and Presidential levees; they were often in the Senate galleries together, listening to debates. The young man knew little of politics, but he believed in statesmanship.

On returning to her Virginia home the girl gave a series of entertainments in honor of her fiancée, and amusingly copied the forms and ceremonies peculiar to social observances at the capital. The neighbors noted this, and began to speak of the pair, laughingly, as Mr. and Mrs. President. The servants, who took the matter

more seriously, prayed, on every Sunday, that their hopes might be realized, and the older among them fell into the way of addressing the young man as "Massa President." It was a pleasant dream. It may have had its uses in giving dignity and purpose to two young lives.

In the South a common exercise, even to the time of the Civil War, was the tournament. The Roundheads of the North frowned on such sports, but the Cavaliers of those States which bear the names of the Stuarts clung to the traditions of a remote ancestry, and although the joust no longer took the form of personal encounter and intended injury, it called for address and courage, and was to be undertaken only by skilled horsemen. A tourney was held at White House, and the student was one of the contestants. The riders were to charge a number of rings, and the one who returned with the greatest number on his lance would have the privilege of crowning his fair as queen of the feast. So, kissing his hand to the young woman whose colors fluttered on his arm and on whose white brow he never doubted he should place the wreath, the student spurred his horse, set his

spear, and advanced at a gallop. He had almost reached the rings when a cry of horror went up from the assemblage; his horse had fallen, heavily. Friends ran to help him to his feet. The girl, who had risen from her seat, looked toward them anxiously. She saw one of them remove his hat. Her lover, then, was dead. His neck had been broken by the fall.

When the young woman had recovered from the illness which seized her on this discovery it was obvious that it was merely a physical recovery. Her face had gained no seam, her eye was bright, her step was light once more, but her hair was white and her face wore a curiously absent expression. From that day she lived wholly in the past—a past brightly colored by dreams the twain had dreamed of the future. Again her lover was by her side, student no longer, but first man of the land, and she, therefore, the first lady. Her home was the White House, at last. The guests at the receptions and dinners were merely the neighbors, and sometimes it was the servants who sat in the places of honor, but all were received as grandly as if they had been dukes and duchesses, and

beside her, at every state banquet, stood the chair of the President. So she lived and so she died, happy in the belief that she was mistress of the White House.

THE VIRGINIA WITCH

VIRGINIA did not pretend to be so good as New England did, at the end of the seventeenth century, and very likely that is the reason why it was not so upset in its conduct and its intellects at the time when the Yankee witches were inviting death by souring milk and jabbing pins into the arms of hysterical girls. Grace Sherwood, the one witch accredited to the Old Dominion, lived near Lynhaven Bay, in Princess Anne County, and her great sin was the crossing of the ocean in an egg-shell. On this voyage she visited the shores of the Mediterranean, and finding there a quantity of rosemary, she dug up two or three healthy plants, loaded the egg-shell with them,—it must have been a roc that laid that egg,—and set them out before her cottage, where they increased until the shrub became common along the sandy shores. The

graver citizens of the county took alarm at this. If Grace Sherwood could cross the Atlantic in a shell, she could ride on a broomstick; and if she could ride on a broomstick, what could prevent her saddling and bridling a slumbering warden and riding on his back to a Sabbat of imps among the pines? Plainly, she was a dangerous woman. So, in 1706, she was arrested, examined by "Ancient and Knowing women" for unusual spots, and on complaint of her Majesty the Queen, represented by Master Luke Hill, the public prosecutor, was condemned to the water-test. In this, if a suspected woman drowned, it proved that she was innocent. If she swam or floated, she was guilty and was worthy to suffer death on the gallows or at the stake. This witch was bound by the wrists and cast into the sea, but the court, which was more lenient than some, directed that if she sank she was not to be allowed to remain beneath the water until dead. However, she did not sink, but swam, in spite of her tied hands, and this, together with the discovery of two moles on her body, proved her crime, beyond a doubt. The place where she was "put into water" is still

called Witch Duck. History forgets her after this test, but there is a tradition that she died in prison.

THE VIRGINIA COCKTAIL

WHILE Mexico has its cocktail legend, and while we know that the Dutch in America used to prelude their meals with a "haanstart" of gin and bitters, Virginia enters the lists with a counter-claim for the national beverage, and would feel hurt, indeed, if the award went to the Aztecs or the Knickerbockers. Her allegation takes this form: A comfortable tavern once stood and thrived near Culpeper Courthouse, in the Old Dominion, and exploited the sign of the "Cock and Bottle," the cock lustily crowing the merits of the bottle. There was a certain play on words in this combination, too, for in those days the name cock was commonly applied to the tap, and it fell about by an easy use that the unfortunate who got the last drink or tail of the liquor had the cocktail. A certain doughty colonel of Culpeper went to the hostelry one day to slake for an instant the burnings of

a perennial and joyous thirst. Great was his disgust when he was served out of the muddy tailings of the cask. He flung the liquor on the floor and threw the bar-tender out of the place with the sarcastic remark that if an honored customer was to be served with such leavings, he would drink nothing but cocktails of his own mixing. In a frenzy that he supposed to be due to craving, but that his disciples allege to have been genius or inspiration, he caught up a bottle containing gin and emptied half a glass of it, recklessly tossing in sugar, lemon peel, bitters, and a spoonful of vermouth, stirred a bit of ice with the mixture, and quaffed it at a gulp. And behold, the sorrow was gone out of his heart, and he kept no hatred for the bar-tender any longer. He had invented a cocktail that would go down to posterity, and down posterity's throat, and life was once more filled with sunshine and alcohol.

TWO CHAMPIONS OF ELK RIVER

AMONG the early settlers of Kanawha Valley, West Virginia, was a young physician, Dr. Triplett. At least, he put out his shingle announcing himself as a doctor of medicine; but he took more pleasure and felt more pride in hurting than in healing, for he was a famous hunter, fisherman, boxer, and wrestler, and before he had been in Kanawha a month he had beaten every man in camp and had become admired and important. Tiring of civilized ways, and despairing of patients in such a healthy country, he moved up Elk River, and at the debouch of the Buffalo built the first cabin ever erected in that region. He lived by the rifle, visiting the settlements but once a year, to sell his peltry and buy supplies.

Some time after he left Kanawha there appeared an Irish giant at the salt works, one McColgin, and he was a fiercer fighter than Triplett. In a week or two he had pounded every man in the village either into meekness or unconsciousness, but he was not liked, as Triplett had been, because he was surly, brutal,

and revengeful, and, not satisfied with proving his supremacy in a battle, must break his opponent's bones or wound him in such a manner as to make him faint from loss of blood. Hence there was a general wish to be rid of him, and the neighbors cunningly nagged him with reports of the prowess of Triplett. He heard so much of that redoubtable hunter that he finally decided to try conclusions with him, though it was a three-days' journey to the lodge. The public sighed with relief when they saw his burly form disappear toward the wilderness.

Dr. Triplett was rather startled by the invasion of his privacy when, three days afterward, McColgin asked the shelter of his cabin and told him that he had come all the way from Kanawha to thrash him. One or the other of the pair, he said, must be drubbed, in order to have it understood which of them was the "champeen" of that region. In spite of the purpose of his visitor, Triplett received him graciously and refused to fight until McColgin should have fed and rested after his long tramp. Realizing that sleep and supper would give him a probable advantage, the bully accepted this

proposition, willingly enough, and, warmed with the behavior of his host, to say nothing of his fire and a long pint of corn whiskey, he thawed out quite decently, and the evening was passed in smoke and stories. After the new-comer was fairly pickled in liquor Triplett asked him if he had ever chased a bear until he backed against a tree, then seized him by the hind legs and beat his brains out against the trunk. It was rare sport, he assured him. McColgin looked at his host with a new respect. A man who could handle bears like that was not to be easily destroyed. He would practise on a bear before he annihilated Triplett.

Next day he went into the wood, and, as luck had it, scared up a bear and ran him against a tree. He seized the brute by the ankles, preparatory to swinging him through the air, when —rip!—biff!—smash!—the bear had cut open his face, delivered a hammer-blow on his head, and flung him into a gully ten feet away. As soon as he was able to hobble back he told Triplett he had been hurt in a fall. He was afraid to undertake the flaying of the young doctor now, yet ashamed to go back to Kanawha. Trip-

lett's surgery soon restored him, but he lingered in his cabin. The longer he stayed the less he cared to fight, and after a month or so he declared a friendship for the man he had hoped to trounce, and decided to stay near him. He built a shanty where the town of Clay now stands. There he lived to a reasonable age, growing milder in his disposition and caring to fight but little.

More than a generation after their settlement in the wood the two, then seventy years old, sat on a log together, rehearsing some of their hunting experiences. McColgin looked sharply at Triplett and asked: "Do yez suppose as a man ever got a bear be th' legs an' bate his brains out agin' a three?"

Triplett, who had years ago forgotten the question he had put to the Irishman on his arrival, answered: "I don't suppose any man is fool enough to try."

"Thin, begorra, we settle th' champeenship of Elk River an' th' Great West right now," exclaimed McColgin, pulling off his coat and falling upon his companion. The acquaintances who stopped them declared the fight a draw, and

from then till their death their friendship remained unbroken, each enjoying the honor of being the champion of the Elk River country.

CAPE FEAR RIVER OUTLAWS

AMONG the Scotch-Irish immigrants who had come to this country in hope of peace and liberty, and had settled at Cape Fear River, North Carolina, were several who kept their allegiance to the king and sided against their neighbors when war broke out. Those who fought in the British ranks won the respect due to enemies, but there were a few desperadoes among them who ravaged the country in malice. Such were the three who had stolen Harriet Eskridge, a mere child, from the arms of her mother. Her people were too poor to offer ransom, but no expectancy of reward was needed to urge her friends to undertake the rescue. Three stout farmers were quickly on the trail, and although they had to avoid the appearance of men-hunters, crooking about in the brush that the kidnappers might not be warned, stopping to eat but once a day, and travelling so late that

they could barely make out the hoof-prints left on the earth by the horses of the Tories, they reached, only an hour or two after the others, a hut near the head of Haw River. It seems to have been the purpose of the outlaws to leave the girl there, to meet death from starvation. Tying their horses at a distance, the farmers crept to the hovel on hands and knees; then, at a signal, they dashed through the door and laid about them with clubbed muskets. Though the Tories caught up and fired their own rifles, they were so jarred by the surprise that they aimed no better than Spaniards, and were soon at the mercy of the Americans. No mercy was shown. All three of the raiders were hanged with grape-vines. Harriet was released from her bonds—she had been tied to a post in a corner of the hut by leathern thongs—and was restored in safety to her mother.

This act created a bitter feeling on the part of the Tories, while the boldness and uselessness of the abduction filled the Americans with disgust and wrath. Other outrages were to follow. Captain John Wood, an old Indian fighter who had served in the colonial army under Greene,

Marion, and Sumter, was one of those soldiers who prided themselves on the fact that a reward had been offered for their heads by the British officers. The Tories undertook to earn it. They captured him when he was alone, unarmed, and lashed him to death with whips and rods, "to atone for the lives of the royalists he had hanged and shot." Just before his death he groaned, "I have a boy who will one day repay these cruelties." And they were repaid sooner than he might have hoped. With his mother's consent Frank Wood, a lad of eighteen, joined the colonial army and took his baptism of fire, not many months later, at King's Mountain. Colonel Ferguson, who led a British column in that battle, had been accused of unsoldierly conduct when he carried the war into the Carolinas. He and his men were charged with plundering houses, assaulting women, destroying property, killing peaceable citizens, and rewarding Tories who had committed such acts of savagery as the killing of Captain Wood.

The invaders had created no end of scandal in the land by bringing women to their camps; some from the old country, and some wenches

of native families who had been attracted by the glitter and color of the British uniforms. General Cornwallis was accompanied by "Agnes of Glasgow," whose tomb, thus inscribed, may be seen near the old battle-field of King's Mountain. His chaplain, one Frazier, not quite daring to appear among his soldiers with a mistress, took a Virginia girl to wife, forgetting that he had a wife or two elsewhere, and, after selling her property and pocketing the proceeds, escaped through the American lines, reached Nova Scotia, and sailed back to his own country. Colonel Ferguson had two women in his camp on the day of his last fight. One of them, a certain Polly, ran away with a redcoat early in the engagement, but the other, known as Virginia Sal, was struck by a stray bullet and was buried with him on the field, wrapped in a bull's hide in lieu of coffin. Ferguson was wounded seven times in that battle, but the ball that finally brought him to the earth, never to rise again, was fired by Frank Wood, son of the man so cruelly put to death. The lad also shot three of the Tories who had taken part in the killing of his father, and ten others of the band were hanged on what

was long afterward called the Tory Tulip Tree, on Broad River.

A feud had now been opened that was not to be settled without the taking of many lives. Foremost among the Tory ruffians was "Big Bill" Harpe, a Scotchman who had been captured at King's Mountain, but had escaped and immediately began a tour of devastation. He burned the houses and barns of the Americans, killed or stole their cattle and horses, put innocent people to death, even slaughtered children, in sheer deviltry. A band of half-breeds and renegades went with him, and although at the beginning there may have been some notion of helping the royal arms, in the end Harpe and his cut-throats kept the road as highwaymen, and abandoned civilization altogether. One of his raids was on the Wood estate, that had already suffered so heavily, and on this expedition it suffered more than ever, in a material sense, while, worse than all, Frank Wood's sister was stolen and was forced to become the mistress of this fiend. As soon as he learned of this crowning outrage, Frank obtained leave of absence from the army, and, gathering his neighbors,

took an oath with them to put Harpe and his band to death. The scoundrels were slippery, albeit they left their trail in blood and embers. It was learned that for a day or two Miss Wood had been hidden in the Mammoth Cave. At last the outlaws were overtaken where the road from Hopkinsville, Kentucky, forks to Morganfield, and a battle ensued. A few of the robbers escaped, but the others were shot like rabid dogs. One of Harpe's last acts had been to kill the wife of a planter. The planter chopped Harpe's head from his shoulders and placed it in the notch of a limb on Lonesome Oak, where the fight had occurred, and so the long feud ended.

CAIN'S MARK

A VIRGINIAN named Mortimer, who had suffered reverses in his own State, sold his property, all but a couple of slaves, and with his wife, two sons, and the two servants removed to Murphy, North Carolina, where he lived for a few years in mean retirement, and died poor. Soured by this change from affluence to penury, the widow fancied that she owed some manner of

grudge against humanity, for she had been brought up to believe that labor was beneath the dignity of white people, and she taught hardness of spirit and conduct to her boys; encouraged them in sharp practice in dealings with neighbors; supplied them with arms and praised them for the taking up of quarrels, tolerated harshness and suspicion in them, urged them to gain whenever they could, and if need be to defend every personal right by violence. Such teachings bore their fruit. The elder of the sons had lent a few dollars to the younger, and after the time agreed upon for payment had gone by he demanded the money, swearing that if it were not in hand within a few hours he would have his debtor's blood.

Toward evening the mother heard the young men in high talk at the gate, and went out to learn what was the matter. Almost as she came between them there was a report; the woman gave a cry, for the ball fired by the elder son had cut off her forefinger as she was raising her hand; then the bullet, entering the forehead of the younger, killed him instantly. The dead man had raised a knife against his brother, so

that the verdict of the coroner's jury was self-defence. The mother was the only witness.

On the night of the acquittal Mortimer was visited in his chamber by his victim, who plucked out a few of his glossy auburn hairs and disappeared. The man lay as in a trance, unable to move or speak. On the next night the visit was repeated, and every night thereafter, for years. Each night the corpse had wasted a little, until at last it had become a skeleton, and it was unspeakably horrifying to the slayer to feel the bony fingers plucking at his hair, his beard, his eyebrows, his lashes, the hair on his hands. In time he had lost every hair on his body, and had become a marked man; though dreading the comment and curiosity of the people, he travelled from place to place, and went abroad mostly at night, well muffled. Those who knew him said that he bore the mark of Cain.

HOW BILL STOUT SETTLED A MORTGAGE

THIRTEEN miles from Russellville, Kentucky, lived the Widow King, on a tract of three hundred acres her husband had left to her. He also left a mortgage, and although the amount unpaid was less than four hundred dollars, the widow's creditor was troublesome. Unversed in business affairs, and hoping for a good crop that would enable her to clear away all indebtedness, she had recourse to a notorious skinflint of Logan County, who protested an interest in her and her orphans, and provided her with the sum she wished—at sixty per cent. a year, compound interest. The crop that year was but ordinary, so the widow sold a slave and a horse. Next year it was ordinary, too, so she parted with her other slaves and gave up furniture, dishes, glass, and farming tools, retaining only material enough for housekeeping; but even this did not suffice, and the usurer posted a foreclosure notice on her gate. Of course the rascal had the law on his side, but there were parts of the land in the first half century of

our history where the public opinion that made law was higher than the law it made. Such was the faith of Major Bill Stout, who, having served for several terms as sheriff, had resolved himself into a committee for the administration of justice, if not of law, and who inspired a wholesome respect for himself and for right conduct in the breasts of the unruly. Several robberies, outrages, and murders were punished by him, for he was an excellent shot, and his right thus to act as judge, jury, and executioner appears never to have been called into question by his fellow-citizens, who, indeed, were grateful to him for the saving of expense and bother.

The usurer who had possessed himself of most of the Widow King's effects, and who was now in a fine way to get her farm, was walking through his corn-patch on a sunny afternoon, wondering if a benign Providence would so shape events that he would one day hold a mortgage on every house in Russellville and be able to raise his interest charges to seventy-five per cent., when he came to an abrupt stop, for he found a cocked rifle at his breast and at the other end of this weapon stool Bill Stout, looking par-

ticularly grim. In a great trembling the rascal cried: "What is the matter, Major? Why do you point that gun at me? What have I done?"

"Oh, nothing to me, Harris, but Old Master" (here the major glanced reverently aloft) "has sent me to kill you and throw you into that hole. He says you are not fit to live among men."

"Oh, Major Stout, have mercy! Be good! Have mercy!"

"Don't pray to me. I have nothing to do with it. Pray to Old Master. He may help you. I can't."

"O, Lord, save my life. O, Lord, be good to my wife and children."

"Ah, that's good. Now, while you're at it, put in a word for the widow and orphans you have ruined."

"Yes—yes; have mercy on me, and on Mrs. King, and the King brats, and me, and——"

"Hold on, now. Pray for each one of the King family, by name."

"Yes, I'll do anything for them, and for you, if you'll only spare me."

"Oh, you've decided on that, eh? Very well; I may—mind, I don't promise, but I may—let

you off if you give back her niggers and release the mortgage."

"Oh! O-o-oh, my money! My money! To think of being robbed of my hard-earned money, like this! O-oh!"

The major raised the gun.

"Hold on! Hold on! I'll do it."

Stout had come prepared. The needful papers, together with a quill and a vial of ink, were in his pocket. He placed these on a smooth log and Harris recorded his promise in steadfast black and white, though the tears started and his heart-strings tugged when he wrote the introduction: "Of my own free will and consent, I hereby," and so forth.

Major Stout resumed: "Now, I'll let you go, perhaps, on two conditions. One is that you meet me at nine o'clock to-morrow morning at the clerk's office in Russellville and acknowledge the release. If you fail in that I'll chase you, if it's from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, and kill you on sight. The other is that you shall not mention my part in this affair to anybody. You have no witnesses, for that matter, but if this meeting were known the widow

might refuse to take back her property. Understand?"

"I understand."

The major watched Mr. Harris as he went homeward, clutching at his hair and beating his breast. Then he looked at his rifle, whistled down the barrel of it, and departed. Next morning the Widow King came into her own again, Major Stout looked large and happy, and Mr. Harris, albeit aged and worn, experienced a new sensation, for the clergyman spoke to him pleasantly and the townsfolk lifted their hats and shook his hand.

SOME GEORGIAN LYCANTHROPY

LONELY, unprogressive, oblivious of the progress made elsewhere in the world, the mountaineers of the Alleghanies live a life apart, a prey to countless superstitious fears. Theirs is a land where one slips back into the seventeenth century, where great hills and yawning gulfs seem to have cut them off from the advance of learning, as from those creature comforts so common in the humblest coast and prairie towns;

where the man who is hysterically religious on Sunday and during camp-meeting distils moonshine whiskey for a livelihood, and shoots revenue officers who threaten to disturb him; where black and white magic flourish, and one may buy the service of the devil by scouring a tin plate in some remote cave or glen and avowing, "I will be as clear of Jesus Christ as this plate is of dirt." Here the future is still forecast by ceremonies, hearts are won by charms, and the coming of death is foretold by the howling of a dog, the aspect of the bark of three trees, a wild bird flying into the doomed house, a door opening by itself, and knocks on the window. The white dog that haunts Trout Run, the black dog that scares the belated farmer in Chatata Valley, the white stag of Sequatchie, the headless bull that speeds over Big Frog Mountain, the bleeding horse to be met in the passes of the Great Smoky Mountains, the gray wolf that appears on Piney Ridge at midnight, the goblin of Haunted Hollow, in Rockingham County, that is at first one animal and becomes another while you look at it; the bear of Crackwhip Furnace that screams in a human voice; the invisible

monster in the same neighborhood that beats horses, but is frightened away by the name of God, and cannot chase a victim across running water; the *ignis fatuus,* here called Jack Polant, that one is compelled to follow when it beckons; the phantom brute that haunted a cruel slave-owner to confession of murder and death; the buried miser who walked in the company of two women, who had killed him for his money, till they shrank to skeletons through the misery of his company, and died in agony; the headless herald of misfortune who rides about Indian Fort, in the Cumberlands; corpses that lie in rooms of deserted houses, and when the coroner goes to remove them have disappeared without disturbing the dust on the floor; witches who ride horses to exhaustion at night, unless the steeds are anointed with asafœtida and lard; and people who become beasts of prey at certain hours, make the mountains mysterious and terrible. "Harnts," likewise, or haunts, pervade the woods, watch beside tombs, and pester decent people in their homes. One woman, who had exacted from her husband an oath that he would always remain a widower after her death, was

so distressed by his second marriage and the breaking of his word that his house became almost untenable. She floated about in the murk, sobbed, sighed, and as she passed the faithless one or any of his relatives on the stairs the atmosphere in which she had enveloped herself was so chill it froze them almost to the heart.

Of all the evil beings that trouble the hills none are more dreaded than the lycanthropes—the witches who take the forms of animals. One of these creatures, who had been seen in his proper human form to walk on water and to rise in air, sat on the chest of a physician's sister-in-law, night after night, not in the shape of a nightmare, but of a wild-cat, and so pressed her to death. Kinchefoonee Swamp, in Georgia, where the negroes fish for bream in the daytime, willingly enough, but who cannot be persuaded to go about there after sunset, because of the spooks, was for a long time the home of a swan. This bird was an evil spirit in disguise, and it carried trouble and illness to every settlement in which it was seen. Many attempts were made to shoot it, but all were unavailing until a clear-eyed, steady-handed army officer sent a bullet

through its heart, and by general consensus the illness and trouble ceased on that day.

One of the most remarkable accounts of lycanthropy comes from Fannin County, Georgia, where the Great Smoky Mountains end. A miller, who lived in a long, low room just off from the place where he ground his wheat, died suddenly of a disease no physician could determine. Before his death he attempted, but in vain, to tell something to his friends that they believed had a bearing on the cause of his illness, but his gestures were feeble and his words rambling. A second miller took the place, and in time a third, and both died in the same fashion. The mill was avoided for awhile, with fear. At last a neighbor who lived down the stream offered to run the mill, if he could have it on easy terms, and the owner allowed him to take it. He took an axe with him, cut some wood, and started a great blaze in the fireplace. As he applied the match a brindle cat slipped out of the chimney and walked tamely about the room, sometimes rubbing against his legs. Seated before the fire, he brought out his Bible and read it with diligence; yet he could not repress a

sense of something wrong, of something impending. The cat began to scratch and cry, after a little, looking askant at him and his book, and begging to be let out. He read on. Presently he glanced down and saw the animal crouched before him with a baleful light in her eyes—eyes he had seen before, and not in the head of a cat. A shock of fright and repulsion went through him. He grasped his axe, made a blow at the creature, and cut off a forefoot. With a woman's scream, the cat leaped up the chimney and disappeared. Shaken and anxious, the man hurried home. His wife, in her human shape once more, had lost a hand. She bled to death.

THE WHITE BRIDE OF ST. SIMON'S

THERE was a day when King's Retreat was a famous centre of hospitality. Thomas Butler King built it on St. Simon's Island, off the Georgia coast, and took most pleasure there when others found pleasure in his company. This island, where John Wesley preached his first American sermon and Aaron Burr was once

in hiding, was often visited by the rice planters, whose slaves rowed them across from the mainland, and the Retreat shone with light and was gay with laughter and music until the small hours. Among its guests, along in the forties, was a lawyer from Liberty County, with his young and lovely wife. They had been invited to King's Retreat to spend their honeymoon. Unluckily, another guest was there, a planter who a few years before had sued for the hand of the bride and had been rejected. Sense and breeding would have dictated a return to his own plantation; but he lacked both, and found a bitter pleasure in watching the endearments of the pair and thinking that but for this rival the highest earthly happiness might have been his own. He drank more freely after dinner than he should have done, and in a harsh and forgetful moment he made a slighting and resentful allusion to the bride. With the hot blood of the South boiling in his veins, the husband struck him in the face. There was in that day but one way to restore peace after such a quarrel, and that was for one or the other party to slay his opponent.

Back of King's Retreat is Lover's Lane, an avenue of live-oaks a mile and a half long, beautiful, yet funereal in its drapery of moss. The avenue has grown darker, the vista more solemn, with every year, for an end has come to the gaieties on St. Simon's, and the comfortable old mansion has lapsed deeper into decay from the autumn of its desertion. After dark Lover's Lane never has a visitor, and the negro laborers are more afraid of it than if pestilence walked there visibly. For on the night of the insult the husband and the planter met under the live-oaks, with only a faint moon to light them. They were in the swing of the fight, steel beating against steel, quick rushes and stamping feet, breath labored and free arms tossing, when a cry, near at hand, startled both of the duellists, and as by spoken consent they faced suddenly toward the point from which it had come, the lawyer, holding his rapier, advanced slightly as he peered into the shadow. Instantly came the flash of a white dress, a voice spoke his name, and two arms would have circled his neck, but—the bride had run upon her husband's sword and had innocently accomplished her own destruc-

tion. Her happiness ended in his embrace. The duel was resumed now with a deadly fury, and the insulter was presently stretched lifeless upon the sod. From that hour a darkness deeper than the night overspread the existence of the husband. And still one will see the flash of that white dress, if he watches late, and hear the echo of a cry. That is why the negroes avoid Lovers' Lane. That is why King's Retreat is falling into ruin. The white bride walks there.

THE DRINKING OF SWEET WATER

LOGOOCHIE, the Puck of Indian sprites that flitted about the swamps and woods of Georgia, was not with the wood divinities when they met on the Flower Island of Okefinokee to discuss the strange race that had landed on the shores. For, though Logoochie was a merry elf, whose tricks and whims amused the other spirits, he so loved the Southland woods and waters that he would not listen to any talk of leaving them. He hid in a hollow tree and gave himself to bitter thought. Saltilla, three-eyed messenger of the gods, sought for

hours through his play-grounds, but did not find him. Like the moths and beetles that imitate the leaves and bark they rest against, he was not easy to see, when he chose to remain quiet; for his face was brown and wrinkled, his cheeks were puckered like pine-knots; his back was as rough as a pine-cone; his little red eyes snapped and twinkled when they were open, but when shut you did not see the wrinkles where they had disappeared; his nose was flat, his mouth was wide, he was short, bow-legged, and his knobbed hands ended in claws, like a panther's. Yet, with all his ugliness of look he was gentle, and the hunters hated him only because he turned aside their spears and arrows when they went to slay the deer.

The sprites resolved to leave their home in the woods and follow the Creek Nation to the West, where other tribes were assembling; but Logoochie stayed. Sometimes at nightfall he could be seen scampering among the pines and savannas, startling red laggards, and even more the white pioneers who were setting up strange lodges on the Sweet Water—the village they called St. Mary's. Trees began to fall under

the white man's axe. Logoochie crept to their houses in the night, and bent and gnawed their tools, till he saw that with a magic of their own they made them straight again.

Then that which so often happens among men befell Logoochie. From fear and hate he grew to tolerance. He could not leave his country vexed and blighted as it was. And he even found a new pleasure in frightening these pale-faces till they grew yet paler. He would drop into their paths, almost under their feet, as they returned from the hunt, and startle them with a squeal or a hiss. He would bound upon their shoulders from an overhanging bough; and before they had caught breath again he was lost in the undergrowth, and they heard his shrill, defiant laugh going into the distance. He would make threatening faces at them from the copse as they went to their day's work, and at night he would prowl along the edges of their town and sound the call of fierce animals.

But they were not such a bad people, after all, these men with the sick faces. They fought less than the red men; they never scalped and tortured; once in seven days they were sober;

sometimes it seemed as if they were trying to be good. The wood sprite shuddered when he heard the crash and groaning of the trees under the saws and axes, but he spread his nostrils and enjoyed the flavor when the cutters smoked in their camps at evening,—for they smoked more furiously than the Indians, and tobacco was Logoochie's special incense.

A girl of the settlement, wandering by the Sweet Water, came upon the imp, who was goggling fearfully, gasping, grunting, and hugging his foot. The poor creature was suffering, and although it cost an effort to overcome her repugnance, she went to his help. He had alighted on a thorn, as he leaped from a tree. She withdrew the thorn and bound healing leaves upon the wound—a service that he acknowledged in the most frightening grins and gibbering. Indeed, he went through such antics in his joy that the maid was like to faint from dread. Yet, he had a voice that was almost music; it was a voice she had often heard in the pines, and had never understood, till now. He said: "The daughter of the white people is good. She shall never come to harm in the forest. The

green people of the wood will watch her when she rambles by the water. If she sleeps, they will shadow her face and sing drowsy songs in the branches. They will drive away the snake if it comes near, and they will whisper comfort if she has sorrow. This, and more: If the white maid suffers from forgetfulness, she shall bring her lover back, through the spell I put upon this water."

The fright of the girl had passed, and a blush appeared. Her eyes fell under the gaze of the elf. He chuckled, as in delight at his own shrewdness, for he had guessed her secret. She loved an adventurous fellow of St. Mary's, who that very day told her he had resolved to be a sailor that he might see the wonders of the deep, and strange countries, and wrest treasure from the enemies of his king. She could not consent to this, even if the treasure were that of the king himself. Beyond all fame and riches she held himself.

Logoochie plucked red berries from a bush that overhung the water and cast them into the middle of the stream, muttering strange words and waving his arms. The stream boiled, and a

little whirlpool appeared. Then the berries were drawn down, and the surface was still again. "Make him drink of this," whispered the sprite, and with a bound he disappeared in the wood.

That night, while the moon was rising and balmy odors breathed from the forest, the lovers walked beside the branch of the Sweet Water. It was to be their last walk together. Tears brimmed from the girl's eyes, and the young man was silent and thoughtful. When they reached the place where they had been used to rest during their rambles the girl dipped a gourd into the stream and gave it to her lover. He emptied it at a draught, refilled it, and gave it to her. She too drank from it. And he did not go to sea, and the girl was a happy bride soon after. Logoochie disappeared, but his spell still lives, and they who drink of the charmed flood will never leave the country of the Sweet Water.

NANCY HART

IN Hart County, Georgia preserves the name and fame of a heroine who may truly be said to have "flourished" during the Revolution. Nancy Hart was not one of those willowy sylphs with hair of sunbeams, violet eyes, and a voice of music that are heroines of popular fiction. On the contrary, she was nearly six feet high, red faced, red haired, cross eyed, big fisted, stern of speech and countenance, she walked with a man's stride, and woe betide the unhappy wight who disagreed with her. Two virtues made her admired in all the country-side—her cooking and her patriotism. Whether or not they knew as much about her loyalty as they did of her skill, it was unfortunate for a certain party of Tories that they presumed on both of these qualities; for in one of their forays they came to Nancy's cabin when it was time to eat, and rather forcibly suggested that she might prepare a dinner for them. She allowed that she might, and did. It was a good one, also; good beyond expectation. They resigned themselves wholly to the joy of it, and stacked their

loaded guns in a corner, without further thought of using them.

These unbidden guests were eating and roistering, passing a bottle, too, that they carried for just such occasions, when their hostess, pretending an errand in the corner where the arms had been placed, caught up one of the muskets and cried: "You are prisoners. I will kill the first that stirs."

Not believing the sincerity of this threat, one of the company sprang up and ran toward her, extending his hands as if to seize his gun. He fell dead, on the instant, with a charge of buckshot in his heart; and before his companions could rise Nancy had a second weapon in her grasp, and was prepared to deal death to any other rash one. Her little son had meanwhile scampered to the quarters of a colonial troop, not far away, and to the captain of that command Mrs. Hart was pleased to deliver six burly allies of King George who had been a sore vexation to her neighborhood.

THE CELLS OF FORT MARION

EVERY one who goes to St. Augustine, Florida, visits Fort Marion, the Spanish castle that is stoutest built, and so best preserved, of the relics of the place. And viewing its dismal vaults by torchlight the tourist half believes the tale of strangers rescued at the last gasp and overcome by the carbon dioxide in the atmosphere. Several of these vaults were prisons, without a doubt. Structurally they have no part in the defensive plan, hence they could not be casemates; and it is rumored that one or two had openings, like those of the moro of Havana, whence objects could be shunted into the moat, that the ebbing tide might carry them to sea.

In one of these abysms, which had been walled up but was discovered by a prying soldier after the lapse of at least a century, were found two crumbling skeletons, in chains. And across the space of time comes the whisper of their meaning. For one, when it walked the earth, had been the Doña Dolores; and the other, a young captain of artillery. If you would know the resting-place of the third and dominant figure

in the tragedy, you must seek through the churches of Spain for a handsome tomb, sculptured with the arms of a proud family, and bearing a list of titles and honors on the tablet. That is where the commandant of St. Augustine lies buried. His wife and rival became ashes here, in the forgotten dungeon of Fort Marion.

It is the old story. Rightly or wrongly the commandant believed the Doña Dolores faithless; and to the Spaniard infidelity in woman is the gravest of offences. After long espionage, the elder officer had fixed on Captain Manuel as her guilty companion. Not a shade of difference in his bearing toward either of the suspects marked his distrust, or his resolve, except that possibly he was more affable toward his subordinate, and his deference to his wife was more obvious, in company. She could have had no fear of his discovery when she went to his office, obedient to his summons. Never was her dark beauty more affecting, her nobility and grace more consummate. For a moment after they had been left alone together the general regarded her with frank admiration. He even made a step toward her, and she smiled graciously, as

if she had expected to be taken to his arms; but he checked himself, and, gazing fixedly into her eyes, spoke in a tone and in words that drove all color from her cheeks and caused her eyes to start like those of a hunted animal. "I know your story, and will spare your telling it. Since your heart is no longer mine, I will not claim your obedience. You shall be with your lover to-night, and henceforth."

Almost fainting to her knees, the woman would still have spoken; but her husband by a stern gesture imposed silence. "Do not add falsehood in words to faithlessness in deed," he commanded. "As in shame you have lived, in shame you shall die."

There was no escape. The guard was set. The gates of the fort were closed.

"You have chosen between us," the veteran continued. "Abide, then, by your choice. And say your prayers; for by this time to-morrow you will be in heaven—or hell—beyond need of them. Go to your chamber. You will soon be called."

Hardly had she gained the privacy of her room and flung herself upon her bed in an agony

of remorse and terror, when Captain Manuel entered the general's office to turn over his charge as officer of the day. The general made no answer to his report, and under his keen and steady gaze the younger officer grew confused. After a time the elder said: "You have never made a confidant of me in your love affairs, Captain."

"What love affairs?" stammered the young man.

"I know your secret," declared the commandant.

"I insist that you make your meaning clear," demanded the captain.

"I shall do so, presently; but we will not discuss it. Enough that you are a thief of honor, a betrayer, a scoundrel. I reduce you to the ranks. Your sword, sir."

Captain Manuel started with rage and astonishment. He trembled in his eagerness to harm. "You lie!" he shouted. "And as for my sword, I will plant it in your heart before I will surrender it to any foe, especially to one of my own country." Darting forward, he aimed a blow with his fist at the face of the general. "Draw,

and fight," he commanded, " or I will kill you unarmed."

But Sergeant Calixto was close at hand. He was a sturdy fellow, and he had the young officer at a disadvantage, because he attacked him from the back. He caught the captain's descending arm. The captain tried to draw his sword. The sergeant wrenched his wrist, and his arm fell, crippled, at his side.

" This is well," exclaimed the commandant, in a tense, low tone, and with teeth gleaming through his grizzled moustache and beard. " You add mutiny to dishonor. The way is now clear to punishment. In me you see the authority of Spain. You attack that authority. You shall die, not as a soldier, but as a traitor. Not even the satisfaction of friendly tears shall be given to you. None—but one—will know your tomb. The time and way of your death may be guessed by those who open your tomb hereafter."

In the small hours that night two figures, bound and muffled, helpless in the grasp of Calixto and his men, are taken across the court from the officers' quarters to an arched entrance

of the casemates. If they pause before the chaplain's cell it is only for a moment. A solid door opens into a chamber without air or light; a door immovable from the inside. The two figures disappear into the gloom; then is heard the sound of hammers, closing rivets. The armorer withdraws, and the cell is empty—save for these two and the commandant, the latter looking at them by the light of a pine-knot in his hand. He waits till the cadenced step of the departing squad has echoed to silence down the corridors, then steps forward and removes the muffles from their heads and the gags from their mouths.

"God's curse upon you!" cries the captain.

The commandant does not change color nor change his attitude, as he looks on them for the last time. A dark smile wrinkles his cheeks. "Good-night to both, and pleasant sleep," is his parting. The door clangs, a key grates in the lock; and there is silence.

THE CALOOSAHATCHIE SHE-MAN

ALONG the Caloosahatchie, in Florida, they tell of a queer fellow known as the She-Man. It is believed that the death of his wife had unbalanced him, for shortly after that event he appeared in her clothing. The hunters and settlers had never seen such a freak, and were disposed to make fun of him; but a look generally quieted them, the She-Man's eyes being black and lowering, while his hands were broad and sinewy. At first he may have worn a woman's dress for no better reason that that he was far from settlements where coats and trousers were sold, Myers village being fifty miles down the river; but he grew accustomed to his garb, old and tattered though it was, held to his thin frame by a dried snake-skin, and he wore it until his last day. His housekeeping was not of a feminine nicety. His home was a cabin of slabs, his bed a heap of raw cotton, his chair a cypress knee; his dishes were gourds; his fire burned on a flat stone, and he lived on fish and corn. In a pool not far away lived his pet alligator, Devil, who obeyed his master like a dog

and relied on him to supply food when times were hard in the swamp. Devil and he had been friends for many years. The man had raised the 'gator from infancy.

Some time before this poor, daft creature had settled in his clearing beside the Caloosahatchie he had quarrelled with a man of pride and property, one Morgan, who claimed descent from the pirate of that name, but after withdrawing to the wilderness he supposed that he had seen the last of this neighbor. This was not to be, for some years later, while hunting in the wood, he came face to face with Morgan. The old pirate blood had warmed within him on a chance to gain some wealth he had not earned, and after his robbery he had fled to a part of the State where he was not known, for he did not care to trust his money in banks or industries, and had brought it with him in a chest. The She-Man knew nothing of all this, and, forgetting his quarrel, greeted his old enemy cheerily and asked him to supper at his house. Visitors were few in those parts, and he was eager for company. Morgan was affable. He chatted with the settler, his wife, and his boy, Jimmy, and

asked the latter to go fire-hunting with him that night, promising to pay him well. The lad consented. Not returning at the expected hour, his mother took her knife and pistol, for defence against wild animals, and went out in the starlight to look him up, while the father took another path. He discovered no fresh trail, so he resolved to bring his wife back lest she should penetrate too deeply into the wood and be unable to find her way out. At dawn he literally stumbled upon her, lying as one dead on the forest floor. She breathed, but that was all. By an exhausting effort he carried her back to their home. Home? No, their house was a smoldering ruin. A little before the woman died, for the sight she saw that night was a fatal stroke, she recovered her power of speech. She had seen her boy helping Morgan to carry a chest from a boat on the river to the bank. A pit had been dug for it. As Jimmy stooped to press it more securely into place, Morgan passed behind him, drew a dagger, and stabbed the boy in the back. Jimmy sank into the hole, limp and dead.

Did the villain wish to kill his only witness, or did he hold the superstition of his pirate

ancestor, that stolen treasure was safest under guard of the dead? The woman fell to the earth in a catalepsy, while Morgan filled the grave, concealed it with brush, and, not knowing that his crime had been seen, hurried away to apply the torch to the house, for if the lad's parents lived they might make vexing searches and inquiries. After the death of his wife and son the settler, who from that time forth began to be known as the She-Man, built a cabin near the ashes of his former home and bided his time. Though he did not know exactly where it had been hidden, he felt sure that if Morgan lived he would one day return for his money. And he was right. Years went by, but they brought the murderer at last. He arrived in secret, and, following the river shores for a time, guided by certain marks, he came to the foot of a stout pine, where, after looking cautiously about him, he began to dig. Presently he threw out a human bone. It fell at the feet of a figure that made him start with astonishment and dread: a lank, brown, bearded man, in a torn gown belted with snake-skin, glaring at him from the shadow of a sun-bonnet.

" In God's name, what are you?" gasped Morgan.

" Don't call on God. Call on the Devil, for he will take you. I'm Jim Baines."

Morgan dropped his spade, his face turned ashen, and he fell to his knees. With a hoarse yell, the She-Man leaped upon him. He was like a beast with a thirst for blood. Lifting and dragging the murderer, who seemed to be paralyzed with terror, he reached the pool where his sinister-looking pet was lying.

" Here, Devil!" he called. And as the great alligator opened his jaws Morgan was hurled into the water. His revenge accomplished, Baines died shortly after; and the treasure is anybody's, for the taking.

THE BLOOD-ROSE

THEY say that you can find the real blood-rose, or Grant rose, only in the western part of Jefferson County, Florida, and that all attempts at transplanting or raising it from slips of the original stock have failed. It is a strong plant, with light, glossy green leaves, but

it flourishes only within five miles of the scene of the tragedy that named it. The flowers have incurving petals of the color of arterial blood, the odor they give off is sickly and unpleasant, and old residents of the county insist that the dew which drips from them has a cast of pink.

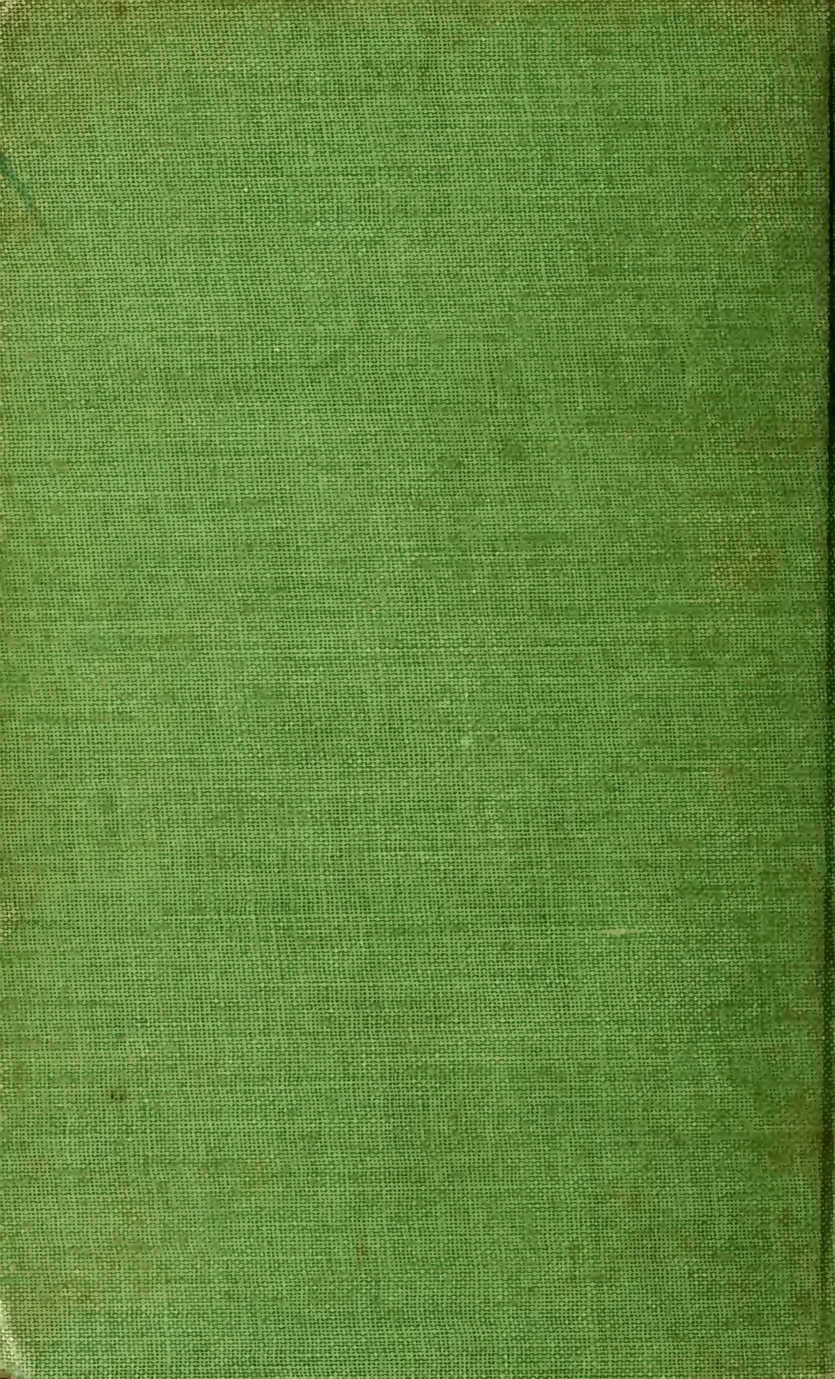
John and Nellie Grant built a house near the Aucella River in 1834, and in the next year a child was born to them. The Seminoles of that region had become uneasy, but the settlers felt no alarm, for they were sure that the government would persuade the Indians to peace, either by fresh promises—made to break—or by a great slaughter, before they could take the war-path. Fatal confidence! John Grant left his home on a September evening to ride to town, which was a long way off, with the promise to return next day. He could not keep that promise, for six miles from his home he fell into an ambush of the Seminoles and was shot. His scalp was torn off and his body flung into the river. Then the red men marched silently to the house. The hunting dog, lying outside, sniffed and whined. The anxious mother roused and listened. There was a loud yell and a rush of many feet. The

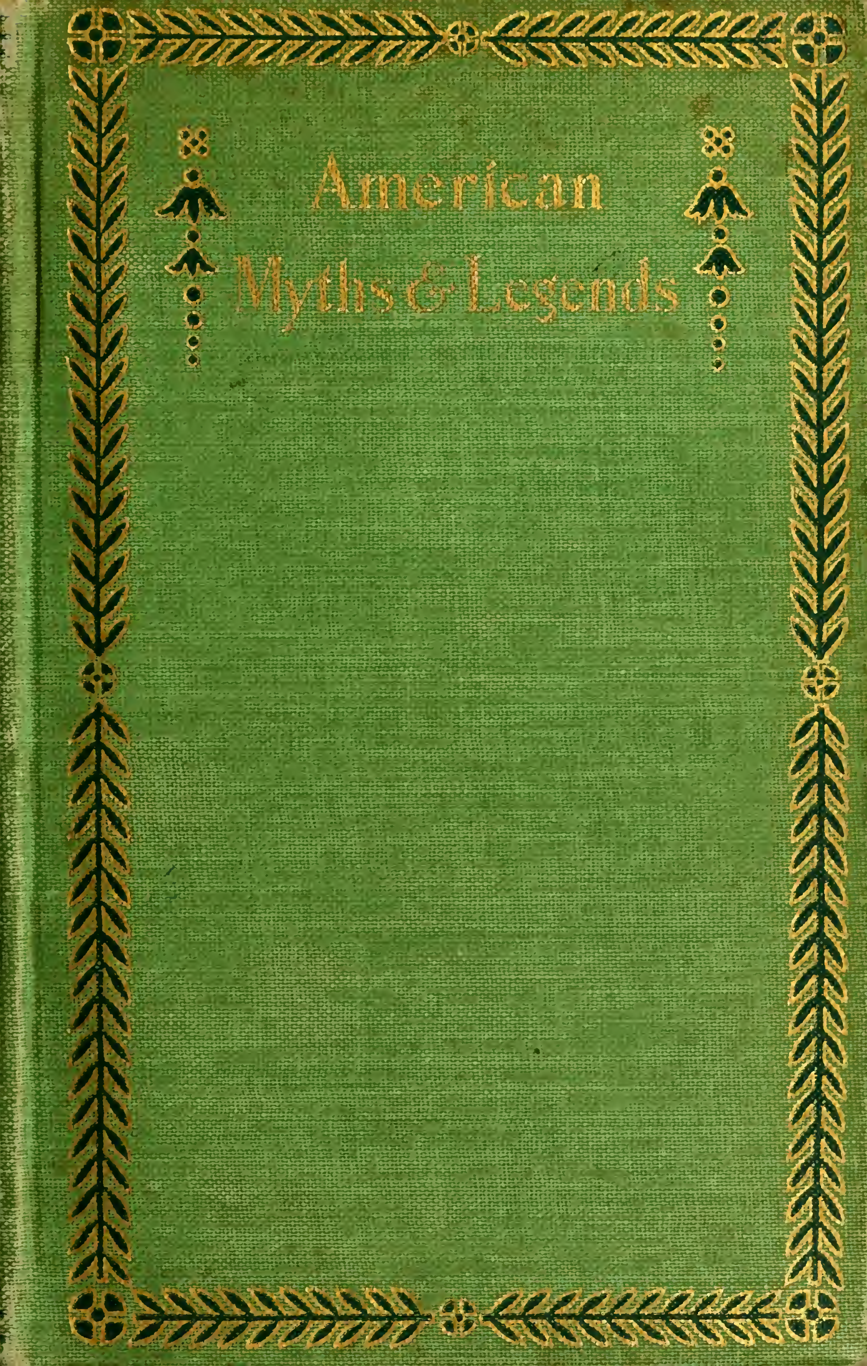
woman raised a loose, wide board in the floor, and, with her baby in her arms, dropped through into the cellar and escaped to the woods, which were soon lighted by the glare of her burning cabin. The Seminoles were quick to find her means and way of flight, and ere long she and her infant had shared the fate of John Grant. A few years later the blood-rose appeared on the spot that the mother and the baby had dyed with their blood.

ST. MARY'S PARADISE

ST. MARY'S RIVER, which partly separates Georgia from Florida, rises in a great swamp which in a rainy season becomes almost a lake. The Creeks maintained the existence there of a large space of high and fertile ground, which was an earthly paradise. It was peopled by a race superior to their own, whose men were strong and bold, and the women the fairest in the world. This land is defended against the approach of the unfit by labyrinthine streams and inlets, expanses of quaking bog, malarial mists, and entangling woods. Creek hunters who

had been lured far from their homes in the chase of game reported that they had seen the island; but on every attempt to gain its shores it seemed to move farther and farther across the swamp, while the paths and openings they followed invariably led them back to their tracks. Here were birds of sweet song and brilliant plumage; great flowers opened their riches of color and perfume to butterflies that rivalled them in gorgeousness; the rocks, like the *laxas de musica* of the Orinoco, gave out music; game was plenty in the wood; fruits were to be had for the picking, and clear, cold fountains flowed with health, giving assurance of life to all that drank from them. This may have been the land to which the good were admitted after death—a land where they were so happy that lamentations for them were wrong. Some of the Southern Indians would weep at first sight of a European, believing him to be one of their friends returned from the land of souls. Unless his visit were to be a short one, it would seem as though it were the exile had the better cause for tears.

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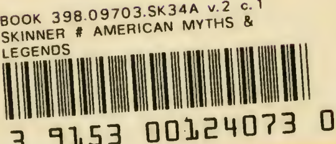
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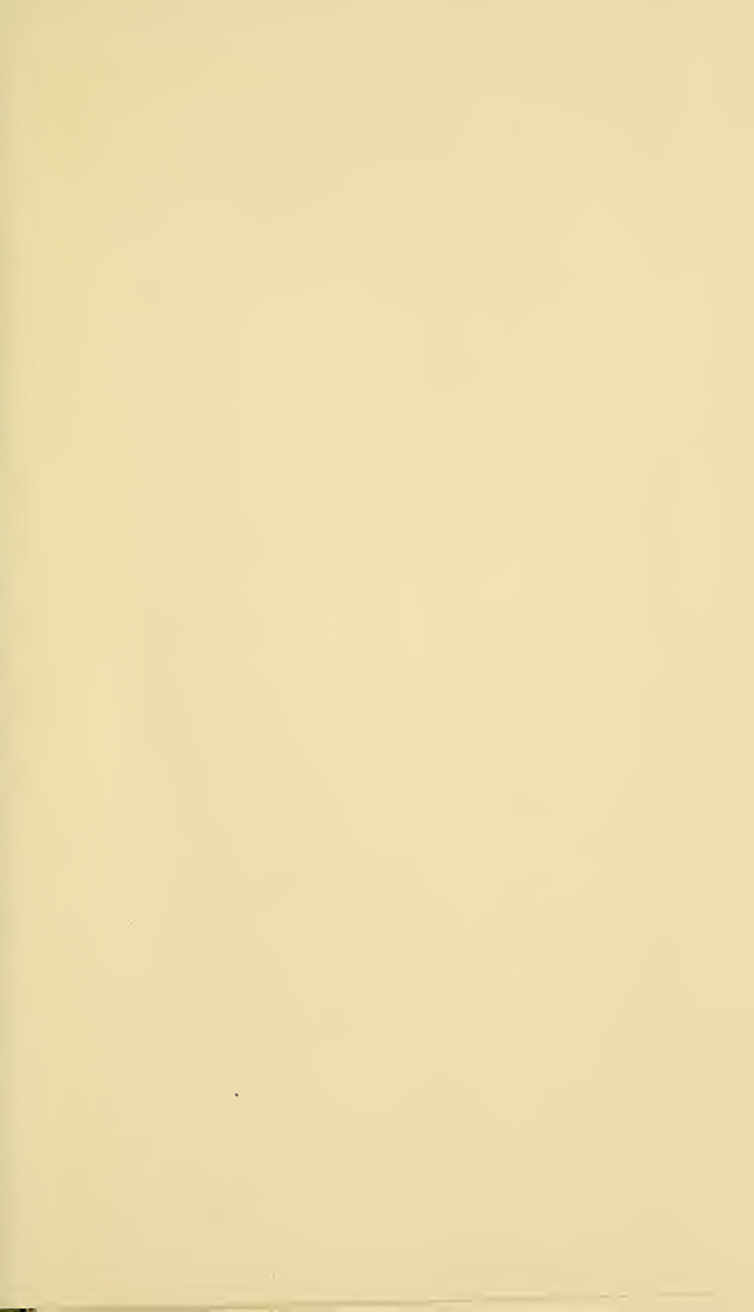

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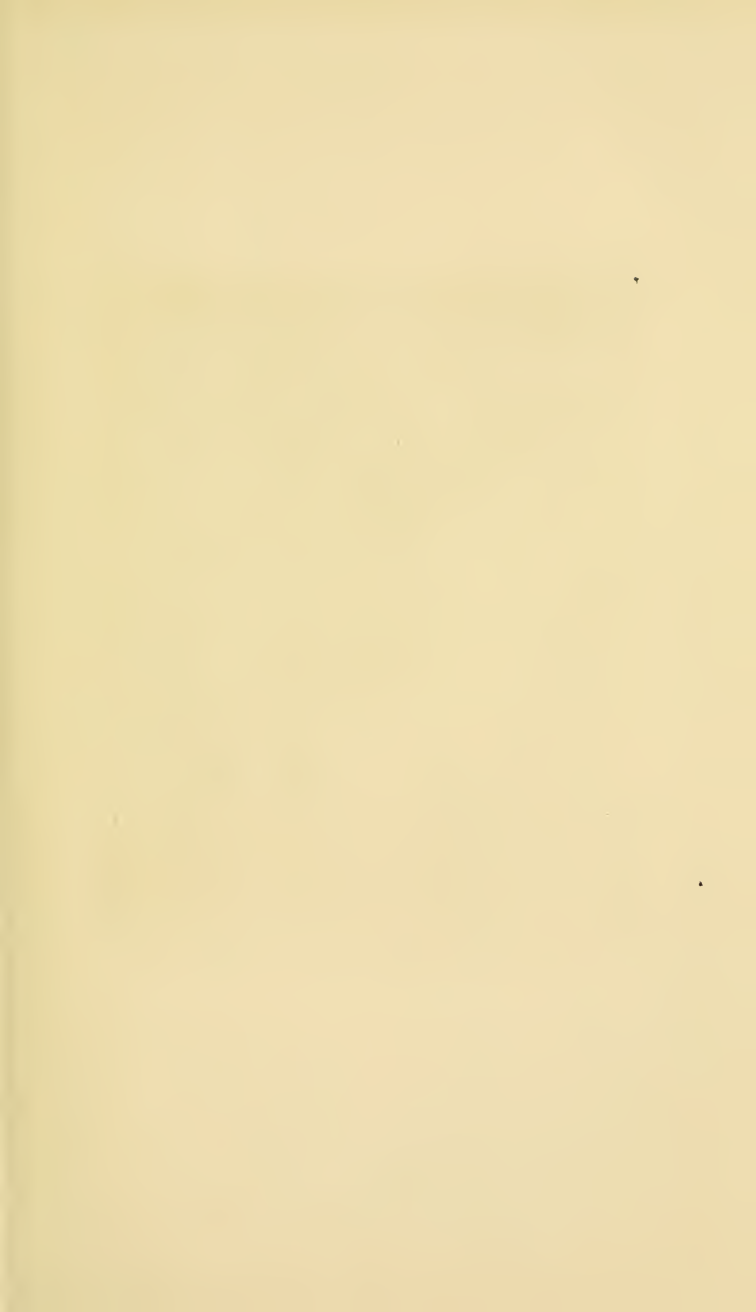

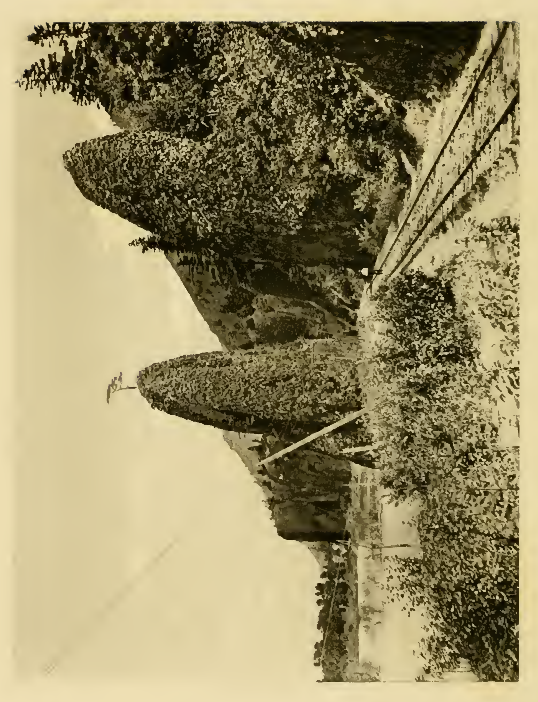

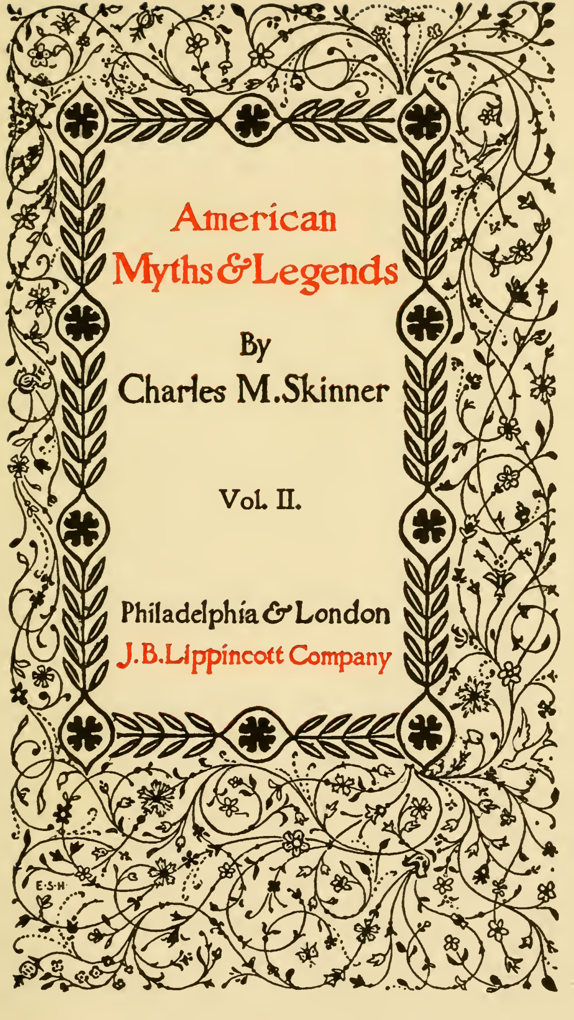

American Myths & Legends

By

Charles M. Skinner

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American Myths & Legends

MISSISSIPPI'S CROOKED MOUNTAIN

AMONG all the native races living between the Rio Grande and the Isthmus, traditions are extant of a migration to their present home from the north and east, and that first world of theirs is variously held to be the Ohio Valley, Florida, the sunken continent of Atlantis, and the countries of the Mediterranean. " Tulan, on the far side of the sea;" " the land of shadow;" " the land of divided and still waters," are among the descriptions their elders gave of this uncertain region. The Aztecs were circumstantial, for they described their old home as a land where their fathers had much rest, where water-fowl and song-birds were plenty, where they caught large and handsome fish, where springs bubbled from the earth among groves of alder, elder, and juniper; where they

rode in canoes; where they planted seeds in furrows of the soil, raising many foods, like maize, beans, tomatoes, and peppers, and where stood a great hill, called "crooked mountain," or Culhuacan. An old pictograph of this height shows one slope of it precipitous, with an overhanging top, like that of the surf-shaped range at Banff, in the Canadian National Park, while its opposite side shows a gradual ascent. Surveys in Copiah County, Mississippi, have resulted in an identification, satisfactory to sundry archæologists, of the Indian mound eighteen miles southwest of Hazlehurst, as this ancient Culhuacan.

The Toltecs record the building of a tumulus in the country of floods four thousand years ago, and as this is a notable mound, standing in a plain that was buried almost every year under the waters of the Mississippi, whose ancient channel is near the hill, its identity with the "crooked mountain" of the Aztecs is not improbable. Recently a long causeway of sandstone slabs was unearthed by farmers and others who were using the stone for building purposes, just as the granite of the Egyptian pyramids,

temples, and colossi were used for the mean constructions of the natives. The causeway was long ago buried under the alluvium of the Mississippi freshets, and owes its preservation to that fact. It is forty miles long, extending from the mound to the great river, and is formed of blocks two and a half feet long, one and a half feet wide and a foot thick, skilfully laid in a light cement. It traversed a low country which was annually threatened by floods, and its upper blocks are worn, as by the feet of flocks and men seeking refuge from the rising of the waters on this Ararat, four hundred feet high, that is said to be Culhuacan. It may be that the mound originally contained caves or dug-outs or similar shelters, for the Aztecs tell of such places where their fathers dwelt, and of annual visits to the mountain, " while they were in Aztlan," crossing a wide water to offer sacrifices to the sun-god.

An emperor of Mexico sent messengers to this region seventy or eighty years before the Spanish discovery of America, to see if it was still peopled, and the messengers found a race that held their Aztec traditions and spoke their language. Other tribes in this region had absorbed

these legends, the Natchez, whose word for god was the same as the word for hill, telling how the Master of Breath, living in a cave under a height, fashioned the first men out of clay, and, heaping up some of the soil at the bottom of the flood so as to make a mound, set them on it to dry in the sun. As soon as the clay figures had toughened into men and begun to move about, he bade the waters retire to the river channels and gave the dry land to the new race. Bending Hill, as the Choctaws and Natchez called the scene of the creation, has been a fugitive mound or mountain. The name has been attached to a construction in the valley of Big Black River, and to another mound beside the road leading from Natchez to Jackson, but the Bending Hill of one tribe may be the Crooked Mountain of another. Hence, the mound in Copiah County may be the seat of deluge and creation myths that have gone wide abroad and been taken into the folk-lore of nearly all the American tribes.

THE LOCOPOLIS MURDER CASE

LOCOPOLIS is gone. The once thriving town is a place of empty fields. Travellers who remember hearing of it ask to have the site pointed out as they drive from Webb to Charleston, and hunters pass through its former streets, alert for deer. It was in Locopolis that a grand jury of responsible citizens found a bill against George Cook for not having the fear of God before his eyes and allowing himself to be seduced by the Devil; the proof of his sin being that with a knife, "of the value of one dollar," he did strike and stab one William H. Allen, giving one mortal wound, of which the said Allen then and there instantly died. Moreover, Cook served five years in prison for this murder, his lawyers having succeeded in bamboozling the trial-jury into the belief that the Devil had no part in the exploit, and thereby relieving Locopolis from a stigma that was not shared by other Mississippi towns.

Cook was a river man, a strong, rough fellow, a gambler and drinker, whose suit for the hand of a young woman, who eventually became Mrs.

William H. Allen, was rejected because of his bad habits. While in the neighborhood of Locopolis, waiting to raft some lumber down the river to New Orleans, he made sixty dollars at poker, and, running away from his work, he went to the house where his former sweetheart dwelt, hoping by the exhibition of wealth to win her from her husband and elope with her. She received him courteously, but when he tried to bring up the past, or tell his continued admiration, she became as stone. Discouraged he went away and spent his sixty dollars in liquor, drinking all of it himself. This gave him renewed confidence, and in a few days he was a suppliant once more at Mrs. Allen's side—a sodden wretch with red eyes, bloated lips, shaking hands, and dirty clothing. Probably he was too far gone in liquor to know that he was not likely to be admired. This time he was dismissed with sufficient emphasis. A few days later he met the husband. There were some bitter, taunting words, a blow, then Cook plucked out his hunting-knife, killed his rival, and threw his weapon into the Tallahatchie. He was arrested, tried, underwent his mockery of punishment, and dis-

appeared. Was the Devil really busy about Locopolis in 1839, or was it the peculiar view of a Mississippi jury that led to the form of his indictment?

A NIGHT IN MADISON MANOR

FOR fifty years before it was removed—as the only way to rid the neighborhood of its uncanny reputation—the Madison mansion, that fronted the bay near Mobile, Alabama, was a place of common avoidance. People who had, perforce, to spend a night near by never went within gunshot of it again, and they had tales to tell of their one experience that taxed credulity. The last company that passed the time there between two days went home as soon as it was light enough, convinced that it was an abode of devils. The responsible business-men who composed this party had been fishing in the bay, and, belated and bedraggled in a rain, had taken shelter in the rickety old house, for they set little store of faith in the yarns about mysterious sights and sounds that had so long been told about it. They had a fire a-going shortly, ate supper, and, wrapping themselves

in whatever they had for coats and waterproofs, tried to sleep.

So soon as they dozed they had nightmares, and all fancied the same thing—an incident of treachery and murder. Lying awake and exchanging this experience of dreams with one another, they heard the slow march of feet overhead, accompanied by groans. "Who's there?" called one of them. And the sound stopped. But in a little while a liquid began to drip through the ceiling, and to pool and clot before the fire. It was blood. Now a door was flung open and the floor shook with the mad chase of a frightened woman by a cursing man, who ever and again wrung a cry from her by a blow. The listeners knew them for man and woman in the dark only by their voices. Footsteps appeared in the blood; those of a large man without shoes, and those of a woman with high-heeled slippers. Nothing, however, was seen.

After an hour of quiet a wild dance was heard overhead, objects were flung here and there with a crash, laughter rose into long howls, then a silence fell for some minutes, and something or somebody descended the stairs, dragging a bur-

den that bumped on each rotten step, was pulled through the hall and flung out at the door, falling with a thump among the weeds. The barefooted dance was then resumed.

Toward morning the tired men were roused from a troubled sleep. The rain was ending in a thunder-storm, and the house trembled as if it was about to fall. They resolved to brave the lightning rather than stay longer. As they reached the door a green blaze filled every room with light, and a crash of thunder deafened them. One of the men saw by this flash a face that might have looked out from hell, staring at them from the landing of the stairs. What had been done in that house? None ever knew. It was built soon after the Revolution by an Englishman named Madison, who was a rich recluse. A young woman was the only other inmate, except the servants, and no visitor was allowed to see her, Mr. Madison saying that she was his daughter, and half-witted. Without a word of warning he went home to England after a residence of some years, and wrote back to an agent to sell the house. It was sold, and resold, but could never keep a tenant.

ATALA

CHATEAUBRIAND'S tearful tale of "Atala" is said to have had a foundation of actual episode in the Southern wilderness during the eighteenth century. Stripped of its sentimentality—for it is one of those astonishing antiquities in which everybody begins a remark with a sigh or a sob, and goes to sleep floating in a pool of his own tears—the story relates that Chactas, a promising young Natchez, was captured near Apalachicola, Florida, by the Seminoles when on his way back to his people from St. Augustine, where he made a test of civilization and found it wanting. He was condemned to die.

Preparations for the torture had already begun—the torture that preceded death—and the taunts by which he hoped to rouse the wrath of his enemies to such a pitch as to secure for himself the blessing of a quick end had been so far successful as to gain an arrow wound in his arm, when word was received from a company of Seminoles at a little distance asking delay until the morrow, for they would be

present to view the captive's sufferings, and the immolation was deferred for a day.

In some manner a quantity of rum had been smuggled into camp, and the night-fires shone on a scene of disorder. Four stout rascals were appointed to watch Chactas until dawn, and in order that no movement on his part should escape them, they sat on the four thongs that bound his arms and legs to as many trees. During the night many of the women and children gathered about the prostrate youth, to jeer at him. Last of all—after the camp had for an hour been sunk in sleep and the guards, who were deeper in liquor than the others, had fallen flat to the earth and were snoring lustily—came Atala, a girl of mixed Seminole and Spanish ancestry, grave, silent, beautiful. While she appeared to be impelled by an idle curiosity, Chactas could see, after an interval, that she had drawn nearer to him. In a half-hour she had approached, by imperceptible degrees, until she was at his side. In the fire light a knife-blade glinted. He did not fear. If it meant death, it was better than the torture. If rescue —he hardly dared to hope.

With less noise than a leaf makes in its fall she bent over him, so as to throw the knife into shadow, and by slow and repeated drawings of the blade across the cords she severed them. The drugged and drunken sentinels slept on. With finger on her lip she tip-toed down a trail that led into the black wood, then motioned him to follow. The two were out of reach before the camp awoke and the flight was discovered. An hour's rest at dawn, a drink from a spring, a handful of wild fruit, a bandage for the hurt arm, and they hurried on beside the singing waters of the Chattahoochee. They could not feel safe until they had reached the Alabama hills and were out of the enemy's country. It was a trying time. There was no food, except a little fruit and the flesh of such birds or fish as the young man might be lucky enough to shoot, now and again, with the bow he had snatched from beside one of the sleeping Indians. A cloak of beaten bark was their only shelter.

After several days of this urgent haste the girl's strength lessened visibly. Chactas, who had from the first admired her, and now that they were in constant companionship felt him-

self passing under the sway of a passion such as he had never known before, proposed that they should settle for a time in some quiet place, build a shelter, and be man and wife. The girl looked at him with appeal and pain in her eyes, and begged him to keep on toward the hills. From time to time he pressed his suit, but while she protested a friendly interest in him, she begged him not to speak of love, and as each declaration seemed to fill her with anxiety and melancholy, Chactas would fall into a sad silence and they would march on through the wilderness, a little apart, each thinking of the other, each longing—for Atala had loved Chactas from the moment of their meeting.

Toward the close of a weary day smoke was seen rising on a hill ahead of them, and they found themselves, shortly, at the door of a grotto before which arose the Christian symbol of the cross. Father Aubry, the ancient man whose hermitage this was, had penetrated the savage land long before, and had won a little company of Indians to listen to his teachings and practise the simpler arts of peace. He welcomed the strangers with kindness and dignity,

shared his supper with them, and insisted on giving up his bed of leaves and bear-skins to Atala, who was worn with travel and whose unrest and pain had seemed to increase when she saw about her the tokens of the Christian faith.

On the next morning, when the priest and Chactas went to rouse her, she was found in agony, dying, for she had taken poison—a plant of evil property she had plucked before the cave. Chactas was in despair. He had hoped that the time was near when they should be made one through the rites of the Church, of which he knew Atala to be a communicant. It was not to be. In faltering tones, with many sobs, the girl told him his love was answered; that to live longer was impossible unless she might become his wife, and that felicity was denied to her, because of a vow exacted by her mother, who had been a religious fanatic. In gratitude for preservation from an illness, her parent had sworn to give her first-born to the Church, and when Atala was old enough to know the meaning of an oath a promise was forced from her that she would repress all earthly love,

live a virgin, and devote herself to prayer. The curse of this condition she realized only after meeting Chactas and marking his fortitude under gibe and injury, his strength, his grace, his clear, commanding eye.

Father Aubry chided her for resorting to a worse measure than the breaking of a promise in order to free herself from a hateful state, and told her how he might have persuaded his bishop to absolve her from her vow had she confided in him at the beginning. With a cry of joy she arose and flung herself into the arms of her lover; but her happiness was only for a moment; the poison was at work. The priest received her confession, administered the sacrament, and in a little time, with her lover's eyes gazing into hers, her hand in his, the pain had been endured, and she passed from the world.

Together the priest and the barbarian interred her mortal part in a glen among great rocks and funereal trees, and for many nights Chactas kept lonely watch beside her grave. In obedience to her last wish, her lover became a Christian; but he could not endure the sight of

happiness among his fellows, and, plunging into the wood once more, he sought the land of the Natchez.

THE EXILES AND MANON LESCAUT

THE French government first encouraged the emigration of women to America, and afterward enforced it. Louis XIV. wished his Western colonies to grow, and for that reason he offered substantial inducements to the colonists to get married early and often—at least, early. In 1668 a ship-load of French girls sent to Quebec to find husbands met with a rapturous welcome. Men who were late in reaching the dock had reason for repentance, because the last girl was gone within fifteen minutes after landing. Bounties were paid to young people who married, boys under twenty and girls under sixteen being especially favored, while pensions were granted to parents who had ten children, the award being increased to four hundred livres if they could show twelve or more. By the same token, all the parents who did not marry off their children in good season were fined.

IN THE OLD FRENCH QUARTER, NEW ORLEANS

In the French colony on the Gulf of Mexico both pioneers and wives endured many privations. Bienville established himself at Dauphin Island under circumstances that brought upon him the dislike of the Indians. He called his place of settlement the Isle of Massacre, because he found there a pile of human bones; and he afterward became a somewhat expert lopper of heads himself. Near his fort, the ruin of which might still be traced at the beginning of the Revolution, was the temple of the Mobiles, where burned a sacred fire that was never allowed to go out. All of the Southern tribes went to that temple for fire. So soon as the French adventurer had established himself among the fire-worshippers the same thoughtful government that had tried to people Canada engaged in schemes for matrimonial furtherance in Louisiana. The Church first took up the matter, and sent several batches of wives for the Bienville colony. These women were warranted to be severely good. When they arrived it was evident to the consignees that they had migrated because the home interest in marriage was dull, and that their only hope was in a land where

opposition was slight. With every shipment the women grew older and scrawnier and uglier and sharper of tongue, until the men sent to Paris imploring the people over there to have mercy, and not to trouble themselves so much about virtue, if only they could spare a demoiselle now and then whose face would not stop the clocks. Maybe it was because of this appeal that women of no virtue were sent later. For a time the women represented all social classes, and it is said that one of the settlers in Mobile was the wife of Alexis, emperor of Russia,—that son of Peter the Great who had inherited his father's cruelty and bestiality.

The custom of transporting women to the New World continued for many years, though the cause, originally benevolent, changed from policy to punishment. Poor creatures of the streets, shop-lifters, petty thieves, women who abandoned their children, were sent to the colonies of Guiana and Louisiana, merely to be rid of them. And this brings us to the story of Manon Lescaut, that has been told to a world-wide audience by the Abbé Prevost, and that is reported in New Orleans to be founded on fact.

The grave of the fickle and unfortunate woman used to be pointed out in a cemetery on the edge of the city, though it was a different name from Manon's that the headstone bore. Her lover, Des Grieux, was an actual personage also, and is mentioned by that very name in old stories of New Orleans, where he arrived in 1819.

Manon was born in France during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Her family intended that she should enter a convent; but she was a girl of spirit as well as sentiment, and on meeting the handsome young Chevalier Des Grieux at an inn in Amiens, whither she had been brought by her brother, she was as quickly and as woundily hit with love for him as he for her. They sought each other secretly. Their passion was avowed. Neither could bear to think of the confinement and rigor of a convent. The young man proposed elopement. The case was urgent, for on the morrow she must elsewise enter at the iron door, never, perhaps, to emerge again. Thus it stood; on the one side a cold, forbidding duty; rather sacrifice, since a nun's life was not of her choosing; on the other side, freedom, pleasure, life, love.

She gave her hand and her destiny to Des Grieux. They ran away together.

For a time they were happy, much as two children might have been. But Manon was changeable, and the excuse is put forward on her behalf that the chevalier was not prepared to marry; that he had no calling, nor a sufficient income; that he was young, rash, inexperienced; that he could not give to his mistress the comforts and luxuries she might have expected, and could not introduce her to his family. The girl tired of her narrow life in narrow rooms, as she would have tired of her cell. Fatigue led to vexation, and that to quarrels and days of estrangement. No great wonder, then, that the weathercock of her apparent affections swung smartly to a change when a rich and flattering old courtier came in her way. Des Grieux's heart was wrung by her coldness, but he had had warning of what was sure to happen. She deserted him.

There was gaiety, show, even a little authority in her new relation, but no respect, no love. She was the toy, the slave of the rich man; for, while he housed her sumptuously, he visited

Manon only now and then, making her his boast rather than his companion. In a gaming-hall occupied by the brilliant but dissolute society in which she now moved she came face to face one evening with her former lover. He made no scene, for he had a certain self-respect and a Frenchman's regard for the proprieties; but as soon as he could gain her ear he unburdened his heart of its grief at her desertion; he charged her with perfidy, with mercenary conduct. He had hoped to make her his wife; but now—it was only the dress and the jewels that distinguished her from the creatures of the streets. Manon was at first defiant. Then she was shamed and pained. She acknowledged that his poverty had driven her away, but in leaving him she had hoped he might be better, happier, for she had been a clog upon him, and now he was free.

Whether her tears and pretty self-deprecations were intended to have that effect or not, she quickly roused in the young nobleman all the love he had felt in his happiest days in her company. The passion of jealousy gave a tang of bitterness to the sweet, but the thought

of rivalry made him determined to recover her. And Manon's heart thrilled anew under his avowals. She respected him the more because he had commanded and humbled her. She was made to feel the hollowness of her life, if not its iniquity, and once again she agreed to run away. Her plan was defeated by the courtier, who, finding that in her flight she had taken the jewelry he had given to her, swore out a warrant for her arrest on a charge of theft.

Des Grieux was now more passionately in love than ever. The thought that she was in prison and suffering, crowded into the company of the vilest, aroused his chivalry. He used every effort to gain her freedom; he approached the officers of justice; he even tried to secure her liberty by force, but to no avail. The old courtier had influence and a grudge. She was tried, convicted, and sentenced to exile in the New World. Though despairing almost as deeply as she, Des Grieux did not desert her. He secured a place as cabin steward on the ship that took Manon and a hundred other wretched women, and was thus enabled to reach New Orleans with her. Poor, friendless, ill, dejected,

the lovers were in sad case indeed; but there were no reproaches now. The end was near. While they were making their way along a path through the melancholy, serpent-infested bayous below the city, Manon, who had often stopped to rest, fell at last, fever-stricken, helpless. Their arms were drawn about each other for a long time; and so, miserably happy, Manon breathed away the last of her broken, mistaken life.

THE SINGING BONES

A MAN and woman lived on the edge of a bayou below New Orleans. They were poor, very poor, and, with twenty-five children to care for, they never dared to hope that they would be even comfortably well-to-do in this world. Some of these children had appetites out of all proportion to their size, and there was not always enough food to go around. The man grumbled when this happened; yet, as he was a good father, he gave up his own share to his wife and children, pulled his hunger-belt more snugly around him, and went back to his work. After a long season of hardship he was

surprised on returning to his supper to find meat on his table once more. The next night there was more meat, and for several nights the meat was always ready, but always without bones.

"How is this?" he asked his wife.

"Oh, bones are heavy and of no use; so it is cheaper to buy meat without them," the woman answered.

"But you don't eat."

"My teeth are bad, you know."

"That's so." And dreading to fall into argument or contention with his wife, who was harsh of temper, he finished his supper in silence. When one has twenty-five children he does not count them at every meal, especially when he has enough to eat and is busy over his plate. Several days passed before the man began to miss some of the younger boys and girls, but he presumed that they were at play. At last he found only fifteen at the table. "How is this, wife?" he asked. "Where are all the other children?"

"They have fared so poorly this summer that I have sent them to their grandmother's. The

change will do them good. When they come back I shall send the others."

They did not come back; and when he returned from the fields one evening the man felt so lonesome that he paused on his door-step and gave way to sad reflections. Their merry talk and laughter, their helpfulness, their play, even the bothers they put upon him—he missed them. "I wish they were home again," he sighed.

At that instant voices were heard beneath his door-stone, singing in Creole dialect:

> "Our mother kills us,
> Our father eats us,
> We have no coffins,
> We are not in holy ground."

Raising the stone, the man saw beneath it a heap of bones from which the flesh had recently been stripped; and as he looked, they sang again, repeating the words he had just heard. A light broke upon him. This was all that was left of his children. He rushed to the house and in frenzied utterance taxed the woman with the murder. She tried to excuse herself; they had more children than they could keep;

some were not strong enough to live, any way; the man must have food, or he could not work. This did not stay him. In a fury he killed his wife, then buried his children's skeletons in coffins, and in holy ground. Ever after he lived alone and refused to touch meat.

A Louisiana negro legend.

PHANTOM STEAMER OF RAC-COURCI

IN the Indian tradition, Meschebe, or Mississippi—why on earth can't it be spelled Misisipi?—arose from his bed once in seven years and attacked the low country. Then the red men fled to their mounds or artificial hills, and as nobody tried to oppose him he was kind to the land, leaving it more fertile after he had passed on. Only since the white man came in with his bridges, his levees, his walls, and the like undertakings, has he descended to quarrelling and to drowning the cabin-dwellers. He no longer waits till the seventh year to pay his visits, either, and is never more delighted than when he can slip through some pretentious piece

of engineering, and, in a night, create a new passage for himself. His banks are skeined with old and forgotten channels.

About twenty leagues above Baton Rouge, Louisiana, he made the Raccourci cut-off, that shortened the river nearly thirty miles. For the Mississippi is a tortuous stream. Boats may have to go thirty-five miles around to get half a mile ahead. Sometimes a planter who cannot go to the river brings the river to him, by digging a ditch across one of these necks, and in high water the map is changed over night. His farm and gardens now have a frontage on this majestic stream—if they are not washed away—and his neighbor, who formerly sent his produce to New Orleans by steamer, now sends it on a cart to the railroad, for his very wharf has been left high, dry, and distant. A ditch-cutter did not live long if the other planters caught him at his work. Not all the cut-offs are made by the ditchers; in fact, few people meddle with the course of the river in these railroad days. It is left to straighten itself. The crumbly soil that is washed down to the Gulf of Mexico, or piled on the bottom to make the

delta—400,000,000 tons a year—is rapidly torn to pieces in a freshet, and boats are seen gliding across what a few days before were orchards or cane-brakes.

The nineteenth century had lost but twenty-five years when the change occurred at Raccourci. It happened suddenly, as usual, and had not been made known to the pilots of one of the steamers of that day which was splashing and wheezing down from Vicksburg. It was night when they entered the old channel, and a gray, drizzly night, at that. Presently they felt the grind of a new bar under their vessel. They cleared it, and in another minute had rammed a reef that was entirely out of place. Failing to dislodge it, they backed into a lot of snags and began to punch holes in the bottom. Nearly ready to cry at the many and uncalled for perplexities that had come into the steering business since their last trip, the pilots resorted to profanity as a relief to their own and the passengers' feelings and to the delight of that gentleman who is never far away when people go wrong. Finally one of the men at the helm roared, in a rage, that he was blessed

if he didn't hope the blinkety-blanked old ark would stay right there, in the vanishing river, and never get out. He was only a fresh-water sailor, and had never heard of the Flying Dutchman. His wish was granted. The bend was filled up so long ago that none but the oldest men recollect when it was navigable for row-boats; yet every now and again tug captains and scow hands report a strange light in that dark and winding channel—a light as of fox-fire or phosphorus; and when the weather is not too thick, and the witnesses not too sober, they add to this tale a garnish of pale form, a phantom steamer, in short, with bell ringing funereally, engines faintly puffing, and voices using nearly forgotten "cuss-words" in plaintive tones as the form bumps and staggers this way and that, ever seeking a channel that moved away for miles in a night.

FIRE-GOD OF NEOSHO

THE pretty village of Neosho, in the Ozark Hills of Missouri, perpetuates the name of the Neosho Indians who once lived thereabout. At every new moon they assembled, with ceremony and secrecy, to worship the fire-spirit near a spring which is not far from the present village. What this spirit was, and how they worshipped it, were matters they kept to themselves, as they thought, but an inquisitive white hunter, who had taken up his abode in the Ozarks and lived on good terms with the people, would not be kept in ignorance. For he followed, secretly, and was startled and impressed when at midnight the procession paused in a blasted glen lighted by a tall flame that gushed, roaring, from a cavity in the earth. He lay hid in the shadows while the Indians danced and chanted about their fire-manitou, and cried and abased themselves on the earth. Then, with solemn ceremonies, they despoiled themselves of beads and weapons, which they cast into the crater; for it is the primitive idea, in all lands, that a god is a being who requires from every

creature gifts and sacrifices; if not of life or health, of liberty or pleasure, at least of food, clothing, defences, and ornaments, albeit these are of no use to the deity. The watching hunter had no superstitions. He waited long after the Indians had gone home, that he might investigate; and having contrived to pick up an appetite overnight, he made this Loki of the wilderness cook a venison steak for him. For he saw that this flame was due to natural causes, and he reported, afterward, the discovery of air that would burn. Natural gas was not known as such in those days, but it was natural gas that the Indians had been worshipping. A lightning stroke, or a meteor, had probably set it afire. It burned out in Neosho after the red men began to civilize themselves and scatter abroad, but traces of flame may still be seen on the rocks.

THE ARROW OF HUMAN BONE

THE Ozarks of Missouri are lonely hills, rich in metals and ornamental stone, yet little visited by white men of our day. They were the home of the Osages, until their chief defied the fates, for it had been foretold by one of their ancient medicine-men that they were to enjoy the freedom of these heights until the day when the Great Spirit should shoot an arrow of human bone through the heart of their greatest chief. Years rolled on to decades, and decades grew to centuries. The saying had been almost forgotten, when a chief came to his growth among them, strong, tall, untiring in the hunt, invincible in fight, wise in council, but unbridled in his passions. When this man arose to power among them the old men and old wives, whose memories were the libraries of their people, recalled the prophecy and feared. The brother of the chief had taken a wife of such beauty that she was famed through all the country round. Looking on her the chief resolved that she should be his. He found her an easy recreant from duty, for she admired his strength

and was flattered by his compliments. They met before dawn, in a thicket near a stream, and there the brother and husband found them. He knew what he was to find, and had prayed to the Great Spirit to avenge the wrong he suffered. In the morning a fisherman, going to examine his nets, passed through the thicket and almost stumbled on the bodies of the faithless wife and the chief. An arrow made of human bone had gone through both their hearts. At a little distance lay the wronged brother, dead; in his hand a stone knife unsmeared by blood. On the very next day came white hunters, and more followed, presently. Little by little the red men gave ground before the advancing strangers until they reached the present Indian Territory, where, for a few years, they were let alone.

ASHES OF THE UNFORTUNATE

AMONG the Mound Builders who lived in Arkansas and thereabouts were few weaklings. They were a large, strong, handsome race, and the reason for their bravery and robustitude was their intolerance of deformity.

Their crippled, their misshapen, their blind, perhaps also their criminal and idiotic, were doomed. Once in every five years the unfortunate of the tribe were assembled for a journey they well knew was to be their last. Yet, as all men were against them, escape was of little use. Among the civilized it is well known that some of the brightest and most useful men have been sickly, dwarfed, or malformed; but among a people not quite civilized—a people who encourage prize-fights, bull-fights, bird millinery, tight lacing, and war—there is but one standard of excellence: the physical.

In Stone County, Arkansas, a deep gulch cuts into the northern side of the Sherman Range, between Sycamore and Big Flat. It is filled with a jungle of vegetation, the grass growing shoulder-high, and loops of wild grape dangling from above, so that the way is hard; and not once a year is it attempted, except by hunters. Long ago a road pierced this sloping valley. It led from the settlements, near the foot, to a cave whose door was as narrow and dark as the lives of those who must enter it. For in the fifth year, when their chiefs and priests had

assembled those who were declared unfit to become fathers and mothers, those unhappy ones abandoned hope at that portal. Under guide of the priests they climbed the long slope, —feeling their way, limping, groping, wheezing, —and at sunset those who could see took a last look at the beautiful world they were about to leave. In the cave were fires that the priests kept constantly alive. One by one the fated ones were led into that cave. They never returned. The ash on the cave floor, in which the visitor sinks to his ankles, is human dust.

TWINKLE OF A MOOSE'S EYE

LIKE the Aztecs, the Mound Builders had become debased by a religion that demanded human sacrifice. The shedding of the blood of women and children and of their best and strongest youth had made them indifferent to suffering, therefore cruel, yet not warlike. Once they had practised peaceful arts, for they were not originally so degraded a people; but the daily slaughter of their most beautiful and most able, though never of their crafty ones,

had demeaned the bodies of the race, lowered its courage and endurance, and made it a ready and degenerate victim of aggression. Won to the valley still known as the Miami by reports of plenty, came the Shawnee and Miami, clans of pride and strength. The Mound Builders had warning enough, but their spirit was gone. As well stay and die at the hands of an enemy as be stabbed and trussed and roasted by the priest. It was fate. Their god demanded blood. From those who would not help themselves he demanded everything. And that was the sign he gave to the destroying host when it arrived at the edge of a wood overlooking one of the largest cities of the Mound Builders; for as a Shawnee medicine-man shot a magic arrow into a cloud at twilight it gathered a ball of blue fire about its point that lighted the scene like a meteor. "It is the mark of heaven's wrath," he said, as the fire slanted downward over the roofs in the valley. "We are to do the work of the Great Spirit in putting off from the face of the earth a tribe that has grown too vile and weak to live."

At the rise of the sun the horde fell upon the

town; charged up its great hills of burial and defence; swarmed over the stockades; overtook the slow carts, with wheels of log-sections, drawn by buffalo, and destroyed them; fired the houses, and desolated the temple. Men, women, and children fell in the slaughter. Warm blood ran down the streets in rills; the smashing sound of stone axes and the cries and moans of those about to die resounded everywhere. It was war reduced to its lowest terms. One Shawnee was sated with it at last, and when a pretty maid was dragged from her house, that she might be butchered in the sight of the captors, he bade his fellows hold their hands. Pallenund was a chief, and they obeyed. As the men carried the girl to a tree, where she might be tied captive till the massacre was ended, a calf moose ran from the house, its eyes wild with astonishment and fear, and rubbed itself caressingly against the girl, as asking her protection. One of the Shawnees stumbled against it and knocked it down with his clenched fist. The girl gave a little cry. The animal struggled to its feet and limped away to the river.

All day the carnage lasted, and it stopped

when there were no more to kill. At nightfall a rain, that had been increasing for hours, had become a storm. It was told, for centuries after, that all through the night the murdered Mound Builders walked through their desolated city and with stiff, cold fingers clutched at those who had killed them; that the very scalps, hanging from the belts of the conquerors, stirred and writhed like living creatures. In one glare of lightning the wounded moose was seen on a knoll, looking down with surprised and gentle eyes. The Shawnee prophet spoke again: "The Great Spirit is angry. He has given the brutes to us for food, and has taken away their voices, so that they cannot pray or cry when we kill them. But he does not wish us to be cruel to them—to treat them as we treat enemies and men who are evil. Bring the girl here, and let her call the moose."

The girl, Opimya, was released from her bonds; and she called, again and again, for her pet and companion. After a time Pallenund pointed to a couple of ruddy circles approaching across the river. "It is the twinkle of the moose's eye," he explained; then, leaping

into the water, he dragged the animal back to shore. The girl caressed it, weeping with gladness, for of all living things she had known and loved, this alone was left to her. The thunders stopped, and peace fell among the ruins. "It is a sign," cried Pallenund. "The moose shall be sacred to us henceforth, and the name of this river shall be Moos-kin-gum." The meaning of that word is "twinkle of a moose's eye." When Chief Pallenund wedded Opimya on its bank the Muskingum sparkled with eyes of light in the low sun; and the pet moose stood beside the couple, fearless of harm from any hand.

SPELL TREE OF THE MUSKINGUM

NOT a hundred miles from Marietta, Ohio, the pretty Muskingum River, bending around Tick Hill, skirts also a half-moon of fertile lowland known as Federal Bottom, which is the home of sundry farmers and patriots. They call it Tick Hill because everybody who tried to farm it had to live on tick—its soil is so thin. What made it famous for miles around

was its Crooked Tree—so dreadfully crooked that nobody who looked at it for five minutes could see straight again for the next ten minutes. Not so crooked as the tree, but as well known, was Daddy Childs, who was said to have been in Federal Bottom forever. He was a shaggy old fellow, half clad, whose long white hair and beard made him look like a wizard, and who insisted on living, though he never was seen to work. Some of the yokels declared that there were blue lights in his cabin-window at night. One fellow had it that a severed head made of flame had arisen out of his chimney and glared at him, while drops of fire rained from its neck. Other recorders told of meeting Daddy rushing over the winter hills on a bob-sled pulled by galloping oxen with blazing eyes. Still, as he had never been known to harm anybody, he was let alone.

The Civil War was drawing to a close. Federal Bottom had acquired one veteran with a game leg and a fund of anecdote. The surrounding country had also acquired an awe of Jim Crow, a half-crazed guerilla, real name unknown, who had a hatred of the North and a

love of horse-flesh. All his levies, when he pounced upon a farm with his tatterdemalions, were in live-stock. Everything that had four legs and could go was whipped into his herd and driven off to the Confederate camps, and in the regions where he was most regretfully known it was thought best to allow him to do as he pleased. His tall, gaunt, steely frame, his fierce eye, and his beltful of weapons inspired respect.

For all this, the people of Federal Bottom felt safe, because they realized—sometimes with regret—how inconspicuous they were. They paid little attention to Daddy Childs when he stumped through the Bottom one afternoon, waving a staff and crying to every one he met or saw in the fields, "Beware Jim Crow and his rebel rout." They were used to his outbreaks. Daddy was more excited than usual, that was all. He crossed the Muskingum, swimming, according to one narrator; sliding over on an oil-film, according to another; passing hand over hand on the ferry-rope, according to a fisherman, and presently appeared under Crooked Tree, where he stood bawling "Jim Crow!" and making eager gestures. The hay-

makers kept on with their work, the housewives thumped their churns, the children romped and called in the orchards, and people said, with a sniff, "Old Daddy Childs is gettin' these yere spells oftener'n he used ter."

But what was the matter down the creek? Smoke was rising over Daddy's cabin. A dust-cloud was rolling up the road. Cheeks grew pale. Jim Crow had surely come at last. There was a hasty gathering for defence; the old soldier assumed command; the men dropped, with their scythes, squirrel-guns, and flint-lock pistols, into ditches and hollows beside the road; but as the trampling of hoofs came nearer, the army, with one accord, retired toward the river and crossed it in boats to Tick Hill, where it threw up intrenchments that were the wonder of the county for depth and strength, considering how little time the army had to make them. From this strategic point it saw the guerillas pass. There were few of them. Jim Crow, at the head of his troop, was as terrible, all by himself, as an army with banners. The home-guard fired one volley, at long range, then ducked into its fortifications. Amazing!

Their guns scattered shot in every corner of the township, except the bit of road along which Jim Crow was driving the farmers' horses. More amazing was the report of one defender, who kept his head out and did not wear spectacles, to the effect that the stolen plugs were going along with frog-like jumps; that horns had sprouted on some of them; that sulphur smoke came from their nostrils; that a few rolled over and over, instead of trotting, and that some flung somersaults, as long as they were in sight. Equally disquieting was the agitation of all the horses in the Bottom; for no sooner were heard the neighing, trumpeting, and clatter of the cavalcade than with one accord they gnawed their halters asunder, backed out of their stalls, kicked the stable-doors to splinters, rushed forth, joined the robber troop, and their owners saw them no more.

Now, whether Jim Crow were the Devil, or a devil, or had merely the power of a Pied Piper in drawing horses to him, is a question still discussed along the Ohio and Kentucky border; but there are sneering persons, jealous, no doubt, of the honors paid to the yeoman band that so

stoutly defended the homes and acres of the Bottom from the foe, who affect to believe that the whole incident amounted to no more than this: that a rogue of a horse-dealer went through the place, hoping to cheat some farmer into buying one of his sheep-necked, wind-galled, lop-eared jades, and, finding the settlement deserted, had assembled the unclaimed live-stock and sold it, for a price, in Cincinnati. These doubters maintain that the army of Federal Bottom saw things as it did because it got an awful twist in its eyes through looking at Crooked Tree while Daddy Childs was "orating" there. The gallant defence of the Bottom is still recounted at the cross-roads grocery, but it is not included in the official records of the war.

MARQUETTE'S MAN-EATER

A TALE connected with a picture on a rock beside the Mississippi, was long preserved by the Illinois, who were known by the early settlers to hold a seeming grudge against it; for whenever they paddled down the river, instead of making oblation to it, as savages

commonly do before any object that has been invested with superstitious meaning, they drew in their paddles, fitted arrows to their bows and shot a volley at the winged creature of Piasa or Piasau Rock. Back so far in time that the oldest in the tribe could remember only that the tale had been told to them as one of the most venerable of their memorized antiquities, the country of the Illinois was ravaged by a horrible monster that preyed upon their game, until that became too scarce for food, and it then fell upon the people. Though many attacks were made upon it, its aspect created such panic that those few warriors who stood against it were unsteady in their aim and therefore inflicted small hurts through its tough hide. They got little comfort of the honors paid to their well-picked bones.

Wassatogo, who, his people said, was bravest, fasted for several days that his ear might be clear for the message of the spirits; and they told him that the only way to rid the world of the monster was to offer himself as a sacrifice. He bade farewell to his people, yet, as became a brave man, he resolved to die in fight. Donning his war-dress and taking all his weapons, he

climbed Piasa Rock and waited for this Mississippi minotaur. It came, its wings clashing in thunder, fire flaming from its throat, its long tail lashing like a tree whipping in a cyclone. With growl and hiss and roar it clambered up the rock and caught Wassatogo in its talons. The Indian sank his axe deep in the creature's skull; a hundred arrows flashed from the thickets and pierced its side. It lumbered over the cliff, dead. Wassatogo was little hurt. His people were loud in their acclaim, and, after holding a feast, they painted this figure on the rock to commemorate his heroism.

THE FISH-MAN

IN Wisconsin is a chain of bright waters known as the Four Lakes. Two Winnebagos who were hunting a coon followed him to Maple Bluff, on Fourth Lake, where he disappeared in a hollow tree. Feeling in the hollow of the trunk, they discovered, not the coon, but a live catfish. Suspecting that the fish was other than he appeared to be, one of the Indians refused to harm it, and was for throwing it into

its element; but his comrade, in the torment of long hunger, killed the creature and broiled and ate it. No sooner had the last morsel been swallowed than he felt such a thirst as never before had come to him in his life. He bent over a spring and drank it dry, without rising; then he walked on to a brook, and drank at that until it ceased to flow; finally, he waded into Fourth Lake, hoping to slake his thirst there, at all events. As soon as he entered the water to the waist his torment ceased, but on every attempt to go ashore it returned upon him, worse than ever. It was the spirit of the lake that he had eaten, and it turned him into a fish-man. The places and the people he had known now knew him no more. There he inhabits to this hour, in the shining waters. It is not merely the red men who fear to go to the shore when they hear the fish-man beating his water-drum at night; the whites who settled Maple Grove are equally in awe of him.

THE TREES OF SONG

NEAR Lake Naghibic, at the head of Wisconsin River, is a glen where good spirits would gather, in the old days before people had thought of doubting them off from the earth, and would light their eyes in the sparkle of a spring and gladden their ears in the singing of its waters. They cast their spell of healing on it; and the red men went there when they were tired or fevered or had been hurt, and, drinking of its sweet coldness, took a fresh hold on life. Should he have the fortune to meet a spirit who would offer to him the cup, the seeker for health would return to his youth at the first draught.

For the story of the spring is this: Here lived the Chippewa girl, Wild Rose, who, falling in love with a Menomenee brave captured in battle by her father, begged earnestly for his liberty. It was refused. On the day set for his death she arose, stole past the sleeping guards, cut his bonds, led him to the lake, and bade him escape in one of the canoes that rocked as lightly in the breeze of early dawn as the water lilies in the coves. He besought her to fly with him, to

gladden his life, to become one of his people, to see no more of war and cruelty, but be loved forever after and at peace. She confessed her love for him, yet would not be persuaded. He had her heart, but her life belonged to her father. When he paddled away toward the growing brightness it was with eyes turned backward and fixed on her with longing. She, too, watched him, crowned by the morning star, till he faded in the mists, and as the boat left the shore she began a low and mournful chant. She was still singing, rocking to and fro, when her people, having awakened and discovered the loss of their prisoner, rushed to the lake and found her there.

The father's fury was so great that he was fain to kill her, and he dealt many blows on her shoulders, which she bore in patient silence. Her relatives wished to punish her by forcing her to marry a youngster of their tribe whose attentions had been particularly distasteful to her, but here she showed unwonted stubbornness. They might beat her, they might kill her, but marry she would not, and that ended it. So, after a time, they ceased their chidings and

persecutions, and Wild Rose was as she had been, save that she was more silent. Every night she went to the lake, and, sitting beneath an oak, near the place where the canoe had been tied, she sang till late, alone, looking at the stars. Now and again she would stop and wait, as if for a step and a whispered voice. But they never were heard. The only listener was her father, and he went near but seldom, departing with bowed head.

As the months wore on the singing was lower and lower, more and more sad, and in a while it was not heard there any more—from lips. But above the grave of Wild Rose spread the oak, and it had learned the song. At night, when the stars shone, it crooned softly to itself the notes of grief. The firs took it up; the spirits of the lake echoed it; and so the lament of a broken heart went on and on, till the oak-tree fell. The people, even the men, would steal from the camp at night to listen, sitting or standing the while in shadow; for they dared not appear, lest the tree, hearing or seeing them, should fall silent and hold its limbs, commanding stillness even in the firs till they had gone.

For such is the way of trees, as every woodman who has waited and hoped on the mountains knows.

Where they buried Wild Rose the spring of life burst forth; for the spring of life is love, and her own love and life had gone into it.

THE BONE KNIVES

EARLY in the seventeenth century there was division between the Chippewas and Menominees, who had been one people. Some of the latter tribe dammed the river Wesacota, in the present State of Wisconsin, in order to prevent the sturgeon from ascending. It was to thoughtlessness and indifference that this action must be ascribed, for they wanted all the fish themselves. They had not considered their brothers, the Chippewas, whose villages lined the stream above them. So soon as the upper villages were threatened with famine through failure of the sturgeon to appear, as they had done from immemorial time, the Chippewas sent to protest against what they regarded as criminal selfishness. The messenger, a nephew of

the Menominee chief, was a fair-spoken fellow, a mere lad in years, and he made a temperate statement of the case, urging his relative to be more generous and considerate; but the indifference of his uncle, and the seeming reluctance of the people to destroy the dam which they had built with such unwonted labor, angered him, presently, and he used terms not proper in diplomacy. These in turn roused the ire of the Menominees, and in the end, forgetting the sanctity of his office, they seized him and thrust a sharpened deer-bone beneath his scalp, the chief saying: "That is all I can do for you."

Without a word of protest, without a wince or cry, the lad turned away and went along the river-trail to the lodges of his people. Having gathered all about him who were within sound of his voice, he uncovered his head, showing his scalp pierced, bloody, and inflamed, with the bone projecting from it, and cried: "See how they have answered us." There was a howl of rage and indignation, and men plucked knives and axes from their belts. "We must take the war-path to-morrow and repay this insult," declared the messenger. There was no voice of

dissent. In the morning the fighters and hunters danced and painted their faces, and, having roused their spirits to the letting of blood, they followed the young man down the river to the settlements of the Menominees. Finding the latter people unprepared, their victory was easy; but they slew only such of their relatives as offered resistance. The Menominee chief was among the first of the prisoners to be taken. He was led before the nephew he had so ill used. The young man looked at him long and sternly. "Since you are so fond of this fish," said he, "you shall keep one of them till you are dead." And plucking a long, sharp bone of a sturgeon from a kettle he forced it into the chief's throat, pressing it deep beneath the skin. Then he dismissed him, and the Chippewas set to work to destroy the dam. For a few days they fed freely on sturgeon, but in those few days the Menominees had rallied and reinforced themselves, and a long war followed, in which both sides lost heavily. But the dam was never built again.

THE SMITTEN ROCK AND THE WATERS

WHEN fighting occurred on Leech Lake, Minnesota, between the United States troops and the family of Chippewas known as Pillager Indians, the legend of that body of water came to light. Far back, when the only persons in the world, except the beast-people, were a squaw and her daughter, a wicked spirit stole the girl and carried her to a stone wigwam standing in a plain. It was a rock hollowed by a large chamber and furnished with many appliances for comfort; and there she lived in idleness, until the coming of a good spirit. This spirit made his visit while the owner of the house was absent, and introduced himself by telling the girl that he had come from the god Hiawatha. He left a black stone in her hands, and disappeared. This stone she was to fashion into a spear and strike the rock house with it, at a certain place which he showed to her. The spear was made before her captor returned from hunting, so, climbing up the outside of the wigwam, she smote the rock, and water gushed

forth. It poured at first into a rill from the spot her spear had touched; the rill enlarged to a brook, and soon it was a river. The hollow plain flooded so fast that she had to climb actively to the summit of the stone house to escape drowning, and when she reached that point the rising stopped. The waters never went down again. Whenever the wind is high on Leech Lake—for so it was named in 1800 by Zebulon Pike, who saw a leech in it—the sound of moaning is borne through the air. It is the voice of the evil spirit who was overtaken and imprisoned by the flood and has never escaped. The girl was rescued by a canoe that guided itself to her from the shore or was propelled by invisible hands. Her wigwam is now Bear Island, and it is blessed to live upon; yet the presence of the evil one, impotent though he is, kept the red men away from Leech Lake for centuries.

THE PIPE-STONE QUARRIES

TO the Indian his pipe is more than an article of comfort. It has a ceremonial value and a sanctity. It is smoked in council to promote meditation and allay fever in debate; it is passed from mouth to mouth when peace is to be ratified. Hence he carves his pipe with care, and prizes it above all other possessions except his arms. Especially does he value the pipe-bowls carved from catlinite, the hard, red clay from the reservation of the Coteau des Prairies in Minnesota, and because this pipe-stone is found there the region is free to men of all tribes. They can help themselves to the material, for it is a gift of the Great Spirit, and in order to reach it they may pass through the villages of an enemy unmolested.

One of the creation myths of the Sioux pertains to this place. The Great Spirit made the first man, Wakinyan, a Dakota, from a star; and after the floor of the sky had been split by lightning this father of the race descended on the clouds to the shore of a lake close by. As he had no weapons his maker hardened the rain-

bow for his use, fitted it with arrows from the lightning, and bade him kill animals for food. For many a year he roamed the prairies, slaying elk and deer and wolves; but he was filled with an uneasiness, for which he sought a cause in vain until he observed that other creatures lived in pairs and seemed happiest when with their mates. He brooded on his solitary state; he ceased to destroy the brutes, and looked on them with envy; the animals even taunted him, and one monster, Witoonti, who was half lizard and half pike, would look in at his lodge-door and dare him to shoot. Wakinyan paid no heed to him, but prayed all day long for a companion. The Great Spirit heard the prayer. He made a woman out of sunbeams, and she came to the earth on an eagle's back, dropping softly into the lake near the lodge of her husband, and so blessing the water that all who bathed in it thereafter might be young forever. So Wakinyan and his wife Cotanka (the Flute) lived cheerfully together and had good children, while Witoonti and his turtle wife begat the Omahas, who were evil. The vicious Witoonti laid many wiles for the capture of Cotanka, but to no

avail until, in the guise of an elk, he lured Wakinyan far into the northern wilderness; then, turning into a swan, he soared into the air, eluding his fire-arrows, and returned. It was the habit of Cotanka to bathe every day in the Winnewissa; and the wicked one and his wicked wife hid among the rocks until the woman was leaving the water, when they sprang upon her and sucked the blood from her throat. Some of it, spouting from the wound, stained the rocks about the river and dappled the pipe-stone itself. Hearing of this murder, the children of the first parents gathered from all parts of the land, determined to take the lives of the destroyers, but the Great Spirit avenged them; for he dried the waters where Witoonti and the turtle were hiding, so that the sinful beings withered and were like to perish. When they left their concealment, to search for water elsewhere, Wakinyan saw and overtook them and sent his arrows through their bodies.

Another tale repeated by the Indians is that the red of the pipe-stone is a stain of blood from a girl who was taken prisoner here after a battle between the Winnebagos and the Sioux. Her

captor, unable to force her consent to be his wife, killed her at the stake, and her blood painted the whole ridge.

A third tradition is that of a battle which was fought here for days so steadily that but two opposing chiefs were left. They succeeded, at last, in braining one another; but the race was saved by three Indian girls who hid under the great bowlders until the battle was at an end. As perpetuators of the red people "the three maidens" are worshipped by the Indians who visit the quarries.

At Winnewissa Falls is the column of stone, thirty feet high, known, because of a rude profile, as Manitou Face, and also as Leaping Rock. It is separated from the cliff by nearly fifteen feet of space. A Sioux who had a handsome daughter promised her to the man who should be brave and strong enough to leap from the cliff to the stone and back again. An agile fellow won her, but not till many others had misjudged the distance or lost their footing and had fallen thirty feet to death on the jagged rocks below.

THE AMERICAN FLAG AT MUD ISLAND

AT Ecorces, on the Detroit, in a slow, sleepy district between the American and Canadian sides, is Mud Island. It is not much of an island. It was formerly a little bar, visible at low water, and silt and town waste had piled up earth enough against it to build on. The United States government wanted it, perhaps to bury, in case it became a nuisance to navigators, but governments move with such majestic slowness that the authorities had not learned about Mud Island officially—personally they knew all about it—when a spry Canuck rowed over, staked a claim, and began the erection of a tannery. This awoke our government, and the red-tape mills began to work. After sundry reports, hearings, references, inquiries, inspections, and surveys, the case was carried into the courts, and there it dragged on and on, in the usual spirit-destroying fashion, till a whisper got around that if a jury got a fair grip on the case it would prove an alibi against the United States and give the island to the tanner.

Whether the tanner had been saucy to the United States, whether his heart was so nearly broken by the lawyers that it could not endure another tug, or what was the reason for the aggressive campaign that followed, the gossips have forgotten; but they remember that on a summer morning an asthmatic tow-boat came up the river, dragging a schooner, and rousing every sleepy head in Ecorces; for it looked as if she were really about to make a landing. A staunch, well-appearing craft she was, with a bright wooden image at the bow and the American flag flapping at her peak. Not a soul was seen on board. As the tug neared Mud Island it suddenly swerved, and the schooner, driving straight ahead, drove her nose deep into the bank. The American flag flew over Mud Island. It had not been planted there by force or invasion, but by—hm!—accident. Who would dare to take it down? The contestant for the seemingly worthless bit of real estate abandoned his suit, confessed that the flat was a bar to navigation, and allowed the United States to keep on owning it and not using it. The once spick-and-span schooner long ago succumbed to

the frost, rain, wind, spring freshets, and winter ice. She is a ruin, and tales are told of goblins that occupy her cabin and frighten boys away. Quite possibly these goblins are fishermen or tramps.

THE PRIDE OF MOTHER KWAY

ON the sand-dunes of Lake Superior lived old Mother Kway. They called her Mother only as they call so many old women by that endearing name, for she was not in the least bit kind, and did not treat even her daughter decently. Indeed, the people generally believed her to be a witch. This daughter of hers was pale—save for a flushed cheek—and pretty, and her hair was the wonder of all the country; for it was not coarse and black, like the locks of other Indians, but fine and golden, as if spun from sunbeams. Poor Sun Locks had rather a sorry time of it. Her mother would not listen to offers from the young braves for the girl's hand, and kept her out of sight as much as possible, often compelling her to lie concealed through the long day in a canoe or

box that swung on the lake's surface a few yards from shore and was kept from drifting away by a rope that was attached to a tree. One young warrior in particular had been most urgent in his suit; but Mother Kway had answered him, " You! My pretty girl marry such a common fellow? Never! She shall marry a chief."

A great gale swept the country, bending trees till they cracked with the strain, and thrashing the lake into hilly waves, tipped and ringed with froth. Mother Kway hurried to the shore to draw in the boat. Her heart was cold with fear and bitter with remorse. And well it might be; for the rope had broken, and the mere speck, receding toward the horizon, was the canoe; and Sun Locks, if she were still alive, was inside of it. With a despairing cry the old woman sank upon the ground, her witchcraft all forgotten, only her regret and love remaining. Thenceforth not a day passed, hardly a waking hour, without a prayer from her to the Master of Life, entreating that her daughter, her comfort, her pride, might be restored to her.

The Great Spirit listened; and, seeing how

deep was her love, he granted her petition, at last. So Sun Locks came riding to the land again in the same boat that had taken her away. But Mother Kway could not keep back the tears, when the transports of her joy had passed, for it was two years since she had seen her daughter, and in that time what a change! All the grace of youth had left her, all the spring of her step was gone; the flush of her cheek had faded; her delicate pallor was no longer blossom-like, but bilious and mature; her mouth was set with hard experience, her eye lacked light, her brows had fallen lower; worst of all, the glorious hair had become lustreless and thready, so that the sun-rays were tangled in it no longer. The girl's story was soon told: The gale had swept her to the Canadian side of the lake and had tossed her canoe almost against the lodge of a crusty hermit. Cold, wet, and hungry she begged the shelter of his tepee until she should be strong enough to attempt the journey home. He gave her shelter readily enough, for he admired her beauty; but after a time he forced her to marry him.

With the drudgery she had been compelled to

do in his service, with disgust at his caresses, with disappointment, homesickness, illness, frequent hunger, and neglect, she had lost not merely her beauty, but her gaiety and spirit. The water-gods sorrowed for her, and when the Master of Life gave the word they gladly aided in her escape and drew the canoe back to the sand-hills. The question that now vexed the old mother was, Would it now be possible to find a husband for her daughter, or would Sun Locks pass into a neglected age, with none to supply her with choice meat and fish, to replenish her skins and furs, to protect her in time of war? A day or so later the young fellow who had so earnestly tried to pay his court appeared on the shore. Mother Kway went to him with a labored smile. "I used to speak harshly to you, when you asked for Sun Locks. You must remember that she was young, and I loved her too much to give her up. Now she has reached a marriageable age, so——"

The young man interrupted: "I? I marry her? Is she a princess?" And he went proudly on his way. He had seen the girl. It is the fashion of the world.

WILLOW BRANCH SAVES HER LOVER

FEARING a hard winter, and having suffered much from the attacks of the man-eating Geebis, who were half human and half devils, the people of Mackinac rolled up their wigwams and departed for the mainland, leaving Akiwasie there—to live if he could, or die if he could not, for he was not merely old, but blind. His granddaughter, Willow Branch, was left with him, for she was slight and weak, and seemed destined to an early death. All the boats had gone, and no visitor might come before spring. But visitors did come—the Geebis, bringing captives, and occupied the cave called Devils' Kitchen. Fortunately, the old man and the girl were not seen, for they were worn with hunger, and durst not even go down to the lake to drink, nor even to the Devil's Pond, close by, where the evil manitou had imprisoned a handsome squaw till such time as the pond should be filled with stones, a rock or pebble being thrown in by those who passed, as acknowledgment of a sin. The pond has since been filled, and the squaw has been restored to her husband. Shut

off on the one hand by the Geebis and on the other by the evil manitou, the old man and the girl suffered greatly, and in her fevered dreams Willow Branch often murmured, now asking for water, anon speaking the name of Kewenaw, her lover, who was far away at the fishing-ground at the time when the tribe had resolved to move. During one of their uneasy hours of half sleep the two were awakened by rude music and loud yells. "What do you see?" asked the old man.

The girl crept to the brink of the ledge on which they had placed their beds. Her tongue was thick with thirst. "It is the Geebis," she said, speaking faintly. "They are about to torture their prisoners. The fires are blazing. They are binding the captives. One of them—oh, grandfather, they have caught Kewenaw! He will die! Look up, Kewenaw! It is I, who love you."

Now, Willow Branch was the descendant of some wise people who could bring water from the earth. She did not know that she had this power, but it came upon her then. Straightening her wasted form, she levelled her finger at the demons, crying, "Death to you all! Let

water flow!" And as if the gates had been unlocked, a flood burst from the rocks; it poured into Devils' Kitchen; it swept the demons into the lake, where they were drowned, and on a great rebounding column Kewenaw was flung at her feet, unharmed. When the tribe returned it found three happy people where it had expected to find two skeletons.

HOW NISHISHIN BECAME A MEDICINE-MAN

IN Mackinac there are several noted caverns and grottos,—the Cave of Skulls, for instance, where the bones of the bravest were deposited, and where the peace-loving old fellow whose parents had misnamed him Thunder Bird used to go to clear his ear, when he wanted a message from Manibozho. He found silver there, and from a mixture of silver and red clay constructed a peace-pipe of such potency that even the women of his tribe refrained from disagreeing with one another when it was smoked.

Then, there was another cave which, instead of bones, intombed for some weeks an Indian maid, whose lover turned the place to wise

account. The girl's father was a cantankerous reprobate who was opposed on principle to everything that everybody wanted to do or found pleasure in doing, and he naturally repelled young Nishishin when he came spooning around his premises and asked the girl to go to the dance that evening. The youngster was not dismayed. He ran away with the virgin at the first chance, and she disappeared. Nishishin was around next day, looking so innocent and cool that butter, if it had been invented, would hardly have melted in his mouth, and after four or five days it was agreed among the people that the missing girl must have fallen into the lake and drowned, or tumbled from some rock; in which belief the reprobate became more obstreperous than ever, and wanted to put the leading men to death for not seeing the calamity and preventing it. Nishishin may have uttered a few crocodile tears in public, but he chuckled to himself when there was a lack of company; and every night he arose from his couch, stole to the lake with a bundle containing food, dived into the water, and did not emerge again for three or four hours.

At last the cantankerous one had become so unendurable that the tribe made him bite his tongue and hold his peace of his own will or they would subdue him, with clubs, to an everlasting peace. On these terms he consented to be quiet. Now came the time for Nishishin to pat his breast and call himself "big Injun." He would do what no other man in Mackinac could do. He would visit the spirits under the water, get them to restore life to the girl in their keeping, and would bring her back, not a bit the worse for drowning. The whole company assembled at the shore to see him off. He waved his hand in farewell, made a few fine remarks about himself, and leaped into the lake. The people held their breaths till they grew purple, then let out the imprisoned air in sighs. Nishishin was done for. Five minutes passed—ten—fifteen. Oh, he was very dead! But what was this coming up through the water? A man, and a woman in his arms! They arose to the surface, and behold, they were Nishishin and his bride; he as ruddy and as well as ever; she somewhat pale, yet plump and happy. And the two were married and were almost worshipped,

they were so unusual. The husband became the leading medicine-man of the district. In their tepee the couple used often to snicker and whisper over the trick by which they had come to such esteem. All there is to it was this: Nishishin, while swimming, found, about six feet under water, the entrance to a roomy cave. He hid the inamorata in it, for she was a swimmer, too, and supplied her with food, fuel, and furs. It was a tedious wait, in the twilight, but they were together often, and the brilliant success in the end was worth a little hardship.

THE FACE ON THE PANES

WHEN the rough, stout fur-trader, Donald Henderson, settled in Mackinac few other white people were thereabout. He had calculated on making a fortune early and going back across the sea, for he wanted, above all things, to give the advantages of schools and society to his daughter. It was not to be so. Miss Margaret, in the lack of other company, had much of Agemaw's, and that youngster—a full-blooded Chippewa—had so many tales to

tell of his home that she lived in a half-fearful, half-romantic dream. There was a dance of the dead that had been seen on the lake; there was the hunt of the blue spirits, brandishing lightning in their hands, on the night of a chief's conversion from the faith of his fathers; there was the blue woman whose body was found in a niche near Giant's Stairway—the Eve of the Indian race; there was the great cave under Red Clay Hill, where the first people had been buried, and which was walled and ceiled with amethyst, glittering wondrously in the light of torches. And there was wood and plant lore that was new to the white girl. Agemaw's keen eye saw where the Indian pipe was coming up, and made her breathe on the ground above it. Next day he led her to the spot to show how her breath had charmed the plants out of the earth. He carried flowers to her; he found the coldest, clearest springs, where she might drink; he took her on short trips in his canoe; he opened a new world to the maid.

The only white men about the place were a rough, tippling, swearing lot, bent on overreaching the Indians; there was little about

them to attract the regard of a young woman, and that Margaret fell in love with Agemaw, as he had done with her, is nothing wonderful. Her father had not noticed the goings-on. In fact, as the Indian was employed about the trading-post, his daily presence was a matter of course; and when it had been found that he was trusty, he was allowed to serve as a guard for the girl on her short rambles. The young people's hopes and dreams were not of long duration. So soon as his suspicion had been aroused against this candidate for the honors of son-in-law, Henderson forbade him the house and turned the key whenever he went out. That mattered little, as he discovered one night when returning from a carouse with a neighbor, for as the moon flashed out from behind a cloud it showed Agemaw lifting Margaret from a window. The two were going to elope. With a yell and an oath that brought half a dozen to his help, he pounced on the dusky lover, bound him, flung him into the lake, and left him there to drown.

And from that hour he had little joy in life; for he was compelled to see his daughter pine

away, become silent and strange, shrink from him in distress whenever he appeared, and show only fear when he tried, in his uncouth way, to be tender. She would sit at the window for hour after hour, watching. For Agemaw? She knew he was dead. For his ghost? The thought gave Henderson a shiver. He never saw the Indian's spirit; but when Margaret died, as she did some months after the lad's murder, her spectre could be seen looking through the window. It was said that the still, waiting face had somehow been photographed on the panes, and that the pictured glass is preserved in a Detroit household to this day. At all events, the face was there, so full of longing and reproach that Henderson quit the place. He tried to amend for his act by kindness in his last years, and even came to look on Indians as men.

THE BEAR AND THE BUCK

IN the wood north of St. Ignace, upper Michigan, an old Indian sat alone, brooding over his fire. His face, framed in white hair, was grave and calm. He had but one hand. The

winter snow was sifting against his lodge, and the trees creaked dolefully. His meditations were broken by rapid steps outside, the door was opened, and a woman of his own age entered and nearly fell on her knees. It was her last output of strength that had brought her to his retreat. She cast her arms about his neck, smiled faintly as she heard his cry of joy and felt his embrace; then both sank to the earth with a long knife through their hearts. The man who had given this blow had followed close in the woman's steps. He stood for a few moments, looking on the dead, his face working with rage, despair, and self-reproach; then, plucking the weapon from the bodies of his victims, he smote himself in the breast and died.

The Bear, as he was called, who owned the lodge, had loved the woman in his youth, until, finding that she was gay and coquettish, though not wicked, he resigned his pretension to her hand, leaving her to be wooed, and, as he fancied, won, by his friend, The Buck, for he believed that she loved this friend the better. But The Buck, who was fiery and unreasoning, persuaded himself, and, unhappily, persuaded

others, that the girl was of evil life, and that The Bear had put her off because he had tired of her. On a charge of conspiring with the English against his own people, The Buck caused his friend to be arrested, and on this groundless allegement the poor fellow was condemned by a council to lose his right hand. Not until The Buck had seized this trophy, as it fell, beneath the axe, from the bloody stump, and had waved it triumphantly before the eyes of the people, did The Bear realize what a wretched creature he had befriended, and of what a lie he had been made the victim. Every one avoided the disgraced and disfigured man—every one except the girl. She, alone, stood proudly by his side, repentant of her lightness, and as The Buck approached her she waved him aside with a look of unspeakable disgust. The patience, the dignity, the silence of The Bear had won her completely. He, however, led her courteously to his rival's door and turned away, seeking only to be alone and to forget the injustice he had suffered. For years he had lived by himself, making his own weapons, despite his maimed arm, shooting and spearing his

own game, cooking his own food, and until he had grown old he never knew that his pain and self-denial had gone for naught; for the woman scorned The Buck, and was deaf to all his appeal and argument. Just before the end of her days the woman learned where The Bear had set up his hermitage, and there she found him. For those two there was a moment of happiness, though it was the last moment of their lives.

BEAR'S HOUSE OF THE CHEYENNE

A BELIEF in the power of human beings to take on the forms of animals and to share the nature of those animals was not confined to the Europeans who invented weir-wolves, but is found among the Indians. The red men of certain tribes believe that you can change yourself into a given form by putting on the skin of the kind of beast you wish to be. The hill called Matoti,—Bear's house,—that rises near the mouth of a branch of the Cheyenne in South Dakota, is best known for its sienite bowlder engraved with hieroglyphs of forgotten mean-

ing. This bowlder is known as Twin Sisters' Lodge, the sisters being fair women who lived beneath the stone and wrote the characters on it, ages ago. It was their mission to teach their sisters above the ground to sew, make quill- and bead-work, and master the arts of the toilet, that they might make themselves desired by the stern sex. Squaws visit the stone to offer paint and beads upon it, and pray for beauty and good husbands; but the men avoid it,—for if a brave were to touch it his arm would fall, withered, to his side.

Thereby hangs a bear tale; for the punishment would be visited upon him as a vengeance for the wrong-doing of a Dakota, who, hunting over this region for deer, found what pleased him better: a pretty woman. Though she was coy, he fell soundly in love; and his appeals were so fervid that he won her heart, at last, she consenting to become his wife on condition that he would never kill a bear; for the bear was her totem. Their wedded life passed pleasantly; he brought berries to her, he followed the bees to their homes in hollow trees, and took to her as trophies of the bee chase bark boxes of rich

honey—fitting food for the honeymoon—and he was never more industrious in the hunt nor more generous in his success, always reserving for her the daintiest portions of the buffalo hump and tongue, the haunch of venison and antelope, the juiciest of the ducks and sage-hens.

There were times of ill-luck, as there are in all lives, and after one of those times he was returning in the twilight, hungry and out of sorts, when a bear ran past, making directly for his lodge. With the instinct of a sportsman he slipped his arrow's notch upon the bow-cord; then he remembered his promise never to slay a bear. Still, if the creature should find his wife, it would surely kill her. Promise or no promise, he would prevent that. He shot. With a human scream the bear sprang up, then fell, and as its skin unfolded he found his wife within. He cried her name in agony of spirit, but to deaf ears. She was beyond awakening. Why had she taken on that form? Was it on a good or evil errand? It could not matter now; yet for years the broken-hearted Indian stayed about the country that he might watch her shadow, in

bear form, as it wandered over the hill in the starlight, and address it in terms of imploring and affection.

THE RATTLESNAKE ECHO

IN Bear's Gulch, in the Black Hills of South Dakota, lived Turtle Dove with her little girl, Ohoteu, and her baby boy, Sage Cock. She would leave the children together, sure that they would keep out of mischief, while she went off to gather berries, nuts, and seeds; and these absences were noted by a woman who lived on a mountain, alone, and had become a witch, out of spite because nobody had ever made an offer of marriage to her. Seeing that Sage Cock was a bright, stout youngster, she resolved to make him her husband; so, during one of the daily visits of the mother to a distant berry-patch, she ran off with him, and took him to her home. She was "no chicken," as to years, and had she waited till the little shaver had grown to manhood she would have been yet more hopelessly an old-maid than she was then. But she did not wait. She had supernatural power. She worked

over Sage Cock all night, mauling and stretching, and finally pulled his arms and legs to adult size. She fed him on buffalo-meat and fish, and in a few days he was as large and strong as any warrior in the hills.

Alack for her hopes! Sage Cock was a man in stature, it was true, but he remained an infant in understanding. His mind did not grow any faster than the minds of other babes. In order to hurry his education in hunting, that he might at least seem to be a man the earlier, the witch had to take him abroad, though she knew that his mother would be on the watch. So it was. Turtle Dove had the help of her brother, The Eagle, in the search, and they travelled for days together, climbing the trees for better views now and again. Once Sage Cock cried to the witch, "I hear my mother!" and indeed the voice of Turtle Dove was heard, calling across the hills. The witch pretended that it was some stranger, imitating his mother's voice that she might find and eat him. "Crawl into this skin," she urged, "and you will be safe." It was a skin that had been stripped from a huge mountain-sheep, after he had shot it, and was big

enough to cover them both. The seekers came closer, calling, for they had seen the two at a distance, and knew that they must be near.

Search revealing nothing, the mother and The Eagle tried strategy. They hung a dead rabbit in a tree, stripped the trunk to a height of ten or a dozen feet, hid in a thicket, and waited. As they expected, the witch put out her nose, after a time, for a breath of air, and sniffed the carrion. Her appetite, already large, was sharpened, and in a little time she stole out and tried to climb the tree; but the smoothness of the trunk and the age in the limbs of the beldam made this nearly impossible. Being desperately busy in trying to reach the rabbit, she did not see Turtle Dove and The Eagle run to the sheepskin, pull out the smooth-faced lummux who lay under it, sucking his thumb, and carry him off. So soon as they had put him back in the hollow where the witch had found him, he shrank into the same baby that he was before, and bawled for milk. The rescuers put the youngster into his sister's arms and went back to kill the witch. Suspecting that they would attempt revenge, she crept into the cast-off skin

of her grandfather, the rattlesnake, and lying on a ledge among the other serpents, where there was little likelihood that any one would attempt to disturb her, she mocked the call of her pursuers, and, feeling more safe and more at home in the company of reptiles than in that of human kind, she has lived in the same place ever since. She takes a pleasure in mocking people, and white men call her cry an echo. Since white men came into the country the Indians say that the rattlesnake has been talking in lower and lower tones, and may in time become altogether silent.

THE SPECTRE BRIDE

FIGHTING BUFFALO, a young hunter of the Osages, left camp on the Nickanansa to sell his furs in St. Louis and to buy there some ornaments worthy to be worn by Prairie Flower, the girl who had promised to marry him, on his return. This journey, eighty or ninety years ago, was a matter of toil and difficulty, so that he was absent for about three weeks, during which time he had no news of affairs at home. When he regained the Nickanansa and had

neared the site of his village he quickened his pace, for there were no lodge peaks above the earth waves of the prairie, no wisps of smoke to promise the comfort of supper. Not greatly wondering at this, as he knew and shared the migratory habits of his people, he looked about to find some picture-writing that should guide him to the new village of the tribe, and was pleasantly surprised on seeing at a distance the figure of a young woman, seated among the ashes and refuse of the vanished camp, and bent, as if weeping. The pleasure of this discovery was in the recognition of the girl. It was Prairie Flower. He ran forward eagerly, and would have embraced her, but she turned her head sadly, and would not look at him.

"I have jewels and ribbons for you, my bride," he said, tossing off his pack.

She gave a little sob.

"Where are our people?" he asked.

"Gone. Gone to the Wagrushka."

"But you are here, alone."

"I was waiting for you."

"Then we will go to our people at once, and to-morrow we shall be married; and you will

be the most beautiful of all the girls; yes, in all the flat country."

She still averted her face. "I will carry your pack," she said. Among Indians the burdens that are not borne by horses are usually carried by women, so that this was quite the thing to do. Fighting Buffalo laughed a little as his sweetheart picked up the bundle, for it was filled with gifts that would make her happy. But why did she hide her face? and now that they had started on the march for the Wagrushka, why did she gather her cloak about her in that fashion, and cover her head, like the head of a corpse that is ready for burial? "There's no accounting for women's tempers," thought the hunter. "She will be more kind to-morrow." Plodding on through the tall grass, she following silently in his footsteps, seldom speaking, and then but quietly, they came at sunset to the new camp of the Osages and saw the blue smoke curling pleasantly above the tepees. The girl stopped. "It is better that we should not enter the camp together. You know that is the custom only with married people. I will wait for a time beneath this tree."

Fighting Buffalo ran on ahead, aroused the village with a joyful shout, and called greetings to his relatives, while yet a quarter of a mile away. To-morrow Prairie Flower would be his wife, and he was happy. As he went nearer he was chilled by a boding. The people were sad and silent. Even the children desisted from their play. "What ails you all?" he asked. "Has any one died since I left you?"

There was no answer. Then he addressed his sister: "Feather Cloud, go back and tell Prairie Flower to come to us."

His sister recoiled. "Do not speak like that," she murmured, with a sidelong glance toward her parents, as if she feared they might have heard her brother's words.

"Tell me, what has come over every one? Why have you moved? Why will you not bring my bride to me?"

"Prairie Flower is dead, and is buried beneath that tree."

"This is poor fun, if you intend to joke. She came with me from the Nickanansa, and brought my pack as far as that tree. Faugh! I will go after her myself."

He walked hastily back in the twilight, his people following at a distance. His pack lay at the tree-foot, on a new grave. With a choking cry he pressed his hands upon his heart and fell on the mound, dead.

CRAZY WOMAN'S CREEK

ALMOST as early as the days of Zebulon Pike a half-breed trader appeared among the Crows on the Platte and built a house for his furs and stores beside the Big Beard, a stream which took that name because of a curious bearded grass growing along its edge. His white squaw wore a dress that fell to her feet, and tied strings around her waist, to make it small, to the wonder and amusement of the red women. Among the wares sold by this trader was a dark water that made the stomach burn and caused those who drank it to sing and dance in the village street, even dignified, inactive, elderly men, so that their wives were scandalized. The people became so fond of this drink that they sold two furs for enough to make them sleep; then, as the barrel threatened to

run dry and the trader feared he should not have enough left for himself, they paid three furs—four—a pony; and at last they offered to sell their squaws for a sleep, though the white wife always objected to that. Sometimes their hands shook, and they saw large snakes on the earth, with curious flapping ears, or with bristles like a porcupig, or with their tails done up in leather.

When the dark water was gone the trader told them he was going to the white man's towns for more, but the drink had weakened their minds. They declared that he must have more; that having got all their skins and ponies from them he was going to run away. It did not take long for these victims of frontier rum to lash themselves into a frenzy, in which they forced their way into the house, killed the half-breed, tore off his scalp, and danced on his body in presence of his wife. She, wild with terror, tried to run away; whereupon a man outside of the door struck her so hard that she fell, as one dead. An hour after, a squaw, passing the trader's burning house, saw by the light of the flames that the white woman still lived, rescued

her, and took her to a tepee where she dressed her wounds, mended her torn garments, and gave food to her.

The white squaw appeared to get well, but her mind was sick. She could not bear the sight of red men, believing that every one of them who approached her intended some violence. She made her home in a glen among the buttes, living there alone and showing herself but once a day, when she went to gather the pieces of meat that the women left for her on the bank of the Big Beard. A hunter who was chasing antelope saw her on one of these errands and pursued her for a little way, either in sport or in an earnest purpose to take her to his people and have her properly cared for. The latter is the likelier reason, for Indians believe that people whose minds are lost are under the guidance of the Great Spirit. The woman cried in fear and ran like an antelope toward the rocks. She disappeared among them and was never seen again. Since that time the Big Beard has been known as Crazy Woman's Creek.

THE ENCHANTED HORSE

AMONG the Pawnees who lived on the North Platte were a woman and her grandson, so wretchedly poor that they were a source of chagrin to the tribe. Their clothing, shoes, weapons, and utensils were merely such as the others had thrown away; their robes had lost half their fur; their tepee was patched; they lived on scraps of meat that others had rejected. But the boy bade his grandmother be comforted, for when he was older he would kill buffalo, like the rest, and they should have a painted lodge, and clothing adorned with quills and fringes. In one of the frequent migrations of the tribe—a move occasioned by the disappearance of game from the neighborhood—the boy found, browsing among the refuse of the village, a sorry old horse, half blind, sore backed, lame legged, and gridiron ribbed. "He is not handsome, but he can carry our little pack," said the old woman. So the few belongings were put on the creature's back, and the company moved forward. An Indian is often unkind to his horse and unreasonable in the amount of

work he expects of him. The boy, on the contrary, considered the rickety nature of his beast and did not malign or whip him, though he was very slow and did not arrive at Court-house Rock till the lodges had been set up for half a day.

Hardly had the village been put in order before the chief gathered the men about him and said that a vast herd of buffalo had been sighted, four miles away, and among them was a spotted calf. A spotted buffalo-robe is "good medicine," conferring fortune and success on its owner, and he offered his daughter to any one of his braves who should return from the chase with the magic skin. That all might have an equal chance, the hunters would leave the village together, as in a race. The boy took his handful of crooked arrows, his cracked bow, and looked at his poor old plug of a horse. Oh, it was of no use, he sighed: the creature would fall apart if he ever tried to run. The horse turned toward him with a twinkle in his eye. "Drive me to the river and plaster me with mud," said he. This utterance in human speech scared the boy so that he almost fainted, but, stoutly col-

lecting his wits, he did as he had been told. "Now," continued the brute, "mount me again, and when the word is given let me have free rein."

As he took his steed to the left of the row of bucks, on their spirited mounts, they roared with laughter, for, as if dissatisfied with his natural ungainliness, the horse was now especially unhandsome, because he was caked with mud. The boy turned his head, and his heart sank for a minute. It was wretched to be poor. Then a resolution came upon him. He would beat those hunters in the race, he would bring in the spotted skin, he would marry the chief's daughter.

All were ready. "Go!" cried the chief. With a yell and much slapping and shaking of reins the line rushed forward. The men sat their ponies as if grown to their backs. It was like a charge of cavalry. Those who began to gain on the slower ones grinned and yelped in triumph; but in another moment a sharp cry of astonishment from those on the left caused all eyes to turn in that direction. Then each eye grew large and each mouth opened in amazement; for the old dun horse was passing them

with such ease that he seemed not to run, but rather to fly across the earth like a hawk breasting the gale and rising with outspread wings. The buffalo were sighted. Straight toward the spotted calf rode the boy, before the others had even seen it in the mass of shaggy backs, and with a single shot he killed it. While he skinned the animal his horse pranced and caracoled beside him like a colt. His age, his soreness, his blindness had disappeared.

As the boy tramped back to the village with the meat and the spotted hide bound upon the horse's back the people stared with wonder. A brave offered twelve ponies for the skin, but the lad shook his head and went on to the mean little lodge where his grandmother was waiting. She cleaned and dressed the trophy and prepared a generous meal of the meat. That evening, while he was grooming the horse, the animal spoke again: "The Sioux are coming. When they attack to-morrow mount me, gallop straight against the chief, kill him, and ride back. Do this four times, killing a Sioux at each charge. Do not go a fifth time, for you may lose me or be killed yourself." That night the

boy mended his weapons and painted his face; and in the morning it fell out as the horse had said. Four Sioux fell under the boy's hand, and he returned with their axes. He had proved his bravery, and some of the sturdiest fighters of the clan patted his head and spoke kindly to him. The excitement of battle had seized him and he could not resist the chance to take another life. But disaster came with the fifth attack. His brave horse fell under a Sioux arrow, and the enemy cut him into pieces, that he might never bear another Pawnee on his back.

Though the boy fled in safety to his own lines, he felt so badly over his loss that after nightfall, when the Sioux had retreated, he collected the bones of the creature and pieced them together. Then, with the spotted robe drawn over his head, he mourned his steed. A great wind arose, bringing a rain that washed away the blood and freshened the grass. The fall of water was a dull satisfaction to him. It was like tears, and the discomfort he endured was part of a just punishment for disobeying this wise and faithful animal. After he had lamented for some hours he looked up and dis-

covered that the severed limbs and head had arranged themselves in a life-like attitude. Then the tail moved, and presently the animal arose, walked to the boy and said, "The Great Spirit is kind. He has let me come back to life. You have had your lesson. Hereafter trust me."

In the morning the horse was as sound as ever, and during the rest of his long life he was honored by the people, while the boy established his grandmother in comfort, married the chief's daughter, and in the end became chief himself.

THE MERCY OF THE GREAT SPIRIT

WHILE hunting along the Stinking Water, Wyoming, a number of Crow Indians were so delayed and troubled by a blind man who had insisted on going with the party that they told him, at last, he would have to remain in a tepee they would put up for him until they came back along the trail. They stocked the lodge with food, made a bed for him, and fastened a lariat to a peg at his door, so that by holding the end he could find his way back when he ventured out for wood and water. Next day

a second party rode by, and they, too, had a blind man, who consented to put up with the first that his friends might move the faster. The two sightless ones got on well together for a day or two, reciting the endless stories of their people and vaunting the deeds they had done in battle when they were young. Then they became restless; they wondered why the hunters were so late; they grumbled at their monotonous diet of dried meat. Presently their store of food became so low that they must needs cast about for a fresh supply. Said one, "We are told by the Great Spirit to hunt the buffalo. Do you suppose he would be angry if we caught fish?"

They debated this point until hunger settled the question, and, going down to the Stinking Water, they caught a large trout. While it was cooking Sakawarte, the Great Spirit, lifted it from the pot and cast it away, so that when the men poked about with sticks to know if it was soft enough for eating, and found nothing but water, each accused the other of stealing it, and shortly they were engaged in a fight. At this Sakawarte, who had been laughing, told them to be friends again; that he had tested them with

hunger, and found them unable to endure it. "Fish is not food for those on land," he said. "Go down to the river, put mud from the bottom on your eyes, and you shall see again."

The two men, knowing by his great voice who had spoken, thanked the god for his kindness and scrambled down the bank. They applied the mud, then shouted with delight; for their sight had truly come back to them. But they had no weapons, no game appeared, and the hunters still lingered abroad. In distress of stomach they caught and ate a second fish—with bitter repentance after, for their eyes were darkened again. Sakawarte returned to their lodge, told how sad they had made him by their weak yielding to hunger and easy breaking of the law, but gave them one more chance to recover their sight. They used the mud again, their eyes became living, and when their friends came riding back they were astonished to see those whom they had left as blind now seated before their lodge and making bows and arrows. And a feast of fresh buffalo meat was eaten to celebrate this mercy.

THE FIRST SCALP

A NORTHERN Indian wears as many eagle-feathers as he has taken scalps, and if time and the exigencies of battle allow, he cuts the scalp from every enemy he kills. Thousands of years ago, when the red men were all one family, their first dispute arose as to who should be chief; for their old leader had died childless. Two of the strongest and coolest-headed hunters were named as successors, and each had about as large a following as the other. Politics, created by this rivalry, led to bitterness, and bitterness to blows. War began on the earth. One of these chiefs had a daughter who was admired for her beauty, and he loved her so that he had been unwilling to give her in marriage, until this era of trouble began, when he proclaimed that he would bestow her on the suitor who would prove his worth and valor by killing his foe and bringing back a proof that he had done so. An adventurous fellow resolved to win the girl. For days he lurked near the enemy's camp, in a piercing cold, and his time came on a night when a gale had driven all the

people to shelter. He boldly entered the tepee of the rival chief, killed him, cut off his head and started home with it. Early in the morning his crime was discovered, for a trail of foot-prints and blood-drops was seen leading from the lodge in which the headless body lay. Two hundred men started in pursuit. The murderer heard them coming; the head was heavy; he was too tired to carry it farther; with his stone knife he cut away the scalp, leaving the men in chase to discuss the ghastly relic while he fled on and gained his camp in safety. The scalp was convincing to his own chief, whose daughter he married presently, and scalping became a general practice in war from that time.

THE CLIMBER OF THE TETON

IN 1898 the Grand Teton, Wyoming, was scaled for the first time by a company of white men. Its height, 13,800 feet, is less than that of a dozen mountains in the Rockies that have been ascended safely, but there are few in any land more savage in difficulties and terrible in contour. Tall as are the precipices of the

Matterhorn, they lack by thousands of feet the sublimity of the Teton's western rise, which for nearly two miles is vertical. The Indians have long held this peak in reverence. That is a safe emotion. The traveller who can persuade himself into a great fear of such a peak will never climb it, and if he never climbs it he avoids work. Before the white race had ever dazzled its eyes with the snows of this Alp a tribe of Indians camped in Jackson's Hole, almost in its shadow. That little valley contained game, which was to be had without much trouble; but there was nobody to fight, and the braves rusted with inaction. As an outlet for their energy and a test of courage, it was proposed that all the younger men should climb the Grand Teton. They made the attempt, but none of them reached the top. Miniwepta, belle of their company, gibed at them for their failure and said that she would show the clumsy fellows how to reach the summit. Early in the morning she slipped out of camp on a pony. Her relatives followed, in fear of some rash and tomboyish exploit on her part, until they lost the trail, at nightfall. As it became dark they saw a fire

THE TETONS

burning on the mountain-side. Next night another fire appeared, higher among the crags. On the third night a red spark glowed and glimmered away up on the precipice, a few hundred feet below the summit. On the fourth night no fire was seen. Miniwepta's people rode homeward in silence.

THE BLACKFOOT RAID

THE first meeting of the Blackfeet with Spayu was near Yellowstone River. As they saw him limping toward them at nightfall they could hardly believe he was a man. He was dressed only in a ragged, discolored shirt, his long hair and beard were matted with burs and grass, his eyes burned with insane fury, he was so reduced by hunger and suffering that he was a mere parchment-covered skeleton, and a gash on his thigh and raw spots on his feet left drops of blood, ill to be spared from his thin veins, upon the earth. He mumbled and shook his head as he toiled along, and did not see the Indians till one of them put his hand, not unkindly, on his shoulder, when he cried aloud and

fainted. For almost a year the man remained in the Indian camp, ill and dependent at first, then grateful and confiding. He received the name of Spayu (Spaniard), and when he had learned the Blackfoot tongue he told his story: how his brother had cheated him of his inheritance; then, to have him killed or hunted out of the country, had charged him with an attack on the governor which had really been made by the wicked brother himself. Friends who knew the accusation to be a lie went to the jail at night and released the man, provided him with a horse, weapons, and food, and urged him to fly as fast and as far as possible. The wild tribes were no more kind to him than his white brother had been, for while preparing his supper at one stage in his march he was shot at by several Indians and an arrow pierced his thigh. He leaped from a bank into a turbid river and swam with the current till he was out of reach of his enemies, in whose hands he had been compelled to leave his horse, his arms, and his supplies. After quitting the stream he wandered for two days through the wilderness without food or water, with nothing to keep him warm at night

but the fever that was increasing in his veins, and his mind had weakened with his body when he met the Blackfeet.

The red men told him he was welcome to make his home with them; and he took them at their word, becoming, to all intents, an Indian himself, dressing as they did, hunting with the same weapons, and finally taking to himself an Indian wife. But the old injury rankled. He could not forgive the brother who had robbed him of his fortune and had tried to take his life. Several years passed before he ventured to ask his associates if they would be willing to go to New Mexico and punish the wrong-doer. The proposition was hailed with such enthusiasm, as promising scalps and plunder, that he probably lamented his reserve, since in all the time he had been refraining from his vengeance the wicked brother had been enjoying the possession of his estates.

The Indians rode southward along the Rocky range for days, living on buffalo which they killed as they advanced, but often suffering for lack of water. There were four hundred in the band and their warlike appearance frightened

the pueblo-dwellers whom they passed and whose gardens they despoiled of pumpkins, corn, and melons. These timid farmers pulled up their ladders so that they should not be followed into their houses, and waited in silence till the Blackfeet had moved on. The country was dry, and there were rattlesnakes, lizards, and spiders wherever they camped; but presently the raiders neared the Spanish settlements and they were at last in sight of the home of Spayu.

The early morning was fixed upon for the attack, and with a caution not to harm the women and to deliver the wicked brother alive into his hand—he would be known by his red hair—Spayu gave the war-whoop, which was echoed by all his followers, and the charge began. The cry of the oncoming host roused the people about the ranch, who emerged with guns and fired a few shots, but they were quickly killed, and the red-haired one, who had been seen to run for shelter into the large house, was followed by a dozen of the men. He caught up a sword and struck at Spayu. The blow was stopped by a club and the blade went spinning into a corner.

Then, face to face with the leader of the horde, the red-haired man recognized his brother and fell on his knees. Spayu smiled in a childlike way, as his manner was when most angry, and said to the Indians, "Bind him, and take him with us."

When everything had been taken from the house that they needed, or wanted, the Indians set fire to it, caught most of the horses, and rode back to the Yellowstone. They did not trouble any mesa-dwellers on the return. All day the bad brother rode silent on his horse, with the people behind and around him; every night he lay bound and silent by the fire; at every halt he listened silently to the epithets put upon him by Spayu with the smiling face, and he grew thin and weak, and his face was scored with lines of age. What punishment his captor intended for him he would never tell, but Fate took the matter into her own hands. It was winter when the Yellowstone was reached, and the river was frozen over from bank to bank. While they were crossing the ice gave way beneath the horse of the wicked brother, and, being tied to it, he could not save himself. The

swift waters drew him under, and that was the last. " It is best," said Spayu. " His mother was mine. I never could have killed him."

FAIRPLAY

ROSIE LEE was a child of the mountains, with an eye as blue and bright as their lakes, a cheek as ruddy as the sweetbriar-bloom in their valleys, and hair that rippled as yellow sedges ripple at the stream edge when the wind rises with the sun. Her father had been a miner, and died like one—died in his boots, defending his claim. Her mother had not long outlived him, for she was worn with the work and sorrows of frontier existence; so Rosie and her brother Bob were left to fight their way in the world. This was not so hard in the old days. There was then no railroad to carry people to the Rocky Mountains, so whenever gold was struck there was an instant demand for workmen at high wages. Bob had luck in getting work, and it was not long before his sister had grown big enough to keep house for him. He moved to Denver, as soon as he could, in

order to put her into a school and let her take music lessons. A pretty crude town Denver was, in those first days, but the number of virtues did not fall much below the average.

Bob's partner on two or three prospecting tours was Luke Purdy, a handsome, cheery, wide-awake young fellow, and from drifting around to the Lee cabin of a morning for a cup of real coffee, Luke fell into the habit of staying there most of his spare time. Bob did not notice how his sister blushed when she heard Luke's rap at the door, nor did he notice how pale and nervous she had grown when Purdy had gone up into South Park to hunt elk for a week. It was a neighbor who opened his eyes. He went back to Rosie at once. She confessed that she loved Luke; had loved him too well; that they should have married a month before; then, with a burst of tears she implored him not to harm her lover; she was sure he would return.

Bob said not a word. He took down his pistol, a pack, a supply of bacon and hard bread, saddled his cayuse and rode off, though it lacked barely an hour of sunset. The wild foot-hills walled off the western glow as he galloped on,

but the moon was rising over the infinity of plain behind him; he entered the cañon, threaded it by avoiding the water reflections of the sky, saw the vast peaks of the main range rise spectral icy in the moon, and when the next day broke he lighted a few wisps of brush, cooked a strip of bacon, laid it between two squares of hard tack, ate this hurried breakfast, and rode on. In twenty-four hours he was close to the peaks and had come to a gulch where stood half a dozen shacks and where men were digging and panning in the stream that brawled along the bottom, for "color had been struck" there a few days before. His inquiries led him to a small ravine opening on the gulch. He was dismounted now, and picked his way over the loose rocks. Luke Purdy, bending eagerly over a pan of gravel he had just lifted from the water, heard his name called harshly, and looking up saw a pistol levelled at his head. It took him some seconds to make sure that the dusty figure with worn face and bloodshot eyes behind this weapon was his friend and partner, Bob. "What's wrong, lad?" he cried.

"You know what's wrong, you—— There, I

won't call names. Say your prayers, if you know any, for I'm going to shoot you."

"Fair play, lad! Fair play! You wouldn't murder a man in a hole, like this?"

"Make ready."

"I used to think you a fair man, Bob. Let me get my gun and we'll have it out between us, honorable."

"Were you honorable to my sister?"

"Ah, now I understand. Still, I claim fair play."

"I'll let you have your gun. Come up."

Luke scrambled up the bank, advanced a pace, and stopped. "I thought you'd be square," he said. "I'll get my pistol and change a shot with you at fifteen paces, if you say. But first, if you pepper me, I want you to give this to your sister. I was going down next Monday to give it to her myself, and marry her in style. I should have gone before, for we've done wrong—God forgive us; but when I struck it rich up here I wanted to take out dust enough to make her the gayest little bride in Denver." And he showed a leather bag that, by its size, must have held five hundred dollars in nuggets.

The pistol fell from Bob's hand. "You meant to do right by Rosie?" he faltered.

"As God sees us, I meant to marry her next week; but you are her brother; and if you drive me to fight, what can I do?"

"Luke, you asked for fair play a minute ago. I ask it now. Forgive me for the crime I was going to commit, and come back with me, to-morrow."

"I'll do it."

The two struck hands and were friends again. After the wedding all three went to live at the new diggings in South Park, which got the name of Fairplay fastened upon them on the day when Bob Lee did not do murder.

THE SHRINE OF TAHKI

HIGH above Georgetown, Colorado, stands a rude statue in a niche. No hand placed it there, and this is the tale of it. Early in the nieteenth century the Indians of the plains and mountains came to a realizing sense of the folly of their almost constant warfare. Hundreds of lives had been uselessly lost, and detached

parties could not hunt in safety, such was the danger of surprise and massacre. So, with the hope of securing a permanent peace, a great convention was held where Georgetown was to stand a couple of generations later. Chief among the plainsmen was Kornukoya, while Tusenow, who led the mountain tribes, was famed for his skill in managing alliances. There was a peace; but after a constrained armistice of six years the tribes fell out upon some trifle, and trouble was resumed just where it had been left off. In the first big battle Kornukoya defeated and slew his opponent, Tusenow, and bore away his daughter, Tahki. But the mountain girl refused to be slave or wife to Kornukoya, and bore herself with such contemptuous pride that the plainsmen demanded her life. She died at the stake—died without tears or sobs or pleadings, still looking scorn on her murderers. With a thoroughness unusual in their punishments or revenges, they heaped on wood till every vestige of the body disappeared. As the last film of smoke was wafted upward the earth began to shake. Roarings, rumblings, and mighty crashes were heard.

The eastern face of Republican Mountain slid into the valley, piling up the mass now known as Bunker Hill, or Chimney Rock, and burying under it every one of the plains Indians. As the rock tumbled, the beaten mountaineers, looking upon the cataclysm from a distance, saw appear on the cliff the figure of their princess, pedestalled on living rock in the grotto, hundreds of feet above the valley. For a long time they paid yearly visits to the shrine of Tahki.

THE WALLED HERD OF COLORADO

IN a lonely part of Colorado, seventy-five miles northwest of Meeker, famed as the scene of the deadly revenge of the Utes for the faithlessness of our government, is a valley five miles long by three in width, completely environed by rocks about six hundred feet in height that actually overhang in places. This valley is alleged to be occupied by a thousand cattle, and no man has ever set foot on the velvet turf on which they feed. The Yampa (or Bear) River rushes past the lower end under arching crags, so that there is an abundant water supply. In

no way could one reach the valley alive unless he were lowered by a rope or could descend in a balloon or a parachute.

In the days when the maligned and persecuted Mormons were being driven from one territory to another a company of them, flying into the wilderness, founded the village of Ashley. Among the hangers-on of the "Saints" was a family named Wyckliffe—four men of low standing, who had run off eight hundred of cattle from a distant ranch and camped near this valley, which was known to the Utes as Lower Earth, and is now said by them to be a haunt of the p'chekup, or red buffalo, as they name the cattle. The Wyckliffes halted here at evening in the hope that they would find shelter from a thunder-storm that had been brewing for several hours, but at the first bright flash and heavy peal the cattle were seized with panic. By riding rapidly around the herd, swinging lariats, and shouting, the four men kept the creatures together for a time; but as the fury of the storm increased they stampeded and swept toward the brink of the basin, pressing the riders before them or drawing them into the

throng. In a few minutes the cliffs were reached, and, like a red torrent, herd and riders went over. The men and horses were killed instantly; so were nearly all of the cattle, and the crumbling bones of them make a pyramid that is still thirty feet high; yet, by a miracle, a few of the last, falling on this great cushion of dead animals, survived, and in a few days they crawled down from the mound of decay and were able to eat and drink. From them have sprung the present herd. Now and again some hunter fires on them from the cliffs and kills a few, for amusement, so that the whole herd will run at the sight of a man; but, as they are not troubled by bears, wolves, or pumas, their lives are usually safe and peaceful. Some years ago a Ute, one Senejaho, who had offended his tribe by taking a Sioux woman to wife, grew so tired of the persecutions of his relatives that he quit their camp, resolved to gain the Lower Earth, or die in the attempt. Once there, he and his wife could live in comfort for the rest of their days: the herd would supply them with beef and milk, and with skins of which they could make lodges and clothing.

With their few belongings fastened in, they launched their dug-out on the Yampa, twelve miles above the valley. This was the only possible way of reaching it. An hour later what had once been a boat—now a mass of splinters—was whirled past the valley, and two lifeless shapes of human beings tumbled along in the rapids, just behind.

PIKE'S PEAK AND THE FIRST MEN

THE lesser spirits, who lived near the Mississippi, found the first men—whom they had made for servants—so dull and troublesome that they destroyed them by lashing the Father of Waters into a flood. They saved earth from this drowning world, intending to build a better one, and also preserved a quantity of maize for sowing in the fresh soil. So laden they flew to the west, until they reached the edge of heaven, where the sky comes down to the hills. "You cannot bring the burdens of the world into this place," said the greater spirits. "You must throw them down." Thus bidden they opened their arms and the earth fell, just under the

door of heaven. The heap stands there to-day—Pike's Peak.

Some of the lesser spirits are ignorant, and fancy that they may still pass over the edge of the earth and find a better in the deeps of space; so you still see them rising in the mist at nightfall from the great river, and in their flight through the air they drop a grain of maize, ever and again, which we call a shooting star. One man caught these grains as they fell, and fed on them, and they had been made so large and fine by going near the sun that he became stronger and wiser than his fellows. As the deluge spread he was able to keep his head in the air. One of the fallen grains rooted under water and shot up a great column of green. He swam to it, broke off a joint, and dug it out into boat shape, leaving this hollowed mark on the corn-stalks for all time. You may see how they curve inward at one side. In this vessel he paddled to Pike's Peak, where his wife, whom he had also kept afloat, gave birth to a boy and girl, after which event both parents died on this Colorado Ararat from tire and privation. The greater spirits were kind to the

PIKE'S PEAK

infants, nursing and clothing them, making them strong, and watching over them until they went into the fertile lands and founded the nation of the Aztecs.

Ere they could do this the waters had to be drained from the prairie; and to that end the Thirst Dragon was sent out to drink them. He guzzled so long that the flood shrank to the old level of the rivers, and was still for drinking when the spirits, fearing for the world, lest he turn it into a desert, called him back. He had swollen so with water that he could not get into heaven again, and in trying to scramble through he missed his footing and tumbled. His carcass is Cheyenne Mountain; and as you look at it from Colorado Springs you note even the jags of bone on his spine. The water he had drunk gushed from his neck, and has never ceased flowing. The hill called St. Peter's Dome is the boat of the two children, in which they slid down the eastern face of Pike's Peak, along the ravine.

So deep was the interest of Manitou in these new people that he made his seat on Pike's Peak; and from that summit, more than four-

teen thousand feet above the sea, he looked out on their growing towns. A great face of stone, once seen on the flank of the mountain, was believed to be his. Three of the greater spirits he sent down to the new race: one to teach it to hunt, a second to show how to till the soil, the third to instruct it in religion and the making of laws. These spirits separately built the Garden of the Gods, Blair Athol, and Glen Eyrie. There came a time when long storms hid the rock face on the peak, and the people feared that Manitou was angry. Their chiefs and prophets climbed the mountain to pray that he would let his face shine on them again. Great was the commotion that night. Fire came down, half the mountain tumbled, earth shook, and the people lay prone in the dust. The rock face fell and lodged on Cameron's Cone, unharmed, for who can hurt the Manitou? So a fresh reverence and awe for the seat of God grew up among the people, greatly as they mourned the loss of their headmen in the fire-storm. The Great Spirit was never lightly besought thereafter, nor his place carelessly approached. Once the lowlanders invaded the region, but the

mere sight of the vast and storm-wrapped throne of the Mighty One frightened them away. If the seat were terrifying, what must be its occupant? Later the plainsmen, chasing buffalo to the hills, found themselves among the mountain people, the beloved of Manitou, and attacked them; but God from his height glared at them in such fury that they were petrified with terror; and you may see their fantastic, weather-worn remains in the images of Monument Park.

THE HOUSE OF THE CANDLE

CASTROVILLE, Texas, on the Medina River, is a place of no great size, even in our time. The census-taker may be able to award a populace of five hundred to it, and its industries are picking grapes. Two churches and a convent show how good it is, in spite of this wine-growing business. Early in its history, when it was a rough though religious hamlet, and one of the best hiding-places in the New World, because nobody ever heard of it or from it, a certain August Gauchemain—at least that was his ostensible name—appeared from no-

where in particular and bought a cabin on the edge of Castroville, which was nearly all edge then. He cultivated a garden of his own, and gave much of his time to it; still, although he was reticent as to his personal history, he was strangely eager for companionship, hanging about the settlement in the evening and showing a quaint thankfulness for any invitation to pass an hour in talk after nightfall. He had a child's horror of the dark. At sunset he lighted a candle in-doors that its gleam might cheer him on his return from a neighbor's; and if he was going to be absent later than twilight he carried a lantern, or would invent the most absurd excuses to secure company as far as his door.

When questioned or gibed about his fondness for the light he would answer, in his uncertain English, that his eyes were weak and that he feared to stumble, as he had fallen once and badly hurt his hand. Indeed, his right hand was so scarred that he used the other when he could, even in his writing. No matter at what hour between the set and rise of the sun you looked toward Gauchemain's cabin, his light was always twinkling through the chinks and

window. Candles of extra length, probably intended for churches, were ordered for him by the gross at the little trading-station, and he always paid cash for them. In spite of his eccentricities Gauchemain was liked by his neighbors, and his candle-burning habit became an old story.

He had a touch of ague one evening, and a man who, by virtue of his ancient warrant as hospital-steward in the army was looked upon as the equal of any physician, went to see that he was properly dosed and housed. The two sat talking for half an hour; then, on hearing a growl of thunder, the man of medicine put on his hat, saying that he must be off to his own house before the rain came. As he opened the door a gust of wind, heralding the storm, rushed in and put out the candle. He passed out, slamming the door, but was recalled by a sharp cry within. "Hello, what's wanting?" he asked.

"My light; eet ees out," called Gauchemain.

"Is that all? Why, you'll sleep all the better without it."

"Non—non—non! R-return and light eet, eef you please."

" Oh, well, if you must have it." He went in and groped for the tinder-box. He could hear the Frenchman's teeth chattering. Truly, he had the ague badly.

" Peste! Ees eet zat you cannot do so leetle a ting as zat?" impatiently cried Gauchemain. " On ze table, I say, before zose books you find eet. Ah, God! Hasten! Hasten, mon ami! I can endure not longer—not longer. Look! Look! He draw nearer of me. He will kill! Ha!"

Startled by these phrases, the attendant fumbled awkwardly in striking a light. When the candle caught the fire he looked quickly over the room. It was as he had left it, save that the man on the bed was ghastly pale and his forehead was beaded with sweat. Pulling out his flask, he pressed it to the patient's lips and made him take a long drink. Gauchemain wiped his face with trembling hands, which he then flung with a despairing gesture upon the coverlid. He looked up into the questioning eyes that were bent on his.

" You've got fever'n ague worse than any man I ever saw have it, Gauchemain."

"Eet ees not ze ague. I care not for no seeckness. I rejoice of seeckness eef eet kill me. Eet ees here I suf-faire." And he smote his heart. "Eet ees vat you call ze conscience. You are my friend. You veel not, while I live, betray me. I tell you. I feel more ease to tell you."

Then Gauchemain told how in his own town in France he had quarrelled with a comrade. The quarrel was long, for a girl's name was mixed in it, and nothing is so bitter as love's sweetness spoiled. In the end a knife was drawn upon him. His hand was cut and lastingly disfigured. In a blind rage he wrenched the weapon from his assailant and thrust it into his heart. Leaving the body to be found by the watch, he fled to his home, gathered his effects, gained a seaport, shipped as sailor to Vera Cruz; thence he rambled northward, working, trading, adventuring, till he had reached Castroville. At first he had dreams of his dead enemy. Then the dreams came while he was awake. At last his victim haunted him through the night, his form growing in luminous clearness as the dark drew on. Gauchemain tri-

umphed in the discovery that the spectre could not endure the light. That is why he kept the candles burning.

Promising to return on the following day, the "doctor" went home, thoughtful and uncertain. He was delayed on the next evening until nine o'clock. Then he hurried over to the "house of the candle." For the first time in years it was dark. He knocked. No sound within. He entered; struck a light. Gauchemain lay dead, his hands clasped in appeal.

HUMBLING THE PRIDE OF THE RIPAS

SEVERAL tribes occupied the land of Texas in peace and mutual respect, and the peace would have endured longer had not the Ripas intruded. They were mountain people, strong, proud, and warlike. They made war on all around them, seized land, stole squaws and children, and began to think that the world had been made for them alone. Among the people against whom they often battled were the Caranchuas, whom they drove far to the east, slaying their men and boys and stealing their girls

until the harried tribe was greatly diminished in numbers and was forced to find a refuge among the islands along the coast. This harshness of the Ripas angered the Great Spirit. He sent a messenger telling them to fall back to their own land, to kill and rob no more, and to restore the captured women to the Caranchuas; but their vanity was so swollen that they deemed themselves the equals of the gods. "No," they said; "we will not obey the Great Spirit. We will war upon him, also."

But when they would send this message to Manitou they looked about for the one who had come from him. He was nowhere to be seen. No trail was left in the sand. A bolt of lightning fell among them, and on it, riding back to earth, was the messenger. Bathed in flame he stood before them, his eyes glaring vengeance, his hands clenched over them in wrath. "It is the Great Spirit himself!" they cried. Then every one fell to the ground and begged for life. In vain. The god was inexorable. He hurled his lightnings against them, he pelted them with hail, he shook the earth, he poured down rain until the country they had taken was

deep in floods. In a few days the last of the Ripas was dead. Then the Great Spirit smiled. He called back the Caranchuas and gave all that land to them that lies between the Texas Colorado and the Brazos, for into these two streams he had divided the one great river that had watered this country before the flood.

NATINESTHANI'S ADVENTURES

NATINESTHANI, He-who-teaches-himself, was of all the Navahos most wrongly named, for he was a confirmed gamester, and learned nothing from defeat. He gambled away everything of his own, then borrowed and lost all the goods of his relatives, except a string of beads. He became unpopular at about that stage in his career, and decided to travel for the good of his relatives' health. Two rainbow spirits had a kindly feeling for the fellow, and they gave passage to him on their bow. They called at his door with this immense vehicle, swung its farther end in a new direction, gave the Navaho a mighty boost, and up he went on one side and down on the other, alight-

ing among some other friendly spirits who had prepared, for his coming, a spruce-tree, which they had hollowed into a tube, that he might close himself up inside and enjoy a safe trip down the San Juan River. He scrambled in, the end was plugged, and he started on his water journey. The Kisani, as the timber passed, were for shooting at it with spears and arrows; but when they saw a cloud settle about it with lightnings quivering and rainbows glowing they knew it to be divinely protected and allowed it to ride on. The frog, fish, beaver, otter, and others now pulled out the plug and dragged the tube under water, but Natinesthani hauled it to the surface and resumed his voyage, coming at last to the end of the San Juan, in the whirling lake of Tonihilin, where the gods gave to him a new name—Ahodiseli, He-who-floats. His pet turkey had followed him on this journey, and now, as he went ashore, it ran to him, showing signs of its affection and shaking over the earth from its wings the seeds of corn, beans, watermelons, muskmelons, and pumpkins, for it knew what an improvident fellow its master was. The Navaho thankfully planted the

seeds, and the turkey spread its wings over him while he slept that night. Afterward it flew away to the East, and from it have come all the tame turkeys that are on earth to-day. Here at the lake of Tonihilin lived a man-eating wizard, Deer-raiser, and he sent bears against Natinesthani, who killed them; then he went forth himself, with bland words of welcome, carrying poisoned food, which the new-comer buried; for he distrusted the old schemer at once; the wizard then offered tobacco that might have grown on the east side of Manhattan Island, so fetid and deadly was it; but the Navaho would not smoke. At last, discouraged, the old man confessed the evil of his ways, promised to mend them, and gave his daughter to Natinesthani, who accepted her with joy, for she was a good cook and clothes-maker, and not an ill-looking damsel.

He made a brief journey to his former home on the San Juan to tell of his adventures and impart wisdom; then he returned to the whirling lake; and on the farm that had been made possible through the turkey's gifts he lived happily with his wife, while old Deer-raiser

ceased from raising disturbances and busied himself in compounding colic medicines for the progeny.

THE ENCHANTED MESA

AMONG so warlike a people as the Indians it is not surprising to find legends of wholesale massacre. Indeed, it is alleged by the story-tellers of the Caddo tribe that a cannibal company in Oklahoma surrounded their neighbors—in the most literal meaning of that term—and that the neighbors revenged themselves by surrounding the cannibals in the more usual meaning and killed them, to the last one, not a babe being spared. But not all these deaths were ill deserved, and not all, even among the fighters, came in war. Sad was the fate that befell the Acomas of New Mexico. Seventy-five miles southwest of Albuquerque stands their old home, the Mesa Encantada (the Enchanted Mesa) of Katzimo. This table of rock, covering forty acres, with a ground-plan like a figure 8, rises to a height of four hundred and fifty feet, with precipitous sides, and was

never scaled, within the memory of living men, until 1897. Three hundred feet above the plain was a great opening like a cathedral arch, which was the entrance to a stair leading through a crevice in the rock to the summit, where was once a town of fifteen hundred people living in this manner, after the fashion of the pueblos of this day, because of security against the Apaches. From the plain to the arch was an outer stair of stone spiring up the sides of a great column, canted against the mesa; and down to the plain came the men, every day, to work in the maize-fields and berry-patches, to hunt, and to make pottery.

It was while they were so employed that the storm occurred which broke away the outer steps, tumbling them on the heads of twenty of the men who had gathered near for shelter, and leaving three hundred women and children in their houses on the summit, cut off, as on an island, without food. All attempts of theirs to descend, and those of the men to climb, were futile, while the best archers could not shoot far enough to send pieces of game up on their arrows. The men waited below in agony, look-

ing up at the faces of their wives and little ones as they bent over the brink and strained their fading eyes on them. One woman, crazed by thirst, leaped off. Fewer were the faces, day by day, until at last there were none. Then the survivors gathered their few belongings and built another home on a mesa two miles distant —Acoma, city of the sky.

Before this time the Spaniards had reached this country, and in their greed for gold, which they believed to abound here, were abusing the people, although the monks who travelled with them preached a religion of love to the red men. Outraged beyond endurance, the Acomas attacked the Spaniards who had settled about the Mesa Encantada and slew every one of them, except a priest. This worthy father was in the town on the summit when the attack was made, and, believing himself pursued, he leaped from the edge; but to the marvel of none more than himself he descended through space in safety. This salvation he ascribed to his religion; but his big zarape, that opened like a parachute and buoyed him up, may have had something to do with it. The natives, believing that he pos-

sessed supernatural power, spared his life, on condition that he ceased from preaching doctrines to them that were irrevocably associated in their minds with robbery and slaughter. Taking a squaw to wife, he lived among them in fair content thenceforward; and strangers think they discern traces of Spanish lineage in the faces of some of the Acomas. In 1897 a government exploring party, under Professor Hodge, reached the top of the Enchanted Mesa and found proof of its ancient occupancy in chips and tools of stone, pottery, and relics of masonry, as well as a part of the old trail.

SACRED MOUNTAINS AND RAINBOWS

SEVEN mountains in the Navaho country were held sacred by the people because they were made by First Man and First Woman, who placed spirits and guardians on them, adorned them with shells and minerals, and stocked them with life.

They fastened Tsisnadzini (Pelado Peak, New Mexico) to the earth with a bolt of lightning, so that it should not work loose, and after

it had been ornamented they left Rock Crystal Boy and Rock Crystal Girl to live there.

Tsotsil (Mount San Mateo, New Mexico) they pinned to the earth with a vast stone knife thrust through it from peak to base, and when it had been fitly beautified they gave it as a home to the Boy-who-carries-one-turquoise and the Girl-who-carries-one-grain-of-corn.

Dakoslid (Mount San Francisco, Arizona) was nailed to the earth with a sunbeam. Like all the other mountains, it was decorated and was set apart as an Eden for White-corn Boy and Yellow-corn Girl.

Depentsa, in the San Juan range, Colorado, was chained with a rainbow. Its dwellers were Pollen Boy and Grasshopper Girl.

Dsilnaotil was transfixed by a sunbeam and became the home of the Boy-who-produces-goods and the Girl-who-produces-goods. It is thought that this mountain is one of the Carrizo group, but it is uncertain.

Tsolihi was held by a cord of rain; and there lived on it the Boy-who-produces-jewels and the Girl-who-produces-jewels. The place of this peak is not known.

Akidanastani (Hosta Butte, New Mexico) was pegged to the earth with the sacred mirage-stone; and its people were Mirage-stone Boy and Carnelian Girl.

Norse myths are suggested in some of the beliefs of the Navahos respecting the sunbeams and lightnings, for, like Odin, their divine ones could build rainbow bridges on which they could cross the tremendous chasms that rive the south-western desert. Natural Bridge, near Fort Defiance, Arizona, is one of several of these rainbows. In a certain instance where a rainbow had been flung across a cañon to enable a Navaho hero to walk to the farther side, he set foot on it while it was still soft, and began to sink; but the god who had built it hardened it with a breath, and the man made the journey in safety. Seeing the startling color of the buttes and cañons of the West, it seems small wonder that the early men should have thought them to be rainbow built, for they are rainbow painted.

THE PANDORA OF KAIBAB

ACCORDING to the Kaibabits of Arizona, the coyote, or barking wolf of our plains, is the lineal descendant of one of the first of the earth's people. There were two wolf-gods, the Cinuav brothers, to whom the goddess of the sea delivered a great bag which she had brought up from the ocean depths and which she bade them carry to the Kaibab plateau. This region is far from being regarded as a paradise by some of the white contingent in this country, but it is the best that the Kaibabits knew, and it seemed to them that a better could hardly be desired. The sea-woman told these wolf-gods that they must on no account open the bag until they had gained the plateau, for the sack was full of troubles, and if they were to free them it would be a most unhappy world—for wolves as well as others. This was true, because the objects in the bag were human beings, the founders of the principal families. His curiosity excited by the disturbances and commotions within, and the prohibition doubtless acting as an incentive to disobedience, the younger Cinuav

seized the chance during a resting spell to open the sack and peep in. The mischief was done. Out they came—Aztecs, Moquis, Navahos, Sioux, Apaches, Mongols, white men, scampering every which way. The elder Cinuav rebuked his brother and closed the bag as quickly as possible, trudging on with it to Kaibab, where the few who had stayed inside—because they hadn't time to get out—found a beautiful home. Those who escaped were hopelessly scattered; and among their misfortunes was that of losing the original language of the gods, each tribe starting in life with a new and unmusical speech of its own. So the coyote, the descendant of the disobedient Cinuav, has a reason for looking so bashful when he meets men.

CREATION OF COLORADO CAÑON

MANY are the legends that account for the presence of Indians on this continent, but few of these traditions have any interest of locality. The Mohaves say that anciently their people lived on terms of friendship with the negro, the white man, and their god Mulevelia,

GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO

whose father was the sky and his mother the earth. There were good times then. Plenty of game, fish, vegetables, and fruit; clothing and houses for all, soft furs for couches, and many kinds of tools and machinery for tilling farms, weaving, and making weapons. They even had matches in those days, and they were manufactured in shops. In the course of nature Mulevelia died, for, though a god, his earthly part was as mortal as that of mankind. Relieved of the restraint his presence had imposed, the whites and negroes fell into a frenzy like that shown by other and later people when authorities that had been feared and obeyed for centuries were suddenly removed. They rushed about doing all manner of childish mischief, and, boldly entering the houses of the Mohaves, robbed them of all they contained, including matches, and made off to other parts of the earth. Before his own house lay the dead god, awaiting cremation; but there were no matches. Mastanho, first of the red men, prayed to the stars for a flame to light the pyre, but no meteor fell, and the wolves were prowling nearer. Finally Mastanho rubbed sticks together, made

a flame, lighted the fuel, the corpse was incinerated, and the soul of Mulevelia sped skyward in the smoke. This happened near the present Fort Mohave. After the burning of the dead the earth was shaken by a tremendous earthquake, the mountains were riven, the terrific abyss of Colorado Cañon was created, and the river, seeking the sea by a new route, carried the precious ashes of the god to fertilize the vales below. Mastanho then divided the natives into tribes and gave to each its country.

WHY THE NAVAHOS TAKE SWEAT-BATHS

IN the desert tracts of Arizona the Navahos have learned to be sparing of water. Such is their economy in the use of this fluid that they have been known to drink whiskey in place of it; and as to bathing, their abstinence has been heroic. So they have some illnesses not common in places where water is held in less reverence; and to make amends for the infrequency of washing, they roast themselves when they have acquired one or two of these diseases. Yet this

sweating process is a form of appeal to the Great Spirit, for as illness is caused by a devil, the Great Spirit can drive it out if the medicine-man sings and prays and capers and shakes his rattle long enough, which sometimes he can't. The little cabin in which the sick man suffers his cleansing is hardly more than three feet high, and is designed for but one patient. It is made stifling hot within by placing beside the candidate a number of stones that have been heated almost to redness in a fire, and when he has entered blankets are hung before the door in order to confine the air. He endures it as long as he can, then escapes, and after a rub down with sand is supposed to be better. At all events, he is liable to be cleaner. In the annual yebichai dance four of these sweat-houses are set about the song-house, one at each cardinal point, and the patient can hear the rattles of the medicine-man and his invocations to the god of the under-world. In this ceremony the fire that heats the stones must be pure from the under-world, and cannot, therefore, be procured from coals, matches, or gunpowder, but only from friction of the stalks of *cleome pungens.*

When the patient leaves the hut he leaves the devil there, so it is to be shunned thenceforth.

In the myths of this people two brothers were sent to the Sun by the dawn-goddess, whose sweet and radiant influence they invite by opening all their houses, even the sweating huts, to the east; and on reaching him they called him father, as she had directed. The Sun was less ready to accept them as children than they were to acknowledge him as a parent; at least, until he had tested their manhood. In order to find if they had strength and endurance he treated them harshly, even hurling his fiery spears at them; but a magic cloak, a gift of the dawn-goddess, enabled them to withstand his assaults. Then the Sun built four sweat-houses, one at each cardinal point on a space of earth, making them of metal, so they should be close and hot, and told the Moon to make a fire in each, which she did by applying the light from comets or "burning stars." The brothers were placed successively in each hut, yet they emerged from the ordeal cleaner and stronger than when they entered. So the Sun declared them to be his children, and he gave magic weapons to them,

with which to fight off the evil genii of the land. Sweat-baths, therefore, are in part reminders of this incident, and in part a function by which evil spirits are driven out of tormented bodies.

In the lore of certain other tribes the Sun is without regard for humanity or knowledge of it, and is more fierce than in the Navaho myth. The Piutes, for example, represent the Moon as the Sun's wife and the Stars as his children. Like Saturn, he eats his offspring; and they hold him in such terror that they vanish as soon as he appears after his night's sleep. He keeps himself well filled with stars, for which reason you may see his stomach as a round, glowing mass when you can see none of the rest of him. The Moon's monthly darkness is a time of mourning for the children who are thus destroyed. Now and again the Sun clutches at a star and tears it, but it escapes and flies through the heavens with its shining blood spouting out behind; and then we call the star a comet.

THE MOQUI SNAKE-DANCE

THE Moquis, Mokis, or Hopis, who number two thousand and occupy a desert in northeastern Arizona, are a farmer people, more quiet, dignified, and honest than the customary savages. In common with many Indians of the Southwest they may pretend a modern faith, but in reality they preserve the beliefs and ceremonials of a religion that was venerable when Coronado crossed their country, three and a half centuries ago. A relic of the conquest and pretended change of faith is seen in Pecos Church, New Mexico, which has stood on the old Santa Fé trail for three hundred years—a great brown ruin now. The Spanish friars flattered themselves that they had converted all the Indians, since the red men were always eager to defend it in case of attack by a strange tribe; but the fire that until 1850 burned on its altar was not kept there for Mary. It was for Montezuma. And these Moquis are no more Christians than were the fire-keepers of Pecos. Strange tales are told of them and of their neighbors—of powers of levitation that enabled them to float

in the air, or suspend a spear unsupported above their heads; of the drinking of boiling water; of the putting of boys to death by poison and calling the souls back to their bodies two days after; and of defying the poison of snakes.

For centuries the Moquis have occupied the pueblos of Walpi and Oraibi, on granite uplifts in the garish desert, and they alternate the biennial snake-dances between these towns. Two or three hundred rattlesnakes are collected from the dusty, cactus-spotted plain and heaped into a basket. As the sixty dancers, horrible in paint, chosen from the best and bravest, pass this receptacle, their chief dips into it, catches the serpents, and passes them to the men, who hold them in their teeth and in their hands, utterly unconcerned by their rattling, hissing, writhing, and striking. The mystic dance, enduring for an hour, excites the on-lookers to sing, shout, and leap, and near the end they rush forward to sprinkle sacred meal on the loathsome rattlers. This done, the dancers run down to the plain, utter a prayer, and set the creatures free. Whether the snakes are encouraged to strike at rags and bits of meat, exhausting their venom

before the dance begins; whether the emetic taken just after the dance is of any medicinal value; whether the tea of herbs that the dancers drink for two days before handling the serpents is a specific against poison, only a Moqui can tell, for the affair is wrapped in secrecy, and until recently few strangers were allowed to see the dance. It is said by certain plainsmen that the root of the huaco, mashed and steeped in enough mescal to cover it, is the antidote. A person is to apply this as a wash and drink all of it he can. After a week of such preparation he is supposed to be immune. The huaco is also used as a remedy, the bruised bulb being applied to the sting after it has been opened and sucked. This may be so, yet the Indians say that the curative herb is known to but three persons, the oldest priest, the oldest woman, and a neophyte, and that for either to betray the name of it would mean death. Indians of some other tribes, when bitten by snakes, bury the injured part in mud, to which they ascribe great value.

The annual blacksnake-dance, performed for five successive nights in a chamber under ground,

and even more repellant than the rattlesnake-dance, has been kept sacred from the whites until within two or three years. But the meaning of these ceremonies is known. They are intended as acts of appeal and homage to the snake-god, a monster rattlesnake, miles in length and hundreds of feet in waist measure, that lies coiled among the tallest of the mountains in the Southwest. It is this god who gives rain, and by this dance the people hope to propitiate him so that he will send showers to ripen their melons, beans, and corn, and fill their springs.

The common rattlesnakes, that white dwellers kill on sight, and whose bite is deadly to them, and indeed to all human beings except Moquis, are messengers of the snake-king; they carry back the prayers to him; the wind among the buttes and cañons is his hissing, and the thunder is his rattling. As the time for the dances is just before the rainy season, the appeal to the snake-god for showers is usually soon answered.

In one sense the snake-dance is a play that sets forth the tradition of the Snake and Ante-

lope societies or priesthoods. In this story Tiyo, a Snake-man, left his country to see why the rivers all ran toward their mouths, instead of toward their sources, and to discover where they got water enough to keep on flowing. A gift from his father was a handful of eagle's down, on which he could be carried through the air; prayer-sticks for the spider-woman, for the ruler of the six cardinal points, for the queen of shells and gems, for the sun, and for the god of the under-world who gives life to plants. The spider-woman gave a liquid to him which he was to spit on troublesome snakes and beasts, to take the fight out of them, and she rode on his ear, invisible. They visited the haunt of the giant serpent, the hills sentinelled by beasts, the manitou that guides the rain-clouds, and the old woman who every night changes to a beautiful girl; exchanged a few words with the creator, took a friendly pipe with the sun at his rising place, rode across the sky on the sun's shoulder, seeing the whole earth, and learned that rain was the most precious of things. On Tiyo's return he took lessons from the Snake and Antelope priests in singing, cutting of prayer-sticks,

painting of the body, and other means for making the rain fall. His chief also gave to him two girls who knew how to prevent death from rattlesnake poison, and one of these girls he gave to his brother. At night men came from the life-giving under-world and were turned into serpents, that they might hear and carry the prayers of the people back to their god. So the Snake society was organized to dance with them, wash their heads, sprinkle them with sacred meal, then to carry them back to the valley.

THE INVERTED TREE OF PECOS

APROPOS of the preceding legend, in the early twilight of the history of this land appeared Montezuma, not the emperor of that name, but a being like Manabozho, or Hiawatha, who taught to the people practical benefits, such as the building of terraced towns, of sweat-houses for the cure of diseases, planting, basket-making, and the like. In myths he sometimes appears as a good spirit, sometimes as a personation of the sun, sometimes as a rain-god,

sometimes as creator of the Pueblos, sometimes as their leader. Whatever he was, he was good and wise, and the people thrived under his care during their years of wandering in the southwestern desert. He built Acoma, New Mexico, and after that Pecos, New Mexico. In this latter town he planted a tree upside down and said that after he had left the Pueblos they would be tyrannized by men and the elements, for there would be slavery and drought; but they were to watch the sacred fire until the tree fell, when he would return at the head of an army of white people, would destroy their foes, and bring rain out of the clouds again. For many years the holy fire was watched. It burned in an estufa beneath the earth, each watcher serving for two days and nights without sleep, food, or drink, and sometimes dying in the dark, foul den. An enormous snake carried away the bodies. It was believed that Montezuma would step from the sun, slide down the column of smoke which arose from the sacred fire, and reappear among his people; but the watchers look vainly from their roof-tops, and it is feared that the fire has gone out. But,

strange to relate, the tree that Montezuma planted in Pecos fell on the entry of the United States army into Santa Fé.

THE SIEGE OF AWATOBI

FOR nearly two centuries the tale of Awatobi, Arizona, was derided as myth; but the discovery of smashed human bones and ancient weapons in and about the pueblo have put an end to doubt. This was the site of a village of Tusayans, a robber people who practised sorcery, respected not their neighbors' wives, and so quarrelled among themselves that the gods were offended and withheld rain. Their own chief, Tapolo, was so discouraged and disgusted that he secretly visited the Oraibi and asked them to make an end of the Tusayans, for the good of the world. They tried, but were beaten back. In 1700 the chief made another appeal, this time to the Walpi, a stronger, shrewder tribe. He agreed to open the gate to them—the old Spanish gate built into the town wall—when they should arrive on the fourth night, and just before dawn the Walpi, who had lain

hid in a gulch near by, scaled the meso and poured through the door, carrying bows, arrows, axes, and bundles of greasewood. The wicked people were in their courts and houses, sleeping. In a quick scramble the invaders had mastered the situation. They shot down into the companies of Tusayans, who were hastening blindly to and fro; and when an attempt was made to take refuge in the houses, they lighted the grease-wood, threw it down the hatchways, and when it was ablaze tossed on it the red peppers that were drying on the house fronts, so that the fumes stifled all who breathed them. The last killing was done with the knife, the only ones spared being the children, such women as knew the song-prayers, and two men who were skilled in raising corn and peaches. Songs, dances, and a long feast celebrated the victory, but apart from the joy-makers, among the ruins, his face hidden in his blanket, sat Chief Tapolo.

WHY PIMO DOORS FACE THE SUNRISE

THE Pimos, who live near the sacred Gila, among the seven cities of Cibola, build the doors on the eastern side of their houses that they may the sooner greet their father, Montezuma, when he returns in his second incarnation. They say they are descendants of the Aztecs. On the desert of Gila Bend you see, at the top of a bare, bleak mountain, the likeness to a sleeping face, sad, sphinx-like, that is still called Montezuma. When the first pale-faces seen by the Pimos came riding down the hills they came for gold, but the Black Robes lingered among them to convert them to the white man's faith. With musket, lance, and crucifix the brave little company of Spaniards excited wonder; but the people could not understand the Black Robes, who told them that unless they believed at once in a new god they were doomed to suffer forever after death. Said the chief: " But our god is good to us, and we have our sacred country, Aztlan, with its refreshing shade, its waters, its fruits, its game. The hell you speak of is for white men. Our

people have no such place, for every Pimo, when he dies, becomes a tree beside the Colorado. If he was brave and good in life he is a lofty tree; if he was mean and cowardly he must be a bush that lives away down in the cañon and never sees the morning. Our women give their spirits to the clouds that shine up there, golden and silver, in the sky."

"Vile and foolish heathen," exclaimed one of the friars, "bow instantly to our angered God, and beg him and his Son and the Holy Ghost and the Holy Virgin, Mother of God, and the Blessed Saints to forgive your blasphemy."

"How are these gods better than mine? They have not threatened me, as you do. My god gives me flocks and meat and maize; he gives us victory against our enemies, and forces the Moqui and Apache to be tribute to us. His face there in the sun shines on me as brightly as on you, and makes the earth green."

A priest planted his cross before the chief. "Bow!" he said. The chief did not bow. The priest cried, "To your knees, idolater!" and struck him in the face. But for the interference of the Spanish captain the Pimos would have

avenged themselves on the visitors at once. As it was, a peace was managed, with some trouble, and the white men were suffered to linger in the country for a time, albeit under suspicion and dislike. On the eve of their departure it was found that one of them had wronged a girl of the Pimo tribe. She was put to death and the surrender of the culprit was demanded. At first the white men resisted; but seeing that they were far outnumbered, they resigned the fellow into the hands of the Indians, who began to torture him. While they gathered brush for the burning all were startled by a rushing, like the wind; and on looking up they saw a shining man with long hair, dressed in splendor of dyed cotton, of tropic feathers, of gold, of colored stones and shells; and he stood above the earth. They fell to their hands and knees.

"I am your father, Montezuma," said he. "My empire is gone from me forever, and I am come but now from my city. Do not harm the white men. No good will come of it. They are to be kings of all this land. War against them will be only to your harm. Be patient, for in spite of their white skins they are your

brothers, and have one god, like you. They are strong and many; they will come from the land beyond the sea in millions. You are few and too ready to revenge. In a few years the temples of our people will be in ruins, and these strangers will build temples to their gods where ours had stood. Be content to till the fields and practise your arts. Live kindly together, and when the pale-face injures you, be silent. This is my sacred Aztlan, and I love it. While the Gila rolls I will watch you. When poverty and despair make life a burden to you, I shall return and take you with me to the shining houses in the sun. Set your watchmen, then, and let your doors open to the dawn. Be at peace."

As the sun went down the Pimos looked again, and only the red clouds were moving in the west. They released their prisoner and silently went homeward, across the darkening plain.

THE PUNISHMENT OF PRIDE

IN a cañon in the Bill Williams Mountains of northern Arizona live the Ava-Supi Indians, quiet, incurious, moral, known to few and knowing fewer, a family of six hundred that fifty years ago claimed to number four thousand. They live in this lonely and nearly inaccessible place almost as their ancestors lived before them, and bury their dead in holes and caves as they did before Columbus crossed the sea, burning all the property of the defunct and never again speaking of them by name. By their own account they once occupied a great walled city on a mesa, like the Enchanted Mesa, and possibly that very rock. They prospered and increased, tilled great plains and fertile valleys, kept herds, built houses and public works, and, being filled with a sense of greatness, began to pester their neighbors. This displeased the Great Spirit, who had an equal love for all his children, and as the raids and robberies increased he shook down their mesa with an earthquake; a great light filled the sky, a mighty wind, a thousand cries of terror, a rumbling and shaking, a dark-

ness, then a wan whiteness in the air again, and death. Where the city had stood was a chasm in which nearly all the dwellings had disappeared, and at least half the people had vanished utterly. A part of the mesa survived the shock, but the stairs and paths to the summit had been destroyed. Those who were in the fields when this calamity occurred set to work at once to scale the rock, but days passed before they could build the frailest kind of an ascent. When at last they gained the top not one living person could be found. Starvation and thirst had taken off the few who had survived its wreck. Saddened, repentant, disheartened, the Ava-Supis left their old home and for years were a race of wanderers. Those on whom they had so lately warred attacked them on every hand. They seldom struck back. Their hope now was for peace, and having gathered seeds and roots and captured a few sheep for new farms, the Great Spirit at last had mercy on them and led them to their cañon, from which few have ever ventured since it became their home.

HOW PADRE CISNEROS SAVED HIS DEFENDERS

JUNE 4, 1696, was long and bitterly remembered in New Mexico, for on that day the Indians in several pueblos arose against the Spanish. The whites had settled among them unasked; and their encroachments on the lands, the customs, the religion, and the rights of the natives had begotten a sullen though increasing discontent that culminated in open attack. Several priests were killed and missions and convents were set on fire. It was a harsh medicine, but it worked a cure, and the Spaniards were compelled to liberate the Indians whom they had forced into slavery at the mines. In Cochiti, not far from the ancient Santa Fé, the intent of the populace to kill their priest, Fray Alonzo de Cisneros, was defeated by the sacristan, who went to him in the night, warned him of the fate that had been planned for him, took him on his back, waded across the river, and, setting him down in the highway, bade him save himself, for the sacristan must be back at dawn or he would be suspected.

The priest hid in a clump of cottonwoods on a little island. As it happened, the men of San Felipe had gone out on that day, almost in mass, to hunt rabbits, and, being the sharpest eyed of all people, they soon discovered a black object moving among the trees, though they were two miles away at the time. "It is a bear," they cried. "We will have him for dinner." It was no bear, as they presently discovered. It was Padre Cisneros, who had gone to the water's edge to drink. His story astonished them, when he had told it, for they had taken no part in the uprising. It was resolved to save the clergyman; so, lest he be seen by those who were probably in search, they took off his black frock and arrayed him in their own dress of leather shirt, trousers, and moccasins, put a feather in his hair, and, wherever the costume exposed it, painted his skin with ochre. It was of no use. A party of Cochiti people met them, recognized the fugitive, and demanded that he be given up to death. This demand was refused. A fight ensued, in which the Cochiteños had the worst of it, and the priest was safely bestowed in San Felipe.

Next morning came a great force from half a dozen insurgent towns to take Padre Cisneros prisoner. During the night he and his friends had retired to the top of the mesa behind their village, where they could better endure a siege; for it is easier to shoot down than up, and rocks could be rolled over upon the enemy when they ventured close. The attacking force made little progress under these conditions, so they surrounded the mesa, just out of bow reach, and set a guard to keep the Christian Indians from descending to get food or drink. The San Felipeans had carried up supplies of both, but while the food gave promise of holding out for two or three weeks, the water jars were soon empty. The padre obtained, from somewhere, a scrap of paper on which he wrote something with a stick of charcoal, placed it under a stone and prayed over it for three days. Then he took it up, and lo! writing had appeared on the other side. Apparently this writing told him what to do. He called for a sharp splinter of obsidian, or volcanic glass, such as the people used for knives and spear-heads, and with it he cut his arm. Water began to run from the

gash—clear, refreshing. The parched company gathered and drank and drank; yet still the water flowed. They brought their jars and gourds and filled them. Four or five days later, when this supply was gone, the miracle was repeated. At last, believing that the Christians must have exhaustless resources, and that further operations against them would be useless, the Cochiteños gave up the siege and went back to their homes. Then the people descended the crag, amid rejoicings, installed as their pastor the man whom they had saved and who by a miracle had saved them, and to this day they observe the festival of the Padre Cisneros.

THE COST OF A LIE

WHEN the little town of Tome, New Mexico, was planted among the cottonwoods beside the Rio Grande, the Navahos were troubling the settlers. Thus their first care was to build a mud fort, and in this they held off the raiders, for flint-locks carried farther than bows. Realizing in due time that they were getting the worst of it in these encoun-

ters, the hostiles became less savage and were seen less often; and when the Spanish governor succeeded in forming a pact with the Comanches, the ancient enemies of the Navahos, for a common defence against the latter, it was believed that a lasting peace had been secured. Between the governor, Don Ignacio, and the Comanche chief a strong attachment grew, and in one of the red men's visits to the town the chief's son, a boy of ten or a dozen years, was found at play with Maria, the little daughter of the governor. The girl gave promise of beauty, and the boy betokened an inheritance of his father's splendid frame, undaunted courage, shrewd mind, and qualities of leadership. Said the chief, smiling at the little ones, " Our children are friends already. Why may they not be more? When they are gown, let them be man and wife and let the palefaces and my people be joined, even as they shall be."

Whether the governor meant honestly or not, he consented, and for several years the Indians kept a practice of riding in from their country on a fixed day, with presents for the girl who was to be their queen—presents of ponies, furs,

embroidered skins, meat, and fruit. Well, people are not always of the same mind at forty-five that they were at thirty. Tome was somewhat of a town, now. The population had increased, the defences had been strengthened, the Navahos had retired farther and farther as farms and ranches had extended about it, and they had virtually ceased from troubling. Don Ignacio was confident that he could force the Indians to respect him without sacrificing his beloved child as a pledge of continued friendship with the Comanches. Why should he ruin her happiness by giving her into the arms of a savage, when he might presently return to Spain, rich with New-World spoil, and find a count, perhaps a prince, for a son-in-law? After a lapse of years the day came for the wedding, and with it the Comanches, gaudy in paint and feathers, the old chief and the young one—a bronzed Apollo—riding at their head. Don Ignacio met them attired in black, his head bowed, a kerchief at his eyes. "Woe is me!" he cried. "My lovely child is no more. She sleeps in the church-yard yonder."

Astonished and sorrowful, but with a proper

respect for the grief of this afflicted parent, the Indians rode away. Some neighbors of theirs, who were packing goods across the Comanche country a few months later, stopped at the principal village for rest and gossip on matters in the white man's town. Incidentally some mention was made of the death of Maria. "Dead?" queried the leader of the burro train. "You do not know of what you speak. Maria is alive. We saw her four days ago." The others supported this statement.

When the 8th of September had come—the feast of St. Thomas, for whom Tome is named—the parish priest said mass before releasing his people to enjoy the racing, the cock-fighting, the target-practice, the dancing and feasting, and, truth to tell, the flirting and drinking that were to make the day one of the happiest in the year. As he lifted the host into the incense-clouded light and every head was bowed, the solemn hush was broken by a furious war-whoop. In another moment the Comanches, fully armed and in battle dress, rushed into the sacred edifice and began a general massacre. In the fifteen years since they had been last attacked the townsfolk had

forgotten war. They went about unarmed. They could make no defence. The venerable priest, the faithless governor, the soldiers, the traders, the farmers—every man paid with his life that day for the lie of Don Ignacio. The women and children were spared, and Maria, innocent of the deception that had cost so much, was married to the young chief after her mourning days were over. With him she passed a life of content. Ask an Indian where lies the City of the Broken Promise and he points toward Tome.

FORKED LIGHTNING AND THE HEALTH WATERS

ACCORDING to their own legends, the Utes were the first people, always happy, always successful in their wars against the tribes that followed them upon the earth. Their first great chief, Forked Lightning, was loved for his mildness and justice as well as admired for his power and courage. Great, therefore, was the lamenting among his people when he was stricken with an unaccountable disease and the

medicine-men gave him to death, telling him that the Great Spirit wished to gather him to his fathers. Yet, to propitiate and question the god, they decided on a last sacrifice. A buffalo bull was killed, skinned, lifted to an altar of logs, and burned, the people prostrating themselves during this ceremony, while the head medicine-man, wrapped in the animal's bloody hide, communed apart. When the body had gone to ashes, he said, " Rise. The god has spoken. Our chief will not die. A big medicine is to come from the earth and cure him, and it shall be for all time for the healing of our nation. At sunrise our youngest medicine-man must shoot an arrow at the sun. We will go to it when it falls. Again he will shoot and we will follow, a hundred of our strongest bearing and guarding our chief. Day after day the arrow will be shot, and will lead our march. When at last it falls and stands upright in the earth, there will the great medicine appear, as Forked Lightning puts the fire to his peace-pipe."

And so in time they came to the cañon of the Rio de las Gallinas, near the present town of Las Vegas, New Mexico. The chief sat in the

entrance to the gorge and lighted his pipe. As the flame touched the tobacco a cloud passed over the sun, a far-off roaring sounded in the earth, the rocks trembled, and the people hid their faces, believing that the Great Spirit was passing and the ground was bending under his footsteps. Then came a crash and hiss as the earth opened and fountains of mud and scalding water were hurled into the air. Steam and sulphur fumes burst forth as from the centre of the globe. When the commotion had subsided the chief commanded his men to bury him to the chin in warm mud and leave him there for a day. This they did. In the evening, when he came out, he had regained not his health alone, but his youth. Indeed, he never died, for after he had lived and ruled wisely for two ordinary lifetimes, the Great Spirit sent a bird to him and bade him mount to his back and be carried to the light. Thus Forked Lightning left his people. The springs flow to this day. The Utes say that by drinking from the cold waters and bathing in the warm flow the wounds of brave men are healed; but if a coward bathes, the waters are poison to him and he dies.

A BLACK COAT AND A RED SHIRT

FOR a few years after the Mexican war matters were in an unsettled state in the territory we had acquired from our friends of dark complexions, and in New Mexico there was no worse town than Mora. The place was a converging point for the attacks of Navahos, Apaches, Pawnees, and Comanches, who, when not fighting one another, always felt at liberty to ride in and kill a few white men; and the white man's habit of being armed and prepared made him feverish, so that his weapons were liable at any time to go off and hurt people. Mexicans of all sorts, half-breeds, American gamblers, saloon-keepers, deserters from the army, and out-and-out thieves made the larger part of the populace, and they had their own way until the decent element organized a vigilance committee and began to shoot and hang the outlaws. Criminals are usually cowards, especially when it comes to a contest with law and order, and in six months Mora was as safe and steady as Philadelphia.

Some of the more active in the vigilance com-

mittee then began to complain that the town was no longer interesting, and that it needed only a sewing-circle to be as tame as any village in the effete East. Their confidence was shaken by an atrocious murder, the victim being an honest old blacksmith who had earned a few dollars that day, and the assassin being, without doubt, a hard-looking stranger in a red shirt who was too poor to buy a drink just before the killing, but who was buying liquor that night as fast as the barkeeper could hand the glasses over the counter. The man in the red shirt was captured, and the vigilance committee had a brief sitting on his case. It might have been called a trial, if there had been a judge, jury, prosecuting attorney, defending lawyer, and a few sympathetic spectators. The committee was all of these. Most of the members were for putting the accused to death at once, on account of his face. No human being could wear a countenance like his and be of any mortal use in this world. A few objected that the evidence was purely circumstantial; that although the supposed murderer and his victim had been seen to leave a bar-room together, no proof could be offered

to show that the dead man had not given his money to the disagreeable-looking person and then, in a fit of vexation, cut his own heart out.

The chaplain of the committee shortened the debate by asking leave to converse with the prisoner, promising to report in an hour, and this permission was readily granted. This chaplain was no clergyman. It was his shaven face and his black coat—the only black coat in Mora—that gave the title to him. The vigilantes smoked and played seven-up for some time, but brightened when the chaplain re-entered the room and said, "Go on with the hanging. The man is guilty. He has made a confession, not only of this murder but of four others. As to robberies and such—why, gentlemen, we should have to hang this fellow at least twenty times before we could do justice to him."

Yet, when the culprit was about to be swung up to the cottonwood-tree that had been indicated for this office, he stubbornly refused to confess in public. "You might as well," said the chaplain. "You know you confessed it all to me."

"You had no business to repeat what I said. A fine priest you are, I don't think."

"I'm not a priest. I'm a variety actor."

"Holy Moses! I've been swindled! I'm an ass! I deserve it. String me up."

So the man with the red shirt came to his end that day; but the chaplain never had another chance to pose as father-confessor for a criminal, though he kept his black coat in repair for years.

WHY INDIANS PAINT THEIR FACES

A CHIEF of Apaches, who lived among the Jicarilla Hills of New Mexico many, many years ago, went off alone to hunt,—for his people were weak with famine, and there was suffering throughout the land. In those days the animals were big and strong and men were small and timid, but the chief was brave and active. He saw a deer at a long distance, patiently stalked it for a whole day, and presently drew near enough to shoot; but hunger may have unnerved his arm, or the wind may have turned his arrow, for the deer went unscathed, and the weapon pierced the flank of a panther that the

hunter, in the eagerness of the chase, had not seen stealing upon the deer. With a snarl of rage the beast sprang toward him, and the man fled with all his speed, calling on his grandfather, the bear, for help. The bear heard and saw that he must be prompt; so, just as the man fell from exhaustion, he scratched one foot with a claw of the other and sprinkled his blood over his grandson's prostrate form. In another moment the panther arrived, and, smelling bear's blood, turned away; for it is said that no other animal will eat bear's flesh. But, as if in token of his disgust, the panther drew his claws across the man's face, leaving two or three stripes there. When the chief regained his strength he was so grateful to the bear that he left the blood on his brow and cheeks until it dried and cracked off. Where the bear's blood had protected his skin it was light. Where the panther's claws had seamed his flesh, it was brown and dark. So, to this day, when the red man goes on the hunt or the war-path, he paints streaks of color across his face.

JICARILLA CREATION MYTHS

NORTHERN New Mexico was the first land, according to the Jicarillas, or Basket-Maker Apaches, whose homes are thereabout. They say that before men came to the surface of the earth they lived in a gloomy under-world where the only light was given by eagle feathers which were carried like torches. This was so feeble that they made moons with yellow paint and tried to make them stick against the rocky sky—all to no use, for a witch and wizard as constantly broke them and brushed them down. At last a sun and moon appeared, and they shot into the outer air, bumping against the roof with such force as to break a hole in it, and swinging off into space. Then the wise men and enchanters danced and sang, made medicine ceremonies, and mountains sprang up in answer to their incantations, lifting a few thousand feet every night until they almost reached the hole the sun and moon had made. Ladders were put together and extended from the topmost peak to the world we live in now, and a badger was sent up to report. He found the outer world covered

with water, except about the hole. When he returned, his legs were covered with mud, which accounts for their color to-day. Then the turkey went up, and he came back with the white spots on his wings that have been there ever since—foam flecks from the deluge. Then the wind appeared, offering to drive back the waters if the people would respect it and pray to it. So the first of all prayers were raised to the wind. The people then crawled out, followed by the animals. It was so strange and bright on the surface of the earth that they could not sleep, and messengers went back to consult an old woman about this—one who had been left behind. She told them it was because they had forgotten to take their lice with them. They took these animals, therefore, and have faithfully worn them ever since.

All of the first people were Apaches, the other tribes being created afterward, from willows. The lakes in the Apache country are all that remain of the flood. At first monstrous animals preyed on the people, and Jonayi, son of the Sun and Moon, went to their rescue, giving his first attention to a great elk. Passing Taos—

which is the heart of the world, as you may know when you feel the ground shake and pulsate there—he met the lizard, who had also suffered from the elk, and who lent his skin to the hero as an armor and concealment. Next he met the gopher, who guided him to the elk and dug a tunnel for him that he might emerge under the destroyer's body as it lay idly sprawled over the plain. The hunter trembled, for the heart of the elk was beating like rhythms of the sea; but with four arrows, sped from his bow as swiftly as he could fit them, he pierced that heart, then turned to fly. The elk struggled to its feet and gave chase, plowing open the gopher hole so fast with its antlers that Jonayi could barely keep ahead, though running at top speed. The upturned earth made those mountain groups that extend east and west. A spider, wishing to save Jonayi, closed the hole with a web, thereby diverting the attack, so that the great antlers piled up the ranges that run north and south. Then the elk died, the earth trembling in its fall. Jonayi made armor from its hide, gave the front quarters to the gopher, the hind quarters to the lizard, and carried the

antlers home. His mother, the Moon, knew all that had been going on, for a piece of bark arose and fell before her as the young man's danger lessened or increased. Jonayi next slew a pair of giant eagles with the elk's antlers, and struck their young on the head, so they should grow no larger. Deprived of their former strength, these birds cursed the human race, inflicting rheumatism on it, and departed.

The people now had no urgent need, except of fire to cook their food and sweat out rheumatism. It was obtained for them by the fox, who took it from the fireflies. He had wrapped bark about his tail and held it against a cluster of these insects until it was lighted, when he ran away pell-mell, the draft of air fanning the light into a blaze. All the fireflies chased him and tried to head him off, but without avail. The sparks he scattered through the country supplied the first fire to men. This fire myth is as old and wide-spread as the deluge tales and creation myths, and in every form of it the owners of the fire give chase to the thief and try to prevent the flame from being of service to men. The most august form of this tradition appears among the

Greeks in the tragedy of Prometheus, who, for taking fire from heaven and giving it to mankind, was chained to a peak of the Caucasus, where vultures ceaselessly tore at his liver. Various interpretations are put upon this myth, a common one being that it typifies the bringing of enlightenment to men. Persecutions of those who seek to better the fortunes and understandings of their fellows are not unknown, to be sure, but why the fire should always be stolen, instead of given, is a mystery, and the Greeks enlightened us no farther on this matter than our Indians have done.

ALL'S NOT WELL ON POST SEVEN

AT the navy-yard on Mare Island, California, the marine whose sentry-go is to cover post seven would rather be elsewhere on Friday night, for the ghost sentinel is then liable to be on duty. Shortly after the second relief is posted the flesh-and-blood sentinel may hear, if the night is quiet, a soft pit-a-pat of feet behind him, as if something or somebody were stealing upon him. He turns quickly, but

nothing is there. After a little the pit-pat sounds again. He spins on his heel and presents his bayonet breast high—at the air. Then he begins to be conscious of his spine, and his scalp creeps on his skull. Presently eight bells are struck on the old ship "Independence." The drowsy call of sentinels goes up from various parts of the yard, and the harried marine calls, "Post number seven, twelve o'clock, and all's well."

As the last word is shouted there is a groan as of some creature taking leave of its life, and a splash is heard in the water. But there is no foam on the surface, and nothing is seen. This time number seven, if he is one kind of a man, stands stupefied for awhile, then sets his teeth and resumes his tramp. If he is another and more usual kind, he flings down his rifle and "lights out" for the guard-house, arriving there white, shaky, and hysterical. Knowing what has happened, his superiors send him to the hospital for a day before condemning him to some light punishment. Whenever there is a transfer at the yard it is a Johnny-come-lately who gets post seven on Friday night. Once this mysterious

walker was seen. A lieutenant who was making his rounds as officer of the guard came upon it under a lamp and was challenged by it in the usual fashion. Though the face was in a shadow cast by the visor of the cap, the eyes glowed through it. The uniform was damp and mildewed, while the gun was of an old fashion and was rusty. Though astonished to find such a representative of the service on duty, the lieutenant gave the countersign and the usual command to repeat the orders of the post, which were answered in a low voice. They were orders that had been given years before, as was proved by reference to ships no longer in the yard. The lieutenant hurried on to the next post with a curious chill upon him, and shortly broke into a run. At the end of the beat he looked back and saw nobody. In the morning he ordered the sentinel who had covered post seven to report to him. "What time did I visit your post last night?" he asked.

"You didn't come at all, sir," answered the marine. It was evident at a glance that he was not the one who had challenged the officer under the light.

"You were on the second relief?"

"Sure, sir. Just after eight bells I heard a queer rustling in the rushes down by the water, as if somebody was going through them on hands and knees, and I stole down to see what it was. I could make out nothing. Most likely you passed me just then, sir."

The man was evidently telling the truth. He was a "rookie," and he had not heard that a marine who deserted from post seven one night, just after giving the "all's well" call for eight bells, was drowned while trying to swim to Vallejo.

FATHER JUNIPERO'S LODGING

FATHER JUNIPERO, founder of the California missions, was on one of his errands of inspection and encouragement. Friar Palou, of the Franciscans, was his companion, and they were plodding over the unpathed country toward Monterey, a full day's distance from the settlements, when night came upon them. The air was chill, there was no shelter, but their health was sound and their courage warm.

"Well, brother," said the padre, "we can go no farther to-night. God is good. He will not let us come to harm. We have a loaf for supper and a cloak for a bed. The stars are coming out and the snakes are going in. We shall sleep in peace."

"We shall sleep in peace, brother," replied Palou. "Let us say our prayers. For I am heavy with the day's journey."

As if the flower-bells had tolled for vespers, the two knelt on the hillside and offered up their thanks and their petitions, asking that heaven would shelter them through the dark hours by its loving kindness and bless their work of spreading the gospel. As they arose from their knees the keen eye of Father Junipero caught a twinkle of light a half mile ahead, and he gave a little cry of surprise. "It must be white men," he said, for it is not the red light of an Indian fire. Yet who would have thought of finding our people in this wilderness?"

Fray Palou held aloof, and his face was pale. "It is not our people," he said. "There is no house or cabin all the way from San Juan to Monterey. Alas! Alas! It is the Devil who

seeks us, far from our churches. He tempts us with a hope of shelter when there is none."

"Be of better faith. We will go forward. Surely a house may have been built here since we last crossed this country."

"If your faith is strong I will follow, though I shall keep tight hold on my crucifix, and constantly repeat the Virgin's name."

A walk of a few minutes brought them to the light. It was shining, white and calm, from the window of a small, neat, adobe house, all set about with flowers. The door stood open, and the sturdy figure of a man was dark against the luminous interior as he peered into the night. When the travellers had come in sight he showed no surprise; on the contrary, he stepped from the doorway with a grave courtesy, motioned them to enter, and said: "Good friends, you are wayworn and hungry. Be pleased to become our guests. You are welcome."

With hearty thanks for this unexpected hospitality the missionaries walked into the plain but clean, sweet-smelling room. It was simply furnished and everything was distinct in a soft yet brilliant light of candles. A saintly faced,

lovely lady greeted them and motioned them to places at a table where a supper of bread, herbs, and wine had been prepared, and a gentle, sunny-haired boy held his mother's hand, leaned his rosy cheek against her, and smiled at them. The grave, kindly man who had made them welcome—he with the brown face and hands, the simple dress and honest way of an artisan—served the food and drink, and all spoke of the work on which the fathers were travelling. It seemed to them as if on earth there could be no other home like this, so sweet and gracious were their hosts, so low and musical their voices, so pure the air and feeling of the place. When the repast was ended they would have begged to rest on straw outside the house; but before they had put this request into words an inner door had been thrown open and they were ushered into a white chamber holding two beds, warmly though daintily covered, and with pleasant good-nights the family withdrew, leaving the fathers to their rest.

"We spoke truly when we said we should sleep in peace," quoth Palou.

"It is as if God had turned our steps here.

Brother, there is such a peace in my soul as I have never felt before. It is well with the world, for heaven is kind to men."

Tired though they were, they prayed long and earnestly before they slept. In the morning, before day had broken, they awoke without a call, were bidden to another simple meal, and presently resumed their journey, after many thanks to the man, the woman, and the child for their goodness. They solemnly invoked the blessing of God on all three, and bowed low and stood awhile in silence when the family asked a blessing on them—silent because they were strangely moved and thrilled.

They had been on their way not many minutes when they encountered a muleteer of the country, who looked at them curiously. "Good-day to your reverences," he cried. "You look as happy and well fed and freshened with sleep as if you had breakfasted with his excellency the governor and had lain on goose-feathers all night."

"We have fared notably," said Palou, "for we stopped at the house yonder, and so kind a family can be found nowhere else."

"At what house, pray? There is no house for miles and miles. Even the savages come into this part of the land but seldom."

Said Father Junipero, "It is plain that you, like ourselves, have not been here for some time. The house we have just left is yonder, by those trees—or—that is—— Why! Look, brother! It is gone."

The dawn was whitening, and the morning star threw down one long beam on the place where that house had been; a beam such as fell from the star of Bethlehem, so that a silver mist brooded upon the site.

"Kneel!" commanded Junipero. "A miracle has been done. Now I know that the cottage was built by angels, and they who served us were Joseph, Mary, and Jesus. God smiles upon our work. From this hour we dedicate ourselves to it with new vigor and a firmer faith."

HELEN OF THE SACRAMENTO

FOLK-LORISTS who take their work very seriously tell us that Homer was several people and that Helen of Troy, who inspired his—or their—pen, is a moon myth, because her name means "shining;" as though it were impossible that there should be a Troy, an Achilles, an Agamemnon! There are several Helens in the world's history, and early Americans and Hawaiians had their accounts of her, no less than the Greeks. The Wintus, who dwelt in the valley of the Sacramento and hunted as far as the slopes of Shasta, and who in half a century dwindled from ten thousand to five hundred people, have never been converted to Christianity; hence they have kept their tribal legends intact, and their version of the Helen narrative is characteristic.

The world's first war was precipitated by Norwan (Shaking Porcupine), who appeared on earth before the present race of men came out of the ground. She lived alone in a sweat-house at Lassen's Butte, California, where she danced all day.; and, being as fair as the dawn, she was

much sought in marriage. The lucky suitor was Norbis (The South Dweller), son of the white-oak that forms the heavenly mansion; but she seems to have accepted him as a duty, or a matter of form, for she forgot her vows even during the wedding festivities and danced with the Tedewiu (Bird) brothers, as only careless youth can dance, not realizing that she was offending her husband and his friends by her partiality. Presently it was discovered that she and the two brothers had left the company, and then rumor came that she had run away from the bridegroom. Norbis hurried after them, but before he was within call they had crossed the Sacramento. To his demand that they should give up the woman, on pain of punishment, they called: "No; we will not do so. Norwan was not stolen by us. She came here of her free will, and if we sent her back to you, what would keep her from coming here again? She may go if she likes, but we will have no hand in sending her away."

Finding argument and appeal to be of no use, Norbis gathered his people, the Tedewiu assembled theirs, all in armor of elk-hide, and for two

days a battle was waged between them. Those who lived through it were hardly glad, for their relatives had been killed; they themselves were crippled and spent; throughout the fight they had not fed, and they were chilled in slush and falling snow. This took all love of battle out of the men of both sides, so that for many years there was no more fighting. It was a useless conflict, too, because Norwan went back peaceably with Norbis, the Tedewiu being so exhausted that her loss was not known to them until the second evening. The after-life of Norbis and Norwan does not appear to have been unhappy, for the wife confessed that although she did not care for her husband, and did not want to go away with him, she now saw that she was wrong. "Had I not danced with the Tedewiu brothers," she said, "I should have remained peacefully with Norbis, and there would have been no killing and no war. I went away with the brothers before I realized what I was doing."

But the first battle had been fought, and the seed of strife had been sown in the bosom of the human race. Troubles of all sorts multiplied,

and five years after the battle an aged Cassandra told her grandson: "It is a woman at Norwan Buli who has brought all the woe upon us. It would have been a good world but for her. Sorrow will be the lot of men hereafter, for there will never be an end to fighting on our earth."

THE GREAT SNOW

SKAMGONS, in Portland Channel, had been nearly depopulated by the grizzly-bear men. Only two boys and two girls were left. They fled from the scene of slaughter and walked until they found the house of a dying shaman who foretold events and who advised them to return to the water, because salmon were plenty there. He added: "The sky is full of feathers. Get much meat and build a strong house." They went back to a river, where they built a house, bracing it against the wind and weather with poles of extra strength and number, then went out a-hunting. They came, ere long, upon a herd of mountain-goats and slaughtered many of them, sacrificing as much as they ate to the shaman, who was now dead. Then they

stored up wood and dressed the goat-skins for blankets. Soon the feathers began to fall—the snow-flakes—and for two months they could not leave their house. The light entered only through a hole made by the escape of warm air from their fire out of the drifts that were piled for twenty feet above their heads. When at last the sun shone down this chimney they dug their way out and began their fishing. They had reached a white, dead world. They were the only people who had survived the snow-fall, and from them are descended all the races of the earth. It took two years to melt the snow, and even then it was only the valleys that were cleared. Some of it remains on the mountain-tops to this day.

THE DOG-CHILDREN

THERE are legends which are world-wide. Among our Indian myths are parallels to the Mosaic account of the creation, the naming of the brutes, the deluge, the ark, Joshua's arrest of the sun, the fight of David and Goliath, Joseph and Potiphar's wife, Jonah and the

whale, the revolt of Satan and his angels, and the prophecy of a final destruction of the earth by fire. But other legends are peculiar to races and continents, and the following tale is common to all our tribes, from Oregon to Greenland.

Near Skunak River lived a woman who had a dog for a lover. She did not know he was a dog, for whenever he visited her lodge he put off his hair coat, thereby seeming to become a man, and he never entered the villages by day. One night his appetite was so roused by sniffing the bones of porcupines and marmots which had been left after supper that he took his dog form again and began to gnaw them. The crunching and breaking awoke the woman, who, seeing a dog near her, turned to rouse the man. His place was empty, so she caught up a club and killed the animal. Some time after she gave birth to three pups, but like their father they could take on human shape, and did so every time she went away to gather wood or berries or roots, resuming their hairy coats and lying in the warm ashes of the fireplace when they saw her coming back. She had seen from a distance two boys and a girl playing before her lodge,

and she felt so certain they were her offspring that she hid close by, saw them change from dogs to children, and, springing into the lodge, seized the two dog-skins that hung there and threw them into the fire. A third she did not reach in time, for the girl had slipped into it and was a dog again. The boys never became dogs after their coats had been destroyed, but grew to be famous hunters, and their sister always went with them to rouse the game and help to catch it. Their sight and smell were wonderfully keen; they could track animals over snow and through the most tangled forest. Their house was always filled with meat, and the family could not eat it all. The Indians who had left them in fright when the dogs were born returned so soon as they heard of the success of the boys, and joined them in their hunting. Once they found and killed a herd of mountain-goats near the head of Skunak River, but not until the dog-girl had been gored to death by one of them. After the slaughter a single kid was heard crying pitifully on the top of a tall rock, and the two brothers climbed it in order to kill the little creature. As they ascended, the people

below could see that the rock was growing. It carried the boys and the kid so high they could never get down alive, and next day the face of the rock was streaked with blood, which you can see there to this day.

In the Athabaskan version of this legend it is a virgin who gives birth to four pups that become, after sundry adventures, the constellation of Orion.

TILLAMOOKS IN SKY-LAND

THE Tillamooks of Washington do not localize many of their traditions, though they point to three rocks on Siletz River as the first man, his wife, and his child; to a place on the Upper Nestucka, where lived Xilgo, who was three times torn to pieces by the children she had stolen, yet escaped because she had hidden her heart in her hat; and to Bald Mountain as the home of three brothers, at one time captives of Chinese or Japanese—from whom they escaped by crossing the Pacific in a whale-skin boat. These brothers brought to America three women of the tribe from over-sea, one of whom, be-

coming homesick, walked back across the ocean; and those who pursued her, even to the Asian shore, became friends of her people, so there was no more war between them.

On Slab Creek lived the fisher, who, having caught two salmon that had made a clinking noise in the water, found one to have taken the shape of a stone hammer and the other of an obsidian knife. From the hour when he brought these weapons to the land his people suffered, for even the skies were stormy and unkind. Impatient and enraged, his fellows roasted him before flames, like a salmon, and threw the troublesome implements upon the fire. Immediately the clouds rolled off, the sun shone out, and it was summer.

Slab Creek is also associated with two legends of the sky. Here dwelt two archers that assailed the heavens, hoping to avenge their father, who had been killed by a sky chief. One shot an arrow that stuck into the sky; the other twanged his bow—they were marvellous shots!—and his arrow-tip went into the other arrow at the notch, not far enough to split the shaft, yet far enough to hold stoutly; the next shot drove

the arrow into the notch of the second, and in this fashion the brothers made a chain of arrows that reached all the way down to earth. Up this wooden cord they climbed, like Jack on his bean-stalk, and found in sky-land the same sort of world as this. Seeking cautiously for several days, they came at last to the lodge of the murderer chief, who, in vaunt of his act, had hung their father's head in his door. They slew him and returned to earth by the arrow chain, bringing down the dead man's wives as their own. Then, raising their father's body, they sewed his head to its proper place with a string made of inner bark of cedar, so that he came to life, dancing. His head stayed in place for many years, but it remained red, like cedar-bark,—for he was a woodpecker now.

It was another Slab Creek man who made a visit to heaven against his will. Spearing salmon in the creek one day, he found that it was growing dark as fast as if night were coming on. "A plague on this blackness!" he exclaimed at last. "What is it that keeps me from seeing the fish?" Hardly had he uttered these words ere a little creature darted from a hole that had

been made by lightning in a fir-tree, and, standing beside him, began to swell, tremendously. In a few minutes he was taller than the tree itself, and his skin was covered with feathers. "Now see who it is you have scolded," roared the Thunderer, for it was he. Catching the fisherman under one arm, he flew to the sky with him, his wings clashing in a way to fill the Tillamook with terror. Once the giant dropped him, but swooped down and caught him again before he could touch the earth. In the upper-world lived a race of giants, who caught whales as he had caught salmon and devoured them whole with no more ado than he made in eating a fish. These people treated him kindly and made a place for him in their homes, but he often thought upon his own land, his wives and children, and presently he made bold to ask his keeper if he might go back. The Thunderer read his thought before he had spoken, and answered it: "Your wives are well and one of them has married again."

"Faithless creature! And I have been from home only four days!" cried the man.

"When they found your cloak and spear

beside the creek they thought you were dead. You have been away four years."

The Tillamook descended to the earth and found it as the Thunderer had said, for one wife was gone and his children had grown. For ten days the man danced and feasted his neighbors on salmon and whale-meat—food he had brought from heaven. And the people reverenced him and made him shaman.

HOW THE SKUNK GOT BACK

ALONG the Columbia River, just below the debouch of the Spokane, the rocky walls take on fantastic shapes, such as one finds among the Bad Lands—steeples, roofs, slides, terraces, and so on. Among these forms the Whitestone, a pale gray cone of rock five hundred feet high, is a noted landmark. The Indians say that a long time ago this height was occupied by a skunk, a wolf, and a rattlesnake. Each had his range and did not, at first, interfere with the others; and the skunk, being handsomest and most docile of the family, was liked by all the animals. In those days he had no defensive

apparatus, and preferred to live on comfortable terms with everybody. The wolf and the rattler were selfish creatures, and they asked one another why the rock need be divided among three when it was just about large enough for two. No good answer presenting itself, they decided to oust their fellow, and, stealing behind him while he was absorbed in contemplation of the scenery, they toppled him from the cone and saw him splash into the river. He did not drown, as they had hoped and expected, but swam and floated with the current till he had reached the mouth. In those days a famous wizard had his lodge near the river's end,—a man who knew the animals, their ways and needs,—and to him the skunk related the tale of his expulsion from Whitestone, asking for means to be revenged on his associates. The magician, in sympathy for his sufferings, conferred on him the ability to make himself as disagreeable as did either of his old comrades, but in a different way. He bestowed on him the power to secrete an acrid, burning, blinding, loud-smelling liquid, and bade him go back and try it on his partners. Encouraged to think that he had something more search-

ing, more terrifying, than the teeth of the wolf and the fangs of the snake, he hastened back to his old home and climbed the rock, to the surprise of the two dwellers, who had never expected to see him again. Advancing with apparently friendly intent till he arrived within ten feet of them, he faced about and sprayed his devil's incense into their faces. The snake was nearly suffocated and the wolf well-nigh blinded. Both curled up on the ground in anguish, while the skunk gave them another salute and retired to his former quarters.

So soon as they could breathe and see, the conspirators hurried down and away from Whitestone, never to reappear, while the skunk made himself comfortable on the whole property. And to this day he shows his dislike of the wolf in the old fashion, while he will destroy any snake he meets.

STARVATION ON A MONUMENT

OFF Cape Flattery, the northwestern corner of the United States, or, at least, of the State of Washington, stands a monument of rock about a hundred feet in height, known to the Indians as Tsar-tsar-dark. It is a wild and picturesque region that comes here to a sudden ending in deep water; the coast fretted and tunnelled by the sea and streaked by cascades; the huge Olympics, snow-topped, piled inland toward the sky; the wild-fowl, hooting and screaming on the ledges; the everlasting anthem of the Pacific echoing from the rocks. There was a time, and not so long ago, when the great white cones that loom to the eastward beaconed to the canoe-men with pennants of dust by day and a glow from their craters against the heavens at night. It was a region of wonders, and many sacrifices had to be made to keep the gods and devils quiet.

Hapless, then, was a certain young hunter who had neglected to pacify the tamanouses that haunt the vicinity of Tsar-tsar-dark. A few pinches of tobacco or of killikinick, a bit of

squaw's embroidery, a string of wampum dropped into the sea or laid on a rock shelf would have insured his safety, but in the brashness of his youth he climbed Tsar-tsar-dark, after gull and cormorant chicks, without making oblation. The offended tamanouses made his mind soft, so that he dared not go down again. Whenever he looked below, into the wrath of the sea, his head grew sick and he clung helplessly to the rock. Birds flew by and taunted him; his comrades called; they made lines of sea-weed and tried to get them to him by means of captive gulls and strong-shot arrows; but it was of no use. On the seventh day he extended himself on the top and died. There his ghost lives and warns the Indians when dangerous storms are rising.

THE SNAKE DEN

"THE embrace of a Klikitat girl is death," say the Cœur d'Alene Indians. On the side of Palmer Mountain, Washington, three stones mark the graves of three Klikitat maidens who gave the reason for this proverb. They were spoils of war, taken by a Cœur d'Alene

band in a raid among the hills; and the captors greatly congratulated themselves, because the girls had a fame for beauty, for art in embroidery and leather work, for endurance on the march, and for skill in cooking. They were treated kindly and were awarded as wives to three young braves who were to take up their quarters for a time in a cave on Palmer Mountain. As it was soon evident that escape was impossible, the girls pretended to be reconciled to their fate, and at the feast of marriage they sang and chatted merrily. At nightfall they entered the cave to prepare it for their lords, who presently appeared and flung themselves on the couches. Instantly each girl threw a bearskin over her husband, as in sport, and held it down with all her strength and weight. Smothered cries were heard, and the girls were flung roughly to the floor. But they had avenged their capture: they had hidden rattlesnakes in the beds, and the creatures had stung the men again and again. Each bridegroom struck his wife dead, and each then lay down to die; but a company of Klikitats was on the watch. These foemen rushed into the cave and dragged thence

a single survivor, whom they subsequently burned at the stake on the site of the present Fort Spokane. He told the whole story before his death. Afterward the Klikitats went back, buried the bodies of the girls, and marked their graves with the rude headstones.

"DEADHEADS," "CRACKERS," "HOODLUMS," AND "PANHANDLERS"

THESE are terms that started their careers as slang,—but if we only knew it, half of our words and most of our idioms came from the tavern, the camp, and the kennel, and whenever slang is forcible and fit we may be sure it will be in dictionaries before many years. "Deadhead," for example, is an accepted term for one who has free entrance to theatres or concert halls, or, indeed, enjoys any privilege, such as riding on a train or boat, sending a telegram or express package, or obtaining a newspaper or magazine, without paying. Some franks and passes bear the cruelly suggestive initials, "D. H." In the first half of the nineteenth century a new toll-road was built out of Detroit, re-

placing a rough plank-road leading to Elmwood Cemetery. As the burial-ground had been laid out before the toll-road was created, and a hardship was involved in refusing access to it, the owners of the road agreed to let all funeral processions pass free. A physician of the town, Dr. Pierce, stopping to pay his toll one day, remarked to the gate-keeper, "Considering the benevolent character of my profession, I ought to be allowed to travel on this road without charge."

"No, no, doctor," answered the toll-man; "we can't afford that. You send too many deadheads through, as it is."

The incident was repeated, caught up all over the country, and "deadhead" is now colloquial, if not elegant English.

The poorer white people in the lower tier of the Atlantic States, particularly in Georgia and Florida, are known as "crackers." The source of this term is obscure, especially as it originated in the North as a gibe or a name of reproach, and it was in use in 1760. Some say that it comes from the cracking of the rifles in the Georgia woods and swamps; others that it com-

memorates the Southern fondness for bacon, which was supposed to be eaten in so crisp a state that it cracked between the teeth; but the simplest and likeliest reason for the name is that the Southern teamsters, who were many and who were of the poorer class, encouraged their horses along the sand wallows that were dignified by the name of roads a century ago by much cracking of long and cruel "blacksnake" whips, hence being known as "crackers."

San Francisco provided the other two words in the caption. "Hoodlum" is a name applied to those youth of our cities who idle about the saloons, loaf on street corners, break lamp-posts and windows, jeer at quiet people, talk profanity and obscenity in loud, harsh voices, insult women, and foster in their thinly furnished heads a conceit that vice is manly and ruffianism is strength. They are the class from which our tramps and criminals are largely recruited. The original hoodlums were the younger riff-raff that drifted to California during the excitement over the gold discoveries in 1849, or got themselves born there, of reprehensible parents, shortly after. In the lax state of law and morals that prevailed until

a representative body of men took matters into their own hands and lynched the worst offenders, they were especially obnoxious. They were drunken, thievish, noisy, and quarrelsome, and several assaults and murders were attributed to them. Foremost in a gang of these people that infested San Francisco was a stalwart bully named Muldoon, and from him they took the name of the Muldoons. After San Francisco had become settled, these fellows continued to be a vexation and a danger, and the editor of a local newspaper, wishing to urge the authorities to a smarter public defence, wrote a guarded article on the subject. Fearing to be shot, or to have his house burned or his office wrecked if he referred directly to the Muldoons, the editor thought he would be understood by the more intelligent people if he spelled the name backward. A slip of the types gave an *h* for an *n*, and the word "hoodlum" was coined. It had a rough sound that seemed to fit the rogues for whom it was intended, and has ever since been in constant use.

"Panhandler" is a word of more recent origin and applies to the greasy, whining, tippling,

threatening, thieving creatures who forage on the country in summer, ride to the towns on freight trains when cold weather begins, and subsist there, through the winter, on the contributions of the industrious. There was once a restaurateur in San Francisco who rejoiced—or otherwise—in the name of Mink Dusenhoffer. His "caffy" did so large a business that his hired helpers felt they were entitled to larger wages, and, in order to get them, they unanimously dropped work and went on strike. Mr. Dusenhoffer was not to be coerced. He went into the highways, and more especially the byways, and presently recruited "a gang of scattermouches and mulligrubbers that didn't know bean-soup from charlotte russe," but whom he set at work in his establishment, occasionally emphasizing his instructions with a beer-mallet. On the third night a terrible ruction broke out between the guests and the waiters. The guests were driven out, one man was shot, the landlord was beaten, the bar was looted, and the new waiters, drunk and reckless, spent the rest of the night in attacking and robbing people who were abroad unarmed. Mr. Dusenhoffer's opinion of

his servants was expressed in this elegant extract, which was posted the next day:

"The public is warned against the gang of slush-slingers, dish-swabbers, and panhandlers that left my place yesterday. They are thieves and murderers, and there is enough buckshot waiting for them here to blow them all to hell, where they belong."

The troublers kept away from the "caffy" after that; but every time that an arrest was made for robbery or assault, the remark was heard, "There's another of Mink's panhandlers." In about ten years the word had crossed the continent and become domesticated in the East.

PHANTOMS OF THE ATLANTIC

BESIDE the New Haven storm-ship and the "Flying Dutchman," certain other shadow-craft sail in American waters, and the souls of unshriven sailors fly piping across the seas in the guise of petrels, or Mother Carey's chickens, enduring purgatory and doomed never to find rest till their sins are forgiven.

Among the phantom ships that may be met, now and again, is the Spanish treasure-galleon aboard of which Captain Don Sandovate was killed by his mutinous sailors. As he was dying he begged the men for water, and they jeered and held it just beyond his reach. For this they are condemned to roam the Atlantic until doomsday, suffering eternally from thirst. You shall know the ship well enough, if you meet her, for a crew of skeletons will hail as you pass, and will cry for water till you are out of hearing.

In the seventeenth century a vessel had freighted at Salem, Massachusetts, for England. All was ready for her departure, the passengers were on board, and the crew were about to cast off, when a young man and woman, richly dressed, handsome, and of distinguished bearing, hurried down the wharf and asked to be taken to England. They had money and they wanted a cabin. None had ever seen them before. During the few minutes spent in talk upon this request the wind went about and blew dead ahead, so that the sailors began to feel apprehensive, and were heard grumbling about taking people on that trip who were evidently going to bring

bad luck to the vessel. The master yielded to the plea of the young couple, however, and on Friday, the wind being favorable once more, he set sail for the old country. She never reached England. It is thought that she went down in Massachusetts Bay, for she is occasionally seen cruising between the capes. Her hull shines in the dark, like punk; she rides through the air a foot above the water, and a row of white faces can be seen staring over the side.

An old hulk lay at her wharf in one of the Maine ports for several years—an old whaler too full of oil to sink, they said. The youngsters scrambled over her and played tag on her decks and hide-and-seek in her hold and cabins, and pretended to steer her by the rheumatic old wheel on all sorts of voyages—to the island where Crusoe lived and to the lands of Ali Baba and Liliput. Thirteen boys and girls were playing in that way on a summer afternoon when the rotten cable parted and the old ship, whose forefoot every one supposed had grounded in half a fathom of mud, moved slowly out on the tide. At first the children cheered and laughed to feel motion in the old hull and to see the shore per-

spective changing, but as distance from the land grew wider they saw their danger and began to call. Several fishermen ran to the water and set their sails to the wind—in vain, for a chill gale had sprung up; then a fog covered the whitening sea, and mercifully hid the tragedy. But a mouldy shape goes by, on certain nights, in the moon, and faint, pathetic little voices call, asking that a company of children be allowed to go ashore.

HOW SOME PLACES WERE NAMED

AMERICAN town names lack character, as a rule. There is a preponderance of Smithvilles and Jonesburgs, and names are duplicated beyond all reason, there being in this country no less than 237 Washingtons,—to say nothing of counties, which bear the name, nor of "Corners," "Villes," "Mills" and "Centres," 44 of the Washington villages and townships being found in the one State of Ohio,—108 Lincolns, 28 Brooklyns, 18 Bostons, 23 Albanys, 21 Hartfords, 65 Waynes, 75 Harrisons, and 137 Libertys, 25 of which are in Ohio. In certain

remote districts, as among the Maine woods, a few townships are known by their old map numbers, and you learn that Bill Brown's gone over to Number Four to get in his hay, or that Si Puffer's mother is comin' over from Number Thirty-Six to get her teeth filled. By delving among the maps, however, a good many names may be unearthed, aside from the usually admirable Indian names, that are unconventional and remarkable, and some of them are adapted from the names of families that, in turn, perpetuate quaint incidents. The founder of the Bull-Smith family, of Smithtown, Long Island, was a friend of the Nissiquogue Indians, whose chief told him that he might take all the land he could encircle in a day's ride, if he bestrode a bull instead of a horse. Smith rode the bull so long and hard on that day that the animal died.

New Jersey's share of oddities is large. In that State we find this array: Tillietudelum, Opanghanaugh, Hell's Kitchen, Good Intent, Ragtown, Breakfast Point, Camp Gaw, Polifly, Radix, Pluckemin, Pocktown, Succasunna, Scrabbletown, Scrapetown, Slabtown, Samptown, Snufftown, Harmony, Allamuchy, Solitude,

Frogtown, Boardville, Blazing Star, Cutalosa, Cinnaminson, Absecon, Far Hills, Short Hills, Flyat, Unexpected Bog, Kalarama, Roundabout, Oney's Hat, Hackle Barney, Wakeake, Boss Road, Jahokeyville, Cheesquakes, Hen's Foot, Barley Sheaf, Wheat Sheaf, Griffetown, Griggstown, Groonsville, English Corners, Ebenezer, Blue Ball, Bivalve, Manunka Chunk, Packnack, Wollyfield, Wickatunk, Yaughoo, Waughorow, Polecat Tavern, Zingaem, Stringtown, Monkeytown, Turtletown, Hogtown, Goosetown, Peacocktown, Skunktown, Postertown, Batstoe, Atco, Snake Hill, Bone Hill, Bamber, Blue Anchor, Ringoes, Rustic, Rural Place, Buckshutem, Totowa, Duty Neck, Boxisticus, Parsippany, Warbasse, and Sodom. A humorist who alleges familiarity with the subject intimates that some names in New Jersey must have been given for their peculiar unfitness; that Pelletville hasn't a drug store; that Recklesstown is as calm as a cemetery; that Bargaintown would be dear at any price; that Roundabout has four straight roads; that Small Lots is mostly one large one; that Comical Corner is dismal, and Deacon's godless; that Jumping Point is as steady as a

coach. We are entitled to have doubts when we are told that Beatyestown is Irish; that Boilsville was named in commemoration of Sufferin' Job Hitchins, who stood it as long as he could and then died there; that six of the most ancient settlers named Feebletown for themselves, just before they shuffled off the coil; but it is conceivable that Brontzmansville and Brotzmanville were so called by two factions of a family that had divided on a question of spelling; that Double Trouble took its name for a similar reason, and that Gin Point, Whiskey Lane, and Jugtown indicate an ancient thirst among their citizens. One resident of Bum Tavern was so disgusted by his post-office address that he brought an annual suit to compel his fellows to change it; but they always bought him off with a drink, until one year they defended the suit and he left the place in wrath. A farmer having put up a sign beside the road, "No Right of Way Here," became known as Old No Right, and when a hamlet sprang up near his estate the name of No Right compassed it. It was short, easy, unusual, and the people decided to keep it; but ink and sorrow have been vainly expended since

then, for the official who prepared the papers of incorporation was not a college graduate. He remembered a superfluous ugh in though and dough, and when the place got upon the map it was Naughright. In the darkness of a thunder-storm a man wearing the astonishing name of Smith drove off the road, capsized his wagon, killed his span of horses, and so conferred on the spot the name of Smith's Turn-Out. Beebe Run is alleged to record the rapid time made by one Beebe after he had carelessly investigated a bee-hive, and Beetown tells where the trouble began. Long ago a clerk in a country store became so renowned for the airs he put on that the farmers, in sarcasm, called it the clerk's store. In the course of events this self-sufficient youth became the boss of that establishment, and justified his vanity by making it of more account than the village. When a name was chosen for the place it was almost sure to be what the country roundabout had called it for a long time—Clerk's Store. And that is what it is.

These little histories are unimportant, if true; but they show how easy it is to fix some kind of a name upon a place that nine-tenths of its

later residents will scorn and repudiate, but will not, fortunately, be able to cast aside for a smug commonplace. Nevertheless, the quaint names are slowly disappearing, and people seldom name their estates, as they used to do in Maryland, for example, where a hundred years ago one found such odd little farms as The Unexpected Discovery, Hug Me Snug, With Little I Am Content, Here is Life Without Care and Love Without Fear, and My Sweet Girl, My Friend, and Pitcher.

Wawayanda, the great grant in Orange County, New York, that was made to a white man named Denn, in 1710, is said not to be an Indian word, though it sounds authentic. When Denn went into this country to buy land he asked Chief Rambout how much he would swap for two and a half gallons of whiskey. The chief, who was at that moment overlooking his territory from the top of a bluff, waved his arms in such a way as to include most of the landscape and answered, in the best English he knew, "Way, way yonder." Denn sent for the whiskey, Rambout had a glorious spree, in which it is not recorded that he was self-possessed enough to kill

anybody, and the Yankee acquired eighty square miles of unbroken wilderness, thinly peopled by savages, bear, deer, and snakes. It is said that there was a red man whose name was Wa-Wa-Wanda, but he appears not to have been a real-estate dealer, and his means of subsistence were gained from running a cider-mill in Port Jervis.

Denn, being detained in the East after his purchase until he feared that his right to the land would lapse, sent Sarah Wells, an orphan of sixteen, who had just worked out her freedom, to take possession in his name, and as a fee gave her a hundred acres of it. With an Indian guide she started for this almost unknown region. Her misgivings grew to fear when at noon the savage stopped her horse and looked curiously into her face. Visions of outrage, captivity, and death arose before her; but the guide, noting her pallor and tears, bent and picked a spray of flowers, which he gave to her. No words were needed. She smiled, blushed, and from that day was known among the Indians as Bunch of Blossoms. They learned to love and trust her, for she visited their sick and old, and carried

fruits and flowers to them, continuing her kind acts after her marriage to William Bull and until her death, at an advanced age.

As for names in other States, a volume could be made of oddities. Thus, in Kentucky, which takes itself seriously, may be found Ink, Ingie-rubber, Tywhoppity, Possum Trot, Dog Walk, Frog Level, Bully Boy, Slaughter House, Misery Mount, Maiden Blush, Tipsey Creek, Rabbit Hash, Riddlemerock, Ransome Free, Buncombe Bog, Ubetyou, Uno, Unit, Democrat, Digitout, Fossil Fork, Rat's Nest, Eighty-eight, Sunset, Limberneck, Hickorynut, Holy Haunt, Tinkley-turn, Lovelyville, Batchtown, Whangdoodle, Whereaway, Crickmorecrack, Cæsar's Ghost, Mud, Money, Gold Buckle, Goosebone, Silver Dust, Beefburg, Buzzards' Roost, and Tipple-tub.

Indiana presents, in Clark County alone, such instances as Carpet Alley, Chicken Run, Rat Row, Sausage Row, The Dump, Devil's Back-bone, Pin Hook, Hog Trough, Tintown, Mud Lick, Bedbug Flats, World's Fair, Jenny Lind, Pig's Eye, Olive Branch, Pollywog, Ten Cent, Last Chance, Indian Sofa, and Wash Board.

Staid New York has its Doodletown, Painted Post, Good Ground, Arkport, Short Tract, Hale's Eddy, Poney Hollow, Deposit, and Manor, while it revels in the scriptural and classic, as witness Rome, Troy, Utica, Syracuse, Babylon, Elmira, Palmyra, Attica, Ithaca, Albion, Caledonia, Hannibal, Seneca, Virgil, Marathon, Smyrna, Ephrata, Phœnicia, Carthage, Corinth, Cairo, Athens, Goshen, Philadelphia, Gilboa, Carmel, and Bethel. It is not among the names fixed by scholars, with a desire to "show off," that we find much of interest, but rather among the Doodletowns that are indigenous to the soil. Some of these, however, have been twisted out of resemblance to their former selves. Tuckahoe, for instance, is commonly accepted as an Indian word, yet it is said to be a corruption of Turkey Knoll, as wild turkeys once abounded there.

Pennsylvania, though a religious commonwealth, has its Brandywine and Jollytown, and it celebrates persons, memories, and events in Cornplanter, Shinglehouse, Skinner's Eddy, Hop Bottom, Ariel, Plymouth Meeting, Chickies, New Freedom,—just over the line from the former slave State, Maryland,—Rail Road, Burnt

Cabins, Mann's Chance, Scalp Level, Shanksville, Fairchance, Pleasant Unity, Smicksburg, Warrior's Mark, High Spire, and Ringtown. Mast Hope was the site of the last big pine cut in the Delaware Valley, the noble forests of that region having been ruthlessly slaughtered and rafted down the river. In 1786 a couple of lumbermen agreed to supply a white-pine mast for a United States frigate for one hundred dollars, but it was to be long and strong. No suitable tree was found near the river until Tom Quick, a noted Indian fighter, told them of a fine tree near Big Eddy. Said one of the choppers, "Good! We have hope for the mast, yet." They found it, floated it to Philadelphia, and it became the main mast of the frigate "Constitution"—"Old Ironsides" was her common name. Relatives of the wood-cutters settled near the spot where the noble tree had been felled, and in memory of it they called their village Mast Hope.

Sheboygan, Wisconsin, is said to perpetuate the disgust of an Indian who lived thereabout and who greatly desired a male heir. Eight or ten girls had been born to him, when another

little arrival was one day announced. A white trader met him a day or two after, and asked, "Well, Lo, is it a boy this time?"

The Indian grunted, "Ugh! She boy 'gain." And the transition to Sheboygan was held to be natural.

Puritans were not absolutely in control when the names of capes, hills, and rivers were applied in Maine. Had they been we should probably have had no Pull-and-be-damned Point on the Penobscot and the Kennebec, even though the current at ebb-tide off those capes is so stiff that the oarsman uses nearly as much profanity as muscle in making head against it. Equally dreadful to polite ears, but less self-explanatory, is Hell-before-breakfast Cove, in Sysladobsis Lake. This name may have been a pure or impure invention of the mind belonging to some outcast who drank whiskey in a prohibition State and perhaps referred to an inability to buy a cocktail before the morning meal. It is not so explained, however. Sam Hall, who bestowed the name, no more meant to do it than did Antony Van Corlaer when he named Spuyten Duyvil Creek, and whose fate was similar to that

which overtook Sam many years after. Hall had been stripping bark in the woods for a new tannery in Princeton, and a fleet of scows laden with this merchandise had been tied at the cove while the crew went ashore to boil their coffee and fry flap-jacks. During the preparations a boat that had been carelessly tied broke loose and drifted away from shore. Hall discovered this truancy first, and, kicking off his clothes, leaped into the water and swam toward the craft. His comrades called him back. "No," he shouted, "I'll fetch back that boat or go to hell before breakfast." A cloud darkened the view for a moment, and one spectator declared that a strange shape came up from the lake bottom in the shadow. When the sun shone again Sam Hall had disappeared, and forever.

These Down-Easters were hard put to it for a name that should fitly express the loneliness, bleakness, and chill of the eastern end of Washington County, Maine. It was called Puduch, Mink Hole, Suckersville, and Hardscrabble, as successive alleviations of the original name of Skunk's Misery. Captain Sam Bailey lost his life in making the sixth change of name in a

century, for he knew the right from the wrong channel to Lubec so well that he became careless, and one hazy morning he tried to go in by the shallow and rocky pass, not observing that he was several points out of his proper course. There was a bump, a crash,—for a heavy swell was running,—and Bailey and his crew never set foot ashore again. So Bailey's Mistake made its appearance on the map. A farmer named Curran found that the herring of the shallows made good French sardines; and as he became rich and reverenced through this discovery, a seventh change, to Curran's Inlet, is projected.

Other places, better known, have suffered changes quite as marked, as instance the famous and respected name of Kearsarge—respected because it has been borne by sturdy fighting-machines of our navy. It is not Indian, nor even English. It is a lazy man's way of saying, "Hezekiah Sargent's Hill." This mountain, in southern New Hampshire, was owned, in the long ago, by a farmer of that name. After a while it was known as 'Kiah Sarg'nt's; later, when Sargent had been forgotten, as Kiar-sarge's; then, finally, as we call it now. As if

it were not enough to have one mountain of that name in the State, the big dome in North Conway, rightly known as Pequawket, and so called in the ballad of Lovewell's Fight, was dubbed Kearsarge likewise, to the subsequent confusion of tourists.

Indian names are borne by about half of our States. The commonly accepted meanings of all the names are here set down:

Alabama is an Indian word, signifying "Here we rest;" which was the phrase uttered by an old hunter when he reached the spring at Huntsville.

Alaska is Indian, and means "great country."

Arizona (Spanish) means "arid zone."

Arkansas is adapted from Kansas and is said to be a European change. The State was peopled by a branch of the Kansas tribe that was especially skilful with the bow, or arc,—hence, Arc-Kansas.

California is Spanish, and means, according to one guesser, "success;" but the heats encountered by those who named it, as they crossed the baking deserts in the ascent from Mexico, make "hot furnace" (*caliente fornelo*) more likely.

Carolina (Latin) is named for Charles I. (Carolus) of England.

Colorado (Spanish) means "colored," or "ruddy," the name being suggested by the muddy waters of the Colorado River, though equally justified by the bizarre and startling red of the buttes and mountains.

Connecticut, or Quonectecut, is Indian for "long river."

Dakota (Indian) means "leagued."

Delaware was named for Lord De La War, who was the first to explore the bay of that name.

Florida (Spanish) means "flowers." When the Spanish saw it for the first time on Pascua Florida, or the Passover of Flowers (Easter), they were surprised at the size and brilliancy of the blossoms on the shore.

Georgia perpetuates the name of King George II. of England.

Idaho (Indian) signifies "gem of the mountains."

Illinois (Indian) means "real men."

Indiana is English. It stands merely for Indian.

Iowa (Indian) means " drowsy."

Kansas (Indian), applied originally to the river of that name, is " smoky water."

Kentucky (Indian) means " head of the river."

Louisiana (French) commemorates Louis XIV. of France.

Maine (English) was called in the original charter " the mayne land of New England."

Maryland (English) was so called in honor of Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I.

Massachusetts (Indian) means " near the great hills."

Michigan (Indian) probably means " great lake," though the claim is made that it signifies " fish weir."

Minnesota (Indian) is " cloudy water."

Mississippi (Indian) is " father of waters." In this case, as in that of Minnesota, it is the Mississippi River that is referred to.

Missouri (Indian) is the name of the river, and means " muddy water."

Montana (Spanish, properly Montaña) is " mountain."

Nebraska (Indian) is " shallow water."

Nevada (Spanish) is "snow white." Its snowy mountains justify the name.

New Hampshire (English) is named for the shire of Hants, or Hampshire County, England.

New Jersey (English) is named for the island of Jersey in the British Channel.

New Mexico (Aztec) perpetuates the name of Mextli, the Aztec god of war.

New York (English) was named for the Duke of York, to whom it was given.

Ohio (Indian) is "great land."

Oklahoma (Indian) is "beautiful land."

Oregon (Indian) is "great western river."

Pennsylvania (English and Latin) means "Penn's woods."

Rhode Island (English) is named for the Isle of Rhodes.

Tennessee (Indian) is "river with a big bend."

Texas (Indian) means "friends."

Utah (Indian) is the name of a tribe that occupied the Great Basin.

Vermont (French, *verd mont*) is "green mountain."

Virginia (Latin) commemorates the virgin queen, Elizabeth.

Wisconsin (Indian) is "flowing westward."

Wyoming (Indian) means "large plains."

SOME TREES

THE storms and the vandals have spared several of our famous trees, and the places and memories of others are affectionately marked and kept. King Philip's oak, aged a thousand years, stands in Wrentham, Massachusetts, and an elm in Rutland, in the same State, is called the Central Tree, because it marks the centre of Massachusetts. Another famous elm, three centuries old, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, bears the name of Washington, for, standing in the road before it, the father of his country assumed command of the American army. Boston had in its Common a tree long known as the Old Elm. Tradition invested it with terrors that died when gas-lamps began to stud the famous park. If there is anything that a spook dislikes it is gas and electric lights. There were reports of buried treasure beneath its roots,

of thieves and cut-throats gibbeted in its boughs, of witches that gathered to dance and prank about its sturdy trunk, and its loss was widely lamented when it was blown down in our centennial year. Under it two gallants fought a duel, in 1728, that resulted fatally, and because of that crime a law was passed forbidding the use of arms in the settlement of private quarrels, under penalty of being buried in the road like a suicide, with a stake through the heart, in case of death; and of being exhibited on the gallows, with a rope about the neck, in case death did not result, this public disgrace being followed by a year's imprisonment.

Another tree of punishment is the Whipping Post Oak in Glastonbury, Connecticut, to which the wicked were tied for physical reprehension even so late as the nineteenth century. Glastonbury also has its Great Oak, which has been known for at least two hundred and seventy years. Connecticut's most famous tree, however, was the Charter Oak, of Hartford, which perished in a gale in 1854, at the age of full six centuries. More than a century and a half before its fall the proud, tyrannical Andros went

to the present capital of the State to demand the surrender of the charter of Connecticut. The reluctant people discussed the matter with him in the assembly hall by candle-light. As he reached for the precious document, which lay in a box on a table before him, the lights were suddenly blown out. In the darkness and confusion Captain Wadsworth seized the warrant of his colony's liberty, and, running out of the hall, thrust the paper into a hole in this tree, which was large enough for a child to hide in. It was recovered when the need came. After the tree had been overturned its timber was wrought into canes, chairs, bedsteads, boats, and houses, and the relics passed into the hands of loyal Yankees and penny-turning speculators all over the Nutmeg State.

Philadelphia had its Treaty Tree, which was blown down in 1810, in its youth of two hundred and thirty-eight years. Under the branches of this wide-spreading elm William Penn made his agreement to live with the Indians in peace and fairness; and so he did, to the general surprise and admiration.

The Tory Tulip Tree, on Broad River, South

Carolina, was so called because ten Tories were hanged upon it after the battle of King's Mountain. Another noted relic was the Council Tree, in Charleston, in the same State, a noble magnolia with a spread of two hundred feet and a gorgeous spring array of blossoms. In its shade General Lincoln held a council with the people of the city during the siege by the British. In 1849 it was sold to a too usual sort of person who, though born in its shadow, chopped it down forthwith and did his cooking with it.

New York had another person of this kind, who rammed and felled the Stuyvesant pear-tree with his dray, in 1867. This tree, which stood at the corner of Third Avenue and Thirteenth Street, was planted by old Governor Stuyvesant,—Hard-Headed Peter,—who brought it to this country from Holland. It bloomed and fruited every year until the yahoo destroyed it. Gates's Weeping Willow was another noted object in the same hot and treeless city.

Opposite West Point, on the Hudson, stood a willow that had reached its prime on the outbreak of the Revolution. Among the few soft spots in the nature of Benedict Arnold was a

liking for these graceful trees with their fountains of pale green. This, especially, he loved, and would cross the river to brood and meditate in its shadow. After he had betrayed West Point to the enemy and was in flight to the ship which was to carry him to a place of safety he gave an affectionate pat to the bark of this willow as he passed. The people of that district said that it withered and blackened from that hour, and though it lingered for years it never regained its pride and greenness.

In Babylon, Long Island, another unfortunate tree has never recovered from the disgrace of sheltering "Tom" Paine, the infidel. From the day the unbeliever sat beneath its branches it has sunk toward the earth and hung its branches low.

Back of Yonkers, New York, is the "dark hollow" which is haunted by a stranger who fell overboard and who goes about oddly costumed, wearing a long boot on one leg and a short one on the other. Beside this stranger one may meet a shadow band of counterfeiters who made away with a girl here one summer, the body of their victim being identified and buried here by her

lover. The valley is also frequented by the shade of a Yankee who hanged himself when he reached the bottom of his flask, for he could not endure to think on the hideous drought that was to follow. This spectre goes among the farmers pleading for cider. The big walnut-tree to which he tied the strangling rope stands in the hollow to this day.

Other noted trees are the aged chestnut in Summit, New Jersey, which was used as a gallows for a British spy during the Revolution—at least, according to tradition; Fox's Oak, in Flushing, New York; Mad Anthony Wayne's black walnut, at Haverstraw, New York; the aged sycamore of Vaucluse, Rhode Island; the Big Tree, of Geneseo, New York—an oak of a thousand years; Pontiac's whitewood, in Detroit, Michigan; the cypress in the Dismal Swamp that sheltered Washington for a night in his boyhood; the pecan-tree in New Orleans, durably spotted with the blood of the British General Packenham, and the Balm of Gilead at Fort Edward, New York, which survived the fire in which General Putnam won distinction by quenching the flames on the roof of the magazine.

Also near Fort Edward is the Jennie McRea tree—a decayed trunk that marks the spot where the girl was killed in 1777. It was alleged that the locusts and katydids in and about this tree chirped her name for years after the tragedy. Miss McRea, the daughter of a New Jersey clergyman, was in love with an officer in the army of Burgoyne—a young American who had sided against his own people. She was on her way to join him when a couple of Indians, doubtless hoping for ransom, abducted her, though they were in Burgoyne's service. While dragging the girl along the road the savages were fired upon by an indignant soldier, but the bullet failed of its mark and struck the unfortunate Jennie herself. The Indians hastily tore off the scalp and ran away to the British camp, where the lover, recognizing the dark tresses, would have put them to the sword, but that their story of the accidental nature of her death was borne out by others. In a second version the red men quarrelled over the possession of the young woman, and one killed her that she might not fall into the hands of the other. It was said that they had already looted the property of her

father, though he was a royalist. Another narrative presents the Indians merely as guides who were leading Jennie, in her bridal dress, to her lover, when they were fired upon, through some mistake. This gives color to the tradition that the lover made no complaint against the red men and attempted no punishment. He bought the scalp from them and carried it beneath his coat. It does not, however, warrant the story that the Indians were doomed never again to succeed in war, and that when they sought death in battle the pale form of their victim passed before them and warded off bullets and arrows. The lover was heart-broken. He fought stoutly, but vainly, in battle, and when the British were finally beaten he flung himself desperately against the swords of his own troop, reeeiving a few slight injuries. He forsook the field, resigned his commission, and from being one of the gayest, most care-free men in the army, became silent and gloomy, observing the death-day of his fiancée, so long as he survived her, by silent meditation in a chamber from which all others were locked out.

Ball's lake is a widening on the Santee River,

South Carolina, near St. Stephen's. Its marshy shores offered a secure hiding-place for Marion, "the Swamp Fox," during the Revolution, and soldiers wearing red coats who undertook expeditions into this apparently unpeopled and malarial country held their lives in their hands, and often had to open their hands. In 1780, while Marion was foraging hereabout, he heard of the coming of Tarleton with fifty-three of the king's troopers and twenty Tories, on some errand of mischief. This errand came to naught, whatever it was, for Bonneau, one of Marion's captains, led forty of his men into the brush and waited. False dispatches had been juggled to the enemy, leading him to think there were no Americans within fifty miles; so as the British advanced they did so carelessly, with song and talk and clatter of sabres and accoutrements. They had paused to water their horses at Sandy Lake, when the hoot of an owl was heard in the wood, then a yell, and twenty rifles spoke, another volley enfilading them as they leaped into their saddles and galloped away. Bonneau and ten followers were at their heels, plying sabres, and as a result of the ambush twenty-six prisoners

were taken, though eighteen of them were hurt, and five of the enemy lay dead. A thing that puzzled Bonneau was that his pet mare had been shot under a Tory rider. This was explained when one of his troopers came in driving before him at the sword's point one Jacques Sperat, commonly known thereabout as Jack Sprat, a surly French and Indian half-breed of less than doubtful loyalty to his American neighbors on the Santee, and more than doubtful honesty. It was found that he had visited Bonneau's stable on the night before, and had run off his stock into Tarleton's camp. Other evidence was offered to show that he had been looting houses and playing the spy, and in this last capacity he was deemed to be worthy of death. The court-martial was held near the river, under a cypress one hundred and fifty feet high that has ever since borne the name of the Gallows Tree. Till then it was green and full of strength, but it began to lose its branches on that day. It was resolved that Jack Sprat must hang himself, with the alternative of being burned to death. An agile trooper climbed to an upper limb and tied the rope to it, letting the noose dangle

before a lower one to which the condemned man was ordered to ascend. He made no protest. He was too much of an Indian for that, and he knew there was no hope. Twice in his ascent he paused and looked down. Ten guns were pointed at him. He put the rope around his neck, wavered, stumbled, then fell. The company rode off in silence. For months the ghastly object that had been a robber and spy hung from the Gallows Tree. Finally a hunter, who wanted to show his cleverness, cut it down with a bullet, and it was buried without a funeral.

A cyclone that swept the Miami Valley, Ohio, one Fourth of July—possibly roused by the fierce thunderings and incessant poppings of our annual feast—tipped over an ancient oak and thereby disclosed a tragedy. In a hollow of this tree, which had extended down for ten feet from the fork of its principal limbs, was a human skeleton in shreds of uniform with military buttons. From the time-stained papers found in a pocket-book it was learned that the dead man was Roger Vanderburg, of Pennsylvania, once a captain in the Revolutionary army, afterward in service against the Indians, who wounded and

captured him, November 3, 1791. He escaped from the savages, and in spite of a broken arm managed to gain this hollow, by the aid of a sapling that slanted against it, and leaped in, just in time to elude observation by the savages who were on his trail. The cavity was deeper than he had supposed, and, unable to extricate himself, he had died of starvation. In the half-dark and the chill he managed to make entries in a sort of diary for eleven days. One of them reads thus: "November 10. Five days without food. When I sleep I dream of luscious fruits and flowing streams. The stars laugh at my misery. It is snowing now. I freeze while I starve. God pity me." The tale of "Lost Sir Massingberd," by James Payn, which was written several years before the skeleton's discovery, contains a similar incident, and the news of the tree-fall in Miami caused the novelist to cry out against Nature's acts of plagiarism.

STORIED CLIFFS AND LOVERS' LEAPS

OBSOLETE and unnecessary as this form of suicide appears to be, it is of interest to learn that so lately as 1897 two young people whose marriage had been opposed climbed one hundred and sixty feet to the brink of a precipice in Bon Air, Tennessee, and leaped down together, finding instant death at the bottom. The objecting parent was within fifteen feet of them when they went over the edge. The frequency of this performance in traditionary and less conventional times therefore seems more possible than in these days when it is so easy to elope with the Only Other One by stage or boat or train.

Not all of the leaps in story were those of lovers, however. Visitors to Sebago Lake, Maine, know the Images—a mass of rocks jutting sixty feet above the water, which, just at their feet, is over twelve fathoms deep. Captain Frye, making his escape from a company of Indians, leaped from the Images down this dizzy depth, kept his head uppermost in his

fall, and, rising unhurt to the surface, struck out for Frye's Island, where he hid in Hawthorne's Cave—since named in honor of the romancer—and abode there until he could leave the region without being seen. This argues courage, quickness, and address, but the commoner story of high places is a disclosure of disappointment, recklessness, and despair. A type of it relates to Pinkham Notch, in the White Mountains. Here lived an Indian who had chosen a husband for his daughter with a usual disregard of her rights and wishes, but she sued so long and earnestly in her own behalf and in that of the young man on whom she had set her heart that it was agreed to give the lover a chance by leaving the decision to skill. The rivals were to shoot at a mark and the winner was to have the girl. Whether it was through nervousness or lack of practice matters little, but the youth who should have been the victor went oftenest wide of the mark, and when the people gathered about the wrong one to offer congratulations, the lovers, by a common impulse, stole away from the company together. Not many seconds elapsed before their absence

was noticed, and with angry cries the men set off in pursuit. The couple joined hands and ran at top speed through the wood. They reached the brink of Crystal Cascade, on Ellis River. To go back was impossible, for the followers were close at hand. In each other's arms they flung themselves from the brink, and there one often sees their misty forms tossing in the spray.

Purgatory, the sounding chasm in the rock at Newport, Rhode Island, has been associated in a dim tradition with a leap, but the Indian tale was different. It was that long before the white man's day a jealous husband killed his squaw near this spot. His brutality offended the Great Spirit, who rifted the stone as we see it to-day and flung the murderer into the ravine. The spots of iron-stain on the ledges are the blood of the twain, and the hollow moaning of the waves is the man's voice in lamentation for his crime.

Strangest of the lovers' leaps was that of a young man and woman who had been wandering hand in hand along the Hudson Palisades. Opposite Inwood they disappeared over the

edge, in sight of their companions; but when the others ran to see if they were still alive there was nowhere any sign of them. The grass had not been bruised. Fishermen in boats below had been looking up and had neither seen nor heard any unusual sight or sound. Had the offended manitou struck this last blow at the intruding whites before resigning his rocky throne forever?

Sam's Point, at Aisoskawasting, in the Shawangunks, bears the first name of Sam Gonsalus, a persecuted young citizen of the vicinage, who, having been hotly chased by Indians, leaped over the forty-foot cliff at this place and escaped, though he bore scratches and bruises for many moons as mementos of his adventure.

Long Island has the three footprints made by the last chief of the Montauks, who, despairing for his people after the white men had begun their inroads, took one step at Orient, a second on Shelter Island, a third on Montauk Point, and leaped thence into the Atlantic.

On Brandywine Creek, below Reading, Pennsylvania, is Deborah's Rock, that once a year, in the middle of the winter and the middle of the

night, becomes a thing of terror to certain persons thereabout, by reason of the wails and cries that seem to come from it. In spite of her name, Deborah was an Indian girl who lived near this place in the Revolutionary days and who had exchanged vows with one Donald Kingston, a Scotch peddler who had appeared among the Indians, trading cheap trinkets for their furs. The young Chief Ironhawk had chosen the girl for his wife, and her preference for this cozening white stranger maddened him with jealousy.

Knowing how vindictive her people could be, Deborah warned Kingston to go quickly to a neighboring settlement and she would follow that night, as soon as the camp was quiet. She was watched, however, and when she stole from her wigwam Ironhawk was moving stealthily after. Her quick ear caught the sound of pursuing footsteps. There was one moment of hope when a figure arose in her path, for even in the starlight she recognized her lover. Before she could speak to him an arrow hissed by her head, and Donald fell, lifeless, at her feet. A desperate terror came upon her then. Hardly

knowing and not caring whither she went, she climbed the rock, sixty feet above the stream, and, hearing Ironhawk still behind her, no longer slinking through the wood but pressing onward to lay hands upon her, she uttered the cry that still echoes from the cliff and flung herself into the creek.

Beside the cliff known as Lover's Leap in Mackinac is Arched Rock, where the moon's daughter, Adikemaig, awaited every evening the return of Siskowit, the sun's son, who had gone to battle. It was the first time in nearly six weeks that there had been a war, so that both sides were spoiling for a fight; and the contest was sharp and long. Siskowit's delay in returning encouraged The Climber, a rival for the hand of Adikemaig, to attempt her abduction. He and his friends tracked her to the waiting-place, crept through the bushes, and were about to lay hold upon her when, seeing her danger, she called loudly to Siskowit and leaped to certain death. It was one of Fate's ironies that her lover, with his party, was at that moment urging his canoe across the lake, glad in his victories. A half-hour later a mist broke and

he sprang ashore with a cheery hail to his sweetheart. What was that on the rock—blood? And that mangled form? Adikemaig! Some feet above was the body of The Climber, who in reaching toward the girl had slipped, fallen, and been impaled on the broken limb of a blood-maple—a tree which has ever since been the first to redden in the fall. Siskowit understood. He picked up the girl's embroidered blanket from the earth, and, holding it to his heart, sang his death-song as he climbed the cliff. The sun veiled his face in cloud. As the young man leaped a shower of lightning fell from the sky, battered the rock, and tumbled a mass of earth, stones, and trees upon the bodies, also closing the gate to the hall of spirits but leaving the arch as a monument of the tragedy.

The deep rift on the government land at Mackinac, known simply as the Crack, is the door to the under-world. A giant wished to go down there to see the spirits, but the Great Spirit cased his hands in stone, thus cementing him to the brink, where he hangs forever. Five great fingers of limestone are seen clinging to the earth, and if one steps on them the giant

curses him with illness, blindness, crosses in love, or loss of money.

Kalamazoo is named for two lovers, Kahla, a young hunter, and his sweetheart, Mahzoo, a basket weaver. She used, after her day's work, to sit in the fork of an elm overhanging the river and wait his coming. A fortnight before the time set for their marriage he was killed by an accident in the hunt, and the girl, despairing, flung herself from the elm and was found floating there next day. And the wind and the ripples often speak the names of the lovers that have been united in death—Kahlamahzoo.

To Leaping Rock, near the peace-pipe quarry, Minnesota, came a band of Sioux to play their games of daring and address. One of the number attempted to spring from the cliff across to this isolated butte; but he failed in strength, or wrongly guessed the width of the chasm, for he went down to his death.

Shadow Falls, Minnesota, take their name because they are haunted by the wailing shade of old Chaska. He chased his daughter, Nopa, over their brink when, in a delirium of longing, she had cried the name of her white lover, whose

step she fancied she could hear among the leaves below.

Among the Castellated Rocks of southwest Wisconsin is a cliff over which a love-lorn white girl leaped to her death; and Nigger Head, near Platteville, in the same State, is a place of evil name,—for it is the rock from which a girl—one Marietta, whose other name is lost—made a fatal jump. She could not endure the thought of union with a man whom her relatives were determined she should wed, but whom she suspected of the murder of his rival, her lover. Her body was never found after the fall. This is a haunted neighborhood, and some of the fiends that skulk about the woods may have spirited it away before it touched the earth. Shapes are seen in this country on stormy nights, and knocks at their doors startle the quiet people. When the lightnings play the Head is seen, in the momentary glare, to wrinkle itself into a face; and other rocks join by hundreds in its thunderous laughter.

Overhanging Devil's Lake, Wisconsin, at a height of six hundred feet, is the rock called the Turk's Head. Opposite to it is an eyrie of

eagles. A Frenchman and an Indian were rivals for the hand of an Indian girl who lived near the Head, and her own preference was for the white man; but her father, wishing his tribe-fellow to have at least a chance to win her, promised that the girl should become the wife of the one who should bring to his lodge the new brood of eaglets from the rock. The Frenchman was first to scale the height; and seeing that there was no longer a chance to win the girl by fair means, the Indian, who was close behind, struck a treacherous blow and hurled the white man into the lake. The girl leaped from the Turk's Head before her father's eyes; and the lovers, united in death, linger about the water, their canoe oftenest appearing in the mists on still, cold nights. This was a place of many dead, and was usually avoided by the Indians, for in a great battle here hundreds had pitched over the cliffs, and for centuries the cries of conflict were to be heard in windy weather.

Independence Rock, near the right bank of the Sweetwater, Wyoming, was a conspicuous mark in the westward emigration over the Salt

Lake trail. The first Americans that crossed the continent by way of the Platte Valley, under Thorp, celebrated the Fourth of July at the foot of this granite uplift. Hence its name. It bore many Indian pictographs, names of hunters and trappers, and Father De Smet carved " I. H. S." on its face. Near it lived Crouching Panther, chief of the Pawnees, a big, strong, kindly fellow who had taken a great liking to Antelope, the prettiest damsel in the North Platte country. He would lie on a hill-side, hidden in the brush, watching her by the hour as she went about her work among the lodges below; and when he killed a deer or a buffalo the tenderest steak and the best piece of the tongue were for her. That they should be married was quite in order. On the night before the wedding the village was surprised by the ancient enemies of the Pawnees, the Sioux, who killed many of the unready people, took several prisoners, including Antelope, and rode away toward their retreats in the Medicine Bow Mountains. The prisoners were to be tortured and put to death, those of their captors who had lost sons and brothers in the raid being privileged to apply the torch. Arrived

at what appeared to be a safe and secluded spot, they had bound the unfortunates and gathered brush and wood for their immolation, when a ringing war-whoop startled them, and before an active defence could be prepared Crouching Panther with a band of followers dashed among them, plied spears and axes right and left, seized Antelope by the wrists almost at the moment when the slash of an axe had cut her bonds, swung her into the saddle, rescued several other of the captives and pushed them upon the backs of led horses, and were off in a minute. The Sioux, however, were in force, and they were not the sort of people to endure tamely an assault like this. They were quickly in pursuit, and although the other Pawnees escaped, Crouching Panther and Antelope, who were mounted on the fleetest and strongest horse in the company, were overtaken at Independence Rock. Realizing that his steed could go no farther, the young man caught the girl about the waist and scrambled up the height, so closely followed that he clove the skulls of half a dozen of the more rash and bitter of his enemies who tried to take him alive. At the top he paused and looked

about. Escape was hopeless. It was a choice between instant extinction and a lingering, ignominious death at the stake. Seizing Antelope in a close embrace and burying her face on his shoulder, that she might not guess his intent, he moved slowly to the edge of the precipice. Then, crying with a mighty voice, "The spirits of a hundred Pawnees follow their leader to the happy hunting-grounds," he sprang from the rock with Antelope in his arms. The bodies fell from ledge to ledge, and hawks and eagles gathered there next day.

Near Las Vegas, New Mexico, is a hill topped by a spire known as Starvation Rock. An Aztec, who had wandered into this region, fell in love with a girl of the Glorieta tribe; and, his suit having thriven, he persuaded her to elope with him. This led to international complications and to a raid by a band of the nearer Aztecs into the territory of the Glorietas. An absurd raid it was, for the band was quickly surrounded on this hill, and, although it fortified the summit for a long resistance, it was so hopelessly outnumbered that it hardly dared to fight. Every messenger who was sent down to the valleys to treat for

peace was killed, and, being unable to obtain food or water, the others perished, miserably. Last of all to die were the young Aztec and his bride, who had caused all this disturbance. They scaled the rock to its highest point and there expired, in a mutual embrace, just as the victorious Glorietas entered the fort.

A cliff several hundred feet high, on White River, Utah, is known as the Place of the Death-Song. When the Brulés occupied this ground a girl of their tribe was bought by an Ogalalla, who paid six horses for her. To the disgust of her father she refused to marry the stranger, and that very night attempted to run away with a friend of her youth who had not three ponies with which to bless himself. They were caught, the young man's career was stopped by an arrow, and the girl was—in short—spanked. Pretending to be converted to the matrimonial views of her parent, she arrayed herself next morning in her best clothes, put flowers into her hair, and gave farewell to her friends. Then, while the Ogalalla waited for her to share in the ceremonies that would make him hers and her his, the girl stole away to the cliff-top and sang her

death-song. Her people arrived just as she took the fatal leap. One of them grasped her skirt; but it tore, leaving him with a fragment of it in his hands. And the Ogalalla demanded the return of his horses.

There is one rock of Indian suicide that was not a lover's leap. It is on the side of the Argentian Hills, Washington, and overhangs the Spokane River. On its face has been cut the word, Minne-wah-wah. This was the name of a Christian woman of the Spokane tribe who had been promised in wedlock to a Flathead. Unfortunately, this fellow had conceived a dislike to the religious faith of his fiancée, and he expressed it by killing Father and Mother Whitman, the missionaries who had taught her at Waitipeii. The woman was filled with disgust and loathing. "I will not be the wife of a man so cruel," she said. "Though my skin is red, my heart is white, like the hearts of the good Whitmans." Her people nevertheless urged the marriage, because it was believed that political advantages would come from a closer union of the Spokanes and Flatheads; and, believing that there was no escape from the hated union,

Minne-wah-wah climbed the cliff and stepped from its brink. Her lover, who had been suffering agonies of remorse and apprehension, survived but three days the shock and sorrow of her fall.

The castle-like building that stood on the haunted rock at Santa Barbara, California, was the home of a stern old Spaniard, Luis Gonzales, and his daughter, Innocenca. One of their neighbors was a less stern countryman of this Don, a hearty old sea captain, Rafael de la Guerra, whose son Roderigo often visited the castle and told the little Innocenca of the wonderful lands and queer people he had seen when he had gone on long voyages with his father. When Roderigo had grown to a tall and stalwart fellow with a down on his lip, and Innocenca was a blooming maid of eighteen, the usual happened: they fell desperately in love and were engaged to one another, secretly. During a long absence of the lad in the Brazils, old Gonzales discovered this attachment and flew into a grand wrath. His daughter, a descendant of one of the oldest families of Castile, wed a sailor? Never! So when the sailor returned he

had no admission at the castle. He would have found a way to reach his love but for a girl of a near village who had much admired and hoped to win him, and who, to put distance between these two, had rumored in the ear of Innocenca that the young man had found a sweetheart in Rio Janeiro and was going back there as soon as possible. Innocenca proved to be an easy victim of this falsehood. Without a farewell to her father, she flung herself from an upper window to the beach. Her corpse afterward lay in the big hall, with candles set about the head. In the small hours, when the watchers were nodding and old Gonzales was on his knees in his study, a sudden gale, rushing through an open window, blew a tapestry against one of the lights. In a minute the building was in flames, its ruin being complete in a quarter of an hour, when the fire had reached a secret magazine.

STORIED WATERS

SWAN ISLAND was one of three in Saco Pond. The red men lived there because they were secure from their enemies and the spot

was beautiful. Their prophet had told of a time when the Indians would be forced to leave this land of lakes and hills, and that day would come when the Great Spirit should beat down Swan Island in a cyclone. The moon of leaves had come again. White men had multiplied. The deer were seeking new ground west of the Agiochooks. A terrific tempest broke one night, with whirling winds. In the morning Swan Island had been washed away. And sadly the red men took up their march toward the setting sun.

As an example of the way in which legends sometimes grow, mention may be made of the little body of water about which Thomas Nelson Page wrote his tale of "No Haid Pawn." No-Head Pond was so called because, being fed by unseen springs, it had no seeming source, or head; but the negroes on Mr. Page's plantation imagined a circumstance to fit the name, and were afraid of their own invention; for their "harnt" was a headless ghost.

Kitchitakipi Spring, near Manistique, in northern Michigan, is two hundred feet across and ten fathoms deep—a great bowl, filled with

water so clear that the little craters at the bottom through which it is supplied are seen distinctly. Like the water of the Great Lakes, this is pure, cold, and green, shading from pale beryl to deepest emerald. The Ojibways tell of two men who were rivals for the hand of a pretty girl of their people, and who fell into a dissension when the maid announced her choice of the two. The unsuccessful wooer was a malignant rascal, for he gave a slow poison to the damsel. She did not die, but drooped and weakened; her eye lost its light, her cheek its color, and, tormented by the thought that her lover would turn from her fading charms, she prayed for death. The lover was faithful and in despair until on the night when the spirit of Kitchitakipi appeared in his tepee and said to him: "I am the spirit of the healing water. Take your loved one this night and follow me. I will go before you as a firefly. Let the maiden drink and she shall be cured." The young man did as he was told. He bore the girl in his arms for many miles, and at last reached the refreshing waters, not knowing that his rival was stealthily following on his trail. The girl drank and was well.

The treacherous one, faint with thirst, stole to the edge of the pool a few minutes later, buried his face in the water, and drank, eagerly. But they who he supposed had drawn out of sight were close at hand. With a cat-like bound the successful suitor was upon him, and before he had time to catch at a root or draw a weapon had hurled him into the spring. The sides are steep, and wherever he tried to land the other pushed him back, until, exhausted, he sank to the bottom, his face staring up in a maniac rage. It had been said that an eagle with green feathers perished here, and people with a lively fancy see its outstretched wings on the sands; but the Ojibways say it is the hate in the drowned man's heart that turned the water green.

Among the woods of Mackinac was a pool wherein one might see visions—if he had drunk of witch-broth. Ishkodah, a bride, had so longed for her husband while he was on the war-path that, disobeying her dead father's command to keep a modest silence, to trust her lord, and make his lodge pleasant against his return, she went to a hag who dealt in spells

and who gave a draught to her from a dream-cup. This old creature had two cups: one of good dreams and one of bad ones. She had quarrelled with Ishkodah's father, and her hate had passed to the daughter, whose wedded happiness and health she grudged. So, telling her to drink and go to the wishing-spring, where she would see her brave, she offered the cup of evil dreams; and the young woman drank of it, innocently. Then at the water-side, in the dark of the wood, a picture painted itself on the pool —her husband, at the feet of a young woman of brighter beauty than her own. There came a grip of pain about her heart, her brain was hot and aching, and her eyes were swollen and half blinded. Thus tortured she was fain to stagger to her home again, where, lying on the earth, she breathed a prayer to the Great Spirit to forgive her curiosity; for in another vision she now saw the truth, and knew her husband innocent. In the morning the war-party arrived after its two moons' absence in a war of conquest. The braves were gay and vaunted their success. The young husband hurried to his tepee. They tried to keep him from entering. There was a sound

of wailing. No need for any to speak. He knew the worst. Forcing his way past the people, he entered his home. Ishkodah was lying cold and still on her couch. A white pigeon murmured on a branch above. It was her soul, calling him. He closed the door that he might be alone with her, lay down at her side, placed her hand on his bare breast, and the death-cold entered slowly till it touched his heart. Then two white pigeons flew toward the sun.

The spring at Fountain Cave, near St. Paul, Minnesota, was only for the Sioux; at least, so they declared. Their anger was roused when they found that a Chippewa, or Ojibway, had been drinking from it; and, what was worse, he had been keeping tryst there with one of their girls. They set upon him, of course; but he had been prepared for their coming. He put his sweetheart into a canoe, leaped in after her, and paddled down the stream. An arrow between his shoulders disabled him for a little, compelling the girl to seize the oar and push on to safety. After she had nursed him back to health the two were married.

A popular resort for the people of St. Paul

and Minneapolis is White Bear Lake. An albino or polar bear, who had got his latitude mixed, visited this spot and hurried on a courtship by crushing together, in a cotton-press embrace, two Indian lovers who were spooning on the shore. The youth was tooting on his bone-flute and the maid was leaning against him, listening, and wondering how such an artist could care for such a human girl as herself. Her parents having forbidden her to speak to this young man, both of them had resolved to marry on the very day when they were grown up. The bear was their mascot. Wriggling out from his grip, but seeing the peril of his mistress, the lover left her there while he went up-town for his knife, as, being in hourly expectation of murder, he made it a practice to go about unarmed. Then he returned to the lake where the bear was still fondling the girl, and sampling her arms with his teeth. He stabbed the animal to death, peeled off his white skin, which served him ever after as a door-mat, and arose so far in the estimation of the maiden's family that the old folks bashfully consented to be his parents-in-law. So the whole tribe danced, stuffed itself with bear-

meat, and attended the prettiest June wedding of the season.

In the middle of the Jackson farm, near Danville, Kentucky, is a sink-hole made by a collapse in a cave-roof, for in this limestone country caves are many, though few of them have been opened and explored. This sink-hole, twenty-five by forty feet, contains water enough to swim in, and is, therefore, one of the hundreds of "bottomless" ponds that are known in every State and country. It is given out that a negro, driving a yoke of oxen to drink at this spring, was astonished to see them sink into the sand and disappear; but a moment later he was yelling with terror, for the cart on which he was riding had tilted forward and was slowly sliding toward the black crater in the centre. Several slaves ran to the rescue, but as they had no planks or ropes, and the driver could not swim, the tragedy was not averted. An evil influence is believed to haunt the place, and to this day the farmers call it the gate to hell.

It is the spring which supplies Huntsville with water that has lent its name to a whole State. An Indian, weary with his hunting and parched

with thirst, came upon this pool at the day's close and sank gratefully on the grass at its edge, saying "Alabama," which means "Here we rest." And this warm and fragrant region has been a land of rest and plenty to this day.

Blue Spring, eight miles from the settlement of Eureka Springs, Missouri, marks the site of a Spanish mine. It fills an old shaft, and down the valley are the ruins of a mill that was built to wash the ore. In their digging and blasting the miners freed an underground torrent fifteen hundred feet below the pit entrance. A vast roar was heard; a column of water spouted from the cutting; it tossed men, timbers, and tools high in air, and the flood washed away the mill and the cabins the miners had lived in. The water no longer gushes in this fashion, but it has poured steadily from the spring, blue and cold, ever since that fatal day.

The Weursenawapka, a branch of the Cheyenne River, rises in Wyoming, in the side of a mountain of the same name. The Sioux say that while hunting in that country a large number of their people were ambushed by the Scarred Arms, or Cheyennes, only six of them escaping.

These men fled to the mountains, where they found, at the head of a tortuous glen, a large cave with a gravel floor and a clear spring issuing from a corner; and here they agreed to stay in hiding until their enemies should give over the search. As they talked together a dim form advanced from the recesses of the cavern—a withered woman of great age. "You are come," she croaked, "and it is time. I am of your people, a Sioux. You hide from the Scarred Arms. It was they who stole me from my lodge, years ago; and, like you, I escaped to this cave, where the mountain manitou has kept me in a drowse till my countrymen should wake me. There is no need to stay in hiding longer. Go. Attack the enemy. They sleep at the foot of the mountain. You shall kill and scalp them, every one, and so avenge your brothers." The men did as she had bidden them. Thirty-five scalps were theirs that night. Shortly after their whole tribe arose against the Cheyennes and drove them to the plains. Then all the warriors went to worship at the cave where the old woman had been seen; but the stone walls had come down and closed the door. The spring

bubbled from a niche. Always after, when passing, the Sioux made offerings to the spirit of the place.

The Diggers—those unhappy Indians who in early reports were said to live on roots and clay—tell of a dead pine in Homer Lake, in the California Sierras. Once a year it turns around, setting free a water manitou who has been buried beneath its roots. This genius lifts himself to the surface, fills his lungs with air, and gazes into the sun—where the good have gone. Should the monster's glance fall on any man within a mile, that unhappy one will be irresistibly drawn into the lake and will become his food. When the Indians first reached this valley it was filled to the mountain-brim with water. They settled among the peaks and would have lived in content had not the manitou of the place disturbed and affrighted them by his threats and depredations. His conduct became so annoying after a time that they prayed the Great Spirit to exile or punish him; and the decree went forth from the sky that the manitou was to drink water from the lake, tramp to the Pacific, vomit it into the sea, and keep up these excursions until all the

lake was gone except enough for the residents to drink from. This done, he imprisoned the genius in the mud, beneath the sunken pine, and bade him stay forever, save for his minute of air and light in January.

In Southern California is a region of volcanic waste and swamp where fumaroles hiss and geysers boil. Here is found a pool of natural ink. It is an acre in extent, heavy, viscous, foul smelling, and covered with a crust of ash. The Indians believe it to be nearly a thousand feet in depth, and although few people have penetrated this desert, the lake has claimed its victims. This is hell, say the natives, and the black pool consists of the blood of the wicked, who are boiled in the springs and torn in the craters where withering, sulphurous air blows forth dust and rock at each eruption. Scores of bad men have gone to their doom in the thick flood—a realization of Dante's lake of pitch.

Two remarkable springs flowed into the Shatemuc, or Hudson. One was situated near its mouth, on the island of Manhatta, or Manhattan. This name is a corruption of the Indian word Manitou, or spirit, for before sky-scrapers

and saloons covered the island it was the abode of a powerful god who lived in a garden of joys, somewhere near its centre, and would watch by days together the pretty movement of the fish in his favorite spring. These fish were red and white, like copper and silver, and they moved through the water like floating flowers. Henry Hudson scared away the happy people, and even the god of the island took flight to the wilderness north of Lake Ontario, where he still lives. It is commonly supposed that the Indians had their first fire-water from Hudson and his crew, but some of them told the explorer, when they had recovered speech, that the Shatemuc had its source in a spring of liquor, far away among the hills, and it was the effect of this liquor that made the stream run crooked. Can it be that this was the reputation of Saratoga water?

SOME SNAKES

IN a round-up of celebrated serpents, that one cannot be omitted who belongs in the Chain Lakes of Washington County, Maine—most of

the time. For years he has been known to the Passamaquoddies, and has become almost a source of pride, for he is the only reliable man-eater and horse-eater in his bailiwick. In old days, when an Indian had been found guilty of murder, theft, or flirting with the wrong woman, his fellow-townsmen avoided making a mess around the camp by taking him to Chain Lakes, driving him into the mud to his knees, and so leaving him. Next day he was gone, which proved that the snake had eaten him. This shocking creature is as large around as a barrel, is fifty feet long, covered with thick plates, like a sturgeon, and leaves a trail in a damp place like that of a pine log drawn by oxen. And as if his teeth were not trouble enough to his victims, he eats axes, with their helves on, that lumbermen leave carelessly lying about the neighborhood; from which peculiar taste it is argued that he has a gizzard, like a bird, and that the axes grind his meat. One of the freaks of this creature is to stir about in winter, when the thermometer is twenty degrees below zero, smash the ice in the lakes with his head, take the air, view the scenery, munch a few pike and

muskrats, then go below again, unless he sees large game at a distance, when he wriggles off, sneezing and blowing, to fasten on it for a comfortable meal. Even within seven or eight years this now venerable terror has been known to rise through the ice, to the consternation of fishermen who were trying, at that unreasonable time, to lift a few pickerel, and to absorb those persons as a toad absorbs flies, while several busy wood-cutters have been also nabbed at their work and borne down to a surprising and disagreeable death.

Some of the reports of the sea-serpent have been so circumstantial that 'long-shore scientists have asked one another, during the pauses in a game of craps or the stowing of beer into the human hold, if it were possible that the plesiosaurus had overstayed himself—had survived, after being given up for dead a million years ago. What else could it have been that Captain Donovan and his crew saw in the summer of 1898, when they were crossing the weedy calms of the Sargasso Sea? This is a part of the Atlantic so little visited that not one sailor in ten thousand can swear, of his own knowledge,

that it is not inhabited by camels. When the strange denizen came to the surface he was a quarter of a mile away, but his mate presently appeared a stone's-fling in front of the steamer, and a smaller one then popped up, close to the ship. Number one was forty feet long, had a shaggy mane, a big fin, a large head, a long bill, and blew water from its mouth as a man does in swimming. Number two was better worth while, for he was two hundred feet long, had a fin like a sail, and rolled the water before him in a wave six feet high. The little fellow, a dozen feet long, had a fin and four large flippers.

A certain professor, then living in Provincetown, says that the sea-serpent came ashore on Cape Cod, several years ago, and went to Pasture Pond for a drink of fresh water. The witness hid in the beach-plum bushes and saw it clearly. It was a lovely creature, three hundred feet long, covered with red, green, and blue scales, and it had three green eyes and three red ones. Its mouth held four rows of teeth, and on the end of its nose was an upright horn eight feet high. The local scientists have

never found any hole into which he could have withdrawn, yet the professor is certain that he did not see him crawl back into the sea. To these diverse facts he certified before a notary, adding that he "was not unduly excited by liquor, or otherwise." Yet, how a man could have looked upon that sight and not become excited, passes comprehension.

Thompson's Lake, Illinois, has a serpent at least a hundred feet long, with large scales, changeable eyes, and green whiskers. It wallows about in the corn-fields now and then, leaving a trail ten feet wide.

It took a railroad, a military garrison, a school-teacher for little Indians, and several other enlightening agencies to suppress the serpent that flourished for centuries in Devil's Lake, North Dakota, and that made its farewell appearance in 1896. And all were willing to have him go—all but the redoubtable advertising agent for the railroad. According to the Indian belief, this serpent was brought down in polar ice; and he lived here to stop a hole in the bottom of the lake with his tail, that the water might not run out; but it is now believed

that he slipped through and drifted away to sea. The lake has subsided since he went away. One serpent quite like him was seen off the Norway coast soon after his departure from fresh waters, and this led to the simultaneous formation by the hardy Norsemen of a total-abstinence society and a sea-serpent-catching association. The Indians called this particular Devil's Lake—for there are others—Minnewaukan: water of the bad spirit, or haunted water; and to those who knew the snake the name was none too strong, for he was eighty or ninety feet in length, had a green skin, ragged fins, bristling scales, alligator jaws, white horns, and red eyes. As he had a habit of coming to the top at sunset, the glare of the low sun in his soup-plate optics made them appear like furnace-mouths. At times he would swim along in a dignified fashion, at others he would roll like a porpoise, and again he would churn the water to foam with lashings of his tail. White men did not stimulate his appetite, but an Indian who ventured out upon the lake in a canoe was lost. Materialists say that this monster, as well as the phantom steamer plying on the water, is a creation

of the mirage which every now and then lifts the Turtle Mountains into sight, though they are seventy miles away on the Canada line. But a mirage never creates a swell, and it never eats Indians.

The champion serpent of the world is that of lovely Tahoe, in California. At least, a citizen connected with a brass band, and otherwise qualified to make affidavits, says so. The man was an early settler on the west shore, who had bought a gun and a setter dog and who spent his time in hunting. On a November day, just after the war, he started out for grouse, searching along the creeks which empty into the lake, when quail, rabbits, coyotes, deer, bears, and other creatures came hurrying out of a cañon and ran past him without paying the least attention to his gun, especially as he was too startled to use it, while his dog sat down and wept audibly. After a time came a sound of crashing timber, and the dog, tucking his tail between his legs, remembered an engagement. Our hunter climbed into a spruce, in which he was sheltered from view by the foliage, and, clinging to the trunk, with his hair on end and his back sweat-

ing ice-water, he saw a snake sauntering toward the lake. Now and then the creature would raise his head fifty or sixty feet, to look about him; but seeing no mastodons to eat, he loitered on. His head was fourteen feet wide, his blazing black eyes were eight inches across and stuck out four inches from his head, his body was twenty feet thick at the widest part and six hundred feet long. His back was black, his sides and belly a dull orange. As he lazily crawled forward the snake snapped down young trees without appearing to be pricked or discommoded by the stumps, and bowlders weighing a quarter of a ton were moved aside like pebbles. The monster reached the water, slid into it, and swam toward the foot of the lake, where he disappeared. He was afterward seen by Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, both of whom are living stills.

BURIED TREASURES

JIM DOLLIVER, a rich but ignorant timber- and mill-owner, buried forty-two thousand dollars in gold between The Forks and Murphy's, up in Maine, because he believed that

Canuck and half-breed robbers had skulked behind him down the French trail from Montreal, where he had turned his notes, checks, shares, and bonds into sovereigns. This fancy that he was to be attacked drove him mad, and he died battling with imaginary thieves. His heirs offered three-quarters of the money to whoever should find it, and spent three thousand dollars in efforts to discover its whereabouts. For twenty years frauds who had visions, and frauds who had divining rods, tramped over the country, digging, uselessly. It was estimated that twelve thousand days of work were done, and thirty thousand tons of earth turned over. In 1898 it was reported that a man in Montreal had died and left sixty thousand dollars to charity, " in partial atonement for the grievous sin" of robbing Dolliver's hoard. He had followed him and had seen him secrete the money in a stump.

Plum Island, off the Massachusetts coast, was a hiding-place of pirate money, and rumors every now and again ran along the shore that a privateer had been seen, her sails spattered with blood and a row of villain countenances grinning

over the bulwarks. It was the manner of this vessel to run straight for Plum Island in an easterly gale, without reefing a point, and just as the chance fisherman closed his eyes, swore a prayer, and listened for the crash, behold, there was no crash! for, lifting his lids, the spectator would see the ship slide straight on, out of the sea, over the beach, and melt, like a cloud, near a certain rock. Then he knew that he had seen but a vision of timbers and men that had been under the water for many a long year. Among the witnesses to this mysterious landing was a certain deacon from a town on the Merrimac, who, putting this and that together, concluded that the treasure was hidden near the place where the ship disappeared. He marked the spot, engaged some courageous companions, and dug over the earth. Presently a human jaw was thrown out. Aha! It had belonged to the pirate, who was always killed that his ghost might guard the treasure. Then a pick went deeper, and a jingling was heard; the guineas at last! All hands dug, as for life. A layer of clay was cut through, disclosing an ancient hollow, and the treasure—at least a

bushel of clam-shells. And the pirate ship never touched again at Plum Island.

The pirate Bellamy, in his ship, the "Whydah," had taken seven prizes in the spring of 1717, and was watching Massachusetts Bay for more; but a tremendous gale blowing up, he thought it for the safety of all seven to run in for shelter at Provincetown. The captain of a captured snow offered to lead him in, if he could have men enough to work ship, and Bellamy put half a dozen or so of his cut-throats aboard. The Cape Cod skipper allowed to these rascals a free access to the rum-cask, and when they were helpless he threw a burning tar-barrel into the sea, which floated across Wellfleet Bar; then he kept on his way in the dark, while the robbers, thinking to follow the beacon, struck on the bar and went to pieces. Our spry skipper got his own vessel safely into port, delivered his blackguards to the constable, and saw them snugly hanged in Boston. One of the pirates from the "Whydah" who gained the shore, "a man of very singular and frightful aspect," lived near Wellfleet until his death, and it was rumored that he was always supplied with money, having

gone secretly to the wreck, recovered some pounds of gold, and buried it near his cabin. Money was found here for a long time after, and when Thoreau visited the Cape, in 1849, his sharp eyes discovered a French crown piece in the sand.

Fire Island acts as a breakwater, keeping the south shore of Long Island from devastation by Atlantic storms. This lonely strip, forty miles long and less than a mile wide, took its name from an ancient custom of lighting signals to notify the bay men over on Long Island that whales were coming or that a ship was in peril. Many disasters have occurred here, and not a year goes by in which some stanch vessel does not leave her bones upon the beach. One such ship went ashore at Southampton, empty of people and with dollars enough in boxes in her cabin to make comfortable the first man who boarded her. It was never known whence she came, or why she had been abandoned. In another instance the buccaneers on shore lured seventeen buccaneers afloat by false beacons and rifled the clothing of the drowned bodies, burying the plunder in a hollow, where a pot of it,

in good doubloons, was found by an old beach-comber, years after. Other ill-got wealth had been hoarded in Watch Hill, near Patchogue, in the guard of blacksnakes that hissed when disturbed. At Fireplace, Fiddletown, Pickety Rough, and thereabout, strange calls and whistlings of unseen creatures were heard just before the occurrence of wrecks and drownings, the unseen ones having landed from a fog-and-shadow ship that haunted the coast,—the vision of one that Kidd had scuttled. It was known that money had been buried on Montauk Point, and blood spilled over it to enchant and keep it; and certain tough old bay men swore that the same thing had happened on Fire Island; that they had seen, from the protection of dunes and cedars, five men go ashore from a queer, black vessel, and bury a chest, only four of the men returning. Some seekers for this chest were alarmed by a skeleton, holding a dagger like a blue flame, that circled about them, nearer and nearer, till they dropped their spades and Bible and ran away.

Stillman's Cave, in the Ramapo Hills back of Haverstraw, New York, perpetuates the name

if not the memory of a Revolutionary privateer who was born in the neighborhood and eventually hanged somewhere else. He was often seen going to and from the cave, and it is believed that he hid his money there, under a flat rock. There is reason to believe that little or none of it is left, for a couple of Indians who lived near Haverstraw after the Revolution were in the habit of visiting the hills together; and they always had coin in their pockets when they returned.

Sharp's Island, sixty acres in extent, in Chesapeake Bay, should have borne the name of Valiant, a French lad who was the best known of its several owners. One rumor had it that he had found a pot of gold on the mainland, and had invested a part of it in this real estate. However he came by it, he lived here for a time, and spent his days in hunting. Once, while roving about with his gun, seeking the life of some uncomplaining thing, a movement in the shrubbery drew his attention from the birds, and he saw, in a heavy shade, the figure of a man who was bending down an apple bough as if to hide himself. The hunter aimed the gun at the

unknown and bade him come out into the light, adding his opinion of trespassers and poachers; but even as he talked the man was gone, though he had not seen him move nor had the apple branches stirred this time. In talking over this occurrence Valiant learned from the neighbors that Kidd had buried money on the island; hence, this must have been a visitor from the other world, come to declare the place of it. He treated the ghost more courteously at the second meeting, which took place soon after, and was rewarded for his forbearance by learning from the lips of the phantom where he was to dig. Indeed, the object came out of the tree-shadows into the starlight and stood on the spot, in view of Valiant and his mother. Unhappily, the woman was not impressed with the dignity of ghosts. The key to her smoke-house had been lost a little while before, and her first thought was that the mysterious being from the other world might have spirited it away. She told her son, in a whisper, to ask if he knew what had become of it. The spectre deigned no reply. The shadow of a frown wrinkled its uncertain countenance; that was all. It moved solemnly

forward, pointed down, and melted away from sight. Next day young Valiant dug up two heavy stones where the ghost had stood, and beneath them found—no treasure, but a spring of cool water that has never ceased to flow and that never lowers in depth by an inch. Madame Valiant's question offended the spirit, so that it deceived them, as a punishment. Yet, as Valiant became mysteriously rich thereafter, it may be that he left his mother at home during a succeeding interview, and that he chanced upon Kidd's treasure, after all.

Poe's tale of "The Gold Bug" is said to have been suggested by this incident: In the eighteenth century one of the wooded islands off the Virginia coast was named Teach, in honor (!) of the famous pirate, better known as Blackbeard. It was rumored that he had buried gold in the sands of it. On the opposite mainland lived a rich widow, known as Mrs. Hetty, whose faithful slave, Ben, tramping over the island, came upon an iron chest which had been bared by the waves and so rotted by sea water that with a kick he broke in the end of it. The old man was startled, on looking in, to see that it was

half filled with jewelry and silver crucifixes. He carried perhaps a quarter of his find to Mrs. Hetty, after marking the place of the chest with brush and a sapling; and long and loudly did she rejoice over the discovery. She would not let old Ben go after any more, lest he might reward himself by keeping one of the coins; nor would she trust her brother nor her son. The riches should all be hers. Before she had made ready to go to the island a storm came up, and it lasted five days. Ben's brush and saplings were washed away, and nothing remained to indicate where the chest had been sunk under a fresh accumulation of sand. Mrs. Hetty lamented her misfortune more grievously than if she had never seen the gold, for her true character was now developing,—she was stingy, suspicious, and unjust. She had handled ill-gotten wealth, which carried a curse with it. The burial-place was never found again, but the poor slave never rested from that hour till his dying day; for his mistress was constantly goading him to renew the search. Sometimes she would take a shovel and help him, and this exercise in the open air made her tough, and undesirably

prolonged her life. Not even the prospect of more gold added to her happiness or softened the asperity of her nature. She was a sour, scolding, grasping creature to the end, and the fishermen of the coast have drawn a moral from her case; for, when one among them exhibits a mean or miserly trait, they say: "He has rubbed his hands against Hetty's iron chest."

A famous treasure was hidden on what was formerly called Money Island, at the mouth of the Caloosahatchie River, Florida, by the buccaneer Don Juan Felipe. Having placed it there, he departed on another murthering expedition; and, as his frame was judiciously loaded with bullets on that trip, he never returned for his hoard. Recently a company of eight hunters made a landing on the island with a view to sounding the sands for pots or chests of gold. They found a weathered board fastened to a bay bush, on which was written, "Boodle gone, 1889." Whether a joker or a finder had written this did not matter to them, but the wealth of the Spanish pirate never came to the surface for the seeking.

Where the Cumberland runs between tall

banks as it enters Tennessee, a fierce battle was fought between the Creeks and Choctaws, hundreds of their bones being ploughed to the surface when the farmers first broke ground, long after. A vestige of the beaten tribe that found temporary shelter in a cave, high above the river, had been starved out of that position by the patient enemy, who squatted on the shore below and who also intercepted and slew such of the party as appeared in daylight, when they made a sally from an outlet a mile away. The corpses of these last victims were allowed to remain where they fell; and as the party of extermination wished to join the body of the tribe, now setting off to look for trouble in the northern country, the dead were not rifled of all their ornaments. Among these personal decorations were beads of gold from the mines of Georgia. Centuries later, when white men had taken the land, a legend was revived among them of a jar of this gold that either the owners or some white robber had hidden in the ground near the Indian burial-place. An enterprising farmer undertook to find it. There was but one time when it was safe to dig for such things, and that

was when the moon was full in October. This fact his long-dead great-grandsire had imparted to him, in a vision, and had likewise indicated the place. The farmer set about his work with energy, and at midnight his spade clicked against an earthen jar. It was heavy. He stooped to lift it, when the mouth of the pit was darkened and a rain of arrows fell upon him. He was cut and scratched in twenty places. With yells of pain and fright he scrambled out and found safety in his house. In the morning there were prints of moccasined feet, and a stone arrow-head lay on the earth he had thrown out; but there was no sign of the jar. He moved out of the neighborhood soon after.

On another bluff on this river, in Tennessee, at a narrow point that is passed by steamers, is a cave where, in the last century, a company of traders hid their money and goods in order that they might not be hampered in their flight when they were beset by Indians. It is said that they were chased into Kentucky and there killed by the savages. At least, it is believed that they never came back. The last recorded attempt to recover the treasure was that of an

innocent farmer, who was persuaded by a new-found friend to undertake the job. The farmer was lowered into the cave and the rope was then pulled up, leaving the poor fellow to get out as best he might, while the friend scampered away on the farmer's horse. The cries of the abandoned one were heard by some boatmen, and he was rescued after having endured about twenty-four hours of isolation from his kind, not to mention abstinence from victuals and whiskey.

On Detroit Island, Lake Michigan, a carousing Frenchman lived for several years with the daughter of an enemy who was seeking him far and wide, to take his life. A band of ruffling, pilfering ne'er-do-weels, his associates, having found cause of quarrel in his unfair division of money unfairly gained, resolved to give him a sound drubbing. He got wind of this, buried the gold that had caused the dispute, exacted of his mistress a promise that she would watch it till his return, and fled in the dark. Either he met the man who should have been his father-in-law, or he fell victim to a beast or revengeful Indian; or maybe he died of starvation or fever in the wilderness; because he

never returned for his money, and it is guarded yet by the shadow of the woman.

On three successive nights a Sauk Indian was awakened by a spirit that said it would be good for him to visit an island in the Mississippi, near the mouth of the Wisconsin. The third appearance resolved him. The current of the Wisconsin was rapid, and by allowing his canoe to drift he reached the place, a hundred miles away, within twenty-four hours. He found there a dying man, a hermit with tattered clothes and white, neglected beard, to whom he ministered, and who, in return, told him he would reveal a place where a treasure had been hidden. The ancient one had, in his youth, guided a white traveller's boat into that region. A Spaniard, one of the crew, passing for a French voyageur, led a revolt, killed the traveller, seized his effects,—including a considerable amount of money,—and, darkness having fallen, he anchored close in the lee of a cliff. The hermit, sickened and afraid, leaped ashore and escaped; and within an hour the face of the precipice, loosened by the firing and uproar of the mutiny, fell, with hideous tumult, crushing the boat and

all on board of it. The Sauk awaited, with Indian stoicism, the sequel to this happening, but it was never told. Exhausted with the effort of his relation, the old man drew his last breath, and the Indian returned to his lodge, chiding himself that he had not sooner obeyed the spirit.

During the Civil War Quantrell's guerillas raided Lawrence, Kansas, and galloped off with a bagful of money and silver belonging to its citizens, which they buried near Independence, Missouri, intending to go back and resurrect it when they were in less peril and less busy. Several efforts have been made to recover the money, but the seekers in each case report that they were confronted by spectral shapes in Confederate butternut; that blue lights flashed and capered among the bushes, and that on grounding their picks and shovels they received a shock, as if from an electric battery. There was a fiction in the neighborhood that a woman was immune from these oppositions, and, excited by the hope of a great and immediate gain, one plucky adventurer in skirts decided to make the attempt to unearth the treasure. As she struck her spade into the ground a dazzling spark

leaped from the soil, and she fell backward, as if struck. Two men who had urged this performance, having failed conspicuously on a prior occasion themselves, dragged her away to a carriage; and as they did so a hundred lights danced into the air, as if in a mad delight of victory.

Though piracy never flourished so extensively in our western as in our eastern waters, there were evil-doers who troubled the Pacific ports; and they, too, acquired the unaccountable habit of banking their earnings in sand and wells and caves. The government reservation of Goat Island, near San Francisco, is one of the places on which they bestowed their wealth. Eight skeletons were found there in 1899, the rumor being that they were the remains of pirates who had been killed, after the usual fashion, to guard the gold.

LOST MINES

NEXT in amount to the gold that has been hidden and forgotten is the gold found and lost again by various adventurers during the

nineteenth century; and if time were money, it has been so lavishly squandered in the search that the seekers must become millionaires before they will ever be repaid for their outlay. Every Western State has its lost mine, as every Atlantic State has a part of Kidd's or Blackbeard's treasure.

Few of the pleasurers who visit Shohola Glen, Pennsylvania, hear of the treasure-cave, or mine, as it may be, that was entered from some cranny in the ravine, another entrance being in Panther Brook Glen, a mile away. The Indian path, running parallel with the Delaware and crossing the Shohola, has never been obliterated; and this fact, together with the occasional appearance of a civilized red man from some one of the Eastern reservations, has led to the belief that the original owners still know the whereabouts of the treasure and draw upon it when they have need. In that part of the country it was reported, over a century ago, that the Indians were fighting with silver-headed arrows and silver bullets. A chief, who for some reason wished to impress a friendly settler named Helm with his resources, blindfolded him that he might not

know the path, took him into the cave, removed the bandage from his eyes, and enjoyed his astonishment, for the flash of a torch showed piles of crude silver about the floor. Then the settler's eyes were covered again, and he was led out through the other door. Helm devoted his life to the search for that cave, and married a squaw that he might gain the good will of the tribe; but she never dared to tell him what possibly she did not know, till she was on her death-bed. Then her attempt to talk loudly enough for Helm to hear—for he had grown deaf—exhausted her, and he went to his own grave a disappointed man.

A company was once formed to seek the treasure in the Shawangunk Mountains, west of the Hudson River. It paid in twelve thousand five hundred dollars and then spent several years and some more money in hunting for the treasurer—because he said he needed just that amount in his business, and nobody ever found where his business was carried on. This sad incident did not prevent the company, as individuals, from resuming the search for the coin and jewels that old Ninety-Nine had hidden

somewhere back of Port Ben, Port Ewen, or Port Hickson. Why was this venerable settler called Ninety-Nine? Maybe he was ninety-nine years old when he died, or maybe he died in 1799. Maybe he was drunk ninety-nine days at a time. Whether he was Indian, Spaniard, or a mixture of both—even that cannot be learned now. It is only remembered that he used to go down to the villages to buy rum; that when filled with the joy of intoxication he would pull gold and pearls from his pockets and scatter them among the people, roaring with laughter to see the Dutchmen bump their heads together in the scramble for this treasure. Nobody ever found where he lived, because when he began his homeward march he always carried two large pistols. On one of his periodicals Benny Depew, of Mamakating, who was his companion in these sprees, exacted a promise from him that he would show where his funds were kept; and as Benny was an honest, idle, hard-drinking, pipe-smoking, bowl-playing, wench-loving citizen, without a bit of treachery, envy, or ambition in his make-up, he had his wish. Ninety-Nine led him a day's journey into the heart of the

Shawagunks, to the edge of a lake, where he blindfolded him tightly, and, after an hour's farther walking, removed the cloth. Benny found himself in a cave adorned with rugs, tapestries, pictures, and statuary and lighted by many candles. Gold was heaped carelessly about the floor; casks of gems stood against the rocky wall. Ninety-Nine ran diamonds and rubies through his fingers as if they were pebbles. Before Benny could recover speech he was blindfolded again, led to a crest overlooking the Mamakating Valley, and there Ninety-Nine bade him good-bye, turned away, and was never seen again.

Devil's Den, on Beebe River, is called by the farmers of Campton, New Hampshire, a hiding-place of Kidd's treasure, but that is nonsense. Kidd knew of places enough along the coast to conceal his money in, without tramping through a hundred miles of wilderness to find a cave. The truth is that in 1830 a woman dreamed of gold and silver in the granite, and a few rich "ignamusses" supplied dollars enough to blow holes in the solid rock. The hole at Campton was large enough to hold all the money that

could be spared. The organizer of the company that was built upon a dream escaped, and the farmers learned wisdom—which is commonly held to be cheap at any price.

A much-quoted tradition pertains to the Lost Cabin Mine, of Montana, Wyoming, or southern Alberta. A Frenchman arrived in Helena, when that place was young, carrying with him a goodly weight of gold-dust. He had found placer mines, he said, richer than any ever known before. Thousands of dollars' worth of metal could be washed out in the sluice-boxes daily. The news created the usual disturbance—and hope. Every man who was foot-loose packed his traps and prepared to follow the Frenchman. Before that discoverer had enjoyed one satisfactory week of intoxication he was seized with a fatal illness. A moment before his death he whispered, "Blackfoot country. Two small lakes. Cabin between them I built." This was uncertain. It may have meant the forest land in which the Big Blackfoot rises, or it may have meant the country occupied by the Blackfoot Indians, which included the plains at the eastern foot of the Rockies, all the way from the Mis-

souri to the South Saskatchewan. There is no way to find out save by hunting, and the hunt is still going on.

This is one version, for according to one of a different tenor the mine was found in the fifties by three Yankees, who built a log house there and fortified it with a stockade. Two of the men were killed by Indians, and the third, arriving at Fort Laramie starved and crazy, told of the discovery, and died. At one time two hundred men were searching for the place.

Mohave County, Arizona, has a Spanish gold-mine that was abandoned in 1824, when some hostile Indians killed a number of the settlers and filled up the shaft with broken rock—a strange story, for that means work. But, while the story is hard to believe, the mine is said to have been re-discovered.

Another of the properties that are not yet paying dividends is the Lost Cross. Its history goes back to Father De Smet, the Jesuit missionary who tried so diligently to introduce white men's morals among the Indians. He had been living for several years in the American Fur Company's post at the mouth of Marias River,

and had so subdued the red people of the neighborhood that he believed the time had come when he might do a like service for the more warlike tribes of the North. He persuaded six of the woodmen and hunters at the fort to leave their work and pilot him to the Canadian settlements. They were all French-Canadians, and faithful subjects of the Church. Ascending the valley of the Teton they reached the trail that for hundreds of years had been used by the native tribes in their journeys north and southward, and this they followed to Mountain Fort, a Hudson Bay Company post on the Saskatchewan. Somewhere on the route they killed a buffalo so fat that the pot in which his flesh was boiled became very greasy. One of the voyagers took it to a stream, and, picking up a handful of sand, began to scour it. After a little he noticed in the pot some yellow grains, and, searching the stream-bed, he discovered flakes and nuggets of gold. Excited and jubilant, he rushed to his companions, who proposed that they should hurry back to Marias River, get mining tools, and then return and work the placer. A wooden cross was erected on a butte two hundred paces

back from the creek, to mark the spot. But sore was the disappointment when Father De Smet addressed them in this fashion: " My children, gold has been the cause of nearly all crime and misery. Think of the trouble that would follow if you were to start to mine it here. In a few months this peaceful country would be overrun with desperate men. They would destroy the herds of game we see on every hand. They would fight and kill the savages, who would resent the invasion and the destruction of their food supply. And these are your people! You are married to women whose brothers and sisters you would doom to destruction should you work this ground. Nor can I see that by digging gold you benefit yourselves. As you have lived before, in peace and plenty, so you can continue. You may still trap the beaver, the otter, the wolf, and kill game for your families. But the Church forbids you to mine this gold. It forbids you to mention the discovery we have made. Some time, should the Church be pressed, she may take this gold to defend herself against the wicked; but should that day never come, let us bury deep in our bosoms the locality of this treasure."

After this exordium he made every member of the party swear never to reveal the mine nor work it in his own behalf. This oath was sorrowfully but obediently taken at the foot of the cross, and the company jogged along northward, toward the bleak plains. The men kept the secret; but they did not keep silence, and the mine's existence was revealed through their grumbling and their accusation that the Church was keeping them poor. Many visitors to that region have searched for it, but none have been successful.

One lost placer is somewhere on the Missouri. At the close of the Civil War a miner named Keise boarded a steamer at Fort Copeland, with three thousand dollars in gold-dust that he said he had found down the river, where there was plenty more of it. Getting two or three friends at Fort Benton to join him, they built a flat-boat, stocked it with tools, provisions, and arms, for the country was filled with hostile Indians, and put off down the muddy stream. A bend covered with cottonwood soon hid them from sight of the company at Fort Benton, and they were never seen of white men again. The shores

have been searched for six hundred miles for traces of them, but without result.

In 1868 an Arickaree Indian made a careless remark in one of the settlements about a treasure that his people had secreted "at the foot of a cloud" in the Blackfoot Reservation on the northern edge of Montana. A few glasses of liquor made him more talkative, and in a week a band of thirteen white men had set off for the north, leaving before their neighbors were astir, because they did not wish to make the picnic too general. About four days later they were in sight of a bleak, purple hill with a dark wood at the foot of it. From the heart of this wood arose a cloud, always vanishing a hundred feet or so in the air yet continually renewed below. Said the leader: "The old 'Ree allowed that when his people owned this country they were skeered of that cloud. They thought the Great Spirit had wrapped himself in it and was liable to be ugly if they didn't keep him smoothed with presents. They learned that gold was valuable, though it ain't no use to an Injun, so once a year they scratched a lot of nuggets together, out of some place we want to find one of these days,

and piled 'em yonder, where the cloud comes up. We've got to reach that cloud." It was hard going. The forest was dense, and the way was choked with fallen timber. The air grew strangely moist and warm. There were evil odors abroad. "Hi! Look there!" cried one of the party. "It's a palm-tree! A palm-tree, in Montana!" The vegetation had become rank and ferns now carpeted the shade. Presently they came to a space of half an acre, bare of vegetation, with a ledge near the middle of it, and on that ledge a shining heap of gold in nuggets ranging from the size of filberts to that of apples. With a shout of joy the men dismounted and rushed with open hands toward the treasure. They had gone but a few feet when the ground surface gave way and they plunged to the knees into sulphurous mud. A little beyond them a great bubble of slime burst, and a wisp of cloud arose. After floundering for some seconds, the leader said: "There's a ridge of solid ground reaching to that ledge, if we can find it. Turn back." But they could not turn back. Slowly the hot mud had drawn them in, and, after a wild fight to escape, they sank

below the surface. Only the leader, who used his comrades' heads as stepping-stones, and one of the company who had remained with the horses reached their homes again. There, where the cloud comes up, the treasure waits to-day.

In the southwest corner of New Mexico is the "home of gold," or Montezuma's mine—a solid vein, going down to the centre of the earth. Across its crest a river thirty feet wide pours into spray, keeping the brink polished to a blinding brightness. A few white men have seen it. José Alvaray, the last of them, made friends with the red tribes that lived near the treasure, and was at last permitted to behold the wonder. He tried to go back to his people and get their help to develop this noblest of all mines; but, suspecting his intent, the Indians chased and slew him, and kept the secret closer; for they believe that when Montezuma returns from the sunrise, to drive the white intruders from the land, he will demand all of his gold. This treasure, more rich by far than any in the fables of the East, is said to lie in a valley like the Yosemite—a terrific chasm from three thousand to five thousand feet deep, with not a shelf for

foothold on the mountain walls around it. The stream that pours over the ledge of Mother Gold, as it is called, falls through a cañon at one end of the valley and at the other end disappears in an immense black cavern. This cave is the only entrance to the place, and its secret is known to the descendants of Montezuma's guards—who watch it to this day—and to none other. Indeed, but three men know all of its winding passages and can traverse its dark and slippery miles in safety. When one of the trio dies the survivors select a third to share and perpetuate the secret. The valley floor is as green as emerald, butterflies of great size and lustrous color are forever fluttering through it, and birds of brilliant plumage and sweet song nest in its trees. The river is as pure as crystal, and the skies that hang above are radiant and deep. But the man who, once in a hundred years, comes out upon the edge of the chasm sees nothing of its beauty. He hears no song of birds, no chime of water; no sward of flowers are there for him; he has eyes only for the golden reefs and bowlders blazing in the sun or glowing in the moon.

This appears to be related to the Mine of the Fathers, which belonged to the Spanish priests in Santa Clara, and was rumored to be the richest of all the silver mines in possession of the Church, at least in New Spain. It was somewhere among the Sangre de Cristo peaks of Colorado, and was worked by unpaid, Christianized, and discontented Pueblos, who toiled with a severity they were unused to, in order to escape the torture in this world and the eternal suffering in the next that had been promised to them if they disobeyed. In 1680 the natives reached the end of fear with the end of patience, and a wholesale massacre of the Spaniards followed. The mine was deserted; its pits were filled or hidden by the angry Indians; the trails leading thither were destroyed and overgrown with weeds and sage-brush. When the Spaniards ventured back into that country, after years of terror and longing, not one white person could be found who knew the mine; not one Indian could be forced by rack or thumb-screw to tell of it. And it is said that when a white man shall find it again the curse of Montezuma shall be upon him.

Although the Seven Cities of Cibola were mere adobe towns of no great wealth such as Coronado dreamed of, the belief in the Gran Quivira, where he was to find riches, is not yet dead. Tales of a mine anywhere within fifty miles of Pecos are listened to, and it was said by an old herder at the close of the eighteenth century that some people who had been idling about Mazano, Arizona, and had been notoriously poor, emerged without warning as millionaires of the most dazzling kind. It was alleged that the treasure which the first explorers had stripped from the Indians was buried in three places, and that near the largest hoard were sunk three church-bells. Within a few years a dressed stone and a box three feet square, flanked by earthen vessels—containing nothing but dirt, however—were exhumed by two prospectors near the Ledington Spring, Arizona.

In northern New Mexico the lucky man may some day find again the White Cement Mine. Its discoverer was a battered '49er from down East—one White, who arrived with a sack of ore at Horse Head Gulch on a summer evening and made a commotion by his exhibit of specimens.

The rock was a whitish, cement-like substance, sparkling with flakes of metal. In a few hours it was rumored that the rock had assayed a thousand ounces of gold to the ton, and a committee of residents courteously informed the new-comer that he was enjoying too much luck to keep; that he could have his choice of dying with his boots on, right then, or of leading the populace of Horse Head Gulch to the new field. White said it was a long way off, and he couldn't exactly remember how you got there, but under persuasion of several guns he said he would be willing to try. In the morning he set off at the head of a hopeful congregation, and for two days the company had the hardest kind of a time, climbing snowy mountains, crossing cañons, blundering through sage and lava deserts, and bringing up, near the boundary of Colorado, several men short. Two-thirds of the party had gone back, used up. At nightfall, while supper was cooking beside a brook, White told the men that he had his bearings; that the Cement Mine was a matter of only thirty-five miles to the northwest. Another day's march would take them there, and then they would be the richest

miners in the world. There was great enthusiasm, but the men were too nearly worn out to whoop long. They presently rolled themselves in their blankets for a night's rest—all but White. He was so nervous he could not sleep, he said. The thought of such enormous wealth within reach was too much for him. He would go down the cañon and see if his horse was safely picketed for the night. In the morning White and the horse were missing. The men were wild with wrath, and had they overtaken him the discoverer of the Cement Mine would have become food for the coyotes. He had too long a start, however, and although scores of men kept up the search for the mine, no other specimens like his were ever found. Three years later White turned up at Salt Lake and lent sixty thousand dollars to a rancher of Provo, but he never called for it. Like his mine, old White was a mystery.

There are the Stuart Placers, in Colorado; the Peaks Mine, in Utah; the Lundy, in Nevada, and the mines of the San Juan country, Colorado, found by six men, of whom but one, a man named Packer, survived to tell of the

discovery, and he was sent to prison for life on a charge of murdering the other five. Whether he killed them in order to keep his secret and take all the wealth, or whether they died in the severe winter while lost among the mountains, are questions that were argued on the trial; but however it may have been, most people in that region believed he had kept himself alive by eating the flesh of his dead comrades while the winter lasted.

It is not only treasure buried by men which is so closely guarded by supernatural beings that it is hopeless to seek it, but treasure in the rocks, likewise. One such instance refers to Granite Mountain, Oregon. Among the early wanderers in this sunset land was a man from Nebraska, who was seeking a home-site on the coast, but who struck gold at the foot of this mountain, and, although pressed by the approach of winter and unprovided with tools, washed out six hundred dollars in a bread-pan before he left the place—left it to die, for he was struck with an incurable disease and lived but a few weeks longer. Before dying he described the spot to a friend, who prepared to search for the mine as

soon as the weather and the trails permitted, but who reached Portland only to die in his turn. An old miner, to whom the sketches and descriptions were transmitted, found a companion, secured a grub-stake, and together they started for Granite Mountain. The companion had reached its foot when his rifle burst, disfiguring him for life. After carrying him to a village for treatment the old miner resumed his search for the placer. But the spell was still upon it. Two weeks later his dead body was found at the foot of Granite Mountain.

Death Valley, the abomination of desolation, contains the lost Breyfogle, and also the Gunsight Mine, found in 1854—by one of the five survivors of a party of thirty-two that attempted to cross this desert—and lost again, directly. This man had broken his gun-sight, and picking up a bit of the pale gray, soft, metallic-looking rock that was scattered about the earth, he whittled out a peg which he fixed to his rifle. After he had reached a settlement a veteran miner, noticing this substitute for steel, asked him where it had been found, for it was pure silver. The young man had not marked the spot, and

though expedition after expedition dared the withering heat, the choking dust, the noxious insects, and the lack of vegetation and water, the place of the Gun-sight Mine is still a mystery.

The gold-mine in San Diego, California, opened, nobody knows how long ago, and stumbled upon in 1894 by a couple of Mexicans, will not be worked until Americans have "located" it again, for the "greasers" found it peopled by Spanish ghosts, and they fled in mortal terror, leaving their picks and shovels behind them.

A man suffering doubly under the name of Smith and the necessity of wearing a wooden leg, leaves the name of Peg Leg Smith to a spot that many people yearn to put their feet upon. His mine is in a desert in Southern California, and the ore that he packed to Los Angeles in 1868 assayed, in some specimens, eight thousand dollars to the ton. He vanished from the face of the earth, with possible help from Indians, and several men who have tried to place his mine have perished of thirst in that hot, salt, waterless region.

Lost Valley, in the Santa Lucia Mountains of California, has been watched for nearly half

a century by people who lacked other business. A gold-mine was known to a Spanish priest and a few Indians, but except that the working was near three pines, there was nothing to fix the spot. One by one the red men began to die mysteriously, keeping their secret. The last one who seemed to have had access to the mine was burned to ashes in his hut. Nobody kept track of the priest. Every stranger and prospector who entered Lost Valley had spies and adventurers on his trail, though often he did not know it.

Farther south, in Lower California, are the Vallagrana silver-mines, a ledge of silver traceable for a third of a mile along the face of a cliff, and shown to a political refugee in 1850 by Indians, who first exacted a promise that the place should not be revealed by him to any other, for they did not wish white men to enter their country. The promise was kept for a year. Vallagrana then led a party of five men into the mountains to buy or steal the silver. He never led them out again. None of the company returned.

At a celebration of Mexican independence in Los Angeles, California, in the early fifties

nobody cut more of a dash than Martin Flores. He made as brave a show in the dances, at the bear-baiting, and the bull-fights as anybody in the town, for he was lithe, handsome, dressed like a don, and more than one heart was set a-fluttering as he passed. Indeed, he had planned an elopement that very night; but while the evening was still young he heard news that spoiled his gallantries and sent him elsewhere; he had been proclaimed as a robber and a murderer. The rough, good-natured sheriff scouted the idea at first, yet he could not disobey a court order, and, taking two or three men, he began the chase. Only the sheriff knew the name of the man who had been accused. The others were implicitly to obey his orders. Hearing his pursuers behind him, Martin drew his horse aside and waited till they had passed. His rifle was on his saddle, a pistol in his holster, a knife in his sheath. There was gold in his saddle-bags and his belt. Turning aside and pushing toward the hills in the belief that the chase had kept on, he had gone not a dozen miles before his attent ear heard in the fog ahead of him the thud of horses' feet. Instantly he dismounted,

drew aside and wrapped his zarape about his horse's head, to keep him silent. A gust stirred the fog, and for one brief moment this phantom of a man was seen. It was enough. The sheriff had recognized him. "Halt!" he cried. "Give up, without a fight, or it will be the worse for you." Then the fog closed again, and the posse heard a bounding mount. Flores was off at a gallop. One of the men fired. The ball flattened itself against the gold slugs concealed about the waist of the fugitive. It was to be a long chase now, and all settled down to their work. For miles the Mexican's fleet broncho gained steadily, and at last all but one of the pursuers had fallen out. This man, Lane, had chased Flores into Rodeo Cañon and had come close behind him. The moon was shining now, and Flores turned with pistol raised. Then, with a gesture of surprise, he exclaimed, "What! It is a friend? Lane!"

A report echoed up the cañon. Lane had not heard, or, having heard, was too excited to realize what had been said. He had fired, and Flores tumbled from his saddle. Running forward with the smoking weapon in his hand, Lane

scanned the prostrate man. "Flores!" he cried. "My God! How is this? They told me we were hunting a thief and murderer."

"Yes? They called me that? I took back only what my guardian had stolen from me. He had sold everything—my houses, my farm—and was about to run away. I met him at the pond. Ha! Tell Florinda I loved her, and—Mother Mary have mercy!" He clutched at his breast. "And my money! Lane! My money! It is here—here—in Rodeo Cañon—hid—here——" His eyes half closed, he gasped a few times, he was dead. Lane fell ill with remorse after his return to Los Angeles. And the gold? The superstitious ones declare that Flores's ghost seeks it with a green lantern on certain nights in the year.

THE WANDERING JEW

UP one of the narrow streets of Jerusalem comes a throng, jeering, howling, striking at a man who is led to death—a gentle, patient man whose red-brown locks and beard are drabbled with crimson that drips from a wreath of

thorns, whose torn robe is streaked with blood from whip-cuts on his back, whose bare feet bleed on the sharp stones, and who bends under the burden of a cross. "Down with the false king!" "Crucify him!" "Put the dog to death!" "Where is the power you say you have?" "Give us a gem from your crown." "They have dyed your majesty's robe in spots." "Why don't you make your slaves carry your throne?" As if he did not hear all this, the bleeding man struggled on, a few infantry in the glitter of Roman armor now and then pushing back the rabble when it pressed too close, but otherwise showing the soldier's mechanical obedience to duty without thought as to who should suffer.

Beside the way was the shop of Ahasuerus, a poor cobbler, who had risen from his bench when the clamor of the throng came to his ear, and was eagerly watching the strange procession as it approached. Staggering with weakness, the sufferer was about to sink upon the man's door-step, to rest for an instant and gain his breath, but the cobbler struck him, and cried, "Go on, thou Christ! Go on!"

Jesus looked into his face with an air of infinite sadness, and said, " It is thou who shalt go on, till the end of time."

With a vague dismay smiting into his soul, the Jew dropped upon his bench and gazed vacantly into the street as the mob went clamoring and clattering by. Then, with a hope that Christ might unsay the curse, he ran after. The cross could be seen above the turbans and the helmets, the spears and cudgels, but he could not press through the throng to speak to him who bore it. Calvary was reached, the spikes were driven through the hands and feet, the cross was planted on the hill-top. Presently came the darkness, the storm, the falling fire, the earthquake, the rising of the dead, and in an ecstasy of terror and remorse the Jew rushed forth into the desert, never to know peace or rest again. In his nineteen centuries of wandering he has visited every part of the world, but never stays long in any place. He never smiles, his tears have dried, a stony despair in his face is softened by an appealing look; he speaks little, but often prays when alone, for he is a Christian now; his racial avarice is gone; he accepts no gifts.

In the withering blasts of the Arctics, in the blighting tropic sun, in storm and flood, in day and dark, in crowds and solitudes he must still seek rest in vain; he must still go forward. Wrecked, buffeted, desolate, hopeless, he can only suffer; he cannot die.

Just when, where, or how often the Wandering Jew has crossed the United States it is not known, though localized legends in Canada recall his flight through that country since the French settlement. Several of the Indian tribes record the appearance of pale and lonely men, and the Diggers of California were frightened at different times by white men whom they took to be the spirits of their dead. In Peru there were tales of a deathless man, and in legends of the eastern and northern aborigines we find men who resisted death in every form and whom burning and beheading could not affect. Eugene Sue, in his novel, " The Wandering Jew," finds the victim of the curse at Bering Strait and also mentions the Rocky Mountains and Charlestown. Possibly he had heard of Peter Rugg, who is Boston's Ahasuerus. Vague reports from the Dutch settlements in Pennsylvania allude to the

flight of men on horseback through the country at night, but the more usual belief is that the Jew goes afoot and leaves the impress of a cross where his feet touch soft ground. On his brow is stamped a red cross, which he conceals under a black bandage. In some places his arrival is known by violent storms, blistering desert winds, the outbreak of riots and revolutions, the appearance of epidemics and calamity in every form, so that when a sudden gale springs up the mother will gather her children about the fire and say, "The Wandering Jew is going by."

Knowing that he carries misfortune with him, his anguish is the deeper; for always in a widespread suffering the people of his race, the Hebrews, will be victims no less than the Gentiles. Here and there he has been detained and made to tell his story, which has always found credence. He speaks English perfectly; indeed, he knows all tongues and dresses in the fashion of the country in which he finds himself. Once in a hundred years he is overcome by faintness, and when he recovers his youth is renewed; at least, he finds himself at a seeming age of thirty, as on the day when he repelled Christ. His

sufferings have often inspired pity, even among people who were enemies of the Israelites, and farmers will sometimes leave two harrows in the field, one on the other, with teeth downward, in a belief that near them the despairing man can rest for a whole night. In one form of the tradition Ahasuerus met Herodias, who, for demanding the head of John the Baptist, was also condemned to live till the day of judgment, and the two, joining their prayers for death, obtained mercy; for they aged unspeakably at that moment, and breathed their last.

The Wandering Jew is commonly held to symbolize the dispersion of the Hebrew race, and he is associated with beliefs that have come down from the Middle Ages and betray the hate of European peoples for these keen and thrifty traders and money-lenders; such beliefs as that in the seven whistlers, or seven geese, whose calling is a portent of disaster, and who are Jews compelled to wear this shape because they helped to raise the cross; the assembly of Jews at witch-sabbaths on mountain-tops; their compacts with Satan to take their souls hereafter, if only they shall have wealth on earth; their

secret torture and eating of children; their ability to carry filth and contagion into Christian lands. The tradition is not uniform. In one version the Jew is Cartaphilus, door-keeper for Pilate. Having struck Christ on the neck and bidden him walk faster, Christ answered: " I go, but thou shalt wait until I return."

Other of his names are Michob Ader, Malchus, Butadaeus, and Isaac Laquedem. An ancient form of the legend represents Samiri, sculptor of the golden calf, going about the earth like a beast, shunned and abhorred. Cain was also named as a perpetual wanderer, and it was said that Judas Iscariot was long unable to die. His mother, having learned in a dream that he would " kill his father and sell his God," flung him into the sea, but he was rescued, became a page to Pilate, and, after Christ's death, wandered in anguish for centuries.

INDIAN MERMAIDS AND FAIRIES

THE Indians are a serious people; but while their symbols and fictions contain much that repels the civilized imagination, much of

killing, fighting, and robbery, they have many of the gentler sort, and some are absolute poetry. Students of their myths are sure to be impressed, before they have carried their researches far, with the likeness of some of these legends to the traditions that have come to us from Greece, from Israel, from Egypt, and from India. There is, for example, a myth that is prevalent over half the world, if not the whole of it, in which a person is translated from his element into either water, air, or fire, and usually seeks to draw others after him, either by force or love. We have stories of mermen and mermaids, firmly believed by navigators of the South Seas, and no more doubted by Columbus than he doubted his vane or his needle. We have tales of tritons, nymphs, and sirens from the Greek; Undine and Melusina are types of somewhat later date; and no longer ago than 1782 one Venant St. Germain reported that he had seen a mermaid on Lake Superior at the south end of the Paté. It was of the size of a seven-year-old child, brown of skin and woolly as to hair. He wanted to shoot it, but the Indians who were rowing his canoe cried, in alarm, that it was a water-god,

and if injured would fearfully revenge itself. Apparently it had read the thought of the adventurer, or had learned to know a rifle when it saw one, for within a couple of hours a storm broke, and for three days there was a downpour with violent gales.

An Alaskan tribe tells that it crossed the sea under the lead of a man-fish, with green hair and beard, who charmed the whole company with his singing.

The Canadian Indians relate that a member of the Ottawa tribe, while lounging beside a stream, was confronted by an undoubted mermaid that arose through the water and begged him to help her to the land. Her long hair hung dripping over her shoulders, her blue eyes looked pleadingly into his. Would he not take her to his people? She was weary of being half a fish and wanted to be all human, but this might be only if she was wedded. The Ottawa, moved by her appeal, took her home, doubtless in his arms, for the substitution of fish-tails for feet would have been a sore hinderance in walking through the woods. He adopted her, found a husband for her, in time—an Adirondack youth

—and on their marriage the dusky Undine received a soul. But the people did not like her. They held her in distrust. In the end the Ottawas and Adirondacks fought about her. Their war continued until all of the latter tribe had perished; all save one, who, wandering beside the Mississippi at St. Anthony's Falls, into which she had been thrown by her vexed and vexatious relatives-in-law, was seen by her and pulled beneath the water to her home; for she had become a mermaid once more. The Minnesota lumbermen have made the river so turbid that one seldom sees her nowadays.

Battao, a Nisqually girl, of Puget Sound, was plagued by lovers. She had charm and gentleness, and she had prospects, and it was the latter that kept suitors hanging about the premises; for her father was rich in dogs, boats, arms, skins, and ornaments, and fathers cannot live forever. Battao was kind to these gentlemen, though she could not help yawning in the middle of their most impassioned declarations—they were such old stories. There came to the village, one summer, a tall stranger, of noble presence, who had been far beyond the moun-

tains and far beyond the sea. He had tales to tell of other lands, and sights and adventures so strange that even the old medicine-man forgot himself and listened with the same breathless interest as did the boy at his feet. To Battao this stranger stood for all that was daring and splendid. She was touched by a new emotion. She admired him. She was restless when he was absent, happy when he was near. On a morning when a warm, luminous mist hung over the sound, the stranger, who had been strolling and talking with her, looked into her face with a smile, then, without further word, walked off on the surface of the water toward Fox Island, and disappeared in the fog. The girl was naturally startled and frightened; and as day after day went by and he did not return, a sadness weighed upon her which she tried to dissipate by visits to the island. Every morning she would be rowed across from the mainland, where she lived, and there she would sit, hours together, running beach-sand and pebbles through her fingers, just as she had done a thousand times during their talks. The agates thus sifted out as she watched the sea with longing eyes fell in the odd forms

which visitors to the island have noticed. On one of these excursions her boat came to a sudden stop, as if it had been driven into mud. The oarsmen made the water foam with their paddles, but the canoe advanced not a foot. Leaning over the side to discover the cause of this detention, Battao saw the smiling face of her lover through the clear tide, far below; saw his arms outstretched to embrace her, and his voice came faint, telling her that he could not return to land, but begging her to join him and be happy in his splendid caves. She hesitated. She tried to persuade herself into doubts. It might be a phantom that called and beckoned. But at last she bade the rowers put back and tell her father that she would return in five days; then, in an access of longing, she spread her arms and leaped into the water. There were loud lamentings as the liberated canoe returned to land, for the boatmen believed they should see her never more. Great, then, was the gladness of all her people when, on the fifth day from her seeming death, she arose, radiant, from the sound, and ran up the beach to her father's lodge. In five days she returned to the sea; and from that

time, for several years, she divided her years between her lover and her people. She was enchanted now; more gentle, more beautiful than ever, more affectionate and thoughtful withal, for if a storm were arising, or any mishap threatened, she would appear from the waves and cry a warning. But when all of her friends had died, the ties of earth no longer held her, and she went beneath the sea to live in joy forever.

It is at the Great Lakes that we discover a complement to this tale. Near what is now Gros Carp, Michigan, lived the hunter Kandawagonosh, the stay of his father and mother in their age. Heavy were their hearts on the day when his canoe washed ashore and was found broken among the rocks; for by this token they knew he was at the bottom of the lake—the cold, unsounded water that never gave up its dead. Yet in love and the hope of his spirit's freedom they built a memorial grave for him, and under its roof placed his knife, arrows, bow, kettle, and paint, also burying his dog alive, so that if his soul did return it would find the outfit for the journey to the happy hunting-grounds, and

would guess how the old couple had lamented. The weapons and kettle were not disturbed, and in due time the old people took their way to the shadow-land together. Kandawagonosh remained at the bottom of the lake—but not dead. A water-spirit had seen and loved him. It was she who broke his canoe and drew him down, down to the grottos of crystal and green below; she who inflamed his heart with an equal love, and kept him there in a long content. Kandawagonosh had not forgotten the upper-world, however. He remembered, with moments of longing, the friends in his village, and he had misgivings when he pictured his parents weak and old. There were twinges almost like jealousy as he thought of his place being taken by others, of his name forgotten among those who had often spoken it. Ah, yes; he wanted his freedom. He wearied of constant happiness. "Let me go back to the earth for a day and see my parents," he pleaded. "They will need my help; for winter is coming on again, and they are growing feeble." "You shall go back to the sunlight for a time," consented the mermaid. "We will wait for you, our children and

I. Look: here is a box of bark. Keep it always fast to your belt and bring it back, unopened. If you take off the cover you will never see this home in the green water-world again." They embraced, and the man arose swiftly through the lake. Brighter and brighter it grew, until at last his head was above the surface and he saw once more the wooded shores and the blue sky and felt the burn of the sun. In a few strokes he reached the land. His way of breathing changed so that he could inhale air again, and he stood long on the rocks in an abandon of delight at being once more in the world of men. Of men? His parents—were they still alive? He parted the branches and plunged into the wood. He could not remember trees of such size, or in such groupings. Strange! Where his people had camped there was not so much as a clearing. Where his father's tepee had stood a pine of several years' growth moved its arms and whispered in the wind. And what was this? A grave? He bent close, for there was a sudden cloud on his sight, and examined the symbols and the weapons that were half buried in the mould. The grave was his own! Hark! What

was that? Somewhere down in the earth an animal was scratching and whining. It sounded like a dog. Puzzled and troubled he sank upon the mound, and while brooding on these changes he unconsciously turned in his fingers the box his water-wife had made. The cover came off. A cloud poured from it in the shape of the mermaid, who looked at him with reproach and sorrow in her face. He sprang up and tried to embrace the vision; but it melted into air, before he could touch it. His cry of remorse had hardly ceased when his dog burst, panting, from the grave, seized him by the throat, and forced him beneath the ground. For, without knowing it, he had been in the water for a life-time; and when he sat upon the grave all those years together had fallen upon him in an instant, and he was too old to live.

Caribou Island, Lake Superior, was once known as the Isle of the Golden Sands, because of the shining particles found on its beaches—particles now believed to have been of copper. Oddly enough, the red men seem to have forgotten the use of this metal for a time, and to have reverted to the clumsy, less easily and less

certainly fashioned arms and implements of the Stone Age. Possibly the copper districts fell under an evil name and were avoided because of the injury worked to the people through cooking in rusted copper pots, for savages are seldom cleanly; and it may be that the drinking supply in some districts was affected by the copper to an even dangerous degree. We know that the Indians once worked the mines; that they fashioned tools, knives, axes, and spears with skill and art; that they probably hardened the metal somewhat as the ancient Britons did, and that the mines were then abandoned. Of this Isle of the Golden Sands the belief presently obtained among the natives that it was a haunted land; that it was not anchored to the bottom of the fresh-water sea, but drifted at the whim of the wind, or of Misibizi, the water-god, or of the mermen—the memogovisioois—who have hair reaching to the waist and are always under water. Four men visited the island, long years after it had been abandoned, and having killed a hare or two, they cooked the meat in birch-bark pails by casting heated stones into the water. While they sat at dinner a fog fell about them,

and lynxes and hares peered out of it, seeming to take on such size that the men, remembering the stories of enchantment, were struck with terror and scrambled into their canoe. They had already loaded this vessel with arrow-points and axes of copper they had found on the island, for they had seen relics of this kind before and knew their value; hence their fright was the worse when a great voice called out of the mist, "What thieves are carrying off the toys and cradle of my children?" Though they were Indians, and full of courage, this utterance paralyzed them for the nonce, and in truth one of them sank to the bottom of the canoe and died, a sacrifice to Misibizi. Such, at least, is the red man's tradition, though a Jesuit father believes that the discomfiture of the visitors came from the poisoning of their meat by the use of copper "stones" to heat the water.

Among the great dunes, Les Grandes Sables, on the south shore of Lake Superior, lived the pukwujininee, the Indian fairies—playful, roguish, good-natured folk, who loved to prank about in the moonlight and who, if too closely watched by fishermen off-shore, would scamper

into the manito wak—the spirit-wood—and disappear. Often their footprints were found in the sand, marks that might have been made by the feet of little children; and on warm, still days in early autumn the hunter resting beneath a pine heard high voices, babbling merrily or singing. He said to himself it was the bees or the flies, for on such days, as you drowse at a wood's edge, you shall hear those insect voices, musical, gentle, and mysterious, telling secrets you may never learn. But it was not bees or flies the Indian heard; it was the pukwujininee. He knew it when he roused from his nap and heard the snickering in the leaves; for they had plucked a feather from his hair, they had unwinged his arrows, they had pilfered a piece of skin from his coat, they had stained with a plant-juice the haunch of venison he was carrying home. Leelinaw, daughter of a chief who lived in the dune country, was fond of lonely walks. She knew things about the trees, the rocks, the insects, and the stars that were not known to the medicine-men; and with eyes a-dream, in simple trust, she would venture into places where the hunters dared not go. Once she was absent

from the village all day, and on her return in the evening she told of strange people, like children, who had taken her with them into the heart of the forest and sang and danced and fed her on new and delicate food. In the darkness of that night her father walked long beside the waves, and her mother gave herself to tears; for both feared that Leelinaw had been with the pukwujininee and had been made as one of themselves. If so, she would never marry with the tribe. Their anxiety did not grow less with years. She remained small and slender, with feet that fitted into the prints which were left on the sands at night; and her bright, innocent eyes were often turned to the sky or across the great water, and she would be absorbed in thought. She did not cry with admiration when her people returned from the war-path with fresh scalps hanging at their belts, nor when the hunters came with deer. She lived on maize and roots and fruit, and was often found seated on the turf, talking to the squirrels and woodchucks, plaiting strands of her hair for nests and giving them to waiting birds, feeding honey to the butterflies, or whispering to the flowers

and trees. People laughed when she declared, with an angry flush, that the animals had as good a right to live as they, or the Master of Life would not have made them; and that the shedding of the blood of one another by men was folly, so long as they had room enough in which to live apart, at peace. And her parents sorrowed afresh, for only the pukwujininee could be such heretics. She often spoke of the sand-hills that were far away, under the sunset—hills like the dunes, but higher and bright in ceaseless sunshine and a fadeless carpet of flowers. There never was crying nor fighting nor trouble among those hills; no hunting, no death; only love and kindness, and she longed to go there. The little people she had seen in the wood—they might be messengers from that land. Puzzled by such fancies, the people did as people always do with ideas beyond their minds; laughed at them. So she learned to hold her peace, and lived more to herself than ever. Though in stature she remained a child, her beauty and gentleness touched the heart of one young hunter, and he sued for her hand, albeit he had some doubt if she would make the best of housekeepers; for

as she did not eat meat she might spoil his in the cooking. Her father, hoping that marriage would break her of dreaming with open eyes, bring her to her senses, and release her from the spell that had been cast on her in the spirit-wood, consented—which in Indian is equivalent to commanded—and the girl was arrayed for the bridal. She dressed in her finest clothes, with many embroideries of shells and quills, braided her hair, put wild-flowers in it, and gathered a bouquet of blossoms and pine-tree sprays. All declared that so pretty a bride was never seen before in the dune country, and her parents embraced her proudly. She asked the leave of all to take one more walk alone in her old playground near the wood, and the permission was given with a caution to return early. She never returned. A fisherman had seen one of the pukwujininee come out of the wood—he claimed even to recognize him in the twilight as the Fairy of the Green Pines, the tallest of his tribe—and lead the maiden tenderly away. Pine plumes nodded on his head, and he placed a spray of them in his bride's hair. They have gone to the far sand-hills, the people say.