



Ganyo (Animals)

Animals used as source of food:

Beaver – Protein, Iron, niacin, 149 calories
 Black Bear - Protein, Iron, niacin, riboflavin, fat, 233 calories
 Buffalo – Protein, Iron, 98 calories
 Caribou - Protein, Iron, niacin, riboflavin, thiamin, 170 calories
 Deer - Protein, Iron, niacin, riboflavin, thiamin, 142 calories
 Deer liver – Vitamin A, , riboflavin, Vitamin C, Niacin, iron, protein, 206 calories
 Elk
 Groundhog
 Moose – protein, niacin, iron, riboflavin, vitamin C, 121 calories
 Muskrat – Niacin, protein, riboflavin, Vitamin C, 166 calories
 Opossum
 Porcupine
 Rabbit –Raw: Protein, Iron, Niacin, 111 calories; stewed: Niacin, Protein, Iron, 156 calories
 Raccoon
 Squirrel
 Turtle

After mid-winter small game animals are hunted. Hunting medicines and charms could be used to assure success in hunting. Rabbits, squirrels, raccoons and turkeys, grouse (partridge - oh-qua-sen in Tuscarora; ahkwesen on Mohawk) provide fresh meat. Other winter food animals would include:

<u>English</u>	<u>Latin</u>	<u>Seneca</u>	<u>Mohawk</u>	<u>Tuscarora</u>
Beaver	<i>Castor Canadensis</i>	Nö'ganya'göh	tsyani:to	ju'nake
Black Bear	<i>Ursus americanus</i>	Nyagwai'	ohkwari	ujihreh
Black Squirrel		Joni:sgyö:n	onkwe'ta:ko	
Eastern Cottontail	<i>Sylvilagus floridanus</i>	Gwa'yö:'	kwa'yen:'a	kwah-roo
Jack Rabbit		Gwa'yö:'	tehahonhtane:ken	
Fox Squirrel	<i>Sciurus niger</i>	Joni:sgyö:n		
Gray Squirrel	<i>Sciurus carolinensis</i>	Joni:sgyö:n	onkwe'ta:ko	
Muskrat	<i>Ondatra zibethicus</i>	Jinodaga'	anokyen	
Flying Squirrel		Joni:sgyö:n	ta'wahsen	
Porcupine	<i>Erethizon dorsatum</i>	Gaha'da'	anen:taks	
Opossum	<i>Didelphis virginiana</i>	Jagoyö:di:h	wenniheyatha	
Raccoon	<i>Procyon lotor</i>	Jo'ä:ga'	ati:ron	
Red Squirrel	<i>Tamiasciurus hudsonicus</i>	Joni:sgyö:n	aron:sen	
White Tail Deer	<i>Odocoileus virginianus</i>	Neogë'	ohskennon:ton	akweh

In former days, elk (atena:ti) and moose (ska'nyonsha) would have been hunted as well.



Men run their trap lines to capture the long-bodied animals whose flesh does not make good meat for eating, but whose furs are in their most lush state because of the cold weather. These furs are used as clothing, bedding and trading.

Fur bearing animals would include:

<u>English</u>	<u>Latin</u>	<u>Seneca</u>	<u>Mohawk</u>	<u>Tuscarora</u>
Bobcat	<i>Felis rufus</i>		takohsko:wa	
Ermine	<i>Mustela erminea</i>		ononkwet	
Fisher	<i>Martes pennanti</i>			
Gray Fox	<i>Urocyon cinereoargenteus</i>		tsitsho	thak-nawk-sah
Gray Wolf	<i>Canis lupus</i>	Othayo:nih	okwaho	thkwarineh
Long-tailed Weasel	<i>Mustela frenata</i>	Hanö:go:d	ononkote	
Lynx	<i>Felis lynx</i>		takohsko:wa	

(In Seneca, the name associated with this animal is *jignohsahse*, meaning “fat/wide face,” the name also given to the Mother of Nations who met the Peace Maker)

Marten	<i>Martes americana</i>		ahseranoha
Mink	<i>Mustela vison</i>	Jio'da:ga'	ayo:ha
Mountain Lion	<i>Felis concolor</i>	he:es	kenrekskowa
Red Fox	<i>Vulpes vulpes</i>		tsitsho
River Otter	<i>Lutra Canadensis</i>		tawi:ne
Wolverine	<i>Gulo gulo</i>		anerehetshotarhon

The **Black Bear** is one of eighteen known subspecies that can be found throughout the United States and Canada. Despite their name, black bears can actually appear in a variety of colors. There are brown black bears, white black bears, and even the blue glacier bear. Black bears have a heavy body, short tail, rounded ears, plantigrade feet (i.e., both heel and toe make contact with the ground when walking in a manner similar to humans), and a hind foot with five toes. They are much quicker than their appearance would suggest with recorded speeds being in excess of 40 kilometers per hour (over 25 miles per hour) for a short distance. Adult Weight: Males: 125 to 500 pounds common, depending upon age, season, and food. Adult Length: 50 to 80 inches, nose to tail, depending on sex. Most arise a half-hour before sunrise, take a nap or two during daily activities, and bed down for the night by an hour or two after sunset. For food, bears like a mix of fruit, nuts, acorns, insects, succulent greens and meat.

The Hunting of the Great Bear

There were four hunters who were brothers. No hunters were as good as they at following a trail. They never gave up once they began tracking their quarry.

One day, in the moon when the cold nights return, an urgent message came to the village of the four hunters. A great bear, one so large and powerful that many thought it must be



some kind of monster, had appeared. The people of the village whose hunting grounds the monster had invaded were afraid. The children no longer went out to play in the woods. The long houses of the village were guarded each night by men with weapons, who stood by the entrances. Each morning, when the people went outside, they found the huge tracks of the bear in the midst of their village. They knew that soon it would become even more bold.

Picking up their spears and calling to their small dog, the four hunters set forth for that village, which was not far away. As they came closer they noticed how quiet the woods were. There were no signs of rabbits or deer and even the birds were silent. On a great pine tree they found the scars where the great bear had reared up on hind legs and made deep scratches to mark its territory. The tallest of the brothers tried to touch the highest of the scratch marks with the tip of his spear. "It is as the people feared," the first brother said. "This one we are to hunt is Nyah-gwahéh, a monster bear."

"But what about the magic that the Nyah-gwahéh has?" said the second brother.

The first brother shook his head. "That magic will do it no good if we find its track."

"That's so," said the third brother. "I have always heard that from the old people. Those creatures can only chase a hunter who has not yet found its trail. When you find the track of the Nyah-gwahéh and begin to chase it, then it must run from you."

"Brothers," said the fourth hunter who was the fattest and laziest, "did we bring along enough food to eat? It may take a long time to catch this big bear. I'm feeling hungry."

Before long, the four hunters and their small dog reached the village. It was a sad sight to see. There was no fire burning in the centre of the village and the doors of all the long houses were closed. Grim men stood on guard with clubs and spears and there was no game hung from the racks or skins stretched for tanning. The people looked hungry.

The elder sachem of the village came out and the tallest of the four hunters spoke to him.

"Uncle," the hunter said, "we have come to help you get rid of the monster."

Then the fattest and laziest of the four brothers spoke. "Uncle," he said, "is there some food we can eat? Can we find a place to rest before we start chasing this big bear? I'm tired."

The first hunter shook his head and smiled. "My brother is only joking, Uncle," he said. "We are going now to pick up the monster bear's trail."

"I am not sure you can do that, Nephews," the elder sachem said. "Though we find tracks closer and closer to the doors of our lodges each morning, whenever we try to follow those tracks they disappear."



The second hunter knelt down and patted the head of their small dog. "Uncle," he said, that is because they do not have a dog such as ours." He pointed to the two black circles above the eyes of the small dog. "Four-Eyes can see any tracks, even those many days old."

"May Creator's protection be with you," said the elder sachem.

"Do not worry. Uncle," said the third hunter. "Once we are on a trail we never stop following until we've finished our hunt." "That's why I think we should have something to eat first," said the fourth hunter, but his brothers did not listen. They nodded to the elder sachem and began to leave. Sighing, the fattest and laziest of the brothers lifted up his long spear and trudged after them.

They walked, following their little dog. It kept lifting up its head, as if to look around with its four eyes. The trail was not easy to find.

"Brothers," the fattest and laziest hunter complained, "don't you think we should rest. We've been walking a long time." But his brothers paid no attention to him. Though they could see no tracks, they could feel the presence of the Nyah-gwaheh. They knew that if they did not soon find its trail, it would make its way behind them. Then they would be the hunted ones.

The fattest and laziest brother took out his pemmican pouch. At least he could eat while they walked along. He opened the pouch and shook out the food he had prepared so carefully by pounding together strips of meat and berries with maple sugar and then drying them in the sun. But instead of pemmican, pale squirming things fell out into his hands. The magic of the Nyah-gwaheh had changed the food into worms.

"Brothers," the fattest and laziest of the hunters shouted, "let's hurry up and catch that big bear! Look what it did to my pemmican. Now I'm getting angry."

Meanwhile, like a pale giant shadow, the Nyah-gwaheh was moving through the trees close to the hunters. Its mouth was open as it watched them and its huge teeth shone, its eyes flashed red. Soon it would be behind them and on their trail.

Just then, though, the little dog lifted its head and yelped. "Eh-heh!" the first brother called.

"Four-Eyes has found the trail," shouted the second brother.

"We have the track of the Nyah-gwaheh," said the third brother.

"Big Bear," the fattest and laziest one yelled, "we are after you, now!"

Fear filled the heart of the great bear for the first time and it began to run. As it broke from the cover of the pines, the four hunters saw it, a gigantic white shape, so pale as to



appear almost naked. With loud hunting cries, they began to run after it. The great bear's strides were long and it ran more swiftly than a deer. The four hunters and their little dog were swift also though and they did not fall behind. The trail led through the swamps and the thickets. It was easy to read, for the bear pushed everything aside as it ran, even knocking down big trees. On and on they ran, over hills and through valleys. They came to the slope of a mountain and followed the trail higher and higher, every now and then catching a glimpse of their quarry over the next rise.

Now though the lazy hunter was getting tired of running. He pretended to fall and twist his ankle.

"Brothers," he called, "I have sprained my ankle. You must carry me."

So his three brothers did as he asked, two of them carrying him by turns while the third hunter carried his spear. They ran more slowly now because of their heavy load, but they were not falling any further behind. The day had turned now into night, yet they could still see the white shape of the great bear ahead of them. They were at the top of the mountain now and the ground beneath them was very dark as they ran across it. The bear was tiring, but so were they. It was not easy to carry their fat and lazy brother. The little dog, Four-Eyes, was close behind the great bear, nipping at its tail as it ran.

"Brothers," said the fattest and laziest one. "put me down now. I think my leg has gotten better."

The brothers did as he asked. Fresh and rested, the fattest and laziest one grabbed his spear and dashed ahead of the others. Just as the great bear turned to bite at the little dog, the fattest and laziest hunter leveled his spear and thrust it into the heart of the Nyah-Gwahéh. The monster bear fell dead.

How Bear Lost His Tail

Back in the old days, Bear had a tail which was his proudest possession. It was long and black and glossy and Bear used to wave it around just so that people would look at it. Fox saw this. Fox, as everyone knows, is a trickster and likes nothing better than fooling others. So it was that he decided to play a trick on Bear.

It was the time of year when Hatho, the Spirit of Frost, had swept across the land, covering the lakes with ice and pounding on the trees with his big hammer. Fox made a hole in the ice, right near a place where Bear liked to walk. By the time Bear came by, all around Fox, in a big circle, were big trout and fat perch. Just as Bear was about to ask Fox what he was doing, Fox twitched his tail which he had sticking through that hole in the ice and pulled out a huge trout.

"Greetings, Brother!" said Fox. "How are you this fine day?"



"Greetings," answered Bear, looking at the big circle of fat fish. "I am well, Brother. But what are you doing?"

"I am fishing," answered Fox. "Would you like to try?"

"Oh, yes," said Bear, as he started to lumber over to Fox's fishing hole.

But Fox stopped him. "Wait, Brother," he said, "This place will not be good. As you can see, I have already caught all the fish. Let us make you a new fishing spot where you can catch many big trout."

Bear agreed and so he followed Fox to the new place, a place where, as Fox knew very well, the lake was too shallow to catch the winter fish--which always stay in the deepest water when Hatho has covered their ponds. Bear watched as Fox made the hole in the ice, already tasting the fine fish he would soon catch. "Now," Fox said, "you must do just as I tell you. Clear your mind of all thoughts of fish. Do not even think of a song or the fish will hear you. Turn your back to the hole and place your tail inside it. Soon a fish will come and grab your tail and you can pull him out."

"But how will I know if a fish has grabbed my tail if my back is turned?" asked Bear.

"I will hide over here where the fish cannot see me," said Fox. "When a fish grabs your tail, I will shout. Then you must pull as hard as you can to catch your fish. But you must be very patient. Do not move at all until I tell you."

Bear nodded, "I will do exactly as you say." He sat down next to the hole, placed his long beautiful black tail in the icy water and turned his back.

Fox watched for a time to make sure that Bear was doing as he was told and then, very quietly, snuck back to his own house and went to bed. The next morning he woke up and thought of Bear. "I wonder if he is still there," Fox said to himself. "I'll just go and check."

So Fox went back to the ice covered pond and what do you think he saw? He saw what looked like a little white hill in the middle of the ice. It had snowed during the night and covered Bear, who had fallen asleep while waiting for Fox to tell him to pull his tail and catch a fish. And Bear was snoring. His snores were so loud that the ice was shaking. It was so funny that Fox rolled with laughter. But when he was through laughing, he decided the time had come to wake up poor Bear. He crept very close to Bear's ear, took a deep breath, and then shouted: "Now, Bear!!!"

Bear woke up with a start and pulled his long tail hard as he could. But his tail had been caught in the ice which had frozen over during the night and as he pulled, it broke off -- Whack! -- just like that. Bear turned around to look at the fish he had caught and instead saw his long lovely tail caught in the ice.



"Ohhh," he moaned, "ohhh, Fox. I will get you for this." But Fox, even though he was laughing fit to kill was still faster than Bear and he leaped aside and was gone.

So it is that even to this day Bears have short tails and no love at all for Fox. And if you ever hear a bear moaning, it is probably because he remembers the trick Fox played on him long ago and he is mourning for his lost tail.

White Tail **Deer** are a member of the cervids family, which include deer and their allies, including familiar moose, elk, and caribou. The cervids include deer and their allies, including familiar moose, elk and caribou.

The Seneca Story of the Grateful Animals

The Good Hunter was very successful and had a habit of always leaving some meat behind for the animals in the woods. He only killed what he needed and after he dressed the animal he called to the other animals to feast on the remains. A war party of Cherokees killed and scalped him and left his body behind.

The Timber Wolf finds his body and howls a distress call to the other animals. All the animals and birds soon assemble at the body. They held a council and decided that the Bear would carry the body because he is the most like humans in his habits. He put his paw on the warm spot of the heart.

The animals and birds held a second council and decided that the Humming Bird would approach the Cherokee camp unseen and recover the scalp. The Bear kept the warm spot warm and it began to grow. The Wolf licked the exposed scalp to keep it fresh. All of the animals gave a portion of their white meat flesh to make a medicine which would be the strongest in the world.

The animals gathered in a circle and sang a medicine song. The Humming Bird swooped into the Cherokee camp and plucked the Good Hunters scalp from the drying rack by the fire. The scalp was softened by the Wolf, and small amounts of the medicine were given to him. His spirit floated over his body and he could hear the songs and speeches administered throughout the night.

At daybreak, the Good Hunter was himself again. The animals instructed him to return to his people and teach them the proper use of the medicine, the songs to be sung, offerings to be made, and the feast to be given.

The Good Hunter Feeds the Animals

Original story translated by J.N.B. Hewitt, 1889.



There once was a certain upright man, a good hunter, and a chief in his country. He was beloved by his own people because he worked only for their welfare.

Every fall he went hunting at a distant place that took him three days to reach. The good hunter always had good luck at hunting because whatever he first killed, be it a bear, deer, or whatever, he would dress it out and cut it up into as many pieces as there are animals in the woods. The meat was cut in proportion to the size of the animal. He would give a piece of the meat to every species of animal, placed on a square plate of soft-maple bark.

When he finished preparing this feast, he would stand forth and call the animals in a loud voice, saying, "Come here you animals as deer, bear, seals, beavers, panthers, eagles, buzzards, and all manner of flying things. Choose a representative from among you to be present at this feast that I give."

The crows sent a white crow which is their chief. From the sky came two large birds, called Akuks, one white and other blue. These birds held a life-giving spirit within their tail feathers.

For many years the Good Hunter conducted such a feast at his first hunt of the season. He continued to make these offerings in accordance to ancient customs of the Skarure.

Then, one night, misfortune struck the Good Hunter.

His people were attacked by a foreign group of enemies and were annihilated by them. The Good Hunter-chief was the last one of his people to be killed. He was scalped by the intruders. In those days, the war parties carried ten poles upon which they fastened the scalps of their victims. The scalp of the Good Hunter-chief was the last one to be placed on the top of the tenth pole to be carried back to the country of the intruders.

The enemy war party had not gone very far on their return trip before they stopped to dance, feast and offer thanks for their victory. They danced all night and in the morning they hung a kettle over the fire to prepare themselves a meal. After their breakfast, they started to dance again. The continued to dance all the next day.

In the meantime, an eagle had flown over the woods, looking for the body of the Good Hunter-chief who had always offered them food. The eagle located the scalped body and flew to spread the news to the other animals in the woods and in the sky.

The animals and birds decided to hold a council to figure out what action could be taken regarding the death of the chief. They decided that it would be a good idea to help their human friend who had always been kind to them.

The buzzard asked the assembly of animals and birds if any of them knows where a special white root grows. It was tiny in size, but powerful in medicine. The white Akuks was asked if he ever saw such a root.



“Yes I have,” answered the white Akuks, “I shall go for it right away.”

Off the giant bird went to climb the sky to recover the white root.

Next, the council turned to the white crow, the chief of the crows. They asked him to summons one of his black constituents. This he did and when that black crow came, they told him, “It is your duty to recover the scalp of the good hunter who offered food to us. It is the uppermost one on the tenth pole carried by the chief’s enemies who are still dancing as we speak.”

The black crow took to flight to seek the up-rising smoke from campfire of the war party. Soon, he came across their encampment and circled around to avoid suspicion. He called out “ah-ah-ah” as he flew closer to their camp.

The war party was too busy dancing and celebrating, they did not notice how close the crow was flying to their fire. Finally, the crow saw the pole of scalps that he was looking for. He dove toward the fire, swooped up and made sure that it was the right scalp on the top of the pole. He then circled around and swooped down toward the fire again, and with one quick move, snatched the scalp from the pole. He then turned and flew back to the council of animals and birds, with the Good Hunter’s scalp in his beak.

By the time the black crow returned with the scalp, the white Akuks had arrived with the special white root. The root looked like a tiny human hand. Together they all went to the body of the dead chief and held their council once more. The buzzard took a buzzard’s egg and cracked one end open. He dumped the contents out and took the tiny shell to a nearby running spring, dipping the water against the current.

When he returned, they placed the hand-shaped root into that eggshell and immediately the water turned to blood. They dripped that blood onto the dry scalp of the dead hunter, rubbing it into the exposed flesh.

They then replaced the scalp upon his head and made it appear as if it had never been disturbed. They poured the rest of the blood-like fluid into the mouth of the Good Hunter.

Soon, he began to breathe again as his life was renewed.

The council of animals and birds rejoiced that their kind friend was restored. They dispersed to go back to the far corners of the woods.

The Good Hunter-chief lived to be a very old man, always grateful to the animals that brought him back from death.



A Wolf Clan Story

Many moons ago, the Wolves inhabited a world of peace where living in harmony was their way of life. During the time that Grandmother Moon smiled upon her animal creatures, the Wolves gathered to honour her beaming, round face. Two leaders of each Wolf pack, the dominant male and female, climbed to the highest place in their area to alert all the Wolves of this great chanting ceremony. While standing in the moonlight, their bodies outlined against the sky, the male raised his head to sing in praise and thanksgiving. His voice carried into the night the message that it was the chanting time for all the Wolves. The female reinforced his chant and, before long, the entire night was filled with the chorus of animal voices for all of the world to hear.

It happened that two people heard the songs that floated through the cool, crisp air and found themselves uplifted with feelings of joy and peace. As they were about to return to their people, they saw the Wolves perform their thanksgiving dance. The movements were so graceful and their chanting so inviting, that the two people also joined the Wolves to express their feelings of peace. To this day, when Grandmother Moon smiles upon her animal creatures, the two leaders of each pack climb to the highest point in their area to alert the other Wolves it is time to chant and to dance of PEACE.

A Bear Clan Story – ABOUT A BEAR WHO LEARNED A HARD LESSON

They say this happened a long time ago when legends were told around the Council Fires. It seemed that a big Bear loved to eat, but did not want to work for his food. Time and time again, he saw fat Bears who just lay around doing nothing. Why was he so hungry and they were not?

He went up to them and asked, “Why are you so fat when you don’t work for your food?”

“Don’t ask us. Why don’t you ask the Turtle how he stays so fat?” the Bears suggested. “You’re just too lazy to work,” they sniffed at him.

“I’ll visit the Turtles and ask them how they stay so fat.”

Before long, he saw a Turtle basking in the Sun. He walked up to the Turtle and asked why he was so fat without working. The Turtle said, “You are skinny because you are too lazy.” The Bear was disgusted with the Turtle and especially since the Turtle was supposed to be so wise. So, Bear decided to ask the Wolves how they stayed so fat and happy and just laid around.

“We work hard to stay full and happy,” replied the Wolves. “Why are you so lazy?” they asked. “Go ask the Beavers why they are so fat and happy”, the Wolves told the Bear, who was getting thinner each day.



Ah! The Beavers know many things. Surely, if I visit them, they will let me eat with them and tell me the secret of staying fat without working.

When he reached the beaver dam, he saw how happy they were and especially how fat they looked. He went to the oldest and fattest and asked, “Tell me, old Beaver, what is your secret for staying fat without working?”

The old Beaver took Bear aside and told him that working to be fat was unnecessary. All he had to do was go to the water and wait until it was cold enough to freeze. When this happened, he had to make a hole in the ice and put his tail through the hole. Now, fish are very inquisitive. When they see his tail, they will nibble at it and, when he felt the nibble, all he had to do was pull his tail out. There would be fish attached to it. and he could have all he wanted to eat.

The lazy Bear waited for the cold time. He hurried to the water and dug a hole in the ice large enough for his tail to slip through. He sat and sat, waiting for the nibble. This took a long time and the Bear was quite hungry. In his mind he saw large fish tugging at his tail. Presently, he felt something and quickly tried to stand up. But he couldn't move. He struggled and struggled and discovered to his horror that his tail was frozen in the ice. He rocked back and forth until, with a tug, he freed himself. Lo and behold, when he looked back, his tail had broken off and was stuck in the ice.

It happened that some wolves, Turtles and Beavers had been watching the foolish Bear and to what lengths he would go, to get out of work. He was so hungry, thin and sad. He returned to his family and talked with the Elder Bear who had great wisdom.

“I only wanted to eat and grow fat without having to work as hard as you do,” sobbed the Bear.

“You have learned a great lesson. Work is for everyone who enjoys being healthy and happy. From now on, all your descendents will have short tails just because you were too lazy to work for your food.”

“What can I do?” sobbed the Bear.

“You can dance and sing, to begin with,” said the wise old Bear

All the Turtles, Wolves, Beavers and Bears gathered to see what kind of dance and song the Bear would do and before long, everyone chanted the song of the Bear.

A Beaver Clan Story – THE CHANT AND DANCE CONTEST OF THE MUSKRAT AND BEAVER



Late in the season, when the trees were dressed in their full colorful regalia, the forest creatures gathered to watch the contest between the Muskrats and the Beavers. The contest was to see which one could make the largest family circle – the Muskrats or the Beavers. All the forest creatures came to see who had the largest family tree. As each Beaver joined the circle, he or she would beat their tails against the ground. The thumping grew louder as the circle increased in size. The Muskrats chattered in unison as the circle increased in size.

Soon, the air was filled with the voices of Muskrats and the ground shook with the thumping of Beaver tails. Thus, the Beavers drummed while the Muskrats chanted from dawn until sunset. It has been said that both the Beaver and the Muskrat families rested for days following this family gathering.

Mother-Earth was happy that so many spectators came to watch the contest.

Stories from Twylah Hurd Nitsch (Seneca), published in *Nature – Chants and Dances*, Seneca Indian Historical Society, Irving, NY, 1984

THE BOY ADOPTED BY A BEAR

(based upon by a story by Lucinda Thompson (Tuscarora), 1888)

A Skarure uncle and his nephew lived in the same house. Once, while out in the forest, they came across a vast cavern in a mountainside. The uncle did not like his nephew very much so he ordered the boy to enter the cavern. It was dark inside the cavern so the little boy was afraid to go very far. He came out after only going a short distance. But his uncle was angry with him, and would whip him and send him back. This happened several times.

Finally, the boy headed into the dark sections of the cavern, winding his way through the cave. The boy went deep into the cavern but sat down and started to cry. His sobbing grew louder and louder. Echoes of his cries reached his uncle who was busy covering up the entrance with large rocks. Once the uncle sealed the entrance, he walked away, leaving the boy locked in the cave.

After a difficult journey in the dark, the little boy made his way back to the entrance. To his surprise, he found that his uncle had sealed it up. Desperate, the boy started to cry again. For a long time, he wandered in the dark and cried continuously.

He was startled to come across a small woman who came from within the depths of the cave. She asked, “Ku, what has happened to you, my grandson?”

He told her what had happened and she took sympathy on him. She said, “I will try to help you.”



She took the boy by the hand and they headed toward the mouth of the cave. When they reached the opening, she began to remove the rocks. Soon, she was able to free them from the cave.

In a voice that was the loudest in the forests, she called forth to all of the animals to come forward to her. Soon, every kind of animals showed up in pairs, a male and female of each kind.

She then asked the assembly of animals, "Who will care for this boy?"

The deer replied, saying, "I will care for him."

But the small woman responded, "You will not be able to do it because you feed upon grass and browse. This boy likes to eat meat. Besides, you have no place for your bed."

The wolf then said, "I can do it."

But the small woman replied, "Neither can you do this, for you would eat him!"

One by one she rejected each of the animals that offered to take care of the abandoned boy. Finally the bear said, "I will try to care for him."

"Yes, you can do for him," rejoiced the small woman.

So the two bears took the boy to their home inside a large tree. They lived in a place that was much like a human house. There were large bark bins of various nuts - chestnuts, red-oak nuts, walnuts, butternuts, swamp-oak nuts and bechnuts.

At first the young bears that lived in that tree house were afraid of the human boy and would flee to the corner of their lair. Slowly they became more accustomed to the boy and they all began to play together.

One day, they decided to go and look for cranberries. They would rough house along the way, but the bears were stronger than the boy and they would begin to hurt him in their bear play. The bear mother would get after them, whipping them if they were too rough with the boy. Eventually the bears got the point and they played more carefully with the boy and learned not to harm him.

The boy began to look more like a bear each day. Long dark hair began to grow on his body.

The bear-mother said, "Your uncle is about to come for you, and he will have some dogs with him, dogs with four eyes. When he comes, I will try to foil his efforts to see you."



Suddenly the dogs could be heard running toward their lair. The bear-mother threw out a bundle of partridge feathers that magically turned into living partridges in an attempt to divert the dogs. But the dogs kept coming. The bear-mother then threw out some oil, but that did not stop the dogs. In a last ditch effort, she placed rotten wood on her feet and placed her feet at the entrance to their house, hoping to distract the dogs by the bad smell of the rotten wood.

The dogs ran right up to the tree and tried to jump into the hole that was the entrance to the bear house. "I can do no more. I will head out to meet the dogs, but I will be killed. Take this pack of oil and rub it on the body of the boy. The oil will remove all of the hair on his body," she told them. "Each of you must follow me, but make sure that the boy is the last to leave," the bear-mother said.

Out the hole she ran. The boy watched as a man outside the tree struck the mother bear in the head. He saw the bear spirit leave her body and run away. One by one, the same thing happened to the young bears. As each bear cub was knocked down by the boy's uncle, their spirit also left their bodies and fled away. Finally, the boy jumped out of the bear's lodge and his uncle recognized him and did not kill him.

"Had I known that it was them who cared for you," said the uncle, "I would not have killed them. I wished you had come out first."

The uncle took the boy back to their first home. He went back to gather up the bodies of the dead bears.

He returned and washed the boy's body. He rendered the bear fat into grease and rubbed that grease on the boy's body. After a few days, the dark hair on the boy's body began to fall out and eventually his skin was like that of any other human.

A Race Between Bear And Turtle (collected by Jeremiah Curtin)

An old man was going along, slowly and surely, by himself. After a while he met a man, who asked, "Where are you going?"

"I am going to the East to see what kind of people live there."

"You will never reach that place," said the stranger, "It is far off and you are too old and fat for the road."

Each man went his way.

Soon the old man met another person, a lean man, who asked, "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the East to see how people live in that place."



"You will never get there," said the lean man. "You are too fat, you can't travel. How do you keep so fat?"

"When I come to a village and find people lying around, I bore a hole in each one who pleases me, and suck his fat out. That is my way of keeping fat."

"I'll try it," said the young man. "I am too lean."

Each went his own road. Soon the lean man came to an opening and at the edge of the woods saw an animal asleep. He crawled up, carefully, and began making a hole in its body near the tail. The animal sprang up, hit the man a heavy blow with its heels and ran off.

"The next time I see that fat, old fellow I'll pay him for fooling me," said the lean man. He went farther and met the old man a second time. "How do you keep so fat?" asked the lean man.

"I do it by eating fish. I put my tail through a hole in the ice; a fish bites. I pull the fish out and eat it. That is how I keep fat."

"I'll try that," thought the lean man. He traveled on till he came to a river and found a good place to fish. He made a hole in the ice, stuck his tail into the hole, and waited, waited till his tail began to bite and ache, then he tried to pull it out, but it was fast in the ice. He pulled till at last he pulled his tail off; left it in the hole. He went his way, but through losing his tail he was changed, was another kind of person. When summer came he traveled around till he met the fat man.

"Where are you going?" asked the lean man.

"I am going East to see who lives there."

"You will never reach that place," said the lean man, "You are too fat. Come and run a race with me."

"Very well, you may run on land, I'll run in the water. We'll start tomorrow."

The fat man collected a number of his people and posted them in the river from the starting place to the end of the course, and told each man to stick out his head when the runner came almost up to him. The wager was heads.

They started. The lean man ran with all his might, but every little while the fat man stuck his head out of the water, he was always in advance. When the lean man came to the goal the fat man was there before him.

"You've won the race," said the lean man.



"Of course I have!" said the fat man, and seizing the lean man by the neck he dragged him to a rock and cut his head off.

The fat man's friends came out of the river, looked at the dead runner, and said, "Oh, what a fool! Oh, what a fool!"

The lean man was a bear. Before he lost his tail, he was a fox. Since that time all bears have been stub-tailed. The fat man was a turtle. As all turtles look alike, he easily deceived the lean man.

A Warrior Cared For By Wolves *(collected by Jeremiah Curtin)*

Among the Senecas there was a war chief named GANOGWIOEOⁿ. Once, with ten men, he went on the warpath to the Cherokee country. They found the Cherokees on the watch and could do nothing.

Then the chief said to his men, "I'll go alone to their village." And after dark, leaving his men in the woods, he went to the Cherokee village.

In the first cabin he came to, he found an old woman and her granddaughter. They didn't see him. He crept into a little place where they kept wood.

After dark the old woman said to her granddaughter, "Maybe GANOGWIOEOⁿ is around here. I'll shut the door," and she spoke a word of warning to ODJÚ, her granddaughter. The chief heard this.

After a while the girl said, "It is time to sleep."

The chief heard this also and heard the girl going up the ladder to sleep above, meanwhile talking with her grandmother, who was below.

The old woman fastened the door of the little wood house, with bark strings and fastened the chief in, leaving the door to the cabin unfastened.

After waiting till the old woman was asleep, the chief went into the cabin. The fire had burned down to coals but he could see the ladder that the girl had climbed. He went up. The girl was not asleep and was about to scream when he said, "If you scream I'll cut off your head. The chief of this village has a daughter. If you will get her to come into the woods with you I will spare your life."

ODJÚ said, "In the morning, as soon as the grass is dry, I will go to the chief's house and ask his daughter to come with me to gather wood."



Threatening to come back and kill the girl if she failed to do as planned the chief left the cabin.

Early the next morning, ODJÚ went to the chief's house and said to his daughter, "Come with me and gather wood." (This was the custom in those days.)

The chief's daughter was willing to go and they started. As soon as they came to the forest the Seneca sprang out of his hiding place and ran toward them. ODJÚ stood still, but the chief's daughter screamed and ran toward home. GANOGWIOEOⁿ caught her, scalped her, and then, giving a war whoop, ran away. Men rushed out of their cabins and pursued him.

The Seneca saw that among the men following him there was one good runner. He hid in a ravine and when the runner came to the entrance of the ravine he shot him with an arrow and pulling off the man's scalp held it up before the people who were following.

When the Seneca came to a second ravine another runner was ahead of the rest. He aimed at the man, but his bowstring broke. The pursuer saw this and rushed into the ravine. The Seneca ran swiftly, but the Cherokee overtook and closed with him. A second and a third man came, then others; they bound GANOGWIOEOⁿ, led him to the village and summoned the people to assemble.

Among the Cherokees there were two women who were looked upon as the head women of the tribe. Each woman had two snakes tattooed on her lips--the upper jaws of the snakes were on the woman's upper lip, and opposite each other, the lower jaws on the lower lip in the same way. When the woman opened her mouth, the snakes seemed to open theirs.

These women said, "This is the way to torment him; tie him near a fire and burn the soles of his feet till they are blistered, then let the water out of the blisters, put kernels of corn inside the skin, and chase him with clubs till he dies."

When GANOGWIOEOⁿ's feet were blistered, the women stripped him and tied a bark rope around his waist.

One old man said, "I want to hold the rope."

The people stood in two lines and at the end of each line were many people. The Seneca had to run between the lines. He ran so fast that he pulled the rope out of the old man's hand, then plunging to one side; he broke through the line and ran with all his strength toward the place where he had left his men.

When running he thought he was going to die, for he was naked and unarmed, far from home, and his feet were raw, but he evaded his enemies and, when night came, crept into



a hollow log. In the night he heard steps on the dry leaves, and thought the Cherokees had discovered his hiding place.

Whoever it was came up to the tree and said to someone who was with him, "This man is our friend."

Then he called to GANOGWIOEO", "You think that you are going to die, but you will not. We will take care of you. Stick out your feet."

The chief put out his feet and right away he felt someone licking them.

After a while one of the strangers said, "We have licked his feet enough. Now we must get him warm, we will go into the tree and one of us lie down on each side of him."

It was very dark in the hollow log, but the man felt someone lie down on either side of him, and soon he was so warm and comfortable that he fell asleep.

Just before daylight the strangers crept out of the log and told the man to stick out his feet. They licked them again, and then said, "We have done all we can now. You will go on until you come to a place where you put a piece of bark. Raise the bark up, you will find something under it."

When the man came out of the log, he found that his feet were better, he could walk comfortably. At midday he came to four posts holding up a bark roof. On the ground, under the roof, was a large piece of bark. He raised the bark and found a piece of flint, a knife and an awl, and then he remembered that his men had put those things there a couple of years before, when on the warpath. He took them and went on.

When it began to grow dark he looked for a hollow tree, found one and crawled into it. In the night he heard steps on the dry leaves and a voice said, "Our friend is here."

Then someone said, "Put your feet out."

He did so and again they were licked.

Then the stranger said, "That is enough, we will lie near our friend and keep him warm."

They went into the tree and lay down, but before daylight they crept out, and, after licking the man's feet again, said, "About midday you will find food."

The man went on till he found a bear that apparently had been killed only a few minutes before; it was still warm. When he had skinned the bear and cut out some of the meat, he saw, not far away, a smoldering fire, he blew it and it blazed up. He cut meat into small pieces and roasted it on sticks. When night came he lay down, and soon he heard steps



on the leaves as he had the preceding nights, then a voice said, "Our friend is lying down; he isn't going to die; he has plenty to eat. We'll lick his feet."

When they finished, they said to him, "Nothing will happen to you now; you will reach home in safety." And they went away.

The next morning the man, taking some of the meat, went on toward home. That night his friends came again.

They said, "Your feet are well, but you will be cold," and they lay down one on each side of him. Before daylight, when going away, they said, "At midday you will find something to eat and to wear."

The man traveled on till toward midday, and then found two young bears, just killed. He skinned the bears, cooked some of the meat, tanned the skins and lay down, very tired.

The next morning he made leggings of the skins, took what meat he wanted and went on.

That night the friends came to him, and said, "Tomorrow you will find something to wear on your feet."

About midday the man came upon two fawns, just killed. He tanned the skins and made moccasins. When night came, he made a fire, cooked meat, ate, and then lay down.

Soon he heard a voice say, "Our friend, you will reach home tomorrow. Now we will tell you why we healed your feet and cared for you. Always when you have been off in the woods hunting and have killed game, you have given the best part of the animal to us, and kept the smallest part for yourself; we are thankful. In the morning you will see us and know who we are."

When daylight came the chief saw two men, as he thought. As soon as he stood up the men took leave of him and started off. Wanting to see his friends as long as he could he turned to look at them and in the twinkle of an eye he saw that one of them was a white and the other a black wolf.

The chief reached home as his friends, the wolves, said he would.

The Rabbit and the Hunters

Once, many years ago, a large group of Skrure, had planted their corn but misfortune struck. A freak snowstorm dumped about a foot of snow on their fields, killing any chances for a good harvest. The people, displeased by their bad luck, became unsettled. They finally decided to relocate their village, heading to the northwest, where they thought they would have better luck. As they prepared for their long journey, they talked and agreed that if any one killed any game, they would share it with everyone, as food



would be scarce without their corn. It was also decided that anyone who refused to share would be stripped of all of their clothing, utensils and hunting equipment. They would not even be left with fire making tools, so they would be left to starve.

The group headed to their new home and after two days of journey, they decided to stop and hunt. But there was no game and none of the hunters except one killed anything. The one hunted shot a porcupine but he was so hungry that he decided to break the agreement and keep the meat for himself. He cooked it up, ate all of the meat and was intending to burn all of the bones so there would be no evidence of his deed.

To his great surprise, the selfish hunter, as he was gnawing on the head of the porcupine, saw it open its eyes. The porcupine head opened its jaws and quickly bit right through the upper lip of the hunter. It tightly clamped its teeth shut and locked its teeth together. The hunter jumped up in pain and fear and tried in vain to open the jaws of the porcupine head. Helpless, he decided to head back to the main camp in search of help.

The people were shocked to see him with the porcupine head locked on to his lip. They all knew that he was trying to sneak a meal and as soon as everyone realized that he had broken the tribal law, the jaws of the porcupine opened up and the head fell to the ground.

When the people asked the selfish hunter why he did not share the food as they had agreed, he said that if he did not eat all of the meat himself, he would surely have died. No one had sympathy for him and they said that he had disobeyed the law and had to suffer the penalty. Since there was no game in the area, they would leave in the morning, but not until they stripped him of all his goods. He would be left to die.

The selfish hunter had two pairs of moccasins, two pairs of leggings, two breechcloths, two robes, two hatchets, two bow strings, and two flints. The camping lodge was one long, extended lodge in which everyone sleep. The selfish hunter plotted his own escape that night. After the other fell asleep, he took the best of his goods and folded them into a bundle and carried them out side and buried them in the snow under a piece of bark. He returned to the lodge and looked at the old things he would offer up as his penalty.

The next morning, he was told to strip all of his clothes off as the rest of the group was going to leave him behind. He sat patiently as he watched them disappear into the woods. He wanted to make sure that no one had forgotten anything and would return to the encampment. Once he was sure they would not come back, he went to where he had buried his second set of clothes and dug them back up. He dressed himself and built a fire. He then went about and gathered enough wood to last him through the night. As night came, he was still concerned that someone might return. Yet, he laid down and tried to fall asleep.



NIÁGWAHE THE MAMMOTH BEAR

Related by George D. Jimerson (Tahadondeh), June, 1903, at the Silverheels' homestead, Cattaraugus Reservation.

In the olden times in the valley of the Dociowëeh lived a newly married couple. Their lodge was far back by the big rocks and when danger threatened they hid in the caves.

After a time there came to the young wife two baby boys. When the twins were five weeks old the mother died. The father was at first dumb with grief for his heart was very heavy. Then looking up toward the heavens he sang,

"I see a hemlock tree. It has but two branches. The tree is twisted in the hurricane and is broken midway. The two remaining branches on the stub are thrashing in the gale. The tree is I. My wife is broken from me and my children are in the storm! Let me burn tobacco, the wind will cease; let me burn tobacco and my sorrow heals. It gives me thought!"

The dead mother had not lain long on her bed of spruce boughs when the hungry babes began to cry. A sudden thought came to the father. He cut down two strings of deer meat and flung them into the mortar. Grasping the pestle he pounded the meat into a powder and soaking it in hot water fed the liquid to his children. For several months they were nourished with this and they grew lusty and fat. When the corn was ripe, "in the milk," the father scraped the kernels from the cob and pounded them in his mortar, mixed the paste with water, skimmed off the gruel and cooked with venison broth, and thus made a new food upon which the children thrived. When they were a year old they ate the same food that their father did and grew tall and strong.

The years went by and they grew vigorous and lithe and became expert runners, often keeping pace with the swiftest of the tribe. At the age of fifteen one of them ran a race with a deer and falling exhausted died. And the father sorrowed again and became melancholy. After the death of his brother the other seemed to double in strength of body and mind. His name was Hahyennoweh meaning the Swift Runner. In this son the father took great pride for it was his sole remaining "branch." Thus he instructed him in every art known to the hunter and warrior.

Hahyennoweh was a skilled Bowman but as he developed greater speed in running he came to believe the bow and arrow coward's weapons.

"A fight to death and face to face is the only fitting way," he said.

With this idea in his mind and a sharp flint in his belt, he broke his bows and snapped his arrows. Then when he wished to slay an animal he would pursue it and when it fell exhausted he would wait until it recovered its breath and strength, slit its throat and carry it home. Bear, deer, elk, moose and buffalo all fell victims of his speed.



Like every brave and skillful man he loved to boast of his power, and no one ever made a statement of their skill lest he exclaimed, "Ho, that is nothing! I am braver than that for I am the most skillful of all the tribe!"

The father began to worry about this fault of his son's, for it was a serious one. His entire conversation was self praise, which while excusable when indulged in occasionally, was unpardonable when continued forever. Wishing to warn him the father spoke to the boastful young warrior. "Son, I am your father, hear me!" he said. "You must not brag or boast yourself hereafter!"

But the son merely laughed and replied, "Father, I do not. I speak truth!"

"But, my son," the father entreated, "the animals will hear you,--will hear your boasting and out of revenge will slay you."

"No, I think not, father," he replied, "for no animal can outrun me, not a beast in all this forest."

"Son!" the father spoke gravely, "Think wisely and hold your tongue. The winds will steal your words for mischief and the magically endowed animals will know it. Then, my son,--then I shall lose you!"

"Father," replied the son, "I shall ever boast if speaking truth is boasting!"

The father continued his warnings but Hahyennoweh only laughed and bounded back into the forest.

One evening Hahyennoweh came home after an exciting race and began again to boast his prowess. Sadly the father looked at him, and said sorrowfully, "Son, again I bid you to cease your boasting. Evil will befall you for I feel it." But the son was asleep.

A knock sounded at the door and the father pushed aside the bear skin curtain saying, "Dahdjoh!" "Gahdjih!" said a voice and the father went out. A stranger stepped from a shadow.

"I have come," said he, "to tell you that the animals have heard your son's voice. They have heard his audacious voice and his unseemly boasting. They have felt his knife and died. They have chosen me and I have come to him. I have come to tell him he must race me. I am the chosen one to race him from the sun-rise to the sun-set. We race the way the sun goes. If I win, then I shall kill him. If I lose then he shall slay me. Tell him he must meet me at the windfall."

Awaking, the son heard the voices outside and when the father pushed aside the curtain to re-enter he began to question him. The father's brow was wrinkled, his cheek had a gray color. He had sorrow in his voice.



He spoke "My son, you are all I have and you have loudly boasted about running swiftly. Did you not hear my advising words of caution? Did you not hear my entreaties? Niágwahēe has been here and spoken to me. You have heard our talk together. You will be hurt by him. Hahyennoweh! My only son I believe that you will perish!"

Hahyennoweh smiled, and then laughed at his father saying, "Niágwahēe is an old and foolish creature. So it is only he who makes this challenge! Chisnah! He should know that I am the champion of runners. Father, tell me more particularly about him, I would like to know how to feel afraid, but what you have said does not make me afraid."

Turning, the father answered, "Niágwahēe is a mighty conjurer. He can change his form to suit him any time he wishes. He has never once been beaten in a race. Now you had better go to sleep and let me think about it and when I am done I shall awaken you." So the son drew his blanket over his head and went back to his dreaming.

Seizing the pestle, the father pounded parched corn and maple sugar together and moistening the meal molded it into a cake and put it into a rawhide bag. After awhile he awakened his son for he had been thinking as he had worked.

"Son, awake!" he said. "I have been thinking and now I will advise you. The small humming bird is the swiftest of all the feathers and Niágwahēe has never had a race with him. In your cap I am going to put two feathers from the humming bird's breast; they are a race charm."

The father did not want to sleep that night but sat and threw pinches of oyankkwaoweh, the sacred tobacco, on a small fire to calm his fears and give him power with medicine spirits.

Before the sunrise the son awoke and going down the trail to the creek took his morning plunge and returned to eat his venison. Finishing his meal, he shook his father's hand and said, "Oneh, now I am going." His limbs felt strong and elastic for he had rubbed them well with plenty of oil. As he ran he thought he would like to test his jumping power,-- just for luck,--and nearing the windfall, judged its breadth seven times his length. Increasing his speed he gave a great leap and cleared it. "Ho!" said he, "I am ready for any race in the world and ready for Niágwahēe, the beast-conjurer. My legs move of their own accord and my feathers give me power. Now where is this old thing that gives me a challenge?"

Just as he spoke there was a loud snort, and looking up he saw the monster.

The sun was about to go under the rim of the sky, over Onondasdaht, the big hill. Hahyennoweh spoke, "Shall we race now? I am ready, it is sunrise!" But Niágwahēe did not answer. He simply blew wind through his nose and started running.



The monster's path was toward a swamp and Hahyennoweh followed after. The great beast ran very fast through clumps of bushes, just as easily as the son ran over grass. Saplings, stumps and trees fell before the big animal. For about five miles the son labored through the muck and tangles, and then seeing that these obstacles were too much for his style of running, concluded that it would not be wise to follow much longer through the swamp-land. He, therefore, decided to return to the starting point and take his route over the high ridge that curved for miles around the big swamp. Toward noon, when he had circled it, and had run miles beyond, he saw Niágwahēe far in the distance. Increasing his speed he soon reached the animal with the exclamation, "Ho-hoh, I am up to you!" But the mammoth bear only replied, "Ungh wooh!" The son saw that the Niágwahēe was very tired and as he ran beside him he said, "Kway Niágwahēe! Adekoni, it is time for eating!" But the beast with heavy breathing kept on running. Hahyennoweh, the Swift Runner, paused in the race, and sitting down on a stone, took a swallow of water and slowly chewed a handful of parched corn and sugar. He rested for a while after his meal and then after a swim in the brook, near by, he started on his race again.

When the sun was mid-way from the high heavens to its setting, the son caught up to the beast again. "Ho-hoh,

I am up to you, old opossum!" he said, but the huge animal was too tired even to grunt. A stream of water poured from his body leaving in his tracks a muddy streak and his big sides bulged within and without.

Again Hahyennoweh sat down and rested, for besides the giving of rest it made greater excitement. Taking up the race again the son ran over the path made by the monster. On and on he sped but Niágwahēe was nowhere within range. The path that he had made was a line that ran beyond the eye's reach. He increased his speed but even then Niágwahēe was not to be discovered. Then he began to get frightened and wondered if the monster called into play his magic powers. It seemed so for though Swift Runner ran his swiftest the beast seemed to run still swifter. But he did not despair but kept on his journey, hopeful that his charms would be strong. After a-while, far in the distance, was a small speck that grew larger as Hahyennoweh ran toward it. That made him run faster and after some time he overtook the magic monster. It was nearly dark when Hahyennoweh caught up to the beast and it was none too soon for the race was almost over. He was very tired but as courageous and boastful as ever, so Hahyennoweh said, "Ho hoh, I'm up to you again! You are no runner! Who said you could run, you have been flattered. You are an ugly old woman to be flattered. You run just like a lame old woman. You have forgotten how to run. No you never knew how to run at all. Just let me show you how to run. I'll never let you catch me as I have you. Oh you are very slow like a three-legged turtle. Now see me run!"

The young warrior ran ahead with very great speed over the plain until he saw the sun hang low and red over the hills. Then looking back, he saw a small speck. Two thoughts came into his mind. The first that he should go back and kill the beast, as the sun sank below the hills, and the second that perhaps the monster was shaming and would speed



ahead should he retrace his steps. But in a moment he laughed at this second thought and was not afraid. Running back he saw that the Niágwahēe had fallen, unable longer to stand the strain of the contest. His panting was so great that he blew up leaves and sticks high in the air and bent the saplings about him.

The sun disappeared and the evening star shone bright in the sky. It was twilight and Hahyennoweh stood looking at the fallen big meat before him. He grasped the small blow gun from his back and fixed a small sharpened arrow. He aimed for a dark spot on the left front foot of the animal. He shot and the heaving sides no longer took in wind. The beast died where he fell.

It was getting dark and the Swift Runner was tired by his race, so he lay down beneath a high tree and went to sleep.

THE RETURN.

When he awoke the next morning he found himself wondering what could be on the road through the swamp, the route chosen by the Niágwahēe. "Surely it must be some mischief," he thought, "or he would not have been so maddened when I ran on the ridge. I think the monster grew so slow was because he was mad. I must explore the swamp and find the evil."

The huge beast in his mad race had beaten a good path through the swamp, which the son proceeded to follow. After a journey of ten miles he made a discovery. The footprints of a hostile people, the marks of the enemy's moccasins, were fresh in the path. Hahyennoweh advanced with caution and as it grew dark he saw ahead of him two fires. Hidden in the underbrush were temporary shelters erected by a hostile war party. Home was but five miles distant and the son crept noiselessly past the encampment and sped toward his father's lodge. In the moonlight he saw a deer with very large legs. He looked still closer. The deer had men's legs and wore leather leggings! The truth flashed upon his mind. Two of the enemy were reconnoitering and were planning an attack before the sunrise!

Entering the lodge he greeted his father and gave him the beast's tusk, the big tooth that sticks out. The father received it without a comment and continued his smoking. Then very loudly the son exclaimed, "I've seen a deer. I am going to outrun him. I am going now to race him!" Then in a lower tone he added, "I will return soon, father, and tell you of my adventure, but wait."

Grasping a stone axe he ran out in search of the strange deer. At length he espied it back of the lodge, peering in at his father. Creeping up with stealth the son struck the strange animal a crushing blow between the shoulders, the hatchet sank deep and the forequarters of the deer dropped to the earth without a sound. Quickly, snatching the skin he wrapped it around the hind quarters and led them struggling into the lodge.



"Well father here is the deer of which I told you! Let us skin him and see what is inside! Unwrapping the skin he revealed the captive, who, nearly smothered, was too feeble to further resist. Hahyennoweh flung him into a corner and began to ply him with questions. "How many of you are there in the swamp? Why came you to kill my people? Where is your party hidden? What chief sent you? Who is your leader? Are any other tribesmen with you?" These and other questions he asked him. Bidding the captive lead the way Hahyennoweh advanced toward the enemy's camp and reached it about midnight. He lashed the captive to a tree and stopped his mouth. The sleeping warriors were not aware of danger and never moved as they slept. Lifting high his hatchet Hahyennoweh struck the sleepers. Forty-two times he struck and each time killed an enemy and the captive bound against the tree saw it all. "Hádëegaiiwio!" he exclaimed as the last sleeper was struck and then turning to the terrified man bound to the tree he said "Iiis newa, now you!" He lifted his tomahawk but paused as he was about to strike then lifting it again let it fall with a blow that shook the tree. But it had not touched the man, the blow was not aimed at him, but instead it cut the thongs and set the captive free. "Now go with all your speed and tell your tribe not to send war parties against us again for we have strong medicine and cannot be harmed." The captive thought so.

That night as the son sat at the fire in the lodge with his father stretching the scalps on hoops, he told the story of his great race but not in a boastful way. His great deeds had made it necessary for him to boast no longer, for if he should men would laugh and say, "Hoh, you did better than that once!" So never after did he boast, but took a good woman who had asked him to marry her.

In after years he told the story of the race again, that the tribe might not forget it, but his grandchildren were unbelieving. "Show us the spot and the bones and then we will glory in our grandfather," they said laughing. So, undaunted, the old man whose name was changed to Niágwahëegowa, (Mighty Magical Bear), in recognition of his great race, took his grandchildren on the journey and showed them the place where the beast had fallen. They dug into the soft soil and found the huge bones and the jaw where he had broken out the tusk.

The Indian story teller adds: "White man find bones right where the Niágwahëe fell long after, to this day. Put them in big musees, so story real true I guess!"

A RACCOON STORY

An uncle and nephew lived together. One day when the nephew was in the woods, hunting, a handsome young woman came to the cabin. She had a basketful of bread on her shoulders.

Unstrapping the basket and putting it down in front of the old man, she said, "Here is marriage bread, my father and mother have sent me here to marry your nephew."

"Very well," said the uncle.



When the young man came home, his uncle said, "You are married now."

"I am glad," said the nephew.

After this the young woman cooked and the men hunted. Each day the nephew returned with a heavy load of game. One day while hunting he came to a tree in which there was a large hole and in the hole was a litter of coons. He climbed the tree and threw one coon after another on to the ground.

All at once he heard a woman say, "Come down. Come down, you are tired," then she ran off through the forest.

When the young man went home, he told what had happened. His wife laughed, but said nothing. Not long after, when packing up his game ready to start for home, a woman came up behind him, took him by the arm and led him to a log. They sat down, she pulled his head on to her lap and began to look in his hair.

The man was soon asleep. The woman put him in a basket, put the basket on her back and went to an island in the middle of a lake. Then she took the man out of the basket and asked, "Do you know this place?"

"I know it. This is where my uncle and I used to fish," and giving a spring into the water the man became a bass and escaped.

When he went home, he told his wife what had happened. She laughed, but said nothing.

The man was so frightened that he stayed at home for several days. Then the feeling wore away and he started off to hunt.

As he was packing up his game to go home a woman said, right there at his side, "Stop, wait a while, you must be tired."

They sat down on a log. She drew his head to her lap and began looking in his hair. He was soon asleep. Putting him into a basket the woman carried him to a great ledge of rocks where there was only a foothold, then, taking him out of the basket, she asked, "Do you know this place?"

"I will tell you soon," said the man, looking around.

That minute the woman disappeared.

Soon he heard someone say, "I will fish a while."

A line dropped into the water below and a man began singing and pulling up fish.



At last he said, "I have enough, I'll rest and have something to eat. This is what we people eat when we are among the rocks," and he took a baked squash out of his basket.

The young man said to the rocks, "Stand back a little so that I can string my bow."

The rocks stood back; he strung his bow, and, saying, "Now boast again!" he shot the fisherman.

He heard a loud noise and looking in the direction it came from saw an enormous bat coming toward him. The bat passed a little to one side. The young man took a hemlock leaf from his pocket and dropping it over the rocks, sang, "A tree must grow from this hemlock leaf. A tree must grow from this hemlock leaf."

Soon a tree came in sight. Then the man talked to the tree, said, "Come near, and have many limbs."

As the tree came to a level with the place on the rocks where the young man was sitting, it stopped growing.

He had seen that along the narrow shelf of rocks there were many men. He called to the nearest one to tell all to come and they could escape.

The men crept up, one after another, then went down on the tree. When all had reached the ground, the young man took a strawberry leaf from his pocket and dropping it said, "Grow and give berries." Then he sang, "Ripen berries. Ripen berries." The vines grew, were covered with blossoms. The blossoms became berries and the berries ripened.

When the men had eaten as many berries as they wanted, the young man picked a leaf from the vines, put it in his pocket and the vines and berries disappeared. Then he said to the men, "Let us go to our wife"--meaning the woman who had captured them.

When they had traveled some distance, the young man killed an elk. Taking the hide he cut it into strings and made a baby board, but one large enough for a grown person. After a while they saw a house and in front of it a woman pounding something.

When she saw them, she began to scold and, holding up the poulder was going to strike them.

The young man said, "Let the poulder stop right there!"

The poulder stopped in the air, half raised.

They seized the woman, strapped her to the board, and, saying, "You must be cold," they set the board up in front of the fire. Just then the young man's wife came and, finding that they were about to roast the woman, she was angry.



She freed her, and said, "You are free now, and I will go home."

She went to the lake and called on Bloodsuckers to stretch across the water. They came and she walked over on them.

Each man went his own way. When the young man got home his wife was there.

The nephew and uncle were raccoons.

COON DECEIVES CRAWFISH

Told by Mrs. Sim Logan

Characters

ODJÍE'DA
DJOE'AGA?

Crawfish
Coon

One day a coon was walking out. As he went slowly along the bank of a stream, he thought of his enemies, the crawfish, and wondered how he could kill them. At last he stood still and thought out a plan: he would go along the stream till he found a half-decayed log; he would take some of the soft, rotten wood, the punk of the log, and rub it over his face and around his eyes till he looked half-decayed himself, then he would wait for his enemies.

He hurried along and soon found a log. He rubbed his face with punk then stretched himself across the log, half of his body hanging down on one side and his head and neck on the other side. Lying in this lifeless way he looked as though he had been a long time dead.

By and by a crawfish, that was walking along and looking around, chanced to see Coon, and he thought, "There is a dead man!" He was surprised, and said in his own mind, "I'll go and see if he is really dead."

He went to the log. Coon did not stir. Flies were crawling over his face and body.

"Why, this is our enemy," said Crawfish, "and he is dead! This is good news to tell. I'll notify all of my people."

He started off immediately. When he thought he was near enough home to make some one hear, he screamed, "Go-gwa! go-gwa!" then he ran on, every little while halting to scream "Go-gwa! go-gwa!"



Some one heard the cry and notified the chief that runner was coming with important news. The people went to the edge of the village and waited. When the runner came in sight, the chief said, "Let half of the people stand on one side of the path and half on the other, that he may come to me quickly."

When the runner stood in front of the chief of the Crawfish nation the chief asked, "What news have you brought?"

"Great news! As I came along the creek I saw, not very far from here, a dead man hanging across a log, I went to the log and found that the dead man was our enemy, Coon. He has been dead a long time, flies we crawling over his face."

The chief said, "This is great news, the best we have ever heard. Our enemy is dead! We will go and look at him. The man who found him will lead us to the place."

Before starting they sang and as the song ended they gave a shout that filled the valley and went up to the top of the mountains. Some, in a hurry to see their enemy, pushed ahead, but the chief ordered them to stand back and move forward in order.

When the runner said they were half way, the chief told the people to halt and sing. They sang the same song and again the shout filled the valley and went to the top of the mountains.

When they came to the place, the chief told the men to form in a circle around the log, but not to go up to the man hanging across it till they were sure that he was dead.

After a while each man said to the chief, "He is dead and has been for a long time."

The chief said, "This is the best thing that has ever happened, but we must be perfectly sure that coon is dead. We will sing and shout and then the bravest man among us will go up to the body, reach into the mouth and, if possible, pull out the heart, then we shall know that our enemy is dead."

At the end of the song and the shout a man went up and put his hand into Coon's mouth, but he sprang back with a cry and he looked as though he were frightened and wanted to run away.

When they asked, "What is the matter?" he said,

"Coon is alive."

The men called him a liar, and said, "You want to fool us Coon is half rotten, and you say he is alive."



The chief called on another man whom he said always told the truth. The people sang and shouted, then the man stepped boldly up to the body, but he sprang back. The chief and the people were astonished when the man said, "Coon is alive!" There the body hung, head down, no one had seen it move, and the face was black.

The chief called out a third man, the best man in the Crawfish nation. The people sang and shouted, then the man went up to the body. He had just reached out to touch it when Coon sprang up, and dashing in among his enemies began to fight them. He pulled out their arms, pounded their heads, and killed them. Of all the Crawfish nation only one man escaped. That one found himself alone on a high hill and, not knowing which way to go, was terribly frightened.

"I shall die," thought Crawfish, "for how can I get back to the water. I shall die here alone." He crawled along slowly, for he was weak and thirsty. At last he saw a tree, then he said in his own mind, "I'll go and ask that tree what it is." When he came to the tree he spoke up and asked, "What kind of a tree are you?" The tree answered, "I am a black oak."

Crawfish was discouraged-black oaks grow far from water-and he said to himself, "I shall die here alone," but he crawled along slowly. After a time he saw another tree and when he came near it, he spoke up and asked, "What kind of a tree are you?" The tree answered, "I am a butternut."

Now butternut trees grow nearer the water than oaks do, so Crawfish knew he was going in the right direction, but his courage almost gave out for he was so thirsty and weak that he could scarcely move. Still he crawled on. After a long time he came to another tree, and asked as before, "What kind of tree are you?" The tree answered, "I am a cottonwood."

Crawfish was encouraged and began to think that maybe he would live till he came to some stream, for he knew that one was not far away. He crawled along and soon came to another tree. He asked, "What kind of a tree are you?" "I am a willow," answered the tree.

Now Crawfish was so glad that he screamed and laughed and called out, "I'm near water! I'm near water!" Soon he came to low bushes, then he stood up, jumped as far as he could and came down in water. He was so thirsty that he didn't go to the bottom of the stream, but floated on the surface till he had taken a long drink. Then he sank to the bottom, and he still lives there.

THE BOY AND THE NIÁGWAHE

The Five Nations had waged a war with the Snake People who lived in caves (the Cherokee). The Five Nations became exhausted. Both began to see that the cause was not worth such a loss of life, and so a treaty of peace was made. Each party promised to



send warriors, women and families to settle with the other, and thus, by mutual adoptions and inter-marriage weave a bond of friendship.

The day arrived for the mutual emigrations, and patiently the Five Nations awaited the coming of their visitors, but none came, nor could news be obtained of their own party. A messenger was dispatched but he never returned. More were sent but, likewise, they never came back to report. At last the chiefs called a council to devise means to get to the land of their former enemies and learn how the party and the messengers had fared. A new messenger was chosen from the bravest of the warriors and a short distance behind a watcher followed. For two days all was well, but on the third the watcher looking ahead on the trail saw the messenger crawling laboriously along. Running toward him he found him wounded, stripped of all clothing and bleeding from tusk wounds and heavy bruises.

"Nīia'gwahēe!" whispered the man hoarsely, and fell dead.

The runner dashed down the trail crying, "Gowēe! Gowēe'!"

A council was hastily called and the fate of the messenger discussed.

"Agēe! So it is Nīiágwahēe who has been destroying our people and not our allies," said the chief. "Truly now, some one must be found who is able and willing to destroy the evil. A brave one must he be for he will battle with the most powerful of all beast magic. He who grasps this white wampum belt shall be the chosen man and he shall have the belt 'on his body'."

The chief circled the council, holding the belt before every man but no one moved or lifted a hand.

"What!" said the chief, "are real men cowards! Has no one a heart and mind and arm strong enough to take this belt!"

Standing in the doorway of the council house was a boy, awkward in figure and uneven of feature. His parents were dead and his home was with his grandparents. He was accounted of a lowly family and as of foolish mind. The chief wished to make a laugh to break the seriousness of the situation and so called out, "Why not try Tedo!" The chief did not smile although the entire assembly laughed, but holding the beautiful belt out to the boy said, "Are you Oñgwēehoweh?"

The boy grasped the belt and threw it over his shoulder.

"Do you know what you have done?" asked the chief solemnly.

The boy nodded his head and clasping the wampum ran from the council to his grandmother's lodge.



"Oh grandmother!" he cried, "I have taken the belt to kill the nīágwahēe, he who blocks trail to our new "friend!."

"What, you!" exclaimed the grandmother. "Why you are nothing but a ragged simpleton!"

"Well hurry then, and prepare my owīshā," said the boy, "for I am to kill nīágwahēe and need food for my journey."

The old woman pounded the parched corn and mixed it with maple sugar.

"Now be off," she said, "you and your dog!"

The boy started down the path talking to his dog. "I will not yield, I will demand yielding," he said. "I will not be pursued, I will pursue, I will not see failure, I will succeed."

For two days he journeyed down the trail that led to the allies' country. At dawn on the third day there was a wild trampling in the forest and from the thicket rushed the nīágwahēe. The dog rushed forward with a yelp but the great beast merely opened his jaws and drew in a breath and with it the dog flew down his throat.

Picking up a stump, the boy dashed forward, yelling, "I am after you, you cannot escape me!"

Now it happens that these words are the very ones used by a nīágwahēe when it pursues its prey, and such a charm have these words, that, as the beast repeats them, animals and men become weak and fall down as victims of the creature's cunning. When this nīágwahēe heard its own cry flung back in its face, it was surprised. Its own words were turned into its own ears. Then the great beast turned and fled.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the boy, "you cannot escape me!"

All day the nīágwahēe fled from the boy who pursued it crying shriller and sharper, "I am after you, you cannot escape me!"

The sun began to set and the boy sat down on a log to eat his owīshā with a little water, but when he opened his pouch he found his food a mass of wriggling maggots.

"Agēe!" he exclaimed, "this does not discourage me," and leaping from his seat, he took up the chase again, following closely upon the heels of the nīágwahēe. "Oho!" he cried, "You are the one for whom I am looking! Very soon I will kill you."

The sun went under the hills and the black night came.



"Agēe, I am tired now, nīágwahēe, and must rest," he said, "but I will kill you as soon as I get time."

The beast trembled and ran on a short distance in the vain hope of escape but returning put his nose to the boy's ear.

"Kwe!" he whispered, "Are you asleep?"

"No, not yet," replied the boy with a yawn.

"Well then," continued the beast, "I wish to tell you that I know I am defeated, but oh spare me, I beg of you, spare me! Have mercy and do not kill and I will flee from the land of men and hide in the icy north, never more to disturb or devour men."

"Ho ho! This is your trick," laughed the boy, with a sneer. "No mercy for you, you deserve only death. Hold up your foot and show me the spot!"

"Oh no, no, no!" begged the nīágwahēe plaintively. "Let me live and as a pledge of my truthfulness I will give you my teeth."

The boy debated with himself and then asked, "What profit are teeth?"

"My teeth are my magic," answered the creature, "and my magic is his who holds my teeth."

"Well now," said the boy slowly, "if your teeth will bring fortune to men I will accept them, but if ever you visit again the haunts of men, remember that I am the mightiest of wizards!"

With many groans the beast shed his teeth, crying, "All my magic strength and power are his who holds these teeth."

The boy threw them in his pouch and bade the monster depart forever. The boy rested for some time and then ran with all speed to the land of the allies. He called a council and told his story.

"We thought your nation had destroyed our people whom we sent to you," said the chief of the allies at the close of the boy's speech.

"We also thought the same of you," answered the boy.

The boy departed for his own village and held a great council, telling all he had seen, heard and done. The people were astonished beyond measure and cried, "Oh, tell us how you became powerful! What are your charm medicines?"



"This," said the boy, "I grasped the white belt, I went and would not be pursued, neither would I fear."

"But all thought you a fool," said the people.

"Perhaps I am," answered the boy, "if silence and observation mean I am only dull. But I only thought I would hold my mouth until my ears filled up."

Then all the people shouted and called him a great chief.

Thus were the nations saved, so was the trail established and so was the nīágwahēe slain.

Now this is true and medicine men (Hotcino'gä) have the teeth to this day and use them for magic.

FLYING-SQUIRREL AND THE SEASONS

Told by John Jimison

Characters

DOSENO' DAIÄ	Flying-squirrel
DJEONYAIK	Robin
DOWISDOWE	Tip-up (a bird)
DE ⁿ DE ⁿ ÁNE	Caterpillar
DJIHO ⁿ SDŪQGWE ⁿ	Ants
GÁSYONDETHA	Meteor

FLYING-SQUIRREL was a poor man. He could kill no game and he didn't know how to get food for his wife and children. One day he sat from morning till evening with his head bent down, thinking what he could do.

That night, just as he was going to sleep, a man came in, and said, "War is being forced upon the people across the lake. They want all the assistance they can get. They have sent for you. You are to start two moons from now."

"I will go," said Flying-squirrel.

The stranger left and Flying-squirrel fell asleep. While sleeping he dreamed and his dream said, "I have come to help you. You have promised to go to war. Those people will try to kill you. They will do this to find out how much power you have. I will be there and will save you."



The next morning Flying-squirrel was low-spirited. He sat with his head down. His wife asked what troubled him, but she got no answer.

At midday he raised his head, and said, "I am going to war, and I am thinking how I am to conquer the enemy."

After telling his thoughts, Flying-squirrel was no longer sad. When two moons had passed, he took his bow and arrows, and said, "I am going now and I may be away a long time, but I think we will all live."

Flying-squirrel traveled many days without food or rest, then he said to himself, "I am hungry," but he kept on. Just at midday, he heard a noise behind him that sounded as though some animal were following. He turned and saw ten deer in line. He killed them all, built a fire and roasted the meat. He ate the ten deer and wasn't satisfied. He was still hungry, but he started on. That night, for the first time, he stopped, crawled into a hollow tree, and slept. The next morning he was up early. He felt so much stronger that he wondered how he would feel if he slept longer. He lay down again and was just falling asleep when someone kicked the hollow tree, and said, "You had better come out and go on. If you don't start soon, the animal that lives in this tree will come and kill you."

"Let it come," said Flying-squirrel.

Right away he heard a great noise and felt the earth tremble. Then the tree he was in was torn to pieces. Just as enormous jaws were about to close on him, he sprang into the animal's mouth and fell on his back in its stomach. Soon he knew that the creature was running and he thought, "This is pleasant; I am being rocked, and it is nice and warm in here."

The creature traveled for a long time, then lay down. Flying-squirrel went to sleep and when he woke up, he thought it must be morning. By and by he felt a movement and he said to himself, "The person who is taking care of me is waking up." Then he knew that he was being carried along swiftly. "Now I am traveling fast," thought he as he rocked from side to side.

While the creature was running at great speed what seemed like a terrible gust of wind swept through him and Flying-squirrel was blown out. He got up, and looking saw a great black object going on ahead. Flying-squirrel thought, "Oh, what a dreadful animal has been taking care of me!" The sun was in the middle of the sky and he couldn't tell which way to go. After a while he started, as he thought, toward the West, but he went directly North.

Flying-squirrel traveled many days and nights without food or rest, then he thought, "I am hungry." That minute he heard a noise and turning around saw ten bear in a line. He killed the bears, then built a fire and roasted the meat. After he had eaten the last morsel he said "I've had a meal that will last me a long time, and he went on.



He traveled many moons, resting nights, then he was stopped by a precipice so deep that he couldn't see the bottom. As he stood wondering how he could go on he saw a man coming from the East. The man's hair was long and bright. Then he saw a man coming from the West. His hair was fiery red. As he looked another man came from the South. He had long light hair. Then he saw one coming from the direction he himself was going in. That man had a very long nose.

The man from the East spoke to Flying-squirrel, asking "Which one of the four will you choose?"

Then the man from the West said to the man from the East, "I am sorry that you got ahead and spoke first."

Then he asked Flying-squirrel, "Which one of the four will you choose?!"

Each one of the four asked the same question, then the first speaker said, "We have all asked. We don't know which one he will choose, but we will put ourselves to trial and the strongest will be the one to have the care of him.

The bright-haired man said to Flying-squirrel, "You who have come here are the cause of our fighting, but I warn you to be careful. Should the man from the North conquer, he would devour you. Should the man from the South conquer, he would enslave you. The man from the West is my friend, but he is not as powerful as I am. There isn't much chance of his winning."

"Let me talk," said the man from the West, the proud one. Each one thinks that he is the strongest. I have conquered everything I have met. I have been all over the world. I think that I am the most powerful of the four. My friend, whose hair is bright, is not very powerful; all he can do is to give you light. I can do anything. I can aid you in battle. Look at my hair, it is red, covered with the blood of fighting. I shall be sorry if you fail to choose me. I don't know the other two, but I think they are man-eaters."

"Let me talk," said the man from the South, the flaxen-haired man. "I have great strength in jumping, and I am a swift runner. When in war people run away, I can overtake them. The man who comes from the North is a friend of mine, but he is not as powerful as I am. You should choose me."

"Let me talk," said the Northern man. "I am a man of great power. No matter how steep a place is, I can climb it. I can overpower every creature that lives in the water, and all the animals that roam around in this world. Only five things do I fear: the Ancient of Bears, Blue Lizard, Whirlwind, the lee King, and Thunder. I shall be sorry if you don't choose me."

Flying-squirrel didn't speak.



"Stand aside," said the bright-haired man. "The trial of strength must begin."

"Let us begin fairly," said the red-haired man. "Let this man make his choice before we begin."

"Let us have the trial first," said the flaxen-haired man.

"Let us have the trial first and the one who is the strongest will have the care of the man," said the long-nosed one.

"Now begin!" said the flaxen-haired man, and he sprang toward the red-haired man.

The other two advanced, but the red-haired man drew aside, and said, "Wait! Let us have peace." But, after a little he said, "Very well, we will decide it by fighting. You all know how strong I am."

The three consented. The four clinched and went down, the red-haired man at the bottom. As they struggled he still insisted that they should have peace, but when they hurt him, he got angry and fought in earnest, then the three were powerless. He pounded them, killed them all, then said to Flying-squirrel, "I told you what my strength was. Now will you have my care?"

"I am on a journey," said Flying-squirrel. "I want you to help me all you can. I want you to give me power to change myself to any form I wish for."

"I am the most powerful person in the world," said the red-headed man. "I am he whom you call GÁSYONDETHA (Meteor). I am the oldest person in the world. The three fear me for I have often overpowered them. I will give you power and it will be the same as if I went with you, When you use this power you must say, 'Grandfather you and I have never failed in anything we have undertaken.' I will give you a piece of flesh, from my head and neck and down my back, long enough for a belt."

Flying-squirrel took his flint knife and cut out the piece of flesh. When he was through, the red-headed man appeared to be dead, but as Flying-squirrel looked at the wound he saw the edges come together and heal.

That minute the man said, "You see what power I have, I cannot die. As for the men you saw me kill, I only sent them home; they are not dead. Now go in the direction I came from and do all you can to help yourself. The bright-haired man will soon be here and it would not be well for us to be together when he comes. I am going."

The red-haired man leaped into the air, and, giving a whoop, called out, "I am the strongest person in the world! No one can conquer me." As he traveled there were sparks in the air.



Flying-squirrel felt limber and strong and he ran on swiftly till night came. Then he lay down under a tree. He was almost asleep when he heard footsteps on the dry leaves. Then a voice said, "Flying-squirrel, I am in search of you. I am sent by the red-haired man. During the night men will come and try to get the belt you are wearing, but nothing will happen for I will be here. Help me gather wood, we must have a fire."

The two gathered wood and made a big fire. As it blazed up they heard one voice and then another and another till there were voices everywhere and those voices said, "Throw away what you have around your waist; it isn't good for you; it will poison you." Their cries increased and their number increased.

Flying-squirrel said in his own mind, "If the fire wasn't here, that great crowd of people would pounce upon me and kill me." He didn't see these men for they were in the dark. They didn't come even to the edge of the light thrown out by the fire. They cried louder and louder till just before dawn, then their cries began to recede and at daybreak all was silent.

Flying-squirrel's protector said, "You are safe now. Go on in the same direction. At midday you will come to a fallen tree. I will meet you there."

Flying-squirrel went on till he came to the tree and passed it. He didn't remember the man's words till he came to a second tree, then he said to himself, "I should have stopped at the first tree," and he was about to turn back when he thought, "What good will it do? I am on a journey. I'll not turn back. If he wanted to give me food, I don't care for it. I'm not hungry," and he traveled on.

When night came, he lay down by a tree. Soon he heard footsteps.

Someone stopped near him and said, "I have come to keep you company. There is a person with me. You may sleep. We will build a fire."

The sun was in the sky when Flying-squirrel woke up. There was no one around. Those who had come in the night had disappeared. A great many nights passed in the same way: as soon as darkness came and Flying-squirrel lay down to sleep two men came to protect him and just at daylight they disappeared.

At last he came to a precipice and could go no farther. Then he remembered that his friend had given him the power to change to any form he wished.

"My friend," said he, "I will be a black eagle and go down into the ravine and look around."

That minute he was an eagle. He flapped his wings, flew off, and came back, then flew off quite a distance and began to sink down. After a time he saw that there were trees



under him, then he sank as fast as he could and soon was in a beautiful country. He saw a great patch of strawberries. He picked and ate as many as he wanted.

Then, taking his own form, he went on till he came to a house. Stealing up to the house he looked through a crack and saw a very old woman with long white hair, she was sitting with head down but she raised it, and said, "Game has come to me, I smell it."

"This woman wants to kill me," thought Flying-squirrel. "If she touches me, I'll cut off her head."

A second time the woman said, "I smell game," then she called, "Grandson, come in, why do you stand out there?"

"It seems this old woman is my grandmother," said Flying-squirrel. "I'll go in."

The woman said, "I heard, a long time ago, that you were coming. You have been invited by my grandchildren who live beyond the lake. I will carry you over there."

This woman was old Caterpillar and she was called the long-haired woman.

"I don't want you to carry me over," said Flying-squirrel. "I can get there myself."

"Well, Grandson, I have a game that I play with those who come here. We take mallets, go to an opening near here, and run. As we overtake each other we strike with the mallet."

"Very well," said Flying-squirrel, "but you must lend me a mallet."

The old woman brought two mallets, and said, "Take your choice."

One was good, the other was old, he took the old one, and they started for the opening. Just as they came to the edge of the field, the old woman struck Flying-squirrel a heavy blow and ran. He ran after her, overtook her and struck her. She fell but was soon up and after him. When she struck at Flying-squirrel a second time, he dodged and the mallet came down on her knee.

They kept this game up till sunset, then the old woman said, "Let us rest a while." Flying-squirrel sat down but Caterpillar struck him and ran. This time she went along the edge of a high cliff.

All at once she turned and gave Flying-squirrel such push that he went over the cliff. He fell into a river and a great fish swallowed him.

Soon he heard a woman say, "Sister, we have caught a fish in our trap. Help me get it out."



These sisters were of the Tip-up (water-bird) family.

The women got the fish to the bank and cut it open.

"Oh, Sister!" cried one of the women, "There is a child in this fish! Hurry and tell our mother to come."

Flying-squirrel had changed to an infant. When old Tip-up came, she said, "This boy will be my grandson."

The three women took good care of the child. It grew very fast and soon walked and talked.

One day the boy began to cry.

"What is the trouble, Grandson?" asked the old woman.

"My Grandmother," said the boy, "I am lonesome. I want to see my friends."

"Stop crying, Grandson, I will give you something to play with." She gave him a bright red fox-skin of wonderful power. He stopped crying and was happy.

One day the boy said, "I am going into the woods to shoot birds."

The women cautioned him not to go toward the South. He hunted a long time but found no birds, while off in the South, he heard the beautiful songs of many birds. At last he turned and went toward the South. As he advanced, the singing receded. He followed it on and on till he came to an opening and saw a house. He crept up to the house, looked in through a crack, and saw the long-haired woman who had pushed him over the cliff. She raised her head, and said, "Well, Grandson, come in. Why do you stand outside?"

When the boy went in the old grandmother said, "I have been expecting you. I have a game that I play with those who come here."

"Very well, said the boy, for he knew what the game was. "Now," thought he, "I will serve her as she served me.

They went to the opening. After they had struck each other a number of times, the woman ran along the edge of a high cliff intending to turn and push the boy over, but he overtook her quickly, gave her a terrible push and sent her over the cliff.

"There" said he. "I have thrown her as she threw me. Now I will burn her house."

When the house was in ashes, the boy went home. On the way he killed a turkey. While the sisters were cooking the turkey they noticed that the boy looked frightened.



"What is the trouble, Grandson?" asked the old woman.

"I am afraid you will scold me. I have killed the long-haired woman."

"We are glad," said the sisters. "She has done us great harm. Now you can go in any direction you like. That woman lived in the South and we were afraid she might kill you."

One day the boy said, "I am traveling. I am on my way to war. I cannot stay here any longer."

The women urged and coaxed, but the boy wouldn't listen to them. He started off. After a while, he came to a lake. As he stood looking at the water and wondering how he could get to the other side, he remembered that once he had had the power of flying and he said in his mind, "I will see if I have that power now." Taking, his own form, he went back a short distance, then ran forward and as his feet struck the water he gave a spring and went into the air. He came down and as he touched the water, he sprang again, going forward somewhat. In this way he traveled two days and nights, then reached land. He was hungry. As he looked for game, he happened to think of his belt and that the man who gave it to him promised to help him.

Then he said, "I wish my grandfather would send me a deer."

That minute a deer was in sight. Flying-squirrel killed it, then built a fire and roasted some of the meat. He ate and was satisfied, thanked his grandfather and went on through a forest.

One morning he saw a light ahead and soon he came to a large opening. At one side of the opening was a village. Flying-squirrel went to the village and found that the people who lived there were the people who had summoned him to war. The chief said to the warriors, who stood around, "You must test the strength of this man."

The warriors ran at Flying-squirrel, struck him with their clubs and knocked him down, but he sprang up and fought with them, fought till he had conquered them all, though he had only his hands to fight with. These people were Robins.

The chief of the Robins said to Flying-squirrel, "I see that you have great power. In the center of our village is a pole covered with ice. Whoever climbs to the top of that pole may marry my daughter. Tomorrow the people will assemble and each man will try to climb the pole."

Flying-squirrel went to a hut at the edge of the village and asked shelter of an old woman who lived there with her granddaughter.

"I have nothing to eat," said the woman.



"I don't want food," said Flying-squirrel.

She gave him a place to sleep. The next morning there was plenty of meat in the hut. Flying-squirrel had wished for it.

He went to the center of the village, where many people were assembled, and just at midday the chief said, "The time has come."

One man after another tried to climb the pole. The first man went only a short distance, the second went a little farther, the third went still farther, and so on till all had tried and had fallen back. Then Flying-squirrel walked up to the pole, spat on his hands and began to climb. He went up easily, got to the top and called out, "Shall I go farther?"

"No. Come down," said the chief.

The chief thanked the young man, and said, "My daughter is your wife."

The people were angry. They caught Flying-squirrel, took him to a hole between high rocks and fastened him in. He made a motion with his hand; the rocks fell away. "Why should I stay here," thought he, "I will claim my wife."

Another man had claimed the chief's daughter. Flying-Squirrel caught that man by the hair and cut off his head. The dead man's friends seized Flying-squirrel, tied him and took him back to the hole in the rocks. When they found the rocks were destroyed, they took him to a second hole and fastened him in securely. He moved his hands and the rocks fell apart.

Flying-squirrel went to the chief's house, and said, "The next time your people seize me, I will destroy everybody in this village."

Now the people decided to kill Flying-squirrel by burning him. They piled up a great many logs and dead limbs, leaving a hole in the center of the pile. They caught Flying-squirrel, tied him up in a bundle, dropped him into the hole and set fire to the pile.

"These people mean to burn me up," thought Flying-squirrel. "I'll wait till the fire gets to burning, blazing up high. "After a while he moved slightly; the cords that bound him loosened and fell off. He moved again; fire and cinders flew in every direction.

Flying-squirrel went to the chief's house and said to his wife, "I warned your father of what I would do if the people seized me again. Now I will destroy you all."

The woman screamed and begged. When the chief came to see what the trouble was, she said, "My husband is going to destroy you and all of our people."



The chief begged him not to do this, called him friend, and said that he did not know what the people were doing, that on the morrow war would begin. At last Flying-squirrel forgot his anger.

The warriors were to start at midday. Flying-squirrel did not wait for them. Early in the morning he set out alone. On the way he came to a large flat stone. He sat down on the stone, then ground it to dust with his basswood club. Taking a handful of the dust he threw it West, in the direction of the enemy's country. The dust became a cloud and then a whirlwind and Flying-squirrel went with it--he was in the center of the whirlwind.

As the whirlwind approached the enemy's village, Flying-squirrel saw a great many warriors sitting near a large mound. These warriors were of the Ant family. When Flying-squirrel reached the mound, he plunged into the ground; the whirlwind following him. He ran North and South, went from one end of the mound to the other. The whirlwind killed every man that it passed, threw the dirt into the air and leveled the mound.

Then Flying-squirrel saw another mound lower than the first but longer; he plunged into it and was half way through when the chief of the Ants and his warriors came and seeing what was taking place began to fight. Flying-squirrel defended himself, used all his strength and swiftness. Just at midday the whirlwind died down and Flying-squirrel was left to struggle alone.

The top of the mound fell off. Then the battle was out in the open. Other warriors came to help their chief, but soon Robin and his men came up and with Flying-squirrel's help, they defeated the enemy, then the chief said to Flying-squirrel, "You are free now, what we called you for is accomplished."

Flying-squirrel went to the chief's daughter, and said, "Get ready, we will go home."

They started but after one day's journey they were overtaken by the woman's people. The woman was killed, but Flying-squirrel got away, changed to an eagle, went to his grandmother's house, and then took his own form. He looked so old that his grandmother didn't know him. She asked, "Who are you and where did you come from?"

When he told her who he was she was glad that he had come. He said, "I am going to my own home. I have a wife and children."

When he started, he changed to a deer and ran with great swiftness, but all at once he was in a hunting camp. The hunters sprang up and followed him, but he was so swift that after a while they gave up and turned back.

Flying-squirrel came to a lake and stopped. He didn't know how to get to the other side. He forgot his belt. He started to walk around the lake. The cliff grew higher and higher.



He went along the edge of the cliff till he came to loose earth, then he slipped and fell. As he fell he thought, "If I were a bird, I could save myself."

That minute he was an eagle. He flew high and far. Then looking down he recognized the place he was passing, and coming to the ground he took his own form. Going cautiously toward a house he looked through a crack and saw an old man smoking. As he looked, the old man called out "Come in, Nephew. Why do you stand outside?"

"I have found my uncle," said Flying-squirrel, laughing. "I will go in and see what he wants."

"You have been gone a long time," said the old man, "Now we will play ball."

"That is the game I amuse myself with," said Flying-squirrel.

The old man's ball was a head, the clubs were sticks split at the end and tied apart with bark strings. They put their clubs against the head. It went toward the old man's inning. Both ran after it. Flying-squirrel got the ball and hitting it a blow with the butt of his club, said, "You don't know how to play ball."

The ball went to Flying-squirrel's inning and he won the game. The old man begged for a few puffs of smoke.

"You'll not get them," said Flying-squirrel. "I would not have asked for them if you had won," and he cut off the old man's head.

Flying-squirrel traveled on till he heard voices. Then, hiding behind a stump, he listened.

A woman said, "My husband must be dead, if he were alive he would come home."

A second woman said, "Don't cry, my son wants you for a wife. I think your husband has another wife."

Flying-squirrel made himself invisible and followed the woman. He heard the younger one promise to marry the elder one's son. Then the two parted. The younger woman was Flying-squirrel's wife.

Flying-squirrel entered the house with his wife. While she and the children were eating, he made a noise. When she turned to see what caused the noise, he caught up a piece of meat and threw it at her. She thought her daughter threw the meat, and catching up a club she began to beat the girl.

Then Flying-squirrel took his own form, and asked, "Why do you beat the children? I threw the meat."



The woman was frightened and she promised never to strike the children again. Right away she sent her daughter to tell the old woman that Flying-squirrel had come home.

Now, Flying-squirrel and his wife settled down in peace. Flying-squirrel had the belt given to him by the red-haired man so he always had great power, and food was never lacking in his house.

The four men described as coming from the North, South, East and West are said to personify the Seasons.

HOW CHIPMUNKS GOT THEIR STRIPES

Characters

DZOHÓ'GWAIS

Chipmunk

DASIDOWANES

Big Feet (one name for bear)

A GRANDMOTHER and granddaughter were living together. They had a skin blanket, but it was old and a good deal of the hair was worn off.

The two women went to the forest to camp and cut wood and they carried the blanket to cover themselves with at night. They had been in the forest only a few days when they found that their skin blanket was alive and was angry. They threw the blanket down and ran toward home as fast as they could go. Soon they heard the skin following them.

When it seemed very near the grandmother began to sing and her song said, "My granddaughter and I are running for our lives, my granddaughter and I are running for our lives."

When the song ended, the women could scarcely hear the skin following them, but not long afterward they heard it again. When they reached home the skin, now a bear, was so near that as they pushed open the door it clawed at them and scratched their backs, but they got in.

The old woman and her granddaughter were chipmunks. Since that time Chipmunks have stripes on their backs, the result of the scratches given by the bear.



MINK AND HIS UNCLE

Characters

DWÁAUⁿHDANEGEⁿ
HATHÓNDES (Giodaga)
TÉQDOOⁿHUISHĚ

Two Feathers
Mink
Woodchuck Leggings--the Deceiver

A man and his nephew lived together in a cabin in the woods. The uncle's name was Two Feathers, the nephew's was Mink 1 (HATHÓNDES the listener).

The uncle and nephew were very poor, their food was the fungus of trees and a kind of wood mushroom.

When they had lived in the woods a long time and the boy was almost a man, his uncle said one day, "Tomorrow go to the ravine and listen. As soon as you hear something, come back and tell me what it is. At the bottom of the ravine you will find a log, sit on the log, and listen."

The nephew did as his uncle told him to. He went to the ravine and listened. When he heard the call of a bird he was so frightened that he started up and ran home. Tumbling head first into the cabin, he cried, "Oh, Uncle, I have heard something!"

"Wait, Nephew," said the uncle, "till I light my pipe and let the smoke go up."

When the smoke was rising from the pipe, the boy told what he had heard, imitating the call of the bird.

"Oh, Nephew," said the uncle, "that is nothing, go again tomorrow."

The next day the boy went to the ravine, sat on the log and listened. Soon he heard the cry of an owl. He ran home and tumbling head first into the cabin, cried, "Oh, Uncle, I have heard something!"

"Wait, Nephew," said the uncle, "till I light my pipe and let the smoke go up."

When the boy told what he had heard, imitating the cry, the uncle said, "That is nothing. Go again tomorrow."

Each day the boy heard the call of a different bird and told his uncle, imitating the call. After several trips to the ravine he heard women singing and their song said, "I am going after the nephew of the Two-Feathered Man."



The boy thought, "I will listen and learn that song." Soon he heard it again, then he went home and when smoke was rising from his uncle's pipe, he told what he had heard and sang the song.

His uncle said, "That is what I wanted you to hear. Two women are coming after me. We must get ready for them."

He put nice skins on his own couch, but threw his nephew's blanket on the ash heap in the corner and told him to lie there while the women were in the house; to keep quiet and not show his face.

The old man put on his best clothes and tried to be as nimble and bright as a young man, and kept sending the boy out to see how near the women were. At last, when they were quite near, the boy ran in crying, "Oh, Uncle, they are here!"

"Lie down on your blanket and don't stir," said Two Feathers.

The women came in bringing a basket of marriage bread. The old man hurried around to make everything pleasant for them, but they were continually looking toward the ash-heap where Mink was.

When night came, Two Feathers spread down a blanket for the women to lie on, and said, "Here is a nice place for you to sleep." But they went over to the ash-heap and lay down near Mink.

The boy was asleep but they smoothed his hair and spoke pleasant words to him.

Early in the morning the women went into the forest and each gathered a back-load of wood. When they put the wood down near the house and pulled out their straps, the wood increased till it was a great pile, then they started for home.

When Mink woke up he was a young man, strong and fine looking.

The uncle said, "You are a man now, you must follow those women. I will get you ready and teach you how to hunt. You will have power. Those women are the daughters of a great chief."

Two Feathers brought an outfit for his nephews: a panther coat, wild-cat leggings, owl-skin moccasins and an otter-skin head-dress with a white heron on it. He smoothed the bird, blew on it, and it came to life. He brought a tobacco pouch made of a fawn while it was spotted. He smoothed the pouch and the fawn came to life. On the pipe-stem sat two pigeons.

The uncle said, "These birds will bring you coals to light your pipe, and whenever you spit while smoking you will spit wampum beads."



He gave him a bow and arrows, and said, "These arrows will never miss."

The young man put on the clothes. They fit him and were beautiful to look at. He took them off. The cap became a live otter, the coat a live panther, the leggings a pair of wildcats and the moccasins two owls.

"Now," said Two Feathers. "I will teach you to hunt."

They went a short distance from the cabin.

The uncle said, "You must think what kind of game you want, then call it.

"I will call a deer."

Two Feathers made the call that a young fawn makes, and soon a deer came in sight, and then a second deer and a third came. The young man shot all his arrows away and each arrow killed a deer.

They pulled the arrows out and Two Feathers said, "Always wipe the arrows clean and smooth with your hand. Now that I have as much meat as I need you may start. I will put something on your feet to make you a swift runner, and I will hang up a wampum belt so that I will know if misfortune comes to you."

Two Feathers hung up the belt, and said to his nephew, "When you are well, the wampum will be high; if you are sick, it will lower till it nearly reaches the ground; if you die, it will drag on the ground.

"When you think that I have eaten all of the meat you must come and get me more. Go straight East. About midday you will find a trail; follow it. You will meet Woodchuck Leggings, an old man, but pay no attention to him; hurry along."

The young man started early in the morning and traveled till sunset without meeting anyone. Just at sunset he heard a cry of distress. He thought, "I must be careful, maybe that is the man my uncle told me about." Soon he saw an old man running around a tree, making a great fuss, and acting as though there were coons or something up in the tree. When he saw Mink he called out, "Oh, my dear nephew, come and help me kill these white martins."

The young man, remembering his uncle's words, went along. The old man ran after him, begging him not to leave him, to stop and help kill the martins.

When the young man was far beyond the tree, Woodchuck Leggings cried, "You needn't stop, only point an arrow and shoot, you will kill a martin. Your arrows never miss."



Mink thought, "It will do no harm to shoot an arrow." He shot and killed one of the martins. Then Woodchuck Leggings begged him to kill another; he shot again and hurried along.

The old man picked up the martins and ran after Mink, calling to him to stop and take his arrows. Mink waited for him to come up, then Woodchuck Leggings said, "I know where you are going, I am going there too, but we can't get there tonight. I have a place where we will rest till daylight."

The old man walked fast and kept talking all the time. When it was getting dark, he said, "We must wait till morning. It wouldn't do to get there in the night."

Mink thought this might be true, for his uncle had told him that he would reach the place at sundown.

They gathered a pile of wood and built a fire. Among the pieces of wood was a hickory stick. The old man said, "I can whittle an arrow for myself out of this while you are sleeping. I will sit one side of the fire and you can lie down on the other side. You can go to sleep as soon as you like, old men sleep less than young men."

They skinned the martins and cooked them. After eating, Mink took off his clothes and lay down by the fire, and right away was asleep.

Woodchuck Leggings began whittling. He thought, "There is no hurry, I have him now."

When he had the hickory stick well sharpened he crept up to steal the young man's clothes, but the coat, now a panther, wouldn't let him come near. He fed pieces of meat to the beast till it was pacified. When he reached for the leggings two wild-cats were there and wouldn't let him touch them. He pacified the cats as he had the panther. At last he had the whole outfit, except the bow and arrows, those he forgot. Then he went to Mink and thrust the sharpened hickory stick through his backbone. Mink woke up but he couldn't speak he was in such agony. He saw Woodchuck Leggings throw his dirty clothing down by the fire and hurry off.

Two Feathers knew when his nephew shot the first arrow, for he was watching the wampum and he saw it lower. He felt badly; he knew that Woodchuck Leggings had deceived the young man.

When Woodchuck Leggings thrust the hickory stick into Mink's back, the wampum belt came nearly to the ground. Two Feathers groaned, threw ashes over his head, and said, "I shall mourn for you ten summers."

He watched the wampum, repeating continually, "I shall mourn for you ten summers."



Woodchuck Leggings knew the power of the clothes he had stolen and as he hurried along he smoothed the white heron on the cap, and said, "You must call out when we are near the chief's house." The bird was silent.

When Woodchuck Leggings was near the house, the chief's elder daughter ran out to meet him. Everyone wondered how she could go to such an old man. She called to her younger sister, and asked, "Why don't you speak to our husband? We have been at his uncle's cabin, and now he has come for us."

"That is not the man we went to," said the girl, "I will not go into the house while he is there," and taking her blanket she went to a hut in the corn-field.

Woodchuck Leggings wanted to show his power. He said to his wife "Ask your mother for a deerskin. I am going to smoke and I shall spit wampum beads."

The mother was pleased and she gave the largest and best deerskin she had.

Woodchuck Leggings drew out his pouch, spotted like a young fawn, and told it to stand up, but it fell down and do what he could it wouldn't stand.

"Oh," said he, "it is timid, there are so many people looking at it."

He took out his pipe and told the birds to get coals; they didn't move, and everyone wondered why he talked to dead things. He smoked and spat, but spittle it remained. After a time he told his wife to roll the skin up and put it away, and when it was unrolled they would find wampum.

The next morning he went out to show his skill as a hunter. He called deer but not one came. At last he killed a small fox. While he was skinning it the heron on his cap kept drooping over. He pushed it back till its white feathers were black. When he got home, he told his wife to cook the fox.

"It smells badly," said she, but she cooked it and as soon as she took the kettle from the fire he began eating the hot meat. Her brothers wouldn't touch it, each one said, "It smells badly."

When Woodchuck Leggings left Mink he was in agony, but about midday he crawled to where the old man's clothes were and, with great effort, put them on, then on his hands and knees he went towards the chief's house. He saw a cornfield and thought, "I will go there first, for I am hungry."

He went to the middle of the field where stalks were put together for a hut. In the hut was a bed made of husks. After eating an ear of corn Mink lay down on the husks and went to sleep.



The younger sister had gone for food and was starting back when her father said, "Your sister is married but you are living out in the cornfield. Stay here!"

She stayed that night, but in the morning she stole off to the hut. She found a man sleeping on the husks. His clothes were in rags and he seemed to be in great pain, but she recognized him and when he woke up, she said, "You are the young man my sister and I went for, but an old man came here for us and my sister is his wife."

Mink told the girl everything just as it had happened and showed her the hickory stick in his back. She made him a soft bed, covered him with a skin blanket, and fed and cared for him. He made her promise not to tell that he was there, for he wanted to punish Woodchuck Leggings.

The next day he said to the girl, "Tell your father that a man has had a dream and that he, as chief, must see it fulfilled. The man's dream said that the chief's son-in-law was to meet him at a sweat-house and that all the people must be there to witness the meeting."

She told her father the dream and he had a sweat-house built and heated. In the house was a great kettle of water and many red hot stones were ready to throw into it.

The chief's ten sons and his son-in-law and all the people of the village came to the sweat-house. Soon they saw an old man coming, led along by the chief's younger daughter. The girl's brothers were ashamed of her and everybody wondered how a beautiful girl could care for such a wretched looking, dirty old man.

Woodchuck Leggings said to the ragged man, "Go into the sweat-house first."

"No," said the ragged man, "We will take our clothes off out here." They stripped and went into the sweat-house.

The hot flint stones were thrown into the kettle and the door was closed. Right away the two men began to sweat. Every minute Mink reached to his back to see if the hickory stick was loosening, and after a time he pulled it out. As Woodchuck Leggings sat bent over Mink suddenly thrust the hickory stick into his back, saying, "I have done just what I wanted to."

Then he went out of the sweat-house, picked up his own clothes and smoothed them. The panther and wild-cats and owls came to life. He smoothed his cap; the heron screamed with joy, then everyone knew that he was the real owner of the clothes.

All this time Two Feathers was crying and singing, "Ten summers I will mourn for him," but once in a while he rubbed off the ashes and looked at the wampum. One day when he looked he saw that the wampum had gone up. Then he was happy for he knew that his nephew was well again. He washed the ashes from his face, brushed his cabin, made a fire and began to cook meat.



The young man dressed and went to the chief's house. The crowd followed. They left the old man in the sweathouse. After eating, Mink sat down to smoke. He shook his pouch; it became a beautiful little fawn, walked around and looked at everyone, then was a pouch again. He filled his pipe. The birds flew and brought coals. He began smoking and spitting, and he spat wampum beads which rolled around everywhere, and the crowd rushed to pick them up.

Early the next morning the young man went to hunt. He called deer. They came and he killed one after another till all of his arrows were used. He pulled out the arrows, cleaned them, and went back to the chief's house and told his wife to send her ten brothers to bring home the deer.

The chief was astonished that so many deer could be killed near the long house. He sent out a runner to tell people to come with their head straps and carry home all the meat they wanted.

Each time the young man smoked he spat wampum and soon the whole village had plenty of meat and plenty of wampum.

One day when Mink was out in the forest, he saw a large birch tree which he thought would make good ladles. He was cutting off a bough when he heard somebody say, "Look here!"

He looked up and saw two beautiful women, one called, "Come here! Why are you cutting off the limbs of that tree! That is an old man's work."

When he paid no attention to her she said to her sister, "He is a proud fellow, I shall have to go to him. Come along," said she.

Taking hold of Mink she pulled him on to a log. She sat down on one side of him and her sister on the other side and they began to comb his hair. Soon Mink was sound asleep, then one of the women took a canoe out of her pocket and stretched it till it was large enough for three persons to sit in. When the three were in the canoe the younger woman sang, "Fly, my canoe, fly."

The canoe rose in the air and went toward the West. After it had gone a long distance the women brought it to the ground, shook the young man, wakened him, and asked, "Do you know this place?"

"This is the place where my uncle and I used to hunt."

"We must go farther," said the woman, "As far as our ledge of rocks." And putting the young man to sleep, they sailed off again toward the West.



When they reached the rocks they took the young man out of the canoe and put him where if he wakened and moved he would fall off or if he didn't move he would starve to death.

Then they sailed away.

Two Feathers knew that his nephew was in great danger for the wampum came down as before. He threw ashes over his head and face and began to mourn.

When the young man woke up he stretched his arms and found that he couldn't reach anything. He looked and couldn't see anything. He heard a noise and thought that some animal was coming to devour him, but after listening a while he knew that there were men near him, for he heard a groan.

Then he thought, "Those women bring men here for some terrible creature to eat." After a while he heard a noise that sounded like crunching and he knew someone had been killed. At last the creature came to him. It was an enormous Head. It took a bite from one of his legs and flew away over the ledge of rocks.

Mink spat on his hand, rubbed his leg with the saliva and it was well again.

Just at daylight Mink heard a man's voice in the distance. It came nearer and nearer and soon he heard the words, "This is what we, who dwell among the rocks, eat." Looking up he saw a man on the cliff above him. The man held up a roasted squash and began to blow the ashes off from it. He took a bite and smacked his lips to torment Mink, who was hungry, then he swept down between the rocks and showed the squash to men who were starving.

Mink lay on the rocks all day, thinking what to do. He got his bow ready and when he heard a great noise and saw the terrible Head coming he let an arrow fly. It went straight through the Head and the Head fell between the rocks.

When the Squash man came again and looking down said, "This is what we, who dwell among the rocks, eat," Mink sent another arrow and the Squash man fell down between the rocks.

Mink thought, "I have killed the Head and the Squash man, now I must get off from this rock." He leaned over the cliff, ran his fingers down his throat, and, trying very hard, vomited a little. Then he began to sing, "Let a great hemlock tree grow from that, Let a great hemlock tree grow from that."

As he sang a tree began to grow and it grew till its boughs were far above the cliff. Then Mink called, "My friends, I have found a way down. Creep along carefully. If you find a skeleton, push it off."



Several men crawled along. Mink made them go, one at a time, down the tree; last of all he went himself. As he went down, the tree decreased. When he reached the ground it disappeared.

He said to the men, "Those of you who know which way you came can go home; those who do not know may go home with me."

All this time Two Feathers had been mourning. When Mink was near the cabin a voice at the door said, "I have come home, Uncle."

Two Feathers looked at the wampum belt; it had gone up. He was happy, he called, "Wait a minute, my nephew, till I wash off the ashes." When he opened the door there stood a Rabbit. It made great leaps and in an instant was out of reach.

The old man was disappointed; he scolded the Rabbit and shut the door. Soon he heard steps again and a voice called out, "I have come, Uncle."

"That must be my nephew," thought Two Feathers, and he opened the door. It was a Fox.

"Wretched animals!" said the old man, "I will kill you if you torment me when I have mourned so long for my nephew."

He got a strap and a corn pounder, then made a hole in the door just large enough for a man's hand. When an animal came again he was going to kill it.

Mink came and when he called out, the old man said, "Now I will catch you."

It was so quiet inside that the young man wondered what his uncle was doing, and he called a second time, "I have come, Uncle."

"If you have, put your hand through the hole in the door."

Mink put his hand through. Two Feathers caught hold of it and strapped it to the door, then opened the door. When he saw his nephew he was overjoyed.

Mink told the old man everything that had happened, and said, "I will get meat and wood for you, then I will go for my wife."

The men who had come with Mink gathered the wood and took care of the game he killed. When his uncle was well supplied, Mink went for his wife and brought her home.



THE FOX AND RABBIT

Told by George White

Characters

TONDAYENT
NOⁿGWATGWA

White Rabbit
FOX

ONE day a hunter was going along over a light, freshly fallen snow. His footsteps made no noise.

All at once he saw a man coming toward him and that man shouted, "I am a man-eater!"

The hunter ran for his life. He circled around and around to escape, but the man followed and was gaining on him. When the hunter saw that he was losing ground, he took off his moccasins and said to them, "Run ahead as fast as you can." Then he lay down and became a dead rabbit, dirty and black.

When the man-eater came up and saw the black, dirty old body and the fresh tracks going on, he followed the tracks. When he came to the end of the trail and saw only moccasins, he was angry, and thought, "That fellow fooled me, the next time I will eat anything I see."

The man-eater turned back and sure enough the dead rabbit was gone. He followed the tracks and soon came upon a man who sat rolling pieces of bark, making rope.

He asked, "Have you seen a hunter pass?"

No answer. He asked again and pushed the rope-maker till he fell over, then the rope-maker said, "Some one passed just now."

The man-eater hurried away. The rope-maker sprang up, ran forward, made a circle and was ahead of the man-eater, then he turned himself into an old tree with dry limbs.

When the man-eater came to the tree, he said, "Maybe he has turned himself into a tree."

He punched the tree and broke off a twig that looked like a nose, but it was dead wood.

"I don't think it is he," said the man-eater, and again he followed the moccasin tracks.

When he overtook the moccasins he said, "That tree was the man and he has fooled me again."



He hurried back and when he came to where the tree had been, it was gone, and where he had thrown down the twig there was blood, then he knew the tree was the man, and he followed the tracks that he found there.

Just as the hunter saw that his enemy was near he chanced to come upon a dead man; he pushed the body on to the trail and when the man-eater came up, he said, "I will eat him this time! He won't fool me again, I'll finish him." And he ate the putrid carcass. The hunter escaped.

The man with the moccasins was a rabbit; the man-eater was a fox.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF AN OTTER

ONCE, in the fall of the year, a chief and six or eight families went on a hunting expedition. For many days they found no game. At last the chief, who had as a charm a fawn skin pouch, called the party to his brush house and told each person to take hold of the pouch and say what animal he would kill the next day.

The first man said he would kill a bear. The chief's wife said she would kill a wild goose. As the pouch was passed from one to another, the chief's daughter told her husband not to touch it and when it came near she grasped his hand to keep him from doing so, but he pulled it away and taking hold of the pouch said, "Tomorrow, before daylight, I will kill two otters."

At midnight he got up and went to where the river doubled nearly around and there he watched for otters. Soon he saw two and he killed both of them. He was hungry and, as it wasn't daylight, he cut open each otter and took out the heart. He roasted and ate the hearts then went home. Unwittingly he had destroyed the power of the charm.

That day each person came home without game. The chief's wife had said she would get a wild goose, but when she clapped her hands and called, "Let them fall. Let them fall," they all flew over, for the charm was broken.

The chief examined the two otters and when he saw that the hearts had been taken out, he was very angry.

The young man's wife was frightened. She hid a piece of meat and a knife, telling her husband where he would find them in case of need.

The chief said, "My son-in-law has broken the charm, we had better kill him."

The daughter said, "If you kill him, kill me too."

The chief, who didn't want to kill his daughter, said, "We will strip him naked, leave him, and go far away."



They stripped the young man, and went off, taking his wife with them.

At midnight when all alone, the young man heard somebody coming on snowshoes--it was Winter. A man pushed the door open, and said, "You think that you are going to die, but you are not, I have come to save you. Tomorrow morning follow my tracks to a hollow tree. There is a bear in the tree, kill it and you will have plenty of meat, and the bear's skin will keep you warm, make you a blanket and moccasins."

The next morning the young man could see no tracks except rabbit tracks. He followed them to a hollow tree and found a bear. He killed the bear, skinned it and carried the carcass to the house. Of the skin he made a blanket and moccasins.

At midnight he again heard someone coming on snowshoes.

Then a voice said, "Last night I sent you help, tonight I have come to tell you that your wife will be here tomorrow at midday. She thinks you are dead and she has left her father's camp to come and find you. In the morning send her for her father and the people who are with him, let her say, 'My husband has plenty of meat for you all.' They will be glad for they have no meat."

At midday the young woman came, and the next morning her husband sent her to tell her father and friends to come to his camp.

That night the stranger came to the brush house, and said, "Your father will be glad that you have meat. He will show his charms and give you your choice of them. Take the one he says is of no account, it is wrapped in a piece of bear skin and is my finger that I lost when he caught me in a trap. He will tell you to take one of the other charms, but take that and no other."

The next morning the father-in-law and his people came back. The old chief unwrapped his charms and told his son-in-law to take his choice.

The young man took the one wrapped in bear-skin.

"Oh, that is of no account," said the chief, "Here is a better one."

But the young man said, "I'll keep this one." And he went out to look for the person to whom the finger belonged. He hadn't gone far when he saw a house in the middle of an opening and in the house he found the stranger, who had befriended him and he gave him the finger.

The old man thanked him, and said, "I will always be your friend and you will succeed in everything you undertake."



As the young man was going home he turned to look at the house. It had disappeared and what he had thought was a field he now saw was a lake.

Ever after this, the young man had good luck. He became a great hunter and when his people made war on a neighboring tribe he took many scalps. Whatever he wished for he had. And all this came from the friendship of the Otter whose finger he returned.

THE GREAT BEAR AND THE SIX HUNTERS, OR, THE SEVEN STARS OF THE DIPPER

SIX men went out hunting, for a long time they found no game. One of their number said he was sick (he was lazy) and they had to make a litter of two poles and a blanket, and four carried him. The sixth member of the party came behind bringing the kettle. Besides this each man had his own load to carry.

At last, when the hunters were getting very hungry, they came upon bear tracks. They were so hungry that when they saw the tracks they dropped their companion and their burdens and each man ran as fast as he could after the bear.

At first the tracks looked old but they thought, "We will overtake the bear sometime."

Later they saw that the tracks couldn't be more than three days old. The farther the men went the fresher the tracks were till the men said, "Tomorrow we will overtake the bear."

The man they had carried so long was not tired and when they dropped him and he knew he was going to be left he jumped up and ran on after them. As he was fresher than they were he soon passed them and killed the bear.

The men in their race after the bear didn't notice that they were going up all the time. Many people saw them in the air, as they ran along, always rising.

When they overtook the bear and the lazy man, they had reached the sky and there they have remained to this day and can be seen any starlit night. The man who carried the kettle is in the bend of the Dipper, the middle star in the handle and a small star which is the only one near any other of the Dipper stars is the kettle. The Bear is at the lower outside corner. Every Autumn, when the first frost comes, one can see on the leaves of the oak-tree drops of oil, not water, and this is the oil and blood of the Bear.

On seeing it the Indians say, "The lazy man has killed the Bear."



THE MOOSE WOMAN

A YOUNG MAN, who lived alone with his mother, decided that he would go to the forest and hunt; that he would stay away a year, collect and dry meat, and at the end of the year come home.

He started and after going a long distance, came to a region where he thought there would be plenty of game. He built a bark house and began housekeeping. Each morning he made a fire, cooked his breakfast and ate it, then went out to hunt. He stayed away all day and when he came home at night, he was often so tired that he lay down without eating. He soon had a large quantity of meat but many times he was hungry.

One day, when coming back from a long tramp, he saw smoke rising from the smoke-hole of his cabin. He was frightened, for he was sure the cabin was on fire. He ran as fast as he could, thinking he might save some of the meat he had dried.

On going into the cabin he was surprised to see a fire in the fireplace and his kettle hanging on the crook in such a way as to keep its contents hot. He wondered who had come to cook for him. In all the time he had lived in the forest he had not found a cabin or seen a human being. He saw that the deer he had brought home the evening before was dressed and hung up to dry; that wood had been brought in and piled up near the fire; that everything had been put in order and acorn bread made.

On the way home he had thought that he would lie down as soon as he got to the cabin, but now he was glad to find a warm meal awaiting him. He sat down and ate, thinking, "The person who got this ready will come soon," but no one came.

The next morning he went into the forest to hunt. When on the way home he looked to see if smoke was coming out of his cabin; it was, and again food was ready. Near the fire he found a partly finished braid. Then he knew that his unknown friend was a woman. She had put a number of deer skins to soak to make buckskin. He thought, "How kind she is," and he made up his mind to see her, even if he had to stop hunting.

In the morning he started off, as usual, but only went to a place in the woods where he could watch the cabin. Soon he saw smoke rising from the cabin, and, creeping back cautiously, he waited around till a woman came out for wood. When she went in he followed quickly.

He saw that the woman was young and good-looking and he said to her, "You have been kind to me, I am thankful."

She said, "I knew that you were often hungry and I came to see if you would let me be your wife."



The young man was glad that the woman was willing to stay. After that she tanned deer skins, dried meat, cooked for him, and worked hard every day. She was good natured and kind and her husband loved her.

Before the end of the year a boy was born and then they were perfectly happy.

When the time came that the man had set to go back to his mother, his wife said, "I know your promise to your mother. The time has come for you to go. I have everything ready, I have made moccasins for you and for your mother, and there is plenty of meat."

"How can I carry the meat?" asked the man, "She lives a long way off."

"You have only to select the meat you want; I know how you can carry it."

She knew how he came to the forest, and that he could reach his village much quicker by going in a canoe down the river.

Early the next morning she asked him to go to the river with her--it was not far from the cabin. When they came to the bank, she took a tiny canoe from her bosom. Her husband wondered what she was going to do with such a little plaything.

"Take hold of one end of this," said the woman, "and pull away from me."

He did and the little canoe stretched and stretched till it was very long and wide. They placed it at the edge of the water, then brought basketful after basketful of meat from the cabin and packed it away in the canoe.

When the canoe was well loaded the woman gave her husband a package, and said, "I want you to put on a new pair of moccasins each morning and throw away the old ones."

Then she cautioned him not to forget her, she said, "When people see what a good hunter you are, many women will want to marry you, but you must be true to me, if you are not you will never see me again."

The man promised to come back in the Fall, and they parted.

When he reached home, news spread that such a woman's son had returned from a year's hunting and had brought a great deal of meat. People came to see him and to look at the meat. He told no one, not even his mother, that he was married, so many young girls asked for him. His mother had a nice looking girl whom she liked and she urged her son to marry her, but he refused.

After a while he said to his mother, "I am going to the woods again. I have a cabin there. Some time you will know why I don't marry the girl you have chosen for me."



When he reached the river, he shook the little canoe, as his wife had told him to do. It stretched out, but was not as large as before, for he had no meat to carry. He sat in the canoe and started up the river. When near his cabin, he saw his wife waiting for him and his little boy running around at play.

The husband and wife were very happy again. Another year went by and a second boy was born to them.

Again the woman got her husband ready to carry meat to his mother, she seemed to know that this time he wouldn't come back.

In parting she said to him, "If you marry another woman, you will never see me again, but if you love me and the children you will be true to us and come back. If you are not true, your new wife will soon be sucking her moccasins from hunger, for you will lose your power of killing game."

As before, the man's fame as a hunter brought many good looking girls to ask for him. Again his mother urged him to marry, but he refused and was ready to start for his cabin in the forest when a beautiful girl appeared in the village and came to his mother's house. His mother urged him to marry the girl and he yielded.

The wife in the forest knew what had happened, and she said to her children, "My children, we must go away from here. Your father doesn't love us."

The children were full of play and fun but they were troubled by their mother's tears, for the poor woman was always crying.

After the man had taken a second wife, the meat in his mother's house began to fall away strangely. He could almost see it disappear. Though there was a good supply when the woman came, in a few days but little was left. He went hunting, but couldn't kill anything, not even a rabbit. He went day after day; always the same luck--his power was gone.

One day when the man came home, he found his wife sucking her moccasins, she was so hungry. He cried and sobbed. "This is my punishment," thought he. "She warned me that this would happen if I were untrue to her." Right away he decided to go to his first wife and her children and never leave them again; and he started, without saying a word to his young wife or his mother.

When he reached his cabin in the forest, he found it covered with snow, not a single footprint was to be seen. He went in. The cabin was empty, but the children's moccasins were there and the sight of them made the father very sad. As he was hungry he looked around for food. Near the fireplace he saw three little mounds of ashes, the second smaller than the first, the third smaller than the second. He sat down and wondered what



the mounds could mean, for he knew they had been made by his wife as a sign for him should he ever come to the cabin.

At last he made up his mind that he had three children, and he determined to find them.

"My boys," thought he, "are playful and as they followed their mother they must have hacked the trees."

When the mother and her children were starting away, the elder boy said, "We will mark the trail so if our father ever thinks of us and comes back he can follow us."

The woman said, "You mustn't do that, your father will not come back. He has another wife and will never think of his children in the forest."

But, as they traveled along and played by the way, the boys hacked trees and shot arrows, and now their father was able to track them.

He found that after a day's journey his wife had camped. He saw the ashes of a fire and on a tree nearby four pairs of moccasins. He made a bundle of the moccasins and the next morning when he started off he carried the bundle on his arm.

Again he walked all day and again he found the ashes of a fire and found four pairs of moccasins. He was without food and was tired, but the next morning he traveled on. Toward night, as before, he found the ashes of a fire, and found four pairs of moccasins. He always put the moccasins in his bundle.

About noon the next day he saw, in the distance, a smoke, as from a cabin. He hurried on and as he came near the cabin he saw two boys playing, running around and shooting. They saw him and went into the cabin to tell their mother that a man was coming. She looked out, recognized her husband, and told the boys to stay inside and keep away from the man.

The man didn't know that the children were his own. He supposed they belonged to some one who lived in the cabin. As he was hungry he decided to go in and ask for food. As he entered the woman turned her back but the elder boy knew his father and running to him put his hand on his knee. The father didn't recognize the child so he gently pushed his hand away. The woman turned and saw the act.

"There," said she, "I told you to keep away from him, that he didn't love you."

Now the man recognized his wife and he begged her to forgive him. He was so earnest and begged so hard that the woman forgave him and brought to him his little daughter whom he had never seen.



Ever afterward the man was true to his wife, who, though she looked exactly like a woman, was of the Moose family. He never again left his home in the forest, and he and his family were happy.

THE RABBIT BROTHERS

Told by John Armstrong

Characters

TONDAYENT

White Rabbit

DAGWANOEⁿYENT

Whirlwind

SIX brothers and a sister lived in a long house in a clearing in the woods. The house stood East and West with a door at each end and a fire in the middle. Three brothers occupied one half of the house and three the other half. Each man was obliged to stay on his own side of the fire, never crossing to the other side, and always to go in and out at his own door, never using the door of the other three.

Whenever the brothers were away hunting, the sister was alone in the house. She had the right to go everywhere and in and out both doors.

The TONDAYENTS lived a long time in this way, then one day the eldest brother asked, "How would it be if I were to marry and bring my wife into the house?"

"Oh," answered the brothers, "it would be well if she didn't abuse us."

He went to an old woman, who lived in the West and had six daughters, and asked, "How would you like to have me marry one of your daughters?"

"Very well," said the mother, "if you would be kind to her and not abuse her."

He promised to be kind, and went home.

The girl made a basketful of marriage bread and the next day came to his house bringing the bread. The brothers were glad. They ate the bread and the woman stayed. Her brother told her that three brothers had one half of the house and three the other half and each three had their own door. The sister was the only person who could go in and out at either door.



For a time the woman was satisfied and the TONDAYENTS were happy, but one day she said to herself, "I'm not going to obey such a silly rule, I'll go out of whichever door I choose."

She crossed the house and went out of the forbidden door. The minute she did this her husband, who was hunting in the woods, in crossing a fallen tree, got the strings of his moccasins tangled on a knot of the tree, fell and hung there, head down, helpless.

Five of the brothers came home from hunting. They missed their brother and waited a long time for him. At last they took torches and started off to look for him. After a long search they found him hanging to the tree stiff and half dead. They carried him home, rubbed him and brought him to life.

The next morning when the man was himself again, he began to scold his wife, who by her disobedience had almost killed him. He said, "You will kill us all. I don't want you any longer. Go home! You can't stay here."

They were both very angry. He started to drive her out, but as he went toward her she held up a skin blanket which she wore over her shoulders and instantly the man's eyes were on the blanket.

The second brother, seeing what the woman had done, screamed, "You have killed my brother! You have taken out his eyes. I will kill you!" and he ran after her. But before he reached her she turned, threw up the blanket, and immediately his eyes were on the blanket.

In the same manner the other brothers followed her and each in turn lost his eyes. All groped their way back to the house and sat down in despair.

Now the young sister was left to keep her brothers alive. Each day she went to the woods to collect roots and oak nuts to feed the blind men. One day, when she went to the river for water, she heard loud laughter and looking up saw a canoe coming and in it were two children, who were having great sport. They drew near, and said to the girl, "You must come and ride with us, it is great fun."

"I cannot," said the girl. "I have to take care of my blind brothers."

"Oh, come a little way," urged the children, "You don't know how nice it is."

"No," said the girl, "I cannot."

"But only a little way, we will let you right out again."

At last, after much urging, the girl got into the canoe; the children turned it and went a short distance. Then she said, "I must get out."



"Oh, go a little farther, just to the next turn."

When they got to the turn she again begged to get out. They said, "Just a bit farther."

Soon they came to a lake. As the girl looked toward the stern to beg the child to let her out, she saw a fat, ugly old man sitting there. Looking to the other end of the canoe she saw the little child was gone; she was alone with the terrible old man.

They went on swiftly and soon came to an island on which there was a bark house. The old man said, "Get out and go into the house."

It was a strange looking house and in it sat a fat old woman. The man said to her, "I have brought nice game for you."

"Thank you! thank you!" answered the old woman, and turning to the girl she said, "Take that bed on the shelf."

The man said, "Let her be well-fed."

They gave her plenty to eat and after a time the girl knew that she was growing fat; her body felt heavy. There was another girl, about her own size, in the house. Waking up one morning she saw a great many hands and feet hanging on the beams and she asked the other girl why they were there.

She said, "Those are the hands and feet of people who have been eaten up. When these men-eaters are hungry, if they haven't fresh meat, they boil dried hands and feet and eat them. When they kill us, today or tomorrow, they will eat our bodies and hang up our feet and hands to make soup of when they get hungry."

As the girl lay thinking of her fate she saw some one looking down through the smoke-hole and she asked, "Who are you? What are you looking for?"

"I am the son of DAGWANOE"YENT (Whirlwind). I can save you if you do as I tell you. The old woman wants to kill you today. She will send you to get the water that you are to boil in. Go to the lake, pick up three round stones, put them side by side at the edge of the water. Some distance from the stones stick a wooden mannikin in the ground. When you have carried two pailfuls of water to the house, I will meet you with a canoe. After the old woman has waited a while she will come to the lake to look for you. She will find the mannikin and think you have turned yourself into it. She will take her club and beat the mannikin and we will gain time.

Whirlwind's son went away. Soon the old woman called out, "Here, it's time to get up! Go and bring me some water."



The old woman got her kettle ready to put over the fire and the girl went to the lake for water. She found three round stones and placed them side by side at the water's edge, stuck a mannikin in the sand and went back to the house. When she went for the third pailful, Whirlwind's son was standing there with one end of his canoe in the sand. The girl put the stones into the canoe and jumped in herself. The young man pushed off the canoe and away they went.

They rowed as fast as they could and were a long way out before the old woman missed the girl. She hurried to the lake and seeing nothing of her walked up and down till she saw the mannikin. Thinking it was the girl she pounded the mannikin with her club till, chancing to look across the lake she saw, in the distance, a canoe and in it Whirlwind's son and the girl.

"Oh, you good for nothing creature," called she, "why did you carry off my game?" And taking out a hook and line she hurled it after the canoe. The hook caught into the canoe and she pulled it rapidly toward the shore.

When the young man saw they were nearing the shore he called to the girl, "Turn the canoe on one side!"

She did so and broke the hook with one of the stones. Then they righted the canoe and hurried on again.

The old woman threw another hook, saying, "I'll kill you both!" They turned the canoe over a second time and broke the hook with the second stone. A third time, she threw a hook and a third time they broke it. Then she stooped down and began to drink up the lake, saying, "I'll get you at last; you'll not escape me."

Soon they saw that the canoe was going in a swift current straight to the shore and into the old woman's mouth. Whirlwind's son waited till they were near, then running to the bow of the canoe he ripped up the old woman's body with a sharp flint knife. Out shot the water and carried the canoe to the other shore.

The young man drew the canoe onto the sand and the two went toward his mother's house. Then he asked the girl if she would be his wife. She consented and when they were near the cliffs he said, "I will put you in a hollow stump till I go and see my mother. She lives in the cliff at the head of the creek. She is a cross woman and might harm you."

He left the girl in a stump and went on. When he came to his mother's house two wolves sprang at him and barked furiously.

"Get away you miserable wolves! Why do your wolves bark at me?" asked he of his mother.

"Because you smell of people."



"That is no reason. I go everywhere. Of course I smell of people." And he struck and scolded the wolves till they slunk away.

After a while he said, "Well, Mother, what would you think if I took a human being for a wife? Would you be like your wolves?"

"I wouldn't be angry, but would you like a human being?"

"Yes, I have a body. You have only a head, but I am like a human being. I have a nice wife out there in a stump, will you go and bring her in?"

The old woman went to the stump. When the girl saw the Head she was frightened, but the Head said, "Don't be afraid, I will keep my wolves away."

The girl went home with the Head and the three lived happily together. After a while twins were born--two handsome boys. The old grandmother nursed the boys and took great care of them. First she gave them bows and arrows, then she gave them ball clubs. After that they wanted fish spears. She told them they mustn't go away from the house, if they did an old uncle who lived nearby might catch them; but the boys went wherever they liked.

One day they saw a great pine tree and a nest.

One said, "If we go there that old man might see us."

"Oh," said the other, "We'll go and if he shows himself we will kill him."

They went under the tree and made a noise.

Their uncle looked down from his nest and called out, "I saw you first!"

The boys looked up, and said, "Very well."

The old man asked, "What would you do if a storm of fish spears were to come down on you?"

"Oh, we would like it. We'd take some of the spears to fish with. Make them come quickly."

Old man Whirlwind called for a storm of spears to come from the clouds. The boys crept under a big stone. They heard a great noise as of a storm coming toward their hiding place. It passed and when they couldn't bear it any longer they came out. There were a great many spears on the ground. They picked up the best spears they could find, took them home and said to their grandmother, "We have had good luck, our uncle sent a storm of spears."



"Don't go there again," said the old woman, "he will kill you."

The boys laughed. The next morning they went toward the pine tree. When they were near they hired a mole to carry them under the ground till they were at the tree.

When there, they called out, "We see you, Uncle."

Then one of the boys asked, "What would you do if a storm of fire should come down on you?"

"I should die," said the old man.

"Let it come!" said the boy.

That minute fire fell from the clouds. The boys hid under a great rock. When the storm was over they found their uncle lying dead on the ground; his head had burst.

When they told their grandmother what they had done, she cried and said, "He was my brother, all the brother I had."

One day when the boys were playing around they found a great hole in the ground and in the hole were six blind men.

"What made you blind?" asked the boys.

"A woman took our eyes from us and stole our sister."

"Maybe our mother is your sister, our father stole us from a man-eater. You must be our uncles. We will find your eyes."

The men told the boys where their home was and the two started off. When they were near the house, one brother said to the other, "You will be a white deer and I will be a wolf and chase you, when you run toward the house the woman will come out and chase me. While she is gone you must steal the eye blanket."

The woman heard a wolf and running out saw it was following a white deer. She picked up a club and chased the wolf. The deer became a boy, found the eye blanket and ran off with it.

When the boys came back to where their uncles were, they separated the eyes, gave a pair to each man. Then they could see their nephews.

After that the six brothers lived with their sister and nephews and old woman in Whirlwind's house.



Bear Clan Story

From "The Gift of the Great Spirit" by TEHANETORENS

The old Iroquois told this story to the young people to teach them to be kind to the aged.

Many winters and summers in the past, there was an Iroquois village. One day, an old man appeared at the edge of this village. The old man wore ragged clothes. He seemed very tired and looked hungry. As he walked through the village, he looked over the doors of each house. Over the doors of the bark houses were the emblems of the clans of those who occupied the lodges. The old man came to a lodge on which was hung a Turtle shell. Turtle Clan members lived in this house. He pulled the door curtain and asked for food and a night's lodging. He was refused by the woman of the house. He was told to move on. Going on his way, he soon came to a house with a snipe skin over the door. When he asked for food, he was again told to move on. Thus he traveled to houses belonging to the Wolf, Beaver, Deer, Eel, Heron, and Hawk Clans. At each house he was treated with scorn and told to move on. At length, tired and wary, the old man came to the edge of the village. He saw a little bark house. Hanging over the door of this house was a carved bear's head. It was a house of the Bear Clan.

An old woman came out of the house. When she saw how tired the stranger looked, she asked him to enter her lodge, and told him that he was welcome to what little she had. She gave him food to eat. She spread soft deer skins and asked him to rest his tired body. The next day, the man sickened and came down with a fever. He told the woman to go into the forest and gather a certain kind of plant. He instructed her how to prepare the plant and to make a certain kind of medicine. After taking the medicine, the old man recovered. The old man became ill on many different days. Each time that he was ill, it was from a different kind of sickness. With each illness, he sent the old woman into the forest to gather different kinds of herbs. Each time that the old woman returned with the herbs, the old man gave her instructions on how to prepare and make a medicine of the herb for each kind of sickness that he had. When he drank the medicine, he recovered. One day, the old woman was about to enter her home when she saw a great light shining in her lodge. Upon looking up, she saw a handsome young man standing at the entrance of her bark house. His face shone like the sun. Her heart was filled with fear. She was frightened. She thought that a spirit stood before her. The young man said, "Fear not, good woman. I am the Creator. I came to the lodges of the Haudenosaunee in the form of an old man. I wandered from house to house asking for food and shelter. I asked for food and shelter of the Turtle Clan, Snipe Clan, Wolf Clan, Beaver Clan, Deer Clan, Eel Clan, Heron Clan and Hawk Clan. Each time I was refused food and shelter and told to move on. Only you, of the Bear Clan, sheltered and fed me. For that reason, I have taught you cures for all of the sicknesses known to the Real People. Many times I sent you into the forest to gather herbs. I told you how to make medicine from the herbs. When I took of this medicine, I recovered from my illnesses. From this day on, the



Medicine Men and Women will always belong to the Bear Clan. They, Bear Clan members, will be the Keepers of the Medicine for all time to come.

THE DEATH PANTHER

Now the old folk say this is true.

Two boys were fast friends and always were seen together. Their favorite sport was to play in the waters of a deep lake that washed the feet of a tall white-headed mountain that lay a distance from the village.

One day as they splashed in the water, swimming, diving, and sporting as boys do, one suggested that they both dive at the same instant and see which could remain below the surface the longest. This suggestion was at once acted upon and each time they dove they remained below a greater time.

In the course of the game one of the boys, Oohoosha, by name, discovered a flat projecting rock to which he could cling. As he lay holding fast to the rock after a dive he saw a hazy indistinct object approaching him and when it neared him he saw that it was a tall warrior whose smooth glistening body was the color of the sky or the color of clear water when the clouds pass over.

"Come with me," said the man, in a friendly manner and although he had never heard this language before, Oohoosha strangely understood it now. So, marveling, he followed.

The dark green water began to clear and in the distance, he thought he saw a number of boys playing ball. The guide led Oohoosha into a large moss-covered council hall where a stout preacher, with a yellow and pink face, swaying body and large round eyes was declaiming to the people.

"God created all good things and made men as well as fish!" he shouted, as the bubbles floated up from his mouth. "The earth people are his children as well as we, so why should not we who know and foreknow many things, notify them that trouble is coming and warn them to avoid it?"

"I will go," said the boy's friend, as he pulled his cap. "It is my office."

The preacher rolled his eyes and looked at the speaker, with a shudder and then called out, "*Gaãa'sioñdiét'hãa*' has promised to go. May he succeed!"

The preacher sat down and the dances began, and long and solemnly the people danced. After these ceremonies the boy's friend told him that he must go up to the earth-world and warn men of disaster. He took him to his lodge and bade him care for it during his absence. He was to have free access to everything, save the back room of the lodge



which he must shun. With a few general instructions he departed, leaving Oohoosha to care for his interests.

For four moons the boy kept watch, over the lodge and dwelt there but no one came near him, and when at last the friend returned Oohoosha asked how he had fared.

"Ah!" sighed the man, "do not ask me. You must not stay here longer, for in my madness you may see me as I am. I am the messenger of death. He is Sondowekowa, I am Gahachendietoh. I am in disguise but should you see me you would soon die, so depart and preach what I whisper that henceforth mankind may profit."

With trembling limbs and blanched face the boy listened to the whispered words of his friend and when he had learned all, he shot upward to the surface of the lake. Striking out he swam to the shore and searching beneath a rock shelter he found his clothing as fresh as when he had doffed them. Dressing, he set out to find his comrade. He came to the village but found on its site only charred and blackened frames. A deep-trodden trail bordered with the bones of dogs and fragments of kettles led away to the west, and following it Oohoosha saw a new village, but only a few houses were there. The people who moved like ghosts silently about were gaunt and scarred.

Suddenly a lodge door opened and out rushed his old comrade, who seeing Oohoosha, drew back with a cry of fear and surprise; but Oohoosha calling, he came forward timidly and took his hand. Looking at him doubtfully he spoke.

"Oh, Oohoosha!" he cried. "How came you back from death! I thought you drowned four moons ago when we dived in the lake."

"While I clung to a rock," answered Oohoosha, "a man came to me and said 'follow!' I did not drown but lived this while in the under-water world. Now, tell me, why is the village so altered and why do the people stalk silently about, with dull eyes?"

"Ah me!" said the comrade. "A devastating war has been waged and we are reduced in number; a terrible famine has swept away the game and crops; a pestilence carried away all but a handful of our people, then to add to our trouble a marauding band came and burned our village while we slept."

"And did no warning sign appear?" asked Oohoosha.

"Yes, but we knew it not as such until it was long too late and then we noticed a blue panther floating high in the trees. He had no visible face but from his tail shot flames of fire." (comet or shooting star is considered a sign of the death panther.)

"That creature," exclaimed Oohoosha, "is the herald of disaster. His name is *Gaãa'sioñdiét'hãa'* and when he is seen all men must burn tobacco. Tobacco incense is the sign that disaster is not wanted and when he has breathed it he will go away satisfied



with the offering and turn aside the impending evil. But come, I must call a council and tell the people."