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**GLOOSCAP THE GREAT CHIEF
AND OTHER STORIES**

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**STORY-TELLING
IN SCHOOL and HOME**

A Study in Educational Æsthetics

By

Emelyn Newcomb Partridge

Story-Teller for the Bancroft School

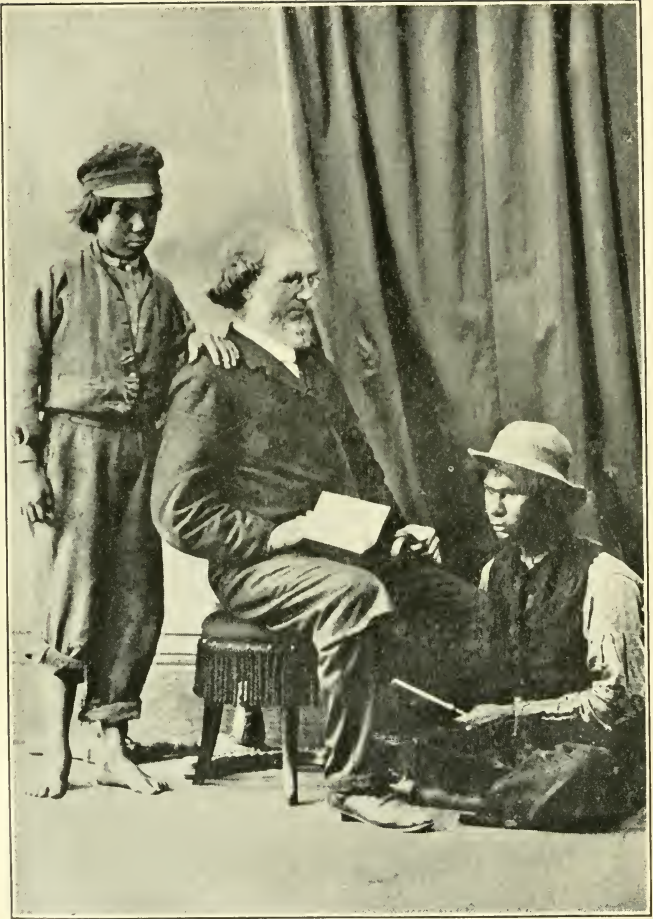
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All a teacher or story-teller needs to
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good stories of various types to tell.



The Rev. Dr. Silas Tertius Rand and two Micmac Indian boys

*From a photograph loaned by Mrs. Enos Churchill of Darmouth,
Nova Scotia.*

GLOOSCAP THE GREAT CHIEF AND OTHER STORIES

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

BY

EMELYN NEWCOMB PARTRIDGE

STORY-TELLER FOR BANCROFT SCHOOL AND GARDEN CITIES, WORCESTER,
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OF "STORY-TELLING IN SCHOOL AND HOME."

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TO
MY DEAR
MOTHER AND FATHER
THESE MICMAC LEGENDS
ARE LOVINGLY INSCRIBED

PREFACE

One of my earliest recollections is of being alone on the playhouse steps learning to fly. It may have been the roar of the Bay of Fundy—for we lived beside it—or because I was so engrossed in my task, that I did not hear the approach of any one, until suddenly a great terror seized me and I saw close beside me several giant dogs, and behind them a group of Indians with baskets on their backs. Then there is the memory of being comforted by my mother and of my surprise and interest at seeing the strange people partaking of her hospitality.

This was my first acquaintance with the Micmacs. Afterwards such scenes became familiar. I frequently heard my parents talk about the work of Dr. Rand—the first protestant missionary among these Indians; and whenever Dr. Rand was in that locality he was a visitor in our home, for he was a kinsman. It was then that I learned of the legends of Glooscap.

With such recollections hovering in consciousness it was natural, when a few summers ago I was searching for new stories to tell to my playground children, that I should turn back to

the memories of childhood, and consider how I could make use of these but little known legends. I was surprised to find how eagerly the children listened to the tales, and how insistently they clamoured for more. Since that summer I have told them to many others of all ages, in many places, and finding that they have always aroused deep interest, I decided to retell them for a wider public than they have hitherto reached. And so I am sending them out for the use of children, parents, and teachers—the story lovers and the story tellers.

The main source from which I have drawn is Rand's *Legends of the Micmacs*, published by Wellesley College from the manuscripts of Dr. Rand purchased for that institution by Professor E. N. Horsford. I have also made some use of Leland's *The Algonquin Legends of New England*, and of *Kulóskap the Master* by Leland and Prince. And I have had access to the Rand manuscripts in the possession of the department of comparative philology of Wellesley College.

Acknowledgments are gratefully made, foremost of all, to my husband, who has helped me, step by step, from the beginning to the end of the book:

To Wellesley College and to the family of

Professor E. N. Horsford for permission to use the Rand publication and manuscripts:

To the librarians of Clark University and of the Free Public Library of Worcester for their never failing courtesy and aid:

To Dr. Alexander F. Chamberlain of Clark University who has obligingly answered perplexing questions about the Indians:

To Mrs. John Bentley of Halifax who kindly loaned me her copy of the now rare *Legends of the Micmacs*:

To Miss Hattie Rand who gave me an intimate view of her father's life and work:

To my dear father, for many talks about his own acquaintance with Micmac Indians, and for numerous anecdotes about Dr. Rand, both of which gave me a better equipment for the preparation of these legends:

And last, my indebtedness is reverently acknowledged to her whose life was an inspiration to those who knew her, and whose teachings were consistent with her life.

EMELYN NEWCOMB PARTRIDGE.

Worcester, Massachusetts,
January 16, 1913.

INTRODUCTION

“This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines
and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct
in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their
bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail
of the forest.”

The stories told in this book will be read with greater sympathy and understanding if one knows something about the people who produced them—about their history and the origin of their legends. For these tales are not merely *stories*; they are fragments of the mental life of an ancient race. If one is to enter into the spirit of the stories, he must, so far as he can, forget for the moment the environment of civilised life; he must place himself, in fancy, in the ancient forest before the coming of the white man, and partake of the life and the thought and the feelings of its people.

The Micmac Indians, from whom these legends were gathered, lived chiefly in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. How numerous they once were no one can tell, but there are now about four thousand to bear witness to their former greatness, of which they still boast. The Micmacs, with the Penobscot, the Passamaquoddy, the Maliseet, and a few smaller tribes make up the Wabanaki family, a branch of the Algonquin Nation, the most widely extended of the six great divisions of North American aborigines. The Passamaquoddy are of New Brunswick and Maine, and the Penobscot of Maine and lower New England. The most important fact about the Wabanaki is that they were united by the common possession of a deity or demi-god called Glooscap, about whom developed an exceedingly rich and imaginative mythology.

Little was known about the Micmacs in a definite way until 1846, when Dr. Silas T. Rand of Nova Scotia began his work as missionary among them. Dr. Rand was a man of broad learning, and one of the best linguists America has produced. Throughout a long and remarkably industrious life his interest in these people never waned. He translated the Bible into their language, and with great care accumulated a dictionary of forty thousand of their words. He wrote articles about their language

and customs, in which he manifested his growing admiration for their intelligence and character.

Dr. Rand's wide knowledge of many languages naturally led him to a close study of the language of the Micmaes; and his opinion must be accepted as of the highest value. Instead of finding this language poor and limited, as he had expected, he soon discovered it to be quite the reverse, remarkably flexible and expressive. "In declension of nouns, and in conjugation of verbs it is as regular as the Greek, and twenty times as copious!" he exclaims; and to a profound student of Greek this must indeed have excited wonder and admiration, for in that day much less was known than now about the languages of primitive peoples. It is not surprising that he was astonished when he found that a single verb of this language, if given in all its modifications, would fill a volume; that there were indicative, imperative, subjunctive, potential, and infinitive moods, and in the indicative the forms of eleven tenses; that there were active, passive and middle voices, and great flexibility in compounding words, as in the German and Greek; that almost any word in the Micmac could take on the verbal form, and then could be inflected throughout all moods and tenses—for it was quite natural then for a scholar to suppose that

language had grown up to meet the needs of civilisation and the writing of books, and to fail to see how rich and varied was the life in the primitive forest, and how ancient and deep were its thoughts. This was before the day of Darwin.

The Indian who moves through these stories we must think of as dressed in skins, painted of body, decorated with brightly coloured shells and feathers. His weapons were the bow and arrows with heads of stone. His days were spent in hunting and fishing and in warfare. His home was the wigwam, and one has but to hear his stories to know how great a part this place of shelter played in his daily life and in all his thoughts. The Micmac's land was cold in the winter; his lodge was firmly framed of strong trunks of trees, and made tight with rows of bark, and lined with boughs of spruce against the winter winds. Smaller branches he used for carpets, cushions and beds, and springing boughs closed the doorway. Man has many terms for that which is nearest his heart. The Micmac called the minutest part of his lodge by its name. Each post, bar and fastening, every tier of bark and every appendage had its specific designation; and every part of the wigwam had its precise use, fixed by inviolable custom and law.

The wigwam was the centre of all the social

life of the Indian. Obedience to the laws and traditions of the wigwam was the beginning of the education of his children; by these laws he taught respect for custom and for parents. Form and etiquette were as dear to the savage as to us, and gentle breeding was as well marked by the habits in the home. The stranger within the wigwam was always treated with the most formal politeness and yet with the warmest hospitality. Violation of this first law of social life would have been exceeded in rudeness only by a neglect, on the part of the guest, of the equally precise part that was prescribed for him.

If we are accustomed to think of the life of the savage as lacking in order and discipline we need but to look into the wigwam to understand our mistake. In the centre is the fire, by one side of which sit the master and the mistress of the house, the wife's place nearest the door. On the other side of the fire are the old people, and the younger members of the family. Toward the end of the wigwam, far from the door, is the seat of honour, and here sits the welcomed guest. The men sit cross-legged, as is the custom, the women with the feet curled to the side, and the children with theirs freely extended.

If love and marriage are the greatest part of life as they are of the story, whether of the

savage or of civilised man, the wedding ceremony of the Micmac may be said most truly to represent him. Courtship was brief, but often dramatic. If a suitor were acceptable to the old people, who had the power of disposing of their daughters, he was addressed as "son-in-law" when he entered the wigwam, and was invited to the seat of honour. This consummated the marriage. A feast was prepared; the neighbours were invited in; they ate, danced, and played games; then all dispersed and the young man took the bride to her new home.

But "the older order changeth, yielding place to new." Now, the Micmacs live in houses and till the ground and wear the garb and cultivate the vices of civilisation. They no longer engage in war, and torture and burn their prisoners. But they still maintain the custom of electing their chiefs as of old, when envoys of the ten tribes which range from Cape Breton to Western Canada meet in council. And they still hold their annual festival and mystic dance of the *sakawachkik*,—Indians of olden times.

The legends of the Micmacs were buried treasure until Dr. Rand unearthed them. To him belongs the credit of having discovered Glooscap, the *Ukchesakumou* (Great Chief), the Master, the Lord of Men and Beasts, whom the Indians believed lived at Blomidon, still called

by them *Glooscap-week* (Glooscap's Home). Once Dr. Rand asked an Indian whether he really believed that such a person as Glooscap ever lived. The Micmac looked at him in surprise.

"Why!" he exclaimed, looking about him, "Why, *all dese pittty stones, him, he makum!*" Surely this was conclusive evidence!

Another Indian, Stephen, said of Glooscap:

"He is not far from any of the Indians."

And the Micmac, Benjamin Brooks, said:

"The Indians did not know where he was, and therefore they did not know which way to go; but they knew that while he was with them he was never very far away, and that he could always be found by those who diligently sought him."

And still another spoke of the Master in these words:

"He loved mankind, and whenever he might be in the wilderness, he was never very far from any Indian. He dwelt in a lonely land, but whenever they sought him they found him."

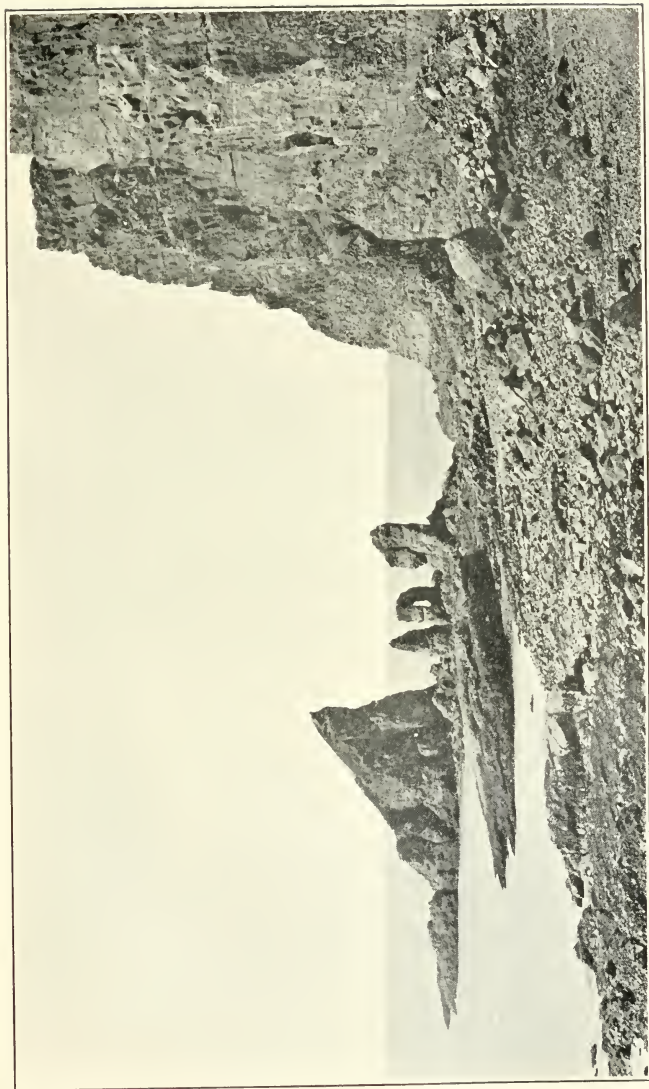
"These were his very words," writes Dr. Rand, "and he had no idea that he was using almost the exact words of Holy Writ with reference to God."

"This remarkable personage," the missionary continues, "figures in all their *atookwo-*

kuns. Here is evidently a clear conception of God as the friend, companion, guide, instructor and helper of the human race."

In the Micmac's belief, Glooscap looked and lived like other Indians. But he was never sick; he never grew old; he never died. He was not married, but a venerable old woman, whom he called *Noogumee* (grandmother) and a little servant, Marten, kept his lodge for him. This great wigwam was on Cape Blomidon. Minas Basin was his beaver pond. The dam was at Cape Split, but Glooscap, once angry with the treacherous beavers, tore open the dam and the water rushed through. The Micmacs still call the place *Pleegum*, which means, "the opening made in a beaver dam." What is now Spencer's Island, the Indians to this day point out as the Master's kettle, a huge stone; and near the kettle which he overturned when he went away, his faithful dogs, transformed into rock, await their Master's return.

To Glooscap the Indians give thanks for all their knowledge. It was he, they say, who taught them to hunt and to build their weirs for fish. He told them what animals and what fish were suitable to be their food. He taught them the hidden virtues of plants, roots and barks. He told them the names of all the stars. He travelled far and wide among his people, and there is not a place in all the land of the



Cape Split. Here was the great Beaver dam which Glooscap destroyed and these are the rocks that Glooscap threw at the Beavers. Between Split and Blomidon is Amethyst Cave and upon the shore is found the agate which Glooscap made for the old grandmother after he had rescued her from Wimpe, the giant sorcerer.

Wabanaki that did not know Glooscap, the Great Chief.

The legends of Glooscap, which Dr. Rand and those who have followed him have gathered, are parts of a great mythology telling the story of a hero whom Leland asserts is the most Aryan-like character ever conceived by the mind of a savage race. Aside from their interest as stories they involve many intricate problems in the field of literature and racial development. We do not know precisely how they originated, whether they are entirely the creation of the Indian, or whether they have been influenced greatly by contact with other peoples, by the great waves of migration that have from time to time swept over the world.

Leland points out curious similarities between the Wabanaki (which includes the Micmac) mythology and the Norse. In both, man was made from the Ash tree, and was without sense until the creator endowed him with it. Odin's messengers were two ravens. The messengers of Glooscap were two loons. Both were often troubled by the unreliability of these servants. For his "dogs" (beasts of burden) Glooscap had two wolves, one white and the other black, typifying day and night. In the Eddas we read,

"Magic songs they sang:
Rode on wolves,
The God and gods."

In the last day an earthquake will announce the mighty battle which Glooscap will fight with his enemies, the giants and sorcerers, suggesting the last great battle on the plain Vigrid, in which the drama of the gods culminates, in the Icelandic sagas.

Both the Norse and the Micmac mythologies have a mischief-maker, in the Indian legends appearing as the badger, or woodchuck, or wolverine, or merry Lox, who is also a man.

Again the mighty giant, Kitpooseagunow, the friend of the Master, suggests Thor. In the fishing trip of Glooscap and Kitpooseagunow one is reminded of the visit of Thor to Hymir, and of the scene in the boat when Thor caught up the head of the great Midgard serpent from the bottom of the sea.

Whether there is more than accidental resemblances, in these stories of the two mythologies, or more than such likeness as grows out of the common nature of the minds of men and the similarity of the materials which they have wrought, we will leave to the ethnologists to decide. That the interesting theory that these old stories are one in origin is discountenanced now by many scientists only leaves the problem of these strange relations of the Norse and Indian heroes the more deep and perplexing.

We have mentioned now two of the three

great Indian heroes: Glooscap and Kitpooseagunow, about each of whom is woven a story, of which we have but a part. There is a third hero, *Pulowech*, who, it seems, belongs to an earlier cycle of stories than the others—to the days “in the long ago, when men were as animals and animals as men,” as the Indian himself says. These are, perhaps, like the stories of Glooscap, fragments of an epic poem, and one day the other fragments may be found, and all be welded together to make a connected whole, as ethnologists have almost succeeded in doing with the Glooscap legends.

The Indian's fear of nature and the unknown has taken form in his belief in giants, which everywhere seems to shadow him, and which gives to his stories an air of mystery and tragedy. The Culloo and the Chenoo seem never far from his mind. The Culloo was a giant cannibal bird with a hundred claws. He ruled in a kingdom beyond the sky. When he needed provisions he would fly to the earth, and stretching out one of his huge claws, he would seize a whole village full of people and carry them away to his own country, where he could devour them at leisure.

The Chenoo, also, was a cannibal, a giant from the north with heart of ice and stone. He was a monster with extraordinary powers

of evil, and the Indians feared these creatures of the imagination all the more because they believed that they were men who had been transformed into giants because of their evil deeds.

The Micmacs believed in necromancy. *Boo-öins* (wizards) appear frequently in their *atook-wokuns*. The *Booöin* could fly through the air; he could pass through the earth; he could remain under water as long as he wished; and he could perform many other feats of magic. The *Megumoowesoo* was a magician of a higher type, a man endowed with supernatural powers, which he always used for good. The Indians of Dr. Rand's day believed as firmly in all these creatures of the fancy as did those of the olden times.

Like all primitive peoples the Micmacs were the possessors of many animal stories, which often show both keen sense of humour and rare worldly wisdom. Ableegumooch, the lazy rabbit, plainly exemplifies the lazy Indian, and he is well punished for his fault; while in his transformation of character and final retaliation upon the Otter by his magic, he is representing the Indian's belief in the power of the will to carry man to greater heights.

There are other types of stories among the legends recorded by Dr. Rand. There are historical tales which show the irresistible craving

of man to idealise, to mingle fiction with his fact, to express his love of the heroic and his belief in the supernatural. Most curious of all among these legends are many fairy tales in which the prince, fairy, and ogre of the conventional nursery tale walk hand in hand with beings of the forest. These stories have plainly come to the Indian in recent times, but in their forest garb they are wonderfully interesting, and show vividly the genius of the primitive thought.

Wonderful as these products of savage mind may seem to one who for the first time discovers that primitive life is not all physical, but is filled with poetry and religion, it seems stranger still to realize that the rich and varied fancies of the Micmacs are but examples of many such fruits of the mind of man, which have either wholly or in part disappeared and have now passed beyond recall. It is sad to believe that this is so, not only because the loss of anything rare and beautiful that the imagination of man has produced must ever be a cause of regret, but also because there seems to be in these old tales something that comes very near to the heart of the child of our own later day—something warm and intimate and natural which he feels and claims as his own; the love of which, we may believe, shows the

kinship of this child of ours with the life of the ancient forest.

“This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines
and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indis-
tinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and pro-
phetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on
their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neigh-
bouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail
of the forest.”

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WONDER TALES OF THE FOREST

Glooscap and Other Stories

OOCHIGEASKW THE LITTLE SCARRED GIRL

IN the olden time there was a large Indian village on the shore of a great lake. At one end of the village there lived an Indian with his three daughters. The mother was dead, and the two elder daughters did all the work of the wigwam.

The youngest child was a timid, sickly little girl. Her sisters hated her and were very cruel to her. When her father was away on hunting trips, they would beat her and abuse her in every way they could think of. They would even burn her with hot ashes and fire brands. After a while, the little girl became so covered with burns that they left scars all over her face and body; and her hair was singed close to her skin.

When her father returned from a hunting trip and saw her, he said:

“Why are you so burned and scarred?” But she was so afraid of her sisters that she dared not tell him.

“Oh, she is determined to play in the hot

ashes," the cruel sisters said. "We cannot keep her away from them and so she is burned."

After a while the cruel sisters began calling the little girl *Oochigeaskw*, *Little Scarred One*. And then all of the Indians about, even her father, called her *Oochigeaskw*. So this became her name—the only name she had—*Little Scarred One*. She had no playmates—for who would want to play with such a scarred little creature?

Little *Oochigeaskw* was often very lonely. She would sit on the shore and look away across the water and long for her mother to come back to her. She knew that if only her mother were with her, all would be changed. There would be no cruel sisters: there would be no scars and sores: people would not taunt her and point their fingers at her: she would not be lonely any more.

But wish as much as she might the mother never came back to *Oochigeaskw*, for she was dead.

Now, away at the other end of the village there lived a young Indian brave with his sister. This brave's name was *Team—moose*;* for his *teomul*—the one who guarded him and gave him magical power—was a moose. *Team*

* Pronounced in two syllables, *Te-am*.

could make himself invisible to every one but his sister. And he knew that when there should be an Indian maiden who had the power to see him when he was invisible to other people, she would be the one meant for his wife. So he sent out word that whatever maiden should see him, her would he marry.

Team was brave and handsome; he had the finest lodge in the village; he caught more game than any of the other Indians; so of course, every maiden longed to see him, and to be the fortunate one.

They visited his lodge, sometimes going alone and sometimes in twos or threes. Team's sister would entertain them kindly, then toward sunset she would take them to the shore of the lake. When the sound of Team's paddle could be heard, the sister would ask:

"Do you see my brother?" The girls would strain their eyes in the direction of the sound, but they could never see Team. Sometimes one would think that she could *make believe* see him, and that they would not find out; so she would answer:

"Yes, I see him." Then the sister would ask:

"Of what is his shoulder strap made?"

Now there were only two things the Indians used for shoulder straps. Usually they were made of raw-hide, but sometimes they used a

withe from an ash tree. So the answer would be, "Oh, it is made of raw-hide," or, "It is made of a withe." The sister would then say, "Let us return to the lodge."

So try as hard as they might they could not see the hunter.

At last the little scarred girl's two sisters thought that they would try their luck. They dressed themselves in their prettiest clothes; they made long braids of their hair and wound them with strings of bright little shells; and then they set off for the lodge of Team. But they fared no better than the others, although the eldest sister said that she could see Team.

"Of what is his shoulder strap made?" Team's sister quickly asked her.

"Of raw-hide," she answered.

When the three returned to the lodge, the two girls stayed and helped prepare the evening meal, for they thought, "We can surely see him when he is eating."

But, although they heard the sound of the game dropped to the ground outside the door, and although they could see his moccasins as soon as his sister touched them, they could not see Team. When he ate, as soon as he touched the food, it became invisible.

The maidens stayed all night with Team's sister, and then in the morning they returned to their wigwam, cross and disappointed, to

vent their anger upon the little scarred girl. They found that their father had reached home while they were away, and that he had brought a great store of shells. So they began stringing the wampum.

Oochigeaskw knew that her sisters had been to Team's lodge, and she thought:

"Perhaps *I* could see him. Perhaps *I* could see Team, and then I should not have to live here with my cruel sisters."

Then she remembered that she had no clothing—she was in rags. *What should she do!* She saw a birch tree in its beautiful white covering and she said:

"I'll make a garment of that."

So she made herself a skirt and jacket of the birch bark. She found a pair of old moccasins her father had thrown away, and she soaked them in water, and tried to make them fit her feet. But they were so large that they reached to her knees.

Then Oochigeaskw went to her sisters, busy with the bright little shells, and said:

"Oh, give me some of the pretty shells."

But they sneered at her and sent her away. Again and again she went to them, begging:

"Do give me some of the pretty little shells! Do give me some of the pretty little shells."

At last they gave her a few, such pretty ones: yellow and blue and green and white!

Oochigeaskw trimmed the moccasins and skirt and coat with the shells, and then she wound strings of them about her head. She had no beautiful braids to be adorned with them, and she was so ashamed. But she started out bravely in search of Team, the wonderful hunter.

When her sisters saw her going away they cried:

“Where are you going? Come back, you little scarred one!”

But Oochigeaskw was afraid of them no longer.

“I will not go back to you, and I am going to the lodge of Team,” she called out.

As she passed through the village, the children threw stones at her, shouting:

“Oochigeaskw, Oochigeaskw! Go back! Go back!”

Some of the stones struck her and hurt her, but she kept on. Even the men and women laughed at her, pointing at her and calling:

“Oochigeaskw! Oh, Oochigeaskw, little scarred one! Go back! Go back!”

But, at last Oochigeaskw reached the lodge of Team. The sister greeted her kindly, and at sunset the two went down to the shore. Away in the distance sounded the faint *dip, dip* of a paddle. The two maidens stood with their hands shading their eyes, looking in the direc-

tion from which the sound came. At last the sister said:

“Do you see my brother?”

Oochigeaskw looked eagerly up the lake,

“*Yes! I see him!*” she said at length.

“Of what is his shoulder strap made?” the sister asked.

Oochigeaskw looked again searchingly.

“*Why, it is made of a rainbow!*” she cried.

“Ah, you have seen my brother! Now let us hasten to the lodge, that I may prepare you to meet him when he comes.”

The two maidens hurried to the lodge, and the sister opened a large chest full of the most beautiful clothing Oochigeaskw had ever seen. Then the sister prepared to bathe her; and Oochigeaskw hung her head for shame because of her scars and burns. But, as soon as the water touched her—such a wonderful thing happened! The scarred and burned flesh disappeared, and beautiful fresh skin appeared in its place.

Then the sister began arranging her hair. When Oochigeaskw thought of her scorched, stubby hair she felt like crying, for every Indian bride prides herself upon her long braids of hair; and Oochigeaskw’s hair was burned close to her skin. When the sister began to brush it, there came fine beautiful, glossy, black hair from under the brush, and soon the

long braids were bound with the strings of bright shells, and Oochigeaskw was arrayed in her wedding garments. Then the sister placed her in the wife's place next to the door and the two waited for the coming of Team.

At last they heard the game as it fell to the ground outside the wigwam door. The skins at the doorway were drawn aside, and Team stood there. He looked at Oochigeaskw in her wedding garments, waiting for him in the wife's seat—and he smiled down at her.

“At last we have met,” he said to her.

Oochigeaskw looked up at Team and answered:

“Yes.”

And so they were married. And Oochigeaskw's days of sorrow and loneliness were brought to an end.

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

THE DESERTED CHILDREN

PART I

IN the long, long ago, when Indians were as animals, and animals were as men, there was a great famine and many Indians died.

In a certain wigwam there lived Pulowech, an Indian brave, with his wife and two step-children, a boy and a girl.

Every day Pulowech went into the forest, in search of food for his family. He could find so little that very often he went without food himself to give the children his share. And one day he did not find *any* game—not even a single rabbit. *What to do he did not know.* At last he thought:

“I will give them the flesh of my own body to eat; for they must not die.”

Pulowech had a little magical power, so he took some of his own flesh, and *pow-wowed* (transformed) it into a rabbit, and carried it home. The children and the mother were happy over their good meal, and Pulowech felt repaid for all the pain he had suffered.

In a few days Pulowech did this again to give

his family food. And *this* time the wife suspected what he had done. When he was asleep, she looked at his body and she saw the wounds.

“I will leave him; I will go where I can have plenty of food, and a good home,” the cruel-hearted woman said.

So, after Pulowech had gone into the forest, she put on her prettiest clothes and wound strings of bright shells through her hair; and then she made her eyes look red and sparkling. When she was all ready to go, she turned to her little boy and girl who were watching her.

“I am going to pull up the door-post, and go down the road under it. You must put the post back in its place, and do not tell anyone where I have gone.”

Then she drew out the door-post, and stepped down into the hole, and disappeared from the sight of her children, whom she was leaving without a word of farewell.

She travelled a long way through the earth, until, at last, she came to an open space, and saw in the distance an Indian village. She hurried on, and soon came to a wigwam, where lived old Mrs. Bear. She went in, and Mrs. Bear said to her:

“We are very poor here. I think you would better go over to the chief’s lodge. His son is in need of a wife.”

Over to the chief’s lodge Mrs. Pulowech hur-

ried; and they were so much pleased with her that she was soon married to the chief's son.

The deserted children waited and waited for their mother to come back to them, but she did not return. Then it grew dark and the poor father came home tired, hungry, and with no food.

"Where is your mother, my children?" he asked them.

"She has gone away, and we want her to come back to us," they said.

"She has gone away! Well, I will try to find her." And the old man, although so tired and faint with hunger, went out into the dark night in search of the mother. All night long he was gone—and all the next day, and then the children said:

"Our father is dead. Let us follow our mother." So they drew up the doorpost and followed her. They went on and on, along the dark road, stumbling at almost every step, they were so weak from hunger; but at last they reached the wigwam of Mrs. Bear.

"Have you seen a strange woman with red sparkling eyes?" they asked Mrs. Bear.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bear, "she came here, but now she is married to the chief's son."

"She is our mother," they said. "But please do not let her know that we are here."

Mrs. Bear promised them this, and then the two children said:

“When we see her we will pretend that we do not know her.”

The children were very hungry, but Mrs. Bear had no food at all in her wigwam.

“I wish I had some food for you,” she said, “but if you will go over to the chief’s lodge, your mother will surely give you plenty of meat.”

So the two little deserted children went over to the chief’s lodge, and there before them was their mother, looking as pretty and happy as if she had never done a wrong deed in her life. They sat down near the doorway, waiting quietly to be spoken to.

“Little strangers, are you hungry?” she asked. They looked up at her and answered:

“We have great hunger. Will you give us food?”

Their mother took some strings of dried meat and wrapped them about the children’s shoulders.

“There is meat for you; but you must go to another wigwam to cook it,” she said.

The children hastened back to the wigwam of Mrs. Bear. Mrs. Bear cooked their food, and all feasted upon it.

Now every day the mother gave the children food, and Mrs. Bear allowed them to live with

her and little Marten, her grandchild; and so all went well for a time. But before long poor old Pulowech came to the village in search of his wife. He, as the others had done, entered the lodge of Mrs. Bear, because it was the Indian custom for a stranger to enter the first lodge he came to. The children were glad to see him, and gave him food, and told him about their mother.

The mother soon learned that an old man was with the strange children at Mrs. Bear's lodge. She knew at once that he was her husband, Pulowech. She went to the chief, pretending to be very much afraid.

"This strange old man who has just come here is an evil magician," she said. "If you allow him to remain here, he will bring a great pestilence upon us all. You must have him killed, and make a door blanket of his hide."

The chief and all the others believed her, and were afraid of this evil magician, too. So they hastened to do as she had told them; and soon they had made a door blanket of poor old Pulowech's hide.

Now that she had rid herself of her former husband she had next to do away with the children. So presently she said to the chief:

"My father, those two children who are at Mrs. Bear's lodge are bringing sickness and famine to the town. Just such a thing hap-

pened in the village I came from. Two children came there and people cared for them; but they were *Booöins* who took the form of children, and they brought sickness and famine upon us all."

"What shall we do?" the chief asked her.

"We must leave this place, every one of us, and make an encampment far away from here. The two children must be tied together by their heels, back to back, and left hanging from a tree."

Again the Indians did as the wicked woman directed. They gathered together all their possessions and hastened away from the village, while one Indian waited behind to bend over a sapling and hang the terrified little children upon it.

But the children were not left long in that horrible plight, for old Mrs. Bear and Marten had waited behind, too. They placed fire against the tree, and soon burned it down. Then little Marten picked the knots that bound the children, with his teeth, until at last they were free.

"Now we must hurry away after the others, before they miss us," Mrs. Bear said, "but stay in my wigwam and you will be able to find enough game to live upon. You will not starve."

The little girl cried. Her mother had tried to kill her, and now she must stay all alone

with her brother in this empty village! But the boy said to old Mrs. Bear:

“Do not forget us. Pity us poor creatures, and when the heavy snows of winter fall, sweep them away from your door, and in this way we shall be protected.”

And Mrs. Bear said to him:

“*Usitabulajoo*, I name you, because you have been hung by the heels; I shall never forget you helpless children. I will always sweep the snow from my door for your sake.”

Then she and Marten hastened after the other Indians.

Usitabulajoo and his sister began their search for food. At first all they could obtain was mice. These they ate, keeping the hides for clothing; and when they had saved enough, the sister made *Usitabulajoo* a warm garment of the skins.

One day *Usitabulajoo* wished that they might have larger game, so the two children stayed in the wigwam and asked the Great Spirit to send them rabbits. Soon many rabbits ran from the forest and flocked to the door, and from that time the children had all the meat and clothing they could use.

As time went on, they did not forget old Mrs. Bear, whom *Usitabulajoo* knew was without food. He wrapped strips of dried meat tightly about an arrow and shot it through the air in

the direction the Indians had gone, *willing* the arrow to fall at the door of Mrs. Bear's wigwam. It fell as he had willed; and every day Mrs. Bear received an arrow, bearing food, sent by Usitabulajoo.

Usitabulajoo now wished that he and his sister might be grown up at once, they were such little children to be in this deserted place all alone. So he prayed to the Great Spirit to make them into a man and woman at once. That night he carried two logs, as large as a man, into the wigwam, and stood one at his head and the other at his feet, and then he said to his sister:

“*Numees*, little sister, in the morning when I call you, do not arise, or even open your eyes. When you hear me say, ‘The fire is all out,’ do not move; but after a long while get up.”

The sister did exactly as Usitabulajoo directed her, and when she opened her eyes she saw before her a grown man—Usitabulajoo had been transformed into a man by the Great Spirit!

The next night Usitabulajoo stood the logs at the head and feet of his sister. In the morning she awoke to find herself grown into a young woman.

Usitabulajoo then made larger weapons—arrow heads of flint—and went into the forest hunting. One evening he said:

“*Numees*—little sister—to-morrow, early in the morning, I shall go hunting; and I shall return at mid-day. When you hear me call ‘*Numees*, come out and help me!’ do not come but wait until you have heard me call *three times*. Then you may come out.”

The sister waited within the wigwam all the morning, and at mid-day she heard a great noise and trampling outside. Then she heard her brother call:

“*Numees*, my sister, come out and help me.” She waited as he had directed until the third call came, then she ran out. There before the wigwam was a herd of moose and caribou!

Soon Usitabulajoo had all the hides stretched and drying, and the sister had cut the meat into thin strips to dry. Some of it they sent on arrows to Mrs. Bear, who knew then that the children were prospering.

Besides the hides and the dried meat, there was a great store of tallow, which the sister made into cakes; and she became very fond of rubbing this tallow on her hair, so that sometimes her hair looked like a white blanket over her shoulders. One day, when Usitabulajoo was in the forest hunting, she wandered down by the side of the lake. As she sat there a great white bear came quietly out of the bushes and stood close beside her. She knew that this bear was an Indian who pre-

ferred to appear to her in this form. She sat down with him, coming more and more under his enchantment; for he was not an ordinary Indian, but a wicked magician, and he had placed the maiden under his evil spell. Before she returned to the wigwam the Bear had eaten all of the tallow from her hair.

Day after day, now, she would make her hair white with the tallow, and would go to the lake to meet the white bear—her lover—who would always eat the tallow.

Soon Usitabulajoo noticed that the tallow was disappearing fast, and asked his sister about it.

“Oh, I like to eat it,” she said. And all the time she was hoping that her lover would take his own form again, and come to their wigwam so that they could be married.

One day Usitabulajoo climbed a high hill that overlooked the lake near his lodge. To his surprise he saw his sister—her hair white with tallow—come out of the wigwam. He watched her, and he saw her take her seat by the lake. Soon the great white bear, Moonwopskw, came out of the woods and went to her. Usitabulajoo saw him eat the tallow, and after a while go back into the forest. That night he asked his sister about the bear.

“Oh, I am obliged to do this; we should both be killed if I did not,” she said. The next

day Usitabulajoo went to the lake with his sister.

“Sit there,” he told her, placing her upon a rock in such a way that he could shoot the white bear without harming her. Then he hid near by.

Very soon they heard the bushes parting, and in an instant more the great white bear stood before the Indian maiden. He began at once eating the tallow, and Usitabulajoo shot a flint-headed arrow at him. The bear, taken unawares, could not summon his magical powers to his aid. He could not move. The first arrow struck him, but did not kill him. Then Usitabulajoo shot again and again until he had struck him with *six* arrows. Then the monster fell over dead.

They soon had the hide of the bear made into a beautiful white rug, and the meat dried in thin slices.

All this time the Indians were settled in their new encampment. They had made a three days' journey, and at length had reached a pleasant spot in a great forest by the ocean. They encamped there because the place was beside the water, where they could fish, and in the great forest, where they could hunt. But they could never catch any fish or game, because the Great Spirit was angry with them for their

wickedness to the old man and the two little children. All they had to eat was the food they had brought with them, and starvation seemed near. Mrs. Bear and Marten were well provided with food every day by the magical arrow sent to them by Usitabulajoo, but no one knew about this. Mrs. Bear was very careful to hide all traces of food in her wigwam.

One day, Mrs. Crow remembered the two children they had left hanging by their heels on the tree. She thought that they would make a good meal. She stole away from the village and flew back to the deserted place. What was her surprise, instead of finding two dead little creatures hanging from the tree-top, to see a full-grown man and woman in a well-kept lodge, with plentiful supplies of meat, flaked and drying. Mrs. Crow did not stop to ask any questions, but at once began eating at the meat.

The brother and sister gave her all she could eat, and placed strings of dried meat about her shoulders to carry home.

“But see that you tell no one,” they said. “On your way home pick mushrooms and have them about your wigwam. If anyone comes in and finds your children eating, say that they are eating mushrooms.”

Mrs. Crow did as she had been told; and whenever she needed food she flew back to Usitabulajoo and was supplied with more.

But one day, she neglected to gather mushrooms, and some Indians entered the wigwam. There was the meat in plain sight!

“Why did you not give us some of this food, when we are starving?” they demanded.

“*Cah, cah, cah!*” cried Mrs. Crow. “The children whom you tried to murder are well and grown up. They have their lodge full of dried meat, while you starve.”

“Let us all go back to them,” the Indian said.

So that very day they all turned back to the deserted village. When they reached the place, they found everything just as Mrs. Crow had said.

Mrs. Bear and little Marten were welcomed home to their own lodge, where they were given all the choice moose and caribou meat that they could eat. Their wicked mother came too.

“Are you not glad to see me, my children? Will you not welcome the mother who fed you and cared for you when you were babies?” she asked.

But Usitabulajoo said to her:

“You deserted us for the others, and left us alone to die; now, go back to them and share with them what they receive.”

Then others came to the wigwam.

“Give us food, Usitabulajoo,” they begged, “for we are starving.”

Usitabulajoo gave them dried meat—the meat

of the white bear magician; and because the magician had been an evil man, the poison of his nature had entered into the meat.

The starving Indians gorged themselves with the bear's meat, and then lay down to sleep. And while they slept, they all died of the poisoned meat. The wicked mother died with them; she was punished for her wickedness.

Usitabulajoo and his sister gave the wigwam with the great stores of dried meat and furs, to Mrs. Bear and Marten, and left the place forever.

THE DESERTED CHILDREN

PART II

AFTER Usitabulajoo and his sister had left their old home they travelled until they came to a great forest beside the ocean. Here they built a large lodge, and thought they would be very happy. Usitabulajoo would go into the forest and drive herds of moose and caribou into an enclosure near the wigwam, where he prepared them for his sister to make into flakes of meat. All went well for a time but enemies were near, all unknown to the brother and sister.

On the other side of the forest was a large Indian village. The young braves of the village soon discovered that the wild animals were being lured away by someone with magical power, who must be captured, or there would be a famine in their village. So they started out in search of the strange hunter; and soon they came upon the lonely lodge of Usitabulajoo. They entered the wigwam, planning to kill him; but Usitabulajoo received them so kindly and entertained them so royally, that

they felt their weakness beside his strength, and left without trying to do him any harm.

But their moose and caribou still continued to be lured away, and soon they called a council to decide what should be done. At the council there was an old man who was himself possessed of a little magical power.

“You cannot kill this Indian brave,” he said, “for he has magical power. He is a *Booöin*. All you can do is to pit magic against magic. But follow closely my instructions and you will soon have him in your power. First, secure a dragon’s horn; it has magical power. If you can succeed in placing this in his hair, it will fasten itself so securely that it cannot be taken out; and at once it will grow up and graft itself upon a tree. In this way your enemy will be made fast. So let each one of you take a horn for himself; then while you are eating, take them out and put them on—after that, offer the *Booöin* the magical horn. If he does not suspect you, he will at once put it on—and then you will never more be disturbed by him.”

Soon after this, six young Indian braves started out for the lodge of Usitabulajoo, with the horns concealed under their garments. Usitabulajoo and his sister made a feast for them; and while they were eating, they did as the old man had told them. They took out their

horns and carefully placed them in their hair. Usitabulajoo watched them with interest, and when they offered him one to put on, he was eager to take it.

But his sister had taken alarm.

“Do not touch the horn; it will be your death,” she whispered.

But Usitabulajoo was suddenly possessed with the desire to do as the others did, so he whispered back, “*Numees*, my sister, I cannot help it. What my comrades do, I shall certainly do.”

He took the horn and fastened it in his hair as the others had done. Suddenly he felt himself fastened to it. He tried to take it from his hair; but it could not be moved. Then he saw that it had pierced through the top of the wigwam and had wound itself about a tree outside. Usitabulajoo was a prisoner.

The braves went away exultingly, leaving the sister trying to free her brother. The horn was so hard that she could not make a scratch upon it. But, at last, she discovered that a clam shell would mark it; so her days were spent in digging clams and working hour after hour, sawing at the horn with the shells.

There came a day when the sister found that she had dug all the clams near the shore. She waited until low tide, and then she went sadly to the water. She dug her basket full of clams

and then sat down near the shore to rest. Soon she was fast asleep.

Out in the deep water Bootup, a great whale, had been watching her, and he became so interested in her that he wanted her for his wife. When he saw her asleep he swam to the shore, and gently placed her on his back, and set out for his home—a large island in the middle of the ocean.

When the sister awoke she found herself being carried across the sea. She thought of her brother, a prisoner in his wigwam, but she could not help him now; she was a prisoner herself.

By and by the whale reached the island, and as soon as he touched the shore he was changed into a man. He took the maiden to his lodge, where his father and mother and sister lived. They were kind to her, and soon she consented to remain there as Bootup's wife, and she was called Bootupskw (Mrs. Bootup).

Now if it had not been for the thought of her brother waiting for her to free him, she would have been happy; for as time passed she had a baby boy to care for. But whenever she was alone she sorrowed for Usitabulajoo.

One day Bootupskw's sister-in-law found her weeping.

“Why are you mourning so when you are alone?” she asked.

“It is for my brother I sorrow,” Bootupskw

answered. And then she told the sister-in-law all that had happened. When she had finished, Bootup's sister said:

"I will help you rescue your brother. There is but one thing that will break the dragon's horn. That is *red ochre*. Teach the baby to cry for red ochre, and his father will get it for him to quiet him. So Bootupskw taught the baby to cry:

"*Weukujuh! Weukujuh!* Red ochre, red ochre."

That night, when Bootup came home, the baby kept crying:

"*Weukujuh! Weukujuh!*"

"What can he want of red ochre?" the father asked. But as the baby continued crying "*Weukujuh,*" Bootup at length said:

"Baby, baby, only stop the cry and I will get it for you to-morrow." Then the baby stopped crying, and the next day Bootup went to the shore. Soon he was a whale, rushing through the waters in search of red ochre.

After a few days Bootup's sister said:

"Now we must teach baby to cry for the crimson cloud in the sunset. This is so far away that while Bootup has gone to get it, we can make our escape to your brother."

So one night, when Bootup came home, the baby met him with a cry for the crimson cloud in the sunset.

“But that is a far journey, my child,” Bootup said. “I must start early in the morning for that.”

Early the next morning, Bootup, suspecting nothing, started upon his long journey, in search of the crimson cloud in the west at sunset. When he was far away, the women took the baby and hurried to the canoe. All day long they worked at the paddles, keeping watch of the sun. They knew that Bootup would return soon after sunset, and would pursue them when he discovered that they were gone. As the afternoon drew to a close, the women strained at the paddles to make the canoe go faster. They were so tired, sometimes it seemed that they could go no further. At last, however, they came in sight of Usitabulajoo’s lodge. But at the same time, away off in the distance they spied Bootup pursuing them. Then he disappeared under the water, and when he came to the surface again for air he was much nearer them. *What should they do?* Ah! there were the baby’s toys. They would throw them out upon the water. Bootupskw scattered the toys about, and the canoe pushed on.

When Bootup reached his baby’s toys, he swam around and around them, uttering loud cries. Then down into the water he sank in pursuit of the runaways.

Then Bootupskw threw out the baby’s cradle

and his moccasins; when Bootup came upon these he swam about them, staying longer here than he did with the toys.

Now they had almost reached the shore, when Bootup arose to the surface close upon them. Bootupskw tore off the baby's clothing, and threw the little pieces out on the water, and as the father paused by these, the women landed and pushed the canoe off in the water.

Bootup rushed on, but he was too late. He did not have the power to pursue them on this strange shore. He came close to the land, and called out to his wife:

“Give me back the child! Only give me back the child!”

But the women hurried away, and Bootup, in his rage, seized the canoe, and crushed it between his jaws.

Bootupskw now set to work and quickly built a shelter for the baby and her sister-in-law, and when she had finished it, she said:

“I will go to my brother alone. You wait here with the baby.” She ran to the wigwam, where she found Usitabulajoo still living, for he was within reach of the dried meats.

As soon as Bootupskw had made a circle of red ochre about the dragon's horn, it snapped, and at last Usitabulajoo was free, but he was almost too weak to stand. But after Bootupskw had bathed him and dressed him, he was

able to walk; and soon he could go to the wigwam his sister had built. When he entered the lodge and saw Bootup's sister, he said to her:

"You have saved my life."

Now they all lived happily together, and at length Usitabulajoo asked the sister to stay and be his wife.

"I will be your wife, even if it be for thirty years," she replied, "if you will keep far from the salt water. But if you ever encamp near the sea, then I am free from my vow, and I will return to my own land."

Usitabulajoo was quite ready to make this promise, and they moved away to a strange country far from the ocean. There a baby boy came to them, and the two boys grew up together very happily.

But there came a time when Usitabulajoo moved his lodge; and on their journey a great storm came upon them, and they lost their way in the darkness. Usitabulajoo built a shelter where they could rest for the night, and wait for the storm to pass over.

Early in the morning the wife awoke and thought she would go out and see what the country about was like. As she stood in the doorway of the wigwam she saw stretching before her the *great blue ocean!*

At once her love for the sea took possession

of her. She must go back to her old home. Without waking the others, she took the two boys, still sleeping, and ran with them down to the shore, and plunged into the water.

Soon Usitabulajoo awoke, and when he found that his wife and the two children were gone, he called his sister, and together they ran to the shore. There they saw the wife and the two children sporting like whales far out in the water.

“You have broken your vow to me, Usitabulajoo,” she called, “so I am freed from my promise. I return to my own land.” Then they saw Bootup come speeding toward them from far away and carry the three runaways across the ocean.

Usitabulajoo and Bootupskw watched them, until at last they seemed like a mere speck in the water—and until that, too, was lost in the distance. Day after day the brother and sister lingered by the shore, looking across the sea for a glimpse of their loved ones. But they never saw them again.

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

THE BEAUTIFUL BRIDE

IN the ancient times there lived in the forest an old Indian and his wife, with their only son. One day, in the winter, the son was out hunting, and he shot a crow with his arrow. The snow was stained and reddened with the blood, and as the young man stood looking at the bright colours he thought:

“Would that I could find a maiden, whose hair is as black and glossy as this crow’s wing; whose skin is as white as the pure snow, and whose cheeks are as crimson as the blood that stains the snow! I would marry such a maiden, could I find one.”

When he reached home, he told his mother all that had been passing through his mind.

“I know that there is such a maiden,” said the mother, “but her home is very far away; it is too far for a winter’s travel, but when summer comes you may seek her for your wife.”

The son resolved to do this, as soon as the winter should have passed; but he became so busy with his hunting, and with affairs at home, that when winter was over he had forgotten about his wish for a beautiful bride.

One day in the summer he was in the forest hunting for game, when he met a well-dressed man, who spoke to him kindly, and asked him what he was doing.

“I am hunting for venison,” the young man answered.

“Very well,” said the stranger, “but what has become of the plan you thought of so much in the winter?”

At first the young man was puzzled to know what the stranger could mean, but at last he remembered the dead crow, and the wish that had passed through his mind. He told the stranger what his mother had said.

“I know very well where the beautiful maiden lives,” said the stranger, “and I can help you find her and win her.” The stranger had supernatural power. He was a *Megumoo-wesoo*. The young man did not know this, but he was glad to have a friend who would help him in his adventure. So he went back to the wigwam and told his parents what had happened, and prepared for the journey.

When everything was ready, the two men started off together. They travelled several days, until they reached the shore of a large lake. On the shore was a wigwam. When they went in they found an old man who received them kindly, and wished to know where they were going.

Now this old man was the Great Chief, Glooscap himself. But this, the young man did not know. Glooscap seemed interested in their adventure, and told them how they would better go.

“You must cross the lake, and start on your journey through the forest on the other shore,” he said.

They had no canoe, so Glooscap offered to loan them his. He went down to the shore with them, and told them to step upon a small island covered with trees and rocks.

“This is my canoe,” he said.

The two travellers stepped from the shore, and as soon as they were on the island, it moved off by magic and glided over the smooth surface of the lake without sail, or oar, or rudder, and took them straight to the other shore. They landed and moored their boat, and started on their long journey through the forest. They had not gone far, when they came upon a great strong man who was chopping logs. Seeing no way of carrying the logs to the shore they asked the man how he managed.

“I take them upon my back,” he said. “But where are you going?” he asked. When they told him, the Log Carrier said:

“I should like to go along with you, too.”

They were pleased to have his company, so the three journeyed on together. Soon they

met another man. He was hopping along on one foot, with the other tied close up to his body.

“Why is your leg tied in such a fashion?” asked the Megumoowesoo.

“To keep from running too fast,” he replied. “Why, if I were to untie my leg, I should go so fast that I should run around the whole world in just four minutes.”

“Let us see you run,” the travellers said. So the Swift Runner untied his leg and was off like a flash. True enough, at the end of four minutes back he came from the other direction.

The Swift Runner then asked:

“Where are all of you going?” And when they told him he asked whether he might not go along with them.

“Yes, we shall be glad to have you,” the Megumoowesoo said. “You may be of great help to our young friend.” So all four travelled on together.

When they had gone a little way further, they came upon a man, whose nostrils were closely covered.

“What is the meaning of this?” the travellers asked:

“I am so powerful,” he said, “that if my nostrils were not covered, I could not hold back the storm and the whirlwind.”

“Let us see your power,” they said. The stranger uncovered his nostrils, and at once

the great winds rushed out,—*tearing* up the earth—*turning* over great rocks, and *crushing* the trees that stood in their path!

This man also asked where the travellers were going, and when he heard about their adventure, he wished to go along with them.

“I may be of some help to you,” he said. The men were glad to have his company, so the five Indians went on together.

At last they came to a wide, beautiful river, winding through a valley near a high mountain. At the foot of the mountain was a great bluff, and between the bluff and the river they found a large Indian town. Here the Beautiful Maiden they were seeking lived; but it was a difficult, dangerous task to win her, they were told; many suitors had already lost their lives in the games and contests they must enter.

After several days of feasting, the chief set a time for the contests to begin. The winner should have the Beautiful Maiden for his wife. First, the suitors must dance.

The Megumoowesoo entered the lists for his friend, and because of his supernatural power, easily won this first contest.

After this, they held a running contest. The Swift Runner untied his leg and entered the contest with a runner, who was also obliged to tie a leg because *he* was such a swift runner.

The two runners started for a race around the globe. In four minutes the Swift Runner, who had entered the lists for his friend, returned. He had won *this race*.

Then the Chief proposed contests to show who was the strongest among the suitors. There were contests of lifting and hurling rocks, wrestling and pulling at one another. In all of these games the Log Carrier, who had been the first to join the travellers, came out victor.

There was still another contest to be held. The suitors must coast down the mountain and leap over the cliff with their sleds. The Megumoowesoo volunteered to coast with his friend. Two other Indians, who were mighty magicians, went on another sled. This was such a dangerous race that everyone was very much excited. The whole village turned out to see the race. Down the steep mountain side the sleds dashed! When the Megumoowesoo reached the top of the cliff, he gave a great shout, and *down* over the cliff they dashed to the ground, and sped on through the village and on to the river.

The other Indians, although they had so much magical power, did not have enough to carry them safely over the cliff; so they were killed.

After this contest, the Chief declared that the strangers had won the Beautiful Bride, and

so they held a great wedding feast. Then the wedding party set out for home.

They had not gone very far, when a terrible *roaring* was heard, and then the trees behind them were torn up by their roots. They saw that the magicians in the village of the Beautiful Bride had conjured up a whirlwind to destroy them. Then the Hurricane Man uncovered his nostrils and let loose a terrible storm. Whirlwind met whirlwind. The tempest sent back by the traveller was so much stronger than the other, that it rushed on, carrying back the other storm with it, and when it reached the village, it swept over it, completely destroying it.

The wedding party finished their journey without meeting any other danger. When the Hurricane Man reached his home, he dropped from the party. Then the Swift Runner stopped at *his* home, and the Log Carrier stopped at *his* home. The Megumoowesoo, the young man and the Beautiful Bride travelled on through the forest, and at last came to the shore where the magical canoe was hidden. They stepped upon the island and it carried them across the broad lake to the home of the Great Chief.

The Megumoowesoo told the story of their adventures and Glooscap listened to every word with kindly interest. After they had been en-

tertained by him, they set out upon their journey again, and when they were in the forest, the Megumoowesoo quietly slipped away, leaving the young man and the Beautiful Bride to continue their journey alone.

At last the two reached their home, where the old Indians were eagerly waiting to welcome the Beautiful Bride.

And *'kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

THE STAR WIVES

ONCE, long ago, there lived in the forest a widow with her two children, who were very beautiful maidens. They belonged to the family of Weasels. Some of the time they were Indians and some of the time they were animals.

One day their mother sent them in search of groundnuts. The maidens wandered farther and farther into the forest, until it began to grow dark. Then they turned to go home; but go which ever way they might, they could not find the trail!

They wandered about until, at last, they were so weary that they could go no farther, and they lay down in the forest, under the open sky, to sleep.

There were no clouds in the sky, and the stars were shining. The maidens looked up at the stars, and they began to imagine that the stars were the eyes of lovers, looking down upon them.

“Which of those would you choose for a husband?” the younger sister asked. “One with small eyes, or one with large eyes?”

"I like large stars better," the older sister answered. "I would choose that big fellow with the large, bright eyes."

"And I like little stars better," said the younger. "I would choose a husband with little, twinkling eyes."

After a while they fell asleep, and when they awoke in the morning, and the older sister stretched out her arm, which had been cramped in her sleep, she heard some one say "Take care, you will upset my dish of war paint."

She opened her eyes, and lo! standing by her, she saw a noble fellow, his face adorned like an Indian chief's. He had great, shining eyes, which looked down at her kindly. It was the very husband of her choice. He had the very eyes she had seen as stars in the sky the night before!

And then the younger sister stretched out *her* arm, and she heard a low, squeaking voice say, "Take care! You will upset my dish of eye-water."

She looked up, and lo! by her side was the man of her choice, with the little red eyes she had seen the night before. But their owner was a dwarfish, little old man with small, red, sore eyes. There was no help for it. What she had chosen she must have!

Now these husbands were hunters, and they were often away in the forest for whole days

together. Before they went away they always said, "Take care of the wigwams while we are away and do *just* as you please—*except for one thing*. On no account touch that large stone near the pine tree, for, if you do, great trouble will come upon you."

For a time the maidens were careful to obey their husbands, and they did not go near the stone. But at last they began to wonder and wonder *what could be under that stone*. Every day they grew more eager to know. The older sister was more prudent and firm than the younger and would never touch the stone; but the younger at last said, "I shall lift that stone, and peep underneath, no matter what comes of it."

So, one day, when the two hunters were in the forest, the younger sister went to the stone, and lifted it—and looked underneath. She started back with a scream at the sight. For she found that *they were up above the sky!* Their husbands had carried them up into the star world while they slept.

The stone covered a hole like a trap door; far below she saw the world upon which she had once lived, and the village, and the home of her childhood.

The older sister heard the scream, and ran to the stone. She, too, looked down through the hole in the roof of the world. Then they

both began to cry. They cried and sobbed until their eyes were red with weeping.

That evening, when the husbands came home, the sisters tried to conceal what they had done; but in vain.

“What has been your trouble to-day?” the husbands asked. “What have you been crying about?”

“We have had no trouble, and we have not been crying at all,” they said, afraid to tell the truth.

“But surely you have,” said the husbands. “And you have been looking down through the trap-door. You are lonely up here, and you long to get away.” They said this very kindly.

“It is true,” the sisters said, at last, “we looked under the stone to-day, and we long to return to our own world.”

“Very well,” said the husbands, “you may go back if you wish. To-night, when you lie down to sleep, you must follow our directions; and in the morning, you will find yourselves on the spot in the forest where you lay when you invited us to become your husbands.”

Now all they had to do was to fall asleep; but they must not be in haste to uncover their faces, or to open their eyes.

“Wait until you hear a chickadee sing,” the husbands said; “and even then you must not

open your eyes. Wait a little longer, until you hear the red squirrel sing; and still you must wait. Keep your faces covered, and your eyes closed, until you hear the striped squirrel sing. Then uncover your heads and open your eyes, and you will find yourselves in your own world again."

At night, the sisters lay down and went to sleep as they were told, and in the morning they were awakened by the sound of the chickadee. The younger sister wished to throw off the blanket and spring up, but the older sister held her back.

"Wait! Wait," she said, "until we hear the red squirrel, and even then we must wait until we hear the striped squirrel sing."

So the younger sister lay back, until she heard the red squirrel. And then, always impatient and rash, she sprang up at the sound and threw off their blanket.

The sun had risen. They were back in their native forest; but alas! They were punished for their impatience. They were lodged in the top of a tall pine tree, and they found themselves changed into little Weasels.

"What shall we do? How shall we get down from the tree?" the elder sister cried.

"Oh, that will be easy enough," the younger sister said. "We will ask the first one who comes by to take us down and we will promise

that we will marry him. And when we are once upon the ground, we will run away.”

The first who passed by was *Team*, the Moose.

“Our elder brother,” the sisters called down to him. “Set us free! Take us down! We will go home with you, and be your wives.”

Team looked up, and saw the pretty white forms of the Weasel girls, but he only sneered at them.

“Why, I am already married,” he called back to them. “I was married last autumn.” And then he went along on his journey through the forest.

Then after a long while, *Mooin*, a great brown Bear, came by.

“Oh, our elder brother,” the Weasels cried; “set us free! Take us down! We will go home with you and be your wives.” Mooin looked up and saw the Weasel girls upon the tree-top.

“But I do not need a wife,” he said. “I was married in the spring,” and he growled and walked on.

Then came *Abistanaooch*, the Marten, and the Weasel sisters called to *him*.

But Marten did not care to help them either.

“Oh, I was married in the early spring,” he called to them, and scampered off, leaving the Weasel girls still high up in the pine tree.

All day long the Weasel girls had been in

the pine tree, waiting for some one to rescue them, and now it was almost night. And then, *Kekwajoo*, the Badger, the mischief maker, came by, in search of mischief as usual. And when the Weasel girls begged *him* to help them down, he thought he could surely play some prank upon them. So he helped them down. He carried the younger sister first; but when he took the elder sister down, she said, "Would you please go back for my hair-string? I prize it very much."

The Badger very willingly went back for the hair-string, which he found knotted about the tree,—and while he was untying it, the Weasel girls made their escape, and ran away home.

Never again did the Weasel girls wish to be *star wives!*

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

OOCHIGEOPCH—THE SCARRED YOUNG BRAVE

FAR away in the forest there lived two old Indians with their son. He was their only child.

When the boy had grown to be a young brave, the mother said to him one day, "My son, it is lonely here, and I am growing old; and soon I shall not be able to prepare the meat in flakes for drying. Soon I can no longer make your moccasins or your blankets for you. Then we shall need younger hands than mine in our lodge. So, my son, I would have a daughter with me in the wigwam. Seek out a maiden for your wife, and bring her to us in the forest, and then will our hearts be glad."

And the young brave said, "That is well, my mother, but where shall I journey to find such a maiden?"

The mother prepared his clothing for him, and told him which way to go.

"Follow the river up stream until you come to a small Indian village. You will not find the maiden there, but they will tell you the way."

The young man set out as his mother had told him. When he reached the small village, he entered one of the humblest lodges. There he found an old woman and a little boy. They welcomed him, and the little boy seemed to be very happy in waiting upon him. The old woman guessed what his errand was.

“There are two of our young braves who like adventures. I will speak to them, and one of them will be your guide,” she said.

The next day the young brave, with the guide, started upon his journey. They passed an Indian village, and after travelling a long, long way, they came to another village. This was a very large encampment. The young brave said, “Here I will seek a wife.”

Now this young man was so brave and strong that he had gained a little magical power; so, before he entered the village, he transformed himself into an awkward, deformed man, with a bruised, scarred face. And instead of his embroidered robes, he wore the meanest clothing.

The two entered the village, and went to the poorest and plainest lodge. Here lived an old grandmother, with her little boy, Marten. The guide told the old woman their errand.

“My friend is lonely,” he said.

The old grandmother saw at once that this poor looking Indian had assumed that appear-

ance to test the maidens, so she answered them, "The chief has many beautiful daughters. I will talk with him."

When she told the chief about this Indian, who had come there, seeking a wife, and that he was so scarred and sore, and that he did not look at all like a brave young warrior, the chief said at once, "Bring the young brave hither, and let him take the choice of my daughters." For the old chief, too, had a touch of magical power, and he at once knew that this Indian was not what he seemed to be.

The beautiful daughters seated themselves in a circle about the wigwam, and waited for the young brave to enter, and choose one of them for his wife. As he entered the wigwam, he let the branches of the doorway brush against his face and tear the scars and sores. When the beautiful maidens saw this stumbling creature, with his face bleeding, they screamed and ran. Just one remained on her mat. She was the youngest and best of all the chief's daughters. The young man sat down beside her.

They were married that very day, and the maiden could not keep back her tears.

"Do not cry, my child," the old chief said. "You will soon find that you have no reason to be sorrowful."

But all the older sisters laughed and taunted her.

“What a husband!” they said. “He is all scars and sores! Who would have an *Oochigeopch*—a scarred man—for a husband!”

But the youngest daughter remembered the words of the father, and she waited patiently for the time to come when she would have no need for sorrow.

Early in the morning, when she opened her eyes, she saw that something wonderful had happened, for there before her, dressed in beautiful, embroidered robes, was the *handsomest young brave she had ever seen*.

“Why! Who is this?” she cried.

“This is the very same person you married yesterday, my daughter,” the mother said.

Oh, how delighted she was! And how angry and mortified her older sisters were!

And then the old chief made a great festival, and there were feasts and games, and after these were over, the two young people set out for the lodge in the far-away forest. When they reached the place, the old father and the mother were waiting to welcome them. “Our children, you have made our hearts glad,” they said:

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.



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Glooscap destroying Malsum the wolf. The Indians say that Glooscap was one of twins. The younger,—Malsum (who typifies the *evil* principle as Glooscap does the *good*) killed his mother at his birth, then later tried to kill Glooscap so that he might rule the world. But he could not find what would accomplish this, until the Beavers told him that a flowering rush had the power. But, before Malsum could carry out his design, Glooscap killed him—some say with a handful of bird's down and others say with a flag-root. In this picture Glooscap is represented as using a flag-root. Good overcame evil, the Indians believe, and good *rules* the world.

MOOIN THE BEAR'S CHILD

LONG, long ago there lived in an Indian village a little orphan boy. His father and mother died when he was a baby, and he had no brothers or sisters, so he was all alone.

The little orphan boy had no home and no one to care for him. He lived with one family for a little while,—and then he went to another wigwam and stayed there for a few days, and then to another and another, and this was the way he lived.

No one wished to adopt him; he was just a little wanderer, going from one lodge to another for shelter.

One day in the autumn, the little orphan boy went into the forest alone to pick berries. He was very hungry, and as he wandered from one bush to another, to pick the berries and eat them, he did not notice how far into the forest he was going. At last he turned to go back, and he did not know which path to take.

He followed one trail, thinking that it might lead him to some part of the forest he had been in before; but everything was new and strange

to him. He tried another path and another; but go where he would, he could not find his way out of the forest. He was lost.

The child wandered on and on, and after awhile it grew dark, and he was tired and lonely—for he was only five years old. He wandered on in the dark, and at last he saw a light glimmering through the trees. He followed the gleam until he reached the light.

The light came from a wigwam, and he heard people talking inside. He went to the doorway and saw a woman sitting in the wife's place; and farther on, before the fire, were two little boys. The woman looked up at him kindly, and said, "Enter, my child. Why are you out in the cold? Where is your home?"

"I was wandering in the forest in search of berries to eat; for I had great hunger," said the child. "And now I am lost."

"But where is your home, my child?" the woman asked.

"Ah! I have no home," the orphan boy said, shaking his head.

Then the woman gave him food, and while he ate of it, sitting beside the little boys, the woman said, "You say that you have no home, my child? Then stay here and be my child."

So the little orphan boy stayed there in the forest in his new home, and he was happy all the day long. He could not remember anyone's

being so kind to him before, and this was the first time anyone had been glad to see him.

Now as the orphan boy had no home in the Indian village where he had lived, there was no one to notice that he was not with them as usual. But after a week, some one happened to remember that he had not seen the little orphan boy.

“Have you seen the little orphan boy to-day?” he asked.

“No,” every one answered. “Where can he be?”

But nobody had seen him. Then they searched in the forest for him; but they could not find him.

“Ah!” they said, “he is lost.” And they went back to their village and forgot all about the little orphan boy.

That night, when the little child followed the gleam and found the light in the wigwam, he did not know that the kind people were a family of bears. He could understand all they said, and so he did not realise that they were not Indians like himself. All winter long they had their home together. The bear had a good supply of dried meat and berries, and the child enjoyed the food with them.

At last spring came. The ice melted from the rivers and streams; and then the smelts gath-

ered in them to make homes there for a little while.

The Indians were on the watch to catch these smelts, and the bears were too. The Indians knew that the bears fished for smelts at this time, so they watched for bears as well as for smelts.

One day a hunter was looking for bear tracks, and he found the tracks of an old bear and two cubs; and with these tracks, he saw marks like those made by the naked feet of a little child.

“This is a queer looking bear’s track,” he thought. “There is something remarkable about this, I must watch.”

So the next day at sundown, when the smelts would be most abundant, the man watched near the tracks for the bears. Presently he heard some one coming toward him, talking very busily as he came. Soon he saw an old mother bear, leading the way; and behind her were two cubs and a small, naked boy about five years old.

The boy and the cubs were talking together. The hunter could hear and understand every word the little boy said; but the talk of the little bears sounded to him like the murmur of young bears only.

The hunter watched them. He saw the old bear take a net, and hold it in the stream, while the little boy went further down stream, and drove the smelts into the net. And then the

bear would empty the fish upon the bank, and go back for another supply.

After they had gone away, the hunter went back to his home, and told the people about this strange sight.

“But who is this child?” he asked.

“Oh, it must be the little orphan boy, who was lost last fall,” they said. “We must rescue him. We will watch with you to-morrow at sunset and capture him.”

The next day, before the old bear and the little ones left their home, the old bear said to the little child, “My child, the hunters go to the stream for fish, and there they often capture those of my people. If they should take you with them again, will you not beg of them not to kill me?”

“But how will they know you from all the others?” the little boy asked.

“Climb a high tree, and look around,” she said. “You will see smoke rising here and there in all directions. In some places there will be more smoke than in others; then you will know that the thicker smoke comes from the homes where the mother is cooking for the little ones. These are the homes that your people should spare.”

The child promised that he would do this, if he should ever be with his people again. Then they started out to fish for smelts.

When they were busy at their work, the hunters surrounded them. They did not try to capture the bears, but they made a circle about the boy, drawing nearer and nearer, until they seized him, and held him fast.

The child screamed and scratched and bit just like a little bear, and was so wild and fierce that they could hardly hold him. They carried him back to the village where he had lived, and the people said, "Yes, he is the little orphan boy who had no home."

And then an old grandmother took him by the hand. "Little lonely one," she said, "you shall be alone no longer. You belong to me. Truly I should be as willing to show you kindness as was a bear of the forest."

And so the little orphan boy belonged to somebody from that day. And then all the hunters declared that from that day the lives of the mother bears should be spared.

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

THE GIANT MAGICIANS

ONCE, long ago, there lived by the sea, far away from other people, an Indian and his wife. They had many children, and they were very poor.

One day, the man and his wife went out in their canoe far from land. There came up a quick fog, and they were lost. By and by, through the fog, they heard a noise as of paddles and voices. It drew nearer, and they saw dimly through the fog a monstrous canoe, filled with giants. The giants called out to them, "Little people, where are you going?"

"We are lost in the fog," said the poor Indian, very sadly, "and our children are alone at home."

"Then come with us to our camp," said the leader, who seemed to be a kind-hearted giant; "my father will treat you well, for he is the chief. So have no fear."

The three great canoes closed around the little one, and the giants lifted it on their paddles into the leader's canoe.

When they reached the beach, the Indians saw three great wigwams; and coming to meet

them was the chief, who was the largest giant of all.

“Son,” he cried, “what have you there? Where did you find that little brother?”

“My father,” he answered, “I found him lost in the fog.”

“Well, bring him home to the lodge, my son,” said the chief.

So they carried the canoe into the wigwam of the chief, with the Indian and his wife still sitting in it. Then they put the canoe under the eaves, and placed food before the little people—more than they could eat in a week.

The next day two of the chief’s sons went out hunting, and when they returned they carried about their waists many caribou, as easily as a Micmac would carry a string of rabbits in his belt. And besides the caribou there were otters and beavers hanging from the giants’ belts.

The next day the giant chief said, “We are to be attacked. We must be prepared for war. In three days a terrible Chenoo, with a heart of ice and stone, will come from the north to devour us. We must make ready to meet him.”

So two sons of the giant chief, with two other braves, started out early in the morning of the third day to meet the cannibal giant Chenoo. When the time for the battle came, the chief said to the little people, “Stop up your ears, and bind your heads, and roll yourselves in

many folds of dressed skins, lest you should hear the deadly war scream of the Chenoo.”

They did so, and yet with all that, the terrible scream of the Chenoo almost killed them. The second scream of the Chenoo harmed them less, and the third they scarcely heard at all. Then the giant chief, who knew by his magic all that was happening, came in, and told them to unwrap themselves, and come out, for the Chenoo had been slain.

Soon the warriors returned, and told about their hard battle with the Chenoo.

The next day the giant chief said, “In three days we shall be attacked by a *Kookwes*; so make ready to do battle with him.”

On the morning of the third day, the four warriors again went out to meet the cannibal giant *Kookwes*. The little people stopped their ears, and wrapped themselves in dressed skins as they had done before. Again they heard a great shout; then a fainter one, and then a third still weaker. Then the warriors returned, covered with blood, with their legs pierced with great trees, for the fight had been in a forest. It had been a terrible battle. The giants had been nearly overpowered. And as it was, the chief's eldest son had been so sorely wounded that he fell dead before his father's wigwam.

When the old chief saw him fall, he went out and stood beside him.

“Why are you lying there, my son?” he asked.

“Ah! my father, it is because I am dead,” the son replied.

Then the old giant said, “My son, arise.” And the son came to life, restored by the wonderful magical power of the old chief.

Now the chief thought that his little people might be finding life dull among them.

“Are you tired of visiting with us?” he asked.

“We have never been so merry,” they said, “but we cannot help being anxious about our children at home.”

“Ah, indeed! That must be so,” replied the old chief. “To-morrow morning I will have you carried home.”

In the morning, the canoe was brought down from the eaves, and was packed full of the finest fur and the best meat. Then a small dog was put in, and the chief said, “This dog will lead you safely home. Each of you must take a paddle and guide the canoe in the direction in which the dog sits looking.” And then the giant chief said to the dog, “And do you take good care of these little people, and guide them home.”

As the Indian and his wife entered the canoe, the old chief said, “In seven years you will be reminded of me.”

The Indian sat in the stern of the canoe; his wife sat in the prow; and the dog sat in the middle. The dog kept his ears and nose pointed in the direction they were to go, and they glided so rapidly over the smooth water that they were soon in sight of home. Their children saw them nearing the shore, and ran down to meet them, shouting for joy. And the dog, as soon as he saw them safely ashore, turned and ran home again, leaping and running over the water as though it were ice.

Now this Indian, who had always been poor, began to see better days. When he let down his lines, the biggest fish came to them; and thus in every way he prospered. The time passed so quickly, and he was so busy, that before the seven years had passed he had almost forgotten that he had ever been lost in the fog. But when the seven years were nearly ended, as he slept he began to have many dreams. In them he went back to the land of the giants, and saw all those who had been so kind to him. And one night he dreamed that he was standing by his wigwam near the sea, and that a great whale swam up to him and began to sing; and the singing was the sweetest that he had ever heard.

Then he remembered that the giant had told him he would be reminded of him in seven years, and he thought, "I must be looking toward the southwest." And he said to his wife, "These

dreams must mean that I am about to be transformed into a *Megumoowesoo*."

That day they saw a great shark swimming about in their bay. He seemed to be chasing the small fish. He came close to the shore, but he did not sing as the whale had done in the Indian's dream. This seemed to the man and his wife an evil omen. But soon afterward there came trotting to them over the sea the same small dog which had been their pilot from the land of the giants. The dog wagged his tail for joy at seeing them, and seemed to be waiting for some message from the man. The man understood, and he said, "I will make you a visit in three years' time, and I will look to the southwest."

Then the dog licked the hand and ears and eyes of the man, and went home as before, over the sea, running over the water.

When the three years had passed, the Indian entered his canoe, and paddled out into the great water without fear. He found his way to the land of the giants, and he saw the great wigwam standing on the beach, and the huge canoes drawn up on the shore. He saw the old giant coming down from far off to meet him, but he was alone.

When he had been welcomed in the wigwam he learned that all the sons were dead. They had died three years before, when the shark—

a great sorcerer—had been seen off the shore.

“My sons are gone,” the old chief said, “and I shall soon follow; but before I go, I wish to leave their magical power with you. Take their clothes, and wear them; and in wearing them, you will receive all the wonderful powers my sons possessed. Take them home with you, and when you put them on, think of me.”

So the Indian took the clothes, and went home. When he put them on they were so large that he was almost lost in them; but—what was his surprise to find himself growing and growing and growing until the clothes just fitted him! He was as large as the giants of giant land. And he was as strong and as wise as they had been. But when he took the clothes off he grew small and weak again. And so, whenever he needed to use magical power, he put on the giant’s clothes, and he became great and wise, and he could do whatever he willed to do.

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A CHENOO

LONG ago, in the olden time, an Indian, with his wife and child, went far away toward the northwest into the forest to hunt and trap. They built a wigwam, and made it all ready for the winter.

All went well for a time. The man hunted, and brought home plenty of game and fur. The wife was kept busy, slicing and drying the meat, and preparing the food, and taking care of her child.

One afternoon, as the wife was out gathering wood, she heard a noise among the bushes near by, as though some large animal were making its way through them. She looked,—and her heart stood still with horror. There stood a creature, part human and part beast, and part demon! It was of the size and form of a man, an old man,—naked, and with a hideous face.

The woman had heard of the terrible Chenoo of the north, a cruel monster with a heart of ice and stone, and she knew at once that this was one of the fierce cannibals so much dreaded by every one, and that he had come to kill and devour her.

Although she was so terrified, the woman thought instantly of a plan for escape. She rushed toward the monster, crying out, "Why, my own dear father, where have you come from, after being gone so long? Come in! Come in!" She took him by the hand, and led him into the lodge. "But, my dear father, why do I see you so worn and ill-used?" she said, as she gave him a blanket of her husband's to put on.

The Chenoo made no answer to her talk, but took the clothing and put it on, and sat down where he was bidden.

"Are you not hungry?" she asked and hastened to place food before him. The Chenoo scarcely tasted it, and all the time he looked at her angrily and fiercely.

The woman tried to conceal her terror. She talked all the time pleasantly, and busied herself to make the horrible creature comfortable. At last she went out to gather more wood for the fire. The Chenoo rose and followed.

"Give me the axe," he said. She gave it to him, thinking, "Now he will kill me." But he began cutting down the trees. He cut them and broke them up as though they were straw, and soon there was so much wood that she said, "My father, that is enough. We have plenty."

Then the Chenoo laid down the axe, and went

back into the wigwam, and took his seat as before.

The woman followed him in, and took her seat near the door. Soon she saw her husband coming, and went out to meet him.

“There is a terrible Chenoo in the lodge,” she said, “I am pretending that he is my father. Do,” she begged, “call him father; it may save our lives.”

“My father-in-law,” said the Indian, when he went into the wigwam, “where have you come from, and how long have you been on your journey?”

The Chenoo stared at him in amazement; but as the man went on to tell him all that had happened since he went away, his fierce face began to grow a little more gentle.

When they had their evening meal, they offered the Chenoo food, but he ate nothing. And when night came, he lay down and slept.

All the next day the creature kept the same fierce silence; but on the third day, he began to yield to the power of kindness. He spoke to the woman, calling her daughter, and asked for food. After he had eaten it, he fell asleep. When he awoke he seemed changed, and spoke gently, and asked for more food, and when it was brought, he ate heartily. When the roaring fire became too warm for his body, accustomed

to the cold of the north, he asked the woman to shield him with a screen.

After this, the Chenoo became so gentle that they feared him no more. He became one of them, and did as they did. But of the dried meats, such as the Indians used, he soon became tired. One day he said to the woman, speaking gently, "My daughter, have you any fresh meat?"

"We have none," she said.

"Is there a spring of water near?" he then asked her husband.

"None nearer than a half day's journey," the Indian told him.

"We must go there to-morrow," said the Chenoo.

They made everything ready, and in the morning they started off. The Indian led the way. He was young and active, but the Chenoo easily followed, old and feeble as he seemed. They came to the spring. It was large and beautiful. The snow was melted away around it, leaving a border, flat and green.

Then the Chenoo laid aside his blanket, and began a magic dance around the spring. Soon the water began to rise and fall, as if moved by some monster beneath it. The Chenoo danced faster and faster, and soon the head of a huge lizard appeared above the surface. He raised his head high, and then his body, as

though to come out of the water. The old man killed the creature with one blow of his hatchet, and dragged the body out, and laid it on the bank.

Once more he began his magic dance, and soon another great lizard was captured.

The Chenoo now dressed the meat, and made a great bundle of it, and threw it over his shoulder. Then he said to the Indian, "Lead the way home."

It was past noon. The journey was long, so they started on the run. The man was swift, and there was no Indian who could run faster, but the Chenoo pressed close upon him.

"Can you run no faster?" the Chenoo asked. "The sun is setting already, and it will be dark before we reach the lodge."

"Ah, I can go no faster," answered the Indian.

"Get on my back then," said the Chenoo. The Indian mounted on top of the load. The Chenoo bade him hold his head low to escape the branches. Then the old man ran like the wind. The branches whistled as they passed by, and they were at home before nightfall.

When the wife knew what their meat was, she was unwilling to touch it, but her husband persuaded her to prepare it for the Chenoo. They themselves lived upon the food to which they were accustomed, and the Chenoo upon

his. So they all remained together as friends.

Then the spring was at hand. One day the Chenoo said, "Something terrible will soon come to pass. An enemy—a Chenoo—a woman—will come like the wind from the north to kill me. There can be no escape from the battle. She will be far more furious, and mad, and cruel than any male Chenoo can be. No one can tell how the battle will end; but you, my children, must go to a place of safety, to keep from hearing the terrible war whoop of the Chenoo, which is death to men. You must cover your ears, and hide yourselves in a cave."

Then he sent the woman for the bundle he had brought with him. This had hung untouched on the branch of a tree.

The Chenoo opened the bundle, and took out a pair of dragon's horns. One of them had two branches, the other was straight and smooth, and both were as bright as gold. He gave the straight horn to the Indian, and kept the other one for himself.

"These are magical weapons," he said, "and the only ones that can be of use in the coming battle."

On the third day, the enemy came as the Chenoo had said. The old man was brave and bold. He heard the long terrible scream of his foe without fear or trembling, as she flew through the air from the icy north. He heard

it long before the others, and told them that now they must hide.

“The terrible Chenoo is coming, you must now hide yourself,” he said. “If you can live after hearing the first scream, you will not be harmed by her in any way. If you hear me call, ‘My son, come to my aid,’ bring with you the horn, and you may be able to save my life.”

They did as he directed. They hid in a deep hole which they had dug in the ground. They covered their ears; but all at once the cry of the foe burst upon them like terrible thunder, and their ears rang with pain. In spite of all the care they had taken, they were nearly killed; but soon they heard the answering cry of their friend, and they knew that they were safe.

Then the battle began. The Chenooos, whose magic was aroused to its greatest power, swelled to the size of mountains. The tall pines were torn up by the roots, and rocks were hurled, and the fight was terrible. At last the man in the cave heard the Chenoo calling:

“My son-in-law! Come and help me!”

He climbed out of his hiding place, and ran to his friend.

The old Chenoo was struggling upon the ground, in the power of his enemy, who was trying to thrust her dragon’s horn into his ear.

He was moving his head rapidly from side to side, to prevent her. She was mocking him.

“Your son-in-law! *You* have no son-in-law to help you. I will take your useless life! I will eat your liver!”

Now the Indian was so small beside these giants that the enemy did not see him at all.

“Thrust your horn into her ear,” the Chenoo called. With a well aimed blow the man did this. He struck with all his might, and the point of the horn entered her head. At the touch the magical weapon grew. It darted through her head, and took root in the earth.

“Raise the other end of the horn, and place it against the pine tree,” the Chenoo called. The Indian did so, and the horn coiled around the trunk of the tree, and the enemy was held fast.

Then the Indian and the Chenoo tried to kill the foe. But it was no easy task. The whole body had to be destroyed, for should the least fragment remain unburnt a full grown Chenoo would spring from it, having all the fierceness and strength of the first.

At last all of the terrible monster was destroyed except the heart, and that was the hardest of all. The heart was of ice, but of more than ice, for it was as hard to melt as stone. When they put it into the fire, it put the fire out. Again and again they were obliged to rekindle

it. But at last the heart began slowly to soften; and then they cut it into small pieces with a hatchet, and melted it. And, at last, after all this labour, the terrible enemy was destroyed.

Now spring was near. The Indian and his wife and child were soon to return to their home, and the Chenoo, now quite one of them, said that he would go with them. They built a canoe for him, not of birch bark, like their own, but of moose skin, and placed in it a part of their venison, and some skins. The Chenoo took his place in the canoe, and followed as they led the way.

At first they went down the river, but soon they came out upon a broad, beautiful lake. Suddenly, they saw the Chenoo lie flat in the canoe, as though to hide himself.

“What is it? What is the trouble?” they asked.

“I have been seen by another Chenoo, who is standing on the top of that mountain,” he said. The mountain was so far away that they could only see the outline against the northern sky.

“He has seen *me*,” he said, “but he cannot see *you*. Should he see me again, his anger will be roused, and he will come to attack me. Who would conquer, I do not know. But I prefer peace.”

So the Chenoo lay hidden in the bottom of the canoe, and the Indians towed him across the lake. When they reached the outlet, and were in the river again, the Chenoo said:

“I can travel no farther by water. I will go by land.”

They told him where they were planning to encamp that night, and he started off on foot across the mountain by a roundabout way.

The Indians went down the river with the spring freshet, headlong with the rapids. But when they paddled around the point where they meant to pass the night, they saw smoke rising from the trees. When they landed, they saw the Chenoo sleeping soundly by the fire, which he had built for them.

They travelled in this way for several days. Each day they went on with the spring waters; each night the Chenoo was before them at the encampment. But as they journeyed south, a change began to come over their companion. He was a creature of the north. In ice and snow he was in his element; but he could not endure the soft showers of summer. He grew languid and feeble, and when they reached their own village, he was so weak that he could no longer walk. So they carried him into their wigwam.

As the days went by the Chenoo became

weaker and weaker. The days grew warmer, and then he could no longer move or speak. And so he died. But he did not die a Chenoo, for by the kindness of the Indians his heart of ice had been melted, and he had become a human being.

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

THE MAGICAL DANCING DOLL

ONCE there lived in the forest an Indian with his wife and seven sons. Every day the father and his six older sons went out hunting, and the youngest would stay and help his mother; for he was too young to go hunting with the others.

The little boy's especial work was to dry the moccasins for his father and brothers. At night, when they came back from the hunt, and their moccasins were wet with snow water, the little boy would wring the water out of each one, and put it near the fire. Then he would watch it until it would be dry, and ready to use again. And, because he did this work, they began to call him *Noo-je-ke-si-gu-no-da-sit*,—the Wringer-and-Dryer-of-Moccasins. So *Nooje-kesigunodasit* became his name.

Noojokesigunodasit was busy from morning until night, helping his mother. He would have been a happy child,—but for one thing. His eldest brother was very cruel to him. He would beat him whenever he had the opportunity, and he would take his food away from

him; so that many times Noojekesigunodasit had to go to bed hungry, for he dared not tell his father. All the other brothers were afraid of the eldest one, too, so there was no one to help him.

At last Noojekesigunodasit could bear the ill-treatment no longer. So he went to his mother, and said:

“I am going away. I cannot bear my brother’s cruelty any longer. I shall go far out into the world. So make for me a small bow and arrow and thirty pairs of moccasins.”

The mother told no one about the little boy’s plan; for she was sorry for him, and she did not know how to shield him from the cruel brother. She made the moccasins, and the bow and arrow, and gave them to him with a heavy heart.

Then Noojekesigunodasit made a bundle of the moccasins, and started early one morning, just after his father and brothers had gone out hunting for the day. He stood in the door of the wigwam and looked about him. Everywhere there were great, tall trees. He did not know any of the trails that led about the forest, so he thought that it would be safest to make his own trail.

Now this is what Noojekesigunodasit did. He stood there in the doorway and shot the arrow *straight ahead*. Then he quickly ran

after it. He reached the spot where the arrow fell almost as soon as it touched the ground. Then he shot it straight in front of him again,—running as he did so. This time he reached the place where it was about to fall just in time to catch it. The next time he found that he could go faster than the arrow. All day long he travelled in this way, and by night time *he had gone a long way.*

When the brothers reached home that night Noojekesigunodasit was not waiting outside the wigwam as usual, and the eldest brother said angrily:

“Where is the child? Where is Noojekesigunodasit?”

“Oh,” replied his mother, “little Noojekesigunodasit could not bear your cruelty any longer, and so he has gone away. He will never come back again.”

“Ah, then!” said the cruel brother, “I will pursue him; *I* will bring him back again.”

In the morning, early, the cruel brother started in pursuit of Noojekesigunodasit. He travelled one hundred days upon his trail, and then he found the marks of a fire,—the first fire that Noojekesigunodasit had made, and by that he knew that he had only covered the distance that his brother had gone on the *first* day. And so he gave up the pursuit and returned to the wigwam.

Little Noojekesigunodasit travelled on,—and on,—and on. At last, one day, he met a very old Indian. The old man's hair was long and grey.

“Whither away, my child; and whence do you come?” the old man asked him.

“I have come a long, long way,” said the child. “And you—where are you from?”

“You say, my child, that you have come a long, long way!” replied the old man. “But I—*ah!* The distance you have travelled is nothing beside the long way I have come, for I was a small boy when I started upon my journey; and since that day I have never halted;—and you see that now I am very old.”

“But, tell me,” said Noojekesigunodasit, “where that country is. I will go to that place whence you came.”

“Ah, my child! *You can never reach that country,*” replied the old man.

“But I will *try,*” said the boy. Then he happened to look at the old man's feet, and he saw that his moccasins were old and worn. He quickly opened his bundle of moccasins.

“I have many moccasins, which my mother made for me. Take of them.” And Noojekesigunodasit put the pretty new moccasins upon the old man's feet. Then he started along the path the old man had just travelled.

“Wait, here is a little gift for you!” the old

man called out. "Take this box; it will help you in time of need."

So Noojekesigunodasit took the box and put it into his beaded pouch, which hung from his waist; and each started out upon his way.

After a while, Noojekesigunodasit began to think about the box, and he wondered what might be in it. He stopped, and took the box out of his pouch. It was a little round box, with strange pictures marked upon the cover, and all around the side. Noojekesigunodasit carefully opened it,—and there, dancing away as fast as he could, was a *little mite of a man* doll!

"Well! What is it? What is wanted?" the doll asked, as he abruptly stopped dancing, and looked up at the boy.

Then Noojekesigunodasit realised that he had been given a *Manitoo*, a magical being. He knew that this little doll was a god from the spirit world, and that he would do everything he was told to do. So Noojekesigunodasit said to him:

"I wish to be taken to the country from which the old man came."

"Well, I will do that for you," the doll answered.

Suddenly, Noojekesigunodasit's head began to swim, and everything grew black about him.

When he became conscious again, he found that he had been changed into a young man, and that he was near a large Indian village. And now he knew this to be the country from which the old man had come. He went at once into the first wigwam he came to, for this is what all Indians do when they are in a strange place. There was an old woman in the wigwam, all alone. She asked the stranger to the seat of honour, and then she began to cry.

“Why do you weep, *Noogumee*, grandmother?” he asked her.

“I weep because you are here,” the old woman answered. “Every young brave who comes seeking the chief’s daughter is put to death, and you will be, too. The chief will seem willing for you to marry his daughter, but he will ask you to do some task so difficult that you will lose your life.”

“Never mind,—I am not afraid of the chief,” *Noojokesigunodasit* said. “I will marry one of his daughters, and he will not be able to kill *me*.”

In a little while the word went around the village that a young brave had come from some far country, and that he wanted to marry one of the daughters of the chief. When the chief heard of this, he sent a messenger to *Noojokesigunodasit*.

“The chief will speak to you in his wigwam,” he said.

Noojokesigunodasit looked quietly at the messenger.

“Tell him I will not go,” he said at last.

Now all of the Indians were very much afraid of the chief, and when they heard that this strange young brave returned such a message, they said to one another:

“This must be some great brave! He must be even greater than the chief, because he is not afraid.” And they went to the chief, and told him that some powerful brave was in their village. This time the chief sent a very polite message. He said:

“Will the young brave do me such great honour as to visit my lodge?”

Then Noojokesigunodasit visited the chief, and the chief told him after a while that he might marry his oldest daughter.

“But there is one little favour I would ask of you,” he said. “It is just a little thing,—just to remove a troublesome object—a small nuisance. It hinders me from seeing the sun rise in the morning.”

“And what is that!” Noojokesigunodasit asked.

“Oh, it is only a small nuisance,” the chief repeated. “It is that granite mountain out there. I want to see a broad, level, green field,

when I come to the door of my wigwam in the morning.”

“Oh, certainly, I shall be glad to do that for you.” Noojekesigunodasit said this as though it were as easy for him to remove the granite mountain as it would be to pick up a bit of wood from the ground.

Well, that night, when every one in the village was asleep, Noojekesigunodasit went quietly to the door of the wigwam and pushed aside the skins. He stole softly to the entrance of the village, and then took out the little box that the old man had given him. When he opened the box, the doll stopped his dancing and asked:

“What do you want of me now?”

“I want you to level down that granite mountain,” said Noojekesigunodasit; “and I want you to have it done before morning.”

“All right, I will have it done before morning,” and the magical doll went on with his dancing.

Noojekesigunodasit closed the little box and lay down to sleep. All night long he could hear the sound of the labourers at their work. There was pounding and tramping and shouting and shovelling; such noises as he had never heard before! And when he awoke,—*the whole mountain had been taken away!*

When the chief awoke he went to the door of the wigwam, and drew aside the blanket, and looked to the east. There, before him, was a *green, level field. The high mountain had disappeared.*

“This brave has greater magical power than I. He shall be my son-in-law,” he cried. “Go call him, and tell him to come to me.”

This time Noojekesigunodasit obeyed. He went to the chief. But the old man was crafty; and he was not to be easily beaten. He had another task ready for Noojekesigunodasit. It happened that he was at war with a powerful tribe in the neighbourhood, and he thought that if he could use this strange young brave in the war, he might perhaps succeed in getting him killed. So he said:

“I wish to take the village of the enemy by surprise and destroy it.”

“All right,” said Noojekesigunodasit. “I will go with you. Get your warriors together, and we will start out to-morrow.”

The chief prepared for a start early in the morning; but in the night Noojekesigunodasit set out alone, and walked until he came within sight of the village of the enemy. Then he stopped and took out his magical box and opened it. The little doll was dancing away as fast as ever; but when he saw the light he stopped.

“Well? What is it? What do you want of me?” he asked.

“I want you to destroy this village; and you must have it done before morning.”

“All right. I will have it done before morning.”

Noojokesigunodasit wrapped himself in his blanket, and lay down on the ground to sleep. When morning was breaking, he awoke, and went to look at the village. All was silent. Every one,—men, women, and children,—had been carried away by the magical dancing doll, and the village was destroyed.

Noojokesigunodasit now started back, but he had gone only a short distance, when he met the chief and all his warriors coming on to surprise the enemy. They all stopped when they saw him.

“There is nothing more for you to do,” he said; “for I have destroyed the village, and all the people have been carried away.”

The chief sent men to the place to find whether the story were true. They soon came back and reported that it was just as Noojokesigunodasit had said. All the people had gone, and the village was destroyed.

The chief did not yet know the young brave’s name; so he asked:

“What is your name?”

“My name is Noojokesigunodasit,” he said.

The chief was surprised to find so powerful a young brave with so common a name; but he was ready to fulfil his promise, and give him one of his daughters for his wife.

So Noojekesigunodasit married the chief's youngest daughter, and built him a large and beautiful lodge, and took his wife there to live; and they had a servant to wait upon them. But he himself joined the hunters.

All went well for a time, but alas! One day Noojekesigunodasit went away, and carelessly left his pouch with the little box in it. Now it happened that the servant had for a long time been curious to know the secret of his master's power. He saw the beaded pouch, and thought that this might hold the secret. He opened it, and there he found the little box.

"Hello!" he cried; "what is this?" He took out the box, and lifted the cover. There he saw the magical doll, dancing furiously.

"Well! What is it? What do you want of me?" asked the doll as he stopped dancing.

At once the servant understood. Here was a god who could do everything one asked him to do; he could work all wonders. This was a chance not to be lost.

"I wish this wigwam and everything there is in it to be moved to some place where no one can find it," he said.

“All right,” said the little dancing doll, “I will do it for you.”

Instantly the man’s head grew dizzy, and he seemed to faint. When he became conscious again, he found himself and the mistress and the wigwam, in the depths of the forest, surrounded on every side by water. Of course, everything belonged to him now. He became lord and master of all the place.

That night Noojekesigunodasit came home, and found that his wigwam, his wife, his servant, his magical box,—all were gone. At first he was bewildered, and did not know what to do. But, at last, he remembered that he still had his magical bow and arrow. He shot out the arrow and followed after, just as when he had set out from home.

It was not long before he discovered the hidden wigwam; but how to get it back he did not know. He waited until the servant was asleep, and then he crept up stealthily and looked in. He drew aside the skins in the doorway, and motioned to his wife to get the beaded pouch for him.

The wife crept to the sleeping servant, and tried to draw the beaded pouch from under his head. The servant moved uneasily in his sleep, and she waited until he was quiet again. Again she tried to draw the beaded pouch away, and again the servant stirred in his sleep.

But at last she had the pouch in her hand, and stole over to the door to Noojekesigunodasit. He found the little round box and opened it, and there was the magical dancing doll, as ever, dancing and dancing away.

“Well? What is it? What is it now?” said the magical dancing doll.

“Take us back to our own village, and place the wigwam just as it was before,” Noojekesigunodasit said. And soon they were all back in their own home again. But the servant was punished for his wickedness. For Noojekesigunodasit had him put to death, and had a blanket made of his skin to hang before the door of the wigwam, to show all people the punishment of such a wicked servant.

Now the old chief could never be satisfied to think that the young stranger had been stronger than he in magical power. So he tried once more, and for the last time, to destroy him. One day, he said quietly to Noojekesigunodasit:

“I want you to bring me the head of a *chepehcalm* for my dinner.” Now the *chepehcalm* was a terrible monster, a dragon. He gave magical power to all the medicine men, and the chief himself was a medicine man. And so he thought that the *chepehcalm* would put an end to Noojekesigunodasit.

“All right,” said Noojekesigunodasit. “I will get it for you.”

He went outside the village, and took out his magical box, and said to the dancing doll:

“I wish you to bring a chepechcalm to the village.”

Soon a chepechcalm was seen coming toward the village. All the inhabitants screamed and fled in every direction—all, except Noojekesigunodasit. He went boldly out to meet the dragon, and gave him battle. The fight was long and furious, but at last Noojekesigunodasit won, and cut the dragon’s head from his body, and carried it to the old chief’s wigwam and tossed it inside the door. The old man was alone. He was weak and exhausted, and nearly bent double. And when he saw that the dragon was dead, and that now all his own magic was gone, and that Noojekesigunodasit was still alive, he fell down and died.

Noojekesigunodasit then became the chief; and from that day the people had plenty. No famine or sickness ever visited them, for Noojekesigunodasit and his magical dancing doll kept all evil away from them.

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

THE MAGICAL HAIR STRING

THERE was once a large Indian encampment on the border of a forest. On the outskirts of this village there lived two old people. They had two children, both of whom were daughters. They were fair and beautiful; but they were so shy that they would not allow themselves to be seen by any one, and they would marry no one.

Now the chief of the village had a fine looking son, who knew of these two beautiful girls, and wished to marry one of them. He told his father and some of his friends about his wish, and they went to the wigwam where the maidens lived, to see what could be done. The beautiful maidens were nowhere to be seen, for they kept themselves behind a screen out of sight.

The evening passed merrily; they feasted and played games. At last the old chief said: "My son is tired of living alone."

The father said that he must wait until the next day before he could give the chief an answer.

When the visitors had gone, the father said:

“My daughters, the chief’s son is tired of living alone.” But neither of the daughters was willing to be married, so the father sent word to the chief that there would be no wedding.

Now it happened that there lived in the village an ill-looking fellow, who was stupid besides, and clumsy at any kind of work. When he heard that the young chief had been refused, he said with a laugh:

“I could get one of those girls if I wished.”

Some of his companions, who heard him, said:

“Let us go to the wigwam of the maidens this evening.”

So, just as the old people and their daughters were beginning the evening meal, the young braves slipped into the wigwam. The maidens had no time to hide behind their screen. So for once they must be looked at.

The father asked the braves to stay, and after eating, they played games until late in the evening; but not one word was said about the proposed marriage. When the young braves came away, the others laughed at their stupid companion for his lack of courage.

Time passed, and the ill-favoured young brave went one day into the forest. As he walked along he met an old woman, wrinkled and bent. Her hair was adorned with a great

many hair-strings, which hung over her shoulders, and trailed down to her feet.

“Where are you going?” she asked the young brave.

“Nowhere in particular,” he answered. “And where are *you* from, grandmother?”

“I have not come far,” she said, “but look you here! Are you anxious to marry one of those beautiful maidens?”

“Oh, by no means,” he said.

“But I can help you,” said the old woman. “I can tell you how to win one. All you have to do is to say the word.”

“How must I go about it?” asked the young brave.

“Take this,” she said, handing him one of her hair-strings; “it has magical power. Roll it up and carry it in your pouch for a time. Then, when you have a chance, you must throw it upon the young woman’s back. But take care that she does not see you do it, and that no one knows about it but yourself.”

So the young brave took the hair-string, and did as the old woman directed. He went once more, with a few of his comrades, to the wigwam of the beautiful maidens. They slipped in suddenly as before, just at the beginning of the evening meal, and the beautiful maidens had no time to conceal themselves behind their screen.

All the time the young brave was watching for an opportunity to use the magical hair-string. And, at last, when no one was looking, he contrived to throw it upon the back of one of the maidens. He said nothing to her, and soon after this the young braves went away.

The next day the Indian was walking alone in the forest, and he saw, coming toward him, the maiden whom he had charmed with the magical hair-string.

"Where are you going?" she asked shyly.

"I am going hunting," he said. "But whence have you come? And what are you doing out here all alone? Are you lost?"

"Oh, no! I am not lost," she replied.

"You had better go back to your wigwam," he said, "and I will go with you, and tell your parents that I found you wandering in the woods, not knowing the way home."

When they reached the wigwam, the father of the beautiful maiden said:

"Would you like to have my daughter for your wife?"

"I would," he answered, "for I am tired of living alone."

And so they were married. The magical hair-string had won the beautiful maiden for the awkward, blundering young brave.

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

THE CHILDREN AND THE LOON MAGICIAN

ONCE upon a time a little Indian boy and girl lived with their parents beside a large lake. They were always playing together; but they loved best of all to play on the shore beside the water.

One day the two children went fishing, and the boy said:

“Can you tell what kind of fish I catch?”

“Of course I can,” the sister replied.

“What is this then?” he asked, holding up a fish, but quickly throwing it into the water again, before she could see it. “There, there,” he said, “I knew that you could not tell what kind of fish I catch!”

Soon after this the sister caught a fish and held it up.

“Do you know what this is, my brother?” she asked.

“It is a trout,” he said.

“No, no, it is not,” she answered. “It is a Takoonow—*there!* After all your crowing I have beaten you.”

They laughed, and kept on with their fishing, walking along the shore. By and by they heard a Loon crying in the distance.

“There is a *Kwemoo* crying,” the little girl said. “It makes me feel lonely. Let us go home.” So they went home, carrying their fish; and their mother cooked it for them.

The next day the children built a little play-house on the shore. They spent hours playing there together. When people passed they would see the children talking earnestly together, and they would say:

“What queer little children!”

One day the brother said:

“I will make you a beautiful robe, my sister.”

So he gathered a great many leaves, red and yellow ones, and made her a bright, glistening robe. The little girl put it on, and then the two went down to the shore of the lake. Very soon they heard a Loon calling, and the brother said:

“I will hide; but you walk back and forth along the shore. The Loon will see you, and perhaps he will come and talk with you.”

The little sister walked along the shore in her bright robe, and soon the Loon saw her and came to where she was standing.

“*Niskamich*—grandfather,” she said; “where have you come from?”

“Oh, from nowhere in particular,” the Loon replied.

Then the sister ran to where her brother was hiding and he walked down to the water behind her, so that the Loon would not see him. He spoke to the Loon and soon the three talked together without any fear.

“My children,” the Loon asked, “do you want anything?”

“No, grandfather,” they said, “we do not need anything.”

“Listen to me, my children,” the Loon said, “and I will give you power more than most Indians have.”

The children went home then, but ever after that day, whenever the maiden heard the Loon calling, she felt lonely, and she would sit a long time in one place as though in deep thought. Very often the Loon came to the brother and sister, when they were on the shore; but he never went to them if any one else were with them.

One day the Loon said:

“Your village is to be destroyed in a few days. A terrible Kookwes is on the way here. Tell your parents to move down to the shore; and when you hear the Kookwes coming, go into the water and hide there until he goes away.”

The children went home, and found their parents in the lodge.

“My father,” the son said, “a terrible Kookwes is coming to attack us, and destroy the town, and he is on the way.”

“Who told you so?” the father asked.

“Kwemoo told us,” the boy said. “And he said you must move down to the shore, and when we hear the Kookwes coming, we must run into the water and hide there.”

“If Kwemoo told you so, it must be true,” said the old man. “We must go at once.”

When the other Indians saw them moving, they asked:

“Why do you move your lodge?” The father told them that a Kookwes was coming.

“Who told you so?” they asked.

“The Loon told my little boy so,” said the father.

“Pooh! Your son is not much, and the Loon is nothing. *We* will not go!” they answered.

But the two children and their parents went down to the shore, and walked along until they heard the Loon call three times, and then they stopped and built a lodge.

The next day the Loon came to the children when they were alone.

“The Kookwes will reach your village tomorrow night,” he said.

The next night, sure enough, they heard the great shout of the giant, as he rushed into the village. They hid in the lake until morning, as the Loon had told them to do. They could hear the screams and the noise while the terrible giant was destroying the village.

After the village was destroyed, and the giant had gone away, they went back to where their old home had been. But they liked the new lodge so much better, that they never moved back to the village.

Day by day the two children and the Loon were together on the rocks by the lake. The Loon taught the boy how to be a swift runner; and how to walk on the water as the Loons do; and then he taught him how to fly in the air, so that he could hunt in all these ways. Then the Loon said:

“Now your family will never be in want of food; but, if you should ever need my help, I will come to you.”

Now, years had passed away, since the day when the little Indian girl had walked on the shore in her robe of bright leaves. She was now a beautiful maiden. She was alone one day by the water, when the Loon came to her, and asked her to be his wife.

“*Mogwaa*—no,” she said.

But when she went home, she told her mother what the Loon had said.

“Kwemoo wants me to be his wife,” she said.

“Kwemoo would be a very kind husband to you,” the mother replied.

So they were married; but Kwemoo never went to her father’s lodge. The two spent their days together on the shore. One day Kwemoo said:

“Some men are coming in a canoe; they will hunt me.”

“Hide behind the large rock until they go away,” his wife said.

The next day the two men came in a canoe. They visited a few days with the family, and then urged them to return to their village for a visit. But the Loon said:

“Your parents and your brother may go if they choose, but do you stay with me.”

So she stayed.

The others went with the strangers, who made a time of feasting and games for them. The young brave, because he had been taught by the Loon, won all the games. He could out-run them all; he could hunt better than any one; and so he soon became hated by all the braves of the village.

“Let us destroy him,” they said. And they determined to kill him the next night.

But *that* night the young brave heard the voice of the friendly Loon, and he knew that he was in danger. He went to his parents.

“Let us hasten from here,” he said; “we are in danger. The Loon has just warned me.”

So the three stole out of the village in the night, and were far away when it was found that they had escaped.

Soon after they returned home, the father and mother died; and the brother and sister and Kwemoo lived together by the beautiful lake.

“I will do all for you in my power, for seven years,” the Loon said. “Then I must leave you, and return to my own people.”

Kwemoo kept his word. For seven years they lived a quiet, happy life. It was so beautiful there that the wife wished to stay in that one place, and not move from place to place. So they stayed until the seven years came to an end, and then the Loon said:

“I must leave you now and go to my own people.”

So he went back to his own people, and the brother and sister were left alone by the lake. The third day after he had gone away, the sister said:

“I feel sad and lonely.” She went down to the water, and sat on a rock, and looked across the lake.

In a little while some one touched her arm. She looked up, and there beside her was her husband,—Kwemoo.

“All of these days,” he said, “I could not keep the thought of you out of my mind. So I have left my own people, and I have come to you.”

And *kespeddooksit*—the story ends.

MIMKUDAWOGOOSK THE MOOSEWOOD MAN

ONCE upon a time an Indian maiden dwelt alone in a large forest. She was often very lonely, and wished that she had a brother or a sister to live with her.

One day, when she was gathering fuel, she found a long, slim branch from the *Mimkudawok* tree, and carried it home with her. She left it leaning against the wigwam, outside the door. That night she heard a human voice crying:

“*Numees*, my sister, I am cold! Oh, I am very cold!”

“*Nsees*, my brother, if you are cold,” she called back, “why do you not come in and warm yourself?”

“I cannot come in, for I am not clothed,” called back the voice.

“Wait, then, and I will put out some clothing for you,” she answered.

The maiden quickly took some blankets and threw them outside, and went back to her work.

Presently in walked a fine looking young brave, who at once took his seat where a

brother would sit in the wigwam. Then she knew that the branch from the moosewood tree she had left standing by the door had been transformed into this brave, who was sitting in the brother's place. She would not be alone any longer! She would have some one to care for her!

The young brave was very kind and good, and he was a great hunter. So the maiden had plenty of food, and no longer needed to go out into the forest. She named her brother *Mimkudawogoosk*, because he had sprung from a moosewood tree. They were happy together, but still the maiden was not satisfied. She was still lonely.

"I am lonely," she said, "when you are away; I wish that you would bring me a sister-in-law."

"That is well, my sister, but where shall I seek a wife?" *Mimkudawogoosk* said.

"I know the way; and if you do just as I tell you, you will find the maiden," the sister said. "Follow the trail through the forest, and at length you will reach a high mountain. Then follow the trail over the mountain. On the way, you will come upon giant serpents. Do not battle with them, or notice them in any way. But use your bow as a leaping pole. It has magical power, and it will help you to leap

over the giant serpents, and over every other danger on the way. When you have crossed the mountain, you will come to another forest. Follow the trail, and you will come to a wide river that flows through a broad plain. Follow the river through the plain and it will lead you to the village where lives the maiden, whom I would have you seek for your wife. When you reach the village, do not go into the finest wigwam, but seek out the poorest. There an Indian lives with many beautiful daughters. The youngest is the fairest. Wed her."

Mimkudawogoosk started upon his journey. He had travelled a few days, when one morning, in the forest, he heard his sister singing. She had become lonely without him, and had set out to follow him. To give him warning that she was coming, she sang as she went along; it was a magical song, and he heard her although far away.

"Return to your wigwam—do not follow me—do not follow me!" he sang back to her. So she went back to the wigwam.

Mimkudawogoosk went on, until he came to the mountain. He was climbing over a narrow, rocky way, when just before him, he saw the giant serpents. He quickly held his bow like a leaping pole, and made a great leap. The bow carried him safely over, and he landed far

beyond the giant serpents. Then he went down the mountain, and whenever he came to any difficult place, the bow helped him leap safely over.

At last Mimkudawogoosk reached the great forest, and on the other side of the forest he came to the wide river, flowing through the broad, green plain. He followed the river until he reached the Indian village. Everything had happened just as his sister had said. And now he remembered this, and set out to find the poorest looking wigwam. There, as he expected, he found a group of pretty girls. The youngest was the most beautiful. Mimkudawogoosk went to her, and took a seat by her side. She remained seated. This meant that she was willing to be his wife. And as the parents were content that it should be so, they were married.

The beauty of the Moosewood Man's face, and his manly bearing had won the heart of the maiden, and the good will of her father; but all the young men in the village were very angry, for the maiden had many suitors among them, who had tried to win her, and now to see her so easily won by a stranger was hard to bear. They all determined to kill him at the very first chance.

One day Mimkudawogoosk's father-in-law said, "I would like my son-in-law to try his

hand at hunting. And when you return successful there will be a great feast in honour of the marriage.”

So Mimkudawogoosk took his wife and set out in his father-in-law's canoe. He pushed up the river to the hunting ground, as he was told. They landed and made a hut, and then Mimkudawogoosk went to work in good earnest.

Now Mimkudawogoosk, as we know, was a mighty hunter, and it was not many days before he had a great amount of venison and fur, and was ready to start homeward. This was just what the young men of the village were waiting for, for they had laid a plot to kill him on his way. A band of those who were clever at magical arts followed him until they came to the place where he had built his hut. Then they did not know what to do next; they feared to attack him openly, and in magic they suspected that he must be more than a match for them. So the cleverest of them all transformed himself into a mouse, and hid in the blanket of Mimkudawogoosk's bed, thinking that when the Moosewood Man fell asleep, he could give him a fatal blow.

But Mimkudawogoosk knew all the time what was going on, and when the mouse crept into the blanket he was quietly waiting for him. As soon as the mouse touched him, Mimkudawogoosk caught him under his knee and began to

squeeze him. The mouse, finding himself being squeezed to death, cried out as loud as he could. The noise awakened the wife; and when she saw that something was being crushed under Mimkudawogoosk's leg she tried to arouse him. But Mimkudawogoosk was very dull and sleepy, and could not understand what she was talking about. And all the time he kept squeezing the mouse harder and harder, although he did not intend to kill him. At last, when he had tortured the mouse enough, he let him go. And never did a frightened mouse run faster.

"This brave is a great magician. We can never kill him," he cried as he reached his companions. And they all made off for home, faster than they had come, lest something worse should befall them.

Then Mimkudawogoosk packed the venison and fur, and all of their belongings into the canoe, and said, "Do you take the canoe back, while I return to my old home for my sister."

So his wife took the canoe home, and Mimkudawogoosk travelled back over the mountain to his sister's wigwam, and soon they were both back in the Indian village in the new home.

Now there was feasting, and merriment, and games; but all the time the young men were plotting to destroy Mimkudawogoosk. One of them belonged to the Kwemoo—Loon—family, and thinking he could drown Mimkudawogoosk,

he challenged him to a diving match. Mimkudawogoosk was quite willing, so off they started. Down they went into the water, and after a long time the Loon came up to the top, but he was dead, and was carried away down the river by the current. Those on the bank waited a long time, thinking that Mimkudawogoosk must have been drowned too, but at last he rose to the surface and came out of the water. He rose into the air, shaking the water from his wings, and went flying over their heads, for he had changed himself into a sea-duck.

So in everything the young men tried, Mimkudawogoosk always came off victorious, to the delight of his wife and his father-in-law. But his wife's sisters and all the young men tried as hard as they could to do him injury.

At last Mimkudawogoosk decided to stay no longer with them. So he took his wife and his sister and his little son, who had come to them, and the canoe and weapons which his father-in-law had provided for him, and made his way back to his own lodge in the forest where the sister had spent so many lonely years.

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

THE ICE-KING

ON the banks of a wide river there was once a large Indian village. One very cold winter, nearly all of the people died. But at last spring and the warm weather came again; the snows melted from the hills; the ice left the streams and lakes, and all floated down with the freshet except one huge ice-cake, which lodged on the land some distance from the bank. There it stayed for a long time, making the air cold and damp for a great distance about.

At length a stout, determined Indian decided to get rid of the ice-cake. He took a great weapon of iron, and attacked the monster, crying out at every blow, "Come on, freeze me if you can; do your best!"

At every blow the enemy gave way, and was at last, by dint of prying and pushing, tumbled over the bank into the river, and borne away by the current.

"There!" cried the Indian. "Be off with yourself, and never come back to trouble us."

"Thank you!" cried the Ice-King. "You have done me a great favour. But I will make you another visit next winter."

The man went about his work. In the autumn he thought about the threat of the Ice-King and he prepared for battle. First, he built a wigwam in a place where fuel and water were plenty. Then he laid in a good supply of wood, chopping down dry old trees, and cutting the fuel fine. Oil he prepared, too, to use in case of need. And he made ready a great supply of winter clothing.

Winter came at last, and with it came the Ice-King. Everywhere his breath could be felt—stiffening the lakes and river, and covering the ground with frost and snow. The air became colder and colder, until at last, one day, the Ice-King walked boldly into the wigwam, and took his seat opposite the place where the man was sitting. So cold was his body and breath that the fire almost went out, and the Indian was nearly benumbed by the cold.

Yet he had still the power to bestir himself, and with all the energy he possessed, he began to pile the wood upon the fire. The fire roared, and crackled, and blazed higher and higher, and the Ice-King moved back. Soon he moved back still farther, and then again, until he was against the wall of the wigwam and could go no farther. Then he began to melt and grow smaller and weaker. At last he was obliged to cry out for mercy.

“My friend,” he cried; “you have won the victory; now, then, let me go.”

Then the man arose, took the poker, and pushed the fire away, allowing the Ice-King to pass out. The Ice-King arose, and went out, saying as he went, “My friend, you have fairly beaten me twice; now you shall be my master forever.” And with this he disappeared.

After this, that man had no more trouble with the cold. For him it was always summer all the year round. He needed neither cap nor mittens nor moccasins.

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

PULOWECH AND THE SEA MAIDEN

ONCE upon a time there was a forest, where magicians and other evil spirits lived. These evil people made attacks upon the Indians whenever they could, and destroyed them. Sometimes they would transform them into animals, or rocks, or trees, or anything they chose.

Now this forest was beside the ocean, where beautiful sea maidens lived; and the evil people of the forest were always watching to seize them and torture them. So the sea maidens were afraid to go about on the shore.

But there was one who defended them, and they did not know it. This was Pulowech, an Indian brave, who lived in a wigwam near the forest.

Pulowech knew all about these evil people of the forest, and he was watching all the time to destroy them. And so they were afraid of him. If they saw him walking on the seashore, they would hide again in the forest. So whenever Pulowech was near, the sea maidens were safe.

One day, in the winter, Pulowech was walk-

ing along the shore, when suddenly he came upon three beautiful sea maidens. They were sitting upon a block of ice braiding their hair. Pulowech had never seen them before, and he thought, "How I wish that I might have one of those beautiful maidens for my wife!"

He stole near, thinking that he might seize one before they saw him. But just as he reached the block of ice where they were, they saw him, and with a scream sprang into the water and were out of sight.

"I will wait here," Pulowech said, "and they may come back again."

He gathered many spruce boughs and made a bank of them near the block of ice. Day after day he hid there, waiting for the sea maidens to come back.

At last there came a day when the sea maidens returned to the very spot where they had been before. Pulowech, watching through the spruce boughs, saw them come up out of the water, and look cautiously around. Then they climbed upon the block of ice and untied their hair-strings and began unbraiding their hair.

Pulowech stepped out from behind the bank of spruce boughs, and came nearer and nearer to the sea maidens. They did not hear him coming. He was just reaching out his hand to seize one, when suddenly they all screamed and sprang into the sea again. But Pulowech

had managed to seize one of their hair-strings.

This hair-string had magical power; and Pulowech knew that the sea maiden could not live without it. So he carried it to his wigwam, and tied it around the post at the head of his bed.

In the morning, when Pulowech awoke, he saw, sitting quietly on the mat by the door of the wigwam, a beautiful sea maiden.

“Why do you come here?” he asked.

“I have come for my hair-string,” she answered.

And then Pulowech persuaded her to stay and be his wife.

They lived very happily together and the sea maiden never spoke of longing for her old home in the ocean.

Whenever Pulowech went away from the wigwam, he would say, “Do not let any one into the wigwam while I am gone.” And the maiden always did just as he said.

One day, when Pulowech was setting out on a hunting trip to be away many days, he said, as usual, “Do not let any one into the wigwam,—no matter who it may be. If you do, *great harm will come to you.*” And the sea maiden promised that she would not open the door for any one.

That night there came a great storm. The ocean roared, and the wind blew, and the forest

trees moaned in the wind and snow. And the sea maiden was all alone in the wigwam. But, in the midst of the storm, there came a rapping at the door. She started from her mat, sorry for any one out in such a storm—and then she remembered the words of her husband, “Do not open the door to any one.”

She sat down again, and then the knocking came again, and this time she heard the voices of her brothers and sisters calling to her.

“*Pantahdooe! Pantahdooe!* Open the door unto me! Open the door unto me, *my sister!* We have missed you, and we have come from our far-away home in the ocean to seek you.”

Oh! Her *brothers and sisters were out in the cold.* Of course she must let them in!

She started to the door;—and then the words of her husband came to her *again*, “Do not let *any one* into the wigwam.”

Again she went back to her mat.

The storm grew louder, and the trees beat their branches against the wigwam. And then in the storm she heard her mother’s voice.

“*Pantahdooe! ’Ntoos! Pantahdooe!* Open the door unto me, my daughter! Open the door unto me!”

The sea maiden ran to the door, and was just drawing away the post, when again her husband’s words come to her, “*Do not open the door to any one!*”

She went back to her mat, and began to cry. Her mother and her brothers and her sisters were there, and *she could not let them in out of the storm!*

And then she heard the trembling voice of her poor, old father.

“ ‘Ntoos! ‘Ntoos’ Pantahdooe! loke cyowchee! My daughter, my daughter! Open the door unto me, for I am very cold.”

Ah! *She could not leave her poor old father out in the cold and storm!*

She sprang to her feet, tore away the post that held the door, and opened it!

And there fell upon her the evil people of the forest, like a pack of wolves, and they did not leave so much as one little bone upon another.

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

HOW PULOWECH AVENGED THE SEA MAIDEN

AFTER the wicked people of the forest had destroyed the sea maiden, they knew that they must hide from the angry Pulowech; for he would surely avenge her death.

One sorcerer said, "I will hide myself high up in the cliff beyond the forest. I will turn myself into the stone of the cliff and stay there until the anger of Pulowech passes away."

"And I," said another sorcerer, "will go far beyond that place, and climb in the cliff and stay there turned into stone until the anger of Pulowech passes away."

"And I will go far beyond the reach of Pulowech into another country," the third sorcerer said.

Then the oldest sorcerer of all, an old woman whom they called "Grandmother" said, "I will go far beyond you, my son. I will go beyond the Cavern of Darkness. Pulowech will *never* find me there."

There was still a band of the sorcerers left, and they said, "We will turn ourselves into a

flock of wild geese, and stay by the great lake on this side of the mountain. Pulowech will never think of finding us there.”

So they went along the path by the ocean beyond the forest, and when the first sorcerer came to the place in the cliff where he was to hide, he stopped. Then the second sorcerer came to *his* hiding place, and he stopped there. After a long time the others reached the great lake near the mountain, and those who were to transform themselves into wild geese halted there. There were but two of the wicked people left—the old woman sorcerer, and the one who would go into the far country—and these went on their way to their hiding places.

When Pulowech returned to his lodge, it was quiet and empty. There was no beautiful sea maiden waiting for him. The fire had died out long ago, and the wigwam was cheerless and dark. Where could the sea maiden be?

Pulowech feared that the sorcerers of the forest might have killed her; and he knew that he could not attack them and destroy them, unless his magical power was greater than theirs. He also knew that he must be calm and quiet, and have no anger or haste, or he could not summon his magical power to help him. He would be powerless. So he took a small wooden bowl, and filled it half full of water,

and placed it by the door of his wigwam. Then he went quietly to bed and fell asleep. In the morning when he awoke, he looked into the wooden bowl—and there, instead of water, he saw blood; so he knew that the sea-maiden wife had been destroyed by the sorcerers.

Pulowech took a stone hatchet and stone-headed arrows, and his bow, and set out to track the sorcerers. At last, he found their trail and followed it along the path that led beyond the forest, and in front of the cliff by the ocean. He travelled on and on, looking very carefully at every object he passed. At last he saw, high up on the cliff, projecting from the rock itself, the lower part of a man's leg.

“Ah! This sorcerer thinks that he is hidden in the cliff. He does not know that his end has come,” thought Pulowech. And with that he cut the leg off with his stone hatchet; and thus one of the wicked sorcerers of the forest was destroyed, for he could not turn himself back into a human being again, but must always be a part of the cliff.

Then Pulowech went on his way, looking all about him as he journeyed along. At last he saw a man's foot and ankle protruding from the cliff near the ground. He took his stone hatchet from his belt, and cut off the foot. And *this* sorcerer became a part of the stone cliff. He, too, was destroyed.

“I am avenging the sea maiden,” thought Pulowech; “but I have a long journey before me, and a work needing all of my magic.” As he said this, he saw a poor, little squirrel crawling along nearly dead; he picked it up and stroked it, and put it in his bosom, saying, “You must fight for me, my brave little fellow; but I will be near you to aid you.”

Pulowech followed the path by the ocean, and soon it led him over high hills, toward a great mountain, and at last he came to a large lake. His magical power warned him that here he would find many of the evil people. And as he looked out over the lake, a flock of wild geese rose from the shore and mounted high in the air.

Then Pulowech called his magical power to help him, and quickly shot one arrow after another at the wild geese. They fell, one by one, at his feet, until the entire flock had been killed. He tied them together, and carried them over his shoulder.

As Pulowech went over the high mountain, he knew that his greatest trial was yet to come, and he kept away from him all feelings of anger and disquiet; for he well knew that his strength depended upon his quiet and peace of mind. Travelling in this way, he at last saw a wigwam in the distance, and his magical power warned

him that another of the wicked sorcerers was hiding there.

When he reached the place he entered the wigwam. There before him sat a surly-looking Indian, who did not ask him to take the stranger's seat in the best part of the wigwam. For this Indian was one of the sorcerers, and he hoped to make Pulowech angry and thus lessen his magical power. So Pulowech sat down on the mat nearest the door, and waited quietly for the other to speak.

At last the sorcerer prepared some food, without saying a word, and divided it, giving a part to Pulowech. As Pulowech took the plate, the other Indian snatched it from him saying, "Ah, no, I would rather give it to my dog!"

Pulowech did not become angry as the sorcerer had hoped; he sat quietly just as if nothing unpleasant had happened. The sorcerer offered him food and took it away a second time; and again Pulowech did not notice the insult, or become angry. Then the sorcerer asked rudely, "Did you have any adventures on the way?"

"Truly, indeed!" Pulowech answered. "I saw a man's leg sticking out of a cliff, and I cut it off, and went on. Then I came to a place where there was a man's foot showing from a cliff, and I cut *that* off. And then I came to a large lake near a great mountain,

and I saw a flock of wild geese rising from the shore, and I shot them, every one. And they are outside your door. *And much good may they do you!*”

The sorcerer was taken off his guard. All of his comrades had been killed but the old grandmother!

“Ah! Our dogs must fight this out,” he said. He called his dogs from another room,—great, fierce beasts possessed of magical power. They went out in front of the wigwam, and Pulowech took from his bosom the little squirrel and stroked it, and placed it upon the ground,—and it was instantly transformed into a huge beast. It sprang at the two dogs and fought them furiously.

When the sorcerer saw that his two dogs were no match for Pulowech’s dog, he cried, “Oh, call off your dog. Those dogs belong to my grandmother, and she prizes them.”

But Pulowech did not notice what the sorcerer was saying, and soon the two beasts lay dead upon the ground.

Now the sorcerer had one other hope of destroying Pulowech, and that was—in *the cavern of Darkness*.

“Let us go in the canoe,” he said.

So the two set off in the canoe. The river was broad and smooth at first; but soon it grew narrow, until, without warning, it fell into the

earth, and rushed along underground through the Cavern of Darkness. The canoe was drawn so swiftly into the dark place that Pulowech had just time to see the sorcerer jump into safety. But Pulowech had no fear. He sat alone in the canoe, and was quiet and still, as he was drawn along by the current through narrow places where sharp rocks might easily dash him to pieces. On and on he was carried until he saw, far ahead, a faint light. The light grew brighter and brighter, and at last he left the Cavern of Darkness, and went out into the bright, warm sunlight, where the water was smooth and calm. He paddled along until he saw smoke coming from a wigwam. Then he landed and went to the door. There he heard the sorcerer talking.

“And grandmother, *he killed your dogs!*” Pulowech heard him say.

“Ah! *If I had him here!* If he were only living, and would come this way, I would roast him alive,—that I would,” said the grandmother.

“But he is not alive, grandmother,” the other sorcerer said, “I sent him into the Cavern of Darkness, and he will not see the light again.”

Suddenly, Pulowech stood before them.

“But I *am* alive after all,” he said. “Now come on, old grandmother, and roast me to death!”

The old woman made a hideous scowl, but said nothing. Pulowech sat down.

Now the old woman belonged to the Porcupine family, and so could endure more heat than other people. Hoping she might kill Pulowech, she built a great fire of hemlock bark. The fire blazed and crackled and roared, and the heat became intense. But Pulowech did not stir until the fire had burned down.

Now it was *his* turn. He went out and gathered fuel and built a fire, and then closed and fastened the entrance to the cave. He heard the sorcerers calling for mercy, but he was deaf to their cries. The roof and sides of the cave glowed and cracked with the heat, and by and by the fire burned down and all was still. The last of the robbers and murderers had been destroyed. *The sea maiden was avenged!*

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

THE GIANT'S SON AND THE BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN

IN the olden time there lived giants, who were fierce and cruel. They were cannibals, and many of them possessed magical power; so the Indians were all the more afraid of them.

In a certain part of the forest, there lived such a giant with his wife and son. The son was not like his father; he was just like other Indians. It was his work to go into the forest and hunt for the tracks of human beings for his father. But he hunted animals for his own food.

One day the young Indian was in a distant part of the forest, hunting tracks for his father, when he saw a beautiful Indian maiden. She was the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen, and he thought, "If I could *only* have this maiden for my wife!" And he went to her, and talked with her, and she led the way to her home. She told him that she lived alone with her helpless old father and mother, and that she was the only one to care for them. She hunted in the forest for animals for their meat,

and in the river for their fish. She made their fur blankets and clothing, and she cut down the great trees for their fire in the cold winter. She was their only child, and they lived alone in that part of the forest.

When the giant's son saw how helpless the old people were, he said, "If you will only give me the maiden for my wife, I will care for you as long as you live. You shall never want for food; and when the cold snows of winter cover the forest, they shall be swept away from your door, and you shall have warmth and cheer in your wigwam. But I must tell you that my father is a terrible Kookwes, and I shall need to protect you from him."

The old people answered, "It is well,—son-in-law."

Then the young hunter returned to his home. He had spent the whole day with the beautiful maiden, and he had no fresh tracks to report to his father.

The next morning, he hurried off in another direction, and found the tracks of Indians, and as soon as his father had set off to find them, the son told his mother about the beautiful maiden in the forest.

"But you cannot bring her here, my son; your father would devour her," the mother said.

"Only tell my father about her," he pleaded.

“Tell him that I will always hunt for him as I do now; but for the others I will hunt animals and fish.”

So that night, when the giant came home, the mother told him about the beautiful maiden.

“He must not bring her here. He cannot have her for his wife,” stormed the old giant.

But after the wife had told him how much the son wished to marry the beautiful maiden, the giant said, “Well, tell him that he may marry her; but he must build a stone wigwam far away from here, and never bring her near me.”

When the son heard what his father had said, he hastened away to the home of the maiden, and she became his wife. He took her home, and he and his mother hid her safely from the old giant, until they could build a lodge.

When the lodge was ready, the two went there to live; and the young brave hung in one corner of the wigwam a small bag made of skins.

“Now mind,” he said to his wife, “that you do not touch this bag; for, if you do, great harm will come to you.” And the wife said that she would remember.

The years went by, and the young hunter kept his promise to the old people in the far-away forest. They were never in want of

food; and in winter the snow was swept from their door, and they were never cold.

In the stone wigwam, where the young hunter and his wife lived, there came in time a little boy. When the child was large enough to play about the wigwam, the father said to the mother:

“Now mind that he does not touch the bag of skin hanging in the corner.”

“And mind,” he said, when the child was large enough to play with the little bow and arrow, “mind, that he does not harm the little skin bag that hangs in the corner. For if you allow him to touch it, great harm will come to you.”

All went well for a time; but, one day, the child was shooting the little arrows about the wigwam.

“Mind,” said his mother, “that you do not touch the little skin bag hanging in the corner.”

The child played merrily at his games, while the mother busied herself about the wigwam. But soon came the cry:

“Oh, mother! *Look!* See the little bag in the corner!”

The mother turned from her work to look at the bag; an arrow had pierced it, and oil was dripping from it to the floor.

At that very moment, far away in the forest,

the child's father fell to the ground. He knew what had happened. The little bag had been harmed. It was a magical bag, and the brave took his life from it. If all of the oil should drop out of the little bag, he would die alone in the forest. *He must try to reach home!*

So he turned towards home, but he grew weaker and weaker, and he knew that the oil was dripping, dripping, from the little bag in the corner. He went along, stumbling at every step, until at last, he came within sight of the wigwam;—and then, nearer and nearer until he reached the doorway. He drew aside the skins, and there he saw his wife trying to keep the oil from dropping out of the bag.

“Ah! You did not keep your promise to me,” he said. “Now great harm will fall upon you.”

He took the little bag and made it whole again, for he alone could do that. And then he went back into the distant forest again, leaving his wife to her fate.

Soon she heard a great noise outside. She looked and there, coming to the wigwam, drawing a sled after him, was a terrible giant! She knew at once that this was her father-in-law.

The cruel, fierce giant came into the wigwam, and seized her, and took her away on the big

sled he had brought, leaving the little child alone in the wigwam, crying.

From that time the little boy lived alone, except when his father was at home from his hunting trips. For years he lived alone until, at last, there came to dwell with him Kit-pooseagunow, the Avenger, whose work was to destroy the race of cannibal giants and sorcerers, and all the wicked people of the forest. And after that the little boy was never lonely again.

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

KITPOOSEAGUNOW THE AVENGER

ONCE upon a time there was a lonely little boy. He had no playmates; he had no mother; his father was away on long hunting trips much of the time, and so the child was alone in the wigwam.

Sometimes the little boy would play in the forest near the wigwam. One day he was playing beside an old well, and he happened to look in. What was his surprise to see, down in the well, *a little boy!* The child looked up and smiled; and after a little while he climbed up out of the well.

“What is your name?” asked the lonely little boy.

“My name is Kitpooseagunow,” answered the child, “and I am your brother. When our wicked grandfather seized our mother, and was taking her away, I was born. He threw me into the well, and I have lived there ever since.”

The two children played happily together all day; and when night was coming, Kitpooseagunow went back to his home in the well. As he was leaving his brother he said:

“Ask our father to make two bows and arrows; but do not tell him about me.”

So the boy asked his father to make the bows and arrows, as Kitpooseagunow had said.

The next day, after the father had gone hunting, the little boy went to the well.

“My brother,” he called, “will you not come out to me?” And Kitpooseagunow, from away down in the well, called back:

“My brother, I am coming.”

All that day the children played together, and at night the younger brother went back to his home in the well.

When the father returned from his hunting trip, the boy told him about the little brother in the well. “He is so shy,” he said, “that he will not stay here when you are near. But if you will gather many bright feathers, he may like them, and perhaps he will stay here with us.”

The father collected the bright feathers, and concealed himself in the wigwam. Soon Kitpooseagunow came in, thinking that no one was about but his brother.

When the boys were busy at their play, the father sprang out from his hiding-place, and seized Kitpooseagunow before he could run away. Then he held out the bright feathers, one after another, to the child, until he became so interested in the pretty colours that

he forgot his fear, and was willing to stay and live with his father and brother in the wigwam.

One day Kitpooseagunow said:

“The time is near when I must avenge the death of my mother. Help me, my brother, to gather dried bark.”

The boys gathered dried bark, and piled it up in the wigwam, until there was scarcely room to move about. Then they made large heaps of it outside.

When the father returned from his hunting, he chided the children for making the wigwam so untidy. Then, as he sat by the fire he fell asleep, for Kitpooseagunow was coming into his magical power, and had made him sleepy. As the father sat nodding by the fire, the boys lighted the bark, and went outside and fastened the door.

“The time has come for our father to die,” Kitpooseagunow said.

Soon they heard their father calling to them, and Kitpooseagunow answered:

“I have come to avenge the death of our mother. You left her to be devoured by the *Kookwes*, and now you must die.”

Then the boys set out for the lodge of their grandfather—the terrible *Kookwes*. On the way they passed a birch tree. Kitpooseagunow broke a small branch from a fir tree near by,

and struck the birch with it. The beautiful white bark was scarred with black marks; and from that day the birch tree has borne the scars of Kitpooseagunow's beating.

As they travelled on, Kitpooseagunow began to grow larger and larger, for he was coming into full possession of his magical power, and he had a great work before him.

As they came near the lodge of the Kookwes, Kitpooseagunow killed a moose; and when they reached the lodge he said:

“Grandfather, we have killed a moose for you. Let us go with the sled, and carry it home.”

Now the old giant had never seen Kitpooseagunow before; but his magical power told him that this young brave before him was none other than the babe he had thrown into the well. And he knew that here stood the Avenger: he who had come to destroy the cannibal giants and sorcerers and evil people of the forest. He knew that this brave was to be the friend and helper of Glooscap, the Great Chief, and that together they would overcome all the enemies of mankind.

So the old chief took his sled, and the three went back into the forest to the place where the dead moose was lying. They built a fire, and the giant sat before it, dressing the meat; and as he sat there, Kitpooseagunow caused

him to fall asleep. And then Kitpooseagunow burned the wicked old giant's body into ashes, and gathered the ashes, and blew them into the air; and so evil had that giant been, that from the ashes sprang poisonous insects, which flew about the earth to torment the race of men!

After this, Kitpooseagunow said:

"I have now avenged the death of our mother; and now I go out into the world to fight against all the evil spirits, and to destroy them. So I go to the lodge of the Great Chief, and he will direct my work among men."

So the brothers set out for the lodge of Glooscap. They went into a far country, and it came to pass as they journeyed, that they entered a land where there was no water. The lakes and rivers and streams—and even the springs in the forest—were dry and bare. The Indians were dying of thirst.

Kitpooseagunow and his brother entered a humble lodge, where lived an old woman with a little boy. Kitpooseagunow asked for water.

"Alas, there is no water!" the old woman said, "for *Ablegemoo*—the giant bullfrog—has taken all the water, and we are dying of thirst."

Now Kitpooseagunow knew why this had been done. *Ablegemoo* was a wicked sorcerer,

and his magical power had warned him that the Avenger was coming. So, by his magic, he gathered all the water in the country about, every drop, and held it in bark dishes in his wigwam. For he thought:

“Now the Avenger cannot pass through this country without water; so he will go away, or, if he tries to journey through, he will die of thirst.”

But Kitpooseagunow was determined to destroy this evil magician.

“Send the child to the wigwam of Ablegemoo,” he said, “and bring me water.”

The child was sent, and he returned with a little bowl of muddy water. Kitpooseagunow threw this out, and sent him again. And again the boy brought back muddy water.

“This is all they would give me,” he said.

Kitpooseagunow was about to throw this away, when the old woman said:

“Do not throw the water away, but let the child have it. He has great thirst.” So Kitpooseagunow gave the water to the child; and then he said:

“I must go to the wigwam of Ablegemoo myself, I see.”

Then Kitpooseagunow went to the lodge of Ablegemoo. When he reached it, he found that the great wigwam was filled with many women—the wives of the chief—who were try-

ing to take the skin from a great bear. He watched them a moment, and then he said:

“Let me do that for you.” The women, in surprise, left their work, and Kitpooseagunow, with one wrench, stripped the skin from the great beast.

All this time Ablegemoo was in the back part of the wigwam, selling water to the famishing Indians. He did not see Kitpooseagunow; he did not know that he was there. Kitpooseagunow quickly caught up the giant, and bent him back over his knee. The sorcerer had been seized so suddenly that he was taken off his guard, and could not call his magical power to his aid. His back was broken, and Kitpooseagunow threw him out of the wigwam dead. But from that day the race of frogs has the crumpled back that Kitpooseagunow gave them when he killed the great chief, Ablegemoo.

Now as soon as the wicked chief was dead, Kitpooseagunow opened all the great bark dishes that held the water. Instantly the water rushed out, and filled the rivers and lakes, and streams; and soon the country about needed water no longer. And never from that day was the water taken from them again; for the wicked old sorcerer Ablegemoo was dead.

Kitpooseagunow returned to the lodge of the old woman.

“Noogumee, grandmother,” he asked, “will you make me a small canoe?”

“Where are you going, my son?” the old woman asked.

“I am seeking Glooscap, the Great Chief,” said Kitpooseagunow.

While the grandmother was making the canoe, Kitpooseagunow formed a tiny bow from a small branch of a fir tree, and then he asked the old woman for a hair from her head. This hair was for the bow-string, and Kitpooseagunow knew that it would have magical power.

In the morning the brothers started out in the canoe. As they went down the river, Kitpooseagunow kept a close watch for sorcerers and magicians, who could assume any form they chose. For he knew they would be watching for him to destroy him.

Once, at a turn in the river, they saw a huge giant, standing on the bank, brandishing his spear. The giant pretended that he was looking for fish; but in reality he was defending the pass against the Avenger, who was now entering his territory.

Kitpooseagunow took the tiny bow and aimed the arrow at the monster. The magical power of the arrow was so great that it sent the giant with a great leap to the opposite shore, where he fell dead.

A little farther on they came to a weir, that

belonged to another wicked giant. Kitpoosea-gunow seized this, and destroyed it. After this he was content to go on, for he knew that through this act the whole family of these evil doers would be destroyed.

All these things happened just as Kitpoosea-gunow had planned. The Kookwes came down to the weir to see what had been trapped. And instead of the usual supply of fish, he found his weir broken and utterly destroyed. In great anger he went to his lodge, where he lived with his family—all as wicked and cruel and fierce as he was.

“Ah,” he said to his wife. “My weir is destroyed. You should have been watching it. Now I will destroy you.” And in his anger he killed first one and then another of his family, until at last he was left alone in the wigwam.

“After all,” he said, “it was *my own* weir, and I should have been watching it myself. I shall destroy myself for that.” And with that he killed himself. So this whole family of Kookwes was destroyed by the work of Kitpoosea-gunow, the Avenger.

All this time the brothers were going down the river. At last they came to a place where the water grew rough, and the way narrow, and before them rose a wall of rock. Here the river dropped suddenly into the earth. It

was the terrible Cavern of Darkness, that they were about to enter.

“I must guide the canoe now,” Kitpooseagunow said. “Be calm and have no fear, for this is a great trial of our strength.”

At that moment the canoe was drawn underneath the earth. Through the dark place they were drawn swiftly along, the foam beating in their faces and sharp rocks jutting out against them. But at last light came to them from a distance, and soon they were in quiet water where the sun was shining.

“Now we will come to the land of the Porcupines,” Kitpooseagunow said, “and their chief will try to kill us; for he is one of the wicked people I have come to destroy.”

When they reached the place they landed and entered the wigwam. An old woman of the Porcupine tribe met them with pretended kindness. Now Kitpooseagunow saw at once that this was really the wicked sorcerer whom he had come to destroy. He knew that she would try to kill him, and so he made himself strong in his magical power.

The wigwam they entered was a cave of stone; and the old woman’s plan was to build such a fire as would smother them to death. She made a roaring fire of hemlock bark. As the place grew hot and thick with smoke, the brother of Kitpooseagunow fell over dead, for

he had not the power to withstand the sorcerer. But Kitpooseagunow sat quietly until the fire had died away. Then he arose and said:

“It is now *my* turn to build a fire. Saying this, he carried his brother’s body into the open air and said:

“’Nsees, my brother,—arise.” And the brother arose, restored to life by the power of Kitpooseagunow.

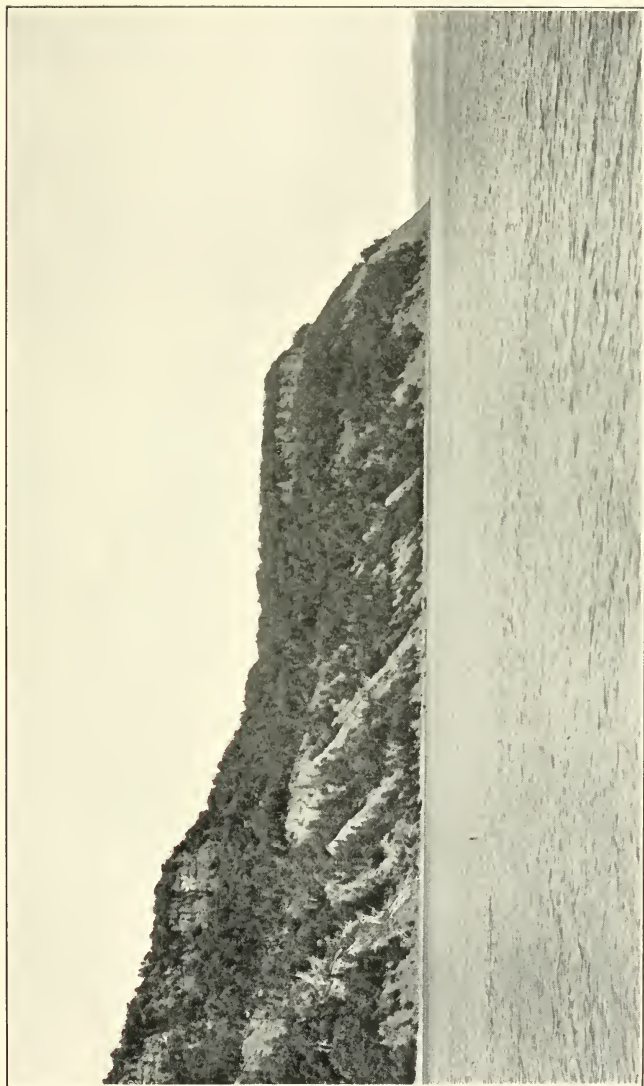
Then Kitpooseagunow gathered hemlock bark, and built a fire in the cave, and went out leaving the old woman fastened in. Soon the heat and smoke became greater than her magical power could bear, and she fell over dead.

After this, the two brothers went down the river until they came to the land of Mice.

“Here, my brother,” said Kitpooseagunow, “dwell the people of the race of Mice. They are our enemies and will try to destroy us. They will make a great feast for us; but the food they place before us will be poisoned. See that you eat none of it, only make a pretence of eating it. After the feast we will go on our way; for the time is not yet come for me to destroy them.”

Everything happened just as Kitpooseagunow had foretold.

The people of the land of Mice were wicked magicians. But they made a pretence of friendliness for the travellers, and made a



BLOMIDON, THE HOME OF GLOOSCAP

great feast for them; and the food they set before them was poisoned.

After the feast was ended, Kitpooseagunow and his brother, to their great astonishment, did not die; they continued on their journey as well as ever.

And it came to pass that the brothers entered the land of Red Squirrels. The Indians here were under the rule of Glooscap, and so they were glad to entertain the travellers, who were seeking their Great Chief. After the feast, where all had met as friends, the two brothers entered their canoe again, and set out for the home of Glooscap. They had no more enemies to conquer now, for they were near the Master.

The brothers journeyed on, and at last entered a body of water that swept far about a high point of land covered with giant trees. There were great, red cliffs leading up out of the water to the point of land far above, where Glooscap dwelt. Kitpooseagunow, pointing to the place high above them, said:

“There dwells the one I seek. There dwells the Great Chief, who will direct me in my work.”

Kitpooseagunow landed the canoe where the red bank was lowest, the two brothers climbed the steep cliff, and, at last, reached the forest above. Kitpooseagunow stood in the high

place and looked out over the world at his feet. And a great courage came into his heart.

There before him lay the world where he would fight his battles to conquer evil,—and close beside him was Glooscap, the Great Chief, from whom he would receive the power.

Kitpooseagunow turned and entered the wigwam of the Great Chief.

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

THE FOREST MAIDEN

IT was in the olden time, and two brothers went hunting in the autumn, far up a river, in the deep forest. And they built a wigwam there, and remained all winter.

In the early spring their snow shoes and their moccasins were worn and torn, and one night they wished that a woman were there to mend them.

The younger brave returned to the lodge the next day before his brother, as usual, to prepare the evening meal—when, what was his astonishment to find that *some one had been there before him!* Their garments were mended; the lodge was clean; there was a bright fire; and the kettle was boiling.

He said nothing about these wonderful things to his brother that night.

The next night he came back at the same time, and he found that some one had been there again; and that all was ready for the evening meal. Again he said nothing; but in the morning, when he started out to hunt, he went but a little way, and watched the door from a hiding-place.

Soon he saw coming toward the wigwam a beautiful, graceful maiden. She was well dressed and clean. She entered the wigwam, and the young brave drew near, and stepping softly, looked through a hole into the lodge, and watched her as she busied herself about the work of the wigwam.

Then he drew aside the blankets in the doorway, and stood before the maiden. She seemed frightened and confused.

“Have no fear,” he said. “I will not harm you.”

Soon they became friendly, and they sported together like children all day long. For they were both young.

When the sun was low, and the shadows grew long, the maiden said:

“I must go away now; I hear your brother coming, and I fear him. But I will come tomorrow.”

She ran away through the forest, and the elder brother entered the wigwam. Still he knew nothing about the maiden.

The next day the maiden came again, and once more the two played in the sunshine and shadow until evening. But before she went, the young brave tried to persuade her to stay always; and she, as though in doubt said:

“Tell your brother all, and it may be that I will stay and serve you both, for I can make

the snow-shoes and the moccasins, which you need so much, and I can also build canoes.”

Then she ran away, and when the elder brother came home, the young brave told him all that had happened.

The elder brother said:

“Truly, I should be glad to have some one here to take care of the wigwam for us.”

In the morning the beautiful maiden returned as she had promised. When she heard that the brother would consent to her coming to stay with them she was very glad, and ran off again as if in great haste.

At noon she returned, drawing a sled piled up with garments and arms,—for she was a hunter; and indeed, she could do all things, as few women could, whether it were cooking, or sewing, or making all that men need.

So the spring passed pleasantly, until the snow was gone; and then it was time for the hunters to return home. Until the maiden came, they had had but little luck in their hunting; but after that everything was changed, and now they had a great supply of furs.

One day they started in their canoes down the river toward home. But as they drew near to it, the maiden became sad. As they came to a point of land, she started and said:

“Here I must leave you. I can go no further. Say nothing of me to your parents,

for your father would have but little love for me.”

The young man tried to persuade her to go with them but she only answered sorrowfully:

“No, it cannot be.”

So they went home without her.

Now the elder brother was so proud of their great luck in hunting that he must tell all that had befallen them, and about the young maiden who had come to be their housekeeper.

Then the father became very angry, and said:

“All my life I have feared this. This woman, I may tell you, is a devil of the woods, a witch of the *Mitche-hant*, a sister of the *Oonahgamess*, the goblins, and of the *Ke'tahks*, the ghosts.”

He spoke so earnestly and so long of this thing that they were afraid, and the elder, urged on by his father, went forth to slay the maiden. *And the younger brother followed him afar off.*

They sought her by a stream, and found her bathing. When she saw them coming, she ran up a little hill. And, as she ran, the elder brother shot an arrow after her. It struck her back, and they saw that there was a strange flurry about her, and a scattering, as of feathers; and then they saw a little grey bird arise from the ground and fly away.

Then the brothers returned to the lodge and told their father all that had happened.

“You did well,” he said. “I know all about those female devils, who seek to destroy men. Truly this was a she *Mikumwess*, a witch.”

The younger brother could not forget his companion of the woods, and he longed to see her again. And one day, filled with this longing, he went by himself into the woods, *and there he found her!*—And she was as kind to him as before.

“Truly, it was not by my wish,” he said, “that my brother shot the arrow at you.”

“Truly, I know that,” she answered; “and that it was all the doing of your father. Yet I do not blame him, for this is an affair of the days of old. And even yet it is not at an end, for the greatest is to come. *But let the day be only a day unto itself. The things of to-morrow are for to-morrow, and the things of yesterday are departed!*”

So they forgot their troubles, and played together merrily like children all day long, in the woods and in the open places, and told stories of olden times until sunset. And as the crow went to his tree, the young brave said:

“Now I must return to my people.”

And she replied:

“Whenever you wish to see me, come to the forest. And remember what I have told you.

Do not marry any one; for your father wishes you to do so, and he will speak of it, and that very soon. Yet it is for your sake only that I say this. You must not forget."

Then she told him, word for word, all that his father had said about her; and yet the young brave was not astonished, for he knew *now* that she was not as other women. But he did not care, and he grew brave and bold; and when she told him that if he should marry another, he would surely die, it was as nothing to him.

Then he left her there in the forest, and returned to his own people; and the first words his father said to him were these:

"My son, I have found a wife for you, and the wedding must be at once."

"It is well," he said. "Let it be so."

Then for four days they held the wedding dance, and for four days they feasted, but on the last day the young brave said:

"*This is the end of it all!*" And he lay down on a white bear skin, and then a great sickness came upon him, and when they brought the bride to him, they found that he was dead.

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

ANIMAL STORIES

HOW ABLEEGUMOOCH WAS PUNISHED FOR HIS LAZINESS

IN the forest Ableegumooch, the Rabbit, lived with his old grandmother. It was his work to provide food for the household, but he found this no easy matter, especially in the winter, when the ground was covered with snow and ice.

One day, Ableegumooch was running through the forest in search of food, when suddenly he came upon a wigwam, standing all alone. He went in, and found that it was the lodge of Keoonik, the Otter. This wigwam was on the bank of a river, and from the door a smooth road of ice extended down to the water.

With Keoonik, the Otter, lived an old woman, his housekeeper. As soon as Ableegumooch entered, Keoonik asked him to dine with them. Then he turned to the old woman and said:

“*Noogumee*, prepare the meal.”

Keoonik then took up the hooks upon which he hung his fish when he caught them, and went to catch some for dinner. He sat down on the icy bank and slid straight down into the water. Ableegumooch watched him.

“What is he going to do?” he thought.

Soon Keonik returned with a great string of eels, which the old woman promptly prepared for dinner.

“My sakes!” thought Ableegumoch, “If *that* isn’t an easy way of getting a living! Why cannot I do that as well as Keonik? Of course I can. Why not?”

And before he left the lodge he had invited Keonik to be his guest at dinner on the third day after that day. Then he hurried home.

“Come!” he said to his grandmother, “we are going to move our wigwam down to the lake.” He found a place just like that of his friend, Keonik, and he soon moved his wigwam to it, although the grandmother did not wish to go. Then Ableegumooch built his ice-road, just like the Otter’s. The weather was freezing cold, and all he had to do was to pour water down the bank, where it soon froze—and *there was his road* all ready to slide upon when he should go fishing, like Keonik!

The next day his guest, Keonik, came. When it was dinner time, Ableegumooch said to his grandmother:

“*Noogumee*, prepare the meal.”

“But,” said the old lady, “there is nothing to prepare.”

“Oh, *I* will see to that,” said Ableegumooch.

He arranged a hook to string his eels upon, and took his seat at the top of the slide. But when he tried to slide, he found it was not so easy as he thought. He hitched, and he caught, and he bumped along, until at last he *plunged into the water*. The water was cold, and took away his breath. He struggled and gasped and was nearly drowned, for he could not swim.

“What on earth is the matter with him?” Keoonik asked the old grandmother, who was looking on in amazement.

“Oh, I suppose he has seen some one else do that, and he thinks he can do it too,” answered the grandmother.

“*Come out! Come out of that,*” called Keoonik, “and give me your stick.” Shivering with cold, and almost drowned, poor Ableegumooch came crawling out of the water, and limped to the lodge, where his grandmother gave him a hot drink to stop his chills.

In the meantime Keoonik, the Otter, plunged into the water and very soon came up with a string of eels. But he was so disgusted at the actions of Ableegumooch, who was so silly as to try to do something he knew nothing about, that he would eat no dinner, and went away home—which of course was a great insult.

And Ableegumooch vowed that sometime he would get even with the Otter.

One day, after Ableegumooch had recovered from his cold plunge in the water, he was running about in the forest, when he came upon a wigwam filled with young women who wore beautiful head-dresses. This happened to be a party of *Antawaas*, who were yellow woodpeckers. Ableegumooch entered the hut, and the young women politely invited him to sit down and stay to dinner. Then one of the young women took a small dish, and went up the side of an old beech tree, and quickly dug out a plentiful supply of food. This was soon boiled and ready for dinner.

"Ah," thought Ableegumooch, "*how easily some people get a living!* What is to hinder *me* from getting *mine* in the same fashion. Come over and dine with me the day after tomorrow," he said to the young women.

At the time set, the young ladies arrived, and Ableegumooch turned to his grandmother and said importantly:

"*Noogumee!* Prepare the meal."

"But, my child, there is nothing to prepare!" she said.

"You make ready the fire, and *I* will attend to the rest," replied Ableegumooch, more proudly than ever.

So he took the hard iron of an eel spear, and fastened it upon his head to make it like the head of the woodpecker girls. Then he climbed

up an old tree and began knocking his head against it, trying to peck as the woodpecker girl had done. Soon his head was bruised, and torn, and bleeding. The pretty Antawaas looked on and laughed at him.

“Pray, what is he trying to do up there?” one whispered to the old grandmother.

“Oh, dear! I suppose he has seen someone else do that, and he thinks he can do it too,” answered the old grandmother, shaking her head.

“Oh, come down!” one Antawaas called to Ableegumooch, “and give me your dish.” Ableegumooch came down and the Antawaas climbed up the tree and soon had the dish full of dainty food, which the grandmother boiled. And they all had dinner.

But Ableegumooch could never seem to learn wisdom by experience. One day, not long after his adventure in the beech tree, he happened to be in the wigwam of his neighbour, the Bear, and he noticed how easily the bear, who was a magician, could get the meat for his dinner. The great kettle was placed over the fire, and the Bear took a sharp knife and quickly cut off a small piece from the sole of his foot, and put it into the kettle to boil. Soon the whole kettle was full of meat, and they had a great meal. Ableegumooch thought it was the best meal he had ever eaten.

"*It is wonderful,*" thought he, "*how easily some people can get a living! Why can I not do as the bear does? Why I can, of course! Come over and dine with me, to-morrow,*" he said to the Bear.

The next day, at the appointed time, the Bear came.

"*Noogumee*, prepare the meal," said Ableegumooch, even more proudly than ever before.

"But," said the old lady, "there is nothing to prepare."

"Put over the kettle to boil, and *I* will attend to the rest," said Ableegumooch, throwing out his chest importantly. He took a small stone knife, and began to cut his foot, as he had seen the Bear do. But *alas for his poor little lean toes!* Bits of skin and fur were all he could cut from them. He hacked and hacked at one foot and then at another, but *all in vain*. He could not get any meat to start the dinner, for he did not have cushions like the Bear.

The Bear looked on in astonishment, and said to the grandmother:

"What on earth is the fellow trying to do?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, *dear!*" sighed the grandmother, shaking her head, "I suppose he has seen someone else do that and he thinks that he can do it too."

"Come!" said the bear, "give me your knife, and let us see what *I* can do." So he took the

knife and quickly sliced off a cushion from his foot and tossed it into the kettle, where by the aid of his magic, it soon became a great piece of bear's meat,—and then they all had dinner.

But poor little Ableegumooch was so sore and lame that it was a long time before he could get about again at all.

HOW ABLEEGUMOOCH RETALIATED UPON THE OTTER

WHEN Keoonik, the Otter, would not dine with Ableegumooch and his grandmother, but went away hungry, Ableegumooch vowed that he would punish him well for his rudeness. In order to do this, he must have magical power. So as time passed, Ableegumooch *willed* to have magical power and, at last, the day came when he acquired the magical power he had been trying to gain.

He went to the wigwam of Keoonik, and found that both the Otter and his grandmother were away. But near the door was a string of eels, evidently just placed there by the Otter.

Ableegumooch caught up the string of eels and started off with them.

Very soon Keoonik returned, to find his string of eels gone, and to see many tracks of a rabbit about the wigwam door. As the Otter followed the tracks he could see the marks in the sand made by the eels whenever they touched the ground. Following the tracks, the Otter soon came within sight of the rabbit with the

stolen string of eels. Keoonik ran along, and gained upon Ableegumooch, and would have overtaken him; but happening to turn his head an instant—in that instant the rabbit *disappeared*. All Keoonik could see was a small, deserted looking wigwam. Into the wigwam he went, and there he saw an old woman with sore eyes, shivering over a few coals. Keoonik noticed what *long, pointed ears she had!*

“Did you see a rabbit happening along this way?” asked the Otter. “He was trailing a string of eels after him.”

“Rabbit? Rabbit?” the old woman replied. “What kind of an animal is that?”

“Why,” said the Otter, “a little, white, jumping creature, with long, pointed ears.”

“No, I saw no such animal. But I am so glad that you have come, my son; for I am very poor and cold. Do please, gather a little wood for me.”

Keoonik went out to gather wood. When he returned to the place—*there was no wigwam—there was no old woman—nothing but rabbit tracks in the sand!*”

Then the Otter knew that Ableegumooch had played a trick upon him, and he darted off after the enemy with more fury and speed than ever.

Soon he came upon an Indian village, where preparations were going on for a great festival. He saw the Chief dressed all in white,

walking about with a singular jumping gait. Keoonik noticed that the Chief, too, had *long pointed ears*. The Otter walked up to him.

“Did you see a rabbit running along this way?” the Otter asked. “He was carrying a string of eels. I tracked him to this village.”

“Rabbit? Rabbit?” the Chief asked in a puzzled way. “What kind of a thing is that?”

“Oh,” Keoonik answered, “a small white creature, with long ears and long legs and a short tail.”

“No, I have seen no such creature,” the Indian Chief answered. “But stay and feast with us.”

So Keoonik stayed, and in the midst of the feasting and gaiety—*suddenly*—someone struck him on the head, from behind, and Keoonik fell over unconscious! When he opened his eyes—there was no feast before him;—there were no Indians—all was quiet. There was no Indian village—all Keoonik could see was the tracks of a rabbit in the sand.

Then Keoonik knew that he had been outwitted a second time by Ableegumooch, and in his anger, he vowed that he would kill the first Indian he met.

Away he went, determined not to be cheated again. Soon he had gained upon the rabbit, whom he saw enter a swamp and then disappear from his sight. Keoonik ran along, entered the

swamp after the rabbit,—and came to a lake. There in the centre of the lake was a great canoe, full of Indian warriors, pointing their arrows at him.

Keoonik was sorry, now, that he had vowed to kill the first Indian he saw; because an Indian could not break his vow, after it had once been made. So he plunged into the water and swam toward the canoe.

The Indians shot their arrows at him, and, stinging with pain, he was forced to turn back to the shore. Then he decided that he would not pursue Ableegumooch any longer. So he went back through the forest to his own wigwam.

As soon as Keoonik had returned to the forest, the canoe with its warriors and chief disappeared, and Ableegumooch scampered off into the woods with the string of eels for his grandmother to cook for dinner. And while he was enjoying them, Ableegumooch decided that he had retaliated upon the otter.

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

HOW THE BADGER MADE MRS. BEAR BLIND

OLD Mrs. Bear, so they say, was an easy-going body who thought well of everyone. Her wigwam was all by itself, and her next-door neighbour was so far off that he was *not her neighbour at all*, but was the neighbour of someone else! So Mrs. Bear asked an old woman to live with her for company.

One cold night in winter the two old women made up a good fire, and lay down and went to sleep—Indian-fashion—with their backs to the fire. Mrs. Bear's feet were near the old lady's head, and the old lady's feet were near Mrs. Bear's head.

Now when they were *sound asleep*, the Badger came prowling around. He looked in at the door of the wigwam and saw the old women asleep, *heads and points*. At once he saw a chance for a rare bit of mischief; so he went into the woods and cut a fine long sapping pole, and poked one end of it into the fire until it was a burning coal. Then he touched the soles of Mrs. Bear's feet with it. Mrs. Bear waked and cried out to her companion:

“Look out, you are burning me!”

The old woman then became angry. She had been sound asleep.

“I have not *touched* you!” she said.

The Badger waited until the old women were asleep once more, and then he touched the foot of the other old woman with the hot coal. First she dreamed that she was walking on hot sand, and over roasting rocks in the summer time; and then she dreamed that the Mohawks were cooking her at a death fire. Then she awoke, and seeing where she was, she began to scold Mrs. Bear for burning her; and very soon they were having a merry time of it with their quarrelling.

Now the Badger, seeing the old women scolding and fighting, began to laugh; and he thought it *so* funny that he laughed harder and harder, until at last, he split his sides open, and fell down dead then and there!

In the morning, there lay the dead Badger before the door. The old women skinned him, and dressed him for their breakfast, and stretched his skin to dry on a bush outside. Then they hung the kettle; the water was soon boiling, and they dropped the Badger in. But as soon as the Badger began to scald, he came to life. In a moment more he was *as alive as ever!* With a *great leap*, he jumped out of the kettle; he rushed out of the lodge; he snatched

his skin from the bush; and in ten seconds more he was safe in the green wood, with his skin on as good and tight as ever!

Now you may think that the Badger had to be so quick about saving himself from the fire that he had no time to do any more mischief. But there you are mistaken! For, even while he jumped, his skill in wickedness did not forsake him. He had just time enough to kick the edge of the kettle with his hind foot, and the kettle was overturned. All the scalding water went into the fire, and threw up the hot ashes with a great splatter,—*and straight into the face of old Mrs. Bear they went, and put out both her eyes!*

That was a sad plight for Mrs. Bear, but she got her eyes back again another day.

THE BADGER AND THE BIRDS

THE Badger lived with his small brother near a forest. When winter came, the two brothers went off together into the woods to hunt. Going on and on, at last they came to a large, beautiful lake. The water was *all covered* with water-fowl. There were wild geese, and brant, and black ducks, and wood-ducks, and all the smaller kinds of birds, down to teal and whistlers.

They were delighted to see so much game; but the little brother called out to the Badger, "How shall we manage to catch them?"

"I will show you how," the Badger replied. "We must first build a large wigwam. It must be very strong, with a heavy, solid door."

The wigwam was soon made. Then the Badger said:

"Go out to the point of land that reaches far into the lake, and cry to all the birds, and tell them that I am their chief, and that I wish to hold council with them."

The brother did just as the Badger had told him, and soon vast numbers of birds flocked about the wigwam.

The Badger, dressing himself like a chief, sat opposite the door of the wigwam, with his eyes closed as if in great state. Then the boy shouted:

“You may enter, and hear what the great chief has to say.”

The birds flew in, and took their seats about their chief in the order of their size. The wild geese came nearest the Badger, and sat down. Then the ducks, and so on to the smallest, who sat nearest the door. Last of all the boy entered, and sat down by the door, and closed it, and held it fast. So all the little birds sat nearest him. Then he said:

“All must close your eyes, and keep them closed *for your very lives*, until you are told to open them. For unless you do this *first*, your eyes will be blinded when you behold those of the great chief.” So all the birds, great and small, sat in silence with their eyes tightly closed.

Then the sorcerer, the Badger, stepping about softly, took the birds one by one, and grasped each *tight* by the wings, and before the bird knew what was happening, his neck had been broken by the Badger’s sharp teeth. Without any noise, or the least fluttering, he killed in this way all the wild geese, the brant, and the wild ducks.

Then the brother began to have pity for the

little birds that sat near him. He thought it was a shame to kill so many, when they had already more birds than they could ever eat. So he stooped down and whispered to a very little bird:

“Open your eyes.”

The little bird opened one eye very cautiously, fearing he might be blinded. Imagine his horror when he saw what the wicked Badger was doing!

“*We are all being killed! We are all being killed!*” he screamed.

Then all the birds opened their eyes; and when they saw what was happening, they began to fly about in the greatest confusion, screaming with terror.

The little brother dropped down, making believe he had been knocked over in the confusion, so that the door sprang open wide, and the birds flew over him and began to escape. The Badger, in his rage, seized as many as he could and killed them. While the little brother, so that the Badger would not suspect he had purposely opened the door, grasped the last little bird by the legs, and held him fast.

But he could not deceive the wily old Badger, who knew very well what had happened. He gave the little brother a good shaking for his treachery; and then he forgave him, for he saw that they had all the birds they could use.

The Badger and his brother now had a good winter's supply of birds; and when they had plucked and dressed them all, they invited in all their neighbours and gave them a great feast.

THE BADGER AND THE STAR WIVES

LONG ago two Star Wives—the Weasel girls—found themselves at the top of a giant pine tree unable to climb down. They wished then that they had followed the directions their Star Husbands had given them.

“Oh, see, my younger sister, what trouble you have brought upon us by your haste! If you had only been content to wait until we heard the red squirrel sing—and even then to wait until we heard the striped squirrel sing, you would have saved us from this danger,” the older sister said.

“Oh, well, someone will be passing soon and will help us down,” the younger sister answered. She did not dream that they would have any difficulty in getting down from the tall pine tree.

They called to one after another of the Indians who passed by—the Moose, the Bear and the Marten; but no one paid the least attention to their cries. At last the Badger happened that way; and when the Weasels called to him, he stopped, thinking there might be an opportunity for some sport.

One thing he did not know, however, and that was that the Weasels had gained wisdom by experience, and were not above playing a trick of their own.

Now the Weasel girls had promised to marry anyone who would rescue them, but they had no intention of doing this. So they planned to deceive the merry Badger. The elder sister took off her hair-string, and tied it in a great many knots among the twigs of the tree, tangling it until it would seem a week's work to unwind it.

When the Badger had very politely climbed the tree, and had taken the younger Weasel girl down, he came back for the elder sister. When she was safely on the ground, she said:

“I thank you, and now will you be kind enough to go up the tree again, and get my hair-string which is caught in the branches? I prize it very much, and it would break my heart if it were lost or broken; so you must untie it very carefully, and while you are gone my sister and I will build a beautiful wigwam, and we will furnish it as you *never saw a wigwam furnished before.*”

This the Badger soon found to be true. He went up the tree after the hair-string, and the Weasels set to work to make their wigwam. Now the Weasel girls happened to be friends of many strange creatures: the Thorns, the

Burrs, the Briers, and the Hornets—and all other kinds of Insects with wings and stings, and they knew all the sharp-edged Flints of the country, too.

So, when the bower was built, it had in it for furniture:—a hornet's nest for a bed, thorns for a carpet, sharp flints for a floor, and an ant's nest for a seat.

Now it took the Badger until dark to untie the hair-string, work as hard as he could. And he was so tired and hungry that the thought of the warm wigwam pleased him. But he had no sooner entered than the thorns pierced his face, and the flints cut his feet, so that he howled with pain. Then he heard a voice which seemed to be that of the younger Weasel, crying:

“Go to my sister over there.” When he tried to go, he stepped into an ant hill, and the stinging *they* gave him was worse than the scratches of the Briers. Then near him he heard another voice, which he thought was the older Weasel, saying:

“Go to my sister over there.” When he tried to plunge through the darkness, not knowing where he was going, he fell upon the hornets' nest—and *this* was the worst of all.

The Badger now saw that the Weasels were not in the wigwam at all, but were outside, plying their magic. He knew that he had been treated as he loved to treat other people. This

made him all the more furious; he who had the very worst temper of all beasts and men was never so angry before! He saw the tracks of the Weasels, and he pursued them as they fled through the thick forest in the dark night.

The Weasel girls ran all night with the Badger after them; and in the morning they came to a broad river which they could not cross. But on the edge of the water stood a great Crane.

"Oh, Uncle," they begged, hastening to him; "we are running away from an enemy. *Please do take us over at once!*"

But the Crane was a vain old fellow, and coveted praise for his good looks.

"I never work without pay," he said. "You must at least acknowledge that I have a fine form and a beautiful robe. Surely I have straight, smooth feathers."

"Indeed, indeed!" they answered, "that is true enough! Our uncle has *beautiful* straight feathers."

"Confess also that I have a beautiful, long straight neck," the old Crane said.

"Oh," answered the Weasels, "our Uncle has a marvellously long and straight neck."

"Acknowledge that my legs are beautifully straight," the Crane now demanded.

"True, indeed," they answered. "Our Uncle has wonderfully long and straight legs."

The old Crane's vanity and conceit were satisfied by this time, and he stretched out his neck until it reached the bank on the other side of the river. Then the two Weasel girls scampered over the bridge—and away into safety!

The Weasel girls had no sooner reached the other bank, then the Badger dashed down to the shore in pursuit.

“Ho! Take me across the river, and hurry about it!” he commanded the Crane.

Now the Crane had been so pleased and had been made so proud by the soft words of the Weasels that he was in no mind to be spoken to rudely.

“I will take you across,” he said to the Badger,” “if you will bear witness to my beauty. Are not my legs straight?”

“Yes,” said the Badger, “they *are* straight and *beautifully painted*.”

Now the Crane did not like the colour of his legs, so he was not very much pleased with the Badger's remark.

“And are not my feathers very smooth and fine?” he next demanded.

“Yes, smooth and fine—*What a pity though* they are so mildewed and dusty!

“And what about my straight neck?”

“Yes, your neck is *wonderfully* straight, as straight as *this!*” said the Badger; and pick-

ing up a crooked stick he bent it and crumpled it from end to end.

Of course the Crane understood all this ill-temper and insincerity, but he did not say a word. He meekly stretched his neck until his head touched the opposite bank, and the Badger sprang upon this bridge the Crane had made. But when he was out in the stream, where it was deepest and most dangerous, the Crane shook himself, and in a moment the Badger was whirling round and round in the water like a chip of wood. In a moment more he was dashed against a rock, and then he was thrown high and dry upon the shore, quite dead except for his magical backbone, which only waited to be spoken to, when it would have the power to call its body to life again.

HOW THE CULLOO PUNISHED THE BADGER

AFTER the ferryman, the Crane, had punished the Badger for his rudeness, the Badger's body lay helpless upon the rocks until two little boys of the Culloo family happened along.

“Halloa!” they cried. “What is this?”

As soon as they spoke, the magical backbone gave new life to the body, and up jumped the Badger alive and well again, and as bent upon mischief as ever.

The Badger now pretended that he belonged to the Culloo tribe, too, and was very friendly. He induced the two boys to teach him a lullaby, and asked to try their bows. As if by accident he broke the bows in small pieces, and then he directed the boys to the other side of the river by a round-about way to find their play-fellows for whom they were searching.

After the Culloo boys were safely away, the Badger went to their home, where he found no one but their mother. He told *her* that he was a Culloo, but she did not believe him; and even when he sang a Culloo lullaby,

*“A seal skin strap,
A shoulder strap,”*

she would not be imposed upon. The Badger, seeing this, suddenly seized her and bound her. Then after he had eaten as much venison as he could, he started out upon his journey in search of the Weasel girls.

Soon afterward the little Culloo boys reached home, and there they found their mother bound and helpless.

“Who has done this wicked deed?” they cried.

“A Badger was here, and he tried to make me believe that he belonged to our tribe. He even sang one of our lullabys to me; and when I would not believe him, he seized me and bound me.”

“Why, he is the very person who met us, and said that he was a Culloo,” they cried. “He learned that song from us, and then he broke our bows, and sent us away around to the other side of the river.”

While they were talking, they had untied the mother.

“Now we will pursue that Badger and avenge his insults,” they said.

They followed after the Badger, and being of the bird tribe, they could travel much faster than he could, and soon overtook him. But all

they could do was to snatch his mittens, when the Badger slipped away under cover. Then the boys returned to their wigwam, and soon an uncle, Kakakooch, the Crow, arrived. He hurried after the Badger, and succeeded in snatching his cap.

“Thank you!” said the Badger. “You have done me a *great* favour. I have been getting quite warm, and now I feel much better.”

Soon after, another relative, Kitpoo, the eagle, arrived. He too started in pursuit, and managed to get the Badger’s coat.

“Oh, thank you! Thank you!” called back the Badger. “I was just wishing that my brother were here to take my coat off for me.”

Then came the giant Culloo, and he vowed that he would punish the Badger well for all his mischief. He caught him by his back, and carried him up to the top of a high cliff, up to the very top of the sky itself, and set him down.

The Badger could look down upon his native land, and it was so far away that it looked smooth and green like a wigwam newly carpeted with fir boughs. The Badger did not feel easy in his mind, by any means, but he always turned everything into sport. So he began to sing,

*“Our country now lost,
Seems clearly to us,
As though it were all spread with boughs.*

Hei, ho, he hum!
Hei, ho, he, hum!
Our country, now lost,
Seems now to us,
To be blue, like the clear, blue sky."

Now the Badger might sing and make sport if he pleased. The Culloo had not brought him there for fun, but to give him a dreadful punishment for his mischief and his sins. So the giant Culloo seized him and threw him over the edge of the cliff, that he might be dashed to pieces upon the rocks below.

Down headlong fell the Badger at a terrible rate, but even then his merriment did not fail him. His enemy, the Culloo, was closely pursuing him. The Badger heard him coming, swishing his wings.

"*Hurrah for a race!*" called out the Badger, making a noise to imitate the swish of the Culloo's great wings.

But as the Badger came nearer to the earth he grew sober. He was falling so fast, he knew that he would soon be dashed to pieces against the rocks.

"*Oh, spare my poor backbone!*" he shouted—and he said it *just in time*, for in another instant he was dashed into fragments against the rocks! Now the backbone of the Badger had been enchanted into safety by the magical cry,

and so this lay unhurt upon the rocks. But it had no power of itself to put the body together again, until someone had spoken to it.

It happened that the Badger fell in his own neighbourhood, and soon his brother came along to where the backbone lay. The younger brother at once recognised the backbone, and said:

“Pray, what is all this about? *What in life are you doing here?*” At this the backbone began to speak, but instead of answering these questions of the brother, it called to the different parts of its body:

“*Nooloogoon, ba! Ho!* My leg, come hither!” And when the legs had done so, he called again:

“*Npetun ogum ba ho!*—My arm, ho! Come hither!”

At last every part of the body had come together, and there the mischievous Badger stood, the veritable Badger that had been dashed to pieces by his fall from the sky.

THE BADGER AND THE ROCK MAGICIAN

WHEN the Badger had been rescued by his brother, after the Culloo's punishment, the two walked along until they came to the top of a high mountain. Great rocks were lying all about. There was one rock so near the edge of the slope that it suggested an opportunity for sport to the Badger. He turned it over with a pole, and away it went rolling down the mountain. The two brothers ran after it, challenging it to a race. By the time the rock had come to the foot of the mountain, the Badger and his brother had gained upon it; and soon they passed it and left it far behind.

The Badger and his brother went on until they reached a good resting place, and there they prepared to spend the night. They built a fire and killed a musk-rat and began to cook it for their evening meal. While it was cooking, they heard a great noise that seemed to come from the direction of the rock which they had challenged to a race. They looked, and what should they see, *but the rock racing after*

them! Now, the rock was really *a magician in disguise*. He had been resting after his race down the mountain, and now he was challenging the Badger and his brother to go on.

The Badger and his brother fled—but in vain! They could not keep in front of the rock. On it came toward them, tearing down trees, and clearing a road for itself. They ran to a hill, but the hill could not help them; for up after them came the rock, and the Badger had time only to utter his magic words, “*Noogoon ooskoodeskuck! Spare my backbone!*” when the rock struck him, and rolled over him and ground him to powder.

The younger brother had managed to slip out of the way, and so was uninjured. When all was still, he returned to the place where his brother had been killed. There lay the backbone uninjured!

“What are you lying there for?” he asked of it.

Without pausing to answer the brother’s question, the backbone began calling the different parts of his body together.

“What, ho! My arms, come hither! Ho! My legs, my body! Come hither!” And soon the Badger was as alive as ever. He stood up and looked around in amazement.

“What have I been doing here?” he asked his brother.

“Why, don’t you remember? The great stone over there pursued you and destroyed you,” the brother replied.

“Oh, did he?” said the Badger. “Then I will destroy him.”

So the Badger and his brother attacked the rock. They worked over it with fire and hammer; and after many days it was reduced to powder. They blew the powder into the air, and *instantly* it was transformed into black flies, all retaining the hatred and spite of the old rock. They attacked men and bit them most viciously, in retaliation for having been conquered by them.

HOW THE BADGER MADE THE MAGICAL FIRE

ONE cold day in winter, the Badger—who was also a Wolverine, or a Raccoon, just as he pleased—set out upon a journey. That night he spent in the lodge of the Chief of the Wolves. When the Badger was about to start upon his journey again, the Wolf Chief said to him,

“Uncle, you have still three more days to travel, in a land where there is neither wigwam nor fire; and it will be poor camping without a fire. Now, I have a great charm by which I can give you three fires, but no more. Yet these will do, one for each night, until you reach your journey’s end. Gather small sticks and place them together, as boys do when they make wigwams for sport. Then jump over them again and again until a blaze springs up through the sticks.”

As the Badger travelled on through the snow, he could not help thinking about his secret of the fire, which no one but the wolves and himself knew. He wondered whether it were really

true, for he trusted no one, being so deceitful himself.

At last, he was so curious to try the charm that, although he had made but a half-hour's journey, he could wait no longer. So he gathered his sticks together and arranged them as the Wolf Chief had directed. Then he jumped over them; and lo! At once his sticks were blazing with fire.

The Badger stopped to warm himself by the fire, and then went on his way again. Very soon he began to feel cold, and he thought how pleasant it would be to have a warm fire. So he placed sticks together again, and jumped over them; and as before there arose a blaze. The Badger was pleased. But *this* was his second fire, and he had still three cold nights before he would reach the end of his journey.

He went on a little further, and although it was only afternoon, he began to think about his third fire.

"Now, who knows," he thought, "but the weather may take a turn to a thaw, and give us a warm night? The clouds look as though the wind would soon be southwesterly. Have I not heard my grandmother say that such a red colour meant something of the sort? Anyhow, I will take a chance, for I need a fire."

The Badger again arranged the sticks and jumped over them, and soon was enjoying a fine



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Badger making magical fire as the wolf had directed

blaze. This was his *last* fire, and it was not yet the first night.

Now, when after nightfall the Badger came to his first camping place, it grew cold in earnest. Thinking that what was good once ought to be good again, he gathered more sticks and arranged them just as he had done the others. He began to jump over them; but there was no fire. He kept on jumping, and when he had jumped twenty or thirty times, there arose a little smoke. He jumped and jumped; but try as hard as he might, he could make no blaze appear.

Still the Badger kept on jumping, and he *vowed* that he would jump until he had made a blaze or he would burst! So he kept on fast and furious, but not even one spark could he raise. At last the Badger was so tired that he fell down in the snow, and he was soon frozen to death.

But the Badger must have come to life again, somehow, for we still have the spirit of Evil with us.

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

FAIRY TALES

THE SILLY SON

THERE was once a king, who owned a large farm. On this farm a man lived and paid rent to the king. This man had but one child, a son, whom every one thought half-witted, because he was always doing silly, stupid things.

After a while the father died; but, as he had left a little money, the mother was able to pay the rent for a time. At last there came a day when there was no money, and very soon the rent must be paid to the king. The mother said to her son:

“The king will call in a day or two for his money and we have none for him. *What shall we do?*”

“I am sure I don’t know,” said the boy.

So the mother chose one of their finest cows, and sent the boy to market to sell it. Jack started off with the cow, and as he passed a house standing near the road, a man on the steps called out to him:

“Where are you going with that cow?”

“I am driving her to market to sell her,” said Jack.

“Come in and rest yourself,” said the man, pleasantly; and Jack was so tired that he went in and sat down.

“I want you to give me that cow,” said the man.

“I can’t do it,” said Jack, “but I shall be glad to sell her to you, for we are in need of money.”

“Oh, I will not buy the cow,” the stranger answered, “but I would like you to give her to me.” This Jack stoutly refused to do.

Then the man asked:

“Are you hungry? Will you not have something to eat?”

Jack was *always* hungry; so he said he would be *very glad* to have something to eat.

The man set before him a small dish, and on the dish was a tiny piece of food. Jack looked at the food, and at last tasted it. He found it very good, and began to eat it. He ate and ate, until he cared for no more. Still the food on the tiny dish had grown no less. Then Jack tried to stop eating, and found he could not do that. He had to eat whether he would or not. At last he became *frightened*, and called out to the man:

“*Take away your food; I can’t stop eating it!*”

“Give me your cow and I will,” the stranger answered.

“I will do nothing of the kind,” said Jack.
“*Take away your food!*”

“Then eat away until you have enough,” said the man; and eat poor Jack did until he began to think that he would die. He ate until he could scarcely breathe, and then he cried out:

“*Only* take away your food, and I will give you the cow.” So the man took the cow, and in return gave Jack the tiny dish of food to take away with him.

Jack went home with the magical food in his pocket;—but he had lost his cow. As soon as his mother saw him coming, she called out:

“How much did you get for the cow, Jack?”

“Oh, mother, I have been robbed of the cow!” and then he told her about the stranger.

“You stupid boy, you are a *thousand fools!*” she cried, and took up the fire shovel to strike him.

Jack dodged her, and taking a bit of the food from his pocket, he managed to put it into her mouth as she went by him. She stopped, *charmed* by the wonderful taste.

“What is that delicious taste?” she cried. Jack gave her the dish, and she began eating greedily, while he looked on. Soon she had taken *enough*, and then *too much!*

“Take away the platter, Jack,” she said, “for I cannot stop eating.”

“Will you beat me, then?” he asked.

“Yes, I will, and *beat you soundly* when I have a chance!” she cried, all the more angry now she saw that Jack had caught her in a trap.

“Very well, then, eat away,” said Jack.

There was nothing for her to do but to eat away as fast as she could, until she could bear it no longer. Then she cried out:

“Jack, if you will *only* take this food away, I promise you I will not beat you.” So Jack took away the food.

The next morning Jack was sent off to market with another cow. As he passed the house where he had stopped the day before, he found the same man waiting for him on the doorstep. *This time* Jack was not to be caught.

“Be off with you, you evil spirit,” he cried. “You robbed me yesterday; you will not do it again to-day.”

The man took off his belt, and threw it down in the middle of the road. Instantly the belt sprang up around both Jack and the cow. It bound the cow’s legs fast to her body, and bound poor Jack to the side of the cow. There in the road they lay, unable to stir.

“*Untie me!*” cried Jack, struggling to break the belt.

“Give me your cow and I will,” said the stranger.

“I will do no such thing,” said Jack.

“Then lie there until you do,” said the man.

The belt began to squeeze Jack and his cow together so tightly that they could scarcely breathe. At last he gasped:

“*Only let me go, and I will give you the cow.*”

So the man took this cow too, and in return for her gave the belt to Jack.

Jack went home, and told his mother that the same man had robbed him again. Of course she was more angry than before. She called him all the bad names she could think of, and said she would beat him and kill him, and ran to get the axe. Jack took off his belt and threw it upon the floor. Instantly it sprang up and bound the poor woman hand and foot, so that she cried out for help.

“Will you beat me then?” asked Jack.

“*Indeed and I will! Untie me, you scamp!*” she cried.

The belt began to squeeze her all the tighter, and when she could do no more than gasp for breath, she promised Jack that she would not beat him, if he would only untie her. So Jack untied her, and she kept her word.

But the rent was not paid *yet*. So the mother took *another* cow, and started Jack off to market with her. Away went Jack, driving the cow before him; but when he came to the house, there was the same man waiting for him again.

“Give me your cow,” called the man.

“Give you my cow *indeed!*” cried Jack. “I will give you a stone on your head instead.” Jack picked up a large stone, and was just about to throw it, when the man pulled out a tiny flute from his pocket and began to play upon it. The stone dropped from Jack’s hand. His arms and his legs began to twitch, and *before he knew what he was about*, he began to dance. The cow joined him, and both together danced away with all their might.

“Hold! Hold!” cried Jack. “Stop your music, and let me catch my breath.”

“Give me your cow and I will,” said the man.

“I will not do it!” answered Jack.

“Then dance away,” said the man, and poor Jack danced until he was ready to drop from fatigue, and was glad to give up the cow to have the music stopped. The man took the cow, and gave Jack the flute. Jack went home without his cow or his money, and was obliged to tell his mother for the *third* time that he had been trapped.

This time her anger knew no bounds. She vowed that she would kill him, and seized an iron to strike him. But Jack whipped out his magical flute and began to play as if his life depended upon it, as indeed it did. The old woman was charmed by the music and danced and danced, scolding away all the while, telling

Jack to cease his playing so that she might stop. But all Jack would say was:

“*Will you beat me, then? Will you beat me, then?*”

“*Indeed I will! Indeed I will!*” his mother kept crying. Soon she was so tired that she could cry no longer; she could scarcely keep on her feet, but swayed to and fro. At last she fell and struck her head upon the floor—and then she was ready to promise not to beat Jack, if he would only stop his playing.

But all this while the rent had not been paid.

One day the mother said, “To-day the king will be here. *What can we do?*”

“*I will pay him,*” said Jack. “You need think no more about it.” He took some earthen dishes and broke them until they were in small pieces, and put them into a bag. He packed the bag as full as it would hold, and sealed the strings with tar.

Soon the king and two servants came to the door. The frightened old woman ran and hid. But Jack went to meet them, and asked them in. Then he brought in the bag, and placed it upon the table, making it rattle and chink like a bag of money. Then he brought his little magic platter and said to the king:

“My father, before he died, told me to set this most delicious food before you, when you came to the house.”

The king fell into the trap. He tasted the food, and then began eating heartily. The servants became bewitched, too, and began to eat the magical food.

Meantime Jack made believe that he was preparing to count the money. He hurried about, going from one room to another, as though he had forgotten something.

All this time the king and his servants were eating from the dish as fast as they could. Soon they began to feel that they had eaten enough, but they could neither stop nor push the magical platter away. They called to Jack to come and take away the food, but Jack was *too busy* to notice them or hear them. At last, when they were ready to fall over in their distress, the king said:

“Jack, if you will only take the platter away, I will give you the rent, and the house, and the stock, and the farm, and everything here that is mine.”

Jack was ready to let them go on these terms, and the king and his servants were glad indeed to leave everything for the widow and Jack as they had promised.

When they had gone, the old woman came out of her hiding-place, and this time she had only words of praise for her stupid son.

“Now that you will be able to get along with-

out me," said Jack, "I will go away to seek my fortune."

So Jack went away to seek his fortune. He travelled on for a long time, and at last he came to a town where a king lived. The king had one beautiful daughter who had many suitors; and he had promised her hand to the first man who could make her laugh three times.

Now it happened that Jack was very ill-shaped, ugly and awkward. He strolled about the village listening to all the gossip, and at last he went to the king's palace among all the suitors and visitors.

"Why are *you* here?" the servants asked him. At first he would make no answer, but when they asked him again, he said:

"Is it true that the princess will marry the first man who will make her laugh three times?"

"Yes," they said, "it is true."

"Then," said Jack, "I will stay."

So Jack was taken into the room where the princess was waiting with all the suitors and judges of the trial. At once he took out his magical dish, and asked the princess to taste the food. She took a bit on the tip of her tongue, and when she found it so delicious she began to eat, and offered some to all the others. To everybody's astonishment, the food upon the plate grew no less, although they all ate until they thought they could eat no more. Then

they tried to stop, but no one could, and no one could even push the plate away. So they cried to Jack to take the food away.

“I will upon one condition,” said Jack. “*The princess must laugh.*”

The princess *did not know what to do*. She had expected to laugh from pleasure, not from pain.

“I will not do it,” she said.

“Very well, then,” said Jack, “you may all go on eating.” So they were obliged to eat and eat all the faster, until they were ready to die with pain. Finally, when the princess could endure it no longer, she began to laugh as heartily as she could, thinking:

“He will not make me laugh a second time.”

As soon as Jack had taken away the magical food, all the suitors flew at him to drive him out of the palace. Quick as a flash he untied his magical belt, and threw it upon the floor. Instantly the princess and all the suitors were bound together in a bundle, and lying in a helpless heap upon the floor.

“Untie us!” cried the princess.

“Laugh then,” said Jack.

“I will not laugh,” said the princess.

“Very well then,” said Jack, “stay where you are.” The belt began to squeeze harder than ever, until the suitors and the princess could bear the pain no longer. Then the princess be-

gan to laugh. As soon as she had done this the belt was loosened and all were free.

No sooner were the suitors on their feet again than they all drew their weapons and rushed at Jack to kill him. But before they could reach him, he had whipped out his flute and begun to play. They stopped and commenced dancing; princess, suitors, umpires, guards,—all were whirling in a merry maze—all charmed by the music of the magical flute.

They danced and they danced until they thought they could dance no longer; and then they tried to stop. But they could not; they must dance all the faster.

“Stop your playing!” they shouted.

“I will,” said Jack, “when the princess laughs.”

But the princess was determined not to laugh this time, come what might, come what may. She danced and danced, faster and faster, all the time trying to stop, until at last she could stand no longer, and fell, striking her head upon the floor. Then she was ready to yield to her fate. She began to laugh heartily; the music ceased and all stopped dancing. The umpires withdrew to decide the case—and Jack walked away.

When the king heard that a stranger had come to the court, and that he had made the princess

laugh, he sent for him. But when Jack appeared before him so ugly and stupid-looking, the king was so disgusted that he declared then and there that Jack should not marry the princess.

But of course it must not be known abroad that the king had broken his promise—so he planned to kill Jack, and to put someone else in his place. Jack was seized and thrown into a den with wild animals. The animals leaped upon him to devour him, but Jack threw down his magical belt, which quickly wound itself about them, binding their legs fast to their bodies—while Jack sat down quietly to see what would happen next.

Meantime the word was passed about that a suitor had won the hand of the princess, and that the marriage would be celebrated that very evening. All went merrily until the ceremony was about to begin. Then *something strange* happened. The bridegroom began to dance and jump about like a madman. He leaped into the air, tearing at his face and clothes, and then fled from the room. The terrified princess screamed, and ran about, calling:

“He is mad! The bridegroom is mad!”

Another bridegroom was now sent forward by the king, but as soon as he took his place beside the princess to be married, he too began jumping about like a madman, just as the other had

done, and fled from the room and was seen no more.

Now all this was the work of Jack and his flute. The madness that had overcome the suitors had been caused by hosts of invisible hornets which had entered through the keyhole, and had stung them from head to foot. While all the preparations were being made in the palace, Jack had sat in the den among the wild animals, playing away upon his flute as hard as ever he could. It was one of the powers of the magical flute, when the owner was hard pressed, to summon hornets to attack an enemy, and now Jack had been obliged to use this power.

At last the king, who all the time suspected what was happening, was willing to admit that he was beaten. He felt sure that Jack must still be alive and exercising his magic. He sent messengers to the den for him. When they reached the place they found the animals all tied together by the magical belt, and there was a heavy mist all about so they could not see Jack. The messengers were frightened and went back to the king and told him what they had seen.

“Ah!” said the king, “it is just as I thought. The young man is a magician. Go again, and if you can find him, bring him to me.”

So the messengers went back to the den, and this time they found Jack; but it was not the *same Jack*, for he had changed his appearance

so that they scarcely knew him. He was so handsome that they now admired him as much as they had despised him before.

The wedding was celebrated with great splendour. Jack built a beautiful palace for himself and the princess, and when the old king died, Jack became king and ruled in his place.

THE PRINCE WHO WENT SEEKING HIS SISTERS

ONCE upon a time there lived a king who was so very rich that he built a house to keep his gold in. There was nothing else kept there, but pieces of gold. Soldiers guarded it night and day. Whenever the king needed money, he would go to the money house and get it from the soldiers.

It happened that the king became very fond of wine. He drank all of his own wine, and then he began to buy more. Of course he used a great deal of gold to pay for the wine; and he took so much of it that the queen at last went to the soldiers and said,

“The gold you are guarding really does not belong to the king. He holds it in trust. It is the people’s money. In time of famine it should be used to buy grain and corn to keep our people from starving. The king is using it for himself; he must not. So when he comes again and asks you for more gold, you must tell him that it is all gone.”

The next time the king asked the soldiers for

gold, they told him there was no more gold; he had used it all.

The king *did not know what to do*. He must have his wine! He must have gold! *What should he do?* He went out into a field, nearby, and walked about, puzzling over his trouble, and all the time he was longing for his wine. Suddenly a stranger stood before him.

“What do you wish?” asked the king.

“I should like to have your eldest daughter for my wife,” the stranger answered. He was a tall, well-dressed man, and looked as though he might be very wealthy.

“You *may* have her for your wife,” the king said, “but you must give me much gold for her.”

“How much gold shall I give you?” the stranger asked.

“Oh, a cart full of gold. Bring it here to me in the morning, and you may have my daughter,” the king said.

“I will be at this spot with a cart full of gold in the morning; but I must make *one* condition—you must not ask where I am going to take your daughter. You must not try to find her,” the stranger said.

“Well,” said the king, who was becoming anxious to get the gold, “I will make you the promise. I will bring my daughter to you here in the morning.”

So the next morning the king took his

daughter to the field, and there they found the stranger waiting with his cart full of money. The stranger gave the gold to the king, and went away with the beautiful princess, and no one knew where he had taken her. The king was so glad to have all this gold for wine that he did not think much about his daughter whom he had sold. He thought only of what the cart full of gold would buy; and he supposed it would last a long, long time.

So the king began to drink more than ever, and to spend his money as fast as he pleased. What was his surprise one day to find his gold nearly gone; and very soon, it was *all gone!*

The king walked out into the fields once more, thinking what he could do. And there he met another stranger, just as prosperous appearing as the other had been.

“Will you give me your second daughter?” the stranger asked.

“I will, if you will give me a cart full of gold,” the king said.

“I will give you a cart full of gold; but it must be on the condition that you promise *not to ask where we are going*. I will bring the gold here to this spot in the morning,” the stranger said.

The selfish king agreed to this; and the next morning he took his second daughter, who was even more beautiful than the eldest, and they

went out to meet the stranger. The stranger was waiting for them with a cart full of gold as he had promised. Soon the king was hastening home with his money, and the beautiful princess was taken away, no one knew where.

Now *this* cart full of gold did not last the king even as long as the other had. And very soon he was out in the fields again, wondering *what* he could do. For by this time he could think of nothing but his wine.

Again, as before, a stranger stood before him. He was as well dressed and as pleasing as the others.

“Will you give me your youngest daughter for my wife?” he asked the king.

“Yes,” said the king at once, “if you will give me a cart full of gold.”

“I will,” said the stranger, “on one condition. You must promise that you will not ask *where I am going to take her*. Come to this spot in the morning with your daughter, and I will be here with the cart full of gold.”

Early the next morning the king hurried out to the field with his youngest daughter, the most beautiful daughter of all. The queen begged of him to leave her this one daughter; but the king was so eager for gold, with which he could buy wine, that he would not listen to her pleadings.

When the king reached the field with his

daughter, they found the stranger with his cart full of money waiting for them. The king eagerly took the money, and hastened away; and soon the beautiful princess had gone—no one knew where.

This time the king drank more wine than ever before, and his money disappeared faster and faster. In a little while it was all gone. There was nothing more with which to buy pleasure. And all the while the queen mother went about with a very sad heart. She never heard from her daughters; she did not know where they were—whether they were alive or dead.

But at last the queen had a baby boy, and then she was not so lonely. The days went quickly, and it was but a little while when the baby could walk; and soon he was going to school and playing with the other boys.

One day, when some of his playmates were angry at the little prince, they called out to him:

“Your father is a wicked king. He sold your sisters for gold, and he spent the gold for wine.”

The little prince ran home to his mother as fast as he could, and asked:

“Oh, mother, did I ever have three sisters? The boys at school said that my father sold my sisters for gold. Is this true?” The mother did not wish the boy to know how wicked his father was, and so she tried to deceive him.

“All those tales are false, my son; you must not believe what the bad boys say,” she replied.

But when the boys said to him again: “Your father sold your sisters for gold,” the little prince believed them, and went to his mother and said:

“Mother, tell me about my sisters. Tell me why my father sold them for gold.”

“I will tell you,” the mother said. The stories are all true. You did have three sisters, and your father did sell them for drink.”

“Where are they now?” asked the prince eagerly.

“I do not know where they are,” said the queen. “I have never heard from them since they went away.”

“Oh, mother! *I will go in search of my sisters,*” the little prince cried.

“It will be of no use, my son; no one can find them,” the mother answered.

“But I *will* find them, and I will set out tomorrow,” he said.

So, early the next morning the prince set out in his chariot with one servant. They travelled a long, long way until they came to a river, a broad, smooth river in a great forest. When they had forded the river the prince said:

“Now take the chariot back to my father; I will go on alone.” The servant did as he was told, and the prince plunged into the forest

alone. He had not gone far, when suddenly he came upon three robbers, who were so busy talking that they did not see him until he was close beside them. They seemed to be quarrelling; so the prince went up to them and said:

“What is the trouble? Why do you dispute?”

“We have robbed a man of a coat, a pair of shoes and a sword,” they answered. “The coat can make the wearer invisible; the shoes will take him wherever he wishes to go, with the greatest swiftness; and the sword will do whatever the owner commands it to do. We cannot agree how they should be divided. That is why we dispute.”

“Why, let me decide that for you,” the prince replied. “I am sure I can do it fairly.”

The robbers were quite willing to let the prince decide how the coat and the shoes and the sword should be divided; so the prince said,

“Now all of you stand with your backs to me, one in front of the other. Stand there quietly until sunset and then turn around. I shall have your question decided by that time.”

As soon as the robbers had placed themselves as he had directed,—one in front of the other, with their backs turned to him—the prince quickly took off his coat, and slipped on the magical coat; and then he found that what the robbers had said was true—he had become in-

visible. Then he took off his own shoes, and put on the shoes of swiftness, and grasped the sword in his hand.

The robbers stood just as the prince had told them, and at sunset they turned to see how he had divided the spoils; when, *what was their surprise to find that no prince was to be seen*; and there was no magical coat, or shoes, or sword!

When the prince had taken the sword, he wished the shoes to carry him to the door of his eldest sister's house. He had no sooner made this wish then he felt himself being carried through the air, and as though in an instant, he stood in front of a large, beautiful mansion. He knocked, and at once a woman opened the door. The prince knew that she was his eldest sister, whom he was seeking.

"I am your brother," he said; "I have been seeking you."

"But you cannot be my brother," she replied; "for I have no brother."

But when the prince began to tell her about her father, the king, and how her two younger sisters had been sold for gold, and how he had been born years afterward, and how he had now come in search of his sisters, she knew that what he said was true, and welcomed him gladly.

"But where is your husband?" he asked.

"He is out fishing," said the sister; "he

knows that you are here and he is coming ashore.”

The prince turned; he could see no boat on the water—but far out at sea was a whale spouting and coming toward the shore.

“There is my husband,” she said. “When he goes out to sea he takes the form of a whale. When he comes ashore he will become a man.”

The prince was frightened, and begged his sister to hide him; but she told him that her husband would do him no harm. Soon he saw coming toward them from the shore a fine looking man, who called him brother-in-law, and gave him a cordial welcome.

The prince stayed with his sister several days, and then he said he must start off in search of his second sister. His brother offered him money, but he said he had no need of money. When the time came for him to go, the brother walked with him; and as he said good-bye, he put into the prince’s hand a fish-scale.

“If you ever need me,” he said, “heat this fish-scale, and I will at once come to your assistance.”

The prince took the fish-scale and started upon his journey. When no one could see him, he put on the magical coat that would make him invisible, and the shoes of swiftness.

“Take me to the home of my second sister,” he commanded the shoes of swiftness.

In an instant, as it seemed, he stood before the house of his second sister, which was quite as grand as the first sister's. This sister opened the door in answer to his knock, and she too would not believe that he was her brother, for she knew nothing of what had happened since she was carried away. But when the prince told her all, just as he had told the eldest sister, she, too, knew that he spoke the truth, and then she welcomed him.

"Where is my brother-in-law?" he asked.

The sister pointed toward a great sheep, feeding in a distant pasture.

"That is he," she said; "he knows that you are here, and he will soon be home."

As she spoke the sheep turned, and came bounding toward the house; and as he came near he suddenly took the form of a man, and the prince saw that he was as fine looking and as pleasant as the other brother-in-law had been.

After a visit with this sister, the prince said that he must find his third sister. When he was offered money, he refused it; but he very gladly accepted the lock of wool which his brother-in-law gave him.

"If you are ever in need of me, heat this wool," said the brother-in-law, "and I will at once be at your side."

The prince started upon his journey, and

when he was where no one could see him, he put on the magical coat and shoes again, and wished to be placed before the third sister's house.

In a moment, as it seemed, he found himself in front of a grand house. He knocked at the door, and his sister opened it. She, like the others, did not know him, and would not believe him until he had told her about their father and mother. Then she was just as glad to see him as his other sisters had been.

"And where is my brother-in-law?" the prince asked.

The sister pointed toward a grey goose in a field nearby.

"That is my husband," she said; "he turns himself into a grey goose whenever he wishes. He knows that you are here, and he will be home in a moment."

The grey goose at once rose into the air and flew straight to them. When he touched the ground, he became a fine looking man.

"I am glad you have come to us, my brother-in-law," he said to the prince.

The prince visited his sister and brother-in-law a few days. He was now a young man, and his thoughts had begun to turn to adventure. One morning he said to his sister:

"I must go now in search of adventures."

The sister said:

"I know of a beautiful princess you might

have for your wife, if you could win her; but the place is a great way off."

"Only tell me where it is, and I will find it," the prince answered.

The sister told him where he might find the city, and the brother offered him money for his journey. This time the prince accepted the money, and also the feather which the brother-in-law offered him in parting.

"If ever you are in need of me, only heat this feather, and I will at once come to help you," he said.

The prince now started upon his long journey; and when he came to a lonely place where he could not be seen by anyone, he put on the magical coat and shoes, and wished to be placed near the city where the beautiful princess lived.

At once, he stood near a small house. He entered and found two old women talking very earnestly together. They seemed to be in trouble.

"Why are you so disturbed?" he asked.

"There is to be a royal wedding in the city to-morrow," they answered, looking very sad.

"But why should *that* make you so sad?" he asked.

One of the old women pointed to a high cliff across the sea. It was rainy and misty there, and the wind was blowing, and the water was beating up against the side of the cliff.

“Over in that cliff a terrible ogre lives,” she said. “He steals away every bride just as soon as she is married. And no one can kill him; for he keeps his soul hidden away, no one knows where. To-morrow he will take our princess away, and we shall never see her again, for she will be a prisoner of the terrible ogre.”

The next day the royal wedding took place, and the beautiful princess was spirited away by the ogre, just as the two old women had said she would be. The prince went to the king and said:

“If you will give me your youngest daughter for my wife, I can promise you that I will destroy the terrible ogre.”

The king wished to wait until the ogre had been killed, but the prince said:

“No, the wedding must take place first.”

The king was so anxious to have the ogre destroyed, that he said the ceremony might take place at once.

The prince warned the princess that she would be carried away by the ogre just as her sister had been, but that he would rescue her—so she should have no fear. Then the princess was willing to marry the prince.

The ceremony took place at once, and no sooner was it over than the princess was drawn away, by invisible hands, and in an instant she had become invisible too.

The prince at once prepared himself to follow her. He put on his magical coat and shoes, and holding the sword in his hand, he willed to be carried and placed in front of the ogre's cave. In an instant he found himself standing on a narrow ledge with a smooth wall of rock in front of him, and the waves dashing against the rocky cliff. With one hand he steadied himself upon his narrow foothold, and with the other held the magical sword and marked out on the rock the shape of a door.

"*Door, open!*" he commanded. And at once the door which he had marked out rolled back, and the prince saw before him the ogre's cave. There were the many beautiful brides, and there was his own wife with the others. The prince stole behind her chair. Just at this moment the ogre started up.

"There is a wedding in the city!" he cried, and disappeared.

The prince leaned over his bride's shoulder, and whispered:

"Ask him where he keeps his soul."

Then the ogre appeared before them with a bride he had just carried off.

"Where do you keep your soul?" the princess asked.

"Now that is a very strange question," said the ogre. "No one has ever asked me that before, so I will tell you. I keep my soul in a cas-

ket far out at sea, in a line from the door of the cave. This casket is inside six others, and each casket is locked—" At that moment the ogre started and was off for another bride.

"Ask him where he keeps the key," the prince whispered.

At that moment the ogre entered the cave with a bride, and when he had placed her beside the one whom he had captured just before, he took his seat beside the princess.

"Will you answer another question?" the princess asked. "Will you tell me where you keep the keys of the casket?"

"Now that is another strange question," the ogre said; "no one has ever asked me such a question as that; so I will tell you. The keys are in the sea, in a straight line between the cave and the casket."

The prince waited to hear no more. He hurried out, and began to heat the fish-scale. At once a great whale appeared. It was the brother-in-law. The prince told him to get the casket and the keys from the sea.

It took but a moment for the whale to find the casket and the keys and bring them back. Then the prince began opening the caskets. Six he opened easily, but the seventh casket had so small a key that it broke in the lock. There seemed to be no way to open it. Then the prince thought of his brother-in-law, the

sheep. He heated the lock of wool, and at once the great sheep was before him. The sheep broke the lock with his horn, and then he opened the lid—when *suddenly* the soul flew out of the casket, and *away—away!*

The prince heated the feather and soon there flew toward him the grey goose, who started off after the ogre's soul, and caught it in his beak. When he had brought it to the prince, he held it while the prince struck it again and again with his magical sword. And all this time the ogre inside the cave, who knew nothing of what was happening to his soul, was growing weaker and weaker, until he could not speak. Soon he could scarcely breathe—and then he died.

Then the prince went back into the cave, and told the stolen brides that he must now go to the city to make ready a place for them, but that he would soon return and rescue them all.

That very day the prince took all the brides back to the city, and soon each was in her own home. Then the prince went to the king's palace with the princess, where they lived happily and were never troubled again by any terrible ogre.

THE MAGICAL BELT

ONCE upon a time there lived, in the forest, an old Indian with his wife and his son, who had passed about fifteen summers.

This son often had dreams in which a voice warned him to do certain things. The boy always followed the directions of the voice, and everything happened just as the dream foretold.

One night, the voice said to the boy in a dream:

“To-morrow, follow the path through the forest to the lake. There on the shore you will find a man taking the skin from a bull. If you can secure a strip of hide running along the back, make yourself a belt. This belt will have magical power and will help you to become a famous cattle doctor.”

The next day, the boy followed the directions of the voice. He went along the path through the forest until he reached the lake. There he saw a stranger taking the hide from a great bull.

“What are you doing?” asked the boy.

“I am taking the hide from this bull,” the stranger replied; “he died to-day.”

“Will you let me have a strip from the back, over the backbone?” the boy asked.

“Yes,” the stranger said, “but I will need money for it.”

The boy had not thought of needing money to pay for the raw-hide. But he wanted to have that belt. The voice had said that he would become a great cattle-doctor; and this was just what he wished to be.

“I will ask my father for the money,” he said to the stranger, and started off through the forest.

“Oh, father,” he said when he reached home, “please give me enough money to buy a piece of raw-hide.”

“Why do you want raw-hide, my son?” asked the father.

Then the boy told his father about his dream, and about the voice.

“Tell the stranger that you have no money,” said the father, “and ask him to give you the strip of raw-hide and say that you will give him the money for it when you get it.”

Back to the stranger the boy ran, and told him what his father had said.

“But, I cannot do that,” answered the man. “However, if you really want the strip of raw-

hide, you may work for me a day and at the end of the day I will give it to you."

"Do let me work for you," said the boy, very happy at the thought of owning a magical belt.

The very next day the boy worked for the stranger, and he did more work in that one day than an ordinary man could do in a week. At the end of the day, the stranger gave him the strip of raw-hide from the back of the bull, and soon the magical belt was made, just as the voice had directed.

Then in a dream the voice came to the boy again:

"Cut a few hairs from the raw-hide belt; then go out and cut a small lock from the backs of seven large bulls. Cut these hairs into small pieces and place them together, and they will be all the medicine you will require. The belt will give you whatever you desire. But this power will continue for seven years only. At the end of that time, your skill in medicine will leave you and the belt will lose its power."

The boy now started out on a tour of cattle-doctoring. He visited a city where there was a valuable bull very sick. He examined it, and then went to the owner.

"I am a cattle doctor," he said, "and I know that I can make your animal well, if you will let me take care of it."

The owner was glad to let him take care of the bull, because the other doctors had said that it could not get well.

The boy with the magical belt began treating the bull, and by the next day it was entirely well.

“What shall I pay you?” asked the owner, who was glad to have his bull well again.

“Oh, I will leave that to you to decide,” the boy said.

“Then I will give you a bull,” the owner replied, “for you have done me a great service.”

“I have no use for an animal,” said the boy, “I would rather have money.”

“Well, as I would not have lost my bull for fifty pounds,” said the man, “I will give *you* that amount.”

So he gave the boy fifty pounds. The boy carried the money home, and gave it to his father to put away for him. After that he travelled about the country, making sick cattle well, and he always cured them, since he always used the medicine the dream had told him to make.

The boy always slept with his belt under his head, and one night in a dream the voice said:

“Take your belt to the large pasture near the lake. Go to-morrow, but you must first eat your breakfast; and then you must eat your dinner, and *then* you may go. Leave the belt in the pasture; and the next day, at the very

same hour, go to the pasture and claim as your own whatever you find there."

The boy did as the dream told him. He ate his breakfast, and then his dinner, and *then* he went to the pasture and left the belt.

The next day at the very same hour, he went back to the place where he had left the belt. What was his surprise to see standing beside the belt a great beautiful white bull! It was the most beautiful animal he had ever seen. He led it away to his home.

Soon the news of this wonderful bull spread far and wide. Not far off in a city there lived a king, who owned a bull. He was very proud of this animal, and when he heard that there was another bull as wonderful as his own he was angry.

"Who is the owner of this wonderful bull?" he asked.

"A cattle-doctor," they said, "and he has such skill that the cattle always get well when he gives them his wonderful medicine."

"I must see this wonderful bull," said the king; so he sent messengers to the cattle-doctor.

"The king would like to see your beautiful bull," the messengers said. So the boy went to the city with his bull. On the way he told the bull where they were going.

When the king saw the wonderful creature he was so pleased that he wished to buy it.

“No! No!” answered the boy, “I could not part with my bull for any price.”

Then the king said:

“Well then, let the animals fight.”

So the bulls were taken to a large field, where many people were gathered to see the sport.

“Do not kill the king’s bull,” the boy whispered, “but knock him down and show that you are the master.”

Then the fight began. The bulls rushed at each other with their heads held low, and very soon the king’s beautiful white bull was on the ground under the feet of the other.

“Call your bull away!” begged the king. “Do not let him kill my bull!” The boy called to his bull, which at once left the other, and came quietly to him.

The king’s bull lay on the ground, wounded and bleeding.

“If you will only heal the wounds your bull has made,” said the king, “I will pay you well.”

So the boy gave the king’s bull some of his magical medicine and at once the animal was healed. The king rewarded him as he promised, and gave him one hundred pounds and a fine horse. This money also the boy gave to his father, who laid it away with all the rest of the money.

Soon after this the boy, sleeping on his magical belt, had another dream.

“To-morrow, just before sunset, the king will come with his servant to visit you. They will ask to see the wonderful bull. But they mean to poison him. Drive the bull and the horse from the pasture, and lock them in the barn. When the king comes, pretend to go and hunt for them; but instead go away into the woods and wait until the king goes home.”

The next day these things happened just as the dream had said.

Another day the king came again, and said to the boy:

“If you will give me the bull, I will give you one hundred pounds.”

“No, I would not sell him for that,” said the boy.

“Then I will give you three hundred pounds,” said the king.

“Very well then,” the boy replied, “you may have the bull.” For he knew that the seven years of magical power had nearly passed, and he wished to get as much money as he could.

After this, sleeping with his belt under his head, the boy had another dream.

“Gather hairs from as many kinds of cattle as you can. Take these with the belt to the pasture. Lay the belt on the ground, and scat-

ter the hair over it, wishing as you do this, that the pasture may be filled with cattle. The next day at the same hour, return to the pasture and claim as your own whatever you find."

The boy did just as the dream had told him, and the next day he went back to the pasture and there before him were all sorts and sizes of cattle of the finest breeds. He drove the cattle home.

"Where did you get all these cattle," asked the father.

"From the Great Spirit alone," said the boy.

Soon after this, the dream told the boy to place sheep's wool in the field and lay the belt upon it, and wish for sheep. The morning after he had done this he found a great flock of sheep in the pasture.

Again, the dream told him how to fill the pasture with geese, and then hens, and ducks, and all other animals he might wish. And all this was done by the magical belt.

Now the seven years of magical power were ended. The boy took the belt out into the pasture and left it there, for the dream had told him to do this. He never saw the magical belt again, and he had no more wonderful dreams. But he lived very happily because of the seven years of prosperity the magical belt had given him.



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“And Glooscap, resting lightly upon his bow, watched Bootup until the clouds of smoke died away in the distance. And from that day, whenever an Indian sees a whale blowing, he says: “he is smoking the pipe of Glooscap.”

COOLNAJOO THE STUPID

ONCE upon a time three brothers lived together. The youngest was a silly fellow who was always doing outrageous things.

One day they killed a pig. The two older brothers went to buy salt, and told the youngest to remain to watch the house and the pig.

“We are going to salt down the pork,” they said, “and keep it for the long days.”

After they had gone Coolnajoo, the Stupid, went out and found some men at work.

“If there is a man here named Longdays, I have a pig for him,” he said.

One of the men declared that that was his name; so Coolnajoo gave the pig to him, and he carried it away.

Soon the brothers returned and wondered what had become of the pig.

“Why!” said Coolnajoo, “Longdays has been here and has taken it away. Did you not say it was to be kept for Longdays?”

“Oh, you *blockhead!*” they cried. “We told you that it was to be kept for ourselves when the days became long next summer.”

Soon after this, Coolnajoo was sent to buy a

horse. He bought the horse, and started home with it. Near the house there was a long lane, lined with trees and bushes. When Coolnajoo came to the head of the lane, he said to the horse:

“This is the road. Now you may go to the house yourself.” He took off the halter and the horse kicked up his heels and made for his old home.

Coolnajoo went home and told his brothers how stupid the horse had been.

“You numbskull!” they exclaimed; “you can *never do anything* right. Why did you not ride him down the lane?”

“Oh, I will do better next time,” he promised.

Soon after this the brothers sent Coolnajoo to find a woman to help care for the mother, who was ill. Coolnajoo took his bridle and went off. He soon found a woman, and they started home together. When they reached the head of the lane Coolnajoo said to her:

“I must put the bridle on your head; you will need to carry me on your back.”

The terrified woman screamed, and broke away from Coolnajoo and fled.

Coolnajoo was very much puzzled at the woman's actions. He went home and told his brothers that the woman had run away.

“Why, what was the trouble,” they asked him.

“When I tried to drive her home as you told me, she screamed and ran away from me, crying as hard as she could,” said Coolnajoo.

“Oh, you *stupid!*” they cried; “was that the way to treat a woman? You should have taken her by the arm, and given her a kiss.”

“Ah, well,” said Coolnajoo, “I shall know better next time.”

But the next time Coolnajoo was sent for a pig. He led the pig until he came to the lane. Then he tried to make the pig walk on its hind legs, and when the terrified animal squealed and kicked, Coolnajoo gave it a kiss. But the frightened pig gave Coolnajoo such a blow in the face with his tusk that Coolnajoo let go of the rope, and off went the pig home.

Coolnajoo went home with his face torn and bleeding, and told his brothers that he had lost the pig.

“Oh, you *stupid!*” they cried, “we will never send you anywhere again.”

But one day the brothers needed a tub of lard, and there was no one to send but Coolnajoo. So they told Coolnajoo *just* what to do and said he must be *sure* to bring the lard home safely.

Coolnajoo bought the lard, and started for home. When he came to a part of the road that was dried and cracked by the sun, he said:

“Oh, my old grandfather, what a terribly

sore back you have, so naked and dry! You shall have my lard for salve, and I will rub it on."

Coolnajoo spread the lard over the dry road, and when it was all gone, he went home.

"Why have you not brought the lard?" the brothers asked, when they saw Coolnajoo returning empty-handed.

"Oh, dear me," answered Coolnajoo, "I came upon a poor old man, lying in the road, with his back all sore and cracked; and I pitied him, and spread the lard over him."

"Poor old man!" they said, "we will go and bring him home." So the brothers started off, with Coolnajoo, but when they came to the cracked road and saw what Coolnajoo had done with the lard, they cried:

"Oh, you *stupid*, we will never send you anywhere again."

At last Coolnajoo *suddenly* became as clever as he had been stupid.

One day the two brothers went away and left him at home to take care of the pigs. While they were away, he sold the pigs, but he cut off their tails, and stood them up in the quagmire so as to deceive his brothers. When his brothers came home and asked how he had managed with the pigs, Coolnajoo said:

"Why, all the pigs broke out of their pen,

and rushed down to the shore. They are in the quagmire!"

The brothers ran down to the shore to see, and there, sure enough, were the pigs with just the tips of their tails sticking out of the sand. They seized the tails to pull them out, but the tails broke off (so they thought) and the pigs sank down into the mire so deep that they could never be found.

At last Coolnajoo made so much trouble for his brothers with his cleverness that they decided to do away with him altogether. They thought it would be best to drown him; so they tied him up in a bag, and took him down to the shore when the tide was out, and buried him, leaving him to be drowned when the tide came in.

Soon Coolnajoo heard a drove of pigs going by, saying:

"Uh! Uh! Uh!"

"Come and help me," he called. "If you will uncover me and untie me, I will lead you to a place where you can feed on chickweed to your hearts' content." The pigs heard him calling and went to the spot where he was buried. They thrust their noses deep into the soft earth, and soon unburied the bag. They dragged it out, and untied the string. Up jumped Coolnajoo, seized one of the pigs, and thrust him into

the bag. Then he put the bag back into the hole, and drove the other pigs away to the field of chickweed, where they were kept busy until the tide returned and covered the spot where Coolnajoo had been buried.

When the tide had gone out again, Coolnajoo's brothers began to feel sorry for what they had done to him. They went to the spot where they had buried him, of course expecting to find him dead. What was their surprise, on opening the bag, to find, instead of their brother—a *dead pig!*

Coolnajoo had been watching them from a distance, and when they reached home they found him astride the ridge-pole, laughing at them.

After this Coolnajoo was more clever than ever, until at last his brothers could endure him no longer, and planned once more to kill him. This time they thought they would do better.

“We will take him to the water-fall,” they said, “and throw him in, and let him be dashed to pieces in the rapids.”

So they tied Coolnajoo up in a bag again, and hung the bag across a pole, and started for the water-fall. But they became hungry on the way, and put him down by the side of the road, while they went to an inn to eat.

While they were gone, a drover passed by and spying the bag, he went up and gave it a kick, to see what might be in it.

“Hallao!” he called. “What is all this?”

“My brothers and I are going in search of gold,” said Coolnajoo. “I am hiding in the bag so I can be carried to a place where we are to make our fortunes.” Coolnajoo’s story deceived the drover.

“I will give you my whole drove of cattle,” he said, “if you will only let me have your place in the bag.”

Coolnajoo was quite willing, you may imagine; so the drover took his place in the bag, and Coolnajoo went off with the cattle.

“But you must be cautious,” called Coolnajoo, “and you must not speak or the trick will be found out. My brothers must not know that it is not I who is in the bag. By and by you will hear the roar of the water-fall, but do not be frightened. They are going to lower you down into the fall to get the money, and before you go they may give you two or three swings. You must keep still then and not speak. And after that you can have everything your own way.” Then Coolnajoo went on to the market with his cattle.

The brothers soon came back to the bag, put it on the pole, and started upon their journey. When they reached the water-fall, they stood as near to it as they could, and gave the bag three swings in order to send it out as far as possible. Over the fall they threw it, and went

home again, thinking they were well rid of Coolnajoo. But they had no sooner reached the house, than Coolnajoo came in with his pockets full of money from the sale of his cattle.

After that the brothers were willing to let Coolnajoo alone, and help him spend the money he had brought home.

THE BOY WHO RESCUED HIS BROTHER

ONCE upon a time there lived a very poor man who had a large family. One day a stranger came to him, and offered him a large sum of money for his little son. The man needed money so much that he sold the child, although he knew very well that the stranger was an evil spirit.

Soon after this, another son was born in the family. When the boy was old enough to talk, he began to ask about his older brother.

“Where is my brother?” he asked his mother one day. The mother began to weep.

“Your father sold him to a stranger,” she said.

“Where has he been taken?” asked the little boy.

“An evil spirit carried him away,” the mother replied, “no one knows where.”

“*I will go and bring my brother back,*” the child said.

The very next day there came to the house a stranger, whom no one but the child could see. And he talked with the child.

“Do you wish to rescue your brother from the evil spirit who has carried him off?” the stranger asked.

“Yes,” answered the child, “I wish *very much* to rescue him.”

“Then,” said the stranger, “when you are ready to go, I will help you.”

The next morning, when the child went out, the stranger met him and said:

“Are you ready for your journey?”

“Yes, I am all ready to start,” the boy answered. Then the stranger gave him a tiny horse-whip, saying:

“Hide this whip in your clothes, and do not let anyone know that you have it. When the proper time comes, you will know what to do with it.” Then he pointed out the road the child must travel over.

“Do you see in the distance there, the road that passes through a cloud?” he asked. “That is the road you are to take. When you have passed through the cloud you will come to a large house. You will meet the owner, and he will ask you what you want. Tell him that you are looking for work. He will tell you that if you can take care of horses, he will give you work. Tell him you can, and accept the place. While you are taking care of the horses, one of them will speak to you, and tell you that he is your brother, and he will ask

you why you have come. Then you must tell him that you have come to rescue him.”

The boy started out upon his journey along the road that passed through the thick cloud, and when he had reached the other side of the cloud, he saw a large white house, as the stranger had told him he would. As he drew near, the master of the house came out and said:

“What did you come here for?”

“I came here looking for work,” answered the boy.

“I will give you work, if you can take care of horses,” the master of the house said.

So the boy stayed to care for the horses. One day one of the horses spoke to him.

“My brother,” he said, “why have you come here? It is an evil place. I was once as you are now, and I was set to tending horses as you are doing, until I, myself, was turned into a horse.”

“That will not happen to me, my brother,” said the boy, “for I have come to *rescue* you.”

“Alas! You will never be able to do it,” the enchanted brother said.

One day, soon after this, the boy asked his master to allow him to take a ride. The master was willing; so the boy took out his enchanted brother from the stable, and rode him in the yard, and then galloped about.

“To-morrow, my brother,” he whispered, “we will start for home.”

“We cannot do it,” answered the enchanted brother; “they will pursue us and bring us back.”

“No, my brother, they cannot overtake us. I know that I shall rescue you,” the boy said.

The next day, the boy again asked for a ride, and the master said that he might go. He mounted his brother again, and first rode very slowly back and forth near the house. Then he turned away from the house, toward his own home. At first he walked slowly, then suddenly broke into a quick gallop.

When the master saw him galloping away, he suspected that the boy was trying to escape, and sent men to capture him. The boy turned and saw them coming. He knew that if they could only reach the cloud, they would be safe, for their pursuers would be powerless.

The enchanted boy galloped as fast as he could, but the men gained upon them. They had not yet reached the cloud, and now the pursuers were *almost upon them*.

Then the boy remembered the little whip that the stranger had given him, saying, “When the proper time comes, you will know what to do with it.” The time had now come! The boy drew the whip from his pocket, where he had kept it hidden, and struck the horse a sharp

lash with it. This put new life into the tired animal. He galloped on at twice the speed, and soon they were far ahead of their pursuers. At last they reached the thick cloud. The horse gave a great leap into it, and they were safe beyond the dominions of the evil spirit.

When they were on the other side of the cloud, they met the stranger who had helped the boy rescue his brother.

“Do not go into the village, but go into the forest and pass the night there,” the stranger said. Then he took off his cloak and threw it over the horse’s head, and went away.

The boy took the horse into the forest and tied him to a tree and then lay down to sleep. In the morning, when he awoke, he found his brother sitting beside him, now turned back into his own form. But he was without clothing; so the boy went into the village and begged some for him, and soon he was clothed and ready to start out into the world again. The stranger met them.

“Go to your home, now, and carry the cloak I left with you last night. Throw it over your father.”

They went home, and as soon as they saw their father, they threw the cloak over him, as they had been told to do. Then the father ran out of the house; and the *moment* he was outside the door he was turned into a horse, and an

evil spirit leaped upon his back and he galloped away and was soon out of sight.

The two brothers left their old home, after that, and set out upon a journey; but they were seen by only a few people, for they were invisible to most. At length they came to a house and went into an upper chamber. In the morning their friend came to see them, and said:

“We had better stay here all night.”

The next morning, when the people of the house went to inquire for them, the room was empty. The doors and the windows were fastened, and the boys' clothes were left in the room. They had been taken away by the good stranger to his own country, where there were no evil spirits to trouble them.

LEGENDS OF GLOOSCAP THE GREAT
CHIEF

HOW GLOOSCAP FOUND THE SUMMER

IN the long ago, when the Indians lived in the early red light of the morning, Glooscap, the Great Chief, went very far to the north, where all was ice.

At last he came to a wigwam, and there he found a giant—a great giant, for he was Winter. Glooscap entered the wigwam; he sat down. Then Winter gave him a pipe; he smoked, and the giant told him tales of the olden times.

The charm of the Frost was upon him, and while the Giant Winter talked, the Great Chief nodded and then fell asleep. He slept for six months. Then the charm left him, and he awoke and went upon his journey. He hastened toward the south, and at every step it grew warmer, and by and by the flowers sprang up and talked with him.

At last the Great Chief came to where all the little folk were dancing in the forest. Their queen was Summer, the most beautiful of all women. The Great Chief seized her, and by a clever trick he kept her. For he cut a moose

hide into a long cord; and as he ran away with Summer, he left the end of the cord trailing behind him.

Then the little folk, the fairies of the Light, pursued him. They saw the cord trailing, and caught it. But as the Great Chief ran, he let the long cord run out, and left the fairies far behind.

The Chief travelled on until he came once more to the lodge of the Giant Winter. But now he could not be charmed. He was stronger than Winter; for he brought the Summer with him.

The Giant Winter welcomed the Great Chief for he hoped to freeze him again into slumber. But now this time the Chief talked. And as he talked, great drops of sweat began to run down old Winter's face. The Chief talked on, and the Giant Winter began to melt. He melted, and melted, until at last he had quite melted away.

Then everything awoke. The grass grew; the fairies came out; the snow melted and ran down the rivers, carrying away the dead leaves.

Then the Great Chief left Summer with them, and went home.

HOW GLOOSCAP CONQUERED HIS ENEMIES

ONCE, in the long ago, the Great Chief Glooscap lived on an island called Ajalig-un-mechk. With him were many Indians, who had the names and natures of animals and birds; and who had the power to take the form of these animals and birds when they wished. All of these Indians had magical power, but they were not so powerful as the Great Chief. So they were jealous of him; and at last they determined to go away and leave him alone, and to take with them little Marten and the grandmother, who lived with Glooscap. They thought that if they left him alone on the island he would soon die,—for they did not know the power of the Master.

They waited until Glooscap went into the forest on a long journey. Then they made everything ready, and stole away to the canoes. But just then Glooscap came back out of the forest, and saw that the grandmother and Marten were gone. He followed their tracks to the shore. There he saw Winpe, a mighty

sorcerer, his greatest enemy, pushing off with them in a canoe. They were still near the shore, and Glooscap called loudly to the grandmother:

“Noogumee, send me back my dogs.”

These dogs were very small, no larger than mice. The grandmother took a small wooden dish, and put it into the water, and placed the dogs upon it, and they floated back to the shore. Glooscap took up the dogs, and put them into his pocket, and returned to his wigwam; and his enemy, Winpe, paddled away across the water with Marten and the grandmother.

A long time passed, but Glooscap did not pursue his enemy. Some say that it was three months; some say, seven years. Why he did this no one knows. Perhaps it was so that he could gain greater power; perhaps he had other work to do; perhaps he wished to let his enemies suffer. But when the right time came, the Great Chief took his dogs and went down to the shore. He stood and looked far out to sea, and then he began to sing a magic song. It was the song that all the whales obeyed. He watched, and soon a small whale arose far off in the sea. He had heard the Great Chief's call, and he came swimming to him. When the whale was close to the shore, Glooscap rested one foot upon the whale's back to try his weight; but he was very heavy, and the whale sank down in the water.

“You are not large enough,” said the Great Chief. “Return to your home in the ocean.”

Then Glooscap sang his magic song once more. Soon there came Bootup, the largest whale in all the ocean. Glooscap stepped upon her back, and she bore him swiftly away over the sea.

Now as Bootup sped across the ocean she began to think that if she went so fast she might run upon the shore, or come to a place where the water was shallow, and she could not get out again. This was just what Glooscap wanted her to do.

As Bootup came near the shore she kept asking Glooscap whether he could see the land. But Glooscap always answered:

“No.”

Then Bootup would go on again as fast as she could. But soon Bootup saw clam shells under the water, and she was more afraid than ever. She called out:

“My grandson, does not the land show itself in the distance like a bow-string?”

“We are still far from land,” said Glooscap. So she went on, until the water was so shallow that they could hear the clams singing.

Now these clams were enemies of Glooscap; and they were singing to Bootup, urging her to throw him into the sea and drown him. She

could not understand what they said, so she asked Glooscap:

“My grandson, what are the clams singing?”

“They tell you to hurry me on as fast as you can,” said Glooscap. So Bootup swept on through the water, thinking that the clams were urging her to hurry:—*until all at once she found herself high and dry on the shore.* Then she was terribly frightened, and she began to cry out:

“Alas, my grandchild, you have been my death. I shall never again swim in the sea.”

And Glooscap answered:

“Do not fear, Noogumee.”

He gave one push of his bow against the great whale and she was sent far out to sea. Then Bootup was glad once more. She lighted her pipe, and went sailing happily home, smoking as she went.

Glooscap now began to search for the trail of Winpe and Marten and the grandmother; and after a long time he came to a deserted wigwam, and there he found a small birch-bark dish, which had belonged to Marten. Glooscap examined it, and saw that it had been there for seven years—although some say it was only three months. So by this he knew how long Winpe had been away from this place. The Great Chief followed the trail eastward and found another deserted wigwam, where Winpe

had been. Near this wigwam there was a wretched lodge, and in it a poor, helpless-looking old woman, doubled over with age. She was really an artful sorceress, Glooscap's deadly foe, who was determined to kill him. The Great Chief knew this at once. The old woman asked him to help her, and Glooscap pretended to do everything she asked, but while he busied himself in the lodge, he put her into a deep sleep by his magic, and went his way.

Soon the sorceress awoke, and when she found that she had been outwitted, and that Glooscap's contempt for her was so great that he had scorned even to destroy her, she was furious; and in her rage, she pursued him, determined to be avenged.

The Great Chief was in no danger, and therefore he had no fear. He carried in his bosom his two little dogs. These dogs were no larger than mice, but they could immediately assume the size and fury of the largest animals. As soon as the sorceress came near him, Glooscap took the little dogs from his pocket, and said to them:

“When I command you not to growl, spring upon her, and the more loudly I call you off, the more furiously must you tear her.”

When the sorceress saw the little dogs take on their giant forms, and heard their fierce

growls, she was frightened and shrank back from them.

“Call off your dogs!” she shouted.

The Master called out to the dogs to be quiet, but the more he shouted, the more furious they became. They rushed at the sorceress, and destroyed her.

Glooscap now journeyed on until he came to the top of a high mountain. In the distance he saw a large wigwam, where two old wizards, who hated him, lived. These wizards had two daughters.

When the wizards perceived by their magical power that the Great Chief, the enemy of all evil-doers, was near, they sent their daughters out to meet him. They gave them strings of bear’s meat to put around his neck—as was the custom—but *this* was magical meat which, once around his neck, would have strangled him to death.

When Glooscap saw the maidens coming to meet him, he knew who they were, and what their intentions were. He gave his dogs the magical word, and let them go. As soon as they began to growl at the sorcerers, Glooscap commanded them to be quiet, saying:

“These maidens are my sisters.” But the dogs rushed on, and tore them to pieces.

Glooscap took the magical meat that was intended to kill him, and went to the wigwam;



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Gloosecap's magical dogs destroying the two maiden sorcerers.

and looking in at the door, he threw it around the old man's neck. Then he went on, leaving the sorcerer strangled by the magical meat.

Then Glooscap made his way toward the shore; but he must travel over a mountain where there was a narrow pass, guarded by a *Kookwes*, a terrible giant. This *Kookwes* managed to entrap all who passed, whether man or beast.

When he saw Glooscap approaching, he said:
“*Now I shall have a capital dinner.*”

Glooscap gave his dogs the magical word, and went boldly into the pass to face the *Kookwes*. The *Kookwes* rushed at Glooscap to kill him, but the dogs with a bound seized the giant by the throat, and killed *him*.

The Great Chief knew that he had now destroyed all the sorcerers that beset his way, and that he must next attack Winpe, the greatest enemy of all. He set out once more upon his journey, and soon reached the sea. He followed along the shore, stopping at the old camping places of Winpe. He always examined the little bark dishes that were left behind, and these told him that he was rapidly gaining upon his enemy.

Soon he came to a place where Winpe had crossed the water. The Great Chief stood upon the shore, and sang his magical song

which the whales obeyed. At once a whale answered his call, and carried him swiftly across to the other shore. Glooscap hastened on, and followed along the shore until he found that he was but a three days' journey behind his enemy, the terrible sorcerer, Winpe.

Again he must cross the water; and again he sang the magical song which the whales obeyed. A great whale appeared, and soon carried him safely to the other side. Glooscap now came to the place where Winpe had camped the night before. Then he hurried, speeding over the ground with mighty strides, and before long he overtook his old housekeeper, weak and tottering with hunger and abuse. She was carrying Marten on her back, for he was so weak that he could walk no farther. Winpe and his family were far ahead, but the grandmother did not dare to try to escape, for she feared the power of the wicked sorcerer.

Marten, who had his face turned backward, was the first to spy Glooscap following them.

"My elder brother, help us! Give us food!" he called.

"The Chief is not here," the grandmother said sadly, "We left him far, far, behind."

Marten soon caught another glimpse of Glooscap, and called again for food. The grandmother looked back this time, and when she saw the Master, she was so overjoyed that she

fainted. When she became conscious, Glooscap stood beside her. She began to weep, and to tell him how cruel Winpe had been to them.

“Think no more of it,” said Glooscap; “they will soon have their punishment.”

They travelled along together until they came to the place where Winpe was camping, and then Glooscap said to Marten:

“I will hide here, and when Winpe sends you for water, make it unclean. And then when he scolds you, throw the baby into the fire and run to me.”

Marten did just as Glooscap told him. He put mud and filth into the water, and when Winpe saw it, he said:

“Horrors! What terrible water! Go and get some that is clean.”

Marten tossed the baby into the fire, and ran as fast as he could toward the place where Glooscap was hiding, calling out:

“*Nsesako!* My elder brother! Come and help me.”

Winpe pursued him, vowing vengeance, crying exultingly:

“Your brother cannot help you. He is far, far away, where we left him; and though you burn the world, I will seize you and kill you.”

On ran Marten with Winpe close behind him, until they came almost to Glooscap's hiding-

place. Then the Great Chief sprang up and stood before Winpe.

The sorcerer stopped short, and challenged Glooscap to fight. Then he stepped back, and summoned all his magical powers.

He grew larger and larger, until his head almost touched the clouds.

Glooscap did not move, but *he*, too, began to put forth his magic; he grew larger and larger until he towered above Winpe, and his head reached far above the clouds into the clear sky.

When Winpe saw this, he said:

"You have conquered and killed me."

Glooscap, scorning to fight Winpe or strike him, touched him lightly on the head with the end of his bow, and the wicked sorcerer fell down dead.

THE RETURN OF GLOOSCAP

AFTER the Great Chief had rescued the grandmother and Marten and had destroyed Winpe, he built a canoe, and went across to the island where the *Kwemoos*—the Loons—lived. They were friends of Glooscap, and he had done them many favours. So when they knew that the Great Chief was among them they were very glad. They held feasts and games for many days.

One day, while Glooscap was on the island of the Loons, he was standing on the shore of a lake, and the chief of the Loons, seeing him standing there, came to ask a favour. But as he drew near the Great Chief he was so awed that he did not dare come to him, and so he flew around the lake. Three times he came near, and each time he could not speak, but flew away again around the lake. At last Glooscap called to him, saying, "Come to me."

Then the Loon flew to him, and the Great Chief taught him a shrill, doleful cry, and said, "Whenever you or your people need my help, call upon me in this way, and I will hear you."

After many days spent on the island of the

Loons, Glooscap entered his canoe once more with Marten and the grandmother, and soon they came to a broad, beautiful river. They travelled along this quiet river until suddenly, without any warning, the river rushed down into the earth, and was swept along under ground between cataracts so dark and frightful that Marten and the old grandmother died of terror. The canoe was drawn along with awful swiftness through the darkness, and for a long time Glooscap could only sit quietly and guide it past the rocks. At last he saw far ahead a faint light, and then the canoe left the Cavern of Darkness and entered into the sunlight, where the water was smooth, and flowers were in bloom.

Glooscap drew the canoe upon the bank; then he took Marten by the hand and said to him, "*Uchkeen*, my younger brother, *numchaase*, arise!" Marten opened his eyes, thinking that he had only been asleep.

Then the Great Chief took the grandmother by the hand and said, "*Noogumee*, *numchaase*—arise!" Then the grandmother came to life; and she, too, believed that she had only been sleeping.

Near the landing place was a lonely wigwam, and in this wigwam was an old warrior, who had magical skill. He knew the power of the Great Chief, and wished to make a trial of his

own skill in magic. So he determined to freeze Glooscap, if he could. As night set in, he brought in an armful of wood, and said, "We will have a cold night; the sky is red."

So the two sat and smoked through the night, and talked. It grew colder and colder, until the cold put the fire out; and then the old wife and the grandmother and Marten died. But the two magicians talked on until morning as though nothing had happened.

In the morning Glooscap brought Marten and the grandmother and the old wife to life, and then he invited his friend to feast with *him* in the evening.

The Great Chief now built a lodge, and in the evening the magician came to visit him. After the feast, the Great Chief said, slyly, "There will be a great frost to-night; the sky was red at sunset."

Then the magician knew that Glooscap would take *his* turn at magic.

Glooscap made a blazing fire, and the two smoked and talked as they had done the night before, as though nothing were happening. It grew colder and colder, until the fire died out and grandmother and Marten again died of the cold, although the Great Chief had wrapped many furs about them. Then the poles of the wigwam snapped, and the trees and the great rocks outside cracked and fell in pieces.

In the morning Glooscap brought his dead companions back to life, and made ready to set out upon his journey. He took leave of his friend, but neither spoke of their great play with magic.

The Great Chief travelled on until he came to the sea. Then he sang his magic song which the whales obeyed, and at once a large whale came to him. After he had placed the grandmother and Marten upon the whale's back, he himself stepped on, and the whale soon carried them to the opposite shore, far away.

They landed near an Indian village, where lived an old Indian, who was so misshapen and ugly that he had always failed in winning a wife, for the Indian maidens would not even look at him. His name was *Mikchichk*—Tortoise.

When Glooscap and the grandmother and Marten reached the wigwam, *Mikchichk* was on the shore spearing a salmon: but when he saw them, he hastened home and welcomed them. He gave the Great Chief the place of honour in the wigwam, and prepared a feast.

When the news that Glooscap was in the village had spread about, preparations were made for a public feast and a dance. A crier was sent about the village, calling out as loud as he could:

“*How! How! How!*” inviting every one to the feast.

Now the chief had two unmarried daughters, both of them very beautiful; and Glooscap advised Mikchichk to seek one of them as his wife.

“Long ago, I gave up all thoughts of securing a wife,” said Mikchichk. “I do not please maidens.”

“But I will make you pleasing to every one,” said the Great Chief. So Glooscap gave Mikchichk coat and leggings, and best of all, his magical belt. And Mikchichk was no longer an ugly, deformed old man! The magical belt had transformed him into a young and handsome Indian brave. He went to the feast, and he could leap and run and play ball and wrestle as well as any one there.

But in the midst of his enjoyment he met with disaster. It was in a game of ball; Mikchichk caught the ball, and was running for dear life to the post, dodging right and left to avoid his pursuers—for all the other braves in the game were jealous of the handsome stranger, and all had joined in the pursuit. Mikchichk was driven straight to his own lodge. There was nothing left for him to do in order to escape, but to make a great spring over the lodge. Mikchichk tried to do this, but he missed his aim, and was caught on the ridge-pole, just over the chimney-hole.

Glooscap had been inside the wigwam all this time, but he knew what was happening outside. And when Mikchichk landed on the ridge-pole, Glooscap arose quietly, and piled fir boughs on the fire. This made a great smoke, which nearly stifled the Tortoise; and it so stained his coat that the marks never wore off, and are there until this day.

"You will kill me, *Nulooks*, my nephew," shouted the Tortoise.

"No, I will not," answered Glooscap, "but on the contrary I will make you immortal. You shall never die; you may live on the land, and you may live in the water; although your head may be cut off, it shall not kill you. And your heart shall still beat, even though your body be cut in pieces."

Then Glooscap helped Mikchichk down, and Mikchichk said:

"I will leave this place, and go on."

And Glooscap said:

"Whither will you go?"

"I will go anywhere and everywhere," said Mikchichk. And with this he went away, and has ever since led a solitary life.

After the festival was over, Glooscap and his companions set out upon their journey. They travelled on until they came to the island home of Kitpooseagunow. Kitpooseagunow was himself a great giant and a friend and



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Glooseap and Kitpooseagumow fishing for whale.

helper of Glooscap, but this did not prevent their having a hearty contest of magic, in which they both were nearly killed. As the two giants talked that evening in the wigwam, they called up a great frost by their magic, and the trees were torn up by their roots, and the great rocks were split; and all within the wigwam were frozen to death, except the two magicians, who barely escaped with their own lives.

In the morning they brought their dead companions to life, and then Kitpooseagunow said to Glooscap:

“To-night, let us go out in the seas in a canoe and catch whales by torchlight.”

Nothing could please the Chief better, for he was a great fisherman.

Now when Glooscap and Kitpooseagunow reached the shore, Glooscap could see plenty of rocks lying about, but there was no canoe. Kitpooseagunow picked up the largest of the rocks, and put it upon his head, and at once it became a great, beautiful canoe, large enough to carry the two giants. Then he took up a smaller stone, and this became a paddle. Then he split off a great splinter from a ledge of rock, and this was changed into a spear.

“Who will sit in the stern and paddle, and who will take the spear?” asked Glooscap.

“I will take the spear,” said Kitpooseagunow.

So Glooscap took the paddle, and soon they were far out at sea. By and by a whale glided by, and Kitpooseagunow plunged his spear into the back of the great creature and held it lightly above his head, as though it were a trout, although it reached above the clouds. Then he tossed it into the canoe.

“There, that will do,” he said; “let us return.”

When they reached the shore, Kitpooseagunow took a stone knife and split the whale end to end in two equal parts. He gave one half to Glooscap, and took the other half for himself. Each carried home his portion, and roasted it for his evening meal, *and then ate every morsel!*

After the contest with Kitpooseagunow, the Great Chief travelled homeward, taking with him Marten and the grandmother, and at last they reached the lonely point of land, high above the water, where the Great Chief had his wigwam. And then Glooscap hung strings of beautiful beads and wampum about the old grandmother’s neck, and made her young and beautiful again; and he made wonderful stones for her—the turquoise, and agate, and a cave full of purple amethyst—to make her so happy that she would forget the sufferings she had endured from Winpe, the giant sorcerer.

HOW GLOOSCAP TRANSFORMED THE INDIAN

IN the olden time, two Indian braves set out upon an adventure. The younger one was going to seek a wife, and the other went with him as his companion.

The two Indians travelled a long way through the forest, until at last they came to the ocean. In the distance, far out from the shore, they could see an island; and this island looked so pleasant that they thought they would like to visit it. So they built a canoe, and set out. When they reached the island, they found a man living there in a great wigwam. This was Glooscap, the Great Chief, himself; and he lived here with only the old grandmother and Marten.

The travellers entered the wigwam, and sat down upon the mat in the place for the guests. The old grandmother at once placed food before them, in a very tiny dish. This dish was so small, and there was so little food, the travellers began to fear that they would have but little to eat. But they were mistaken, for

this was magical food, and no matter how much they ate, the food was not lessened. There was just as much on the platter as ever.

They spent the night in the wigwam of Glooscap; and the next morning, before they set out upon their journey, the Great Chief gave the older Indian new clothing and combed his hair, and gave him a magical hair string. This hair string brought to the Indian magical powers, and changed him into a *Megumoowesoo*—a good magician. Then Glooscap gave him a tiny flute, and taught him how to play and to sing. He had never been able to sing before, but now, when Glooscap told him to sing, he found that he had a wonderful voice, and could sing with great ease.

The *Megumoowesoo* now asked Glooscap to loan them his canoe, so that they might continue their journey.

“I will lend you my canoe willingly,” said Glooscap, “if you will only bring it home again. I have never yet loaned it, but that I had to go after it, before I could get it back again.”

“I will surely return with the canoe,” said the *Megumoowesoo*.

Glooscap took the two young men down to the shore to help them make ready for their journey. The travellers looked all about, but they could see no canoe. But near the shore there

was a small, rocky island, with trees growing upon it.

“That is my canoe,” said Glooscap.

The two Indians stepped upon the island, and it glided away by magical power. It carried them straight out to sea, until they came to a large island. They landed there, and then they set out in search of the people. Soon they came upon a large Indian village, where there was a chief who had a beautiful daughter. This chief was so wicked that he delighted in causing the death of all his daughter's suitors. He would give such impossible tasks that they would be killed in attempting them, or else they would be put to death for failing.

When the Megumoowesoo and his friend entered the wigwam, they were given the seat of honour; and then the Megumoowesoo at once told their errand.

“*My friend is tired of living alone,*” he said to the chief. This meant, “my friend would like to marry your daughter.”

“He may have my daughter for his wife,” said the chief, “but he must first bring me the head of a horned dragon.”

The two Indians agreed to this, and then they went to another wigwam to pass the night.

In the night, when the whole village was asleep, the Megumoowesoo stole out to hunt for

a dragon, and soon found a hole in the ground where one was hiding. He placed a stick of wood across the hole, and then he danced and danced around the hole, singing to charm the dragon out.

In a little while the dragon's head appeared, and as he began to crawl out of the hole, he dropped his neck upon the log which the Megumoowesoo had placed across the entrance. Then, with one blow of his hatchet, the Megumoowesoo cut off the dragon's head, and took it by its shining yellow horns, and placed it beside his sleeping companion. Then he aroused him and said:

“Carry this dragon's head to the chief.”

The suitor did as the Megumoowesoo had told him, and the astonished old chief said:

“This time I shall lose my daughter.”

Then he said to the young man:

“I should like to see my new son-in-law coast down hill on a hand-sled.”

Now near the village there was a high mountain with steep, rugged sides; and this was the place the old chief chose for the coasting ground. He brought out two sleds, and gave one to the two strangers, and the other to two Indians, who were wizards in the form of young men.

The four Indians climbed the mountain together, and when all was ready, the Megu-

moowesoo and his friend took the lead, and the Megumoowesoo steered the sled. The two wizards followed, thinking that the strangers would soon fall from their sleds, and then they could run over them and crush them to death.

Down the mountain side they went at a fearful rate—down, down, down the rough path—and the young man soon lost his balance and fell from the sled. But the Megumoowesoo quickly caught him, and put him back in his place; and at the same time he turned a little aside and made the others pass him. In an instant they were again under way, and when they reached the cliff, their sled made a great bound and leaped far over the other. The Megumoowesoo shouted and sang as they flew on; the sled thundered to the bottom of the mountain; it sped on toward the village, with undiminished speed; it bounded through the village until it struck the side of the old chief's wigwam, and tore it from end to end.

The old chief sprang up in terror, and cried:

“This time I have lost my daughter!”

But he was not willing to admit himself beaten *yet*.

“I should like to see my son-in-law run a race,” he said.

So the young man made ready to race with one of the chief's magicians, and as they were about to start, the Megumoowesoo slipped his

flute into his friend's hand, thus giving him magical power. The two started off slowly, side by side at first, so that they could talk together.

"Who and what are you?" the young man asked the magician.

"I am *Wegadesk*,—Northern Lights," he answered. "And who and what are you?"

"Oh, I am *Wosogwodesk*,—Chain Lightning," said the young man.

Then they began to run at full speed. At noon Chain Lightning reached the village; he had run around the whole world—but Northern Lights did not appear until evening, and then he came in panting.

Once more the old chief exclaimed:

"*This time I have lost my daughter.*"

But the chief had still one more task, in which he hoped the young man might yet be killed.

"I would see my son-in-law swim and dive, before he marries my daughter," he said.

Now as the young man plunged into the water with his rival, who was a Booöin, he asked:

"What is your name?"

"I am *Ukchigumooech*, the Sea Duck—And who are you," asked the Booöin.

"Oh, I am *Kweemoo*, the Loon," answered the young man.

Then down they plunged into the water. After a long, long time the Sea-Duck came up to the surface, but they waited and waited for the Loon to appear. When at last the Loon did appear, the old chief said:

“My son-in-law, *I have lost my daughter.* You are stronger than I. You may take my daughter and go—but first the wedding dance must be held, and every one must take part in it.”

The Megumoowesoo suspected *more* magical work, and he determined to break up any plot the old chief might have to harm them. The dancing ground was a cleared, well-beaten spot near the chief's wigwam; and when all had gathered there, and the dance was about to begin, the Megumoowesoo suddenly sprang into the dancing ground and began to dance. Around and around the circle he stepped in a measured tread, and at every step his feet sank deeper and deeper into the smooth earth, ploughing it up into high, uneven ridges. Deeper and deeper he sank, and higher and higher became the furrows about him, until nothing but his head could be seen above the ground as he danced about the circle. Then he stopped. He had made the ground unfit for the dance, and so the old chief could play no magic that day.

Then at last the young man and his bride

and the Megumoowesoo started out for home in the magical canoe,—but their troubles were not yet over, for the wicked old chief had sent some of his magicians ahead to destroy them on the way. As the Megumoowesoo and his friend glided along in the magical canoe, they suddenly discovered that a storm had been conjured ahead of them, and was rushing upon them. The Megumoowesoo must meet this with his magic in order to save them. So he stood up in the canoe, and began to call up a storm. Soon the two storms had met in mid-ocean,—but the Megumoowesoo's storm was the stronger, and swept the magician's storm out to sea, and left a great calm.

Then they passed a great beaver, which was really a Booöin in disguise, planning to capsize the canoe. But the Megumoowesoo said:

“I am a capital hand to hunt beavers;” and with one blow with his hatchet he killed the beaver.

Then they passed other magicians in disguise, and killed them all; and at last they came unharmed to the island of Glooscap and found the Great Chief waiting for them on the shore.

“Well my friends, I see that you have returned my canoe,” he said.

“We have, indeed,” they replied.

“How have you fared?” Glooscap then asked.

Then they told him about their adventures, but the Chief knew all this, *because he alone had helped them in all their trials.*

As they were leaving, Glooscap said to the Megumoowesoo:

“If ever you are in trouble, you have but to think of me, and I will send assistance to you.”

The two men and the bride started homeward; and when they reached the deep forest, they separated. The young man and the bride went to their home, to begin their daily life together, and the Megumoowesoo departed to lead that higher life to which Glooscap had appointed him.

HOW GLOOSCAP DEFEATED THE SORCERERS

IN the olden time there was a man who had three sons and a daughter. All were magicians and giants. They ate human flesh, and did everything that was horrible and wicked; and the world soon grew tired of them and all their doings. Yet when these people were young, Glooscap had been their friend. He had made the father his adopted father; the brother, his brother; and the sister, his sister. As they grew older, and he began to hear on every side about their evil deeds, Glooscap said:

“I will go among them, and see whether this is all true. If it is,—they shall die. I will not spare one of those who devour men and oppress them, I do not care *who* he may be.”

So the Great Chief went to the sorcerers. It happened that their father had but one eye. Glooscap made himself like him, so like him that in no way were they different. He went to the wigwam, and sat down by the old man. The brothers came in, and seeing the newcomer so like their father, they said:

“Here is a great magician. But he shall be tried before he goes, and that bitterly.”

Then the sister took the tail of a whale and cooked it for the stranger to eat. But as it lay before Glooscap on the platter, the elder brother came in and said rudely, “This is too good for a beggar like you,” and took it away to his own wigwam.

Then the Great Chief said, “*What was given to me is mine*; so I take it again.” And sitting where he was, he *willed* for the food to come to him; and it came flying into the platter. Then Glooscap ate it.

The brother said, “Surely, he is a great magician; but he shall be tried before he goes, and that bitterly.”

When Glooscap had finished eating, the brothers brought in a great bone, the jaw of a whale; and the eldest brother, using both arms, and all of his strength, bent the bone. Then he handed it to the Great Chief; and he, with his thumb and finger, snapped it like a pipe stem. And the brothers said again, “Surely, he is a great magician, but he shall be tried before he goes, and that bitterly.”

Then they brought a great pipe full of the strongest tobacco. No man could have smoked it unless he were a magician. They passed the pipe around, and every one smoked. The brothers blew the smoke through their nostrils,

but when the pipe came to Glooscap, he filled it full again, lighted it, and with one pull burned all the tobacco into ashes, and blew all the smoke through his nostrils at one puff.

Then the brothers were angry, and said again, "This is indeed a great magician, but he shall be tried before he goes, and that bitterly."

They tried again to smoke with him. They closed the wigwam and hoped to smother him in smoke. But Glooscap sat and smoked away as though he were on a mountain top. At last the brothers could bear the smoke no longer, and they said, "This is idle. Let us go and have a game of ball."

The place where they were to play was on a plain, and Glooscap saw that the ball with which they played was a hideous skull. It was alive and snapped at his heels when it rolled. If he had been as other men, and had been bitten so, it would have taken off his foot. But Glooscap laughed and said, "So this is the game you play. *Good!* But let us each have a ball."

With that he stepped to a tree on the bank of the river, and broke off the end of a bough. At once this turned into a skull ten times more terrible than the other.

The giants ran before this horrible ball; but it pursued them, and they fled from the field.

Then the Great Chief stamped upon the sand, and the waters arose and flooded the place,

and streams and rivers poured from the mountain side. The whole land trembled with the roar. Then the Great Chief sang a magic song which changes all beings, and all the wicked sorcerers were transformed into sharks.

HOW GLOOSCAP WAS CONQUERED BY WASIS

IN the long ago it came to pass, when Glooscap had conquered all his enemies—the *Kew-ahqu'*, the giants and sorcerers, and the *M'teoulin*, magicians, and the *Pamola*, the evil spirit of the night, and all kinds of ghosts, witches, devils, cannibals, and goblins, he began to think upon what he had done, and he wondered whether his work on earth were finished.

And he spoke these thoughts to a woman, who was clever and ready of tongue. But she replied, "Not so fast, Master, for there yet remains *One* whom no one has ever conquered, nor got the better of in any way, and who will remain unconquered to the end of time."

"And who is *he*?" asked the Master.

"It is the mighty Wasis," the woman replied; "and there he sits. And I warn you that if you meddle with him you will be in sore trouble."

Now Wasis was the Baby! And he sat upon the floor, sucking a piece of maple sugar, greatly contented, troubling no one.

As the lord of Men and Beasts had never

married, nor had a child, he knew nothing of the way of managing children. But, like all such people, he felt very certain that he knew all about it. So he turned to the baby with a sweet smile, and bade the little one come to him.

The Baby smiled back at the Great Chief, but he did not budge.

Then the Master spoke sweetly, and made his voice like the sound of a summer bird, but it was of no avail, for Wasis sat still and sucked his maple sugar, and looked at Glooscap with untroubled eyes.

And then the Master frowned as in great anger, and spoke in an awful voice, and ordered Wasis to come crawling to him at once. Baby burst out into wild tears and screams—but for all that he did not move one inch.

Then the Master, since he could do but one thing more, tried that. Glooscap had recourse to magic. He used his most dreadful spells; he sang the songs which raise the dead, and scare the devils, and drive the witches to their graves, and bend the great pines in the forest. And all the time Wasis sat and looked at him admiringly, and seemed to think it interesting—but for all that he did not stir.

So in despair Glooscap gave up, for he had no more arts. And Wasis, sitting on the floor in the sunshine, went, "*Goo! Goo!*"

And to this day, when you see a baby, quite

content, saying "goo! goo!" and crowing, you may be sure he is thinking of the time when he overcame the Great Chief, who had conquered all the world.

For of all beings that have ever been, since the world began, *Baby alone is invincible.*

HOW THE INDIANS SOUGHT THE GREAT CHIEF

AFTER Glooscap, the Great Chief, had left the Indians, and had gone to his home in the far west, the Indians were very lonely without him, and many often wished they might go in search of him. They did not know where he was, and so they were uncertain which way to go; but they knew that while he was with them he was never far away, and that he could always be found by those who were willing to seek him.

At last four Indians determined to go in search of the Great Chief. They started from home in the early spring, and they travelled through forests and over rivers, and through wide fields in the heat of the summer. They went on and on, and cold winter came upon them. But they never thought of turning back; they had started out in search of the Master, and they would go until they had found him. Sometimes they would fall in the deep snow, and they were very often hungry and thirsty and cold, but they kept on, and at last the winter ended, and spring came to them again. And then spring passed and it was summer time.

One day in mid-summer, the Indians came upon a trail in the forest. They followed it until it brought them out to a beautiful river. It wound along the bank of the river, until it came to a place where the river spread out into a broad, peaceful lake. They followed the trail, which led at last to a point of land far out in the middle of the lake. From the top of a hill they saw smoke coming up through the trees, and at last they reached a large, well-built wigwam.

The Indians entered the wigwam, and saw a man of middle age, with a calm, strong face, seated on the right side of the fire, in the master's place. On the other side, there sat a woman, doubled over with age, and very feeble. There was another mat spread out on the floor, as though a third person had a seat there. The master of the wigwam received the guests kindly, but did not ask them whence they had come, or whither they were going, as is the Indian custom.

After a time they heard the sound of a paddle, and the noise of a canoe drawn from the water, and after that, footsteps outside. Presently, a well-dressed Indian brave of beautiful form and features entered with his weapons, showing that he had come from the hunt.

"*Keejoo*," he said to the old woman, "there is game without."

The old woman, weak and tottering, brought in four beavers, and began to dress them. But she was so feeble and slow that the master of the wigwam said, "*Uchkeen*, my younger brother, take the work from the mother and finish it yourself."

The young hunter dressed the beaver, and in a short time he had cooked a large portion, and set it before the weary, hungry travellers.

The Indians had rested in this quiet place for several days, when one morning the master of the wigwam said, "*Uchkeen*, my younger brother, bathe Keejoo's face."

The younger brother did as he was told, and at once the grandmother's wrinkles vanished, and she became young again and very fair. He then combed her hair and braided it, and it was no longer white, but black and glossy. And then he dressed her in a beautiful robe, and now, instead of being old, bent down and feeble, she became straight and active and strong.

The Indians looked on in wonder. They realised, now, that whoever their host might be, he was possessed of great power, and they knew that he had done this wonderful thing to show them what manner of man he was.

The master now invited his guests to walk with him, and when they went out they saw that the place was beautiful beyond belief.

There were tall trees, with the greenest foliage, covered with beautiful, fragrant blossoms, standing in rows so straight and so far apart, that the visitors could see a great distance in every direction. The air was balmy and sweet; and everywhere there seemed to be a sense of health and happiness and rest. The owner of this beautiful spot now said, "Whence do you come, and whither are you going?"

"We have travelled from a far-off country," the visitors said, "and we are in search of Glooscap, the Great Chief."

The master of the wigwam looked at them and said, "I am Glooscap. What have you to ask of me?"

One Indian said, "O Master, I am a very wicked man; I have an ugly temper, and I would be meek and good."

"That is well," said Glooscap.

Then the second Indian said, "I am very poor. I have never been successful in anything I have tried to do. I would like to have riches."

"It is well," said the Master. "And you?" he asked, turning to the third.

"I am despised and hated by my people," the Indian answered, "and I wish to be loved and respected."

"That is well," Glooscap again said. Then

he turned to the last Indian. "And you? What would you have?" he asked.

Now this Indian was a fine looking young brave, vain of his good looks. And he said, "I would like to live a long time, and never grow old."

"*You* have asked a hard thing," said Glooscap, shaking his head, "yet we will see what can be done."

The next day Glooscap took the four men to a hill, which they had not noticed before. It was very rocky and sandy, and hard to climb. There were no trees, and the sun shone there from morning until night. Glooscap stood before the man who had asked to live a long time, and clasped him around the waist. Then he lifted the astonished Indian from the ground, and set him down again, and passed his hands over his body, twisting him as he did so.

When Glooscap removed his hands, the Indians saw that their companion had been changed into an old, gnarled cedar tree, with limbs growing out rough and ugly all the way from the ground.

"There," said Glooscap. "I cannot tell how long you will live,—the Great Spirit alone can tell that. But I think that you will not be likely to be disturbed for a long time, as no one will have reason to cut you down; you are unfit for any purpose, and the ground about is of no

use for planting. Yes, I think that you will stand here for a good, long time."

The three companions were horror-stricken, and began to fear for their own fate. They thought that something terrible might happen to them. Glooscap took them back to the lodge, and opened his medicine bag, and took out three small boxes. He gave one to each of the Indians. And he gave to each, also, fresh clothes, all beautifully finished and ornamented; and the Indians put them on.

"In which direction does your home lie?" Glooscap then asked.

"We do not know the way," they replied. "It is far from here. We spent one long summer, and the winter, and spring, and half another summer to come hither. We do not know whether we can ever find our homes again."

Glooscap smiled and said, "I know the way very well. I have often travelled over it."

"We would have you for our guide then," the Indians said.

So, early the next morning, Glooscap put on his belt, and set off on the journey, and the other Indians followed him. About the middle of the forenoon they reached the top of a high mountain. From there they could see another mountain far off in the distance, like a blue line against the sky. The Indians thought that it

would take them at least a week to reach the distant mountain. They travelled on, and to their astonishment, in the middle of the afternoon—they reached the mountain. When they stood upon the top, Glooscap said, “Look about you.”

The Indians looked, and there before them was their *own native village!*

Then the Great Chief left them, and returned to his own home in the far west.

When the Indians reached home, no one knew them, at first, they were so changed. But soon they were surrounded by old and young, all eager to hear their wonderful story.

And when they went to their wigwams and were alone, they opened the boxes which they had kept carefully closed as Glooscap had told them. In these boxes there was an ointment, and when they had rubbed the ointment over their bodies, the wish that each one had made to Glooscap was granted.

The one who had been despised and hated and shunned now became beautiful and loved by every one.

The one who wished riches had all he could ask. Success followed him whenever he went upon the hunt, and plenty reigned in his wigwam.

And best of all, the man who wished to be

meeK and good was granted his wish. He was ever after free from his faults, and went about doing good.

Such was the work of Glooscap, the Great Chief.

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

GLOSSARY

GLOSSARY OF MICMAC WORDS

Key to pronunciation. Consonants: *g* sounded *hard*, always, as in *go*; *c*, exactly like *k*; *ch*, as in *church*.

Vowels: *a* as in *father*; *ā* as in *fate*; *ǎ* as in *fat*; *â* as in second *a* in *abaft*;

e as in *me*; *ě* as in *met*; *ei* as *i* in *pine* (*ei* in *height*);

ĩ as in *pin*; *o* as in *no*; *õ* as in *not*; *u* as in *use*; *ũ* as in *tub*; *oo* as in *fool*; *õõ* as in *good*; *ow* as in *now*.

When vowels are doubled as *āā*, the usual sound of these letters is prolonged.

Accent: The usual place for the *accent* in Micmac is on the *penult*. (In this glossary the accent has been marked upon each word, in order to indicate pronunciation clearly.)

M or *n* at the beginning of a word preceded by an accent, thus '*m*, '*n*, is sounded *without a vowel*.

A bis tä nā ooch'	Marten; sable.
Āb lee gū mooch'	Rabbit.
Ab le gē moo'	Bullfrog.
An ta wā' ās	Yellow woodpecker (it has the same form in the plural).
A took wō' kūn	A wonder tale; a fabulous story.
Boo ö' in	A magician who exercised his power for evil; a medicine man; a wizard.
Boot' ūp	Whale. The suffix <i>askw</i> (or <i>skw</i>) fem. gen. usually denotes <i>wife</i> ; as, <i>Bootupskw</i> , Mrs. Whale; <i>Mooiin askw</i> , Mrs. Bear.
Chě noo'	A fierce cannibal giant of the north, with heart of ice and stone.
Che pěch' calm	A horned dragon; the tutelary deity of Booöins.
Cool na joo'	Stupid.

Cul loo'	A mythical monster bird with one hundred claws.
Ka' ka kooch'	A crow.
Kee joo'	Mother.
Kee on ik'	Otter.
Kek wa joo'	Badger.
Kēs pē a dook' srt	The story ends.
Kit' poo se' a gu now'	One (either human or animal) taken from his mother's side.
Kook' wēs	A cannibal giant.
Kwee moo'	Loon.
Mān ī too'	A god from the spirit world, who can do anything that he is requested to do.
Me gū moo' wē soo	Supernatural beings living in the forest, who exercised their power for good.
Mik chīchk'	Tortoise.
Mīm kū da wō goosk'	Moosewood man.
Mim kū da wōk'	Moosewood tree.
Mog wāā'	No.
Moo' in	Bear; <i>Mooin askw</i> , Mrs. Bear.
Moo' in Wop' skw	A huge white bear.
Niks ka mich'	Grandfather.
Noo' goon oos koo dēs- kuck	Spare my backbone; let my backbone remain uninjured.
Noo gu' mee	Grandmother.
Noo je kē si gū no da' sit	The wringer and dryer of socks.
'N sees'	My brother older than I.
N se sa' ko	My brother.
'N toos'	My daughter.
Nūm chaa' se	Arise.
Nū mees'	My sister.
Nū looks'	Nephew.
Oo chī ge a' skw	Scarred face maiden.
Oo chī ge ōpch'	Scarred face brave.
Pān tah do oe' 'n toos'	Open the door for me, my daughter,
lo' ke cy ow chee'	I am very cold.
Pow' wow	A sorcerer.

Pow' wowed	To be transformed by magic.
Pū lö wech'	Partridge.
Tā koo ö' now	A species of trout but brighter in colour. (<i>Adagwaasoo</i> is trout.)
Te am'	Moose.
Te ö' mül	A tutelary deity.
Uch keen'	My younger brother.
Ukch sa ku' mou	Great chief.
Uk chi gū moo' ech	Sea duck.
U' sīt ä bü lä joo'	Hung up by the heels.
Wa' sis	Baby.
Wě gā dēsk'	Northern lights.
Wēu kū' jūh	Red ochre.
Win' pe	A powerful sorcerer; one of Glooscap's greatest enemies.
Wö sōg wö dēsk'	Chain lightning.



GLOOSCAP

THE



