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—

FOLKLORE OF THE MENOMINI INDIANS

BY

ALANSON SKINNER AND JOHN V. SATTERLEE

NEW YORK
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INTRODUCTION.

The folklore of the Menomini may be divided into five classes, four of which are recognized by the Indians themselves. First, are the sacred myths of Mä'näbus as the culture hero, which have to do principally with the cosmogony, the birth of Mä'näbus, and the origin of the medicine lodge;[1] second, the minor myths of Mä'näbus as trickster; third, fairy tales, so considered by the Indians, which relate the doings of imaginary heroes, somewhat after the manner of our own fairy tales; and fourth, "true stories," which are not always true by any means, being tales of the warpath, the chase, in love, supernatural adventures, dreams, conjuring, and exploits of animals and persons. The fifth class of narratives, which the Menomini seem to regard in the same light as the fairy tales, is a small series of stories which are of undoubted European origin.

Exclusive of the first, second, and fifth groups we get the following statistical data from our material. Of 106 myths, the keynote of fifty-one is supernatural in some form, though the proportion of tales in which the miraculous appears at all is much larger. Of the fifty-one noted, people who acquired power through dreams were prominent in fourteen, nine had magic helpers of some sort, three inherited mysterious powers, and in twenty-five the whole story was impregnated with the superhuman.[2] Besides these, seven witch stories, and one purely ghost story were noted. Fifteen animal tales, twelve historical or semi-historical accounts, and three origin myths, one being a stellar myth, were noted. The remaining twelve were considered miscellaneous.

It thus appears that just as Dakota stories are apt to hinge on war and the trivial tales of the Ojibway tend toward sexual subjects, there are certain supernatural desiderata, which, to the Menomini mind, must be present in order to make a good narrative.

[1] To the first class, for convenience in treatment, the writer adds the stories concerning the origin of the various sacred bundles and their rituals, although the natives would not so classify them. None of the myths in this category are included in the accompanying paper; They will be found in the "Anthropological Papers," vol. 13, part 1; those dealing with the medicine lodge will be published later in a study of the society. For mechanical reasons, the very brief cosmogonic myth is grouped with the fairy tales at the beginning of the second section.

[2] The miraculous plays a strong part in all the tales showing European influence. This is also true in most if not all the native stories recorded by Hoffman.

Popular Types of Action.

The next subject to engage our attention is the number and character of the popular types of action belonging to Menomini folklore and widely distributed, at least among the Central Algonkin. I shall give the best known:[1] —

1. Animal Foster Parents. A child, lost or deserted by its parents, is adopted by animals who impart to it certain of their powers or attributes which serve it in good stead later on.

2. Animal Wife or Husband. A human being marries an animal by whom a child is born. One parent finds life with animals or people intolerable, and leaves, taking the offspring, who has superhuman qualities. However, unlike the Blackfoot, the Menomini have no rituals or bundles derived from this source.

3. The Contest Motive. More common than either of the preceding are stories woven about contests between either individuals or groups. These are races, games, or endurance tests.

4. Violation of a Taboo. A man's familiar enjoins him not to do a certain thing; he disobeys and is punished, often by being turned into an animal.

5. Sun-Shover. The villain, to prolong the day, and delay the hero, shoves back the sun with his bow.

6. Bead-Spitter. As the title implies, the spittle or excrement of the hero is beads.

7. Monster and Thunder Contest. The thunderbirds are constantly at war with the powers beneath, particularly the horned snakes. This idea occurs frequently in the stories.

8. The Sacred Dreamer. A man imbued with sacred power performs a series of marvelous acts, usually freeing the world of demons.

9. The Monster Killer. This is most apparent in the Lodge Boy and Thrown Away group. A child or dwarf, usually aided by a twin brother, destroys many monsters.

10. The Vengeance Motive. An animal or some natural force, insulted by a human being, seeks vengeance, which it generally obtains.

11. The Sky Lover. A man or woman marries a sky being in human guise, generally only to be deserted.

12. The Impostor. A man overcomes the hero and takes his place and honors.

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[1] See Skinner, (a), 97–100.

13. The Impostor Test. The hero and impostor both are set a task by suspicious people. The hero, of course, succeeds. A frequent Menomini test is shooting squirrels with blunt arrows. The real person kills them without making their noses bleed.

Stereotyped Properties and Tools.

In the folklore of the Menomini and the neighboring Lake Algonkin tribes are found certain stereotyped mechanical objects or tools associated with the actors in the tales just as in European lore the witch always appears with her broomstick or her black cat, and the like. These properties and concepts are not peculiar to them for they occur also among some of their Siouan neighbors. The most famous of these mechanical objects, exclusive of those found only in the culture hero cycle, are: —

1. The Magic Canoe. Among Menomini, Cree, and Ojibway, we find frequent references to this property, generally, but not always, in connection with the "Evil Father-in-Law" cycle. This is a canoe which goes by itself when its owner raps on its bottom with his paddle, or cries, "Nitcimaun, pon!" or "Tcimaun pol!"

2. The Inexhaustible Kettle. This is a vessel of small size, which usually holds only a single bean or grain of corn and a shred of meat; but no matter how often it is emptied, fills itself again until the user is satisfied. It is generally in the possession of an old woman. Variants occur, but always with the idea of inexhaustibility.

3. The Automatic Kettle. This concept is not so widely known as the preceding. It consists of a kettle, which, at the command of its owner, fills itself, hangs itself over the fire, and cooks food.

4. The Miraculous Pipe. A pipe, which, when smoked by the hero, gives forth clouds of wild fowl instead of smoke, but when used by an impostor produces only noisome insects.

5. Fire Arrow. Among the Menomini and Cree, an arrow which sets fire to whatever it strikes.

6. The Singing Snowshoes. A man has a pair of snowshoes which, when he is returning from the hunt, precede him, singing like birds, and fly through the smoke hole into his lodge. Peculiar to the Menomini.

7. Bird Earrings. Live birds worn as earrings, which also sing. Oak-gall earrings occur.

8. The Animal Head Ball. A ball, really a lynx head, which, when batted or thrown at any object, bites it, and brings it back.

9. The Mummified Dog. A dried up dog which is kept in a box by the

hero. When the hero is killed, his widow takes out the dog, which comes to life, collects the bones, howls over them, and the hero revives. In one Menomini tale, little beavers are kept in a tiny box. When the box is opened, they come out and assist the owner.

Retroactive Influence of Folklore on Social Life.

The part that folklore has played in influencing Menomini social life and vice versa, can scarcely be overestimated. Even today folklore forms an important factor in determining many usages. In disputes over etiquette, for example, these tales are resorted to for reference. They keep alive many beliefs, and are a repository of obsolete customs. Quotations are sometimes made from them, and modern happenings are explained by or compared to mythical examples.

In this connection the student must be struck by the occurrence of valuable ethnological facts in the midst of many stories. In our collection one can find examples of the following customs:—

1. Joking-relationship (see pp. 281, 378).
2. The use of ordinal names (see pp. 309, 312).
3. The origin of expressions still found in popular parlance. For example, "wolf legged," meaning wild. A child, abandoned, is cared for by wolves, and his form, beginning with the legs, has begun to change into that of a wolf when he is rescued. This expression is sometimes used today in the sense indicated (p. 371).
4. Use of words or expressions peculiar to women (pp. 406, 426, Mink deceives Fish).
5. Menstrual segregation of women and attendant customs (pp. 281, 402).
6. Gathering basswood bark by gangs of women (p. 466).
7. Marriage customs (p. 422, Man marries dead wife's sister).
8. Messenger's call. How a crier makes a public address. This is done in a high, monotonous singsong, which is imitated (pp. 421, 458).
9. The use of the sweat bath for purification.
10. Love making customs, methods of going courting (often accompanied by a companion, p. 471; use of a flute to lure girls, p. 472).
11. Etiquette on entering a lodge and the reception and entertainment of visitors (p. 279). Most of these practices are in vogue today among the conservative Indians. The method of invitation to enter, preparation of the guest's place, offering of food and tobacco can still be observed.

Interesting survivals are references to animals now nearly or wholly

extinct within the range of these Indians. The knowledge of the caribou (see p. 401), for instance, an animal which probably was found far from even their ancient territories, may give a clue to the wanderings of war, exploring, or trading parties. Incidentally, there is no reference in these tales to any tribe of Indians now unknown to us, or within historic times resident beyond the possible reach of war parties although the stories of war with the Osage (p. 451) show a long range. However, we know through historic sources [1] that Menomini braves, probably as individuals, acompanied Dakota excursions against the Mandan on the Upper Missouri.

Some of the stories show a curious blending of actual knowledge of the habits of wild animals and superstition and misapprehension as to their natural history. It is difficult to tell where real observation ends and speculation begins.

Folklore and Religion.

It is worth noting that of the many features of Menomini religious life brought to the fore, no difference is to be discerned between the mythical descriptions and the rites and beliefs in practice today. A number of stories (pp. 361, 402, 472) deal with the penalties inflicted because of the violation of dream taboos or injunctions, or the loss of charms or talismans given by supernatural guardians. Others (p. 478) deal with the fate of those who fasted too long.

The use of bundles and charms appears in every class of myths and stories. For instance, the hero, through his dream and by means of the sacred object received from his guardian, is able to achieve success (p. 440). A hunting bundle of a well-known type is referred to as making one species of owl successful in the chase, but another owl steals it from him and becomes a great hunter (p. 427). The loss of a bundle, stolen by Mä'näbus from Turtle, makes the latter, formerly a formidable factor, helpless (p. 265); and a man, whose charms are stolen (p. 402) is overcome by his enemies. All these things are in accordance with current ideas.

Sacrifices are made according to accepted patterns (p. 362). The mystic number four, of importance in ceremonies and regarded with reverence in daily happenings, governs the number of repetitions and occurrences in folk tales.

A characteristic of Menomini folklore, however, is the absence of references to any of the great societies and ceremonies. Though they are

[1] These tales are corroborated by Augustin Grignon, Wisconsin Historical Collections, vol. 3, pp. 256, 266.

matters of importance and figure prominently in the daily life of all conservative natives, nevertheless, the mit'äwin, wabano, je'sako, and dreamers, are ignored. It is the belief of the writer that the religious concepts reflected in the folklore of the tribe, represent the old popular religion of the people, whereas the highly organized practices of the societies are institutions of a later date, perhaps introduced from without, since none are peculiar to the Menomini alone. At all events these latter have been developed and fostered by the leaders or priests, who are living repositories of ceremonial knowledge and dogma.

In support of the theory of the introduction of these societies and their own peculiar mythology, it may be remarked that folklore has a tendency to become conventional. Among most Indian tribes the introduction of new religious propaganda meets at first with opposition. After it has finally been accepted it is reasonable to suppose that there would be an unconscious psychological resistance to the incorporation, even when not esoteric, of any part of the new mythology into the old solidified mass. In proof of this, among the Ojibway and the Cree, especially the former, where the medicine lodge society possibly originated, overlapping is to be noted. The writer has collected tales in which the hero or villain, was spoken of as a good or bad midéo (member of the medicine lodge). This never occurs in Menomini folklore.

Witchcraft and its practice are brought out in a series of stories concerning the doings of evil magicians, their paraphernalia, and methods (pp. 460, 461). In other tales, witches (the Indians apply the term to sorcerers of either sex) and their medicines, occur only as incidental elements (pp. 467, 493). However, although we find frequent examples of the thwarting of witches either through accident or design, we cannot find a single reference to the several varieties of "doctors," whose business it is to heal those made ill by conjurors. This is additional evidence that the practices of the "doctors" or je'sakowûk are a later development.

War and Material Culture.

In the field of war we find nothing not consonant with actual belief and practice. We learn that war was waged principally for defence or revenge, the ideas of glory and war honors being not as strongly developed among the Menomini as among their western neighbors. There was small interest in loot, since their enemies had little or nothing better than what they themselves possessed; horses especially were not generally held by their neighbors until recently, so that horse-stealing formed no factor whatever. Not

all the war tales recorded are original with the Menomini though most seem to be. The favorite hour of attack was just before dawn (pp. 295, 444). The war bundle, and other talismans, such as feathers, paint, etc., are often mentioned (pp. 295, 440, 451). The conduct of war parties (pp. 445, 447), scouting (p. 441), the leaving of trails or tokens by captives (p. 438), and the treatment of prisoners (pp. 439, 443) are among the facts this volume presents.

We get a lesser insight into the regulation of the village or camp, and the functions of the police for they are referred to in one story only (p. 452).

To the subject of material culture more space could be devoted than this study allows. Let it be said, however, that references are made to canoes and canoe gear (pp. 372, 366), types of lodges (pp. 286, 339), fishing tackle, household utensils (pp. 339, 365), agricultural products (pp. 365, 388), weapons, clubs (p. 390), bows and arrows, both flint and copper tipped (pp. 331, 295), methods of transportation and gear, pack straps, snow-shoes, (pp. 342, 354, 381), hunting (pp. 305, 364), food and cooking (pp. 388, 229), articles of clothing (pp. 339, 381).

Occasionally, we get the mythic origin of various articles, the first elm-bark canoe, (p. 99), and the first curing of sturgeon meat (p. 8). Often, of course, in the culture hero and trickster cycles, we get the origin of berries, plants, etc., (pp. 250, 272, 296), and there are the specific myths concerning the beginning of the bundles (pp. 99, 132 et seq.).

Stellar Lore.

In stellar myths we find a lack of interest, a few stories tell incidentally of the origin of celestial phenomena (pp. 253, 474). In popular parlance the milky way is the road of the dead, but I find no reference to this in the tales. The morningstar is frequently personified, so too is the sun, though rarely (p. 289).

Historical Value.

In some of the "true stories," at least, there is historic value. This is especially true of stories relating to the Black Hawk war. For example, on p. 436, we have the circumstantial account of the capture of Black Hawk's daughter by Menomini warriors, and in Augustin Grignon (p. 294) we find a corroborative statement. The relation of the massacre of the Menomini on an island in the Mississippi near Prairie du Chien (p. 436) is well authen-

ticated in Wisconsin annals, although the incident emphasized by the native narrator may or may not be accepted as true. Admitting the accuracy of these tales recording certain events, we must nevertheless pass by the story of the division and separation of the tribe (p. 455). It is a well-known eastern myth, found in similar form in many places. It is hard, if not impossible, to tell where tradition crowds on fact in some of these tales. An interesting task from an historical standpoint would be to collect and compare Menomini, Sauk and Fox, and Winnebago historical narratives from the beginning of their oral records to the present.

General Diffusion and Comparison of Menomini Folklore.

Among Menomini stories generally diffused in North America can be mentioned lodge boy and thrown away, bear paramour, magic flight, and many of the culture hero and trickster incidents, such as the deluge, earth divers, bungling host, shut eye dancers, tree holders, false doctor, and skin shifter. In fact, there is nothing new in these cycles, nothing which can be claimed as original with the Menomini, although occasional new incidents have been introduced.

A few elements are distinctly foreign. The occurrence of the story of excrements as suitor, modified to suit the general Menomini pattern, implies influence from the Plains, but an examination of the data on hand seems to show, on the whole, a westward rather than an eastward trend of folklore. The story of adultery through the walls of a lodge (p. 453) is also found among the Micmac,[1] the Fox,[2] and the Bûngi,[3] though the course of this particular story cannot be definitely traced, for, unlike many others, it carries no concomitant local color.

The Eastern Dakota possess many elements and not a few entire stories in common with the Ojibway and Menomini. This is not to be wondered at, as we know they have long been in contact with the Algonkin peoples. With the Ojibway, it is true, they have nearly always been at war; but they have been uniformly at peace with the Menomini. It is therefore to be supposed that the Algonkin influences came to them more strongly through the Menomini than the Ojibway.

As a matter of fact, we lack, at the present writing, good collections of folklore from many Woodland tribes. There is quite a mass of Ojibway

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[1] Mechling, 83.
[2] Jones, (b), 145.
[3] Plains-Ojibway of Manitoba, Skinner mss.

material scattered throughout various works. There are some Fox texts by Jones, a little Cree by Russell and the writer, some Iroquois, and for the East, a better lot of Passamaquoddy, Malecite, and other New England data. We find the present collection, as has been suggested, closest to the Ojibway, but until larger collections from the Sauk, Fox, Kickapoo, Potawatomi, Ottawa, Winnebago, Iowa, and Eastern Dakota are forthcoming, it seems best to defer judgment.

The accompanying partial comparative table showing incidents common to Menomini folklore and that of other tribes, is submitted.

Tribe	No. of stories used	Culture hero incidents	Other incidents	Total
Menomini	141	52	189	241
Ojibway proper	110	20	26	46
Western Ojibway	17	15	0	15
Plains-Ojibway	60	13	9	22
Saulteaux	2	4	2	6
Fox and Sauk	67	10	17	27
Kickapoo	11	5	6	11
Wood Cree	66	6	15	21
Assiniboine	80	10	6	16
Omaha	65	5	6	11
Iroquois	102	2	8	10
Eastern Dakota	15	3	7	10
Ottawa	11	4	4	8
Micmac	87	2	4	6

Another factor is of interest. It has been pointed out that there exists a small body of stories which show European influence (pp. 499–517). They are undoubtedly of French origin, probably having been introduced by the voyageurs, and coureurs du bois, and while they are to some extent made to fit the pattern of native "fairy stories," Indian ideas of democracy ring absurdly naive in descriptions of kings, courts, and houses (p. 509, while the introduction of ships, magic violins, table cloths, cards, and swords and other incongruous things, serve at once to render their origin conspicuous. They have had no effect on the body of native folklore. It is just possible that some of the stories which the writer has considered as European in origin may in reality be African, introduced by the Stockbridge, a mixture of Eastern Coastal Algonkin and Negro, who have occupied one corner of the Menomini Reserve for over half a century.

Characteristic Traits of Menomini Folklore.

A few characteristic literary features of Menomini folklore should be mentioned. One is the small proportion of obscene elements as compared with the Cree and Ojibway, for example, where, at least among the western and northern divisions, according to the writer's experience in the field, whole cycles of obscene tales exist. The Eastern Dakota trickster cycle is far more offensive in this regard than that of the Menomini. It is the writer's belief that the humor of the obscene, while appreciated in the Woodlands, is nowhere, except perhaps in the north, as heartily relished as on the Plains.[1]

Attention has already been called to another psychological difference between Woodland and Plains folklore, at least so far as the Teton are concerned. This is the relative subordination of military themes among forest tribes. Moreover, romantic love, in its highest form is not unknown. In this collection we have (p. 459), a dead wife restored to life by the power of her husband's love, and, in a Potawatomi story in the writer's manuscripts we find a still more remarkable passage. A youth falling in love with the corpse of a girl which he finds in a deserted village, restores it to life by his unceasing devotion. Such stories are not common, but they have every appearance of being genuine aboriginal romances. The Algonkin of the forest was apt to be a mystic and a romancer, less practical and brutal in his thought and speech than the people of the Plains.

A significant point, which should not be omitted, is that of the transmission of apparently trivial stories, presumably for no other reason than that they contain practical information. For example, the tale on p. 442, of the man, who, by the ruse of feigning to show his wife how he had killed a deer during the day's hunt, succeeds in preparing his weapons and slaughtering a spying foe, is a story found alike among the Iroquois and a number of other tribes to the east. There seems no reasonable doubt but that it owes its popularity and spread to the fact that it conveys what to the Indian was an excellent expedient in emergency. It is quite possible that when more data are at hand we will find that such other tales as the story of the ruse by which a warrior recovered his wife from the enemy (p. 438) is also well known.[2] No doubt the secret of the diffusion of the tale of adultery through a lodge wall (p. 453) is that it was considered a salutary warning to seducers and a piece of advice to wronged husbands. On the other hand,

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[1] Cf. Lowie, (b).

[2] The writer has since found a parallel to this tale among the Delaware, Adams, p. 11.

the transmission of information seems also hampered by convention, for many valuable ideas are not embodied in folklore.

All Menomini bundle origin and ritual myths, including those of the medicine lodge, are primary in character. That is, they are stories whose only function is to account for the origin of certain sacred things, and which do not occur elsewhere in the folklore of other tribes. This may be true, the writer suspects, of the same class of myths among other Central peoples. It seems to be the case, for example, among the Sauk and Fox.[1] For other tribes outside the Woodlands, we have little satisfactory data, except for the Blackfoot, where the myths in question prove to be secondary, well known tales of other tribes being utilized anew. It is true that a part of the Menomini myth of the origin of the medicine lodge is known elsewhere, but the esoteric portion occurs among only a few of the neighboring tribes and then always in the same connection.

The myths of the medicine lodge are partially dramatized and their enactment forms the skeleton of the ritual. This is also true of the Blackfoot bundle myths. Among the Menomini bundle myths may dictate in a general way the ceremonies concerned with their use, but they are never dramatized. They are, however, recited during the performance of the rites with which they are connected (p. 96).

A feature of Menomini bundle myths is that they relate the experience of the founder with the supernatural donor, who presents him at once with the sacred bundle complete. Among the Sauk and Fox, according to Harrington, the myths recount the fact that the bundle was built up piecemeal after many such revelations. Probably a tribal pattern for such tales exists among each people where sacred bundles are known. Women play no part in these stories, except in the case of an aberrant version of the origin of one of the hunting medicines (p. 147) in which a little girl goes to live with the owls, who give her the bundle which she transmits to her people. This story has an Eastern Dakota tinge, and may be of Siouan origin.

Besides the myth relating to the founding of the medicine lodge, the stories referring to the origin of societies and ceremonies are neither very sacred nor important. The story of the starting of the dream dance and the buffalo dance, being possible exceptions. Most Menomini ceremonies originated from the supernatural experiences of single individuals, a common feature among the Central Algonkin, and the accounts of these revelations should be placed in the fourth category, that of "true stories."

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[1] See Harrington, 136.

Customs Concerning Narration.

Among the rhetorical devices used by the natives to embellish their tales are abundant similes and metaphors, especially the latter.[1] Expressions of duration of time are frequent, particularly in sacred myths: "As long as the earth shall stand!" meaning forever, being commonest. Puns and word plays serve to enliven the stories. On p. 402 we have the caribou calling a man by the nickname, "Nanikwpaa kwûnisitäo" one-who-walks-on-five-toes-spread-out. The term is said to be a word play, and means also one-who-carries-wigwam mats (upa^{x}kiûk) or a woman, hence being a jest aimed at both sexes. In the story "Mä'näbus outwits Turtle," the trickster takes the name "Wagusikwe." In Sauk this means Fox Woman and is so understood by the Menomini, but in the latter tongue a much better translation is, "Woman full of roe (or fish eggs)," a joke which they thoroughly appreciate. This is reminiscent of a Wyandot jest reported by Barbeau [2] where egg, U^{u}to'ca is punned with pumpkin, Uño'ca.

There are also a number of set expressions which one finds placed in the mouths of the characters. In killing a monster, the hero exclaims, "How can the living live to multiply?" i. e., while you exist. The query, "What is against your medicine?" ("What is that which will overcome your personal supernatural power?") is not infrequent (p. 391) and is also found among the neighboring Ojibway.

Then there are such common expletives as "Nima," literally, "Gracious;" "Pon, pon," or, "Kûni, Kûni," "Wait, hold," "Än'ämekût," dog-like. These cannot be considered as peculiar to folklore because they are used in everyday conversation. On the other hand, there are a few "literary" expressions and epithets which are rarely found except in the tales. Among these are, "Apa^{x}penisiwûg," "Alas, I am undone."

Of the five categories of folklore enumerated, the first, that of the sacred myths, is by far the smallest, since it is limited to a very few narratives, which must never be told except upon ceremonial occasions, or in return for a large payment,[3] and never without a tobacco sacrifice. Women know and can tell these stories as well as men, a fact which is true of folklore of all classes.

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[1] Metaphors occur in daily conversation, and particularly in direct discourse. For example, I have heard an Indian whose totem is the thunder addressed as follows: "You who are accustomed to eat those with horns!" (i. e., horned snakes, the food of the thunderers). The Fox in like manner say, "You of the feathered name!" Such metaphors with their mythical implications abound both in and out of folklore.

[2] Barbeau, 94.

[3] For Ojibway, see Kohl, 160, et s eq.

The second group, trickster stories, is much larger. That no living man can tell, and no man ever has told, all of the adventures of Mä'näbus is a common saying. It is customary for an old man to begin in the fall, and, giving a section every evening, spin out his stock of myths until early spring. These myths should not be told except for a payment of tobacco. They should never be told in summer time, and he who violates this rule will surely have snakes, toads, and all manner of nasty crawling things sleep with him. This curious superstition found among all Woodland Indians may have its origin in the fact that winter was the most opportune time for story telling, the Indians being gathered in their camps.[1] Like the myths, the fairy tales are not told for nothing, but a small stipend will suffice to open the narrator's lips. These stories, too, should be told in winter. Weather conditions and omens also influence the raconteur.

The mass of popular folklore is comprised in the group known as "true stories." While these are, for the most part, not sacred, they range from simple narratives of daily life to supernatural experiences. The former are droll, exciting, or explanations of natural phenomena, as the case may be. They are told in public at any time when à propos, but generally around the fire in the evening. The latter are often in the nature of confidences, and are imparted only in private. A few "true stories" are told for the purpose of inculcating the principles of honor, virtue, and bravery among the children. Many of these have a moral, either stated or implied, contrary to the popular idea of North American folklore. The four most common of these are chastity, bravery, reverence, and guarding against undue pride.

Naturally inclined to the dramatic, the Menomini embellish every myth and fairy tale with a richness of gesture and vocal inflection that cannot be transcribed on paper. The sign language, now almost obsolete as such, is still used to render the tales more graphic. A number of signs otherwise lost may be resurrected by a careful study of gestures used in story telling.

Every character in the story has its peculiarity of speech by which it is known, a fact that is true of Indian mythology in general to a much larger extent than has been recognized.[2] These idiosyncrasies are mimicked by the narrator. Songs, as well as direct discourse are introduced and nearly always these are in the language of the Ojibway, explained by the Menomini, as a sly jest aimed at the speech of the people from whom the ditty is supposed to have been derived, and not necessarily a proof that the tales originated elsewhere. However this may be, the writer wishes to note the significant fact that the Cree, like the Menomini, also sometimes make use

[1] Apparently the telling of the sacred myths of the Sauk and Fox is not restricted to any season. Jones, (a), 225.

[2] Sapir, 455.

of Ojibway songs in their folklore. Words, sentences, and phrases in "Old Menomini," supposedly an archaic form of the language (p. 250), also occur, and the Indians cite these as evidences of the antiquity of the tales.

Occasionally, a manitou, or to use the Menomini word, häwätûk, being masquerading in human guise is first betrayed in his true light to the auditors of the tale by the raconteur's reference to some abnormality of his physical make up. For example, in referring to an as yet unknown hero we are told of his broad thick shoulders and stocky build or perhaps piercing eyes and hooked nose (p. 484). Thus the audience learns by implication that the characters are a thunderer in the first case, and an owl in the second, before the other actors in the tale itself are let into the secret. In a like manner actual persons who later turn out to be highly endowed with enchanted power, give an inkling of this to the audience by minor extraordinary feats before the denouement.

Few of the stories have Indian titles which are now remembered. The culture hero stories usually begin with the statement, "Mä'näbus was traveling," and most narrators conclude their stories with some characteristic set form, such as: "And then I came away, and didn't get anything to eat."[1] Among the Cree and Ojibway the trickster stories begin similarly, and we find the Plains-Cree ending stories with "The clubs are falling." The Eastern Dakota say, "That is the end of the tail of the elk."

Traits of the Culture Hero.

While Mä'näbus plays the double rôle of culture hero and trickster, the Indians themselves do not regard him in the latter light. They speak of him rather as the hero, and while they laugh heartily at his misadventures and enjoy the fun, they nevertheless, specify that Mä'näbus was foreordained by a power greater than himself to suffer and play pranks. It is to Raccoon, about whom a cycle of tales are given, that they turn when questions concerning the queer doings of the trickster are propounded. As a matter of fact the transition of Mä'näbus from his rôle of hero is abrupt. When he has accomplished his allotted tasks he suddenly sinks to the level of a buffoon. Certain hunting bundles, the misasakiwis, and the different varieties of the spotted fawn medicine (p. 131–2 et seq.) together with the

[1] This is true of Plains-Cree and Bûngi trickster tales. Among the Penobscot Speck (52–3) finds stories opening with "Here camps my story," and Barbeau (83) records the Wyandot expression "He walks in the Indian manner" to which the listeners respond "Welcome." Converse gives a similar Iroquois custom.

rites of the doctor's cult called mitäwäpé akuûhekäo are supposed to have been founded by Mä'näbus who received them in dreams after fasting. Many other minor customs and sayings are also attributed to him, and he has been elevated to the position of a demigod. This seems to the writer to be a recent development, and it is quite probable that the association of Mä'näbus with these rites is secondary.

Informants and Methods.

The opportunities for the study of Menomini folklore have been exceptional. During the five summers, 1910–1914, a number of months were spent among the Indians in intimate contact with those acquainted with the old régime. Many evenings I have lounged in their cabins or lodges listening to the stories told just before bedtime. For many stories I am indebted to my adopted uncle, Judge Sabatis Perrote, in whose cabin I often stayed. For the myths and legends, I have had to pay as a Menomini youth must do, while the stories have for the most part come up in ordinary conversation. Unfortunately, the narrators usually spoke too fast for me to follow them, but in many cases they were prevailed upon to repeat some striking tale in private to be written down. I regret that I have omitted much that I have heard that was impossible for me to obtain. Other Indians to whom a debt of gratitude is due are Sophia Pecore, Niopet Oshkosh and wife, Jane and Antoine Cipikau, Thomas Hog, Thomas Waupoose, Nakuti, Aiäciu, Mary Satterlee, John Pigeon, Wisu, Kesoápomesäo, Nämäs, Wäsikwonät, and James Blackcloud.

Mr. John V. Satterlee, whose name appears as co-author of this paper, has worked, not only as interpreter for me, but by himself, in season and out, collecting material from his relatives and friends in the tribe. Of course this collection is not complete, but it gives a good general view of Menomini folklore and mythology, and I believe contains most of the typical tales.

Since the completion of this paper, Dr. Paul Radin's "Literary Aspects of North American Mythology" has come to hand. Dr. Radin observes that among the Winnebago and Ojibway certain men only had the reputation of being excellent raconteurs and each for a different kind of excellence, one for delivery, another for memory, another for accuracy in regard to the accepted versions. Dr. Radin states that as each used his specific gift to attain the greatest effect the individual became an important factor in the origin of different versions. I do not agree that this is the case among the Menomini. Here raconteurs were invariably referred to me as being able to tell the tales "in the òld way, as they ought to be told." I believe

the Menomini lay great stress on adherence to pattern, especially with regard to the culture hero stories and sacred myths. I have not given the matter of the fairy tales such close attention, but even there I believe narrators are conservative. The relatively small hold that European stories have obtained in Menomini folklore, and the attempts to remodel them according to tribal standards seem to bear me out.

ALANSON SKINNER.

NEW YORK CITY,
September, 1915.

I. TALES OF THE CULTURE HERO.[1]

1. Birth of Mä'näbus.

(*a*)

In the beginning, there was a lone old woman living on this island. Nobody knows where she came from, nor how she got here, but it is true that she dwelt in a wigwam with her only daughter. Wild potatoes were the only food of the two women. Every day the old woman took her wooden hoe and went out to gather them. She packed them home and dried them in the sun, for in those days, there was no such thing as fire in that part of the world.

One day her daughter begged to go with her. "Mother, let me go and help you, between us we can dig more potatoes than you can alone." "No, my daughter, you stay here," said the old woman, "I don't want you to go. Your place is at home caring for the lodge." "Oh dear! I don't like to stay here alone all day," teased the girl, "it's so lonely when you are gone! I'd much rather go with you. There is another old hoe here that I can use. Please let me go too."

At last, the old woman consented to her daughter's pleading; the two armed themselves with their tools and set out. After a little journey they came to a damp ravine. "Here is the place where I always come to gather the potatoes," cried the mother, "you can dig here too. But there is one thing that I must warn you about, when you are digging these potatoes, I want you to face the south. Be sure not to forget this. It was because I was afraid that you could not be trusted to remember that I never brought you here before." "Oh, that's all right, I won't forget," cried the girl. "Very well then, you stay right here and work, I am going to dig over there."

The girl set to work with a will, and enjoyed her task very much. "Oh, how nice it is to dig potatoes!" she said, and kept up a running stream of conversation with her mother as she labored. As the time passed by, the daughter gradually forgot her promise and at last turned round and faced in the opposite direction as she dug. All at once there came a great rushing, roaring noise from the heavens and the wind swept down where

[1] The myths have been given in the following order as it is the scheme favored by the majority of my informants.

she stood and whirled her round and round. "Oh mother! Help! Come quick!" she screamed. Her mother dropped everything and rushed to her aid. "Grab me by the back and hold me down!" cried the girl in terror. The old lady seized her with one hand and steadied herself, meanwhile, by catching hold of some bushes. "Hold me as tightly as you can!" she gasped. "Now you see why I told you to stay at home! You are being properly punished for your disobedience."

Suddenly the wind stopped. The air was as calm as though nothing had ever happened. The two women hastily gathered up their potatoes and hurried home. After that the old woman worked alone. Everything went well for a while, and then, one day the daughter complained. "I feel very strange and different mother, there seems to be something within me." The old woman scrutinized the girl narrowly, but made no answer, for she knew that her daughter was pregnant. At last, she was brought to bed and gave birth to three children. The first of these was Mä'näbus, the second was a little wolf, Muh'wäse, and the last was a sharp flint stone. When the unfortunate mother gave issue to the rock, it cut her and she died. The old woman mourned her daughter greatly. In a paroxysm of rage and grief, she threw away the flint stone, but Mä'näbus and Muh'wäse she cherished and cared for until they grew to be children.

Every day the old woman was hard at work. When she returned in the evening she cooked supper and set it before her grandchildren. Mä'näbus always stayed quietly at home while she was gone, but Muh'wäse loved to roam through the forest. He had such an insatiable appetite that he would not only eat his own share of the food but stole any that the old woman tried to set aside for future use. Often, when their grandmother came home and found all the food gone from the larder she asked little Mä'näbus, "Who took our food?" "Muh'wäse," he would reply. "Where is he?" queried his grandmother. "He has gone out."

So it went on from bad to worse. At last, Muh'wäse got into the habit of staying out all night. One day, their grandmother said to him, "Why do you keep away so much? Look at your brother, he remains here contentedly. What do you do? What does this mean?" "Well, grandma, I don't like to stay at home, its too lonesome, I'd rather travel and see the world," replied Muh'wäse. "Oh," said the old woman, vexed at her grandson, "if that's the way you feel about it, you needn't come home any more, just stay away while you're about it." Muh'wäse made no answer, but the old woman's words had cut him to the quick. He got up and left the lodge, and that night he failed to return. "Why, Little Wolf is not here tonight," said the old woman to Mä'näbus.

The next night he failed to put in an appearance, and the next, and the

next. "Well, that's your brother's way," grumbled the old dame to Mä'näbus, "he prefers to stay away. If you want to go too, don't hesitate on my account."

A variant of the story of the birth of Mä'näbus, which is apparently quite as well known among the Menomini as the first version recorded, was also collected. To my mind the probability is that this second version is even older than the first. It is given by Hoffman[1] who obtained it from the same informant. The most curious part of it is that since the story was obtained by Hoffman, an addition has been made in which the narrator explains the creation of Christ according to Indian ideas. This portion is obviously added and does not affect the rest of the story in the least.

(*b*)

In the beginning, Mätc Häwätûk, the Supreme God, created the world by putting islands into the great waters. Then he took up some earth like wax and moulded in his hand the image of a human being. Then he blew his breath four times upon it and it came to life and it was his son, Jesus. He placed him across the great waters on the other islands and old German country and gave them to him to protect and rule. Then the Supreme God took up red clay, made a tiny image and blew his breath upon it four times. The last time he blew life into the clay and made Mä'näbus, his servant, to protect this island and his grandmother's people and he decreed that Jesus and Mä'näbus should be friends and brothers, each to remain on his separate island and to take care of his people. All went well until Columbus crossed the ocean and brought his poor bitter smoking tobacco. Then everything began to conflict so that now no one in this world can ever understand it.

The earth is the grandmother of everything that breathes, and her name is Masâkamek'okiu[2] ("a dish and representing a dish"), for this old grandmother, Masâkamek'okiu, had a wooden bowl, and she turned it upside down over the ground and gazed at it, and waited, and soon there came a noise from beneath it, like one stone falling upon another. Then she raised the dish, and there appeared to her a little daughter, and the happy mother called the child Pitâkamik'okiu. The child grew up at once and became a woman.

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[1] Hoffman, 113.

[2] The Sauk and Fox name for the earth mother is Mesa''kămi'gō'kwä'ha, Jones (a), 225–239.

Now, beneath the ground Mätc Häwätûk had placed four invisible beings, and they saw Pitâkamik'okiu in her human nature and in her flesh, dwelling on the surface of the earth, and they came together and desired that they should enter her womb and be born to her, so that they might exist on the surface of this earth. They desired to come forth as twins, so they entered her womb and she became pregnant, and tried to give them birth. All four winds had such power that they could not come forth naturally, so they killed their mother, Pitâkamik'okiu. She was burst in tiny particles, and the four powers could not make their change into human form. To this day women are liable to die in travail.

Then the old grandmother earth wept for her daughter. She gathered up all the fragments of bone and flesh, and all the blood that was on the leaves, and even scraped up some of the earth. She wrapped them all together and put them under her wooden dish, and they remained there for four days. On the fourth day Masâkamek'okiu raised the wooden dish and marveled, for there was a little rabbit under it. This was Mä'näbus, the powerful god on earth, made to rule, and guard, and protect it from all the other powers who might desire to harm his people. It was the will of Mätc Häwätûk. He caused Mä'näbus to be great. It was he who gave the power to Mä'näbus, in answer to the prayer of Masâkamek'okiu, our grandmother, the earth, who cried aloud to him asking him to create a being from this, her daughter's blood, as it lay under the dish, and he gave her Mä'näbus, a little rabbit.

Then our grandmother, the earth, took up the rabbit and kissed it and thanked Mätc Häwätûk for making it from her daughter's blood and said, "Now in four days' time, I too will change your form because I am powerful. Four days from now you will be a great rabbit, and godlike, and your name shall be Mätc Wapus.[1] You will be the first seed of the dark races of the earth."

Suddenly, on the fourth day, the rabbit became a man. His grandmother asked him, "How came you to be human, my grandchild?" He replied, "The Great Supreme God permitted me to be changed as you have desired and it is my destiny to advise my uncles and aunts of all different nations to follow and imitate me."

The spot where Mä'näbus became a man was east from this place,[2] on a high bluff on Lake Michigan, a place that all powerful gods loved to gaze upon and well known to our first ancestors. The name of this place is Wasâtano, "A ledge of stone projecting into the lake." It is square, with

[1] Mätc Wâpus, "Great Rabbit" from which the word, Mä'näbus, is derived.
[2] Keshena, Wisconsin.

one side cut as if by a great knife. Close by is a sand bar where there can still be seen and shall be seen, as long as the world shall stand, the tracks of Mä'näbus, for when he was a boy he played there. So it is said by our old people and so it has been handed down to us.

2. Theft of Fire.

(*a*)

Mä'näbus paid no attention to his grandmother's testiness. He merely said "No" and continued to live with her. One day, when they were together, Mä'näbus suddenly asked, "Grandma, why is it that we haven't any fire?" "Oh, fire is not for us, grandson," she answered, "The gods never gave us any. The only place on this earth where there is any fire is across Lake Michigan, over there to the southeast, an old man there has some." "Let me go over there and get some for you," requested the boy. "Oh no! that old man is too stingy. He would never give you any at all." "Oh yes he will, he'll give it to *me*," laughed Mä'näbus, "he's my grandfather." "Don't go," said the old lady, "there isn't the slightest use, you can never coax him to part with it." Mä'näbus teased, and still the old lady remained obdurate. At last, Mä'näbus cried, "I *know* I can get it so I'm going any way. You get some kindlings ready for it so we won't lose it when I bring it home."

Thus cajoled by her grandson, the old woman was constrained to permit him to depart. As he left the lodge she hobbled to the door and watched him disappear. As he crossed the threshold she was astonished to see him become a tiny rabbit, hopping, skipping, hopping, until he passed out of her vision. In this disguise Mä'näbus pursued his way until he was tired, then he changed himself into a fox and ran on, transforming himself from one shape to another at will whenever he felt fatigued. At length, he arrived at the shore of Lake Michigan. On the beach stood a forlorn wigwam. "I wonder who lives there?" said Mä'näbus to himself, "I guess I'll go over and see." He trotted to the door and lifted up the mat and peeped in. There sat a decrepit old woman, as miserable in appearance as her lodge.

"Háni noko! How goes it, grandma!" he called cheerily, coming in and seating himself. The old beldam looked up at her visitor. "Yes, here I am, grandchild," she said, "who are you, and where did you come from." "There really isn't any use telling you, grandma," replied Mä'näbus, "you wouldn't know any better if I did. I'm looking for fire, and I dropped

in to ask if you had any." "No indeed, I haven't," said she, "and what is more there is none on this island, except across the lake there, where one old man has it all to himself." "Oh, that must be my grandpa!" exclaimed Mä'näbus, "he'll give me some, and when he does, I'll let you have it too. Now show me the way and I'll be off on my travels."

The old woman shuffled to the door and pointed out the direction in which the fire keeper lived. "Over there?" asked Mä'näbus staring. "Yes grandson, right there," replied the wrinkled old grandmother. "N'hau! all right," ejaculated Mä'näbus well pleased, "now you may go back, for I'm going to start."

Then the little fellow commanded a fair wind to spring up, and changing himself to thistledown, he was wafted away and away until presently he settled on the opposite beach, close by the old man's water hole where he once more became a baby rabbit. This time he made himself look wet and draggled and miserable, and sat down to await further events.

It seems that the old fire keeper's lodge was a long house, covered with mats. It was divided in two by a partition, on one side of which dwelt the old man, and on the other his two pretty daughters, who, just at the particular moment when Mä'näbus settled himself to wait, down at the spring, were idling on the lounge that ran along the walls. "You had better go and get some fresh water," said the older sister to the younger.

"All right, I will," replied the girl, so off she went with the kettle. When the maiden arrived at the spring, Mä'näbus jumped out almost under her feet and startled her, but when she saw that it was only a baby bunny, she began to laugh. "Oh, what a cunning little fellow!" she cried, and, dropping her bucket, she attempted to catch him. But Mä'näbus hopped again, and leaped and dodged until at last she secured him. She held the little chap in her two hands and petted him and laughed. "I'll take him home," she concluded, and tucked the wee mite into her bosom while she dipped up some water and scurried back to the lodge. "Oh sister! Take this pail! Hurry up, take it!" she called, gripping her waist to keep the struggling Mä'näbus from escaping.

Her sister snatched the bucket and hastily put it away, while the younger girl burst in excitedly. "Look here, I've caught a little rabbit down at the spring!" she exclaimed, "I've got him here, he's just shivering with the cold, poor little thing. I can feel him shake.

"Oh let me see him!" cried the older girl and so Mä'näbus was brought out for her inspection. They put him down on the floor where he sat, all frightened and trembling, making such a comical picture that both girls began to giggle. "Let's take him over by the fire and warm him up," suggested the elder and they both burst out laughing. On the other side

of the partition the old man was disturbed in his meditations. "What *are* you girls doing?" he demanded crossly. "I've told you time and again to keep quiet."

Thus admonished, the two girls lowered their voices, and carried Mä'näbus over to the fire. Their little captive soon thawed out, but when they wanted to handle him again he always managed to avoid them by hopping just out of reach. "Now's the time," thought he, "may the door blow open just a little, and the fire blaze up brightly." Sure enough the door mat swung back a trifle, all unobserved, and the fire began to snap and blaze.

"Täoo!" one little spark flew up and fell right on Mä'näbus' back. The rabbit jumped as though burnt and then, like a flash, shot through the opening in the door. The girls thought it was because he was burnt that he ran, and with a squeal of merriment they dashed after him. Both of them arrived at the door at once, but in their haste they jammed there, and so amused were they at their mutual predicament that they shouted with laughter and never thought to look in which direction their pet had gone. When they got loose they hurried to catch Mä'näbus. "This is the way he went!" said one. "No, he went this way!" averred the other. As they quarrelled the old man heard them. "What is the matter, are you two fighting?" he inquired. "No, it's only our little rabbit, he got away." "There now!" growled their father, he's stolen our fire. I heard it crack and he took the spark. Why didn't you tell me when he first came in?" Then the girls told him all about their little pet, and how they got it and he scolded them dreadfully.

"It was always said that Mä'näbus would sometime appear and get fire for the other side of this island, I guess that must have been he; he is the only one who could get it, so the old saying has come true at last," said the old man.

Mä'näbus escaped with the spark. When the fugitive arrived at the beach he said, "May I be a thistledown, and may a fair wind arise and carry me across." As he desired, so it fell about, and in no time at all Mä'näbus was before the door of the old lady who had pointed out the direction for him. The moment he touched the ground he became a rabbit again and ran straight to the wigwam door. "Hē' noko!" he cried, "my grandfather gave it to me! I've got fire! I'm in a hurry to get to my own old grandma, but I'll come back again by and by and bring you some."

Then Mä'näbus hurried as fast as his legs could carry him until he got home. "Hé noko! Have you got the kindlings ready? I told you my grandfather would give me fire! Where are they?" His grandmother was surprised and glad to see him back again, and successful. "Here they are,

grandson!" she said, "where shall we put the fire?" "Right in the center of the lodge is the place to keep it, and there it shall always be kept hereafter," said Mä'näbus, and so it was agreed.

Then Mä'näbus backed up to the kindlings and ignited them with his precious spark. "Brush the fire off, grandma!" he said. Soon the fire began to blaze. "There," said he, "That is what I have always wanted! Now we shall have fire to warm us all the time. It shall make us comfortable and we shall never be lonely when we have fire, our visitor, for company. Before we had it we were poor and lonesome, but I knew what we needed, and that's why I went and got it." "Well, well, well," said the old lady, "why I told you not to go because you couldn't get it, but now it seems you have succeeded after all." "Oh I knew grandpa would give it to *me*," said Mä'näbus, boastfully, "so I just went and asked him for it, and he did!"

So they sat and watched the fire, until they were tired. Then Mä'näbus got up. "Now grandma, I'm going to take some of this over to my other grandma, I promised her I would when I passed by," said he. "That is right, my grandson, it is good of you to bring comfort to the old lady." Mä'näbus went over to the other lodge, "Grandma, I'm here with that fire I promised you."

"Thank you, my grandson, thank you, I thought that you would never get it." "Oh yes, I got it just as I said I would, you see my grandpa gave it to me. May it burn here for you forever, may you never have to gather firewood. But when you move, command it to go out and it will obey you, only to revive at your next camp ground."

That was the way they had fire in those early days. They did not have to build it, and put it out as we have to do today. And this is the end of that adventure.

(*b*)

Once while Mä'näbus was living with his grandmother (of course he was a god), he asked his grandmother why there was no fire. "Oh, when you were born the fire went out." "Well, where is the fire kept now?" "Oh, it's kept across the ocean by Mänupäo, a giant, who has charge of it there." Then Mä'näbus said: "Oh, I'll go after it, and my grandmother will give it to me."

So Mä'näbus went out and found an oak gall and made a tiny hole in it and hollowed it out. Then he spoke to the ocean, "You water be calm and freeze over." Then he crawled into the little oak gall, and said: "I shall arrive at my grandfather's shore." He called for the wind to assist him and he was rolled over the ice with very little noise, only an occasional tick. Finally, the gall stopped, and when it ceased to roll, Mä'näbus

thought, "I must be there." So he peeped out and sure enough, there he was. When he was nearly to the shore he saw the water hole, and thought someone must come; so he became a tiny bunny shivering with cold. (A girl finds him and tries to catch him. There were two sisters and they lived on one side of a partition. He steals a spark and pops back into the gall and starts off.)

3. Origin of Tobacco.[1]

Mä'näbus, knowing why he was placed on this island, was jealous for the welfare of his people, his uncles and aunts. He wandered all over the earth following along the coast on the edge of the ocean waters to see if any demons or large reptiles had crept upon the banks and if there were any he drove them back into the deep or out into the center.

On one of his journeys in the fall of the year at that time which is called Indian summer and when the weather was beautiful, he smelled sweet smoke. The fumes filled the air so much that it attracted him. He went home and told his grandmother that he had smelled smoke that was sweet to him and asked her what it was. His grandmother said to him, "Rabbit you are always asking what for and why, you are so inquisitive. What you smelled is tobacco. You must know that among the gods in the ground there is one that owns and keeps it that he may give sacrifices once a year in the fall, to all the underneath gods, who at that time come to him and smoke. That is what you smelled." "It smells sweet, grandmother," said Mä'näbus, "I will make a pipe and then I will go over and see him and get one pipeful of tobacco and if he will not give it to me, I will steal it from him." "Yonder at that blue-covered mountain, on the Wiskons[2] River, is where he lives," said the grandmother. "You may go there, but you won't get any from him, for he won't let you have any."

Then Mä'näbus left and went to the great hill. He searched all around it, until he found an entrance hole. He went in until he reached the inside of the mountain and there found an old, old, god-man, sleeping. He stood beside him, but the old man did not awake, for he was sleeping until the time of his next sacrifice, a year later. When he did wake and saw the little rabbit he asked him what he wanted. "Well, my grandfather, I came over to you. Here's my new pipe and I ask you to fill it with your sweet

[1] In spite of the fact that the older Menomini deny that they possessed tobacco before the advent of the whites, nevertheless the following myth concerning its capture by Mä'näbus occurs. The probability is that the tobacco given by Mä'näbus to mankind is really kinnic-kinik. The use of this substitute for tobacco dates back to the earliest days of Menomini tradition and it is still preferred to tobacco of European provenience in some ceremonies.

[2] Wisconsin, Wiskons, Little Muskrat House. Ojibway and Potawatomi.

tobacco, for I smelled it some time ago." Then the old grandfather god said, "Why, its impossible to give you tobacco, for a greater god has left it in my care to give to the other gods underneath in the fall of the year. The fall season is past, so I cannot give you any, but if you come next spring, I will give you a smoke." Then Mä'näbus looked all around him and the place appeared like a great wigwam. There were bags and bags full of tobacco stacked up in piles, one over the other, and right next to him lay a sack with a little hole in it. As he saw this he took a pinch of it in his hand to look at it. It tempted him and he snatched up the whole bagful and put it under his arm and stood up, while the old man god said, "What are you doing, put that bag down, don't steal it!"

Then the little rabbit saw the old man god standing in the doorway to head him off. He could not run through the door and thought, "Mätc Häwätûk gave me power to do things on this earth." So he jumped through the smoke hole at the top of the wigwam and rested there a moment with his sweet tobacco. As he looked he saw all the high mountains all over the world and he chose the highest of them all and he leaped from the roof of the wigwam to the peak of the mountain. He looked back and saw the old god man flying after him and he leaped from mountain to mountain all day long with his tobacco under his arm. The old god man pursued him and in the evening he became tired and Mä'näbus thought in his heart he would get rid of him. As he fled he looked toward the east and there he saw a jagged rock, square on one side, which stood high up from the deep waters along the coast of the great ocean. Then the little rabbit decided to kill the tobacco god. So he leaped on this rock, and stood still there until the old god man came up to him and as he approached, Mä'näbus jumped to one side and the god man slipped from the top ledge and fell headlong down to the bottom and lay there unconscious. After a while he came to life again, but crippled and spent, he clung to the side of the rock. It was ragged and he climbed up halfway. Then Mä'näbus had pity on him and helped him to the top of the rock and said, "I pity you my grandfather. I did enough to you when I crippled you, although you were very stingy with this tobacco and now with the power Mätc Häwätûk has given me, I will take all your tobacco and your seed away from you and you shall never have it again for I am going to give it to my uncles and aunts for their use in the future and I am going to change you into an evil shape. You will be a grasshopper." It was so. The grandfather god is abroad on the surface of this earth and when anyone picks him up in his hands, the grasshopper will show him the juice of the tobacco.

4. Bear Paramour.

Wherever Mä'näbus' grandmother went, there her grandson followed her, and they lived together very happily. Once Mä'näbus, in the course of his travels, came to Green Bay [1] near the mouth of Fox River. The place so pleased Mä'näbus that he went home and got his grandmother and brought her back there. After a while though, Mä'näbus became restless and started off on his rambles again, roaming all over the world. This time he followed up the Fox River as far as Winnebago Lake.[2] In the middle of the lake an island attracted his attention, so over he went to see what he could find. On the island he found a great many extraordinarily large beavers. When Mä'näbus saw them he was surprised. "I'll try to kill some of them!" he thought. But when he tried to draw near them they recognized him at once and away they fled, out of the lake and down the river, with Mä'näbus in hot pursuit as fast as he could run. But the beavers outdistanced him and fled away into Lake Michigan where he lost sight of them. When Mä'näbus arrived he said, "Hé, they've gotten away from me now." So he went home. When he arrived at his lodge he said to his grandmother, "I'm going out to hunt beaver. I was pursuing some but they got away from me. This time I'll pursue them until I catch them."

Mä'näbus did not know where they could have gone, but nothing daunted, he set out on the east side of Lake Michigan and followed along the coast as far as Sturgeon Bay, where there was an island. The beavers were not there, so Mä'näbus circled back and tried the other side. He looked everywhere in the water as he journeyed along, and yet he did not see them. When at length he arrived at "Death's Door" he decided that they had not passed as yet.

"I must have missed them," he thought, "I wonder how I can get at them? I guess I'll have to make a dam here, it's the only way I can think of." When Mä'näbus had completed the dam he went and got his grandmother to come and help him. "We'll go down there and live at the narrows and wait for the beaver," he said, "the only way that they can get by is by crawling over the dam, and then we can easily catch them." So they moved their lodge and pitched it at a point of vantage.

"Now, you watch over there and see that they don't pass," he instructed his grandmother. In the meantime the powers below heard and saw what Mä'näbus was planning. "That will never do," they said to one another,

[1] Putcikito, "stream flowing into the bay."

[2] Formerly called Winibi'go Nipē'sa, Winnebago Lake, but now Wanikonia in Menomini.

"Those beavers are our servants and we must prevent Mä'näbus from taking them." "How can we prevent it?" asked the underground bear. "We will send some of the other lesser gods to scare him, let some of the ferocious underneath panthers creep up and roar so he can hear them."

That evening the old woman went out of doors and heard the beasts snarling. She ran in and roused Mä'näbus who lay at rest. "My, but I heard strange noises down there where you have planned your dam." "Why how can that be?" queried her grandson. "Well I don't know, nevertheless it's true," answered the old woman. "Then I'll have to go and see," replied Mä'näbus, jumping up and running out. As soon as he stepped out of the lodge he heard the hideous wailing of the panthers. "Eh," he exclaimed, "the underneath gods know my plan and are angry. They have sent these animals to stop me before I close the gap for good. It must be that these animals are their servants." Then Mä'näbus turned to his grandmother saying, "Let us move away." "All right, my grandson," said the old lady, nothing loathe. So they packed up their belongings and fled inland.

"Let me carry your pack, grandma," said Mä'näbus, "I'll take it, and then you can get on my back on top of it, for we've got to run fast, it's not at all safe for us here." So Mä'näbus took up the pack and his old grandmother and off they went. Presently Mä'näbus began to limp, for something had worked into one of his moccasins. "He! something troubles my foot," he complained. "Tapinap'i," [1] she said. Mä'näbus stooped and fumbled in his shoe, "Here grandma, what is it?" "Oh yokahiné piukamin kehawéo." [2] Mä'näbus threw it away. "Oh yes, that's so," he said and they went on.

Mä'näbus ran along easily, despite the heavy double load he bore. Pretty soon something began to bother his feet again. "Tapinap'i," said his grandmother. Mä'näbus removed the article and handed it to her and when she saw it she was surprised, "Oh, this is a scrub oak acorn. This is one of the finest foods that your aunts and uncles will have."

When night drew near the old woman said, "Land me on yonder stump and we will gather some of these acorns to store away." Mä'näbus promptly dumped her on what he thought was a stump. So hard did he throw her down that the old woman fell in a swoon and lay there, but careless Mä'näbus paid no attention whatever, he set right to work picking acorns, and, since he had no dish he ran back and forth dumping them in a little hollow in the ground. From time to time, as he worked, he wondered why his

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[1] Fetch one to me, in archaic Menomini, the modern form is "Tapinap'ito."

[2] "Oh, that is what your uncles and aunts shall call a cranberry."

grandmother did not join him. After a while, the old lady came to, very much vexed and astonished. She had not really meant what she said about being landed on a stump, or even to stop at all. Her words were only spoken in jest, but Mä'näbus, the colossal blunderer, had taken them in earnest, and with the best intentions in the world, had nearly killed her. "Än'ämekût Mä'näbus! Doggone that fellow! What a chump he is," she stormed, "when anyone tells him to do anything he has to go to extremes." She gathered herself up and saw Mä'näbus picking acorns, "Why do you always go so far in everything?" she demanded, "I was only joking with you." "Well see how much I have gathered alone while you have been snoozing there," answered Mä'näbus. "Snoozing? What did you expect when you threw me down so hard that I was stunned?" raged the old lady, "it's all your fault." "Well get busy then, commence to do your share," growled Mä'näbus, and she fell to work. Presently Mä'näbus suggested that it was time to set up their wigwam, as it was becoming twilight. "Who could build a wigwam at this late hour?" queried the old woman. "Well, anyway we might have a fire," replied Mä'näbus. "Oh all right then, that will be enough," answered the old lady. "Let's get ready then," said Mä'näbus, and he lugged dead branches in and piled them up. "Here's our fire grandma, you take one side and I'll take the other, we'll build our wigwam tomorrow."

When morning arrived Mä'näbus roused his grandmouther, "What shall we do?" he asked, "shall we go on picking acorns or shall we make our lodge?" "Let's build our wigwam right away," said the old woman. When it was all done Mä'näbus remarked, "This will be our home while we live here."

Next day Mä'näbus said, "Now we'll pick acorns again." There were many of them strewn over the ground. "Don't let's pick together," suggested Mä'näbus, "I'll go and see if I can't find a place where acorns are thicker, you keep on working here until I come back, for I'm going off on my travels." All day long Mä'näbus walked. He was so far away that he was obliged to sleep out that night for he could not get home. The old woman worked till night, and just before she retired, along came a big bear, who had wandered over that way in search of meat. He followed grandma into her wigwam and talked to her. At last he asked her to let him sleep with her. She was so frightened that she consented, so they couched together that night.

The next day Mä'näbus returned and found his grandmother at work. "Ha'ni, Noko?"[1] he asked.

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[1] "How goes it, grandma?"

"Oh all right, everything was good during your absence." But despite her reassurances, Mä'näbus suspected that something was wrong, through his power he knew all that had occurred and he was surprised. Next morning, when he got up, Mä'näbus said, "I am going out again, I enjoy walking so much. You stay here and pick acorns once more." The old woman was secretly pleased and as soon as she thought he was gone she ran to the place where he kept his sacred bundle given him by the underneath gods. In this bundle was some onámun or sacred red paint to put on the cheeks when the owner desired to see a bear. She took down the sacred bundle from where it hung over the head of his bed and opened it and took out some of the paint. Then she combed her hair and painted her cheeks in preparation for her expected lover. When she was finished she drew some water and putting some in a wooden dish she gazed in it in lieu of a mirror. "Hau, inikä! Oh, that's fine!" she cried conceitedly. Then she boiled some acorns with lye to burst their coats, and when she had hulled them she put them in a wooden bowl. Just then the bear came in and sat down. "Here, eat, that's what I suppose you came for," she cried, offering him the food. Old Bear put his muzzle down into the bowl and gobbled them up. "There that's good, thanks!" he exclaimed. When he was finished the old woman took up the dish.

All this time Mä'näbus knew everything that was done and said. He saw it as he traveled and started back home. At last he arrived, and peeping in he saw his grandma lying with the bear. He watched them for a time, and then he went softly away for a little distance and sat down to wait. He wished that the bear would come out and pretty soon the brute left. Mä'näbus saw him. In the meantime the old lady hurried to wash her face and tousle her hair. Mä'näbus came in. "How goes it grandma?" he inquired. "Oh, I'm well and happy. I'm at leisure just now, but I've been guarding the shanty for you."

As soon as it was dark they went to bed, and Mä'näbus lay awake a long time thinking over the events of the last two days and wondering what to do. It occurred to him, though he had not noticed it before, that his grandmother must have found and opened his sacred bundle. When he was satisfied that this had happened, he was very angry. In the morning they had acorns for breakfast, and when the meal was over, Mä'näbus said, "I guess I'll go out again." "All right, go then, grandson," said the old lady. Mä'näbus took his bow and arrows and prepared them for use. He trailed his grandfather, the bear, and sure enough, he came at last to the animal's den, a hole in the ground. "Grandpa, come out!" he called, and the old fellow peered forth. Mä'näbus waited until he peeked a little farther. Finally half of his body was exposed, and Mä'näbus fired at him twice in succession. The bear staggered out, walked a little way, and fell.

"I must go now to get my grandma," said Mä'näbus to himself, so he hurried home. "Well grandma," he said when he arrived, "I've killed a bear." "Where?" "Out here! We'll eat him for a change. I'm tired of acorns." "All right," said the old woman. So they started out together and soon arrived at the spot.

They skinned the bear together, and packed the flesh and skin ready to carry. "What part do you want to carry grandma?" queried Mä'näbus. The old woman did not answer. "You'd better take the head." "Yaw!" exclaimed the old woman in surprise, "Why that head will surely bite me!" "What *will* you carry then? Better take the forequarters and the paws." "Yaw, grandson! Won't he scratch me if I do that?" "Well what do you want to carry?" growled Mä'näbus impatiently, as he shouldered his pack, "better take his hind quarters." "Well yes, that's all right," said his grandmother, "Here they are, take them," cried Mä'näbus starting off with his burden.

The old lady made up her load and Mä'näbus got home first, unloaded, took off his strap, and started back for another trip. "I wonder why grandma doesn't come?" he thought, "I don't seem to meet her." When at last he arrived he found the old lady still there fondling the bear's hind quarters. Mä'näbus ran up to her angrily, "What are you doing?" he roared, "don't you know we are going to eat this, you nasty old woman?" He fell upon the old woman in his wrath and beat her until she fell dead. Then Mä'näbus looked at her in horror. "Now I've killed her! What *shall* I do? I have n't any grandmother any more."

He picked the old woman up in his arms, "What shall I do with her?" he muttered. He laid the body down again and stared around. His eyes fell upon the crescent moon in the heavens. "I guess I'll throw my grandma up there where she can stay as long as the world shall last, and when my uncles and aunts see her they shall exclaim, 'There's Mä'näbus' grandma!'" And there she is to this day, just as Mä'näbus commanded.

5. Wolf Brother.

Poor Mä'näbus was alone. He felt restless in the lodge all by himself, so at last he started out on his travels, stopping wherever night overtook him. He made his headquarters at Green Bay, and from there he roamed all over the world. One winter day as he trudged along, he came to the west shore of a lake. As he looked out over the frozen waters, he suddenly observed a pack of wolves coming down to the brink from the southeast. Mä'näbus stood still and watched them. The pack seemed to increase

in number as they trotted out on the ice and stood looking at him. Then Mä'näbus was seized with an impulse to cross over on the ice and meet them. As he approached the old wolf father, the leader of the pack, came up from the rear.

"Somebody is coming to us from over there," called the young wolves. The old man halted and stared steadfastly at Mä'näbus for a moment. "Ooh, yes! that's Mä'näbus." It was no wonder that the wolf knew him, for he was no other than his twin brother, Muh'wäse.

Mä'näbus arrived at the place where the wolves were gathered, and he and the old wolf gazed at each other. "Why, is that really you, Mä'näbus?" asked the old wolf.

"Yes, indeed, is that you Muh'wäse?"

"Yes, and where do you come from, my brother?"

"Oh from down below at Green Bay. I am poor and forlorn, I wander about and sleep wherever I can, my little brother."

"Is that so?" asked the wolf.

"So it is," declared Mä'näbus.

"Well, in that case, why don't you join us?" suggested the wolf, and Mä'näbus hung his head and thought it over. At last he straightened up. "All right, I'll go with you for a while, but not for long, my little brother."

So they started out, the young wolves in the lead, and the two brothers bringing up the rear. They walked and walked until nearly evening. All at once the leaders stopped and said, "It is nearly dark, let us go on a hunt."

"All right," said the old wolf, "what shall we have for supper?"

"Oh, it's to get our supper that we are going out now," replied his sons.

"Oh very well," said the old wolf, "that's good. Go and hunt and we two will camp here, if we find a good place to pitch our lodge."

The young wolves set out on their chase, and the brothers followed along slowly. At last they found a spot which pleased them, for there was plenty of good wood near by. "I like it right here," said the old wolf, "Let's stop." So they halted and began to prepare their camp. A few young wolves who had accompanied them went to work and made the camp. Presently, they called out, "Come now, its all ready, we have finished." So Mä'näbus and his brother went in. "When they got in one said to the other, "You can sit near the door, and I'll sit on the other side of the fire." A little later the hunters came back and entering, lined up around the wall. Then the old man wolf went out and soon returned with a deer that they had killed, on his back. "Hau!" he cried, "and you too, Mä'näbus you had better fetch one in." "N'hau! all right!" ejaculated Mä'näbus and out he went and got one.

They skinned and butchered the deer, and Old Wolf finished first. The meat was cut in chunks and the old fellow took his share and gave the rest to his sons telling them to cook it or eat it raw, as they pleased. Mä'näbus was still at work, and the wolf called out to him, "when you are finished, give some to the rest of our sons. Mä'näbus did as he requested, telling the young wolves to do what they would with their shares.

After they had eaten, Old Wolf said, "We'll stay here tomorrow, and the day after we'll start out again." Sure enough they hunted the next day, and secured more deer, and then again on the morrow. Mä'näbus had one of the young wolves, a great hunter, as his servant, for the old wolf had given him to Mä'näbus, and when, on the appointed day, the two brothers parted, Mä'näbus took his servant with him. They traveled three days' journey from where they were staying, and camped. While they slept the underground gods saw them and became jealous of Mä'näbus because he was faring so well. They straightway began to plot against him, but Mä'näbus overheard them planning in his sleep.

In the morning when they arose, Mä'näbus advised the wolf not to cross any stream or lake, but to go around, because he feared the wrath of the powers below. Only a little later, when Wolf was hunting he came to a place where a lake lay in his path. The lake was narrow in the middle and big at the ends, and Wolf was in a hurry, so he tried to cross the ice at the narrows. When he got to the middle the ice broke and he was dragged down and drowned.

When Wolf did not return, Mä'näbus wondered where he was; and when he continued to stay away Mä'näbus began to suspect that something was wrong, so he started out to look for him. He tracked the wolf until he came to the place where he was drowned. Then he knew the worst was true, and he went away in sorrow. At last he lay down to rest. As he slept he overheard the gods talking below. "I guess Mä'näbus is poor again," they cried, and they rejoiced at his discomfort. "I'll pull those fellows out," said Mä'näbus to himself. "If there are any of them close at hand, beneath the surface, I'll tackle them," he thought revengefully and he went about crying in sorrow and rage.

6. Deluge.

Now it happened that the beings above challenged the beings below to a mighty game of lacrosse. The beings below were not slow to accept the gage and the goals were chosen, one at Detroit and the other at Chicago. The center of the field was at a spot called Kē'sosāsit ("where the sun is

marked," [on the rocks] near Sturgeon Bay on Lake Michigan. The above beings called their servants, the thunderers, the eagles, the geese, the ducks, the pigeons, and all the fowls of the air to play for them, and the great white underground bear called upon the fishes, the snakes, the otters, the deer, and all the beasts of the field to take the part of the powers below.

When everything was arranged, and the two sides were preparing, Mä'näbus happened along that way. As he strolled by he heard someone passing at a distance and whooping at the top of his voice. Curious to see who it was, Mä'näbus hastened over to the spot whence the noise emanated. Here he found a funny little fellow, like a tiny Indian, no other, however, than Näkuti, the sun fish. "What on earth is the matter with you?" queried Mä'näbus. "Why haven't you heard?" asked Sunfish, astonished, "tomorrow there is going to be a ball game, and fishes and the beasts of the field will take the part of the powers below against the thunderers and all the fowls, who are championing the powers above." "Oh ho!" said Mä'näbus, and the simple Näkuti departed, whooping with delight. "Well, well," thought Mä'näbus, "I must see this famous game, even if I was not invited."

The chiefs of the underworld left their homes in the waters and climbed high up on a great mountain where they could look over the whole field, and having chosen this spot they returned. Mä'näbus soon found their tracks and followed them to the place of vantage which they had selected. He judged by its appearance that they had decided to stay there, so he concluded that he would not be far away when the game commenced. Early next morning, before daybreak, he went to the place, and, through his magic power he changed himself into a tall pine tree, burnt on one side. At dawn, he heard a great hubbub and whooping. From everywhere he heard derisive voices calling "Hau! Hau! Hau!" and "Hoo! hoo! hoo!" to urge on the enemy. Then appeared the deer, the mink, the otter, and all the land beings and the fishes in human form. They arrived at their side of the field and took their places and all became silent for a time. Suddenly the sky grew dark, and the rush of many wings made a thunderous rumbling, above which rose whoops, screams, screeches, cackling, calling, hooting, all in one terrific babel. Then the thunderers swooped down, and the golden eagles, and the bald eagles, and the buzzards, hawks, owls, pigeons, geese, ducks, and all manner of birds, and took the opposite end of the field. Then silence dropped down once more, and the sides lined up, the weakest near the goals, the strongest in the center. Someone tossed the ball high in the air and a pell mell mêlée followed, with deafening howling and whoopings. Back and forth surged the players, now one side gaining, now the other. At last one party wrested the ball through the other's ranks and sped it

toward the Chicago goal. Down the field it went, and Mä'näbus strained his eyes to follow its course. It was nearly at the goal, the keepers were rushing to guard it and in the midst of the brandished clubs, legs, arms, and clouds of dust something notable was happening that Mä'näbus could not see. In his excitement he forgot where he was and changed back into a man. Once in human shape he came to himself, and, looking about, noted that the onlookers had not discovered him. Fired by his lust for revenge he promptly took his bow, which he had kept with him all the time, strung it, and fired twice at each of the underground gods as they sat on their mountain. His arrows sped true, and the gods rushed for the water, falling all over themselves as they scurried down hill. The impact of their diving caused great waves to roll down the lake towards the Chicago goal. Some of the players saw them coming, rolling high over the tree tops. "Mä'näbus, Mä'näbus!" they cried in breathless fright.

At once all the players on both sides rushed back to the center field to look. "What is the matter?" said everyone to everyone else. "Why it must have been Mä'näbus, he's done this, nobody else would dare to attack the underground gods." When the excited players reached the center of the field they found the culprit had vanished. "Let's all look for Mä'näbus, cried someone. "We will use the power of the water for our guide." So the players all waded into the water, and the water rose up and went ahead of them. It knew very well where Mä'näbus had gone.

In the meantime Mä'näbus was skipping away as fast as he could, for he was frightened at what the consequences of his rashness might be. All at once he happened to look back and saw the water flowing after him. He ran faster and faster, but still it came. He doubled, he zigzagged, he dodged, but still it came. He strained himself to his utmost speed and it gained on him. On, on, lead the chase, further, and further away.

"Oh dear! I believe that water will get me yet!" worried Mä'näbus. As he scampered he saw a high mountain on the top of which grew a lofty pine. "I guess I'll go there and ask for help," thought Mä'näbus. So up the mountain side he raced, with the water swiftly rising behind him. "Hē'ē'! Nasē'! Oh my dear little brother," gasped Mä'näbus to the pine tree, "won't you help me? Save me from the water! I am talking to you, pine tree." "How can I help you?" asked the pine deliberately. "You can let me climb on you, and every time I reach your top, you can grow another length," cried Mä'näbus anxiously, for the water was coming on.

"But I have n't so much power as all that, I can only grow four lengths." Oh, that will do anyway, I'll take that!" screamed Mä'näbus in terror, jumping into the branches just a few inches ahead of the water. With all his might and main Mä'näbus climbed, but the water wet his feet as it rose,

rose, rose. He reached the top. "Oh, little brother, stretch yourself," he begged. The pine tree shot up one length, and Mä'näbus climbed faster than ever, but still the water followed. "Oh little brother, stretch yourself," he entreated. Up shot the pine tree, and up climbed Mä'näbus, but the water followed inexorably. When he reached the top, the tree shot up again, but still the water rose. "Stretch yourself, only once more, little brother, give me just one more length," prayed Mä'näbus, "maybe it will save me, if it doesn't, why I'll be drowned." Up shot the pine tree for the fourth and last time. Mä'näbus climbed to the top, and the water followed. It passed over his feet, his bare legs, his waist, up, up, right to his chin, and there it stopped. Mä'näbus clung to the tree with all his might, frightened half to death, but it rose no more.

For a long time Mä'näbus held on. Then he was seized with an irresistible desire to defecate. For the life of him, willy nilly, defecate he must and did. Presently the dung rose up about him and fairly bumped his nose. "Oh my!" said he to himself, "I don't like this. It's no comfort to me!" With his hands he splashed and splattered till he drove the dung away. "Oh my little brother the pine tree, stretch yourself just a little higher, just enough so I can have some comfort." "Alas no!" replied the friendly pine, "it's all in vain. I cannot stretch myself another inch." "Well then, dear little brother, do this much for me. Try to spread out just a little bit at the top, a trifle higher if you can." The pine tree shook itself and tried with all its might, and sure enough, the branches broomed out sideways, and upwards, and became a tiny mite higher, enough so that Mä'näbus could crawl up and sit down, albeit his legs were still in the water.

"Oh what a comfort my little brother the pine tree has given me, he did have a little more power after all," said Mä'näbus. From his damp perch Mä'näbus looked out over the stretch of waters. At first, there was nothing whatever in sight, then he discerned a black object approaching. As it drew nearer, Mä'näbus recognized that it was Nomä, the beaver. "Oh my little brother, come here to me!" called Mä'näbus, "Do not be afraid, it is I, your older brother who calls, I want you." The beaver came very close, but he was afraid, and Mä'näbus was obliged to coax him for some time before he could be persuaded to climb up on the tree top. "Poor little brother," said Mä'näbus pityingly, as the beaver crept beside him, "I am the cause of all your misfortune. I am too rash. I went too far. This water was sent as my punishment but it has made us both unhappy." As the two castaways sat there they spied Os'ûs, the muskrat, swimming about in search of a foothold. "Oh come here, my little brother," said Mä'näbus, "here is a place that you may rest upon." Muskrat approached fearlessly and climbed up beside them without hesitation. "Poor little

brother!" exclaimed the contrite Mä'näbus, nearly in tears, "my foolishness has caused us to suffer. I shot the underneath gods and angered them until they sent the water. Now I am angry at this deluge, but still I am its cause. However, if one of you, my little brothers, can dive down and get me a little mud from the bottom, I've still power enough to make a little island here in the water.

Neither of the animals was anxious to go, but Mä'näbus finally succeeded in coaxing and urging Beaver to make the attempt. Beaver left his perch and swam back and forth. He was frightened at first, but he slapped his tail on the water. *Kum! Kum!* until his courage rose and he dove and swam straight down. He was gone a long time and Mä'näbus waited anxiously for his return. He succeeded in going nearly three quarters of the way, but when he could see the bottom his strength failed him and he died. Presently his body popped up near Mä'näbus. "Oh my!" cried Mä'näbus, and unstringing his bow he reached out with it and finally poked the beaver in to him. He examined the carcass very carefully, but never a trace of mud could he find. "Oh hwa!" he exclaimed in pity and disappointment. Then he turned to muskrat. "It's your turn now," he said, "can you do it? You are the only one left, it's up to you."

Muskrat shoved off, but he was afraid at first. To and fro he swam to get up his courage. He would dive and feint and whack his tail on the water as beaver had done, but all the sound it made was a comical slap. Then he dove straight down alongside of the tree. He was gone a long time, then he popped up dead. "Oh hwa!" cried Mä'näbus in pity. He hooked Muskrat in with his bow and pried open his hands. There was a little dirt in their tight clutch. "Oh," said Mä'näbus, "my little brother has succeeded." He took out his knife and scraped the dirt from Muskrat's palms. The scraping left Muskrat's hands white and Mä'näbus remarked, "Hereafter Os'ûs shall be called Wâpinikät, white palm."[1] Mä'näbus moulded the damp earth together in one hand and thanked the bodies of his dead little brothers, then he scattered the earth over the water crying, "Let there be earth here, an island, for me to stay upon." Instantly it was so; a large island appeared on the surface of the waves. "There my little brothers," said Mä'näbus, "through your kindness we will live here."

He stepped off his tree top on to the island, and, by his magic power he brought Muskrat and Beaver to life, and they lived and multiplied. The pine tree was remembered by Mä'näbus for its kindness, for he permitted it too to be numerous on earth so that his uncles and aunts, the people,

[1] This accounts for the gentile name, Wâpinikät in the Beaver gens. See this series, Vol. 13, 12–13.

might see it, and in order that they may never forget, there grow, every once in so often, pine trees with brushing tops and upward turning branches like a nest and these the Indians know as Mä'näbus' trees. The water gradually subsided around the island, and let the real world be dry again.

"Well," said Mä'näbus, "now I've finished, so I guess I'll go back to my home, and you my little brothers, will have to take care of yourselves, since I have made reparation for all the trouble I caused."

7. False Doctor and Second Deluge.

One day, shortly later, as Mä'näbus was wandering about over the earth, he heard someone weeping. Going directly to the spot he found an old woman gathering basswood bark, while her tears fell incessantly. "What is the matter, grandma?" asked Mä'näbus. The old woman stared at him through her bleary eyes. "Yah!" she exclaimed, "Aren't you that Mä'näbus?" "If it were Mä'näbus," he replied, "he would kill you quickly, for he is raging and sorrowing for his brother that the underground gods took away." So plausibly did Mä'näbus argue that the old dame believed him. "I am gathering some basswood bark for the underground gods whom Mä'näbus wounded with his arrows at the lacrosse game. They have come up to the surface of the earth and are camping among their friends; they hired me to doctor them because I know all the herbs and I am a great physician. I couldn't pull out the arrows that are in them, because they are barbed, though I tried many times without success."

"Well what are you going to do with all this bark you are gathering?" he asked. "Oh I am going to make a string so the gods can snare Mä'näbus with it. "Oh, I see," said he, "where do these gods stay now?" "Yaw! aren't you Mä'näbus?" asked the old woman again. "Oh no, Mä'näbus would never have left you alive, he is killing everything he meets." So the old woman told him where the lodge was. "Where do you sleep when you're there?" he asked her next. "Oh right at the door, the others are in the center of the lodge." "When you are doctoring the gods, how do you do it?" "Oh," replied the garrulous old hag, "I sing this song:" —

"Mä'näbus, ohé konabutcihan hanino wépûm kaiispim'oatcim
"Mä'näbus, he who shot the arrows, they are the ones I am trying
honiwon kätо kitcinänem
to pull out.

By this time Mä'näbus had found out all the old woman knew, so when she had finished her medicine song he killed her. He flayed her and getting inside of the skin he laced it up the back. "I wish to be this old woman,"

he said, and instantly he became her very image. Then he gathered up her load and went straight to the lodge where the wounded gods were lying. When he drew near he stumbled and tottered along on her cane until he came to her place.

"Poor old grandma!" said some of the occupants of the wigwam, as she came in. Presently some others came in laden with more basswood bark, and they all began to help Mä'näbus twist twine. They intended to string it out all over the island in long parallel lines so that Mä'näbus would be sure to stumble against it as he proceeded on his travels. When they felt the line shake, they meant to rush to the spot and slay him. "Here grandma, called one of the sufferers at length, "Let some of the others set the snare, you stay here with us." "Yes, that's good," said the rest, "and if that Mä'näbus should happen this way, pull on the twine and we will run back to help you."

As soon as the others were out of sight Mä'näbus began his doctoring. He took hold of the arrows and shoved them in a little farther, whereupon the gods writhed and cried out for pain. Mä'näbus went about their murder very deliberately, pausing every now and then to enjoy their groans and gloat over their sufferings. At last, however, they both died, and his revenge was complete.

Then Mä'näbus threw off the old woman's skin hurriedly and flayed the two god-bears. He prepared some food, and made up their skins in a pack. He was nervous, because he feared the return of the others. Sure enough, the gods, who were hard at work stringing the twine, said to each other, "Would n't it be better if we sent some one back to help grandma? She's all alone." "Whom shall we send?" queried some of the others, "Oh let's hire the garter snakes," was the reply, "come here, little fellows, go over there and report for us how things are at our lodge."

Off scuttled the snakes, following along the lines to the wigwam. In the meanwhile Mä'näbus had a premonition that some one was coming, so as he ate the meat he had cooked he kept a sharp lookout. Pretty soon a little snake cautiously peeped in. "Hello, my little brother! come here, my little brother, come here," cried Mä'näbus cordially. "What shall I do now?" pondered the snake, hesitating, "my little brother invites me, and yet he is the very one I'm hired to watch." But he allowed himself to be persuaded and came in.[1] "Sit and eat, my little brother," cajoled Mä'näbus, "here's plenty of food, and though I'm just about to go away, we'll eat together." So they sat down together at the feast. Mä'näbus finished first and went out, leaving the snake and his brother to gorge,

[1] According to Indian ideas it is insulting to refuse an invitation to eat.

while he shouldered his pack and traveled far away, but before he left he pulled the signal ropes as hard as he could and ran off at full speed.

As soon as the gods saw the signal they hurried back to their lodge, and there they saw the sick ones lying dead, and while they looked in horror they saw the two little snakes still eating. "Why what on earth are you doing? We thought we hired you to guard this place. Which way did he go?" "This way," answered the snakes pointing. The gods stopped to hear no more but rushed out in pursuit, leaving the snakes still eating contentedly.

Now it happened that while these gods that Mä'näbus had slain were only the servants of the underneath bears, nevertheless they had power over the water like their masters, so they called upon the water to help them, and it rolled up out of the ocean across the land, running ahead of them like a great tidal wave. Mä'näbus scampered before it as fast as he could. As he ran he came to a high hill, and clambered up its steep side. When he was half way to the top, he looked around and saw a high pinnacle of rock, and he made for it.

When Mä'näbus reached the rock he found an old woman sitting there combing her scanty gray locks. "Grandma, what are you doing here?" he inquired. "Only combing my hair, grandson." "Oh grandma, I'm pursued, I'm looking for shelter, won't you help me?" As Mä'näbus stared at her he saw that she wasn't really an old woman after all, but a gigantic old woodchuck. "Grandma," he begged again, nothing daunted, "won't you please hide me? If you only will, I'll give you one of my fine skins as a reward." "All right," she replied, "I will."

The old woodchuck woman turned around and began scratching and digging. "You follow me," she ordered. So Mä'näbus obeyed, shoving his pack ahead of him, and plugging up the hole behind with the loose dirt so that the water could not get in. While she burrowed Mä'näbus suddenly perceived that the water was up to them. "Now change your course, we've gone far enough, turn upwards toward the surface," he said to the old woodchuck. When they had gone a little way Mä'näbus said, "I guess we're safe now, you might as well stop, we're above water level."

The old lady excavated a nice round chamber, and there they rested. All at once, Mä'näbus said, "Let us eat now, you must know I have food in my pack." The old woman was very willing, so Mä'näbus unstrapped his bundle. "Here is that skin I promised you," said he, giving her the pelt of the gray bear, but retaining the white hide for himself. The old woodchuck woman was delighted and put it on at once. "May you always wear this robe, grandma," said Mä'näbus and to this very day the woodchuck wears a gray coat.

As they ate, Mä'näbus wondered whether the water had subsided or not. "I guess maybe the water has gone down by this time, grandma," he ventured. "Yes, I think you must be right. Anyway you are godlike and you ought to know more than I do about it," returned the old woodchuck woman. "Then dig upwards a little," ordered Mä'näbus. "All right," replied the old woman, so she began. "Stop when you get almost to the top," said Mä'näbus. "What for?" she asked. "I want to be the first to come out," replied he. Pretty soon she was nearly there. "All right, Mä'näbus," she said, "I'm close to the surface now." Mä'näbus ran to the place. "I'll soon see whether the water has receded or not," he cried, and taking his bow he bored a little hole through the earth. He soon penetrated to the surface and peeped through. "Oh grandma," he called, "I can see the sky, I'm going to make a big hole so we can get out." In a few minutes Mä'näbus was out on earth once more. The water was all gone, and he told the woodchuck about it. "That's good," said the old woman, much pleased. So Mä'näbus went out and left her in the hole and she and her descendants have lived in holes ever since.

8. Mä'näbus Outwits Turtle.[1]

Mä'näbus was mourning for his little brother that had been killed. In those days people used to blacken their faces and wear their hair long to show their sorrow. The Indians near by were going to have a feast and they invited Mä'näbus who prepared to go. Now at that time, Mik'änâ, the turtle, was very powerful, so he and Mä'näbus were selected by the host to have the special privilege of eating the head of the bear. When they got together and Mä'näbus told Turtle that he was chosen to eat with him, Turtle was disgusted, especially since Mä'näbus was scratching his head with a little stick.[2] "You look like an old woman with your hair long and blackened face," said Turtle. Mä'näbus was very angry, but said nothing and the host asked them to hurry and choose two other men to make the quartet, who were to partake of the bear's head. When the feast was over Mä'näbus went home, Turtle's insult rankling in his heart. Now Turtle had a wonderful pair of medicine leggings with deer hoof rattles. "Ssh! Ssh! Ssh!" they went, as he walked, and he had a powerful robe all spotted like a fawnskin. It was in these two things that the

[1] This story was told me by Mr. John V. Satterlee, and it seems to fit in very well at this place, where Nakuti, my informant for most of the stories, assures me that a section which he cannot recall has been omitted.

[2] Persons in mourning are not supposed to scratch with their hands.

secret of his magic lay. "Änä'äämékût Mud Turtle!" ejaculated Mä'näbus to himself, "everybody heard what you said to me, even if you have those strong powers, I guess I can get ahead of you."

After a while Mä'näbus hit upon a plan. "Let me be a nice, beautiful, girl." No sooner said than done, and Mä'näbus looked in his mirror and was much pleased at his lovely appearance. "I am really too pretty for that fellow," he said, and he calmly took out one eye and laid it on a rock. "Oh my! I look too homely now," so he decided to put it back, but when he reached for it, it was gone, for Marten, who was passing that way, had run away with it. "Come back and give me my eye," shouted Mä'näbus, "I just left it there for a minute." Back trotted the marten, obediently, and gave Mä'näbus the eye which he put in again.

Then Mä'näbus grabbed Marten, "Of course I'll take you with me," he said. "I am going to call on Turtle and you can be my baby, and you have such a nice face." Then they started for Mud Turtle's. Mud Turtle lived close to a village and when Mä'näbus arrived he purposely walked through it, passing by a group of young men. "My! what a lovely girl," they said as he passed by to a large lodge.

He went in and asked if he might stay there. The people said he might and gave him a place. In the evening as he sat by the fire all the young men came in and peeped at him in admiration. At last all the family retired, Mä'näbus with the rest. The young men were talking to each other outside. At last one bolder than the rest said he would go in and see the girl, so he crawled in cautiously. "Who are you?" asked Mä'näbus and the young fellow told him, explaining that he had seen him go by and had been inspired to come in and pay a call. Mä'näbus acted very sweetly. "Oh the reason why I came here is that I want to see Mud Turtle. Won't you do me the favor to go and call him." The man tried hard to find out why she wanted to see Turtle. "Oh, I just want to see him because I have heard that he is more powerful than all the other men. I am poor and I live all alone and I want to see him."

The young man could get no further information, so at last he slipped out to those who were waiting breathlessly to learn the outcome of his visit. "How did you get along?" they asked. "Oh, I had poor luck for she is crazy to see Mud Turtle and she begged me to call him." "Don't do it, you must not," they entreated, "let somebody else try." Then another young man went in, but he went through the same experience. "Where is that first young man?" asked Mä'näbus. "He is still out there," said the visitor. "Why I asked him to call Mud Turtle." "Oh!" said the other, "he has not gone, he is right there, the other men stopped him." "Won't you do it for me?" asked Mä'näbus smiling sweetly. "Well, I'll try," said

the newcomer and out he went. When he got outside, the crowd asked him where he was going and he told them. "Oh, don't you do it," said the others, "let someone else go in." Another young man went in, only to be rebuffed in the same way. Mä'näbus insisted that he wanted to see Mud Turtle, and the other man went away discomfited.

At last a fourth tried his luck at courting, and when he too failed to meet with success, the crowd outside decided to call Mud Turtle and the first man went to fetch him. When Turtle heard the message he did not believe it. "You are just fooling me," he said. Then the second man went to him, "I do not believe you," was Turtle's reply. "You are deceiving me," he said to the third, but when the fourth one came he was convinced. "Oh well, maybe it's true," he thought, so he went to see.

"Oh Turtle," exclaimed Mä'näbus, when he came into the lodge. "I came here purposely to see you. I sent many times, but the men I told did not go."

"Why do you want to see me?" asked Turtle. "Oh, I have often been told you are very powerful on account of your robe," said Mä'näbus. "I am so poor I just wanted to see you too because you are so handsome. If you will get your robe you can sleep with me and we will cover ourselves with it." Turtle was completely deceived, and though he did not have the robe with him, she easily coaxed him to go get it. It was in his medicine bundle and as he was taking it out his grandmother asked him what he was doing. "Oh nothing, just getting my cloak out," replied Turtle.

When he returned Mä'näbus inquired "Have you got your bundle." "Yes indeed." "All right, let's get the robe and cover ourselves all up with it," said Mä'näbus. So they put an extra blanket underneath and crawled in. "What is your name?" asked Turtle. "Wak'usikwé,"[1] replied Mä'näbus. Then they covered themselves up so that no one could see what they were doing.

Mä'näbus patted Turtle's head until finally he went to sleep and snored, "Hannhonh!" Then Mä'näbus slipped out and taking the cloak under his arm ran out of the lodge. When he was safe outside, he let Marten go and hurried home. "You won't be anybody any more, you Turtle," thought Mä'näbus as he ran off.

At this time, Mä'näbus had a great many dogs[2] no bigger than tiny puppies and he kept them in a great wooden bowl. If at any time he desired to make them full size he would simply tell them to shake themselves and they would grow at once. He gave Turtle's cloak to them, saying "When-

[1] Wak'usikwé means "Fox Woman" in Ojibway, but is a pun, for in Menomini it means "Egg Woman" or "Woman full of Roe." In the Fox tale it is Ma'kōsikāwa or Doe Fawn.

[2] Mä'näbus' dogs were really deer.

ever you are young, you will be spotted like that," and he covered them with it, and went back to his house. Then he took off his woman's dress and flung it away.

Presently Turtle woke up and found himself alone. "Why I thought I was sleeping with a woman," he said. Then he began to call "Wak'usikwé! Wak'usikwé!" running up and down and looking everywhere. "Where is she?" he asked, "I was sleeping with her." When he could not find her, he ran from house to house inquiring, but nobody else knew her name for Mä'näbus had told it only to him.

Although Turtle searched everywhere, he was unable to find her. At last as he ran around he came to Mä'näbus' lodge. "Come in and sit down," said Mä'näbus, and Turtle entered. He was quiet for a long time, but finally he burst out, "You know everything all over the world, have you ever heard of a woman called Wak'usikwé?" "Why no, I have never heard of any such person," declared Mä'näbus, "but I have a little dog by that name. If you want to see her she is covered up by that wooden pole over there." "Well show me then," said Turtle. "Oh! you go and look yourself, you are the one who has asked about her," said Mä'näbus. So Turtle went and looked in and there he saw two little dogs all spotted like his robe. He realized at once that he had been cheated. "Maaa! Mä'näbus," exclaimed Turtle, "Oh! have pity on me and give me back my robe." "Why I can't skin my dogs for you." "Oh yes, indeed you can do that, you are so powerful," begged Turtle. "Oh no," said Mä'näbus, "they are going to look that way as long as the world shall last."

Turtle kept on pleading. "It is impossible," said Mä'näbus finally, "you did not have mercy on me at that feast, you called me an old woman, I can never forgive you. You know I was in mourning for my son. I am powerful, I can do anything I wish and I have a place where you shall stay forever." Then he seized Turtle by the neck and dragged him out and flung him into a muddy pond. "This is where you shall stay." "You can look up once in a while," decreed Mä'näbus. This story ends here.

9. Duped Dancers.

On the shore of Green Bay there is a high sandy bluff that was a favorite stopping place with Mä'näbus. There he liked to sit and gaze out over the west toward Duck Creek [1] and Big and Little Suamico,[2] especially in early autumn when the wild rice was ripe. In the sloughs Mä'näbus saw the

[1] Sēsipūkētahikonē, Duck Creek.

[2] Mätcsuam'äko and Suam'äkosa, Big and Little Sand Peninsulas.

ducks flying about in flocks accompanied by their newly adult young, fat and luscious. After the rice time still bigger flocks came down from the North and with them were wild geese in abundance. As he watched them contentedly, Mä'näbus observed that they often lit in the rushes that fringed the shore. "I wonder how I can catch some of those birds," he thought, "I guess I'll gather some basswood bark and make twine." When he had the bark and shredded and peeled it, he braided a long rope of four strands. To this cable he added short cross pieces.

Some of the ducks were sitting still, others were paddling around, feeding, still others were flying back and forth. Mä'näbus dove and swam under the water, looking up until he could see the feet of the ducks above him. He came up to a goose and tied its legs to his main cable with a short rope, then he passed to another and so on until he had his rope filled with geese and swans. Then he took the cable in the middle and tied himself there, for he thought he could pull in the ends and kill the birds, for he believed he was too heavy to be pulled away.

Mä'näbus rose to the surface and frightened all the water fowls who rose with a great clamor and squawking. Unfortunately for Mä'näbus he was mistaken when he thought the birds could not lift him. They rose high out of the water and carried him through the air, the flock taking the form of a V for so they were guided by the rope with which Mä'näbus had bound them, and so their flocks have always flown ever since, and so they always shall fly. Mä'näbus looked down and saw beneath him the Winnebago village at Neenah-Menasha on Winnebago Lake. He struggled desperately to free himself, but after a short struggle he gave it up in despair, and hung as limp as a rag. The Winnebago, far below, ran out of their lodges to stare astonished at the sight. "What kind of an object is that dangling there all doubled up?" they asked each other, "no one ever saw anything like that before!"

But basswood string gets brittle as it dries and presently the cord snapped. Down came Mä'näbus and caught in the top of a tree. The impact of his body against a branch broke it in two and he fell unconscious to the ground. After a while he came to, as though from a nap. He gaped and stretched, for he felt no pain. At last he was wide awake, and then, for the first time he noticed something lying, right up against his face. To his astonishment it was a man's buttocks. "Well, what on earth are you doing here?" he questioned tartly, "move over a little. What makes you come so close to lie down?" He slapped the buttocks but they did not budge, then he squirmed and twisted his head about, but they were always in his face. "Why don't you get out? I mean you!" he fumed, but the buttocks were too impolite to move. At last Mä'näbus discovered that he was cut in half, and he was greatly astonished.

"Oh, so those are my own buttocks! No wonder they did n't move. Well, well, well! Confound it, no wonder I'm in this fix, it's my own fault, I'm such a fool. If only I hadn't been so silly." He reached over and drew his buttocks to the rest of his trunk, then he took a handful of sand and rubbed it on the wound, and behold, it was well again. Then he arose, and on looking around he found he was far from home, for the geese had carried him a long distance. Then he trudged all the way home to his lodge.

Mä'näbus still saw great flocks of ducks and geese every day, and the sight tantalized him. One day he had a bright idea. He approached the wood ducks (Subaiciakuk) who were asleep on a log in the sunlight. "Waa! my little brothers, come here to me, I want to hire you to work for me." The ducks looked up at him where he stood on the bank. "Tateh? Why?" they demanded, suspiciously. "Oh, I want you to do something for me, my little brothers." This time the ducks, still a little afraid and incredulous, waddled up to him, "Come closer, and I'll tell you something," coaxed Mä'näbus. "What is it?" asked the birds timorously from where they were. "Well little brothers, can't I hire you to circulate my invitation among all the other fowl to come here tomorrow and attend a sacrifice that I am going to give? I'm going to prepare now, and I should like to have them come then. You can find them anywhere about the bay. That's all you'll have to do."

The ducks agreed, and off they went, flying everywhere. "Hé!" they cried, "Mä'näbus asks you! He is going to give a ceremony tomorrow, you are all invited to come." When Mä'näbus had sent his messengers out, he climbed up the bank and went home to arrange his house for his guests. He worked all day and all night, and it was done early in the morning.

Just at dawn huge flocks of birds began to wheel through the sky. They lit all around Mä'näbus, and the white swans, whom he had invited especially, were all there. He wanted to be revenged on them particularly, because of the way thay had served him on the rope. There were so many fowl that their wings made a roaring like thunder as they flew around the lodge. From within Mä'näbus called to them to enter. "I invited you to come and attend my great ceremony. I intend to offer prayers that we may be happy for the coming year, and this time I have asked you to help that you may enjoy the benefits too."

Then Mä'näbus took up his water drum (t'owaka) and began to beat on it. Tum! tum! tum! He told the birds that he wanted them to close their eyes and dance as he sang. Before he began to sing he placed his drumstick in position and it began to beat all by itself. Then he sang in Ojibway: —

"Pisakwa pis'imik!"

"Dance with your eyes closed."

Round and round they danced, circling from left to right feeling reassured because they thought Mä'näbus was beating the drum. In reality Mä'näbus sneaked up with empty hands and closed the door. Then as they danced by him, he caught them one by one and wrung their necks and flung them in a pile in the corner. At last one of the birds cried "Ahk! Ahk!" as it strangled. "Oh ho ho! Nasé inih! inih! inih!" "Go on! shout little brother! That's the way to do! Its proper for you to whoop during these exercises," exclaimed Mä'näbus with presence of mind. Meanwhile he was picking out the swans to kill. When he came to one of the last of them a Wood Duck behind it was struck by its flapping wings and was startled. The next time he danced by he peeped a little and saw the heap of dead swans.

"Hai! Mä'näbus is killing us!" he shrieked. All the birds opened their eyes, and saw the carnage. They screamed and ran for the door, where they jammed for a moment, so that Mä'näbus caught one more swan. "So Wood Duck saw me!" he exclaimed angrily, and as he started after the fleeing birds, Helldiver ran between his legs. Mä'näbus, disgusted that the little bird was so small and useless, gave him a kick in the stern that left it flat as it is today. He further decreed that the wood duck should always have red eyes as a punishment for its disobedience. "Well now I'm even with those swans, they certainly fixed me, even if it was my fault to begin with," said Mä'näbus.

Then he carried in lots of firewood and made a good fire. He took his wooden poker and tended it. When it was very hot he made holes in the ground around the fire. He put in his game whole with one leg of each sticking out to remind him where they were. From time to time he looked to see if they were done yet. When they were thoroughly cooked he pulled them out and stored them away and put in a fresh batch. Then he ate heartily, and, since he was full bellied and had had no sleep the night before, he lay down on the ground between his lodge and the fire.

Before he dozed off he said to his buttocks, "Perhaps somebody will come along when I'm unconscious, you keep watch and tell me if anyone appears. I'll leave it to you to guard the birds." "Inih, all right," replied the buttocks, so Mä'näbus slumbered.

All at once he awoke, "Why I've been asleep," he said, "I guess I'd better look at my birds, perhaps they're burnt by now." He went over and tried the fowls, pulling at their protruding legs. They came up alone. "Hai! They're cooked too soft," he said, and taking his poker he commenced to dig into the ground, for he began to suspect that something was wrong. He found nothing in the ashes. When he had dug for the first three he stopped and looked around for his piles of roasted and raw birds.

They were all gone. He ran to the bank and found a trail where someone had been.

"Someone has stolen my birds!" he exclaimed. He followed the trail to the shore where he found canoe marks on the sand. "Well, it must have been the Winnebago! They are the only ones who could have come here in their canoes." He circled around looking at all the signs. When he came back to his bed, he found a red sash. "Why is this here I wonder?" he thought, then he said aloud, to his buttocks, "Why what's all this? Who came here? Who owns this sash?"

"Yes, of course, someone came here," replied the buttocks, "Why didn't you warn me as I told you?" said Mä'näbus angrily. "I did call you twice," was the answer, "but the stranger told me to shut up and gave me the sash to keep quiet." Mä'näbus was furious. He did not know exactly what to do next. Observing the fire had burned to embers, he took a smouldering brand and rubbed it up and down the crease in his anus. "Take that!" he cried, "that's what you get for your disobedience. Then he threw the stick away and cast the red sash on the fire. "Now you Winnebago, because you have done this, your people shall be thieves forever." And so they always have been thieves.

10. MÄ'NÄBUS DECEIVED BY FISHER.

In the fall, when the ice had just begun to form, Mä'näbus started out on his rounds once more. He came to the shore of a lake, and as he gazed out over it he saw somebody running over the ice along the shore at full tilt. Mä'näbus looked at it with some curiosity, and when it had drawn near he saw it was a quadruped, none other, indeed, than Fisher.

Now a fisher is handsome, he has a long bushy tail and the glittering ice made the lake beautiful. When Fisher had seen how splendid the ice looked, he took two little pebbles and tied them on his tail, just for fun. Then he ran out on the lake, and as his long body loped[1] over the ice the pebbles rapped, "tum! tum! tum!" Mä'näbus was delighted at the sight.

"Nimaa! my little brother! What are you doing there?" he inquired. "Oh, only playing by myself, because I think this new skim ice is so pretty." "Well, my little brother, can't we play together? We will run around the lake just as you are doing." "What shall we do?" asked Fisher, "you know you have n't any tail." "Well why can't you tie a string to my

[1] The fisher, weasel, mink, and other animals of this order have a curious undulating or loping appearance when running.

buttocks?" suggested Mä'näbus, "then you can fasten two little stones to that." "Oh very well, if that suits you," said Fisher. "Yes indeed, then you and I can play together," returned Mä'näbus.

Fisher ran and got a string the length of his tail, "Will this do?" he asked. "Yes, tie it on my buttocks," commanded Mä'näbus, handing his knife to Fisher and baring his buttocks. Fisher saw the mouth of his rectum, so instead of obeying the injunction of Mä'näbus, he cut it loose and pulled out Mä'näbus' bowels until they were the length of his tail, and fastened the stones to that.

"Now you are all right," he conceded, "you can take the lead, I've been playing a little already." So off they started, and sure enough the pebbles that were fastened to Mä'näbus pounded "tum! tum! tum!" on the ice. After a little while he turned to Fisher, "There didn't I tell you so? That string answers just as well as your tail."

They started off again. "Run away round as you saw me do," said Fisher, and so they did. As they capered over the ice, Fisher observed that Mä'näbus' bowels were slipping out more and more. "My!" he thought, "perhaps that is going to hurt him! What shall I do? If I tell him he'll blame me, I guess I must try strategy." At the end of the lake they halted. "Well little brother," said Mä'näbus, "everything is fine, we are having a nice time." "Let's arrange it a different way," suggested Fisher, "then we can have more fun." "Oh all right, how shall we do it?" asked Mä'näbus. "Oh you just keep on this way and I'll run back the way we came and we'll meet on the opposite side of the lake." Mä'näbus was willing, so they started out. They met at the opposite shore of the lake. "Hau! hau! hau! keep right on, old man, we're having a nice time," encouraged Fisher, so they passed on, but when Fisher got half way around he took off his stones and ran away through the woods as fast as he could.

In the meantime Mä'näbus began to notice that he would hardly hear the rattle of the stones. When he did they sounded very faintly, "tum-tum-tum!" a long way off. "Why how's that?" he wondered, "it isn't as good as it was." He looked behind him and saw his whole entrails were hanging out. "Ä'nämékût[1] that Fisher! So that's what the rascal did instead of what I told him, just to cut a little piece of string from my buttocks. Now see what a mess I'm in."

Mä'näbus looked high and low for Fisher, but he could not find him, for the crafty wretch had made his escape. Then he took his entrails and broke them off, and going to the bank, he took sand and rubbed it on the abrasion. "The earth is my medicine!" he exclaimed, "it shall heal

[1] Literally, "Dog-like."

me as though nothing had happened." Then Mä'näbus took up his bowels and, breaking off at the rectum he cast them at a swamp elm. "My uncles and aunts shall always call this Mä'näbus otäti (Mä'näbus bowels)." And it became a vine (woodbine?). "More than this," he decreed, "it shall help them if they are starving for they may sustain life on it."

As for the rest of the intestines, he threw that away to another place in a different tree. "These are my entrails, and my uncles and aunts shall call them "Pimakiwit!" The bowels became a curling vine, and this too the Indians eat when they are starving, they call it " Mä'näbus Wonäkwûcin" or "Pimakiwit."

11. Jonah.

Once upon a time, before Mä'näbus threw away his grandmother, he said to her, "Let us camp here beside the ocean." [1] There was a long broad sandy beach, and on a point, Big Suamico, they pitched their wigwam, and while they were about it they made a good one.

After things were ready, Mä'näbus lay down to rest and to think over the affairs of the world. He knew where all the monsters in the world had their dens. In the morning, when he arose, he said to his grandmother, "Noko, I guess I'll make a canoe." "Humph! maybe you can't," sneered the old lady. "Why yes I can," retorted Mä'näbus, "anyway, I've got to make one as a pattern for my future uncles to go by when they come to inhabit this island.[2] "Oh all right then," said his grandmother, "go on and make one, if you think you are really able."

Mä'näbus was not at all discouraged by his grandmother's attitude, instead he took his ax and went out and cut some cedars. He split and bundled them and carried them up to the lodge. When he had enough for a canoe lining he rested a while and then gathered birchbark. When he had collected enough of that he said to his grandmother, "I'll do my part, and you must do yours. You go and gather little jackpine roots and pitch, my work was to gather the cedar and the bark, remember we are going to be the first to build a canoe to teach our uncles and aunts."

Mä'näbus now began to prepare the split cedars for canoe ribs and beams while his grandmother labored diligently. "Well done, so far," said Mä'näbus at last. Then he leveled off the ground, laid out his birchbark and put the poles over it. He marked out the bow and the stern

[1] Lake Michigan.

[2] "This island" is the invariable term used by the Menomini to designate the earth.

with little sticks, and when it was ready, and the shape laid out, they folded the bark up, and began to sew the sections together with tough split green pine roots. When this task was finished they fastened in the cedar ribs. "Now this much is done," cried Mä'näbus, "it's time to put pitch over the cracks." When this was completed they turned the canoe bottom up. "Now it's finished!" said Mä'näbus and went out and got a straight cedar for a spear pole. At the end he made a mortise to receive two serrated cedar prongs about ten inches long, and fastened in a central spike. He wound braided cedarbark twine firmly around the tines and above. There he made a good cedar paddle and placed it in the canoe.

"Ha! grandma!" exclaimed Mä'näbus next morning, when they had gotten out of bed. "I am going out to sea." "Where are you going, grandson?" "Oh I'm just going to paddle and pole around to see what I can see." "Grandson, I'm going to warn you. You are going out in your boat, but don't paddle out to sea, just keep close along the shore." "Hau! all right! I'll do what you say," promised Mä'näbus.

Mä'näbus went into his lodge and took down his petcikwunau (sacred bundle) and his towaka (medicine drum), and placed them in the canoe with his spear and paddle. "Grandma, I'll soon return," he said, "don't go away, wait for me here." So he set out. "How can my grandma see me?" thought Mä'näbus, after he had paddled a little way, looking back at the intervening sand dunes. He gazed out to sea. "I wonder why she wants me to go this way and not out there?" [1] "She can't see me, I guess I'll go where I please." Out Mä'näbus paddled over the waves. By and by, he came to a long sand bar, extending like a hog's back under the water. At the very point of it he ran one end of his canoe ashore, but he did not get out of it. He gazed all about. "Just over there where the deep blue water lies is the very place for Misin'ämäk, the monster fish to lurk in," he said. When he was satisfied that the fish was there he sang three times in Ojibway:—

"Misin'ämäki	kina	we'nataiop	piskosina" [2]
Monster fish	you	that are hungry	come and swallow me.

The Monster Fish lay in the water with his head to the east. On his right lay his son, and on his left his wife. Mä'näbus was directly behind them, and his words came to their ears distinctly. "Oh my!" exclaimed

[1] Mä'näbus, it was explained, was not really in doubt, because through his magic he knew perfectly well why he had been forbidden to go out, yet so perverse was his nature that he had to dissemble and feign wonder. In all the stories the same explanation is given for his surprise or bewilderment on various occasions.

[2] In Menomini, Misin'ämäk kina pakataian piskosina; Cf. Ottawa. Blackbird, 55, "Mishe-la-me-gwe Pe-le-wi-ko-lishim."

the Monster Fish, "I hate to turn around for that fellow." But Mä'näbus' taunts insulted him, so he said to his son, "You go and swallow him!"

The son turned around, and shook himself, so that the waves rolled roaring up on the beach. Mä'näbus stood on the gunwales of his canoe at the bow. "That must be he!" he thought, and grabbed his spear. Presently he saw the fish coming at him at great speed with open mouth. "Ho! you'll catch it! You'll know it when you come here!" cried Mä'näbus in disdain as he thrust his spear sideways into the jaws of Misin'ämäk's son and turned him aside. "Who asked you to come? I don't want you, you fool," he said, "I want your father." The fish whirled around and vanished in the deep. "Father," he said as he came back and settled down. "Oh dear, Mä'näbus has hurt my mouth and told me he didn't want me at all, 'I want your father,' he said."

Presently the voice of Mä'näbus was heard again. "Monster fish, you that are so hungry, come and swallow me." "My, I don't like to turn around," sighed the Monster Fish. "Monster Fish, you that are so hungry come and swallow me," sang Mä'näbus. "Dear me," said the Fish, "I hate to be disturbed, yet this fellow annoys me with his racket. You go and quiet him, old lady." "All right," replied his wife and she turned about. "Monster Fish, you that are so hungry, come and swallow me," sang Mä'näbus. This added insult to the injury that her son had received, so with a great crash of waves she charged upon him. From the gunwales of his boat Mä'näbus saw the heaving waters and stood ready. When he saw who it was, he jabbed her in the mouth with his spear, "Get out! Nobody wants you, it's your husband I'm looking for."

The poor old fish had to go back, for Mä'näbus had hurt her mouth dreadfully. "Wak'ina!" she exclaimed, "Mä'näbus speared me in the mouth and said, 'Who wants you anyway? It's your husband I want.'" Meanwhile Mä'näbus sang, "Monster Fish, you that are so hungry, come and swallow me!"

"Now Män'äbus will find out who he is insulting," said the old one himself, and he turned about. "Monster Fish, you that are so hungry, come and swallow me," came to him through the water. Now the Monster Fish was so angry that he rushed at his tormentor. The waters rolled away with a great thundering *Mmmm!* and Mä'näbus was so frightened at the uproar that he fainted, and the Monster Fish swallowed him, the canoe, the spear, the paddle, the drum, the medicine bundle and all.

When Mä'näbus came to he did not know where he was lying. He looked up. Everything was very strange. "I wonder where I am," he thought. He was in the center of a long lodge. "Why what can this be?" he murmured. He saw the elk, the deer, the bear, the porcupine and the

squirrel staring at him, so he got up and addressed them. "Oh my little brothers," he said in astonishment. "Oh our elder brother is swallowed too!" they wailed forlornly. Mä'näbus saw that among the animals, red squirrel was the most badly off. His fur was gone from him except that on the tip of his tail. "Oh it's a pity we are in such a fix, my little brothers," said Mä'näbus. He looked around and saw his canoe was upset, and beside it lay his paddle, his spear, his sacred bundle, and his drum. His senses had fully returned, so he went over and took up his bundle. "Oh my sacred bundle!" he exclaimed, and put it to one side with his drum. He turned his boat right side up.

By this time Mä'näbus had guessed where he was. He examined the walls, and in one place he found a curtain that ranged across the lodge.[1] He observed something that moved behind it, pounding and punching it out. "Aha, that's his heart," thought Mä'näbus, so he went and got his drum and his sacred bundle. He looked back and saw his little brothers were all lying down and watching him. "Well, my little brothers, the only thing we can do is to make a sacrifice to the Almighty,[2] and beg him to help us." "Hau! Hau!" they all answered, "we will help you if we can. You are the only one who has power to save us, for you will surely be heard."

Mä'näbus unwrapped his drum and took off and wet the head. Then he stretched it and put it back. When this was done he began to beat tum! tum! tum! "Now get ready," he called. "Yes indeed, we'll help you," replied the animals. Mä'näbus first placed his bundle before him and laid his knife on top of it. "Now we'll all dance," he ordered. He showed them where and how to dance, and instructed them thoroughly.

"You shall know when our prayers are accepted, for I shall jump up and join you in these exercises," he said. "That shall be my sign to you." "Hé!" they all cried in assent. Then Mä'näbus began, tum! tum! tum! tum! "When I stop one of you must take my place and imitate my stroke and song," he ordered. Then he started to sing in Ojibway.

"Tcin'ikwa hwûkapitawa!
Tcin'ikwa hwûkapitawa!"

The animals all listened attentively, and danced as they had been told. Suddenly Mä'näbus jumped to his feet, still singing and drumming. All at once he dropped the drum, and seizing his knife from where it lay on the bundle, he began to dance among the others. When he passed the diaphragm, he whirled up to it and threatened it, posturing before the place where the regular heaving betrayed the presence of the heart of the Monster

[1] The diaphragm.

[2] Matc Häwätûk, the head god in the fourth tier of heaven, see this series, vol. 13, 73.

Fish. Mä'näbus leaned forward and pricked it a little and drew back, while the heart quivered and dodged. Again he made the circuit, "Oh my, Mä'näbus makes me sick at my stomach!" thought Misin'ämäk, and he shifted restlessly. Four times Mä'näbus pricked the fish's heart, and four times the monster writhed. In the meantime, the bear, who had taken Mä'näbus' place at the drum, kept on singing: —

"Tsinikwa hwûkapitawa!
Tsinikwa hwûkapitawa."

The fifth time Mä'näbus turned about, hauled off, and cried, "Right straight to my grandmother's shore!" With these words he stabbed as hard as he could and the knife plunged in to its hilt. "We will land before grandmother's lodge," he cried. With the blow a loud tinggg! resounded through the fish's body, as the monster dashed through the water, while the dancers were still stamping and shouting Hau! Hau! Hau! to encourage each other.

Now they realized that they were moving and shortly the Monster Fish ran into the shoal water near the shore, and the sandy bottom caved in his belly until the floor of his stomach was pressed nearly to the roof. "He has ceased to move!" the captives cried to each other. "The next thing for us to do is to try and get out of here," remarked Mä'näbus. He drew his knife, selected a place, and began to knock at the roof of their prison. "I am going to see if we can't cut our way through," he observed. At length he came to the skin, and there he paused. "I think we're near the surface now, and yet I'm afraid to pierce it for fear the water may come through." "N'hau!" answered the others, "go ahead," so Mä'näbus went to work cautiously, and pricked a little opening.

To his delight he saw the sunlight stream in. "Ha! my little brothers," he exclaimed, "I can see the sky! Now I'm going to hack clear through. This fish has done as we told him. He has gone up on the shore."

Mä'näbus climbed up, and when he was halfway through, the squirrel tried to pass him. Mä'näbus caught him. "What are you trying to do? Who said you could be first? What do you mean by trying to pass me? I'll call the one I want first." He threw the squirrel back violently. "Come here Elk," said Mä'näbus, "how did you happen to be here? You used to be in the clearings and burnt over places in the forest." "Oh when I was there I came down to the shore to get a drink and I was swallowed." "Well," said Mä'näbus, I'll throw you back to your old abode, now stay there." He tossed him back, and Elk at once began to bellow "Onh! Onh! Onh!" in joy at his return. He has done so ever since to show his pleasure. Next Mä'näbus called the deer. "Why Deer, you used to be in the swamps and in the thick woods, how did you get here?" "Truly, Mä'näbus, I went

down to the shore to get water weeds to eat, and while I was browsing, Misin'ämäk swallowed me." "All right, back you go to your old home," said Mä'näbus, and he threw the deer back, whereupon it began to whistle "Whew! whew! whew!" and to snort in delight, just as it does today. Mä'näbus next called up the bear. "How did you get here?" "Well, I too came down to get a drink," declared Bear, "and the Monster Fish swallowed me." Mä'näbus threw him back and he began to chortle "Ooh! ooh! ooh!" to show his joy. Then Mä'näbus called the porcupine. "How in the world did you get in this company?" he asked. "Well," said Porcupine, "I came down to the shore to eat seaweeds, and then I was swallowed." Mä'näbus was satisfied with his tale, and threw him back. "Stay at home hereafter," he commanded, and Porcupine at once began to sing his courting song to show his happiness. Raccoon was next called by Mä'näbus. "What are you here for? You too used to be a forest animal." "Well, you see I came down to catch crawfish, and when I was feeling for them, I was devoured." So Mä'näbus cast him back. The next one to be called up was the barred owl. "What is the reason you are here?" he was asked. "I was hunting for mice along the lake shore when I was drawn in." Mä'näbus threw Owl out into the forest and told him to stay there. In his happiness Owl began to sing "Kok'o koh'o! kok'o koh'o!" so loudly that even Mä'näbus could hear him. Last of all Mä'näbus called the squirrel. "You used to live on the pine trees and eat the cones." With these words he threw Squirrel into the nearest trees. Squirrel was so overjoyed that he danced up and down coughing and sneezing, "Simamek! simamek! simamek!" as fast as ever he could.

When this task was completed Mä'näbus made the hole larger and pushed out his canoe and paddle, spear, sacred bundle, and drum, and last of all he came out himself. He went ashore and it did not take him long to find the way home.

"Oh my grandma!" he called as he entered. The old lady turned around. "My gracious! it is Mä'näbus!" she exclaimed, "Where have you been? What have you been doing? I thought I told you to go along the shore? What is the matter with you, don't you hear what I tell you? Is that why you are so disobedient?" "Well grandma, don't you know I've got a right to do what I please, regardless of your wishes? Of course I was swallowed too. Now just don't let that worry you, even if I was devoured. Let us eat, you get some water while I get the food."

The old woman went off to draw water, and Mä'näbus went back and gathered up the débris of his cuttings from the Monster Fish. When he got back the old lady had not yet returned, and when she arrived, he held up his hands full of meat for her to see. "Here is our dinner, grandma, and

when we've finished we'll go butchering." "All right grandson," said the old lady. She was just a little afraid of her grandson. Presently she called, "It's all done; now we'll eat together."

When they had finished, Mä'näbus remarked, "Let us go to work," and off they started. When they got up to where the fish lay, near the shore, Mä'näbus said, "Let's cut him up in chunks, we can't turn him over." So they fell to their task. Mä'näbus did most of the work, and the old woman would stop to stare at him from time to time. "My that Mä'näbus," she ejaculated, "what can't he do? Even though I did forbid him because I was afraid."

At last Mä'näbus turned to her. "Never mind grandma! Just forget about me, the thing to remember now is that we are going to have food in abundance." Mä'näbus cut off all the choice meat. "We can't use all of him," he said. "Just the flesh on his back." He made a great pile of steaks on the beach, then he built a scaffold and prepared to dry out the meat by means of a fire beneath. "Now watch, grandma, while I get the wood," he ordered.

When this was done, he went out and procured some birchbark and basswood string so they could make rolls in which to store their meat, and they soon finished their labors. "There! I told you there would be nothing to think of but eating from now on," said Mä'nabus.

12. Mä'näbus visits his Little Brother, Elk.

While Mä'näbus was off on his travels one time, he got married, and our generation of Indians has often wondered how it was, but no one just knows. Anyway, Mä'näbus found a woman and married her in the fall of the year. They made a wigwam and there Mä'näbus decided that they should live. Food was always plentiful with them in the autumn, but in the winter they began to be in want. In February and March, Mä'näbus nearly starved. "I guess I'll go and see Elk, he used to be my friend," said Mä'näbus, "and I'll ask him for help." Off he went, leaving his wife behind.

When he was very nearly at Elk's lodge, he thought to himself, "That fellow must have a dog to guard him." So it was, for when Mä'näbus drew near the dog began to bark, and out ran Elk's little sons. They saw the stranger and scurried back. "Oh Mä'näbus is coming, he's here!" they cried. "Oh yes," said their father, "he must be coming to visit us." Then to his wife he ordered, "Hurry up and sweep a place for Mä'näbus to sit, and you boys, you just keep quiet while I am entertaining our company. Remember you are children."

Just then Mä'näbus shut out the light at the door. "Hau!" cried Elk. "Come in, that is, if you wish to do so." "Hé, yes!" responded Mä'näbus. "Over there, over there, that way, where we've just cleaned up on purpose," said Elk. Mä'näbus went where he was told and sat down and made himself at home. "Well, can't you offer Mä'näbus something to eat?" inquired Elk of his wife, "go and get some water." She quickly obeyed. "Now hang your kettle and get some firewood," he ordered. When she had made the fire, Elk sent her over to get his knife which lay on a bundle of clothes near his guest. Mä'näbus saw it as he turned over where he lolled, to observe the operations. "Now turn your back to me," he said.

When his wife had turned around he raised up her waist over her head and pulled down her skirt. "Over here I'm going to cut you, over the shoulder and kidneys," he declared. Then he cut off a great square of flesh from his wife's back, without giving her any pain or startling her at all. "There take it," he said and gave the fat back to her. "Fetch me a dish," she called to her sons, and one of them brought her a dish into which she put the meat. Elk next took his knife and stripped off the tenderloin close to her backbone, likewise handing it to her, and she dropped it in the vessel. Elk did the same with her other tenderloin and she took it. "Now there, that's done," said Elk, "now hurry up and cook."

Elk stooped and took some sand from the floor and rubbed it into his wife's wounds, and behold she was made whole. In the meantime Mä'näbus' eyes were starting from his head, and he put his clenched fist before his mouth ejaculating "Maa!" in surprise. At the close of the incident Elk wiped the blood from the blade of his knife and put it back on the bundle of clothes while his wife rearranged her dress.

Then his wife divided the meat, taking half of each portion to cook at once, and splitting the others she hung them over the rafters to dry. All the time Mä'näbus was following the whole performance with his gaze, noting every move, it all seemed very easy. "Everything is finished," said the old woman by and by. "All right," replied Elk, "dish some out for Mä'näbus. As much as you think he can eat, and a little bit more for good measure, and don't forget to give him a little broth to drink."

Poor famished Mä'näbus was delighted. "Well, this is all I have to offer you," said Elk, "it's just what we eat ourselves. I am very nearly in want." "Yes, I can believe you, my little brother, since I am in the same fix myself," replied Mä'näbus, "this is the hardest time of the year for us." When Mä'näbus had finished his food he said, "Thanks, I am happy after eating this delicious meal of good fat meat and broth."

Mä'näbus slept at Elk's lodge that night. In the morning the woman was told by her husband to prepare breakfast. She took the rest of the

flesh and boiled it. The meat was much improved by its night of curing in the smoke. "Oh thank you, my little brother," cried Mä'näbus, "for this splendid breakfast. I have enjoyed it very much." "I thank you, too for visiting me," answered Elk, "I am glad you were pleased, but remember we are needy." "Well, that's true," replied Mä'näbus, "I know just how you are, for I am nearly starving myself." He got up. "I'll go home now," he said. "I'm glad you came," repeated Elk. "Yes, it's well I did," returned Mä'näbus, and he departed happily.

When Mä'näbus arose to leave he shoved his mittens behind him and left them there. After a while the cold outdoor air reminded him of them, and he stopped and whistled. "Who's that?" asked Elk of his boys, "Oh that must be your uncle calling, run and find out what he wants." One of the little boys hurried to him. "I went off without my mittens, please get them for me," said Mä'näbus. The lad ran back to the lodge. "What did Mä'näbus want?" his father asked. "He wanted his mittens that he forgot." "Oh yes, there they are, over there," said Elk, pointing. The boy ran back with them. "That's good, thank you," exclaimed Mä'näbus, "tell your father to visit me in return at his first opportunity, you people that are hungry." When the boy ran back Elk asked, "What did your uncle say?" "He said to tell you to visit him soon, you're more hungry than he is." "Of course," said Elk, "Mä'näbus didn't see much to eat here, that's why he has pity on us, we'll accept his invitation."

One day, after some time had elapsed, Elk remarked, "I guess I'll go over and visit my little brother Mä'näbus, according to his invitation." So off he went, carrying his knife. When he got close to Mä'näbus' lodge the dogs began to bark. "Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!" "Tci, hold on! Somebody's coming," said Mä'näbus to his sons, "run out and look and see who's coming." The boys ran out. "It's Elk!" they cried. "Hurry up and sweep the floor opposite the door, for our visitor," ordered Mä'näbus to his wife.

In the meantime Elk had come up and was standing in the doorway. "Hau! come in if you want to!" "Eh!" replied he, "I will," and Elk went in and sat down in the guest's corner. He removed his outer garments. "It's good that you came, little brother, I've been expecting you for a long time," said Mä'näbus. "Oh yes, I came because I was sad and lonely, as I always am at the approach of spring after the long winter. I thought a visit would take the dullness off my mind." "You have done well," said Mä'näbus.

Presently the host turned to his wife. "Tci!" he said, "go and get some water." "Yes, I will," she replied, doing so. "Hang it up over the fire," said Mä'näbus. In the meantime he was grinding his knife and when

he was finished he laid it on top of a bag of clothing. "Now come here," he ordered his wife. The woman looked at him astonished. "What for?" she asked. "Come here, I say, and do as I tell you. Sit down in front of me." "What do you want?" "You do as I tell you." But she refused to budge because she couldn't understand it. "What do you want?" "I tell you to sit down." At last she obeyed. "Come up closer and turn your back to me." "But what for?" "Never mind, you do as I tell you." She obeyed unwillingly. "Back up close," ordered Mä'näbus and his wife grudgingly complied. "Be obedient, now, and mind me," he ordered, "I'm not going to hurt you." "But I never did this before," said the woman. "Mind your own business!" snapped Mä'näbus, exasperated. He seized her dress and raised it over her head and bared her back. "What are you going to do?" "Hold your noise!" roared Mä'näbus, "Keep still." Then he let down her shirt. "What on earth do you want anyway?" she exclaimed turning around. "Shut up!" (Sunow'anepina.)

Mä'näbus reached for his knife and suddenly slashed across from shoulder to shoulder. "Aaaah!" she shrieked jumping and throwing up her hands. "Whât are you doing?" shouted Mä'näbus, "Hold still!" "What for?" "An'äääme'kût, doggone you!" thundered Mä'näbus, disgusted because he was unable to do what his little brother had done. "Well, this is the reason," he said to Elk who had been watching in astonished silence, "she has nearly arrived at her outdoor time.[1] But we formerly sliced our meals from her back just as nicely as can be."

All this while the woman was screaming from pain and the sight of blood. She had retreated as far as possible from her husband. Elk took the situation all in. He got up, out of pity and said, "Hold on, let me do this. Keep still a minute." The woman kept quiet while he rubbed earth over the cut and healed her up. All the while Mä'näbus sat staring disappointedly into the fire with his hand over his mouth.

"Now let me try," said Elk to the woman, who was his sister-in-law,[2] since Mä'näbus was his little brother. First he rubbed earth all over her back, then he let it dry, and then he brushed it off. Then he took his knife and said, "Don't be afraid, turn your back to me." The woman did so readily, and he cut the flesh from her as easily as he had from his own wife. "Here, take that! Get some one to fetch you a dish to put it in," he said and she obeyed him. Then Elk cut out her tenderloins, and she put them

[1] Monthly period, called outdoor time, by the Menomini with reference to the segregation of women during their terms.

[2] If the woman had not been Elk's sister-in-law, he would not have dared to take such a liberty with her. Sisters and brothers-in-law fall within the so-called joking-relationship and may indulge in mutual familiarities.

in a wooden bowl, and sat there with her bones all exposed, while Mä'näbus gazed in wonder. Elk next filled in the wound with earth and healed her. "I'm not like Mä'näbus," said Elk, "perhaps something is the matter with him." He said this because he had a right to, you remember they came in the joking-relationship.

When he had finished Elk sat down again in his place. "A'nämékût! doggone it all, she was having her monthlies," said Mä'näbus, "that was the whole cause of the trouble. We always used to be able to get our meat that way." He turned to his wife. "Now cook that," he said, "cut that back fat in half, dry one half and cook the other, and do the same with the tenderloins. We'll save the rest for breakfast."

The woman was soon finished. "Now it's done," she said. "Well dish out some for Elk first, then some for me and for our children and yourself." When this was done, Mä'näbus said to Elk, "Now eat, if you want to, but if you don't, refrain. This is all we have, for we are almost needy in this winter season." Then they all ate together, and they were filled and lay down to sleep. They told stories and talked until they dozed off. When Mä'näbus arose in the morning he ordered his wife to cook the remaining meat.

When they were all done, Elk said, "Thank you all for my good meal. I guess I'll return now that I am filled." "Yes, that's good," said Mä'näbus in reply, "although it did n't go very well because this dog of a woman was ill, but formerly it was all right."

13. Mä'näbus visits his Little Brother, Red Squirrel.

A couple of days after Elk's visit, Mä'näbus said to his family, "Tci! I think I'll go to see On'awanink, Red Squirrel." So off he went. When he drew near his friend's wigwam, the dogs barked, and a little squirrel peeped out. "Mä'näbus is coming!" he squealed. "Quick," said Squirrel to his wife, "sweep the guest place for him to sit down." Mä'näbus came to the door and stood at the threshold. "Well, come in if you want to," invited Squirrel. "Hé!" said Mä'näbus, and he entered.

"Oh this is fine!" exclaimed Squirrel, "we are glad you have come to visit us. Go and fetch some water, wife, so we can prepare a meal for Mä'näbus." As soon as Squirrel saw the water was boiling, he took his knife and went to a small peeled pole that stood by the fire in the center of the lodge. He ran up the pole and out on a limb that projected towards the door.

When Squirrel got out on the branch he began to "make his medicine."

He perched there with his tail cocked up, and stamping with one foot and jerking his brush he began to sing, "Simimik! Simimik! Simimik! Simimik!" Mä'näbus gazed with popping eyeballs, and saw Squirrel work himself into a frenzy with his incantations.[1] "Come here with your dish!" On'awanink bawled to his wife, and she ran under him and held up her wooden bowl. "Simimik! Simimik! Simimik! Simimik!" sang Squirrel. Suddenly he stopped, and with his knife ripped open one testicle and out poured a lot of wild rice. "Hold fast to your dish," he ordered his wife, while he shook out rice until she called, "There! There! it's full!" Then he closed up the wound and the rice ceased flowing.

In the meantime Mä'näbus' eyes stuck out farther and farther. When Squirrel had finished his ceremony, and his wife had emptied the rice, she ran back under him with the dish. Again Squirrel performed his magic. All at once he stopped and stabbed himself on the other side, and out ran a lot of grease and oil. "Pretty soon," called his wife, holding up the dish, "now! it's full." Squirrel at once closed the wound and began to dance and sing "Simimik! Simimik! Simimik!" In the meantime Mä'näbus craned his neck until it was nearly broken. Soon Squirrel stopped and spryly jumped all the way from the limb to his place on the circular couch, that ran around the inside of the wigwam, and Mä'näbus nearly fell over from surprise. "Now hurry and cook for our hungry guest," exclaimed Squirrel to his wife. She speedily obeyed. "You must be tired, lie down and sleep," said Squirrel to Mä'näbus. "We will have our dinner as soon as my wife is done cooking." When she had finished she set half of the rice and grease before their guest and they had a pleasant meal together and when they were done they lay for a long time telling stories before they went to bed. In the morning they finished the rice and oil, and Mä'näbus took his leave.

When he had gone a little way from the lodge he stopped and whistled and Squirrel's little boys ran out. "I have forgotten my mittens," [2] said Mä'näbus, so the little squirrels went back and got them for him. "Tell your father to return my visit soon, you who are more hungry than I am," he said. "Of course," said Squirrel, when he had heard the message, "Mä'näbus did not see much here, for that's the way we have to live."

After a little while Squirrel decided to make the return visit. When he drew close to the wigwam the children told Mä'näbus that Squirrel was coming. Mä'näbus was all prepared. He had a pole stuck up in his lodge and he told his wife to sweep the guest's place in preparation for their visitor.

[1] Many incantations used in "making medicine" are not efficacious unless the performer throws himself into a frenzy.

[2] For this reason, a forgetful person is often nicknamed "Mä'näbus" by the Menomini.

Presently Squirrel arrived in the doorway. "Come in if you want to," said Mä'näbus. "Hé!" replied Squirrel and he came in and took his place. Presently Squirrel saw Mä'näbus take his knife and climb the post with great difficulty, balancing himself as best he could until he reached the branch where he began to stamp and sing, "Simimik! Simimik! Simimik!" but he did not have any tail to wave, although he cocked his head about as he had seen Squirrel do.

"Fetch a dish," he called to his wife, and after much scolding she brought it over against her will. When he had worked himself up to what he thought was the proper frenzy, he suddenly stabbed himself in the right testicle and nothing but blood came forth. "Ä'nääämékût!" exclaimed Mä'näbus, fainting, "My wife has spoiled this, she is having her sickness." Squirrel immediately got up and took some dirt which he rubbed on the wound and healed it. Then he ran nimbly up the pole and out on the branch. He cocked his head and jerked his tail and began to sing, "Simimik! Simimik! Simimik!" Suddenly he stabbed himself in the right testicle and wild rice poured forth into the bowl which Mä'näbus' wife held for him. When the bowl was filled he repeated his performance and stabbed himself in the other testicle, whereupon oil and grease poured forth. "I guess something must be wrong with my elder brother's medicine," he said slyly. Mä'näbus was disgusted. "Än'ääämékût!" he repeated, "that's all my wife's fault, she was having her monthlies, I have always been able to do it before."

14. Mä'näbus visits his Little Brother, Woodpecker.

Two days later Mä'näbus made up his mind to visit Red-headed Woodpecker. So he told his wife. "All right, go if you choose," she said. So off he went. When he came close to Woodpecker's lodge the dog saw him and began to bark and Woodpecker's little boys ran out to see who was coming. "Oh! Papa, here comes Mä'näbus," they called. "Oh," said Woodpecker to his wife, "sweep the guest's place for our visitor." A few minutes later Mä'näbus stood in the doorway. "Come in if you want to," said Woodpecker. "He!" said Mä'näbus, and he entered and took his place. "Go fetch some water so we can cook a meal for Mä'näbus," said Woodpecker to his wife.

In the center of the lodge, close to the fire, stood a dry maple post, and when Woodpecker's wife had hung the kettle over the fire, her husband told her to get her wooden poker ready. Meantime, Mä'näbus gazed all round, but he could not see any trace of food. Suddenly, Woodpecker ran up the tree, shouting, "Ka! Ka! Ka! Ka! Ka!" turning his head from side to side.

and all at once he struck the trunk with his bill and pulled out a large juicy worm, which he dropped on the ground, where his wife promptly knocked it over the head. Instantly it became a big fat raccoon. "Maaa!" gasped Mä'näbus, placing his fist over his mouth in token of his astonishment. "I guess I'll try again," said Woodpecker to his wife, and he ran up the other side of the post, calling, "Ka! Ka! Ka! Ka! Ka!" Presently, he stopped tapping on the tree, drew out a big white grub which he dropped on the floor. His wife hit it over the head and immediately it became a fat raccoon. Then Woodpecker jumped down, rubbed his nose, and it changed from an ordinary beak to shining brass or copper, and then, as he continued to rub, Mämäo, the Woodpecker, became a man before the startled gaze of Mä'näbus. "Cut, clean, and skin these 'coons, cook one, and hang the other up for breakfast," said Woodpecker to his wife. Very soon the meal was ready. "Serve it in a dish for Mä'näbus," said the Woodpecker, and presently it was handed to him. "The winter is long," remarked Woodpecker, "and this is all we have to eat." When they finished their supper, they told stories for a while until they went to bed.

In the morning, Woodpecker ordered his wife to prepare the other raccoon for Mä'näbus. When it was done he told her to serve it for breakfast. "This is all we have to eat," he apologized, "you know the winter is so long and hard." "Well," replied Mä'näbus, "I guess I'll leave you now." "I am glad you came over to visit me," said Woodpecker, "I was lonesome." Mä'näbus set out for home, but did not go far before Woodpecker heard him whistle, "Whew!" "Run out and see what Mä'näbus wants," he said to his sons. The boys hastened to the place, "I have forgotten my mittens," said Mä'näbus. Back went the little fellows to fetch them. "Oh!" said Woodpecker, "There they are, where Mä'näbus was sitting. He must have left them there." The boys brought the mittens to Mä'näbus. "Thank you," said he, "tell your father to visit me. You people who have less to eat than I, let me return your kindness." "All right," said Woodpecker, when he heard the message. "We will do that. Mä'näbus did not see anything wrong here, that was the only way we could feed him."

A few days later Woodpecker said to his wife, "I guess I'll go and visit Mä'näbus, he wanted me to go and so I will." When he got close to Mä'näbus' lodge the dogs began to bark. "Run and see who's coming," said Mä'näbus to his sons. "It is Woodpecker," they replied after peeping out. "Go sweep the guest's place," said he to his wife. In a few minutes Woodpecker stood in the doorway.

"Come in, if you want to," said Mä'näbus. "Hé!" replied Woodpecker, and he entered and sat in the place prepared for him. Woodpecker saw

that Mä'näbus had a piece of brass which he had filed sharp lying on his clothes pack. When he came in Mä'näbus fitted the brass beak on his nose and went out. Presently, he came in with a dry maple sapling which he had cut, and set it up in the lodge. Then he sent his wife out to get water. When it was hung over the fire, Mä'näbus shouted, "Ka! Ka! Ka!" and began to peck vigorously on the pole. Presently he drove the copper into his face and the next thing blood gushed forth and he fell down in a faint. Then Woodpecker arose, took the false beak off and rubbed some dirt on the wound and healed it. "Än'äämékût!" said Mä'näbus, "my wife is to blame, she is having her sickness, that is why I failed. I always used to be able to do it." Woodpecker smothered his amusement as he got up and told Mä'näbus' wife to get her poker ready. Then he jumped on the tree and shouted, "Ka! Ka! Ka!" rapped on it and pulled out a fat white maggot which he dropped before her. She struck it and it became a raccoon. Once again he called, and again he brought out a fat worm and it turned into a 'coon for Mä'näbus' wife to kill. Then Woodpecker hopped down and became a person. He then said to Mä'näbus' wife, "Skin one 'coon and cook it, and let the other go for breakfast." When the meal was ready, Mä'näbus' wife served it to her husband and Woodpecker, and after supper they told stories until it was time to go, and the next morning they had the other raccoon for breakfast. A little while after they had eaten Woodpecker remarked, "I guess it's time for me to leave." "Well, I am glad you came," said Mä'näbus, I like to have company occasionally."

15. Mä'näbus visits his Little Brother, Skunk.

(*a*)

One time in the winter Mä'näbus decided to go and visit his little brother, Skunk. So he took his mittens and put on his snowshoes and journeyed over to Skunk's wigwam. When he arrived at the lodge he stood at the door for a while looking at Skunk. The lodge was empty. There was no food or children to be seen. At last Skunk looked up. "Hau, my older brother, come in if you want to, but if you don't, stay where you are." "Yoh!" answered Mä'näbus, and he entered and sat down in the guest's place.

Presently Skunk spoke to his wife and told her to make the fire and hang the kettle. Meantime Mä'näbus looked all around but failed to see anything to eat. "I wonder what my little brother is going to offer me?" he thought in his heart. There was the frame of a long mitäwikomik (medicine

lodge) extending from one side of Skunk's lodge, and this he ordered his wife to cover with upaxki (bulrush mats). When this was done Skunk made his wife and Mä'näbus enter it, and hid each under a blanket, cautioning them not to peep out, but, of course, Mä'näbus had to find a hole and spy through it.

When he had everything in readiness, Skunk went to one end of the lodge and squatted there, bent over, with his bare backside pointed down the aisle. Presently he began to beat two sticks together and to sing a song which called all the animals in the world to come and dance. After a little while the whole earth began to tremble, pde! pde! pde! pde! so many were gathering. They made such a noise that Mä'näbus peeped from his hole in the blanket to see them. Nima-a-a! There were stags, deer, bear, and all manner of edible creatures, all dancing.

All this time Skunk was peeping back over his shoulder, and when he saw them all lined up, Pau! he broke wind. Oh, Nimaaa! It was terrible! All of them fell over on their backs, stupified. Then Skunk sprang to him and called on his wife and Mä'näbus to help him slay the quadrupeds while they lay there stunned.

When the animals had been cut up and cooked they had a splendid meal, and then they all went to bed. The next morning, after breakfast Skunk took down his sacred medicine bundle and took out two charges of his powder, which he gave to Mä'näbus, one for the spring and one for the summer hunt. Then Mä'näbus left for home, rehearsing his brother's medicine song as he had heard it.

All the way home Mä'näbus ran. As he scurried along he began to think in his heart: "Nima-a-a! I wonder if it is really true that my little brother has given me two charges of his miraculous powder?" This worried Mä'näbus so much that at last he stopped, stripped his breechclout, and backed up to a tree. "Pau!" Ni-ma-a-a! It was terrible! Not a trace was left of the tree except slivers. "Oh, so it is really true, what my little brother, Skunk, told me!" He thought in his heart, "Oh, how good that is, now we shall be well provided with food!"

He ran on again, singing his sacred hunting song, but soon doubts began to assail him once more. At last he came to a huge boulder, so he paused, whipped off his clout, and backed up to it. "Pau!" oh, alas! how terrible! The boulder was blown away entirely. Nothing but a trace of powder remained.

Then Mä'näbus was satisfied. "Yes, what my little brother promised me has really turned out to be true! He did give me two charges of his wonderful powder!" he thought, so he hurried home.

When he got home he ordered his wife to prepare and cover a medicine

lodge for him, and when she was done he made her enter and covered her with a blanket. Then Mä'näbus went to one end and bent over in imitation of Skunk, and began to sing the sacred medicine song to the tune of two sticks which he beat together. For a long time there was no response, because, indeed, Mä'näbus had learned the refrain very carelessly and those songs must always be sung just so. He worried and wondered, and perspired, but at last they gathered in great numbers and danced.

When Mä'näbus thought they were all in line behind him, he began to endeavor to shoot, but Nima-a-a! he could only wink his buttocks at them. Finally, the animals murmured among themselves and all went out. Last of all, a poor, thin little fawn trotted by, and seeing that strange pink button pointed at it, it poked its nose on it and died.

Then Mä'näbus' wife came out, very angry. When he told her, she exclaimed, "You are a fool! Why did you not obey your little brother's instructions? We might have had plenty to eat instead of this stupid little fawn!"

(*b*)

Mä'näbus once came across a skunk.

"Hani nä'se (little brother)," he cried. Skunk was so frightened that he broke wind. "Oh, nä'se," said Mä'näbus in astonishment, "I can see that you have power. Can't you trade me some of it." "No," replied Skunk, "I have none to spare." "Oh, my little brother, you who are so beautiful in your black and white coat, you who are so tiny and yet whose buttocks are so powerful, can't you trade me a little?" "No, I don't want to," growled Skunk.

"Well, loan it to me, I am your elder brother, and I'll bring it back to you." Skunk was so flattered at Mä'näbus' interest that he turned his back to a stump and blew it to pieces, just to show off. Mä'näbus was delighted. "Oh my dear little brother, I like you, I love you, I beseech you to loan it to me a little while."

By this time Skunk was so mollified that he agreed, "but how will we trade?" he asked. "Oh that's easy," said Mä'näbus. He stooped over and backed up against Skunk and they rubbed their buttocks together. Then Mä'näbus took leave of his little brother and started off, proud and happy. As he walked along, he thought in his heart, "Well, let me try and see what power my little brother has given me." He backed up to a tree, and Nimaa! he blew it to flinders.

"Oh I am proud, that is entirely true! He told me that it would act that way!" So he traveled on, longing all the while to do it again. By and by he came to a boulder and backed up to it. "I guess I'll see how strong

I am, in case I meet any warriors." Then he let drive and blew it to smithereens. "Oh how grand, how good! What power he has given me! I am fully satisfied," thought Mä'näbus, and he went on thinking to keep the power a while. At last he really wanted to use it in earnest, but he misfired, hai! he began to feel sad. "May be I don't do it right," he thought, and he went on further. But the next time he tried he failed again.

16. Mä'näbus and Partridge.

Partridge used to have a wigwam not far from Mä'näbus' lodge. One April, in sugar time, he and Mä'näbus were nearly starving. They did not live far from the lake and one day Partridge said to his wife, "I guess I'll go to the shore and gather Kitcipitiaminûk berries." [1] As Partridge was at work he saw a flint-headed arrow fall through the air and strike the ground just beside him. He reached to pick it up, but a voice called out, "Tci! Tci! Tci! Tci! Tci! Tci! Don't touch that," and a man descended from the sky.[2] "What are you doing, Partridge?" he asked. "I am gathering food, for we are starving," replied Partridge. "Well, you had better camp here tonight with me," said the stranger, "you can gather some wood to last until morning and then we can go out together." Partridge at once set to work and when he was done gathering wood he made a good fire. Then he collected cedar boughs for a bed and everything was in readiness for the night. By and by his guest took off his moccasins and threw them to Partridge saying in Ojibway, "Take the old cloth out from inside my shoes." Partridge obeyed and as he pulled out the rag it became a strip of splendid elk meat. From the other shoe he pulled a large piece of back fat, and these he started to roast before the fire on a sharp stick; but he tried to save a little for his children. "What are you doing?" asked the stranger.

"I am just keeping back a little for my family," replied Partridge.

"Oh, eat it all," said his company, "I will give you some more for your children."

In the morning when they had eaten, the stranger said, "Give me your ax." Partridge handed it to him and he led the way down to the ice where he chopped up a lot of it into fine pieces. Then he took the bag into which Partridge had put the few poor berries that he had picked, and threw away the contents. Partridge was disappointed, but said nothing, and the stranger put the cracked ice into the bag and returned it to him, saying,

[1] Buttock scratching berries.

[2] This man who is not mentioned by name throughout the story, is said to have been none other than the Sun.

"Now carry this home, go along the shore of the lake until you come to a steep place. There someone will call out behind you, 'Stop him! Hit him! he is taking away all our sturgeon, Stop him! Hit him!' but do not look back. When you come to a hollow pour all your ice in it, but do not turn around, go straight home. The next morning when you get up come back and you will find your food there." "All right," said Partridge, and took the bag and went home. When he arrived at the trail over the steep bank he heard someone call out, "Hé! Hé! Hé! this man is stealing all our sturgeon. Catch him! Hit him!" but he never looked back. When he came to a small hollow by the wayside he poured out all the ice and threw away his bag. Then he went on home. When he arrived there his wife was angry, "Where are your berries?" "Keep still, don't mention it," ordered Partridge.

The next day Partridge got up early, he told his wife to dress, and the two set out. When they arrived at the hollow they found a place full of sturgeon. Partridge told his wife all about it. "Now you see we have enough food to last all winter," he said. Indeed they had plenty of food. Even the little children were able to eat until their bellies were round. When they had breakfasted they hauled the sturgeon down to the lodge and cleansed, split, and smoked them. During the day some of Mä'näbus' children came over and when they saw what was going on they went home and told their father and he presently came over too. "My! Partridge, how do you happen to have such luck?" asked Mä'näbus, astonished. "Oh!" said Partridge, "I was picking berries and while I was at work a flint-tipped arrow came sailing through the air. I started to pick it up, but a voice called out to me 'Tci! Tci! Tci! Tci! Don't touch that' and presently a man came and spoke to me. He asked me to camp with him that night and when we went to bed he threw me his moccasins, telling me to take out the dirty old rags inside. When I did, they became beautiful elk meat. The next morning we went to the lake and he threw away my berries and filled my bag with chopped ice. He told me to take it home and not to pay any attention if I heard anyone calling out behind me. When I got almost to my lodge, I poured the ice in a hollow in the ground according to his instructions and the next morning when I came back it was filled with sturgeon."

The story made a great impression on Mä'näbus, who promptly resolved to do likewise, in spite of the mysterious calling on the road. Partridge made him a present of a sturgeon and he went home. He told his wife all about it and asked her to get him a bag so he could go and pick berries. While he was picking near the lake he saw an arrow falling through the air and reached for it. "Here! Here! Here! Don't touch that," called a voice,

but Mä'näbus had already grabbed it, when the man stood beside him "Partridge didn't touch my arrow," said the stranger angrily. Mä'näbus dropped it. "Get some wood and we will camp together," said the newcomer and Mä'näbus obeyed him. After they had been camped a little while the stranger took off his moccasins and threw them to Mä'näbus.

"Take the old rags out of my shoes," he said. Mä'näbus calmly threw his over to the other. "Pull the rags out of mine," he retorted impudently. "Why!" said his companion offended, "Partridge was not so rude as you are. I am doing this to help you." "Oh! I beg your pardon, God," said Mä'näbus, obeying with a sneer. He pulled out the rag from one and it became excellent elk meat and from the other he drew back-fat. His comrade ordered him to roast half of each for supper and to hang the rest over the fire to smoke for the morning. The next day Mä'näbus took down the remainder and roasted it. His companion noticed that he had laid some aside. "Why do you do that, Mä'näbus?" he asked. "My children are starving," was the reply. "Oh, never mind that," said the other, I will give you something better than that to eat."

After breakfast they went down to the lake where Sun chopped up some ice and filled Mä'näbus' bag with it, telling him to take it home. "When you come to the steep place where the trail leaves the lake you will hear somebody calling, 'Stop him! Hit him! He is taking away all our sturgeon.' But do not look back, go right home. When you come to a hollow pour out all your ice and come back the next day and you will find what I have sent you."

Mä'näbus received the bag and headed along for the shore. When he arrived at the steep hill he started to ascend. "Hé! Hé! Hé!" called someone, "this man is stealing all our sturgeon." Mä'näbus stopped and looked around, but he could see nothing and all he heard was the soughing of the wind in the branches. He started on again. "Hé! Hé! Hé! Stop him! Hit him! This man is stealing all our sturgeon," cried a voice. Again Mä'näbus stopped and looked around, but there was no one in sight. He went on a little further. "Hé! Hé! Hé! Stop him! Hit him! This man is stealing all our sturgeon." Again Mä'näbus paused and turned back but again he could see no one. When he got to the hollow he threw down his ice and headed home. "Have you got anything for us to eat?" asked his wife. "Shut up!" said Mä'näbus, "you will see tomorrow." Early in the morning he arose and made the fire and sharpened his knife. "Get up old woman," he called, "now you'll see we have food enough to last all winter."

They went to the hollow. Mä'näbus had not chosen a small one such as Partridge had picked out, but when they got there all they found were

a few poor sturgeon, that looked very different from Partridge's fine ones. They were thin and miserable. "Still, I suppose we can't complain, even if we did have bad luck," said Mä'näbus.

At breakfast they discovered that their sturgeon were not nearly as good to eat as Partridge's, so Mä'näbus had the impudence to go over and ask Partridge to exchange half of his sturgeon, but Partridge laughed at him. "You are so clever you never do what you are told! Why didn't you obey the man? If you had only done so, you would have had good sturgeon," was all the satisfaction that Mä'näbus could get.

17. Mä'näbus and Buzzard.

Once upon a time Buzzard was flying around through the heavens. Mä'näbus saw him and as he had often wondered how it was that he could fly so high and so easily, he called, "Little brother, won't you come down?" Buzzard ignored him, but Mä'näbus called several times and at last he came. "What do you want of me?" he said to Mä'näbus. "I love to see you fly so beautifully, my little brother," said the hero, and they talked together for a while. "I'd like to travel around with you just to see the world, won't you take me with you," asked Mä'näbus at length. "Oh! that's impossible," replied Buzzard, "you are too big. If you were small perhaps I could manage it." "That would be no trouble for me," said Mä'näbus, "I will make myself any size you wish." "All right," assured Buzzard, "if you can do it, I will take you. Then Mä'näbus made himself as small as a red squirrel. "Is that small enough?" he asked. "Yes," said Buzzard, and he came right down to the earth. "Get on my back and hang tight," he ordered.

Mä'näbus obeyed and Buzzard mounted upward and soared about. "Oh my little brother," said Mä'näbus, "this is a great treat for me to be away up here where I can look around." They sailed all over the firmament until at last Buzzard grew tired. "When shall we stop?" he asked. "Oh let's keep on, little brother," said Mä'näbus, "I like it so much." But Buzzard became more and more fatigued and Mä'näbus kept begging him to fly on. At last Buzzard thought of a way to get rid of him. He flew sideways. "Hold on brother! I will fall off," shouted Mä'näbus in terror. Then Buzzard turned a somersault and shook his back and wings. "Oh! wa!" screamed Mä'näbus, and off he fell. When he struck the earth he lay unconscious for a while. When he came to, there was something like a pair of buttocks right near his face. "Go away," scolded he, slapping them, but they did not move. At last he discovered that they were his

own for his back was broken so badly by the fall that his buttocks were like a pillow for him. It was all Buzzard's fault. He got a handful of earth and rubbed it on himself and behold he was cured. "Änääämékut! I'll pity you yet," he growled, "I didn't think that you would do that to me, Buzzard. Of course, in one way it is my own fault," and he would laugh one minute and be angry the next.

There was no way to be revenged at the time, so Mä'näbus started off on his travels racking his brains. At last he had a bright idea. "Let me become a big elk," he said and it was so at once. As it was the fall he was as is proper at that season, very fat. "I won't kill that buzzard," said Mä'näbus to himself, "he didn't kill me." So he trotted around until he found a good hill. He went up there and lay down as though he were dead. Pretty soon animals, including all kinds of birds, began to gather to feast on the carcass. They devoured the upper part of the body, but the hind quarters they left untouched. After several days Buzzard came, but he was suspicious for he knew the power of Mä'näbus. After a while he decided to go and feast too. He came down and began pecking about the buttocks of the dead elk. The rectum was wide open and presently the buzzard stuck his beak in and pulled at the fat. It was very good and he kept reaching in farther and farther. Suddenly it closed upon him and grasped his neck firmly. Buzzard at once knew that he was in the power of Mä'näbus and began to beg for mercy. "You had no pity for me when you shook me off," said Mä'näbus. So the elk became alive. "I will have no pity on you now," he remarked, "but perhaps I may by and by." Away he started with the buzzard dangling from his buttocks. The victim pleaded so hard that at last Mä'näbus took him out and looked at his head. "Oh you haven't been punished enough yet," he said, "I am not quite finished with you." So he thrust him back and went on. By and by Buzzard pleaded so hard that Mä'näbus looked again and saw that the feathers had been rotted off from the poor bird's head. "Well!" said Mä'näbus, letting him go, "That's the way you will look forever, because you were so mean to me."

18. Mä'näbus Dupes the Fishes.[1]

When Mä'näbus resumed his own shape after punishing Buzzard, he was very hungry, for he had lain in the shape of a dead elk for a long time. He was traveling along the bank of a river, starving and wondering how he

[1] This story was obtained from another narrator, who assured me that it followed the buzzard story. It is incomplete, as he did not know the conclusion of the adventure.

could get food. Pike and Pickerel were the chief residents of the stream, and as Mä'näbus trudged by he saw Pickerel lying in the shallows. "Hello, my little brother," said Mä'näbus, "old Pike over there says he can whip you." Pickerel made no reply and Mä'näbus went down a little farther until he came to Pike. "Pickerel says he can thrash you," said Mä'näbus to Pike, and back and forth he went between the two telling them lies about each other until they were furious. They set a place and fought there. Mä'näbus sat on a log and watched and encouraged them. Finally, one fish was defeated, but both of them died, and Mä'näbus waded in and got them without any difficulty. He cleaned them, and cooked and smoked the flesh. When he was done he ate until he could hold no more. Then he hung a piece of choice pickerel flesh on a string and laid down under it so that when he awoke all he would have to do would be to reach up and bite off a piece, thus saving himself the labor of arising.

While he was sleeping a party of wolves came up and when they saw Mä'näbus had food they stole it all, even the piece that was hanging over his head. In its place they hung a flat stone, then they departed. After a while Mä'näbus awoke and being only half awake he reached up and bit the rock with such force that he nearly broke his teeth. He jumped to his feet exclaiming, "Änääämékût! I will fix those thieves." He soon discovered that all his meat was gone and started on the trail of the fugitives.

19. Mä'näbus Frightened by the Birds.

One time Mä'näbus told his grandmother he was going to build a dam to catch fish, so he cut poles and made a dam across the river. When he had made it, he fished nearby and caught great quantities of fish. The old lady was kept busy cleaning and drying them, so she built a shack in which to dry his catches. At last the news leaked out that Mä'näbus was catching and drying fish, and all the great birds heard and saw it. So they counselled together to go and scare him. They appointed Horned Owl, the Long-eared Owl, Screech Owl, and the Bittern, who looks always at the sun. These four were the ones selected to scare Mä'näbus for Mä'näbus was young. They were to take turns in whooping at him, while he was hunting and fishing. While he was at work he heard them and never knew or saw who they were. When he heard the first one calling he threw down his spear and ran home to tell his grandmother. "Grandmother, I have heard a God." "What way did he call?" Mä'näbus imitated him. "Oh, that's only a Horned Owl, Wiwicmianuv, that's what your uncles call him." So back he went, and soon he heard another noise that scared him and he ran back

to tell his grandmother. "What kind of sound did he make?" and Mä'näbus imitated him. "Oh, that's only Tótopa, the Screech Owl, that's what your uncles call him." When the three owls had tried unsuccessfully to drive off Mä'näbus, the bittern took his turn and Mä'näbus heard him and ran back for the fourth and last time. "What sound did you hear?" "Wi-kum-uk! Wi-kum-uk!" imitated Mä'näbus. "I've heard a powerful God!" The old woman said, "Yes, sure enough you did hear a great power!" and she was frightened too.

Mä'näbus left all his food and started off with his grandmother on his back. When they had traveled a long way off they stopped and camped. Then the old lady began to pick acorns and prepare them. But she prepared them for her sweetheart, a bear. Mä'näbus did not want to go, but his grandmother coaxed, until finally he went. When he arrived he noticed his bear grandfather was growling. "Oh my what's the matter with you. Grandmother sent me here to give this to you," he said, so the bear became quiet.

Mä'näbus stayed there that night with bow and arrows. When they were nearly ready to sleep they told each other stories. Then Mä'näbus pretended to go to sleep and made no answer to his grandfather. After a while he pretended to have a nightmare. "Oh grandson, what's the matter with you?" "Oh grandfather! I've had a vision." "What did you dream?" "I just dreamt that they are going to kill both of us with stone-headed lances and when I was ready to fight you'd get in my way or hold me back." "Oh that's nothing! go to sleep. It would only have been true if you had dreamt that they used a copper tipped weapon, then we would have to do something."

Now Mä'näbus was only doing this in order to find out what medicine the bear was afraid of. Mä'näbus watched his grandfather until he fell asleep, then he went out and defecated all around the lodge in different spots. He said to each: "You watch here like a brave warrior, and just before dawn, blow on your war whistle[1] and whoop and begin the attack." When he had surrounded the lodge with these, he took his copper spear and went back to sleep. Just before dawn the clamor of whistles and whooping aroused his grandfather. "Didn't I tell you so. Here they are!" Mä'näbus grabbed his weapons, feigned to shoot at the door and pretended to run out, with his grandfather running behind on his hind legs, then Mä'näbus turned around and shot his copper tipped arrow right into the old bear, who died. At dawn Mä'näbus skinned and dressed his grandfather. He then started for home with the bear's stomach fat and ate the acorns himself that his grandmother had sent to the bear.

[1] As though from a war bundle.

When he got home his grandmother cried: "My! my! my! Mä'näbus, maybe you ate that yourself," for she saw remnants of the feast between his teeth. "Oh no! they fed me!" Then Mä'näbus said: "My aunts used to boil bones to get the marrow. You ought to do that too." So his grandmother said: "Yes," and began to crack and split deer bones to boil them for the marrow. "Another thing my aunts generally do is to dance when it commences to boil, and that makes more marrow come out." "Yes, all right, if your aunts used to do so, I'll do it." She tied up her dress to dance, so Mä'näbus began to sing and rap with a stick. "Grandmother! Grandmother! is cooking to get more marrow."

He told his grandmother to keep her eyes closed while dancing. While she was doing that he dropped his grandfather's fat into the kettle. When the dance was over, she knew what Mä'näbus had done, and they started out to butcher his bear grandfather. "What part of the bear do you prefer?" said Mä'näbus, and he offered her the forequarter. "Oh no! I don't want that part, for he will scratch me!" She refused the hind quarters, because they would claw her. Then Mä'näbus offered the back, but she was afraid of that. "Well now," said Mä'näbus over and over, "what part will grandmother really accept. Well, won't you take the head?" "No, then he will bite me." "Then take this," and he offered her the spine.

"All right. Your uncles will say in the future that Mä'näbus was liberal in giving his grandmother the backbone of the bear."

Then they started home with their heavy load of the bear's meat. Mä'näbus started first and got home earlier, then he started back and met her and took her load away. "I'll take this away from you and give it back to my uncles," and he threw it upwards and it became a constellation, called "Bears Buttocks" by the Indians today. It is sometimes called the "Ghost's Coffin."

20. Mä'näbus and the Medicines.

On another tramp Mä'näbus saw a bunch of wild onions. To make them stronger he sat over them and defecated on them. Then he looked them over closely and said "It is only onions!" then he broke wind at them and said "Whenever my uncles and aunts, the people, have nothing else to eat they shall use these wild onions!"

Then he walked on a little farther and he heard a voice cry: "Everybody eats me!" He stopped and went back to some little grasses growing by the river. "What did you say, my little brother," he inquired, "Did

you say 'Everybody eats you?'" "Yes, everybody eats me." So Mä'näbus stooped and dug up the root and ate it. Presently he began to break wind so violently that he got scared and ran to a hollow and lay down, still he could not quiet his rear which kept going "Poo! poo!" He thought someone was shooting at him, but looking around he saw no one, so he finally discovered that it was his own trouble that he heard. So he got up and went on, breaking wind.

After a while he heard another little voice cry, "They eat me!" "What did you say, my little brother?" "They eat me!" "Well, let me try you." It was Wapiskatcipikaka or white root, sweet, so he ate some of it after scarcely forgetting his other affliction. Now this white root is physic, and he ate a piece of root as long as his forefinger, and it physicked him until he died. He sat on top of a log that projected over a little hollow and was physicked until he fainted. After a while he came to and found himself afloat. He managed to crawl out and after washing himself in the river he went home.

After eating the plant which called out to him "Eat me," he traveled for some distance until he came to the plains. Some one shot at him. He jumped and started to look around. But more shots followed. "Yes, I'm Mä'näbus!" he cried, throwing off his kettle and running around and guarding himself. But he saw no enemy and still he heard shots behind him. All day long this continued, until evening when he was all worn out and was obliged to rest. At last he guessed what the trouble was. He was breaking wind all day! "These little brothers of mine don't agree with me after eating them," he cried, shouldering his kettle again.

21. Mä'näbus and the Tree Holders.

Mä'näbus was once traveling along carrying his kettle on his back, when he killed a moose, which he cooked in the kettle. When it was done he took out the meat and prepared to eat it. While he was doing this he heard someone making a noise up above. "Stop your noise! don't be so noisy while I'm eating." It was only two trees rubbing together in the wind. It wouldn't stop so Mä'näbus climbed up to make it quit before he ate. He tried to pull the limbs apart, but he was caught there and could not escape. As he looked about he saw a pack of wolves coming. "Don't come here brothers," he called to them.

The wolves began to laugh and smile to each other. "Perhaps Mä'näbus has something there he doesn't want us to see." They hurried over and there was some food already prepared. They ate it all up and ran away, laughing.

As soon as they were gone Mä'näbus gave a little pull and freed himself, and when he got down there nothing was left but bare bones, so he packed his kettle on his back and started off. It was very windy when he got out of the forest into the opening. He saw a great crowd dancing and whooping. He liked this so he threw off his kettle to join them, and danced up to the crowd. He danced until late in the evening when the wind fell, and when he came to look about he found that he had not been dancing with Indians at all, but reeds by the lake that had danced in the wind. Full of astonishment he packed his kettle on his back and started off again.

22. Mä'näbus kills the Little Partridges.

Once in one of Mä'näbus' walks he followed up a stream along the bank until he came to where a pair of mated partridges were making maple sugar. They had two children, little partridges, who were seated near their nest and beside the sugar kettle. When Mä'näbus saw them he asked the first one: "What is your name?" The little partridge answered "Aispaspé, this means, to sit higher and higher." Then he said to the other, "What is your name?" "Aiaisuipit." This means to sit lower and lower. Then Mä'näbus said, "Let me see you do so." So the little partridges began to sit lower and lower. Then said Mä'näbus, "How do you eat your maple sugar? Let me see you, do." So both little birds flew to the rim of the kettle and sat there while they commenced to eat maple sugar. Then Mä'näbus pushed them both in and killed them. "Who are you to be called important names?" said he, and went his way.

In the meantime the old partridges returned and when they saw their young ones in the kettle of syrup they said: "Mä'näbus must have come here! It must have been he who killed them!" So they both chased him. They saw him ahead of them, and knowing his course they both flew and cut him off, hiding ahead of him. When Mä'näbus came they flew up with a great noise and frightened him so much he fell in the river and broke in two. He lay like dead for some time, and then, coming to his senses, he opened his eyes and saw the stern of some human being floating almost in his face. He pushed it away exclaiming: "Go and lay your buttocks somewhere else!" After a little while he discovered that it was his own stern, so he laboriously linked himself together and crawled out of the water. He lay there a little while until he was healed. Then he started on his way once more.

As he followed along the bank looking into the water he saw some elmberries reflected in the water. He dived in to get them and struck his head

against a rock. This time he lay unconscious for a long time. Then he came to, and as he floated, something drifted against his nose and rubbed there. He wondered what it was and tried to blow it away. "Isi!" he exclaimed, "naminaoyiutâ!" or "drowned defecating, nasty. It is only my own excrement." Then he crawled up on the bank and lay down, and while he reclined there he looked upwards and saw the berries really growing on the tree over his head. "Oh," said he, "it was only their reflection I saw down in the water then." So he got up and ate them.

23. The Men Who Visited Mä'näbus.

Once a Menomini traveled north to Canada to obtain gifts from Mä'näbus. He went in company with some Ojibway, one of whom had dreamed that Mä'näbus appeared to him and talked to him, and he repeated the dream. Finally he went to Mä'näbus' house and went in. It was a big rock.

"In the future you shall come here to me at some time," said Mä'näbus. "Oh I shall, I will!" replied the Indian. "After this you shall rest all winter. When there is snow on the ground get a lot of red cedarbark and pitch, and be ready to make a boat in early spring. When it is ready, I'll know it and I shall tell you what to do."

He did it. He fasted and dreamed all winter at intervals. The time came and he took eight men with him, good ones as Mä'näbus had ordered. No impure ones and no one who had ever been with women. The youth invited eight fellows holding out to each the chance to see Mä'näbus. They all accepted. "When you come to a great bay come directly across, don't go way around." Half way over, a great wind came up and scared the party. "Prepare your tobacco and hand it to me," said the dreamer. They did so. "I am now going to Mä'näbus as he asked me. I do not want all this wind and storm. I want it to be calm," prayed the dreamer.

The wind calmed. The eight men were much impressed. They crossed over and arrived at the shore on the left hand side of them and followed it for a while. "Now pull up our canoe and we will go north overland from here."

They traveled and walked all day and camped at night. At last they reached the shore of the North Sea. Now they went to the west along the coast. At last the dreamer told them he would arrive next day at noon.

One of the eight men was his nephew. The dreamer told him to pass tobacco around to them and then he announced the news. "Ho!" they answered. They started out. At last at a grove of Norway pine they found

a large dark stone that looked like a woman's breast. They all stopped before it. "If I am telling the truth, there will be a door in yonder rock." "Hau!" they all cried.

They started again, the dreamer leading. When they got right up close, there was an open door with a man standing there. He did not utter a word but beckoned them in. When they entered it was dark. At last they came to another man who opened a door and they all went into a large chamber like a round lodge where there burned a bright light, and there lay a man stretched on the ground on his belly. They looked at him, as he lay on new white, red, and green blankets, with others as a pillow. A little fire was near by. All at once he spoke, "Hau, go sit down opposite me" (back of him, on the platform). They all seated themselves there. The man looked towards the fire; the dreamer was nearest him. The man finally sat up. The first man he looked at was the one nearest to the door.

"N'hau!" he said, "you down there prepare food for these visitors," looking out of the door.

A few minutes later noises of two men alternately pounding a mortar with a pestle were heard, in the direction of the door. No one could see them. Then there was silence. All at once the door opened and in came a man with a great big wooden bowl and a lot of wooden dishes, and another with a quantity of spoons. "Put your bowl for four here," to the other, "put your dish before the other five." The next man was told to distribute the spoons, four by the first dish and five by the other.

They all ate together. When they had finished each man put his wooden spoon in the bowl. Then he sent for them to get the dishes. After that he stared at each guest in turn.

"Now," he said, "you will not leave today, it's too late, you will stay here until tomorrow." "N'hau," said the dreamer. "It's noon now as I was told in my dream, and I guess we will get our gift between now and evening."

In the evening while Mä'näbus was sitting before the door, a kettle filled with deer meat came in by itself. Mä'näbus asked the eight men, "Who wants to eat?"

The men answered that they were hungry. Then Mä'näbus called on one of his servants and he divided the food. Where Mä'näbus sat, there was a room. Occasionally a kettle came in by itself with cooked stuff in it, and stopped where Mä'näbus was seated. He looked about and knew where it had to go. At intervals then a kettle came in filled with goods; after Mä'näbus looked at it he would command it to pass on to the partitioned room. All these stuffs with the cooked meats were the offerings in the medicine dance lodge from mitäos. You know that there are lots of sacrifices

given there daily by members of the mitäwin, from all over. Mä'näbus is the head of it and owner of it; he knows and directs it as it is all his own.

The dreamer with his eight men had consented to remain over night as they had thought the night would be like the natural time or length of night on this earth. But it was not, it was a whole season, all winter. They thought it was the same as with us. They all woke up in the morning and Mä'näbus ordered his servants to fetch something for them to eat. When they had finished, Mä'näbus asked the dreamer, "What did you come here for? What do you want?" The dreamer told him why he came, and said to Mä'näbus: "When you came away you left all your medicines with us. They were good and strong, but now at this time they are weak and not effective any more. I came here to you to pray you to make all the medicines good and strong for us all again, to use on earth." Mä'näbus said: "How much?" The dreamer asked for four kinds. Then Mä'näbus asked the first man of the eight what he wanted, and his answer was that Mä'näbus should strengthen the medicines previously made by him. "My prayer is the same as that of my companions." "How many kinds do you want?" "I want four kinds also."

Mä'näbus spoke to the third man and asked what he wanted and he asked for the same as his companions, and also for four kinds of good strong medicines. All seven men asked for precisely the same and Mä'näbus answered all "Yes." The seventh man was asked what he wished for his prayer and he told Mä'näbus that man's life was too short. "I ask you to give long life, to live always, or as long as earth exists," and Mä'näbus answered "Yes." Then he asked the eighth and last one what he wanted and his answer was the same or that he wished to live as long as the world lasted.

"Now then," said Mä'näbus to the last two men, whose wish was the same, "Come to me, near me, and stand before me. Yes, you two men, your wish or prayer is the same. For this one of you go down and sit at the door, close to it, inside and you (to the other) sit opposite to him." Then Mä'näbus said to them both, "According to your wish both of you sit there in a natural way forever!"

As quick as he said this, both changed into stone in their natural forms and the remaining six men looked at them and saw they were stone. Then Mä'näbus said to the others, "According to the wishes of these two men, I have changed them into stone, there to remain and last as long as the earth shall stand. You have heard them ask me and now I have given them their desire."

All six men said "Yes, their wish is fulfilled."

Then Mä'näbus spoke again and commanded his daughter to come out

of the partitioned room. She came out and stood by the young Ojibway dreamer. He told them, "This is my daughter, and she will go home with you. When you all arrive at your homes you will have to make a wigwam in a separate place for her to live in by herself for four days." After these words were said by Mä'näbus the six men with the woman were told to go from the sacred assemblage, and they departed. They were told to take good care of the daughter.

"After the woman has lived for four days alone, you men will go to her and show her those medicines which, as you say, are not good any more, and she will examine them. You must follow my advice and do as I have told you. You dreamer, because of your dream, need not fetch my daughter back here, after she confirms those medicines in their strength. You may keep her for your wife, if my advice is carried out by you all."

So the dreamer with his men prepared a lodge for her to live in for four days, at the end of which time the medicines were to be renewed. This was not carried out by the dreamer, for he went to her lodge on the second night to court her, and wanted to marry her before the time was up. The woman, knowing it to be wrong, told the dreamer that her father did not say he should do so until the fifth day and she refused to carry out his wishes. So the dreamer did not succeed in his desire and the woman said: "My father did not tell me to do as you desire, but he told me to empower each of the four kinds of medicines for each man in certain degrees. To the first four kinds the higher powers, then the second lower, and so on, which I was to do by blowing on some of them. After that was done on the fifth day, then you might keep me as a wife, but this has not been carried out."

Then the dreamer went home. The next day the woman vanished and went back to her father's home. The other men went and found no one although Mä'näbus had told the dreamer and his eight men that he had sent his daughter to help them and give them better power, and that she could renew the old medicines after the fourth day in her lodge. Strictly did Mä'näbus tell the dreamer, and the eight men to carry out the advice given them. On their journey each night the woman was to be lodged by herself. That part was all carried out, from the place where they started, but it was a failure in the end and the medicines are not renewed up to this date.

24. Fragmentary Mä'näbus Tales.

The following stories and odd bits of the Mä'näbus cycle are avowedly incomplete. They were gathered at odd times from various informants, principally James Black-cloud, Thomas Waupoose, John Satterlee, and

Joseph Pecore. They are included here simply because they contain a few elements not found in the more elaborate tales which are presented. These fragments are, of course, the débris of such longer stories which I have not been able to obtain.

MÄ'NÄBUS HUMBLES A CHIEF'S SON.[1]

Once Mä'näbus was disgusted with the son of a great chief because the youth was so arrogant. In order to take him down a peg, Mä'näbus secured the lights of an animal and made himself a vulva of them. Then he assumed the dress and form of a woman. In this disguise Mä'näbus cast himself in the way of the young man and allowed himself to be seduced. He presently caught a little fox and keeping it under his dress he feigned pregnancy. The chief's son was surprised at the unusual shortness of the period of gestication, but Mä'näbus assured him that something remarkable was about to happen. He pretended to lie in and feigned that he had given birth to the fox. In the midst of the chief's son's astonishment, Mä'näbus suddenly dragged forth the now putrid flesh that he had used as a vulva and threw it in the youth's face. "That is what you have been loving!" he cried and assumed his own shape. The chief's son was covered with mortification.

MÄ'NÄBUS OUTDONE BY THE BOYS.

Once Mä'näbus was frolicing with some boys. They were playing "follow the leader," and Mä'näbus refused to be "stumped" by anything they did. He was always successful until one of the boys took off his clothes, ran out on the end of a log and began to defecate. Mä'näbus hastened to do likewise, but when the boy was done he thrust his finger up his aboral opening and then licked it off. That was too much for Mä'näbus.

MÄ'NÄBUS HELD BY THE TREES.

Mä'näbus once killed some game. Two trees near him rubbed together by the wind squeaked loudly. Mä'näbus climbed up to see what the trouble was and the trees held him fast, despite his entreaties, while the animals stole his meat. When it was all gone the trees released him and he went away hungry.

[1] Probably a variant of the myth in which Mä'näbus deceives Turtle and steals his medicine robe, p. 263.

Mä'näbus, it is said, could extend his mentula for one hundred yards under the grass and cohabit with women who could not even see him.

25. Origin of the Mitäwin.[1]

At one time Mä'näbus was sorrowful because of the malevolence of the underneath gods. They had talked to him in fear and offered him the mitäwin as a peace offering. "If he will accept it, it will give his future people a religion, if he doesn't take it his uncles and aunts will be discontented since they will have nothing to do. It will save us from him in his wrath if he accepts, and the medicines we give will cure the people. We will give all the roots on the surface of the earth. If he accepts he will do well for the people. All these medicines each have a name, and are used for different purposes. Here is apisétcikûn, to revive you and prolong your life; saposikûn, a physic, each of these we give you for certain purposes. You shall be the one to instruct the people in the good medicines and how to get them, and when you have done this, we will tell you of the bad ones, for your people will not always be good, they will turn on each other and there will be evil times. The good ones will have to know these in order to fight off their wicked enemies." When Mä'näbus had learned it he was pleased. "Surely my people will need to have this to defend themselves. Here is the worst of it, undoubtedly the horned snake owns it, and he is the one they will have to appeal to in order to obtain it." "Your people must learn to fast, they will have to do this to begin with. Misikinubikuk will occasionally appear to some of them. The more they dream of them the better it will be for them." "All right!" said Mä'näbus, and it has been so until this day. The snake can be called out and from it can be cut, slime, meat, etc., and Indians say, "May it be carried out as it was promised."

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[1] Fragmentary version, a variant.

II. FAIRY TALES.

1. Origin Myth.

Before Mä'näbus, there was nothing but water everywhere. Mätc Häwätûk then sent an old woman down and put enough earth below her to give her a foothold and support her. It was set in the center of the ocean. The old woman, who was named Masâkomek'okiu, made the earth expand to its present size, and she was ancestress of all living people.

2. Yówûnĉna.

A couple lived together in the forest with their two children, a boy and a girl. The man lived by hunting, and, like all hunters he never touched the dandruff scales from a woman's head. One day, however, his wife was careless, and she scattered her dandruff so that it fell upon him and broke his luck as a hunter. The man knew what the trouble was, but kept on hunting although he had no fortune. As a matter of fact, the woman had done this purposely, in order to kill her husband and so be free to marry a he-bear with whom she was enamoured.

Every day when her husband went out to hunt, the woman went off too, for there was nothing to eat in the lodge. First, she always opened her husband's medicine bundle and took out his sacred paint and marked a spot on each cheek and in the parting of her hair. Then she took her ax and packstrap and told her children that she was going out to cut wood. The old bear lived in a hollow tree. The woman went there and rapped on it with her ax.

"Is this the way your grandfather used to do when he courted, to be alone and quiet?" she would say for the bear to hear, and he would come out and take her into the hollow log and they would both crawl in. When the woman returned she would bring each of the children a piece of gut to live on.

After a while her husband suspected that something was going on. "I'll look into this," said he, but his wife continued to deceive him as before, feeding the children every day. The boy was the younger. One day he was unable to finish his share of the gut, so he put it away, saying to himself, "I'll show this to father and tell him about it," for he was vexed because

his mother had whipped him. He took his little bow and placing one end of the string in his mouth, he began to strum on it with an arrow, singing: —

"I'll tell my father!
I'll tell my father!"

"What is it you are going to tell your father?" cried his mother, striking him.

That evening the impoverished hunter could scarcely drag himself home, he was so nearly starved. At night, the boy slept with his father, and the girl with her mother. The lad waited until his mother was asleep, then he told his father what she did, how she went to the bundle, painted, went off, and brought back the gut. "I knew it!" exclaimed the wretched spouse, "now I'll fix her!" The next day the father started off as usual, but soon circled back to the hollow tree. He had gathered a lot of birchbark and a forked stick. While he lay hidden, waiting, he saw his wife approach, beautifully adorned. When she came up to the tree she struck it. "Is that the way you looked at your grandfather when he went courting?" she asked. Sure enough, down came the bear, and when he had descended they both crawled into a hollow log which lay nearby. The outraged husband put his bark in the forked stick, lit it, and thrust it into the hollow log which caught on fire and the guilty couple were burned to death. When the fire burned down to embers and the couple were roasted, the husband dragged out the corpse of his wife and carried it home to his lodge. He took it in and dug a hole under the fireplace and buried her. He put back the ashes and lit the fire again, and his children saw the whole proceeding. Then the man decided to part from his children, so he said to his daughter, "When I'm gone your mother's relatives will come here to look for her. Watch the sky tonight, and if the horizon is all red, then I am slain. If it is only red in part, it will mean that I am hurt."

When he was gone she heard the footsteps of men approaching. They were her mother's relatives, and they asked "Where's your mother?" When the boy heard he pointed to the fireplace. But the girl snatched up some corn and exclaimed, "Oh! brother wants to pop some corn in the warm ashes." So they placed the corn in the ashes and the kernels flew all over and the searchers left. The next time the searchers appeared and asked for her mother, the boy again pointed to the hearth, but this time the girl reached for his moccasins and hung them by the fire. "Oh, my brother wants to dry his moccasins!" she cried.

The children had been told by their father to follow him after a while towards the sunset where he had a lodge and where they were to stay. He added that they would be pursued. At last they set out, the girl carrying

her brother on her back, for she thought the trip was not long — yet she had a long ways to go. At intervals, as she fled, she would hear voices above her crying: "Why don't you kill him quick? He killed his wife!" Whenever she overheard these words she began to weep for her father.

When they arrived at his house, she found it was a long lodge, with bearskins on the floor for mats. There was a great deal of food prepared and hanging up awaiting them, but their father was not there. Every evening she was accustomed to watch the sky, but she saw only a very little red. Meanwhile her brother grew rapidly under her care. The little chap used to play with his toy bow and arrows, shooting in the lodge, but one day his bolt flew out, and when he went after it he found that he had killed a little chickadee. This made his sister very happy because he could kill game. After that, it happened that every time the arrow fell outside he slew a rabbit or some small beast.

At last the boy was able to go outside and travel as far as he could see the lodge. One day, when he was hunting, he saw something and shot at it. He went up to it, but it looked so strange that he ran home to tell his sister. The sister went to see what it was, and they found that he had shot and killed a deer. It grew better and better every day, and he killed more and bigger game all the time.

One day, as he was out walking, he heard women talking. They were laughing to each other and saying. "He isn't a bit ashamed of what he is doing. He's living with his sister when there are lots of other women from whom he ought to choose a wife." When the youth got home he was much cast down from thinking over their words. "Don't be sad," said his sister, "I knew you'd meet these women, and that they would say that. They're not real women that you've seen."

Another day when he was out hunting he saw two women seated on a log by the trail, not far from his lodge, who laughed at him and said: "Why do you live with your sister? You're alone now, why don't you choose one of us? There are lots of women." So the boy took the one he thought was the best looking. When they got nearly to the lodge he said to his bride, "What shall we do? Shall I take you in with me? My sister will see you." He said this because of his sister's warning that they were not real women. "Why, you can put me in your mitten," she responded. "Then she will not see me and know it." So the youth put her in his mitten and when he came in he put down both mittens and began to give his sister a humorous account of his day's adventures, except the one with the maiden, and so they talked until his sister slept, and the boy went to lie with the girl he had in his mitten. When the sister awoke she heard a woman's voice and she straightway guessed that it was one of the women she had warned him about, but

when she arose, there was no woman in sight, so she cooked her brother's breakfast and he went off. As soon as he was gone she swept the place where he had slept, and aired his blankets, but she lifted up his sleeping mat, and out hopped a tiny frog! "Oh my!" she said to herself, "This dirty little frog came here to soil my little brother!"

That day, the boy, whose name was Yówunúna, again heard two women laughing. One of them said, "Yówunúna, he who was made a widower by his sister!" The boy went home saddened by what he had learned. He refused the offer of these two to take one of them home. He would not eat what his sister had set before him, he was too downhearted. "Those women you saw were not human women," said she, "but I will tell you where there are some real women, and when you want to go there, I will outfit you."

Then she made him many pairs of moccasins and prepared him in every way for a journey, and when he learned that, he became happy again. She also made him an otter fur turban and armband as talismans. He had a club and a ball of his own. In the morning, before he started, the girl said to him, "Where you will arrive tonight is a grandmother of ours. You will have to sleep there and she will advise you further what to do."

The boy set out, leaving his sister alone. He traveled all day. In the evening he found a little wigwam and going to it he peeped in and saw an old woman sitting there. As soon as he peered in she looked up and said: "I know you, Yówunúna. I am the cause of your being drawn this way. Tomorrow you will come to your grandmother's lodge and she will tell you what to do."

Sure enough, it happened that the next night he found another little lodge, he peeped in and there sat an old woman. She at once invited him to come in and told him that she was the cause of his coming. "You are near the place for which you are striving," said she, "there are women there, some of them are not good, they torment their husbands and ill treat them. They have killed many men; they chase them when they go out to hunt, and run them down. You will find ten of these viragoes there, and among them, the very youngest of all is the one for you to choose. You will not see her like a girl, she will look like an old hag, she'll be so ugly. But she's the one for you."

Next morning the boy started away to them. As he traveled he saw the corpses of their former suitors lying in a heap where they had slain them. The youth shot an arrow up towards heaven and cried to the bones: "Rise up or the sky will fall on you!" The second time he shot the bones came together, the third time he shot the flesh came back to them. As he fired the fourth arrow he shouted: "Get up! Get up! This is n't the way

you have seen your grandfather do when he went courting!" At these words the suitors all jumped up and rubbed their eyes as if they had just been awakened from a deep sleep, and they became his companions from that time on. As they journeyed they could hear the women laughing merrily.

"We're up to the women now," said Yówunúna, "Now track them and follow them while I circle round and cut them off." So Yówunúna ran, and as he ran he took his ball and threw it ahead of them and it rolled speedily. Then he jumped on it and rode swiftly. Everytime he did this he got ahead of the sisters. Each time the leader of the girls would be Mûdjikikwéwic,[1] and they would be traveling very fast. He observed that Mûdjikikwéwic had short dresses up to her knee in order to facilitate her. He shot at her knee with his arrow for he had the right to do this as he was to be her brother-in-law. Every time he hit her she would cry: "Yoh! Oh it is said and is known that Yówunúna is häwätûk!"[2]

At night he stopped them and they camped together, and in the meantime the men who were pursuing them caught up. Each of the women made a wigwam, and when they were done the men arrived and chose a woman. When it came Yówunúna's turn to choose he took the oldest looking woman. "Oh my! It's a pity you came here," she exclaimed, "I am so old and homely." "No, I came purposely for you," he replied. Then the old woman got up and went out, and when she returned she was very beautiful.

Each morning when they woke up they found the women were already gone. Yówunúna then chased them and followed them until they camped, when he would take the beautiful one as his wife. Finally, he decided to take her away and go home. The girl had a brother, and the three started out together. "I want to go home and comfort my sister," said Yówunúna, "I have left her too long already."

Sure enough, the deserted sister was abused by those who knew she was left alone. Foxes used to come and soil her face until she was blinded by their filth. Then they would call out, as they came, "Here comes your little brother," but it was not so. "I wish it were true," she would cry and grope for a stick to fight them off.

At last her brother and his wife and brother-in-law did arrive. When they came into the lodge he learned how the foxes had abused her. He called, "My sister, your brother is here." Then her brother took hold of her and said: "Feel me! I'm your real brother. Now you stay right here and we'll kill all of them."

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[1] The eldest sister.

[2] A god or strong power.

So they hid in each end of the long lodge, and in the evening the foxes came in a big drove, laughing and jesting, but withal, rather suspicious. "Sister, I'm coming!" they called, and when they were close they shouted: "Sister, I'm here now." So they all came in. Then her brother ran to one door and her brother-in-law to the other. "Yes!" they cried, "her brother has come!" Then they killed all the red foxes, for their sister had told them that the red ones were the most cruel, but spared the black ones because they had not maltreated her so much.

When the slaughter of the foxes was over, the brother ordered his wife to wash his sister and clean up the house. The wife had to soak his sister's face to get rid of the filth that was caked on it. After this was done Yówunúna gave his sister to his brother-in-law to wife. After a time Yówunúna and his wife had two little boys, and his sister had a child with two heads.

The boys soon grew up. They used to go off hunting all day long, and every night they came back laughing because they had been teasing all the gods. They even went to the thunderbirds' nest and laughed at them and shot at their beaks. When they hit them their arrows split.

The two-headed boy was the worst of the two. One day he came to his mother and said. "Haven't I any grandfather and grandmother?" "Your grandmother is dead," she answered, "But your grandfather was alive when we first came here. He was pursued by the powers and was fighting them." "Where is he?" questioned the child. "His abode was up above," replied his mother. "Well, we'll go after him and get him," remarked the boy. "You can't do that," said his mother.

But the next day the lad and his cousins vanished and there was no trace of them for they had gone to search for their grandfather. All they had with them was their clubs and bows and arrows. They were not afraid of anybody, however. On their journey it seemed as though they were going up a ladder, stepping upward all the time. At last they saw a long lodge before them with a spring nearby. "Let's stop here by the spring," said one, "I guess grandfather will come down here after a while for water."

While they waited they heard sounds from within the lodge like someone chopping a tree. It was their grandfather being tortured by the bears, his wife's paramour's relatives, who were pounding on his shins. The old man had a sacred feather on his head which they had abused, and he was covered with scabs and scars. At last the boys saw him running towards them. "Wait Grandpa!" they cried, "we want to speak to you!" "No! I'm in a hurry!" "Wait Grandpa! stop!" they called again, "you need n't be afraid if you are late with the water. What is the matter anyway?" "Oh, here is where I am tortured," replied the poor old man. "When you go back, let them strike you," they advised him, "and when you cannot stand

it any more, cry out, 'Yówunúna, where are you? And where are you, Crotched One?' When the bears hear you, they will laugh and say "Oh, his grandchildren."

The old man dipped up the water and hurried back. Sure enough, when he returned the boys could hear the blows of his beating. At last he screamed aloud, "Where are you grandson, Yówunúna, and you too, Sonowakuséo?" The bears sneered, "Yes, his grandchildren." "Yes, here we are!" they cried, and ran out. Then the boys began to beat the bears until they shouted for help and their howls were heard by the powers above. The boys laughed to each other and when the bears struck Crotched One he split in two, but he came together again at once. When Yówunúna was struck, his head popped off and came back, and they all laughed again. They hid their grandfather to one side and battled until they had killed all of his tormentors, and their parents heard no more noise, and then the lads came home bringing their grandfather.

When they got to the door of their lodge they left the old man, telling him to wait. When they went in their parents asked them where they had been. "I have brought my grandfather," said Crotched One, but his mother didn't believe it. "You couldn't do that," she said. "Well, if you don't believe it, go out and see him," said he. She went out and saw the old fellow waiting at the door. When she saw how miserable he looked she wept and took him in and dressed and cleansed him.

Then Yówunúna, the elder, said to his brother and his sister-in-law, "I guess we'd better part, for these boys are too full of power when they're together, and too mischievous." The Crotched One was taken north by his parents, the others went south. "I was between them all the time, but left them and I'm here now."

3. Ball Owner.[1]

Once there was a small boy who lived all alone with his sister. Another old lady had a tiny grandson with whom she lived not far away. The first boy had a sacred powerful ball that he carried on his back. When he wanted to travel he took it out and threw it ahead of him, then he would leap on it and roll along very fast. One day he started to play on the ice with the other boy. He rode on his ball, but the other boy who had none, kept up to him because he was such a fast runner. They went so rapidly that they

[1] "Wawatósamit," The-one-who-owns-a-little-ball, the native title. Told by Mrs. Niopet Oshkosh.

covered the frozen sea, backwards and forwards in a short time. All at once they saw something lying on the ice. It was a group of giants (m'änapäwûk) so they went up close and found them lying down to spear fish from the ice.

"Keep quiet," said Ball Owner, "don't go so close. They will see us. They have fish, we will wait until they get more, then we will steal them." Sure enough, the giants' fish pile on the ice was growing. When they had a lot, Ball Owner told the other to wait, and he went over and stole the fish and took them home. They played this trick on the giants a number of times, but one day a giant saw them and chased them. "We'll escape," said Ball Owner, "you spring on my ball with me." So his companion did and they both got away with the fish, which they took home.

"Where did you get the fish?" the old woman asked the boys. "Oh never go there any more," said grandmother, when they told her. "If you do this, they'll kill us all." "Well, it's not I, it's Ball Owner," said the other boy. The next day the boys went out as usual to frolic on the ice. The ball spoke to its owner telling him to come on. So they played with each other. At last Ball Owner said, "Let's go way over to those big men again." "No," replied his comrade, "I can't go there any more. My grandma told me not to. She said they'd kill us." "Oh no," replied Ball Owner, "they can't do that. As big as they are, I am not afraid of them. Come on and I'll show you."

They started and played over in that direction. This time they found that there were three giants there, though there had always been two before. The boys laughed and sneaked up close, and although the other lad objected, Ball Owner threw snowballs at them. Täwaha, the giant, was the one they hit in the buttocks. He was naked. He did not even have on his breech-clout, and when the ice fell on him, he cried out: "He! the cold breeze strikes me on my butt. Hai, I'm getting cold." The others cried: "Keep still, don't make so much noise, you'll scare away my fish." "Let's tease Täwaha's friend now," said Ball Owner. And they did. "Oh, Täwaha, you've got me cold," said the other, "Mûd'jêkiwis,[1] it's your fault."

Last of all the boys began to play tricks on Pê'päkijisê.[2] They got him mad and he jumped up and saw him. He told the others and they all rushed in pursuit of the boys. The runner was frightened, but Ball Owner said: "Jump on and we'll flee. They will not get us, but the strain will kill them." So it came about that the giants were all killed.

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[1] The nickname of the oldest brother.
[2] Nickname for youngest brother in Menomini.

4. Thunder and Pêp'äkijisê.[1]

Once there was a boy whose sister persuaded him to live alone in the woods where she could take care of him. After a while he grew to manhood, and one day he said to her, "Are there not other people living?" "Yes, but we came here in order to get away from them," she answered, "because they are wicked and kill each other. If it is a woman that you want to live with, there is one near here, but she is not good, and I warn you to pass her by. Go to your old grandma over yonder, and beyond her there lives another. It would be best for you to see the one nearest here first, she will advise you and tell you all about this evil woman and tell you what to do."

Thus exhorted by his sister, the youth prepared himself. He hunted until he had enough game for his sister to eat while he was away, and then he started on his travels. It was not long before he arrived at the place where the first old grandmother lived. He came up to her wigwam and peeped into it. The grandmother saw him. "Why are you standing there, grandchild?" she queried. "Better come in, my grandson," she added compassionately, for he was poor.

That night the youth slept there. The old crone already knew well enough what he wanted, but said nothing. She took a tiny kettle and dropped a few kernels of corn in it and hung it over the fire. Then she got out her tiny wooden bowl and spoon. The youth saw her doing all this, and thought in his heart. "Oh my, what a little! That tiny kettle full will not satisfy me at all." When the old lady proffered it to him, although he ate and ate he could not diminish its contents. At last, however, it seemed to disappear of its own accord, and when it was all gone he was entirely satisfied. When he pushed the bowl aside the old grandma began speaking: "The place that you are heading for, and the woman you are going to seek, are very dangerous. Your sister knew this, and it must have been she who advised you to come here before you started. Now, I too tell you that this woman whom you seek is no good. I warn you that your sister's words are true. That woman has had many husbands, but no one knows what has become of them. It is good that you have stopped to see me, and learn what to do. There is another old grandma whom you will encounter on your way, and you must surely visit her too. She will help you through all the troubles you will have to meet."

The youth then left the old woman and went on to visit his next grandma. He stopped at her house and slept there too. She told him: "You are now

[1] Narrated by Mrs. Niopet Oshkosh.

on your way to visit that woman yonder, who is very bad, wicked, dangerous, and savage. Your sister must have told you about her already. Don't go and see her, stay away. If you even peep at her, she'll get you. If you disobey your sister you will get lost, and hurt her."

The youth heard and well understood the advice they gave him, but he was determined to go on, especially since he was already in sight of the place. The mat lodge where the girl dwelt seemed beautiful and neat to him, and a huge pile of wood stood nearby, showing that the girl was industrious, so he was pleased and satisfied.

"I shall look at this woman and take her anyway, even if one of her feet is growing out of her forehead, if she's only pretty," he thought, so he went directly to the lodge and peeped in and there he saw a girl who was very pretty indeed, but, as he had rashly said, a foot grew right out of her forehead! The woman was häwätûk, for she had read the youth's thoughts and made her foot grow that way, moreover she drew him there by her power. She looked up and caught him peeping. "What are you standing there for? People don't come here for that purpose. Come in, that's no way to go courting, and if that's your purpose, as I see, enter!" So he came in and started to sit opposite her. "Don't sit there, since you came here to see me, just come and sit with me."

Already it was apparent that he was under her magic spell. So he did everything she said and when she ordered him to stay he had to obey. The woman cooked her best food for the youth's supper. She offered him brisket, sides, and back fat of deer. Next morning she got up before daybreak, and cried, "Get up! Rise up! This isn't the way for a married man to lie! He should get up and hunt bright and early."

So he took his bow and flint-tipped arrows and went out and killed two deer. He brought one home and left the other for the woman to fetch. By this time the woman had complete control of him. Next morning he said to his wife, "Go and get that deer I killed over there and I'll go off again hunting. I have prepared the deer and hung it up for you." "That's nothing, I'll do it," she replied, "and you start on your hunt."

She got ready and he saw her as he had seen before, moving along, dragging her stern, stooping over with her head down so as to walk with the foot that grew in her forehead: "Oh how slow she walks," thought he, but when she was a little way off he saw her get up on her natural feet and run off. "Oh my! she is a god! and I now see it and believe it, though they told me before. If that's the case I'll leave her and go to the one I was really sent to."

He had been told what she did to her men, and on his hunts he saw swamps and dismal places, and all around their lodge were the skeletons of men and bodies of those who had been drawn there to court her. So he

really began to believe what he had been told, and he started to run away at full speed.

When he got to a certain spring he fell down on his face to have a good drink. The water looked like a mirror, and as he looked in he saw a beautiful woman in it, who looked so enticing that instead of drinking he dove right in to her. He went away down under, down down. He lost consciousness as he plunged. Finally he came to, and found himself seated with the woman he had peeped at.

"It's a pity that you came here and were drawn in," she said. "You are lost, and I am too. When anyone comes here it is the end of them. All those that come here live for a couple of days, then the bad powers that own this place come and take them away. Six men have already been destroyed. Oh, now you and I are trapped, and they'll soon come to end us. We'll soon hear them coming, for they approach shouting. The thunderers are the ones who will come."

The woman was named Piséwiûkiu, or Panther woman, she was powerful too, and already she had become his wife, even when he dived. "Don't be afraid," he commanded her, "I'll kill them." The woman then said, "This terrible fate will surely overtake us soon," and sure enough, along came thunderers, roaring with their accustomed noise. "There they are now," she said, "they may not kill you, but they'll surely take me, because they always take us." "No, I'll fight them," replied the man.

"Oh no, they'll surely take me, but not you." "They'll not, for I'll protect you." So he covered her and said, "I'll watch at the door." So he did, with his bow and arrows. There boiling springs are only windows like the smoke holes in wigwams. So the thunderers appeared like people, and all lay down to peep in.

The man was hidden at the edge and he shot one with his bow and arrows and killed it. The thunderer slipped in, and he shot another who likewise fell in. The rest all went away. The husband plucked the feathers from the dead thunderers, and said, "We will now go away from here, I'll take you along. We'll try to find my sister whom I've left for a long time, and I have a tiny brother, whom I left there. He is Päkijisê, and he must now be grown large."

So they got out of the spring and started for home, where they found the sister and little brother, and they lived together for a while. Presently spring came, and the snow lay only here and there. One day a naked man came to them. He was painted red, and he was a stranger. He brought tobacco to the family and said, "Here is tobacco! You are invited to attend a lacrosse game tomorrow at such and such a place. You are all invited, you and your wife, your sister, and the boy." So they moved

camp to the place where the game was to be held. The game started as agreed, but before playing the man said to his sister, "I know who this one is who invited me, and I know who is to play. Tell my wife, when the game gets very fast, that these people will run right for our camp. Tell her to keep the door well covered and leave no holes for anyone to peep through. Those who are getting up this game are thunderers who have schemed to be revenged."

'P'äkijisê was now about twelve years old, so he was told to take charge of the door. At the moment the game became hot, they began to scrimmage in front of the door, and Päkijisê peeped out and saw the ball, so forgetting his charge, he ran out, grabbed it and ran for the other goal. "Hai!" his brother cried, when he saw 'P'äkijisê, "I told you to take charge of the door and let no one peep out." "No, that's well done," cried the other players, whom he had helped. Meantime 'Päkijisê made a goal and won the game for the side he had championed. In the interim, the women peeped to see the fun. The costume of the thunderers consisted of strips of panther fur, which was what the husband did not want his wife to see. When he returned he found that his wife was nearly dead from weeping, because she saw the fur of her relatives that the thunderers were wearing. "Didn't I forbid my wife to see that game? That's why I left 'P'äkijisê to watch the door! Stop your crying, we will have our game come off tomorrow, and we will make them cry in return."

The same man came in the evening and said: "Early in the morning we will throw up the ball."

The next day the husband prepared costumes for the play. He used feathers that he had taken from the thunderers he had killed and made a headdress and fringe for the shoulders of his shirt. He sent 'P'äkijisê to invite the guests, telling the hour that the ball game came off. When it was time to play the man stayed inside and told his wife to do likewise, "But when the ball gets close by our door and they scrimmage, you tell me, and when that happens, I'll run out." It occurred as he predicted and when they told him, he ran out in his thunder feather costume and grabbed the ball and ran for the other goal. All the others saw him and quit playing without attempting to stop him. For the players were all of the fowl kind.

"Oh, that is the one who killed our comrades, he does this to taunt us," they cried, so they flew away. Then Pä'pä'neu, the robin, who had himself played soon returned. Then the man seeing Robin said, "I give you my sister here." Then he turned to her, "Have him for your husband, go with him, you are no longer any good here." He said also to 'P'äkijisê, "You go and show your brother-in-law where to go. So Robin changed the woman into another robin to be his wife. Then Robin said: "We will now leave you

and will stay away, but in the spring we will come back. And when you give a lacrosse game and the fowl kind take one side, I will appear and play with them."

Ever since then, lacrosse has been played by the Indians. So before the game a sacrificial feast is given with a ceremony and speech to the thunderbirds, and afterwards, following the custom of Panther's wife, sacrifices are made to the powers below. She said, "I've done this to be observed and followed hereafter by my uncles."

When the ball is thrown up, the parties must wish for health in return for the game, if it is being played for a sick person. It will be granted, and it used to happen that way long ago, but now it rarely happens because it is not always carried out correctly.

5. Wawapak'wosamit.

Once upon a time, long ago, a tiny boy suddenly came to his senses in a wigwam. As he looked about the lad saw opposite him, on the other side of the central fireplace, the image of a man, lying like a rotten log covered with moss. This was the little fellow's grandfather, who had been lying asleep for ages, waking once every four years. The little boy, who was called Wawapak'wosamit, lived all alone in the lodge with his drowsy grandparent. One day, when the child had grown to be quite a sizeable lad, the old man woke up and rubbed his eyes. "Grandson, grandson," he said, "you are now big enough to have a little bow and arrows." So he gave his grandson the weapons, and said, "Now I shall go to sleep again but in four days' time I shall come and see you." Then the old man lay down and dozed off. For four years he lay like a rotten mossy log. The lad went out of the wigwam every day with his bow and arrows, exploring the trails through the forest, and every day he grew bigger and stronger. One day his grandfather awoke once more. "Nosese, nosese, you are now a bigger boy," said the old man and he gave him a bigger bow and arrows and sent him out.

Every day the youth trudged along down the trails, searching for victims, and one day as he was hunting as usual, he heard a voice speaking from somewhere overhead. "You are to be pitied, my little brother, oh, what the future has in store for you!" At these words the young fellow looked up. At first he could not see anything but an old stump. At last, however, he saw that to the top of the stump was attached the upper half of the body of a man whom he recognized as his brother. "Your wicked grandfather has done this to me," exclaimed the tree man, "and I warn you after a while he

will do the same thing to you when you return to him if you are not careful. He will wake up tomorrow."

Sure enough, the next day the old man awoke, and his first words were, "Grandson, grandson, you are now large enough to have a little mirror and some paint so that you can adorn your face. I will return to you in four days' time."

The old man returned to his slumbers, and his grandson hastened to tell his brother what had happened. But in some mysterious way the tree-man already knew what the old man had said. The boy visited his brother often, and, when the four years were nearly up, the tree-man warned him that it would soon be time for the old man to awake. This time his grandfather said, "Grandson, grandson, you are now old enough to smoke," and he gave the youth a pipe, a tobacco bag made of fisher skin, and a pair of earrings. These earrings were not in the least like the ordinary kind, they were little birds called Masanakoka, and when worn in the ears of their owner they would sing "kik-kik-kik-ka" very sweetly. He clothed the lad in fine fur garments, and painted his face with red paint until he was so handsome that he overshadowed the eastern sky.

As soon as the old man had made these gifts to his grandson, he lay down again to sleep, and the boy ran to find his tree-brother and show him his beautiful presents. "Tomorrow, your grandfather will wake up again," said the elder brother, "then he will be put to the test to see whether he can kill you with his magic or not. When you go home, watch him closely. If he has a nightmare, take up a stone and hit him squarely on the forehead with all your might."

The boy went back to his wigwam, and watched his wicked grandfather. At last the old man muttered in his sleep, and the lad dropped a large stone on his head. The old man groaned and opened his eyes. "Grandson, grandson!" he cried, "Oh why did the manitous say that to me?" "What did they say to you, grandpa?" asked the little fellow. "They commanded me to make a feast tomorrow, and said that you must go yonder to the lake and kill the great white bear that lives there for the purpose." "Oh that's not hard," said the boy, "I'll go there and get him and bring him here." The next day the lad started out. On his way he passed the place where his tree-brother stood, lonely and forlorn. "When you get near where the white bear lies, shoot him with your bow and arrow, then run back quickly and do not look behind you although the bear will jump up and chase you. I will watch and when you pass me I will tell you whether you are beating him. Be sure and obey my instructions, because the bear is very powerful, and all the water in the lake will rise and come with him when he runs after you."

It fell about just as the elder brother had predicted. When the boy's arrow struck the bear he sprang up in pursuit of the lad, but the lad ran away without looking behind. As he passed his tree-brother the elder man cried out that he was far ahead of the bear. By and by the boy drew close to the wigwam. When his grandfather saw him coming he hastened out. "Why," said he to himself, "what can be the matter with that bear? He used to be able to run fast. It can't be that he is really left so far behind." Then he cried aloud as though the bear had been his dog, "Tuwa! Tuwa! sic him! sic him! Run faster! Catch him you nasty dog!" The wicked old man stood straddling the wigwam door to prevent his grandson from entering, but Wawapak'wosamit had run so fast that he was inside before the old fellow placed himself. "What is the matter with you, you bad old man?" he asked. "Why do you stand there so foolishly? Go and get the bear, for he lies dead at your door where I fetched him." Then the old man looked, and it was so. There lay the white bear dead in his tracks, just before the door. Then the old man put his hand over his mouth and thought in awe. "Ha! God is he my grandson!" Then the old man recovered himself and said aloud, "You have done well, grandson, clean him and cook him."

The boy wondered what he could possibly use for this task, since there were no pots large enough in the wigwam, but the wicked grandfather thrust his hand into his side and pulled out a large kettle which he gave the youth. Wawapak'wosamit cut up and cooked the bear. When he was all done he awoke his grandfather who had fallen asleep again. "Whom shall I invite to this feast?" he asked. "Oh, go outdoors and shout as loud as you can, 'You are invited to attend a feast,' and we shall have plenty of guests," replied the old man. So the boy went out as he was told, for his brother had warned him that this would happen. "Two old women will appear, my little brother. You shall give them the head of the white bear to eat; they will eat it alone, after they have cried over it."

Sure enough, the two old hags came, and Wawapak'wosamit gave them the head, and when they had eaten it they got up and walked silently out of the door in single file. Wawapak'wosamit watched them, and as they went out he followed them to see where they would go, but as they passed through the doorway they became invisible to him, even though he was a god. This puzzled the boy so much that he sought out his brother to find out who they were. "Ah, my little brother," said the tree-man, "they are the two sisters who are the cause of all my sorrows. It was they who broke my body in two. My head and trunk they stuck on this hollow stump, but my legs and buttocks they carried up into the sky and gave to the great manitous in the east and west to play with. They have fastened it to a

string in the center of the sky, and it swings back and forth from east to west while they laugh and abuse it. Now you have escaped your grandfather in the first trial, but tomorrow he will wake up and try you again. We will ask you to go and kill a panther that is his dog. When he dreams in the morning or cries out in his sleep hit him on the head with the big stone as you did before."

Sure enough it fell about as the tree-brother had predicted. When Wawapak'wosamit hit his grandfather with the stone the old man awoke. He sat up and lighted his pipe, and after he had smoked for a little while he said aloud, "Oh grandson! grandson! why should I be compelled to kill you?" "What did your gods say to you this time?" inquired the boy. "Oh they only told me to tell you to go and kill the panther that lives at yonder lake and make a feast of his flesh." "It is not hard, grandfather," laughed the lad, "I can easily go and get him." The next morning Wawapak'wosamit went to his tree-brother and told him all that had befallen. "Be very careful, my little brother," said he, "that panther is the most dangerous and savage of all animals. Do as you did when you shot the bear and when you run by me, I will encourage you to run faster and tell you how far ahead you are. I will do what little I can to save you."

So the boy made his way to the lake where he soon found and shot the panther. The wounded monster leaped up in pursuit of Wawapak'wosamit, and with him rose and followed the whole body of water. As they passed the tree-man the unfortunate man shouted, "Run faster, little brother! you are leaving him behind." The chase waxed faster and more furious, until at length they drew near the wigwam. The old man came out and cried, "Tuwa! sic him!" to his dog, the panther, and braced himself against the door with his hands, straddling it to prevent Wawapak'wosamit from entering. But so fast had the boy run that he was already within. Then he spoke up from inside, "What are you fussing about out there for, grandpa? You know I have brought the panther." Then the old man was frightened, for there lay the panther before him, dead. "My grandson is a god," he thought, so he dragged the carcass into the wigwam.

While Wawapak'wosamit skinned and cleaned the monster, the old man dozed off again. Silently the youth performed his task, and when the meat was cooked and ready to serve he woke his grandfather and told him that all was ready. "Go out and call them to the feast," said the old man. Wawapak'wosamit did not ask any questions but hastened outside and did as he was told. "Ah, we will come with our wooden bowls to take part in the feast," cried several voices, but the lad could see no one.

He went back to the wigwam and waited, but the newly bidden guests were invisible as they approached. Like shadows they entered the lodge

until they had passed the door when they took on human forms and consumed the panther from the underworld, whose power is even greater than the horned snake.

When the feast was over, Wawapak'wosamit sought out his tree-brother and told him all about it. "It is well," said the older brother. "Soon he will test you again. Little brother you must never forget to hit your grandfather on the head with the stone as I cautioned you. Don't touch him with your hands. Look out! Watch him!"

The next day the old man awoke. "Nosé! Nosé! grandson! grandson!" he called, "it is high time that you were married. I know of three different places where there are young maidens living near here. One family is fast and giddy, another is lazy, but over yonder there are two fair industrious lively maidens who can make fine sashes, beadwork, and weaving." "Oh, that will be easy," said the youth, "tomorrow I shall go and get them."

The next day Wawapak'wosamit set out. As he passed his tree-brother the unfortunate man called out, "Wawapak'wosamit these girls are hard to win, for they will try to kill you. They are the same ones that caused me my misfortunes. They will pursue you, and they are very swift runners. But, if you can outdo them you will win. When I see you coming I shall encourage you by telling you how far ahead you are and at the same time I will blow them backwards in order that you may gain."

So the boy set out over the trail to the lodge of the girls, bearing with him, according to the advice of his brother, a quantity of tobacco to appease such of the strong powers that he might meet on the way, for the trail was guarded at intervals by pairs of herons and horned serpents who allowed no one to pass by. When Wawapak'wosamit came along the horned snakes saw him coming, and raised their heads from their coils to strike him. He offered them tobacco, and they lowered their heads and lay quiet and he went by unharmed. As he passed by he said to the two Misikinubikuk, "Why are you guarding these girls? What do they care for you who lie here for their sake?" A little later he approached the two herons and when they saw him they began screaming and giving the alarm as they ran to attack him, but he showed them his tobacco and gave them some which made them quiet down until he had passed.

Soon he came to the wigwam where the girls lived. In the doorway of the lodge was a wooden figure of a man with his hands hanging beside his hips. When any one came that way he would raise his arms as an alarm, and if the person insisted on coming in he would allow them to fall back to signify a greater danger. When Wawapak'wosamit drew near the image he saw it move its hands, but he showed it his tobacco and it ceased to stir and did not give the alarm. "What do you care for those bad girls?"

he asked as he entered the door. When he walked in he could hear the maidens singing a song about his coming, for they knew all about him through their magic arts. They wondered why he had not come and this was their song as they wove their sashes. The young man sat down and lighting his pipe he smoked and stared at the girls. They saw him but they went right on with their task and payed no attention to him whatever. When Wawapak'wosamit had finished his smoke he arose, and departed, saying aloud to himself as he went, "They neither like me nor hate me." Then he began to run with all his speed. "Oh, sister!" cried both girls at once, springing to their feet. Snatching up their axes that lay by their side they hacked the old image man who was by the door to pieces because he had not warned them. This gave Wawapak'wosamit a good start towards his wigwam, but the girls hastened in pursuit and you know that these two sisters were the fleetest runners of all the girls in the world.

As they rushed down the trail they came on the two herons that guarded the path, one on each side, and they stopped to kill them for their treachery in letting the young man pass. A little later on they halted again to slay the horned serpents and chop them up for their perfidy. Once these obstacles were behind, the girls ran like the wind, for there was nothing to stop them. When Wawapak'wosamit passed the tree-man his brother called out, "Run fast the girls are gaining on you. They have almost caught up to you. Run fast you are ahead yet!"

When the youth drew near his wigwam his grandfather came out muttering, "Why those girls used to be good runners. It should not be that they are left behind." When they came up he asked them, "Why are you so slow?" "You could not catch him yourself," said the girls angrily, panting for breath, "Henceforward, we deny you, you wicked old man." "What are you doing out there, grandfather, standing in the way at the door?" asked Wawapak'wosamit from within, "I have brought the two women, old bad man." "Hau," ejaculated the old man, "my grandson is a god, truly he is!"

Then as he looked from the two girls to the bare dirty wigwam, he said, "What shall we do? There is nothing here to receive these young wives." With these words the old magician thrust his hands into his side and pulled out goods and furniture of all kinds to fit up the lodge. The two girls entered and he clothed them with beautiful garments. "Now make this house your home," said he, "and become my two daughters-in-law."

When Wawapak'wosamit saw his grandfather disturbed in his sleep, he took the stone and hit him over the head, so that he woke up. "Oh why do the gods tell me to kill my grandchild?" he asked sorrowfully. "What did the gods say to you this time, grandpa?" asked the lad, "you had better tell me." "They told me that tomorrow noon I must shoot you against

that tree standing in front of our door." "Well then, you must shoot me," said Wawapak'wosamit calmly, but he soon excused himself and slipped off to see his brother. "You see," said the tree-man, "when our grandfather shoots, you must spring upwards so that he will miss you. This will only fulfil the promise made to you by the powers above when you accomplished your fast dream."

So Wawapak'wosamit was satisfied and returned to his lodge. The next day the old man attempted to shoot his grandson, but the boy succeeded in eluding the arrow by jumping up as he had been instructed. The arrow went almost through the tree so that only the nock projected. That night Wawapak'wosamit said to his wives, "Tonight it is my turn to dream. If you hear me crying out or stirring in my sleep, raise me up quickly, so that I may waken before my grandfather has time to strike me with his stone."

Then the young man lay down to sleep, and his wives kept close watch. Very soon he began to shake, and they raised him up, and only just in time, for his wicked grandfather already had the stone in his hand. "Woo!" said the old man to himself, "I wanted to stone him." "Well you can't," retorted the girls tartly, "he is awake now." "What is *your* dream?" he asked his grandson. "The gods have told me to shoot you, but why should I desire to kill my dear grandfather who has cared for me from my childhood until I am a man?" "Well you can shoot me tomorrow noon," replied the old magician.

Wawapak'wosamit knew that the old man had received a dream from those powers beneath, the horned snakes, in which they had promised him immunity from this danger. His tree-brother had told him this, so he calculated to shoot towards the roots of the tree, for he was aware that his grandfather would try to dodge below the arrow. The arrow hit the old man fairly in the heart and he fell forward dead, almost at the wigwam door. "Go take your uncle's body and throw it away off," said the youth to his two wives, and the girls dragged the corpse away.

While his wives were employed at this task, Wawapak'wosamit went out in the forest and lifted his brother from the tree stump where he was bewitched and carried him home on his back. When he had his unfortunate elder brother safely ensconced in his lodge, he stood him on his head and made himself a light fleece of cattail down and soared up into the sky on it in search of the missing lower part of his brother's body.

As he sailed through the sky, the sky manitou in the east spied him. "Oh ho!" said he to the sky manitou in the west, holding their plaything back, "what is that speck yonder that looks like a bit of down? It may be Wawapak'wosamit in search of his brother's legs. "Oh," said the power in the west, "that is nothing, there is always some speck or other over

there." So the power in the west finally persuaded the power in the east to let go of the legs and as they swung by Wawapak'wosamit, he cut the string. Down fell the legs, directed by Wawapak'wosamit's magic powers, straight through the smoke hole of his wigwam right in position on the severed part of his brother's body. Then the brother got up on his feet once and walked over and sat down beside his little brother's wives. When Wawapak'wosamit came back, his wives said to him, "There are two sisters yonder who are almost worn out from their fasting and suffering. The older sister has been trying to dream of you, for she desires to marry you. You had better go lest these two die."

As Wawapak'wosamit started out, his brother called to him, "Be careful, another man is also setting out to go to the sisters. Don't let him get there first. You must be ahead of him." But Wawapak'wosamit happened to meet him and they stopped to talk. His rival, Pap'okowa, was a homely old man with a big dirty nose. He had oak galls in his ears for earrings, and his robe was a hare skin. Even his pipe was an oak gall, for the oak was his medicine. As they talked, the old man took his bow and as quick as a wink he shoved the sun to the west with it and it became nearly dark. "I am going to visit those two fasting women," said he.

Wawapak'wosamit, nothing daunted, took his bow and shoved the sun back to the center of the sky and it became noon. As they continued talking, Pap'okowa slyly shoved the sun back to the west and it became dark. They made a little brush shelter just big enough to protect Wawapak'wosamit's clothes from the weather, so that they should not get wet or soiled. Then Pap'okowa made a little shelter for himself and they retired, each to his lodge.

Pap'okowa told Wawapak'wosamit many stories and legends until at last the young man fell asleep. While he slept Pap'okowa exchanged his dirty garments for the youth's clothes. Then, in order to prevent the young man from revenging himself when he awoke, Pap'okowa seized him by the middle of his body and broke his back so that he was crippled and dumb. Then as he had exchanged clothes with Wawapak'wosamit, the old man also exchanged his age and appearance with the boy, becoming young and handsome, while he gave all his ill favor and age to his victim. Only the filth did not leave the end of Pap'okowa's nose.

In the morning they set out on their journey together, but the young man's power was all gone. As they journeyed they came to a swift river that was bridged by a slippery log that swayed with the current. Halfway across Pap'okowa looked down and admired himself in the water for a moment. Then he shook it so that Wawapak'wosamit fell off. He was carried down stream by the current until he was able to grasp some over-

hanging elder bushes where he lay while Pap'okowa went on to the sisters' lodge. When the pretender reached their wigwam, the older one, Matcikik'wäwic said to her sister, "Go, and fetch some water for your brother-in-law." So the girl went to the river, and as she dipped up some water she saw something hanging to the bushes. She ran back quickly to her sister, "Oh there is someone down there in the water!" she cried. "Isí! oh nasty!" exclaimed her sister, "It is your brother-in-law's nasty dog." Then the younger sister ran back to pull him out of the water. She found Wawapak'wosamit and hauled him up on the bank and took him by the arm and brought him home.

As they were about to enter the lodge the elder sister cried out, "Isi! nasty!" and drove them away. "No one turned *your* husband out when he came here to see you," said the girl. This rebuke shamed Matcikik'wäwic and she allowed them to enter. The younger sister took off her husband's hare skin robe to dry. Next morning the old man, Pap'okowa, said that he was going hunting and the other man was his dog. That night the impostor returned with a panther that he had killed and told his wife to skin and clean it. This she did, and when she took out the entrails she handed them to her younger sister. "Clean these," she said, "I have no time, I am in a hurry."

As the girl reached for them her sister drew them back. "Why don't that husband of yours kill something that has entrails for you?" she said. Then the dumb man tried to speak to his wife, but all he could say was something through his nose that sounded like, "Oko, ona." The wife saw that her husband was trying to tell her something, so she led him outside. He pointed to an old ax that was lying on the ground, she took it up and followed his beckoning into the woods where he pointed at a pile of rotten logs. The girl took her ax and struck them, and at every chop there lay a dead bear, and together they dragged home four. Then they began to skin and draw their game. As the girl pulled out the entrails from one carcass her elder sister came up and she handed her some saying, "Here take these and clean them for yourself." Matcikik'wäwic reached for them, but the girl drew back, "Why don't your man kill some bears for you? Oh, of course, *he* only kills panthers."

The next day Wawapak'wosamit went out hunting and Pap'okowa followed to spy on him. When Wawapak'wosamit was carrying home a bear the wicked impostor stole one of his store and brought it to the wigwam, letting it fall noisily to the ground before the door. Then he came in and told his wife, "I have killed a bear for you!" But when the elder sister ran out, all she found was a round stick fastened with his packstrap. "Is *that* what you call a bear? That old stick?" she asked. The next day Pap'o-

kowa brought home a panther. In order to provide for his wife, Wawapak'wosamit led her out to a marsh. When they arrived there the dumb man said "Ooh!" and pointed at the tussocks of grass. The wife understood, and struck them with her ax, and at every blow a dead beaver lay before her. When she had killed a number they carried them home and skinned and dressed them. They already had a high scaffold loaded with bear meat, but now they had to build another for the beaver flesh; for the platform was not large enough to hold all their game.

The next day Wawapak'wosamit took the oak gall pipe his conqueror had given him when he exchanged garments, and began to smoke. His wife procured a stout stick, and at every whiff of smoke she struck it and there lay a dead turkey. She killed so many that it was necessary to build a third scaffold to hold them. This made Matcikik'wäwic jealous, and she said to her husband, "Why your dog here is killing many turkeys!" "Oh that's not hard," said Pap'okowa and he ordered Wawapak'wosamit and his wife out of the lodge. When he and his spouse were alone he commenced to smoke, and as each whiff came forth it was transformed into foul smelling dung-beetles. They soon became so thick that some of them flew into his wife's nose. "Isi! Oh my, what are you doing? I have swallowed so many!" she cried. The unfortunate girl tried to get out of the lodge, but for a while she was unsuccessful, for it was tightly covered. At last she managed to struggle through and escape. By and by, the parents of the two girls came to visit them, wondering how they were getting along with their fast. When the old people were still some distance away the other looked down from the top of a hill and saw the wigwam and the scaffolds. Her elder daughter's platform had very little meat on it, but the other was almost crushed with the weight of food. The old woman turned back at once to tell her husband and children about the abundant supplies she had seen. "How can it be that Matcikik'wäwic, our eldest girl, has so little meat and the other such a plenty?"

Then the old people went down to visit their daughters and tell them that they were going to move their lodge over and camp beside them. "You need not come here, for you will only be disgusted with us," said Matcikik'wäwic, "and tell my brother not to come." But the brother had already learned that her husband was an old man. "Why I will carry him on my back," said he.

They all moved except the younger sister and her dumb crippled husband. When they were gone Wawapak'wosamit crawled into a hollow log and set his broken spine. Then his clothes that he had left at his first home with his two wives came flying to him through the air into the hollow log. He dressed himself and put on his earrings. Then he came out as handsome as

ever. He called his faithful young wife who was astonished and delighted at this wonderful transformation and begged him never to leave her, so he started out for his home and took her with him. On the way he stopped to see her parents and smoke with them. As he traveled along he lighted his pipe and the smoke became flocks of wild turkeys that covered everything. They were actually frightened to see so many of them. "Aké, sister, Wawapak'wosamit is coming," they cried. Suddenly Wawapak'wosamit himself entered the lodge. "Now praise me," he cried, "for I am going to slay this old impostor, Pap'okowa." And even the old man's wife cried the words of approbation, "Yea! Yea!"

Then Wawapak'wosamit drew his war club and struck Pap'okowa on the head. The blow knocked it away off. "Let it be Paponänäo, the winter hawk!" said Wawapak'wosamit, and it was so. "Now let the snow fall that Matcikik'wäwic may not follow us," he cried and the snow fell very fast. Then the hero took his young wife home to live in his wigwam. "Now you must live with my brother, who was once the tree-man, even if he abuses you and drives you from his bed," he told the girl. "Mind what I tell you, or he will hate you." When they arrived, the girl went and sat on the bed beside the tree-brother. "I have brought you this girl for your wife, for she is very handsome," said Wawapak'wosamit. The tree-brother refused her, and would have driven her away, but she would not budge and stayed there against his will until at last he became reconciled, and she is living with him yet.

6. Päkinê, or Thrown Away.[1]

There once were six men who had a sister. The youngest man was the best hunter of the family, and killed all kinds of game and lots of it. The brothers were jealous of him, especially the eldest. He was so jealous that he tried often to kill him. The eldest brother was so jealous he even went from one underneath power to another, horned ones and all, and begged them to plan how to kill his brother. Meanwhile the younger brother was befriended by all the fowls above, and some of those beneath, all except horned Mici Kin'ubik, whom he hated and who hated him. The younger brother was powerful; he killed all kinds of bears easily and in great abundance, and provided all his other brothers with meat in plenty. The elder brother, having seen all the powers beneath, persuaded several to consent. So he returned then and told his other brothers. "I have managed to get consent of the powers below to carry out my wish. We'll get up a ball game on the ice over the lake, and Mici Kin'ubik will do something for us."

[1] The native title. Told by Mrs. Niopet Oshkosh.

At this time they lived near a lake that was frozen over and Mici Kin'ubik was hiding under it, but he held his head so that his two horns stuck out through the ice. The brothers told their sister to cook a big feast, and she, not knowing what was planned, obeyed. The brothers were to play against the moose.

The game began on the ice, the youngest brother unaware of the plot, was in it. The game grew intense. The younger brother stepped on one of the terrible pointed horns of Mici Kin'ubik as he ran. It went through his foot and held him fast. He stood there and said nothing until at last he froze to death, standing up. When the brothers saw this, they knew their plan had worked, and so they all ran away and left him there. They deserted their sister also. The girl began to starve and wept bitterly from hunger and sorrow. While she cried a man suddenly appeared beside her, who said,

"Stop your crying. You go to your brother's former wigwam and look at the place where the bent poles (upasiu) stand, and at the foot of the poles you shall find, if you search, a tiny cedar box, and in it you will find tiny beavers. Take it and go to your younger brother where he is held fast on the horn of the Mici Kin'ubik, and when you are near there cut a little hole in the ice, open your box, take out the little beavers and lower one down in the water by the tail, but still hold it and repeat these words as you wave it back and forth. 'Be as big as you used to be in your natural life.' There are two in the box, do that to both of them and then let them go in the water. Tell them to go and gnaw off the horn of the horned snake." The girl hastened to obey. It was really a sacred bear who spoke to her, and he added, "After you find that the beavers have gnawed the horn underneath the ice, have them gnaw it off again on the surface next to his foot to loosen him. Then you'll be able to get your brother." Sure enough it was done and the dead boy fell down as soon as the horn was released. Then the woman took the cedar box and called the beavers to return to their tiny size, and go into the box to be returned where they came from.

The bear had said: "When you find your brother lying on the ice, take him to your own home, heat a lot of water and put him in it, to give him a bath (a sort of sweat bath) when you do that he will revive and come back to life."

When her brother fell over, the girl carried him home and commenced at once to heat water and to revive him. She succeeded, so that before daylight next day he was able to speak and said to her, "Look out sister, for Black Raven or Crow, if you see either go by crying, call him to come here to us." Presently his sister heard one passing, "Oh, there's one now," she exclaimed. "Call him," said the boy. "Grandpa, come here a

while," she begged. When he came in the woman said, "We beg of you to help my brother, he's got something in his foot. If you can get it out, your pay will be two scaffolds full of dry meat." "All right, but I must first go home and get my two brothers to help me, for I am unable to do it alone."

Raven and his two brothers kept at the wound until they had succeeded in pulling out the horn. Then Raven said: "We have now at least got the horn out, it's up to you to do the rest. You need only to wrap a bandage with medicine on it around his foot."

The young brother was then as well as ever, and started out hunting as before, killing quantities of game which he had dried and put away, so that he soon had enough to make two scaffolds full and pay Raven. Then he said to his sister, "Watch out for our grandfathers and when you see them go by, tell them to come to our camp." She soon cried, "There they go by." "Call them in," he ordered. They came and the woman said to them, "We called you to eat, for here is the reward we promised you."

Raven saw it and said to himself, "Well, it will not do for me to accept this alone. I must go back and invite my kind and all other birds to join with me in feasting."

Sure enough, Raven went off and invited all the birds, who joined him. All the birds finished the meat and departed, and the woman then went home, with her little boy, who was just able to run about, for she had been married to a bear.

Now it happened that her husband had another real wife, a bear, and a boy (a cub). The brother who had been injured had told his sister to search for her husband, and show him his child. "Your little son can tell you where his father is, he knows," said her brother. The girl obeyed, carrying her baby on her back, and as they walked along the boy said, "There's father's lodge yonder, where you see the smoke issuing."

They went there, and found the bear father was there, and he recognized his human wife at once and took the child up in his arms. The real bear wife was there at one side and she immediately became jealous and sat upon her hind legs and showed the whites of her eyes. She hated the Indian woman and her husband had to try to pacify her.

That night they all slept together, so the bear said to his human wife, "When you get wood and bring it to our lodge, never drop it so it will make a noise, lower it slowly to the ground, for if you ever should throw it off with a noise, you'll insult my bear wife, who is waiting for a chance to get angry at you." He told her this because she was to get the wood, being used to it as a human being.

The Indian woman was unable to remember her bear husband's injunction. She kept lugging in wood, and one day forgot and dropped it. The

bear husband was away at that time, so when Owäsiûkiu (Bear-woman) heard it she got up and tore the Indian woman's breast with her claws. At that the Indian woman's child, who had a tiny bow and arrows, strung his little bow and shot his aunt,[1] in her side and she keeled over. When her husband returned he found the bear wife dead, so he said to his Indian wife, "Butcher her, take out the liver, and the thin fat that is around her tripe like a veil (okwäpahûn), and cook them for your boy. Perhaps he killed her because he wanted to eat meat." Then he told his wife to wash and clean bear-woman, and put her on her sleeping platform and cover her up. This was done. "Let us eat together," said the woman. The husband did not want to eat his wife, nor the cub his mother, but the human boy said to the cub, "Well you will eat with me or I'll shoot you too." So the cub child had to eat.

The boy's father was angry, he said, "Oh my, you do wrong! You will cause us bears to eat each other hereafter." During the night after this feast, bear-woman came to life and was seated at her place as usual.

Next morning the human boy said to the cub, "Let us play together. Let us go over yonder and play in that clump of bushes." The cub agreed, and meantime the boy said, "I'm going to tell you what my Uncle Päkinê (One Thrown Away) does when he chases a bear. I'll repeat the words he says when he sees a bear, 'he he he!' that's what my uncle Päkinê used to say, and you'll hear me say it too." The cub replied: "Oh no, brother, you are going to shoot me, I'm afraid of you." "Oh no, this is only in play, I only want to show you. Now go ahead and pretend you are hiding, make crooked trails as though concealing yourself."

When this was done the boy began to cry 'he he he' and the cub ran for home, but the boy shot and killed him. The cub lay there and their father came out and saw it. "Why, what is he lying there in that way for? Well, perhaps my human son wants to eat him!" He told his wife to clean it and do as she did the other time. "Perhaps our son wants to eat it," he remarked.

They prepared the cub and ate together. The body of the cub was taken, washed, and put away as his mother's. Next day, when they awoke, the little cub was alive again. The following morning a man came to their den. He was the biggest species (Kinua, grizzly) of bear. This one said, "I came to summon you to attend a party. We are going skating on the ice."

So they went. There was to be a race on skates for which they used tortoise carapaces. They had four, one for each foot, but the humans against

[1] Note term for dual mother.

whom they were to contend needed only two. There was a goal post erected at one end of the lake. The little boy said to his father before starting, "It's best for you to stay at home and let us go alone." "No, it won't do, for you'll be beaten."

"Well, never mind, let us be beaten this time, but the next day we will win, and then you can come. I'll only take my little cub brother this time."

So they started, and their father stayed behind. The cub put on four skates, and went with ease at once; the boy fell and could not stand. He fell on his backside so much he nearly broke it, but cub quickly learned. The Indian boy started and fell, but at last he thought, "Let me fix it so I'll overtake them and beat them." So he took flint points from his arrows and pierced them through the shells on his feet like grips, and then he could run on the ice.

The cub and others were now far ahead. It was said that the losing party was to be killed. The boy ran swiftly with his arrow-head spikes, overtook the others and won the race. The race was twice round, and the boy and cub were winners of both, so they commenced killing the bears as was agreed.

They butchered them and the cub and the boy carried bear meat on their backs. It was hard for cub, as he did not know how, but the boy carried a big load while cub had very little, being awkward, and even then the pack fell off at times. When they got home, they hung up a line strung with colored feathers hanging on it. These feathers signified the souls of all the bears that had been killed previously and this meant now that they were all to come to life because the boy and cub had killed the enchanted grizzlies. Their father was at home. "Thank you for what you have done today! Well done!" he cried. "Tomorrow is the second trial."

Then their human mother cooked and they feasted on bear meat. When cub boy was filled, he said, "Wait till tomorrow and I'll fetch more of the same on my back." He spoke in praise of what he had just eaten. Next day they did the same. This time the bears planned it out. "We'll play this way," they said. "There are leaning trees here with limbs upon them. "We'll hang on a limb with one hand and swing to and fro, and we'll kill whoever drops first."

They all hung at once. There they swung, and the Indian boy managed to prick each of the bears in the arm pit with a flint-tipped arrow, so they let go and fell. So the boys now again killed many, leaving only two bear cubs, a male and female. The boy said, "We have won and I could have killed you all and wiped you out, but I left you because Mätc Hä'wätûk made us, and it would not do if we were to slay you all and not leave you two as seed to multiply from. You'll not be so plenty as you were before,

only one here and there." Then they all came home, and all the previously slain bears in the world came back to life.

The father now said to the boy, "You had better go now, and look for your Uncle Päkinê," and he told his wife to return to her brother. The cub stayed behind with his father. The Uncle Päkinê had great abundance of meat when they arrived. While they were there the five wicked brothers came back, all skin and bone and hardly arrived alive. No one knows where they came from or where they had been, but they were taken in, weak and sickly from fasting.

While they were together, Mowäki[u] came walking with his cane, and every time it hit the ground it made a terrible noise. The oldest brother and all the rest of the five fainted.

Päkinê said to his sister as Mowäki[u] approached, "Sit close to me and my nephew, you too will be alive with me, nothing will harm us, but my five brothers who killed me must all die, when Mowäki[u] comes to us, for he will eat them up at my wish."

When Mowäki[u] came, Päkinê said, "Eat those five, I give them to you as a sacrifice. I feed them to you, and no more, eat them up and be contented; for this reason I give them: they did me great harm once and I do not want them. Do not look further at us, but let us live as we have done you no harm. Moreover, I must tell you, I could have killed you when you arrived here, for I have the power, but I won't, on condition that you will let us alone and never come here again."

When Mowäki[u] had finished his dreadful repast, he tried to kill Päkinê too, but Päkinê fought him.

"Nimaa," laughed Mowäki[u], "no power on earth can hurt me but Nuthatch!" but this was a lie, for Päkinê broke all his limbs as he fought and guarded. Then Mowäki[u] lay scrambling and struggling so Päkinê went up and killed him, and when he did, he made a big fire and burned him up and he is out of the way now.

And then I came away.

7. Mowäki[u], the North Giant.

Once upon a time there was a man and his wife who had two children. The man frequently hunted by the shore of the great water.[1] One day when he was wandering through the forest he came upon the tracks of a Mowäki[u], and following them a little way he discovered that they went towards his

[1] Lake Michigan.

lodge. The hunter was terrified for his family, and ran home as fast as he could go.

Back in the wigwam where his wife and family were, they suddenly heard a great noise, "Pde! Pde!" like some heavy thing approaching, making the earth tremble. The woman wondered what it was and she ran out to see. All at once Mowäkiu appeared. The children had followed her, and she screamed to them to run inside, "Go in! Go in! He is coming to kill us." When Mowäkiu was close she peeped out, "Oh, we are dead, he is coming," she wailed. Meanwhile, Mowäkiu came up and peeped down on them through the smoke hole in the roof of the lodge. "Maaa! this is where I am going to drink soup," he ejaculated, for this was the magical expression that he used to scare people helpless. But the woman, with great presence of mind called out, "Oh here's your father's uncle,"[1] as though they were very much pleased. "Your father has been waiting for his uncle for years, and alas he has come here while we are all alone." "Aaah!" said Mowäkiu, in surprise, looking very much puzzled. The woman was so frightened that she kept on repeating what she had said and at last he remembered that his sister had dropped her eggs in this place and that must have been why the woman said what she did. He was so touched that he began to weep, and he had pity on the family.

When the woman saw his tears, she cried, "Oh come inside uncle, if you can." "I will try," he replied, "but I am so big." Then he began to make himself smaller by wriggling, squirming, and shrugging until he was the size of a man. Then he came in, and lay down in the guest's place. "I will cook for you now," said the woman. "Hau, good," said Mowäkiu. "Be quiet and sit still," whispered the mother to her children, "I am going for some water." The children were frightened nearly to death, but they were very good, and when she returned she began to cook, for her husband was a good hunter, and they had plenty of all kinds of meat. When she had finished she set soup before Mowäkiu and told him to eat.

He did so, and when he had finished he thanked her, saying, "I am very grateful." He noticed that she kept running in and out as though she were waiting for someone, and so she was, for she wished to warn her husband as to what to say when he came in. By and by he arrived and when he saw his house still standing with the smoke pouring out of the smoke hole he was delighted, for he had expected that the lodge would be all pulled to pieces. His wife ran to meet him and whispered, "Be sure you call him uncle. You see we have convinced him that we are his relatives." So the hunter entered, "Hau boco, boco nise," he cried, "I have expected you for a long

[1] The reference here is to the very close relationship among the Menomini between uncle and nephew.

time, and now you have come at last. You happened to arrive when the woman was alone." The Mowäkiᵘ replied that he had known long ago that they were living near there, but had forgotten it, and when he arrived he remembered that it was at that very place that his sister had dropped her eggs, and that was how they came to be there.

The man sat down, "Have you fed our dear uncle," he asked his wife. "Yes," she replied. "Well you had better cook again, you know his capacity is greater than ours." So the woman obeyed. "Have another meal uncle, you have come a long way," invited the man.

After the next meal they went to bed and the man lay awake trembling all the night. "The Mowäkiᵘ will surely eat us if we sleep," he thought. At last, to his relief, the morning dawned. Then the man told his wife to cook breakfast. He was very much worried, for he did not know whether to go hunting or to stay at home. "Well uncle," he said to the giant, "shall I go hunting or keep you company?" "Why if you are tired," replied Mowäkiᵘ, "you had better stay here today." The next day the man was not so frightened. "I guess I'll go hunting today," he said, so off he went.

At last he came to a little spring. He stepped in it and was mired to his thighs. He finally managed to get out, but he did not brush off the dirt. That night he came home empty handed. When Mowäkiᵘ saw him he cried, "Oh, so you have brought home a bear." "Why no, I didn't kill anything," replied the man. "Oh yes, you have met a bear," replied Mowäkiᵘ pointing to the mud on his leggings. The man was frightened because he thought the giant was making this an excuse to eat him, and he tried to argue. "Oh! I just happened to step into a spring, that is how I got so muddy." "Well there is a bear in that spring," insisted Mowäkiᵘ. "Maybe you are right," said the man, so they arranged to go there together the next day.

On the following morning they set forth. "Here is the place where I got wet," said the man at last, pointing to the spot. "Of course," replied Mowäkiᵘ, "here's where the bear and its cubs reside. Now make a fire close by." The man obeyed and Mowäkiᵘ collected a pile of huge rocks that he broke off easily with his hands. Then he got four great stones and put them in the fire. Next he prepared himself an enormous club. As soon as the big stones were red hot the giant rolled one into the spring. It made a tremendous sizzling, and the water boiled up and over. Mowäkiᵘ stood ready with his club, but nothing came, so he rolled in another stone, and the water boiled up "Bûb! bûb! bûb! bûb! bûb! bûb!" So in turn he rolled each of the four stones in, until the water was all boiled away. Then Mowäkiᵘ poked into the hole where the bear dwelt, and pretty soon, out

she came. Mowäkiu hit her over the head and clubbed the cubs that followed with equal success. "Didn't I tell you you had bears yesterday?" he asked his nephew. "Let's singe one cub, that's the way I like to eat them."[1]

So Mowäkiu carried all the game home, for it was too heavy for the poor mortal to lift. When they got back to the lodge, Mowäkiu made himself small and entered and took his place. The cub had been cooked in his own kettle and he ate it for supper. As they were seated together the woman asked her husband, "Why not give one of our children to the giant, he would have killed us all, if he had not had mercy on us." "Well, yes, he may have one," agreed the man. So they told the giant that he might take his choice of the children, since they were so grateful for his help.

The Mowäkiu was much pleased. "I guess I could make use of one," he said, and they gave him one of their sons. That night when they went to bed, the giant spoke to his nephew, "Better let me sleep with the little boy you gave me." "Yes, do as you please, he belongs to you," replied the man. "Well, then my child, come and sleep with me," said the giant. When the little fellow was sleeping Mowäkiu held him between his knees and his hands and every time he stretched he pulled the little fellow out. He stretched his arms and rubbed them and the lad began to grow. Mowäkiu did this a number of times until the boy was as big as he was.

The next day he said to the man's wife, "Someone like me is going to come here soon, can you make me a garter of buckskin ornamented with quill-embroidery?" The woman set to work and soon made one out of a whole doeskin. Then Mowäkiu said, "The newcomer will look just like me, and you cannot tell us apart if we should wrestle, so I am going to wear this garter in order that you may recognize me."

All at once one day Mowäkiu said, "My friend is coming, hide me, cover me up, this Mowäkiu will peep in and talk just as I did." Sure enough he came. "Ah! this is where I am going to drink soup," he roared. All at once the hidden giant jumped up. "Who is this who is trying to hurt my nephew?" and he rushed out and looked up at the stranger, for you must remember that the old Mowäkiu was just the size of a man. Then he whooped "Kuwû! Kuwû! Kuwû! Kuwû!" and became as large as ever. In his hand he held a cedar war club which his nephew had made for him, for cedar is the strongest of all woods. He challenged the newcomer to wrestle with him, and the two giants began to fight. Presently Uncle Mowäkiu threw the other. "Nephew, come with your club," he called, and the man ran

[1] The idea of finding animals in springs which are only discernible to those of miraculous powers, also occurs among the Winnebago, Radin, 297.

up and knocked the stranger over the head. "Well," said the giant, "we've killed him, I will drag the body away somewhere," and so he did. "I guess I'll leave now. I am going to take that boy you gave me along," said Mowäki[u] to his nephew. "I'll return some time."

The man continued to live as he had before the giant had visited him. One day when he was out hunting he found the track of another Mowäki[u] and headed home. "I guess my children are all dead this time," he thought, but when he drew close to the lodge he saw smoke, and before he arrived his children ran out, "Father, a Mowäki[u] has killed our mother. He said our mother would be enough for once, he would get us the next time he came." "I guess we're going to suffer now that your mother is dead," said the man.

The man went off hunting again and he left his children at home. Sometimes when he returned, he would find everything upset. "What makes this place so disorderly?" he would ask, but he never received any answer. Every time he found it worse. Sometimes there were piles of sand and holes all over the place. "You never used to do this," he said to his children, "what is the matter?" They looked at each other and said never a word.

At last the man thought to himself, "I believe somebody comes and plays with my children." So one day he pretended to go off, but he stole back and watched what was going on. He saw a little child pop out of a log and run into the lodge, and then all the noise began. By and by the little boy ran back to the log crying, "I guess father will come home soon." Presently the father came back. "Somebody comes and plays with you," he said. "That is our little brother," replied the children, "when the Mowäki[u] killed our mother he thrust our unborn brother into a log. It is he who visits us. Her womb dried on him and he wears it for a coat."

So the man went over and coaxed the child to come and live with him. The father continued to hunt for a living, and instructed his children to play together, but not so roughly. They used to frolic close to the shore of the great water but after a while they got so that they would stay away over night and leave their father at home alone. One time when they came back he said, "What makes you stay away so long and leave me here alone? If you like it better that way, why do you come home at all? I will leave this place, for we have been living here too long anyway." So the children agreed, "All right, we will stay away and you can go off and look for companions." So the man went to a place where there were some Indians. When he had lived among them for a while he decided he would marry again. Away off where the children were, the smallest one, who knew everything, said to his brothers, "Our father has found the Indians and he is married

now, I guess we might as well go and see him." So they started out, and when they were close to the village they began to sing, "Iniku wawa, pumitou anipok, anipok," "Everybody that looks at us will die." Some of those who heard turned to see and fell dead right away. Then the children changed their tune, "Néku kutiwawa pomitou anipok, anipok," "Everybody that does not look at us will fall dead." Then everybody looked once more.

Their father came out of his lodge and when he saw that it was his children he ran to meet them. "What do you mean by this, you have killed many of these poor Indians by that song! What did you come here for, now you must make these people come to life, you had no reason to kill them."

The two older brothers looked at the little fellow and asked him if he could bring them to life. "Why yes," he said, so he went around to the corpses and laid one hand over the face of each and they were restored. So their father sent them away again. He promised that he would stay there, and in case they desired to see him they might come, but they must not do as they had done on this visit. That is the end of this story.

8. Lodge Boy and Thrown Away.

Häwätûk Apänisûk, the sacred twin boys, were godlike. The eldest's name was Wâhinak'weakit, meaning, "the thick hair at the top part of a deer's head." The father of these sacred twins used to go hunting a good deal. He used to leave his wife at home. On one of these hunts, the father, coming home, found his wife killed by a Mowäki[u], a powerful giant of the olden times. He searched for his wife round her home and found her inwards tucked into a hollow stump by the giant. He looked at them and saw that the womb still held the child that would have been born. He took out the tiny baby, removed it to his home and cared for it. This was Wâhi. He fed it and left it at home while he attended to his usual hunts. During this time Wâhi grew to be large enough to take care of himself, and played a little by himself. His father made him a tiny bow and arrows. "Remain quiet, don't make a noise for fear that the one who killed your mother may come again," his father said.

One day another tiny boy came to play with him, while the father was busy out hunting. The tiny boy, knowing when evening was close, would return to his home in the hollow stump where his mother's inwards were thrown, and there the little mice took care of him. The mice were good to the tiny boy for his mother used, when butchering or cleaning deer, to throw away the meat and hair from the head of the deer, so that the mice gathered it for themselves to nest in and be protected. The boy therefore

received his name from deer hair, so his father called him Wâhinak'weakit. The father on his return, nearing his home mistrusted, seeing tracks that were tiny, one track smaller than the other. He asked his little son, Wâhi, "How is it that there is a small track that I see along side of yours?"

Then Wâhi told the secret of the other tiny boy coming to play with him, after their father started out to hunt. Wâhi told his father what the tiny boy had said to him when first attracted. "Why you are my brother, and I live in the stump where mother's inwards were thrown and left by the giant, and the little mice raised me. I hate our father because he did not fetch me along with you."

Wâhi told all this to his father. Then the father said, "If this is so I want to see this tiny boy. You can now hide me here, cover me up with our bed clothes, and I will lie still. You arrange to get him in here, and talk to and feed him near me, and I will catch him while he is eating. Go and play and if he comes to you bring him in."

So the father was hidden and Wâhi helped him do it. The tiny boy came around outside and was soon brought in by Wâhi, his elder brother, and as he ate his father caught him. Then Wâhinak'weakit said, "Oh my! you defile me! You know you left me, you did not care for me, and you are my father!" "Oh my! I did not see you there, when I looked over the inwards of your mother! If I had seen you I would have brought you home! Now both you tiny brothers stay home together, and remain quiet, or else the bad Mowäki[u] giant will come soon and kill you." On hearing this Wâhi said to his father, "You make a tiny bow and arrows for my little brother too, then we will kill this giant. Then let him come if he wants to, we will fix him!"

As usual the father went out daily to hunt. Meantime the powerful twin boys were growing rapidly and played together. Within a year's time they were beyond the others that had great powers. These twins had grown to about two feet high, when the youngest twin asked his father, "What kind of thing was it that killed my mother?" The father said to him, "It was Mowäki[u], a giant." "Well then let him come here again, and we will kill him!" cried the twins.

They were powerful, and made journeys, and both visited every place where evil monsters of every description dwell underneath the ground, under deep water, mountains, large rocks, hills, and every dismal place they entered, and pulled or drove the wicked ones out of their dens. They killed them and left them right where they killed them. They did this from time to time, destroying bad monsters, and dragging them to their home, leaving them outside lying on the ground, where their father would see them on his return from hunting. They soon scared their father so that he was

uneasy all the while, seeing that his little sacred powerful twins were outrageous in their audacity. He said to him, "Stop this! Don't be killing all kinds of gods and then dragging them here, for you will get me into trouble! I fear all of them, you will set them against me!"

The boys kept on, only to satisfy their power. It was fun to kill these monsters and pull them out of their dens and drag them home, only for their father to see what power they had. One day they caught the big, evil, homely, underneath lizard, and dragged this to their lodge, saying, "This will be our aunt, and we will tell father; 'There is your wife lying! we fetched her for you and it is our stepmother.'"

The father seeing this tremendous monster was frightened. The twins said to each other, so that their father heard them, "Look at father! he is ashamed of his wife here!" The tiny twins had dragged the nasty dangerous lizard to their father's bed place.

Their father said to them, "Take her out of the way," then, as the lizard was alive, the twins said, "Father hates our auntie, we will haul her out and kill her at the door, and leave her there for father to see."

Their father went off on his hunt through the day. Then came the big, bad, wicked giant to kill the little sacred powerful twins in their home. The giant came to the Upa^{x}kiwikon, or mat house, while the twins were having their meal. He peeped at the twins through the smoke hole. He was so tall he had to stoop down to peep. He had his large cooking kettle which he used when he killed anything, on his back. The giant merely said to the little twins, "Nima, Nima! Well, well, Kasatosyos akais menoyon! I will now have a little warm lunch, this is what I get on my travels over this earth, and my name is Akiweyâsaka!" (This means He-who-travels-or-tramples-on-this-earth, or Mowäki^{u}, the man eater. The Indians say to this day that these giants exist away over on the other side of the great ocean. The Indians are inclined to think that these giants want to cross over by wading through the ocean, and when they try, crabs and other clutching water animals pinch or bite them so that they have to go back to shore, and are prevented from crossing. Therefore the Indians here have become numerous and increased, otherwise they would have all been wiped out. The twin boys drove the giants to the other side of the water.)

While the twins were eating their meal, the giant entered the wigwam. He had a large kettle and a wooden dish, a large spoon and a knife, that he used to eat with. He hung his kettle over the twins' fire, put water in it and undressed the little fellows to cook them. When the water started to boil the giant said, "Well, I will have almost a taste from these babes." Wâhi was dressed in a buckskin shirt and leggings and the younger one in the hair from whence he had his name. His shirt, leggings, cap, and moccasins,

were woven of hair from the fur on top of a deer's head, gathered by mice who gave their power to the youngest twin because he was overlooked by his father and left in his dead mother's womb. The twins knew that they were powerful alone, so they kept quiet. The water boiled and the giant put the naked twins into the kettle and boiled them. They assumed all manner of postures and the giant sat up very close to the kettle, with his large spoon. As the water boiled the twins moved in various postures, as if turning somersaults, their little sterns revolving near the brim of the kettle, so that the giant smiled and thought it funny. The giant dipped up the froth with his spoon as it gathered and formed, to take a sip. The twins in the meantime knew and saw all his doings. They said to each other, "Wait a little and we will fix him! Let the water get good and hot, boiling, and then it will only commence to be warm with us."

The giant kept his mouth and head near the brim of the kettle. All at once the twins got up and out of the kettle and stood on the brim tipping it over on his face and body, and so scalded him to death! The twins then dragged him outside to lay him among all the other dead monsters that were there, and left him so their father could see him. The twins laughed at each other and said, "There lies he who has killed our mother!"

Although he was dead the twins took up their deadly weapon, paxhuakûs, the war club, and struck at the giant's head to insure his death, and satisfy their greed of mischief. They cried, "Vanish from this island, go away and never come here again."

The giant was supposed to be a man with hair growing on his body. Their father returned from his hunt and saw the big Mowäki[u] prostrate on the ground, with all the other furious monsters that were killed before by the twins. He then felt terrified and was filled with great wonder and fear.

The father himself was a sacred dreamer, and a powered man too, to a certain extent, but he did not show it; he kept it secret. He knew everything underneath the ground, and seeing so many desperate evil monsters killed by his tiny twins he cried, "Stop now! don't be killing those great animals. I am afraid now that you both will get me into big trouble, as the underneath powers will kill me somewhere on one of my trips. Again, it is good of you that you have killed this giant, for it was he who killed your mother."

Then the father made up his mind to hide and stay away from his little sons but he did not tell them so. He went off on his daily hunt and did not return at night. The twin boys became alarmed about their father, thinking that he might have been killed somewhere and they said to each other, "We will look for him and start in the morning."

These boys being most powerful in every way, knew and saw everything

on top and underneath the ground, and nothing was hard for them. They searched for their father by tracking him till they came to place where no more of his tracks were to be seen, they found he had entered the ground by a hole. The twin boys stopped a little while and said to each other, "The way for us to go further in will be to cut each other's scalps and skulls and drop a tiny pebble into our brains to mix up with them so we will be able to sing a mitäo song. We will shake our heads or move them to make them rattle as we proceed."

Sure enough, doing so as they went, they saw their father's tracks descending till they came to him where he was hiding. Then they both sang their mitäo songs at the same time rattling the tiny stones inside their heads. Their father said to his sons, seeing them after him, "Let me alone, let me go. You had better forsake me and go your own way as it will be better for us. I cannot be with you for you are going to get me into a serious scrape, I am afraid, as nothing is hard to you, and you are killing everything. If you can kill evil monsters so easily, so much more easily can you kill wild game for your living. You are tricky and mischievous, and you can conquer all the powers underneath the ground. You are daring and you must not call me your father any more, you must go your way and care for yourselves. We will go back to the surface of this earth and stay separate." The twins receiving this feeling and talk, came out and took their way, roaming about till they came up here to visit four chiefs or underneath gods. One of the four was named Neopit, meaning the "fourth-seated-one," and his residence is underneath the ground. His permanent home is on the Wisconsin River, in the state of Wisconsin at a high bluff rock adjoining the river. The rock is cut square up and down, with caves or holes in it; very strange and big and wonderful. The Indians called this place, Osówikosit, meaning "One-used-as-a-substitute," and this was the Misikin'ubîk, his blood, used to draw his effigy of sacred nature. Under the rock is the sacred den of those four king chiefs underneath, and there was an entrance, a hole to go into to reach the center.

At the entrance was a servant of those four powers guarding and protecting the door. It was the hairy horned snake. The little twins came on to this place and would have entered it, as they knew the head power, Neopit. They came to the door, and seeing the watch and finding him a little bit inside the door, they said, "We want to go inside to see Neopit, and we want to ask him if we boys can live with him here all the time. Let us in, open the door and let us pass." The serpent said, "No, you cannot go in. I won't let you. Neopit inside knew long ago that you were coming to see him, but he does not care to see you, and he told me not to open the door or let you pass."

The twin boys were offended as they looked at the monster snake with his heavy bunch of horns. "Well, we will take hold of you anyhow," they cried, which they did, and dragged him outside and out of the way. They killed him with their cedar mallet, and made the serpent's blood squirt out abundantly. These twins decided to make a sign. They took the snake's blood and made a number of marks showing their work in the past so that the Indians in the future could see all about their killing the giant, and losing their mother. They engraved high up on the smooth side of the rock. Then Wâhi said to his mate, "Our father has given us each a name and mine is Wâhi, from the dangerous cactus, and your name is Wâhinak'weakit, so we will write our names on this rock to show this world and to last with it, so it can be seen by our future uncles that will exist, what was done for them in killing off the worst harmful monster. On this wigwam of theirs their father's snowshoes are deeply cut or engraved. Finishing their engraving the twins entered the monster's house or den and saw the four, among whom was Neopit. The twins asked them if they could be allowed to live with them there, and promised: "If you do let us we will be of some good to you. We will do the hunting for you and kill and bring game to you." Neopit said, "Yes, you may stay with us here."

These twins got older and a trifle bigger. After some years they left this place and went to the Menomini River at a place known as Oskatc-kekiti, or "not to talk." They stayed there a while, and then went back to the Wisconsin River to its source where they are now supposed to be by our Indians.

9. The Ten Thunderers.

Once there were ten thunderers who lived near a great lake with a high hill on the shore. The youngest ran ahead of others, and caught a great power whom he raised away up in the heavens, but water stuck to the thunderer's feet, and, elastic like, pulled him down, and the others saw. "Oh, see our brother has got something! He's trying to take it up! Well, he'll probably manage, he's used to do it." So they watched him struggle again and again. Bird was just large enough to cover the lake, but he was pulled down so far only the head and tail stuck out. The horned snake had a brother under the water who came out to help and threw his coils about bird's tail and drew him under. The thunderer who was taken down had a wife and two children, the eldest a girl, the younger a boy. The nine other thunderers now came to the lake and struck and struck the lake trying to save their brother but he was too far down, so they gave him up. So the elder sister was told to take her little brother and go down to the creek that formed the lake's outlet and live there.

When they arrived on the high hill designated, there was an abode magically ready for them at once. The other thunderers cared for the children as the boy grew up. When the lad was growing he soon became big enough to play at the creek where he caught a frog by its legs and brought it in.

"Oh tiny brother, you are big enough to kill now, fetch him here and I'll cook him." They cooked and ate and the sister was glad. "Oh brother, I guess we'll be able to care for ourselves from now on, since you seem now to be able to hunt and kill for us." The boy kept on doing this and killed lots, which the sister began to tie up in bunches and hang up to dry. "Keep on little brother!" she said. Meanwhile the youth was growing. "But I must tell you not to go near the lake, there will be harm for you if you do." So he went on getting thunder food such as frogs, toads, and salamanders.

Now the little chap was big enough to use a bow and arrow, so his sister made him one, which he used successfully on frogs, etc. One day the boy thought, "I am tired of the same trip I've been making so long. I'll go and find out why sister doesn't want me to go. She'll never know." So he kept going nearer and nearer to the lake, through woods amid high hills. At last he came to an open place, and at the mouth of the creek he saw a beautiful large lake. He walked on the sandy beach to see it. "Oh this must be the place I've been forbidden to go to. It's a nice place." A little further down he came to a high hill rising out of the lake. As he drew near the bluff he saw another little boy of his own size. "Hello brother! you'll be a brother to me." They played together all day. When the sun was nearly down the thunder child said, "I must go now to my sister, she will scold me for being late." "Oh, all right, come back here tomorrow and we'll play again."

The thunder child started back in a hurry, but not having done so before, stopped and shot some frogs and salamanders. He brought only a few to his sister. "Oh, where have you been, you have been gone so long." "Oh, I went further upstream this time to kill more. I've been over my old place so long that I've killed them all." This was a lie, for he had gone the other way. The boy was so interested in his play that he told his sister he wanted to start earlier in the day. This he repeated quite a while.

One day while playing the boy said to the thunder child, "Let's sit down." They did and gazed at the lake. All at once, the boy said to thunder child, "Do you know where your father is?" "No." "Your father is under yonder big hill that projects out of this lake. If you'd like to see him, I'll take you over. My father is the one who keeps your father tied down to a stake there." The thunder child said, "All right, I would like to see him." "Well then, follow me and step exactly where I step as I go down." The boy started walking on top of the water over to

the bluff, the thunder child in his steps behind him till they got there. They came to a great horned snake lying across, a horrible sight indeed. He was the doorkeeper of the horned snake abode. When they came up to it, Horned Snake cried, "Tsi! Why do you fetch this dangerous one here?" The boy cried, "Here hold on, my father told me to tell him his father wanted to see him." "You should not have brought him here as he is very dreadful." The boy took Horned Snake and cried, "Get out of the way and let us go by." So both went in. As they traveled in they found another doorkeeper Määtc Mikanâ, a huge turtle. The turtle exclaimed to the snake boy, "Hé, what made you fetch this dreadful one here for?" Snake Boy replied, "Hold on, it's none of your business. You don't have any claim on this place, my father told me to take my partner here because his father wanted to see him and we both want to see our fathers." The boy threw Mikanâ to one side. Presently, they came to another door over which a blanket hung. Snake Boy raised it a little and opened it and there was the monster thunderbird, held down by the copper tails of two great horned snakes who opened more and cried to the thunder child, "See, there's your father!" The old bird looked up and saw his son and knew him, and cried, "Oh my son!" and wept. Snake Boy said, "Go up to him, it's your father." Thunder child went up. Thunderbird cried, "Oh wa Nikis!" and stroked his boy's head. Snake Boy then went farther back following the snakes' tails to his father. "Father I came to see you." "Yes, what is it?" "Well father, I am your son and you have often told me that you love me dearly." "Yes, that is so." "Well father if you really do, and if my uncle does also, I know you would not refuse me anything I asked." "Yes, that is true." "Well father, I ask you earnestly, will you say 'yes'?" "Yes, I will say that, but what is it you want?" "Well father, I beg you to uncoil your tail from this thunderer because he is my chum's father." When he said this the old horned snake's head drooped and he wept. "My son, I love you and you are dear to me, but I weep because you have asked me in vain. I cannot and I must not release him, and yet I would love to release him for your sake." "Well father, that is why I came, and I beg you again on my comrade's account. He is out there with his father." The uncle now spoke, "Ah my dear nephew you have truly moved us, and you have spoken so well for your friend. You are a son to me too. For my part I say yes. Let him go, but it is not I alone but your father, on whom it depends." Again the old snake, weeping, said, "Son I cannot, it is impossible." Then Snake Boy left saying, "I am going to go to my dear little comrade."

Meantime thunderer was visiting with his own son and Snake Boy took him away through the mat door. The thunderbird said to his son, "This

chum of yours here is so good to you I want you always to be as a full brother to him." The two boys went by turtle and outside past the horned snake at the door. "Come on with us to yonder shore; father said to," cried the boy, so he grabbed him by gills. "No, that's not so, your father has placed me here never to leave." "Well, he did, come, you've got to." The boy dragged him over and pulled him high on shore. Then the snake boy said to the thunder child, "N'hau néat, can't you do something to this one, or can't your sister make some use of him?" Thunder child started at full speed to his sister, while Snake Boy held the doorkeeper. The thunder child soon got home and burst in on his sister. "Oh sister, I have something yonder that my little brother gave us, and I came to get you. You know I went over where you told me not to, in spite of everything and there I found a chum who gave this to me! Let's go in a hurry."

The sister raised the mat, and took up the club she had concealed under it. They hurried over to the lake shore where the snake boy still held the snake. The girl, when she looked at it, overcame the horned snake and he lay benumbed.

"Come away, brother," cried the snake boy, "let's let her alone to get out of the way, while she does this." So they ran away to one side to look on. When the sister got to the head of the horned snake she rose up into the air brandishing her black burnt club and came down, phhhw! and struck the monster on the head and ended him. Then the boys came back. The girl butchered and cleaned the horned snake and cooked it. Thunder child helped her carry it. Then they ate together. The sister then said, "Now younger brother, we have had great benefit through the gift of this chum of yours. You seem to like him, I want you to use him well, never harm or illtreat him. He is a brother to you." "Oh yes, sister, I'll now tell you a secret. You know you always told me to keep away, but that's how I met him, when I disobeyed you. He managed to take me into his father's den and yonder I saw our father, held by the copper tails of the horned snakes and the boy will help us out later." "Well, that's why I advise you to keep on good terms with him."

The next day the thunder child went to the lake and found the snake boy waiting for him. They played, but more quietly than before, for something seemed to be between them. Snake Boy said, "Let us sit down." So they did. All at once Snake Boy said to thunder child, "We are brothers and we love each other, don't we?" "Yes." "Well let's keep it up always." "Yes." "Oh my brother, I've tried very hard for your sake and I'm very sorry that I cannot do anything. You know when we went home I begged my father to free your father. He said he could not and would not. I begged him because he loved me and re-

minded him that he had promised to grant any request; yet he denied me, I was refused."

Then they parted agreeing to come the next day to go and see the thunder child's father. Then the thunder child went home. When he got there he told his sister all about it. "Oh my little brother, be very careful to be good to him and never harm him." "Well yes, I never have." "Yes, but you can, so don't, for you have the power." "Oh, all right, I know I can, but I certainly won't." The boy started out early the next day and found his friend waiting. "Oh, you are late," said the snake boy, and they began to play again though not so happily as before. After a time, they sat down on the sand bank. All at once Snake Boy said uneasily, "Well, I guess we better go to see my father again, come on." They started. "Now step in the same place where I step." So they walked on top of the water right over to the bluff. The watchman was gone, so they went into the inner door where turtle was. "Ci! Why you are bringing that dangerous fellow again? What is that for?" The snake boy shoved the turtle aside and came to the door. Snake raised the curtain and peeped at the captive thunderer and let his comrade see. The thunderer and thunder child saw each other and wept. Thunder child went in to his father. Snake Boy went on to see his own parent. "Father, I came again to see you. I am not satisfied, I am unhappy. I came again to ask you if you really meant to refuse me the liberty of my chum's father." The old snake wept again, "Oh my son, I love you so well that every time you speak to me I weep. I should not refuse you anything, but this time I must tell you it is impossible. I will not let him go!" Meantime his uncle heard and said, "Oh my nephew, for my part you need only ask me once and I would agree, I say so now, but you must know your father is leader here and he says no, and not I." The father begged his son not to be angry. The boys left and went out. When they came to turtle, the snake boy said, "Father said you were to lead us to yonder shore." Turtle refused, being afraid. But strong as Turtle was the boy dragged him out by the foreleg to the sand bar. "Now partner," said Snake Boy, "run and tell your sister that I feed you and her. Run quick and tell her." The thunder child ran and did so. "My brother friend told me to fetch you as he had something for us to eat." The girl took her club and both hurried back to where Turtle was with Snake boy. When the girl ran, the turtle collapsed, overcome by her glance. When close, the girl rose in the air and crashed down like a thunderbolt and knocked the turtle on the head. The boys who had gotten out of her way, returned. The girl butchered the turtle and cut him up into good carrying size and she and her brother bore it all home.

The last trip the Snake Boy invited the Thunder child to come again.

The Thunder child came again and found his friend. They played with some constraint, because Snake child was hurt on account of his father's refusal. "I am angry with my father and uncle," he told Thunder child because they have not released your father, though I have done my best. Your father's friends come by here sometimes and do not know where our den is, because it is so nicely hidden. They strike at the wrong place in their attempt to kill them. You have seen the real place where they live. I am telling you this. "My chum, haven't you any relatives or friends, or can't you let your uncles know? If you could let them know the very top of yonder hill is very thin, they could easily kill my father and my uncle. Go over and try to get to the very top of that hill and stay there, and I'll take our regular course and go in by the right door by myself and I will come out at the top where I told you to wait. I can easily get out, because the covering is only birchbark."

They parted and did as agreed, the Thunder child got there first. All at once the bark moved and out came Snake Boy. "You see, I told you, this is the place where it's thin, and my father and my uncle lie right beneath. I'm showing you so you can tell your relatives how easy it is to get at. Mark it if you wish. I am doing this much to help you and I leave it to you now. Now let us part, and you can tell your sister, but keep it secret. Now I'll go home too, I have a home in yonder hill opposite where I live with my two sisters. Tomorrow we will meet again at the usual place."

Thunder child said, "I am glad of what you told me, and I'll tell my sister, maybe she can arrange it. If she says anything, I'll tell you tomorrow." Thunder child went home and told his sister that night, "Oh sister, I have good news about our father and his two monster guards. My partner showed me a place at the very top of the hill where there is an entrance where they can easily be reached. My chum asked me to tell you to tell our relatives or anyone who could free our father. My chum is angry because his father and uncle have refused him. He is sorry for us because we are orphans. Our relatives have always struck at the wrong places."

Sister replied, "Oh how good this news is! We have relatives living. Some of them who are powerful live in the south and some in the east and some in the west. Those in the west are the most powerful and destructive of all. Your uncles are there, your father's brothers, he is the youngest of the lot. I can arrange to do as you suggested, that is all we need to know. Tomorrow you go there and tell them, for it won't take you long, it's only a little way." "Oh sister that is good, I'll do what you tell me, but before I go I must go and tell Snake Boy about it." The boy started out and saw Snake child waiting for him on shore. "How is it? What news do you bring?" "It's all right. Sister says we have relatives, those in the west are

the most powerful, so I came to tell you about it first, for sister wants me to go and tell them today. It is only a little way. I will now go home and thence west to tell my relatives." Snake child said, "Oh that is good, something will be done now to kill my father and uncle for I hate them now on your account. I give them up." So Thunder child ran back to sister and told her what his comrade had said, and sister said, "Now my brother, go and tell your relatives about this whole affair here. I must prepare you. You can't walk over there on the earth, we have the power to fly and go in mid air and very fast too. She took up a handful of sand and rubbed her brother all over his body with it and drew the figure of a thunderbird on his breast with earth. "Now brother with this power you will be able to fly swiftly. Your name now is Wickino." This was the first time he had ever heard his name. "Now you shall become a bird and fly there. When you draw near the others will say, 'Who is that coming yonder?' They will only gaze a moment before they cry, 'It is Wickino!' You must wish to go high and soar like a bird. You mustn't walk, that is a nature foreign to you now." Even as she said these words Wickino rose high in the air and was soon out of sight.

"They will say 'I wonder who it is,' and then right away, 'It is Wickino'" she thought. "Yes it is Wickino, going." The boy did not know, nor did his sister that his grandfather was still alive. As the old man sat there he shivered all at once and began to realize that something was about to happen. This is an Indian sign. "Oh, I am shaking. It means something! Look, do you see anything coming? Maybe that is it. May it is this. Yonder on the earth they that were young over there are maybe old enough to come and see us, and it may be Wickino." The sons looked for they can look all over the earth and saw Thunder child, "Yes, there he comes, it is Wickino. Probably he has a reason for coming." Wickino arrived at last and saw his uncles and aunts in their abode. Grandfather said, "Hello grandson, Wickino, come here to me." The old fellow knew and saw everything. "Grandchild, I saw you coming and I just had time to sit down, I knew you came here for something, now tell it." "Yes grandfather, I did come here for a good reason." He then related the whole affair about Snake child and his father. The grandfather then said, "Now all you children listen to me and do what I tell you at once and be very scrupulous about it. Take the part of your nephew who has come here to plead for help, listen to him and revenge your brother furiously. Go with your terrific power. Prepare, my sons!" Then Mûdjêkiwis cried, "Enough said, before we go we must feast and sacrifice to our war and medicine bundles and have a smoke, in order to freshen and strengthen our power." He turned to the others, "You who are accustomed to hunt, go out and get us game for the feast."

"Hé," cried two coming out and taking up their spears. They went out to mid ocean, accompanied by clouds, rain, thunder and lightning. They were gone only a little while when they came back with two monster horned snakes which they flung on the ground. They hurried and cooked them and made a feast. They had a smoke and called their relatives. After this their grandfather said to Wickino: "Stay here over night, do not go home until tomorrow." This gave Wickino a chance to learn the nine uncles' decision, so they said, "Let us tell our nephew. You return home and when you get there tell your sister and snake child what you have learned here. You and your chum go to the top of the hill on the fourth day from tomorrow and we will go there and see you."

Thunder child arrived home and told his sister and the next day he told his chum whom he found in the old place. He told Snake child all about it. Snake child was gratified. Thunder child told him, "We must be on top of the hill at the fourth day in the morning." Sure enough the fourth day finally came, and they met. "Well partner, you take your old course," said Snake child, "I'll go and enter through the real hole and come out at the top through the bark and see you there." They did it and stood there whispering. Snake child was pleased. "Here's where they are, right beneath us." Thunder child's father was farther off near the door held by snakes. Wickino said, "Keep quiet I can see everywhere, I'll look west for my relatives." He saw dark clouds rolling up. Wickino heard the others say, "Go easy, be moderate." The thunder was only faintly heard. "Twhuuu!" they came humming through. They strove to be silent. Wickino and Snake child knew that four of them, the bravest, were to smash in the hole at the top and make it bigger, two more were to go in and release their captive brother. Wickino heard them cry, "Take your friend and go away as far as possible. Snake child fainted at that sound, so Thunder child picked him up and revived him, and then Wickino pointed to where they should strike and ran away with his chum. Hm! Hm! The thunderers struck as the boys got well out of the way. Just then the opening was broken larger and the two thunderers appointed jabbed their spears into the snakes beneath. The snakes beneath loosed their tails and the two grabbed their brother and brought him away. At the same time they still clutched their spears and they were dragged down through the water and earth by the horned snakes but still they clung. At last the snakes tired and the thunderers flew up with them, while two took their brother up into the sky. The two boys, hearing no more noise, came to the hill top and saw the great hole which was now empty. The Snake child then said, "Now it's done, that's fine! It is a blessing. Your father is freed, and that is what I've wanted for a long time."

Snake child had two sisters living in the lodge with him. The elder was angry, but the younger was pleased, so Snake child did not go home. Evening came and Snake child said, "You see my sister is angry at me so I will go home and live with you where your sister is." So Snake child went home and when it came night Snake child said to Thunder child, "I am now going to go under the ground to visit all the powers below, and to sneak up and listen how they feel about what we have just done and find out what they are going to do, if anything. I am quite sure we have done great damage to them and they cannot help but be angry at us, for allowing your father to escape. I shall return and tell you what they propose to do." Then Snake child went down out of sight into the earth. He went through each tier and as he searched found each den empty. So he kept on until all at once he found them all in a great council. He sneaked up to them and heard them talking about the disaster that had overtaken his father and uncle. He heard them just saying, "Wickino did that, now we must catch him as his father was caught." Snake child returned and told Wickino, "Oh Paxpiniswûg! It has gone against you! I have heard and learned that they are going to capture you and hold you as your father was, so I came to tell you. Now you and your sister go at once where you came from, it's your only chance to escape, don't wait another day here. If you tarry, you will be caught tomorrow and tied up in the same way, for tomorrow it will be announced from the council below about what is to be done to you. Never mind me, I'm all right. I'll stay here by myself, even if I am young and small. I'll roam and I can hide under the surface."

At this time the powers below decreed that all those who had Inämäki[u] for totem would be pulled in the water and drowned.

10. The Thunderbirds and Their Niece.

Once upon a time, long ago, there was a young girl who lay asleep, not knowing anything. All at once she came to consciousness. Not having any parents she merely woke and knew her beginning. She rose and looked around. Then she started away walking along and wondering. She came to a river and stood there and gazed at the stream and by its current she realized what direction it was flowing. She chose to follow upstream, and try to find some living people, as she knew there must be someone alive. As she followed up along the bank she came to a stump, and examined it and kicked at it, until it fell over, being so rotten, and she knew it was cut long ago. She kept on walking till she came to another stump which looked fresher to her. She tried to turn it over but found it more solid; then she thought, "There are some people living nearby."

She walked on a whole day till she came to another stump, and because this one was new or fresh she went further on her journey. On the bank of the river she saw some deer guts lying in the water, so she pulled them out to take along with her. She squeezed the dung out of them and took them with her. At last she came to another place where offal had been thrown into the stream. She saw they looked fresh, so she pulled them out to take along, and threw the first lot away. She kept on till she came to more offal that was thrown into the water. This lot looked new to her, as if it had been thrown in a few minutes ago. She took these and cleaned them, and threw away the others. Still she walked on further till she came to a landing with a trail leading from the river.

She followed this trail on and on till she came to a long, long lodge, which looked very old. In approaching it she was in fear yet she was eager to know, and see more. She got to the door, which was covered with a kapata or door blanket, and quietly peeped in and she saw a young boy seated nearby. The boy saw her peeping through, and he said to her, "Oh come in, it is I who caused you to come and find me here. You are my little niece." So she came in and he said to her, "Sit down," and she did. Then he began to tell her: "There are ten of us here who belong to this lodge and we are all brothers. We are your uncles. The others are all out on their hunt and will soon arrive here. They will come in one after another at intervals, a few minutes between each, and according to their ages following on to the youngest, who will enter behind. Now the oldest of us all will enter first, and this will be Mûdj'êkiwis. After him in age each one will enter this lodge and he will see you already sitting with the youngest of us all, Little Pot Belly, Pê'päkitcisê."

Every time one came in he was astonished to see the young girl visitor and as each one came in he kissed both of them, the girl and the tiny boy. As each came in he laid his game down inside their great lodge. This lodge was well made, covered from the ground up with mats made of bulrushes. It was well stored with many bags of corn and dried meats stored away all along the sides for the entire length of the lodge.

Besides being nicknamed Pê'päkitcisê, the youngest one of the ten brothers was named Mosânäse. In the evening when all had arrived they ate their supper together, as they sat round in a row in the center of the oblong lodge. The oldest one, Mûd'jêkiwis, gave orders to his young brothers to smoke together, and while so doing, Mûd'jêkiwis asked his brothers, "What shall we be in relationship to this young girl, who luckily came here and who had pity on our tiny young brother because he was always lonesome and by himself and wanted our lodge?" Then all the brothers said alike, "Let us be uncles to her as this is the greatest relationship in the whole world. The

niece is the most highly considered and honored; and let it remain with us as our little brother started it."

At this time these brothers had only their bows and arrows, striking clubs, and lances. Spears were used sometimes to kill sturgeon. Early each morning they went to hunt for game, returning at night, each with a load on his back. These brothers kept fetching game into their long lodge, and when it was pretty well filled Mûd'jêkiwis commanded that while they were together they should make a sacrifice for the first time. All agreed with him. Then they called for Oskaupäwis, or "hero servant" to come and attend them and take charge of this feast; to do the cooking of the sacrifice, and also to cut up into chunks the old fashioned tobacco, or enough to fill their pipes or mouths to be consumed in smoking at the feast. This was prepared and done and the feast cooked and dished up and ready to eat. Then Mûd'jêkiwis, the eldest, said to all and to their tiny niece who was seated alongside the door of the lodge, that their feast would sicken her, and when they began to eat it the smell would injure her, so they told her to lie down flat on her face, and cover her head so she would not get any of the odor. Then her uncles began to eat and she heard the bones rattle in falling to the ground. After the meat was eaten the girl heard the bones rattle so much that she peeped through her coverings to spy what was going on. She saw her uncles were large birds with crooked bills of copper or brass. After they got through eating, they changed back to their first appearance like men.

Then autumn came, and these men began to think of departing to where it was warm. Mûd'jêkiwis first said, "Where shall we leave and who shall keep our little niece? We must consult each other about this." Then the ten brothers called very loudly for their Oskaupäwis or "servant hero," to come and prepare and arrange sacred tobacco to sacrifice to all of the large bird kind and to ask them who would take care of their beloved niece. All bird kind arrived, and were asked in the council. Mûd'jêkiwis asked them, "Who is it that is able to take good care of our niece?" Then the Black Raven said: "I. I shall take care of her while you all are away, and this is during the winter time, for I always stay in the north in the woods." Raven said this because the earth here is his dish. Mûd'jêkiwis then said, "No, not you. Because you have no shelter or home, you only perch on bushy limbs." Another made an answer: "I will take care of the niece because I am never hungry." This was Piponänâ, the Winter Hawk. Mûd'jêkiwis said, "Not you. The chances are that you will starve her, and you have no home because you perch wherever night overtakes you." Another responded, saying, "I shall take care of our niece," and this was Kananaiskapokonâ, the tiny chickadeedee, who once was a very large

bird, only he cried so much once he reduced himself to a small size. At the time when he said this, in the beginning, he was large. "Well, then," Mûd'jêkiwis said, "it shall be you, because you told the truth. You are never in need. You always have plenty and you have a good warm home."

Then the chickadeedee said in praise of himself, "I shall do as I said, for I am not lazy and it is known that when hunters kill deer or any kind of game in the woods, when they skin and dress the deer, they always leave particles of the flesh from the body and bits of fat behind, being sure that the chickadeedee always collects and gets them and takes them home. When he gets these crumbs he stores them away, and each particle becomes large or expands by the power the chickadeedee possesses."

Then Mûd'jêkiwis said to his niece "Be very good and quiet while you are taken care of. Be a good girl. Should you ever get sad you need only repeat our names, and we shall hear you at once, as if you were near us." Then Kananaiskapokonâ started off with his niece to go to his home to live there, during the whole winter, and the ten thunderers started towards their home directly south, where it is very warm.

Chickadeedee and his niece arrived at his beautiful home, an upakiwikon or mat wigwam, well supplied with everything. All kinds of dried meats were collected there. They were hung up on a scaffold. The girl lived there with her uncle all winter. She had only to care for their home and her uncle Chickadeedee hunted all day long and returned in the evening. When her uncle was away hunting she worked through the day making sashes. The uncle as he departed every day warned his niece to be careful when she was alone at their camp, "Someone might come to you, a power, an unruly man, who always goes about seeking for living people and causes them to die. He tries to catch women and he may come to you, and if he does he will try you. When he enters our wigwam he will seat himself over on the side where my bench is. He will speak to you in some way, and when he does, never answer him, keep quiet. Three or four times he will ask you questions, and if you make no answer he will leave you alone, and cannot harm you. But if you should answer or speak to him, he will get you. He will lead you by your hand and take you away. He will try different ways in order to fool you, and if you answer him you are gone. So look out for him, he will try you by saying to you, 'Has your uncle gone away?' He has a wife of his own, all the time, but a jealous one. He likes to take away other men's wives, single women. If he gets one he takes her home to help his wife, and she is good to her only for a short time. She arranges to try to kill the stranger on account of her jealousy. She tells her to go and get some water at the spring nearby, and when she gets there to get water she falls into the spring and drowns, because the bad man's

wife has a brother here underneath the spring. He is a Misikin'ubik or black monster hairy snake. He takes her and causes her death."

The bad husband made a visit to this young niece all winter long every day while the uncle was away hunting, but she managed never to speak to him, and he failed each time. At last one time he asked the niece about her uncle. She was tired of him and forgot her uncle's warning so she answered him. He captured her, and took her away to be abused by his wife. The wife sent the captured woman after dead hemlock bark on dead standing trees, for firewood. Generally such bark has to be loosened from the tree, when it falls to the ground. Most of the bark fell on the women getting it and killed them from which accident they very seldom escaped. Another scheme was to send a woman to get water at the spring, for when she went there she fell senseless into the spring. The stream was located at the side of a large rocky mound the secret home of the brother, Misikin'ubik, who devoured the shades of those he got. If anybody came to the spring he drew them underneath.

The niece when sent out for hemlock bark got clear of the plot because she had power herself. When she went to get the bark she took her pack strap, threw it at the root of the dead tree and started to the home of her mistress. The load of dry bark with the pack strap on it came after her and at the door, it almost overtook her. After this her mistress told her to go and get water at the spring. The niece thought, "Well, this woman has used me well and is kind to me, so I hasten to obey her." Then the girl got the water and dipped it up, and as she turned to come away she heard ringing sounds in both of her ears, and fell into the water hole, as the serpent brother drew her down underneath the spring. She was there a while and then revived. As she sat up, looking around she found herself seated between a very gray-headed old man and a woman, in what appeared to her like the inside of a wigwam or long lodge. There were there seated in a circular row ten men who were really Misikin'ubikûk, or monster hairy snakes. The old couple seated at the door were man and wife. When they saw this young woman inside they said, "Oh my, it is very hard that this woman is brought here. It is known that this woman's uncle is a sacred powered god. Who can do anything? Now her uncle will kill all of us here!" Then the ten serpents became hungry to eat up the woman. One of the sons repeated, "What are you growling about so much? He or anyone else can't break this house. It is a solid rock hill. How can they break through this heavy mound of rock?"

The old woman who was the mother of the ten hairy snakes took the young woman out of this dismal den. But the wicked wife of her captor was the only sister that these ten hairy serpents had, and she had power to

cause all women caught by her husband to die. The old woman decided to protect the girl because In'ämäkiwûk were her uncles. Soon she carefully led the niece out through the door of the rock for fear that the thunderers might come and kill all of her sons. She took her to a place about a half mile from the snakes' den. There she built a campfire to last all day long. In those days this kind of fire was called by the ancestors, Kaposâka, meaning "Setting fire to a standing stub," or a whole standing tree. All day long they stayed here, then in the evening both returned to the Devil's Hole. They made these trips several times. At last the young woman remembered about her uncles, the thunderers, and what they had promised her, and when the old woman said, "Let us now return," she replied, "Well Grandma, you go ahead and I will start a little later."

After the old lady left, the young woman commenced to cry so her uncles could hear her. Then she sang the sacred songs about her powerful uncles and the thunderers heard right off. Then Mûd'jêkiwis said, "Listen! What is the matter with our little niece? Something is wrong with our niece below," and they heard her crying. Then he said to his younger brothers, "Hurry up and get ready!" Mûd'jêkiwis then started out and tried to find his sacred club for when he struck anything with it, it broke in two.

Meanwhile, the ten serpents said to their old mother, "Why did you leave the young woman behind? Go hurry back after her and fetch her inside here."

Then Mûd'jêkiwis hurried to make a new striking club, or Pasahanaku. Mosânäse, or Pêp'äketcisê, the youngest of them all, was terrified and provoked. He stared at the center of the fire. The thunderers declared, "We wonder who is so great with power as to cause our niece to cry?" They knew themselves to be the greatest in power over the whole earth. Then all the thunderers hearing that their beloved niece was in distress and trouble went where their niece was heard crying, Mûd'jêkiwis taking the lead. Soon they arrived at the high mound rock where the monster Misikin'ubikuk were living. He soon struck it with his lightning and his brothers aided. Mûd'jêkiwis struck and his first blow bounced back from the solid rock; the other brothers likewise rained blows on the same spot but they flew without a scar seen, until it came to the last and youngest one, Mosânäse, his struck the rock and splintered the den to atoms. Then there was a terrible time. Lightning struck and thunder reverberated. Mûd'jêkiwis shouted out to his respective brothers, "Take it easy and be careful lest you hit our little niece down there. Look carefully and see who is holding her so that she may not be killed by us. Mosânäse finished the powerful rock mound which he broke all to pieces. Then the ten monster serpents lay in there struggling and trying to escape. Then Mûd'jêkiwis told his brothers not to kill the

old couple with one of their sons, for they had protected the girl. Nine of the black horned snakes were killed outright. Then the thunderers took their niece from the place and removed her to where Chickadeedee had his home. In the meantime Chickadeedee had cried almost to death. When the thunderers came back he was only kicking at the fireplace with one tiny leg. He had disturbed the ashes so much by his kicking that they fastened to him, so that he now carries them in the color of his feathers. When the thunderers saw this they said to him, "Now stop your crying, we have brought back our beloved little niece and we saved her. We have brought her to you again; but you were not worthy to have taken care of her."

This Chickadeedee was once a large man or big fowl but this was previous to his taking care of the girl. When she was taken away from him he cried so much that he shrank to a tiny size, but he was still powerful.

Then the thunderers again counseled among themselves as to who should keep their little niece. They chose to place her in a growing tree, that had a crotch. They put her there, and said to her, "This place shall be your permanent home till the end of the world. You shall be perched here to sing, and when you sing we shall hear you every time. We shall come from the west and it shall commence to rain. Every time you are heard it shall be a sign of rain. You now shall be a very tiny silken green creeping toad, always up in the trees and on the leaves but never on the ground."

There are two kinds of these, which look nearly the same but are not. One is blue like sky color, and the other is tiny green and is the one referred to here and is called little kokomäsesê. That is the one connected with this sacred story, and the other is a little bigger but is a common one. For a long time the Indians have been using the tiny one for great medicine and it is yet so used. This one was the niece or the tiny young woman, the thunderers spoiled her, having changed her and put her into the tree crotch and left her there. When this niece was crying for her uncles, the thunderers, it was in the latter part of the winter, which gives us the reason why the thunderers come with their lightning about February or March, for she had arranged it this way. Then we all came away.[1]

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[1] This entire story was elicited from some of the older Indians in justification of the writer's action, giving tobacco to a tree toad (*Hyla versicolor*) and calling it grandmother. Some of the younger people had thought this disrespectful. Mr. Satterlee wrote me later:

"It is only proper to say or use the word nokomä or nokomäsa, the big garden toad, as it is related to this one, and as it is a great medicine and a mitäo.

nokomä	kokomä	kokomin and kokomäsänau
my grandmother	your grandmother	your grandma and your grandma together
nokomäsesê	kokomasesê	koko in baby talk
our little grandma	your little grandma	

If I should speak to my grandmother familiarly, in calling her I would say, 'noko' or grandma."

11. Sun Catcher.

There was once a family that lived near a lake. In this family there were a girl and a boy. Their father had a young eagle which they kept for a pet. Often the father went out hunting. One day on his return from the chase, when he was crossing the ice on a lake he fell in and was drowned. It was believed that the white bear that lives below had pulled him in. Not long afterwards his wife was also drowned in the lake when she went to draw water, so the girl and boy were left orphans.

Every morning the girl went to get firewood and several times she noticed that a flock of birds would come and sit on the wood, so she told her little brother to kill some of them with his bow and arrows. The little chap did so and the girl skinned them and after a while she had so many of their pelts that she was able to make a blanket of them for her little brother.

The following spring when the birds first came, the little fellow went out with his bow and arrows to shoot them. He took his skin blanket along with him, but it was in the way so he left it on a stone. On his return he found the blanket had been burned by the sun and he felt so sorry that he wept. When he got home his sister asked him why he was crying and he said that it was because the sun had burned his blanket up. "Don't cry," said his sister, "I will make you another one." "Oh it will take you a long time," sobbed the little fellow, but he stopped crying and spoke to the sun, "You'll find out what I will do," he said. So he went out and cut a little stick of which he made a snare. He took the stick and bent it like a bow and tied it with a string.

In the meantime he talked with his pet eagle which had grown up and had a nest up on a large tree near where they lived. "You must bait the snare that you have made," said the eagle. "What do I have to use?" inquired the boy. "You will have to use some of your sister's hair," said the eagle. So the boy went to his sister and told her what the bird had said to him. "He says I have got to bait my snare with a certain thing," said the boy; but he was afraid to tell her what it was. "Tell me what you want," said his sister. So at last he asked her to give him some of the hair from her vulva. "Why didn't you ask for it right away?" said the sister, so she cut some of her hair off and gave it to him and he took it to bait his snare.

Then the eagle carried the trap up into the southern sky and set it just where the sun would be at noon. All day the boy watched for the sun and at noon he saw it was trapped when it came to get the girl's hair. "Look sister! now I have caught the sun that burned my blanket," cried the lad.

Then he spoke to the sun, "I did this because you burned my blanket," he said. After a while it commenced to get dark, although it was noon. The girl turned to her brother, "If you kill the sun, it will always be dark. You had better talk to your eagle and ask what to do." So the boy went to his pet and the eagle told him to catch a tiny mouse and fetch it to him. Then the eagle took the mouse up into the heavens and told him to gnaw off the string with which the sun was strangled. The mouse obeyed and so the sun went free again.

A little later the girl told her brother not to go near the lake. "Why?" asked the little fellow. "It is not good for you even to go near the shore," she replied. She asked him if it would not be a good plan to move away; but the little fellow objected because he said that his father had left them there and he liked to talk to his eagle.

One day the lad wondered why his sister had warned him not to go to the lake. He became very curious about it and went over anyhow. As he trudged along the shore he saw the water suddenly commence to boil up in the center and all at once a bear came out of the lake and charged upon him. The boy ran a few rods, and stopped. When he saw the bear continued to come he shot and killed it. "Oh this is why my sister warned me not to come here," he said. Then he cut off the bear's paw and tied it on his bowstring and went home.

When he got to his house he took part of his bow inside and left the other half with the bear's paw attached lying outdoors. After a few moments he said to his sister, "Oh sister, I have lost my bow and arrows." The girl saw a part of the bow by the door, "Why there it is over there," she cried. "Why don't you bring it to me?" he asked. The girl reached for it and saw the bear's paw tied on the bow.

When she saw it she was astonished and cried, "Why did you go to the lake after I had warned you not to?" "We might just as well go and skin the bear," said the lad to his sister. So they went. When they cut the stomach open they found a braid of their mother's hair. "I knew that this was the bear that killed our mother," said the sister. "In one way it was good that you destroyed it but it was not good that you disobeyed me." Then they carried the bear home and ate it and the girl warned her brother again not to go near the water.

Later on, the boy went anyway and when he came to the shore the water began to boil up in the center and all at once another bear came out and the boy shot it and killed it. Then he cut off one paw and tied it to his bow and took it home. When he came to the house he left it by the door and a few minutes afterwards he told his sister to hand it to him. The girl got up and exclaimed as she reached for it, "Oh gracious, have you got another

bear's paw?" At the same time she began to scold her brother for his disobedience. "Well," answered the boy, "I recollect that this is the bear that killed our father and I was only trying to revenge him. Then he told her to come with him and skin the bear. When they were cutting open its stomach they found their father's scalp. Then they took the bear home and ate it and were not afraid of that lake any more for the boy had killed all the powerful gods that lived in it.

After that the little fellow used to go and play on the lake shore very often. One time when he was out romping he saw ten men. They asked him where he was from and he said that he lived just a few rods from there. Then the men told him that there were eleven women coming to meet them. They said that there was one girl apiece for them and one over and they invited him to stay and meet her.

The boy agreed and finally the women came. The men were all invited to their house not far away and when they arrived at the place the lad was given to understand that each of them was to have the girl he was with for a partner for the night. The youngster's companion was an old woman and he did not care for her so he thought to himself, "I will try to run away." When the merriment was about to begin he started for home.

When he got there his sister asked him where he had been. The boy said that he had been playing on the shore and while he was there ten men came and asked him where he was from, and he told them that he only lived a few rods away. Then they said to him that there were eleven women coming and that there would be one for him if he cared to stay there with them, but when the women came he found that the one that was for him was an old woman and he did not want to sleep with her. Then the girl laughed and told her brother, "That is the youngest one, she is only pretending to be an old woman, you can play with her," she said to her brother, "the next time."

The next day the boy started off and when he got to the rendezvous he found the same company of men who were a little later joined by the women. This time the boy went up to his companion that he had had before and said to her, "You are the one that I am going to go with." She laughed at him, "Oh, grandchild, can't you see that I am an old woman." The boy replied, "I don't care, I am going with you anyway." So they all went over to the lodge. After a few minutes the old woman said, "Let me go out a little while," and when she returned she was a beautiful young girl.

Then they slept together until morning, but when the men awoke they found the women were gone. Some of them said, "We'll look for them." They asked the boy to come along with them. "All right," he said and as they followed the tracks they came to a prairie where the snow had drifted

and they lost the trail. The boy gathered some acorns and brought them to where the men were. He broke open the acorns and took the inside out and he put one man in the shell after making him small. Then he reduced all the others in size and put them in the acorn shells and got in one himself. Then he called a big wind and told it to blow them where they could track the women again. So the wind took them up for some distance. Then it stopped and the boy got out of the shell. He could see the tracks. So he broke all the other shells open and got his companions out and they all followed the women.

Finally, they came to the lodge where an uncle of the women was living. When he saw the men approaching he called out, "Come in my sons-in-law." The girls were there. So they all went in and slept with him. The next morning they took up the pursuit again. When they arose they said, "We will follow those women." So they started out to track them. At last they came to a house where the mother of the women lived and here all the girls were. The men entered the lodge and went in and sat down by the sides of the girls they had chosen.[1]

12. The Boy who caught the Sun.

A little boy was once living alone with his mother. The boy had a little bow and arrows and he went out and shot small birds. When he killed two he brought them to his mother who skinned them and stretched them on a frame. She cooked the two birds, split them in two, and when they were finished she gave them to her son who ate them. When the boy had killed twelve, they made a tiny feather coat. The boy kept it on and one day he said, "This time I'll go fishing." He put on his birdskin coat and went out. He soon heard the thunderers coming and ran home, but was overtaken by rain when nearly there and got wet. He took off his coat and dried it. The coat hung out to dry too long so that it crumbled to pieces when he put it on. He turned about and scolded the sun for being too strong. He told his mother, "That bad sun has dried my coat too much or else he has chewed it up." "It is your fault," said the mother, "you left it out there too long." "Mother, you should have taken it in, for you know I am always busy," he said and scolded the sun again. "Sun you will get it," he said. "Mother you had better gather some basswood twine as I intend to snare the sun."

His mother tried to prevent it. "If you do this it will be dark," she

[1] My informant was taken ill at this point in his narration and never finished the story as no further opportunity presented itself.

said and refused to make the twine. The boy then started out himself and made it. He made it in three-strand braid and worked until he had a big ball of twine. Then he watched until he saw a winter hawk and called it over. "Grandpa, would you please take me up and carry me to the sun, I want to talk to it." The hawk carried the boy up there with the rope hidden in his bosom. When there, the boy tied a loop around the sun's neck and returned to the earth with the rope, unwinding the ball as he went. When on earth he had plenty of twine left. He pulled up the slack, ran, and choked the sun until it began to get dark. His mother wondered and thought something was wrong. She ran out to find out and looked again to see that the sun was dark, the rest light. "What have you done?" she demanded of her boy. "I am choking the sun in revenge," he answered.

The mother was alarmed and scolded him saying, "If you kill the sun there will be no daylight, and you will be unable to see to hunt." She then inquired how he got up there where the sun dwelt. The boy told her that his grandfather hawk took him there and back. Soon when it was nearly dark, they saw the hawk and called him back. The mother told her boy to go and release the sun and she gave him a knife to cut the string near the sun's throat. The boy released the sun and returned with the hawk again. So the sun came to life once more.

13. The Boy who had the Sun Power.

Long long ago, very long ago, a young boy was empowered by the day sun to be his dear little friend all the time. The sun had mercy on him and said, "Your name shall be called Keso, the sun. This power that I am going to give you now will make you one with me and our names shall be one and the same. Now friend I warn you never to eat or drink from a kettle, you shall have to use a cup. Never, never forget to do so. This is what I do, I never eat out of a pot. You shall tell your parents and all your relatives and friends never to let you eat out of a pot, and if ever you should by mistake eat out of one, then you will have to come up here where I am. Maybe some Indian may make you eat out of his kettle, then if you do this you will have to fetch that kettle with you and come to me." His mother told the boy to remember this well all the time, and he did until he grew big and old enough to have two children.

This boy when young had two young companions who, knowing and wondering at it, planned to make their friend eat out of a kettle, in order to see what the result would be. One of the companions said, "Oh do not! Let us not try to get him to eat out of the forbidden kettle. It may harm

him greatly." But the other companion insisted and urged. "You hesitate, but let us know anyway what the result will be. If we get him to eat out of the forbidden pot, then we will both know."

Then the two companions made a plan to induce this young sun to break his taboo. In the night during his sleep the young sun had the plan revealed to him by the day sun, "My friend I tell you be careful. Your two companions are against you. Tomorrow morning they are going to give a feast and have you eat out of their pot. You had better put on the costume that I have given you and prepare for what is going to be done. If one of these companions of yours succeeds into persuading you to eat out of their pot then you will have to fetch him along with you when you come to me. When you secure him for what he caused you to do, then you and he will rise upwards and come to the day sun's residence way above."

Then the little sun told his wife the evening before what was planned by his companions for the morning, "And you know that it is against me," he said, "to do this. It is surely going to happen. When I leave you to go to the day sun, take good care of our children and have mercy on them."

Sure enough, in the morning the companions got up their feast in a long lodge, and were joined by others. They went over to get their friend, the little sun, to come over and join their feast. Though he knew their intentions, little sun went along with his companions. They arrived at the long lodge with the others and were seated in their proper places. Only the little sun arrived at the entrance. As he stepped inside he said so he could be heard, "I will sit right here and eat from the kettle." All the others heard him say this. The little sun saw the feast makers. Then all those assembled inside the lodge heard the ceremonial repeated and made offerings of tobacco, which were laid out for sacrifice and all smoked. They all looked at the day sun's young friend, the little sun, and observed the manner in which he was dressed and painted, so differently from the others, for the great day sun had given this right to his little friend. Then they ate together and the day sun's friend sat at the lodge entrance. There was his blanket rolled up and placed on it the kettle which was brought there to defile him, and he commenced to eat out of the kettle in a hurry and answered their call, "Hai!" to fulfil the eating of the sacred feast. Then the young friend to the day sun finished eating. He got up and walked over to the center of the lodge to where his companion lay with his friend and he puts his kettle down near him. He reached out his arm and locked it with the other fellow's arm, and took him upward toward the sky. The others, seeing this, tried to pull back the one who had caused all the trouble, but in vain, for in spite of everything both went up. All the people looked at them till they got out of sight. They saw the offender try to get loose, as

they searched the sky entrance for the cylinder hole, for there is a certain place to enter before you come to the day sun.

When the young man got there, the offender was dead. He laid him there for a while and looked around to see the day sun's house, for exactly at noon the day sun stops every day for a few minutes, just to have a peep through the cylinder-sky-hole to observe the earth's doings here below. The day sun soon saw his sacred friend before him, he said, "Hé, hé. Have you fetched him to me? Did you eat out of a kettle as I had forbidden you? Did they succeed in getting you to eat out of the pot, little friend?" "Yes, I was made to eat from their pot." "Then you have brought him along with you?" "Yes, I did bring him to you. I have got him with me, here he is!" The sun said, "Go and get my brave servant hero and bring him here." The servant was told to cook the Indian from the earth. The servant heard and gave the signal to the sun. The sun said, and his orders were to be followed: "Servant, go round and invite all to come and eat." Go to the sunset first and invite the thunderers, but tell one of the leading ones first. Tell Apomesäo, the "Fire Circling Backward," tell him to come with the rest."

All of them came to the feast, and all were big gods or powers. The one who was forbidden to eat from a pot was unable to see the great powers that were invited, but he saw their dishes in a circle with the food in each. Then the day sun told those he had invited why he did this. He told them he had chosen to help out a young boy while he was fasting, that he had taken a fancy to him, and had pity over him; that he had told this clean young boy that he would give some of his power to him, and be his friend; and that he had told the boy never to eat out of a pot lest he be defiled; that he had taught him to take good care not to be fooled on this earth. "But see he has! So I called all of you to come and eat up the one that fooled my good young friend." Then this sacred powered boy remained there. The day sun said to his friend, "I put you here to stay always, to watch this place all the time."

In the meantime the day sun traveled round the earth to watch it. The day sun said to his loving young friend, "You will always be here at this place. You can eat sometimes even when I am not here, or if I am on my way traveling you will occasionally see a kettle full of sacrificed food that will enter the cylinder hole coming from the earth. You can eat out of the kettle, that comes to me, as it is mine. I have given it, and the power to kill game to some friends because of their fasting down there, and have taught them to make their sacrifice, and it comes through the hole. When it comes here, take part and watch for it."

Then the sun said to his friend, "Tomorrow the Indians will have a

lacrosse game. You will come along with me to witness this important event. It is great to see this done on earth and this is what I like to observe."

The next day they went to see the game at the sky-hole or cylinder entrance and both of them admired the game here below. The sun said to his little friend, "You see them playing there, and do you note that one who is playing fiercely? Do you see him run and play better than all the rest? Well that one is the one to whom I have given power. Today he is going to give us a sacrifice, directing it to us up here. It will soon come to us and it shall be good. He is going to kill a dog and it will be sweet to me."

The sun said, "The one you see over there running and playing fiercely, well that one I will end from here. Now watch him, I am going to throw this tiny stick at him. You see him fall and faint right there while he is running. I am doing this so that he will give us the sacrifice of a dog in his stead, and I like dog meat."

This was so. He fainted and he made a sacrifice of dog meat. The man killed the dog, and recited the songs. The sun above said to his little friend, "See that kettle? It is coming up here in a few moments for us to take and accept their offering."

So the kettle ascended to the entrance hole. Then the sun went away and took his usual course, and the young friend returned to where he was placed to watch. The sun coming back to his little friend told him, "Pretty soon you will descend to where you come from below. Your children and wife below are all well and right as they have no trouble down there. Now my friend, at present you shall have to go back home from whence you came. I tell you that in coming here and fetching that Indian to me you did not do it in vain. Now tomorrow I will let you descend to earth and for your reward you shall have this power from me. I give you the length of two men's lives or to live till your present wife shall get gray and die. Your life will keep and you shall have a second wife. When you take her as your wife she will be young, and when she gets very old and gray she will die, and then your age at this time will end. So much as that I have prolonged your life and age."

14. The Magic Flight and the Evil Father-in-law.

Once a man lived alone in the woods. He hunted daily, and while he was gone his wife used to go to gather firewood. There was a pine stump near by where a bear dwelt. The woman used to rap on the tree with her ax, then the bear would come out and embrace her. Each time when they

parted, he cut a piece of fat meat from himself and give it to the woman, who took it home and cooked it for herself and her two sons. Then she hid the scraps before her husband came.

The eldest boy slept with his father, and the youngest with his mother. At supper, the mother secretly gave the boys some of the bear fat that was left over. One time the big boy saved some and took it to bed, where his father saw it and said, "Sonny, what are you chewing?" "Why meat that mother gave me," replied the boy. "Don't eat it now," said his father, "you may choke."

So the boy turned the food over to his father, who saw by the firelight that it was bear meat. When the man found out that his wife had given it to the boy, he inquired of her. When he learned how she got it, he killed her out of jealousy, then he buried her under the fireplace and ordered his boys not to tattle. "Don't tell your uncles about this, I am going to flee. So get along alone as well as you can. Your mother will pursue you, but here is an awl and a whetstone, they will help you to make your escape. Throw these away when your mother nears you."

Then the father went down into the ground under the camp, saying to his sons that their uncles would get him anyway. The boys covered the hole that he fled to. Presently one of the uncles came and asked for their mother. The smallest one pointed to the fire, but the eldest, with great presence of mind, said, "Oh, he wants an ear of corn roasted for him." So the boy took down an ear and put it in the ashes. However, the uncle mistrusted, and looking in the lodge, he found their father's trail and followed him. The eldest boy then gathered together their belongings, his brother's bow and arrows, and the awl and whetstone. Then he took his younger brother on his back and fled. They had not gone far before they heard their mother following, calling, "Stop, I want to nurse your little brother."

They kept right on until their mother caught up to them. Then the eldest boy threw away the whetstone crying, "Let it be a mountain," and a mountain sprang up between them and their mother. After a while, however, the mother came again and this time the boy threw away the awl, saying, "Let there be many awls, standing so close they'll stop her." And it was so.

As they ran along the eldest boy snatched up many cranberries. At last they came to the edge of the great water where they saw a crane standing at the shore. The oldest boy begged the crane to ferry them over. "All right," said the crane, "but first louse me." The boy searched and soon found one, but as a matter of fact, it was really a toad. "I've got one," he said to the crane.

"Break him with your teeth," demanded the bird. So the boy snapped

a cranberry instead. "Here is another," cried the little fellow. "Snap him too," said the crane. The boy cracked another cranberry with his teeth.

Then the crane told the boy that that was enough, and called across the water, "You crane opposite, stretch your neck to me." They made their bills meet and formed a bridge. "Now grandson," said the crane, "cross on our necks."

This the boys did and then the cranes withdrew their bills. The eldest son had begged the cranes not to help their mother, but presently she came along and asked to be ferried across. The crane insisted that she should louse him first, which she did, finding a toad. "Here is one," she cried. "Snap him with your teeth," ordered the crane. "Oh no, that's too nasty," she cried, and threw it away. "Here is another," she called soon. "Crack it between your teeth," commanded the bird. But she threw that one away, too. Then the crane called his partner and formed a bridge with their necks once more. The woman got on but when she reached the middle they withdrew their heads and she fell in the water and was drowned.

In the meantime the boys traveled on until they came to another great water. As they looked out over the waves they saw a little canoe with an old man lying in it. Just then the tiny brother shot an arrow which fell into the old man's boat. The older boy cried out, "Throw us the arrow."

But the old man replied, "Come and get it yourself." The elder brother distrusted, but he went to get it and when he stepped into the boat, the old fellow cried, "Nitos matcia (my boat go)." "Hold on," cried the boy, "let's take my little brother." "No," said the old man, "Nitos matcia." So they left the little fellow weeping. At last they got across the great water where the old man got out and took the boy to his lodge where he lived with his daughter. "Here, daughter, I've brought you a husband," he cried. "Yes, and you'll soon finish him as you did the others," she answered.

The boy became her husband. He told her that he had deserted his little brother and was worried about him. He asked her if they couldn't arrange to go and get him. The girl replied that it was pretty hard, but that she would try to fix it. She said that she would offer to louse her father and if he went to sleep they would try to escape. In the evening after supper, the girl offered to examine her father's head. He put it in her lap and sure enough he was soon sound asleep. The girl then whispered to her husband that they would try to use the old man's boat, so they went down to the shore and got into the canoe, where the girl whispered, "Nitos matcia," and away it went.

When they were almost across and could hear the little boy crying, the

old man awoke and shouted "Nitos yap'ianun." The young people tried to urge the boat on, but the old man continued to call it back, so the boat would go one way and then the other. The girl nearly got it ashore, in fact they could really see the baby and the boy would have jumped out if the water had not been so deep. But at last the old man prevailed and the boat went back. The old man scolded his daughter. "Why did you take that boat and where did you go?" "Father, my man's little brother is over there, and when we almost reached him, you called your boat back." "What do we care for that little boy," answered the old man. "I saw him at first and didn't want him, that's why I left him."

The next morning the woman and her husband tried again, but before the boat got there the old man saw it and brought it back. The third time the man wanted to go, he asked his wife if there wasn't some other way of planning to get the boy, but when they were pretty close the old man got them back, so they decided to give up. They decided that they could not evade the old fellow, and probably the child was dead by that time.

Next morning the old man said to his daughter, "I guess I'll try my son-in-law. Tell your husband we'll go fishing. I'll operate the boat and he can stand in the bow and spear." The daughter told her husband and he went with the old man occasionally killing fish and throwing them into the boat. The old man said: "You are not standing right. Get up the way fishermen do, stand on the gunwales and you'll kill them better." "The poor boy," thought his wife, as she looked on from a distance, "that is what father always does when he kills them."

The boy obeyed his father-in-law's injunction and killed a lot of fish. The old man seeing that they had enough, rocked the boat and the boy fell off into the water. Then the old man shouted, "Eat him up, monster fish, you always like to devour Indians. Take him now, I offer him to you." The boy sank and as he went down he saw great mouthed fishes coming at him. "Oh don't," he cried. "Have mercy on me, for I have helped you before and I shall help you further. I'll feed you if you'll take me ashore. If you do swallow me, you'll only be satisfied a little while. What would you be satisfied with if I should feed you? Answer that I may hear you." "Oh wouldn't it be nice if you got for us what we do like." "What is it?" "Well best of all, deer, we like, and other game, bear, too, we are fond of. If you could get them for us we would be very thankful." "Oh, that is nothing to me, it is very easy. Just land me on the earth and I'll get them for you."

Then one whale said to the other: "How does that sound to you. I, for my part, would say yes. Anyhow he's too small. He would soon be done, but his scheme would last us a long time." So they swallowed him

and swam to the shore, where they cast him forth. The youth went straight home and when the old man saw him he said in Ojibway, "Wohâ Wohâ, can this be he? He must be indeed a manitou."

The next day the old fellow had a new plan. He said to his daughter, "I'll take my son-in-law to gather gulls' eggs. You tell him to come." This she did, and the boy agreed. So his wife prepared baskets to hold the eggs. "This time we'll go to yonder island where the gulls always lay their eggs," said the old man.

When they reached the island, they landed and the old man said to his son-in-law, "This is where they always nest. Now you go out and look for them, there are sure to be plenty. When you gather enough, come back. I'll stay here."

The son in-law filled his basket and returned. The old man looked at the eggs, "Oh, these are the wrong kind," he cried. "We want the eggs of the bigger sea-gulls. Go further back and you'll find them." The youth caught up the basket and went. Sure enough he found bigger ones, so he filled his basket and returned. The old man told him that he had not enough, and sent him back for more. As soon as he was gone the old man cried, "You great sea-gulls, you that like to eat Indians. Eat this one I've left on your nesting ground," and off he went in his enchanted canoe.

At once a great flock of sea-gulls came to eat the lad, but he saw them and shouted, "What are you doing this to me for, you had sympathy for me once before, you helped me." "When and where was it?" yelled the sea-gulls. "We don't remember." "Why you birds made a bridge for me to get over the water, when I came down to the seacoast with my tiny brother and you promised always to help me in distress."

This reminded them of what the cranes had done, so one of the gulls took the boy on his back and carried him home. When he got into the lodge, he found his wife and his father eating together. The old man looked astonished and thought in his heart, "Why it couldn't be, I thought I had left him for good. He must indeed be a manitou."

It was now winter and one day the old man told his daughter, "My son-in-law and I will go hunting and you can prepare our meals to take with us." They started and got to the hunting grounds where the old man built a camp while the youth hunted. The old man made their lodge of cedar boughs and gathered wood, made the scaffolds and arranged a bed for his son-in-law to sleep by the fire, with his own opposite. He also made a pole so they might hang their moccasins to dry by the fire. After a while, his son-in-law brought in a deer and they dressed it, ate, and lay down to rest. The old man began to tell stories and kept on till sleeping time. At last his son-in-law only answered at intervals, showing that he was sleepy, but

the old man kept on talking. "Son-in-law, are you awake yet?" he asked, but he received no reply. Then the old man thought in his heart, "Well, he is asleep now," so he took down the moccasins and leggings and threw them into the fire. The son-in-law awoke before daybreak and smelt burned clothes. He opened his eyes and saw all the stuff was gone from the pole, and that all his clothes were charred in the fire. It was too late to save them, so he lay still.

In the meantime the old man had prayed for cold weather, and it came, so that the bushes and trees cracked and split. At last they arose and the son-in-law sat there naked, so the old fellow thought he would be able to freeze the boy to death.

"Well, I am going home," said the old man, leaving the youth. He picked up the deer and started off. A little later the youth went to the door of the lodge and saw that the old man was out of sight. Just then a wolf with long fur ran by. The youth remembered that the wolf had been his friend long ago. At this moment, the wolf stopped, shook himself, and all his hide came off. "Here," he called to the boy, "take this and protect yourself. You'll not suffer, wrap this around you."

The youth took it and split it and covered his body, winding some about his feet for moccasins. He passed the old man in a roundabout way and arrived first at their lodge. When the old man came in, he saw his son-in-law already there. "Oh, how can this be? I thought I left him behind. He is indeed a manitou."

After a short time, they consumed the deer, and then the old man said, "We'd better go hunting again at the same place, then we can live in the lodge that we made before." That night they hung up their moccasins and leggings, but this time the youth watched, and when the old man dozed, he changed the clothes from one side to the other. In the morning when they got up and the old man looked for his clothes, he found them missing. The youth said nothing but dressed himself in his own garments. "Why to be sure, you burned them up. You've got into the habit of doing that sort of thing and you've burnt your own clothes for a change." The old man exclaimed, "Pă^{x}pinisiwûg." The youth took up the deer and started for home. He looked back and saw the old man trotting naked through the snow. "May it become cold," cried the youth. And he paid back the old man. At last the old man lagged behind, then he cried, "He, he, he! son-in-law, I am played out, help me." He paid no attention, except to call to the old man, "Remember you burnt your own clothes, it's your own fault." The old man cried out and begged his son-in-law and he fell farther and farther behind. "Take that now," cried the youth, "I am a powerful spirit and I have put up with your vexations long enough. It's your turn

now. I am indeed Manit'utuk, as you called me." When the old man heard this, he cried, "I'll be a yellow birch" and there he stands today. For there and then Manit'utuk outdid his father-in-law.

When the youth arrived home he told his wife, "Your father has frozen to death but you must not take it badly. It should be nothing to you. You know he has always been trying to kill me, and often he has nearly succeeded. This time I beat him. I want you to know who I am, I am Manit'utuk." "What you say is true," replied his wife. "The old man was aged anyway, and he has been very bad in his lifetime. He has caused great trouble for many people. Especially he would bring me youths as husbands and then he would always kill them. He did away with many and many before he met you."

The youth stayed there until the lake froze over solid, then he told his wife he was going to look for his deserted brother. So he crossed over on the ice and when he found the place where he remembered the boy had been left, he looked for some trace. He saw many deer tracks and then a man's tracks pursuing them, and he also found a deer, which he shot. Then four more came to him, all from one direction, and he killed them. It seemed as though they had been driven towards him. "Well," he thought in his heart, "it must be this human being chasing them." So he returned to his wife at night.

"I was over across the big water," he told her, "and there are lots of deer right near where I lost my little brother. He must be there yet. I brought one deer with me, but I left the rest at the shore, where it will be good to camp. Let us move right over and live there." The woman was satisfied, so they packed their wigwam mats on their toboggan and left. They camped at the place and the man hunted from there daily. Every day the woman went to a certain place to get her wood. One day two deer ran up, pursued by a man, who knocked them both down with a club and dragged them away. Several times this happened, so the woman told her husband. "Well next time you go for wood, try to see him and describe him to me. Who knows? It might be my little brother. See if he has a scar on one wrist. If you do, it must surely be he. When he was tiny, I hit him by accident with the ax, when I was chopping wood."

She went there again and while gathering wood, sure enough some deer came close with the man after him. This time she saw the scar on his wrist. He had one legging of wolfskin, the other leg was bare. The woman returned and told her husband. "This time I'll go with you," said the man, "you cover me with your wood and when he comes, you whisper to me as you bend over." So she covered him up and left a tiny peep hole. Everything came about as before so she warned her husband, who rushed out and caught

the hunter while he was tying the deer. When he saw a human hand laid upon him, the man shouted "Hai!" and turned around. "Why it is I, brother, I am your older brother." "Why don't you know, you forsook me, until now I am wolf-legged." [1] The older brother said, "Dear younger brother, don't think that, it was not my fault, but another power, the one who stole me, prevented me from getting back. I love you, dear little brother, and have missed you always, come home now and live with me."

Then the little brother said that the wolves had given him power and he was very hä'wätûk. The younger brother was persuaded, however, and brought all his things to the elder brother's lodge. He had all kinds of fur made into robes and caps of the same material, and great abundance of preserved meat. That evening when he entered his brother's lodge, he roasted his meat upon stakes. He never ate any other way. And he was always without broth. "I am not like you," he said, "having abundance of kettles." The elder brother answered: "From now on you shall have an easier life. My woman here shall do all this for us."

They lived together for a while until at last the elder brother and his wife said, "Let us go back to father's old home." So they moved there.

15. The Magic Flight.

There was once an Indian who found a woman and made her his wife. She lived with him, and although she stayed in his wigwam she was a bad woman and abused her husband in spite of the fact that he was a worthy hunter. Game was easy for him to secure, and on his daily hunts he killed plenty. As his wife was strong she went after the animals and carried them back as fast as he killed them.

The man, knowing that he was abused, became very sad because of the conduct of his wife, and began to plan to desert her. He had a bow and arrows made of the best hickory, and he made ready a ball and a whetstone. This man was possessed of a sacred power granted him in his youthful dream as a reward for fasting. One day, when he was out hunting, he shot a white deer. When he examined it he saw the eyes of it were black in contrast to the rest of its white body. He addressed it, asking it to aid him in his attempt to escape from his wife. "You are a dead deer," said he, "I am going to hang you up on this tree, and my wife will come and try to take you down. When she is near you, reaching for you with her hands, you shall dodge

[1] In Menomini the expression wolf-legged, "Muh'wäo wekatäc," means shy or forgetful of one's relatives. This man has literally become wolf-legged as the context shows.

upwards, so that she cannot take hold of you. Yes, dodge sideways, and in doing this you will amuse her." He gave this advice to this Wapatakon or white deer: "Don't let her take hold of you at all, do as I tell you and keep her busy."

On his return from the hunt that night the man said to his wife, "Well, I have killed a white deer this time, and I have hung him up so his fur would not be soiled. I did it so that you could have his skin for a fancy mat. You go and get it in the morning. You will find it hung up a long distance over there," and he told her the direction she must follow. In the morning the woman started off to get the white deer, and her husband departed to leave her forever. She was not aware of this, for he had kept his plan secret.

After the woman had walked a long time, although she was a great walker, she arrived at the spot where the white deer was hung. It was hanging quite high and she was unable to reach it. So she spoke to it. "Wapato nosata," or, "white deer, lower yourself." Many times she repeated these words, singing and dancing.

"Wapato Wapato!
Nosata Wapato!
Wapato Nosata!
Nosata Wapato!
Wapato Wapato!
Popatci popatci!"

That is "White deer, lower yourself, my husband is far away by this time." But no, half a day she danced. Then all at once it did lower itself a little so that she could seize it, but when she thought she was sure of it, it dodged upwards and fooled her. Still the white deer bobbed up and down, almost letting her catch it. All this time her husband was running farther away. At length, however, she caught hold of the enchanted deer and pulled it down. The deer was a dead one possessed of power. Then she hurried and tied it up in a pack to carry it home, and she set out for her wigwam at a trot to start in pursuit of her husband.

All this time the poor man was running as fast as ever he could, every now and then looking back to see if he was pursued. Sure enough, presently he saw his wife coming after him at a terrible pace. The fugitive husband then drew one of his hickory arrows from his quiver, and shot it backwards toward his wife saying: "Arrow, where you fall let there be a thicket of young hickory trees, so dense that nothing can penetrate them!"

It fell about as he commanded, and when his wife arrived where the arrow had fallen she could not get through the hickory grove. Now her husband shot four arrows in all and there grew up four impassable hedges,

so the cruel wife had to run back and forth across this island, the earth, from ocean to ocean before she could get around. Her husband was possessed of magic power indeed. When she gained on him he would shoot an arrow ahead of him, and race after it so swiftly, that he was in the place where it fell the moment it struck, and his wife was left far behind him. But the wicked wife gained on him. When his arrows were all gone, her husband on his death flight, threw away his hickory bow as a last resort, and when it fell to the ground there sprang up a thick hedge of hickory trees. Here his wife was tangled and held back for a while, but at last she worked her way through.

Her husband had meantime gained a very long distance. He took his enchanted ball and threw it ahead of him, then he jumped on it and rode it as it rolled. But his wife gained on him again, and when he saw her coming, he took his whetstone and threw that behind him across the trail, saying: "Let there be a ledge of high rock in front of her, reaching from ocean to ocean!" And it was so!

So his wife was halted again. For a while she would run one way, then another, to see if the ledge had an end, but no, it extended from shore to shore across this island, the earth, and it was too high for her to climb up, and when she did try she would only fall back. All this time her husband was drawing farther and farther away. As he was running he came upon a man who was seated on the ground roasting some meat, and looking around he saw nearby a bear that this man had slain. "Oh my friend," said the husband, "there is a god chasing me." But the man did not look around or pay any attention. So the fugitive cried again: "Oh, my friend, there is a Wätok chasing me to kill me!" This time the other spoke. "Oh my friend," said he, "it is I who made you come this way and find me. Oh my friend, let us eat this gut together. I'll take one end in my mouth, take the other end in yours, and we will stretch it as we nibble the ends."

So the husband obeyed, but while he was doing so he looked back and saw his ugly wife approaching. He heard her loud noise and was frightened. But he chewed the gut as fast as he could in order to be finished before she arrived. Meanwhile the stranger Manitou[1] was hurrying to eat the other end, and they finished just in time for the stranger to take the bear on his back. "Now get on top of the bear," he commanded the husband, "and ride on."

The husband obeyed, and immediately they rose skyward, just as the wicked wife came up, but she was not able to get a glimpse or a hold on them. As they rose the woman below began to revile the strange Manitou.

[1] I have used the word *Manitou* for convenience's sake; it does not occur in Menomini, Häwätûk takes its place.

"It isn't because your sister is good that you are taking my husband that I intended to kill along with you! I am bitterly jealous!"

But they continued onwards. Although this stranger Manitou was a shade here on earth, and transformed himself as he desired, he was the Light, or day sun, and when he had killed his bear he took it home to where the sun is situated. His sister was living there, and when he took the fugitive husband there, she was angry and did not like him, although the sun had brought him there to bear them company. When her brother, the sun, was away she would abuse the poor man and quarrel with him, because she didn't like his looks.

At last one day the man couldn't stand it any more, so he went off for a little trip. As he was traveling he came to a wigwam and peeped in, to see what he could see. There was a man inside who at once addressed him, "Oh my nephew, I am the one who caused you to come here and find me. Now come in. I am going to give you some advice. I shall tell you the reason why that woman hates you and does not want to see you. She has ten lovers and she likes them all. They are her paramours." Then the old man said to the Indian, "Nephew, carry me on your back, because I am only half a man, an hermaphrodite and a cripple. We shall fight the ten!" So they sought out one that had a red head and slew him and took his scalp and a little of his fat. Then they stretched his red scalp over a frame to dry, and the Indian went home to the abode of his friend, the sun. When he arrived the woman began to make fun of him. "Oh how ugly you look with your guts inside of you! I can see them lying there all coiled up!" Just then the sun entered and overheard her. "What did you just say to this man?" he asked. "You know I didn't bring him here for you to abuse. I brought him here for myself to have as a friend."

The man was a great hunter and brought home big game every day which he killed when he dropped the crippled one from his back. Meanwhile he also slew five of the red-headed lovers and stretched their scalps, and so the next day he set out as usual to hunt, while the sun followed its customary path. The man went directly to his crippled uncle, and the old man assured him that he would arrange it so that the woman would not hate him any more. Then the old man took the grease and fat that was taken from the five slain lovers, and rubbed it over his nephew's body. He also handed him the five scalps, to give his partner, the sun. When the man got back the sister abused him as usual but in a little while the sun arrived with a bear on his back, and he flung it down with a noise that resounded *pde!* Then the man went out and got his five red scalps and gave them to the sun. "Oh my friend, you have done me a great favor!" cried the sun. "These red scalps put together shall make me the greatest blanket

in this world! I shall now be the most marvelous sight to the biggest multitude that can be gathered."

The man went to his uncle again and the wicked sister of the sun raged, for she knew what was going on, yet she feared her powerful brother. This time the man and his crippled uncle killed the rest of the red-headed sweethearts and skinned off their scalps and stretched them to dry. Then he took them back and gave them to the sun, while the sun's sister shook through and through with rage to see them. But the sun's heart was happy, for he knew they would make him a pretty robe. The sun said that all might hear that he would be the greatest one in all the world with his red scalp blanket.

The next day the man went to visit his crippled uncle, and the uncle told him to be very careful, for the sun's wicked sister would now try her utmost to be revenged. "She will try to coax you and make love to you, but don't give up to her, for you know beforehand how very wicked and cruel she is." So the man resisted her efforts for a long time, but you know how women are, when they try hard they always succeed. The man fell under her spell and married her, and they had two children, a son and a daughter. The sun one day told the couple that they might go and visit the husband's relatives on earth, but he would like to have their little boy left with him. "It is only a little way to where your husband's relatives live, but you must remember what I am about to advise you," he said to the woman. "Be a good woman, gentle to everyone you meet, don't quarrel or talk too much or talk back to those who try to vex you. Now remember I shall watch and see you from here. It's no distance to me anywhere, so I can see you at any time."

So they started away with their daughter. They lived by themselves, but the sun remained behind with the boy who very soon grew up to be a youth. One day the sun said to his nephew, "Now you can go and take the trail that I use to go on. Travel it all the way round, never cut across it, but follow it as it runs, even though it is bow-shaped like the new moon. Now don't forget.

So the boy began traveling the trail back and forth, and for quite a time he obeyed his uncle's injunctions well. At length, one day he stopped and looked sidewise from where he stood, and in so doing he discovered that his home, to which he was going was only a short distance away. Then said the lad to himself, "Why, it is only a very short way from here to where my uncle is. I wonder why he is so strict with me, requiring me always to follow the whole long trail to the end? I'll just cut across." So the boy did so, and in a little while he was over at his uncle's. "Why are you here so soon? What's the matter that you are ahead of time?" asked the sun.

"Why seeing that the distance was so short I cut across, and I'm here sooner on that account," was the answer. "Oh my what a pity, that you did that!" regretted the sun. "You have spoiled things for all time for our grandchildren on earth. You have shortened the regular length of their days. They will be sorry, for when they are doing their work they will regret that the days are so short. You have damaged them! You have made the days very brief in the fall and disappointed all our grandchildren."

Thereafter the sun looked at his sister's doings from his abode and saw how she was behaving. You know he had advised her to be careful. At this time there were many women quarreling with her and talking about her, and she heard a lot of tattling through others. She did not pay any attention to them because her brother, the sun, had warned her not to talk back to them, so even when she heard them going for her she didn't speak a word to them. The reason why these women were so angry with her was because of her powerful husband. At length, she got tired of this constant heckling, she forgot what her brother had told her, and glared at the others with such intense feeling that they fell over and died. Her brother, the sun, saw it right away and he spoke to her from his lodge. "Now what are you doing down there? Since you have done this after I forbade you to, you must come away from there and return to your home here, for you will only make greater trouble. Come back up here and leave the earth!"

And it was so. Then the powerful sun revived the dead women and brought them back to life again from where he now is. The sun's sister, her husband, and her children left the earth for the sun's lodge. It is now known by the Indian that the powers worked and transformed one thing from another. In this case the sun and the moon took the form of human beings and became half human. This is the end.

16. Wife Tester.

Long ago there was an Indian who lived with his eldest sister. When he became of age he told her that he would go off to look for a wife if he could find a girl that liked him. The sister advised him to be careful and look for a good woman who would use him well and be sympathetic. The young man set out on his travels, and as he walked along he came to a place where a tiny wigwam was pitched. He went to this lodge and entered it, and there he found a pretty young white woman. He liked her very much, and stayed with her that night. Next morning he went out to hunt, and in the evening he returned with a deer. He left it outside the door, for it is customary when a man brings home large game to leave it there and the women

are pleased and go out at once to dress it to show their delight. The youth watched the girl to see what kind of a housewife she was. As soon as she seized the meat she tore off a little chunk of white meat, tasted it and lugged the pack into the house. Then her husband knew that she really was a Koké or "light colored meat bird" (Canada Jay). Seeing this he immediately went away and left her, not because he was stingy with his deer, but because of her greedy nature.

The next night the youth came to another lodge, and peeping in he saw a pretty maiden. "Come inside," she invited. This woman was clothed in the best black broadcloth which made her more beautiful than ever. So the youth fell in love with her and decided to stay a long time. Indeed it took him a long time to find out what kind of a woman she was. Every day he hunted and killed game and every night she brought the deer into the lodge and dressed it.

Soon it came to pass that they had a son born to them, and shortly after that, when the man was returning to his lodge with a deer he broke off a poplar twig and carried it with him. He threw his pack down at the camp door and his wife came out to get it, but when she saw the poplar sprig she was overcome with astonishment and cried aloud, "You have done well! So well that you have cured me wonderfully!"

The man was amazed at hearing his wife speak in this fashion, for he had never heard her praise his hunts on any previous occasion. He did not understand her pleasure at finding the poplar, for he did not yet suspect what kind of a woman she was. However, he watched her carefully to learn her habits, and found that she gnawed up the poplar twig at night because she was a beaver woman or Nomäkokiu. Thereafter on his return from hunting he always brought her some poplar twigs. After a time a daughter was born to the couple, and the two children rapidly grew large in size. As soon as the boy was big enough his father made him a bow and arrows. "This is the way you shall shoot at a Wanasasé as he swims by with its head out of water," the man said to his son after the weapons were made for him. "You shall shoot at Wanasasûk as they swim by with their heads out of water."

The man's wife got very angry when she heard this, because she was a beaver woman, so during the night when her husband slept she got up and ran away with her two children. The husband was so overcome by sorrow when he found himself deserted that he gave himself up to die without looking for them. As he sat in his lodge starving one day, a woman came into the wigwam. She said to him, "eat," and offered him some good things that she had brought with her. "It is not right for you to starve yourself just because your wife is a bad woman," she said.

By this time the fleeing wife and her two children had come to a river. When they arrived there the woman made a dam to back up the water to form a pool. She built a beaver house in the pond to live in. The children were tied to the lodge and only allowed to swim around the house for fear they would try to go back to their father.

Meanwhile the father, revived once more, started out to search for his family. It was not long before he came to the pond and saw the beaver house with his two children turned into little beavers. When he saw his children the father became very sad and begged his wife to loose them so he might talk to them for a while, but she refused, and he told her that she was the greatest bad woman. Then Nomäkokiu or "beaver woman" found out that another woman was feeding her husband and wanted him for a husband. This made her all the more furious.

The woman who was feeding the bereaved husband was no less a person than Awäsiûkiu, or "bear woman." When the husband returned and told her what had happened she became filled with rage and said: "I will go over there and see her and fight with her!" So Bear Woman went to the place and quarreled with Beaver Woman for a while, until at last she cried: "Nia! Look at her! Is that the way your grandmother did to her husband, if she had any, to starve him and desert him?" "Oh!" shouted Beaver Woman, "I wish I could get hold of you! You would know it!"

Now you know that Beaver Woman was out in the middle of the water sitting on top of her beaver house. "What are you talking about?" she reviled, "you that have a stub tail that can hardly be seen?" Then Bear Woman answered: "I'll fix you yet! I'll not forget you!" She ran over and tore up Beaver Woman's dam and let all the water run out. She sat at the gap in the dam and watched for Beaver Woman and her children to run through, but the water was so roily that they escaped without being seen.

Then Bear Woman went home and lived with her man as his wife. After a while they moved into a long lodge and dwelt there with many other bear women. Before the bear wife began to live with him she had many beaux, but she had cared for none of them. When she was with all her relations in this lodge her old lovers came to see her one by one. One of these lovers was named Onawa or "cinnamon bear," and there was a white one, a black one, and a yellow one, and so on.

The father of Bear Woman advised her to tell her husband to joke with his sisters-in-law, so she said, "Go and tease your sisters-in-law,[1] but be careful, when you kill one, and when you flay off the skin, don't let any

[1] Observe joking relationship.

of the red flesh stick to the hide, only white fat should remain there. If you should make any mistake and leave any meat on the skin the woman will have very much pain or be very sick." Then the wife spoke to her sister and said: "Sister yonder there's another garden." She meant an oak grove. The sister went over to gather and eat acorns. Then the woman told her husband, "Now sister has gone to her garden, you'd better go there and see Matconokoniu, a she-bear, she is there."

So the man took his bow and arrows, and quiver and other things and prepared to meet her there. When, however, he approached the grove, he heard a great noise, for the blue jays, who were the guardians of his sister-in-law, She-Bear, were signalling to her.

Meanwhile, while She-Bear was eating acorns she heard the note of the jays, so she stopped feasting and said, "What's the matter there? That's the kind of signal you used to give when you saw someone coming here of Wakatokoméko" (that means one that exists on the surface of the earth as a human being). The birds made answer to their mistress "We are only quarreling over these acorns," for by this time the man had beckoned to them to keep quiet.

All this time She-Bear was high up on a tree top, bending the limbs towards her and eating acorns. The man was now close to her, and her outstretched arms gave him the opportunity to shoot at her heart, ending her, and down she fell with a crash that sounded PDÉ'! All the others in the camp heard the sound, and cried, "What is that noise?" One replied, "Oh, that's only our brother-in-law joking with his sister-in-law, in the garden where she's eating acorns."

In the meantime, the man started to skin the she-bear. Just to plague her he commenced to skin her from her legs up to her stern, and when he reached the fat place he purposely cut out a little chunk of meat. When his wife undid his pack on his return she saw that there was a little piece of meat adhering to the skin. "I told you not to do that," she cried, "and now she will be sick."

Sure enough, in the evening Matconokoniu approached the camp groaning with pain, but next morning she was quite well, since it was only a joke played on her by her brother-in-law. That evening the bear wife instructed her husband that her old sweethearts would come the next day to try to make trouble because they were jealous.

"All right," said he, "it's well you told me, I will prepare for them." In the morning the man was all ready, he had his bow and arrows and his quiver beside him where he sat waiting. Presently he heard footsteps, and in came a white bear. Inside the long lodge was a pole set up in the ground with a stone beside it, and when the white bear saw the man's

preparations he stood up and began to scratch this pole, growling: "This is just the way I would handle a jealous Wakatokoméko[1] (a human being) in a fight." Then the man returned. As he strung his bow and shot an arrow through the stone he said, "This is just the way I would kill a jealous Watanamako, an underneath bear."

Then white bear, seeing the arrow pierce the stone, ran out of the lodge in terror, and in came cinnamon bear. He too, scratched the pole, remarking that he would handle the bowman in that way. But when the man shot his arrow through the stone and said he would do the same to any bear, the animal thought it was terrible, and ran away in a great hurry. Then two more, a black and red bear, tried in their turn, and both ran away, and not one of the four ever came to trouble the Indian again.

Then the man said to his wife, "If ever I should die I want you to open my hidden place and let out my dog that lies there dried up. It is possessed of sacred power."

One day he went off on a hunt and did not return as usual. The wife feared that he was killed and opened the hidden place and let out the dried mysterious dog to search for its master. The dog knew at once that his master was dead somewhere, and ran all over smelling the ground searching for his master's bones. He found all of them scattered over the neighborhood stripped of their flesh. As fast as the mysterious dog found the bones he would bring them to a certain place and lay them down in the natural shape of a man. He found every section of the skeleton except one knee cap. He searched the whole ground over and could not find this one. Then he entered every wigwam and at last found one where the inmates were still eating. The dog went right up to each person, sniffing to see if they had his master's bone. Sure enough, one of the women was gnawing at his master's knee, and the dog stood before her staring up at her as though he was hungry. When the others noticed the dog's action they said to her, "Why don't you throw that dry bone to this poor dog who is begging you for it. Have pity on him and feed him." "Oh no!" she replied, still sucking the bone, "It is too good for him, the piece and substance of this Wakatokoméko is so good, I like to keep it in my mouth as long as there is any taste in it."

The mysterious powered dog was extremely intelligent, and heard the words she spoke. He knew what the others had said in his favor, so all at once he sprang on her while she chewed the bone and bit out a piece of cheek and the knee cap all in one mouthful. Then he fled out of doors. "Now," said the others, "didn't we tell you long ago to feed the dog the bone you

[1] Cf. Schoolcraft, (a), vol. 1, 187, for the Maskegon expression, *Ogidalikumigo* and *Odanamekumiga*, meaning, "A man that lives on the surface of the earth," and, "He who lives in the city underground."

were chewing? We distrusted that dog somehow, and now there's a hole in your cheek."

Away went the dog to take his bone to finish the skeleton and place it in its proper position. Then he howled to bring back the scattered shade of his master and wake him up. When the dog howled twice all the bones joined themselves together. When he howled twice more all the flesh came back on the skeleton; when he howled twice more the man's eyes opened. Twice more he howled and the man got up on his feet and walked home, and so did I.

Now here is the interpretation of this tale as we Menomini know it. Thereafter, because Nom'äkokiu the Beaver Woman and Awasiûkiu the Bear Woman hated each other so much, our Indians, when they kill a bear and a beaver at the same time, never cook their flesh together. Our Indians are strict about this. They never, never do, for fear something serious will happen to them.

17. The Bear Wife.

This is the story of a bear and an Indian man of long ago. This man was married to a bear and her name was Awasiûkiu. When he first met her she looked just like a human woman, her beast form was invisible to him. The man met her on one of his walks and she led him to her home, which seemed to the man to be like a wigwam, so he entered with her and lived there all winter. The couple soon had a child, but the mother never cooked, for when they were hungry, little kettles filled with food would appear in their den. The reason for this is that when an Indian family makes a feast or gives a sacrifice on earth to the underneath bears, the food goes to them and they are fed.

The man's brothers and sisters did not know what had become of him and so began to search. One day, early in the spring, the bear wife said, "Your brothers are going to come here and find us. Shove our little ones over to one side and conceal them. You crouch behind and I will stand at the entrance of our lodge and perhaps they won't see you. When they discover me I shall run out to escape them. I shall circle so as to keep them after me all day, and I shall outrun your brothers and their dogs."

Then she prepared herself, fixing her dress so that she could run swiftly. "You know their dogs will find us first, as is natural with dogs," said she. Sure enough, first thing in the morning their dog barked in front of the den giving the alarm to the hunters. The brothers were not far off, on their snowshoes, and from the different sound of the dog's baying soon knew something had happened. They hurried up and came in front of the bear's

den. As soon as they came, the bear wife sprang out and ran away. The hunters shot at her with their bows and arrows and one hit her in the shoulder.

Awasiûkiu, the bear woman, outran the hunters, as she had said she would, and returned to her lodge at evening, while all her Wanamonûk, her brothers-in-law, were a long way behind, played out from the pursuit. So she went back to her den and her family, and when the snow had all melted they crept out and went to her husband's home together. She caused the parents and brothers of her husband to be unable to perceive that she was anything but a normal woman, and as time went on they believed it more strongly. But she really had a dual nature. When she lived at their home it now and then became apparent who she was, for sometimes she could not conceal the fact that she was a bear. So it fell out one day partly as a wonderful joke and partly as a wonderful shame to the hunters that she took off her waist and was partially naked, so that a great scar could be seen on her shoulders. One of her brothers-in-law approached close to her, and said, "Oh what a homely scar you have on your shoulder. Why do you look like that? It goes to show that you have barely escaped from someone!" "Oh, the whole lot of you ought to be ashamed," she replied, "because I left you a long distance behind on your chase after me. Yes, I even left your dog a long distance behind. I outdid you even with my wound."

Then the hunters were surprised and marvelled to hear her say so. Then they knew whom they had for a sister-in-law. Then it became known for the first time that those who suffer and fast for power can acquire the ability to live with beasts as they desire. They are able to see through the nature of the animal which appears to them as a human being.

Thereafter this bear woman was known as Mat'citiniu, "Scarred-shouldered-one," a female name, still found among women of the bear totems.

18. Excrements as Suitor.

(*a*)

Mi (excrement) once became an Indian. Hitherto he had been just a lump of filth, standing upright, but he desired to become a youth, and lo, there he was, a man, seated in a round mat lodge. Very soon Mi became lonely, and thought he would like to have a mate, so he started off to go courting. He had gone quite a ways when it started to rain. "Ci!" he cried, for the pelting drops wore little pits in his face, and he had to scoot

to cover. Twice it happened to him, but at last the weather was fair and he got a long ways from home before a shower came up.

Another time he tried, saying in his heart, "This time good luck to me!" Sure enough, the weather was clear. Presently he met an Indian coming along the path. "He! have you dogs with you?" cried Mi. "Oh yes, I have!" "Ap'a^{x}penisiwûg!" cried Mi, fearing that they would devour him, and he ran off at top speed into the brush. Alas, the dogs followed and devoured him.

(*b*)

A certain young man, while hunting one day, found two women living by themselves. He went into their wigwam and courted one. The other was very sad and lonely because she had no suitor. Every day, on his way home from courting, this youth would stop to ease himself at the same place. He did this from a leaning tree, and at last there was built up a high pile of dung, as tall as a man, all solidly frozen. One day, remembering the jealousy of his sweetheart's sister, he took off his eagle feather and thrust it into the top of the dung, saying: "Now friend, come with me to see the women!" So the excrements rose in human form and followed him. They went directly to the lodge where the women were, and each married one.

After a time Mi (excrement) had a little son, and he and his family, when the warm weather drew near, left their companions and went away to hunt. So Dung went on ahead with his child, Little Dung, and his wife followed, but was unable to keep up. As she followed she found one of her boy's leggings and a moccasin. The mother picked it up and said, "Oh our child has dirtied it, and it fell off," but as a matter of fact it had melted off. She carried it along with her. Pretty soon she found a pile of dung with the other legging and moccasin in it. The wife followed on, until presently she found bits of her husband's dung along with parts of his clothing where he had staggered and fallen apart.

When the woman saw this she began to realize what had happened, and wept for her husband. She sang as she cried: "Mi-hä, mi-hä, mi-hä!" Presently, she heard some one mocking her, by whistling her words, whistling "Who is that who is now crying for Dung?" The wife stopped to listen and became furious. She ran to find out, but could see no one. At last, she saw an ugly red acorn with a homely mouth, making faces at her. She stamped on it and mashed it up in fury. Then she started away, sadly, with her pack of wigwam mats on her back. When night fell, she camped alone. As she was preparing to rest a strange man came to the lodge. He sat down opposite her. "I'll begin to tell you stories," he remarked, and he began to talk. At nearly daylight he said, "That's the end of the story."

The woman had very long thick hair, and the stranger seized it and pulled out some. "That's the end of the story!" he cried over and over, and each time he pulled out a handful of her hair. Every evening he came again, sat down opposite and started the same, until half of her hair had been torn out.

One day she started out with her camp outfit and traveled till she came to a place where a man had been living with his sisters. Most of them had been taken from him and he was alone. For each one who had gone a red yarn sash was hung up on his lodge wall. The man was off hunting when the bereft wife arrived. She stayed until he returned and found his supper all ready, which pleased him. "Oh a new sister has come to me," he thought to himself. This man was very handsome and he had a pair of snowshoes which made noises. He always took these shoes with him when hunting. On his return, when near home, they ran ahead and jumped through the smoke hole into the lodge, and sang meantime like a Misinikäkäk (Kek kek kek!)

One time, before starting out he said to his new sister, "While I am gone someone will come to you here, and whatever you do don't you laugh at him or with him, no matter how much he teases you and laughs at you. He'll throw little live coals at your face and everyone that hits you will stick there and burn." Meantime the woman was making a knitted sash. "If you are able to finish that sash you are at work on, he will leave you and never return to bother you again."

This newcomer looked exactly like her adopted brother and he had snowshoes which acted in the same way. When her real brother came in she refused to notice him, thinking it was the plaguer.

"Why should I be different to you, this fellow already here is the man I warned you of," the real brother said.

When she found this out she saw it was true. All this time the poor woman worked and was almost through with her sash when a coal which her tormentor had thrown on her forehead dropped off. "Oh my, she loves me!" he cried, and dragged her out, though she held on to the lodge posts. But he pulled her so hard that the posts came out. The real hunter next day found her gone and was angry. "This scamp has dragged my sister away without good reason. I shall look for him."

He searched for her, and found a long lodge. The tormentor's younger brother was out watching for him, and the youth told the tormentor that the adopted brother would come from a certain direction. However, the adopted brother killed the tormentor because he had dragged away so many sisters. The tormentor's mother was a häwätûk-kiu. "My mother will kill you," the younger brother cried out, "if you go to yonder upaki wikon."

But when the avenger came in she, though mistrusting, took him for her own son. The avenger entered the long lodge and found all his sisters and many other women that had been kidnaped and brought there.

The youth who was good, said to the brother, "You go and sleep with each of these women, one at a time." Each morning early, the häwätûk-kiu went to each woman. "Did my son sleep with you last night," and each one would say "No," — for the boy had so ordered. At last the old woman began to suspect all was not right. She thought, "I'll find out now. It is now so." She said, "Supposed son, that I would like to drink some broth." So the boy said to the man, "When you shoot at a squirrel shoot to hit its nose, so it will not show any signs of blood, when you kill it. The little boy received the squirrels that were killed, and wiped off all the blood from their noses, so no signs would be seen. The old woman got the squirrels to make broth but when singeing them she examined to see if any of them were bloody, for she was not satisfied. The old woman said to her son, "Go around the lodge and scrape your bow along the mats." The man was to go along around the lodge and walk in a ditch or trench beside it and at the bottom of the mats. The old woman with her power found out what had been done, and she killed all the women that were in the lodge. She chased the brother all over the world, above in the heavens and below among all the powers, searching for him. When she caught up to him he killed her.

19. A "Powered" Man and His Double.

When the Indians first began to exist, one lived far away with his sisters of whom he took care, and for whose livelihood he hunted. The powerful man who cared for his sisters started out one day early in the morning. Just when he had gone he heard another come in, walking so heavily that the earth shook. One of his sisters came in and sat in his bed place. The man had a fisherskin tobacco bag and a red stone pipe. The powerful woman looked just like his sister and had a pipe exactly like the man's. The man took up his pipe and whiffed, attracting the girl, for he was magically courting her. He thought she was his own sister, and in her turn the woman was ashamed because her brother courted her. He finished smoking and went away. The woman wept because she thought her brother had done this. She was so ashamed that she wouldn't cook.

When the real powered man came back she lay down and wept till her eyes bulged. Then he said, "Oh, get up now and cook! Tomorrow I'll watch for this impostor and I'll wrestle and throw him. Then you can cut his head off with the ax. Don't refuse."

In the morning, the brother painted his face. When he smoked, he hid, covered over, by the fireplace. Sure enough, he soon heard footsteps and a man came in and sat by the scaffold. The brother rose and the other remarked, "Huh! This man seems to be right here." The powered one said, "Let us smoke, after our smoke we'll wrestle." Then they went out and the powered one said, "Now my brother, we have told you about it." They wrestled. He threw his brother-in-law and the vanquished one said, "Oh my brother, you have thrown me down and you have cheated me." The other cried to his sister, "Hurry up and strike him." The girl raised her ax, dropped it, and struck the upper one, her own brother. "Oh my sister, you have betrayed me," he cried. The other threw off his dead conqueror, "Well why have you tried to kill your own sister?" he asked.

The head that had been struck off lay on the ground. It said, "Drag me in sister." The other man fled. The blanket of the one who had been beheaded was a bearskin. The head said, "Cover me well with my blanket." The head and the body were separate but she wrapped them together. The head said, "In the morning get up and cook." The girl did and her brother's body rose up whole. "This time be careful, for this one is going to come and get you surely, but I'll throw him again. This time surely be careful."

Sure enough he came and saw the one killed the day before. "Oh, so you are still alive?" The other said, "We'll smoke and afterwards we'll have our wrestling match again." After this they went out to fight. Each fell. Then the powered man said, "My sister, I cheat you again. He threw me. Hurry up and cut his head off for you like him and it would be a shame if you married him." Then the girl cut the head from the lower man. The powered man said, "That's what you ought to have done before, instead of paining me. They are powers; they have a family, and we'll surely die."

The man and his sister lived in a mat lodge, so they opened the fireplace and buried the body there, and built a fire over it again. Then the man said, "Let us go." He made a wooden image of the size and in the likeness of the deceased and seated it in the man's place on the scaffold and gave it one of his arrows to use. In the meantime the image scraped its own arm to show its power. Then the powered man said, "We'll go, for those whom we have offended will kill us if they can."

They ran to the home of the one who was killed. When nearly there he told his sister to pretend they were married. When near the lodge he threw his bow and quiver through the smoke hole. The dead one always kept his bow hanging over his head. The bow fell just where the real one had been. The mother of the dead man thought, "Humph, surely my son is häwätûk."

This lodge was a large one filled with women the dead man had kidnaped and brought there to be his wives. Opposite the fireplace was a shapeless

stone, the brother of the dead man, and a great power. The stone power was the strongest of the two. Nearby was a hardwood forest. The man shot gray squirrels there and put them in a leather bag. None of the squirrels ever bled because they were always shot at the point of the nose. The murderer was the squirrel hunter now in place of the deceased. The stone power thought to itself, "Let us find out what really happened."

When the man came in and dropped his bag the old woman saw the first squirrel that she took out was bloody on the nose. She took up the bag and threw it away, crying, "Yaw. Now my son is killed." At her scaffold she had her bag, a foxskin, which she pulled down and wound about her loins. She ran out and when she got to the other lodge she saw the wooden image scraping the arrow. When she opened the mat door, she thought, "My son can't be killed." Then aloud she said, "Hsst In′äni^{u}, say man, is this the place where they came and got your sister?" The image said nothing in reply but kept on scraping. She shook the image by the shoulder, but it did not answer and fell to pieces. Then the old woman wept bitterly and said, "Well then, they have buried him under the ashes." She removed the ashes and found him there and when she found him she wept and ran home. The people were at home and they cried, "Mash that flint up before the old woman comes in through the smoke hole."

"How will people be able to live," the stone power cried, "if these people continue to steal all the women when they reach puberty?" As they discussed it they heard a noise, "So, so, so. My son has been killed." "Well, my friend," said the stone, "take pains, be careful, you are going to die now and that will be if you miss her mouth when she descends." They mashed the flint and threw it at her mouth as she came through the smoke hole. When she came, mouth open, the dust was thrown in, and she drew it all in and fell down. Then one said, "Well done. The people will live from now on." The shapeless stone said, "Now they can multiply and be all right." Then it added, "I'll make you my brother-in-law now." The stone remarked to all the captive women, "You from where you were taken, now all return to your homes." The first caught ones stayed for they forgot where to go; the last caught went.

20. Mämäo, or the Logcock.

Mämäo had a wife of his kind, and two boys and a girl who was the youngest. While living at their home, a bluejay with a large topknot on his head, and a stripe across his breast representing wampum used in going to war, came up. The old folks were inside and the children playing outside

the door when they saw the stranger coming toward them with the wampum headdress. He looked so odd and grand that the children ran to tell that someone was coming who looked like a warrior. Logcock said to his wife "Look and see what he is like. Maybe someone is here to massacre us. Hide our little ones under your scaffold. At least they may be saved if we should be killed." The wife hid the children by sitting in front of them, spreading her dress so they could not be seen by the stranger.

The visitor came and stood at the door. Logcock said, "Take a seat." Bluejay took a place, feeling that he was welcome to it. He then began to tell stories about his bravery in hunting and killing large game, bragging so that Logcock became interested in his visitor. He told his wife to cook. "Get water and hang your kettle over the fire, we will give our visitor a meal. Old Logcock ascended a post by his fireplace and as he went along he pecked at it with his bill dragging out a grub or worm each time. As he threw each on the ground it was transformed into an Äsipûn or coon. He told his wife to cook them in a hurry. "Cook the big one that is very fat," he said. The next one that he got was a little one so he ordered his wife to cook both so they could have enough for their children to eat with them. Then Logcock said to his wife, "Now put sweet dried white wild potatoes from our store in the grease and your cooking will be fine. It will make nice broth for our visitor."

Bluejay ate. When he had finished he started home and then pretended that he had forgotten his mittens at the camp. The children saw the mittens and spoke about them to their parents. "Run and overtake him and tell him. Take his mittens to him." The children did so and said, "Here are your mittens." He was glad, and said to them, "On your return tell your father that some time all of you come over and pay me a visit in return, for you must be hungry."

Bluejay got home and told his wife that he had paid a visit and had invited the others to come to see him. Bluejay got ready and raised a post inside his camp. He sharpened a little stick to put inside his nostrils so he could peck deep holes. When Logcock's family arrived there, Bluejay told his wife to cook for their guests, if there was anything to cook. Meantime old lady Bluejay cooked some sweet corn and wild rice. When she hung up the kettle with water in it ready for the corn and rice, Bluejay climbed up the post he had raised and began to peck with the little stick he had made to fit his nose. He pecked and drove the sticks inside his nose so they wouldn't work. Then he eased himself and brought his excrement down with him and put it in his wife's kettle. As his wife was going to put her corn and rice in, she saw the excrement and said, "Why do you do this? You have defiled this pot and have soiled everything. You had better stop." She threw the

excrement away and used another kettle filled with fresh water and more corn and rice.

Meantime Bluejay again ascended the post and tried to get something out. While doing this he drove the little sticks deeper into his nose so they could not go further. Then he fell senseless to the ground. His wife hurried to him, "What's this one doing?" she cried and pulled out the little sticks while blood oozed out freely. "What is this dog doing?" she exclaimed. "This one tries to imitate what others do." She smudged him with medicine to revive him and told him, "Quit your attempting to do as you see others do." At this time, Logcock, the visitor, climbed the post, as was natural for him, and pecked into the dead stub and pulled out raccoons. As he did this he gave each one to Bluejay's wife to use for seasoning her corn and rice. They ate and returned to their homes. Mämäo said to Bluejay as he left him, "You found fault with me when I invited you before and bragged about being a good hunter. From what I see you will certainly starve your wife."

21. The Master of Night.

There is a little man three or four feet high who has a natural body like a human being, but who is invisible. He exists on this island, however, and is a shadow of something that has power, or perhaps he himself is a spirit. Anyway he does only one kind of work. He is the master of night and drives sleep into every human being.

When dusk approaches he is already about on his business. His magic is unavailing with some; why, we do not know; but a great many are easily overcome by his sleep. He stares at the person he has selected and wills that he or she shall fall asleep. He motions or waves with his hand a few times and the person is stunned or numbed with slumber, his head nods, his eyes are heavy. The master of night goes to some who have sought their beds, a second time, and knocks them on their heads with something very soft, like a pillow. Some know it, hear it, feel it, but others do not even sense it, and some flinch or jerk away at the blow. Babies and children he visits first and so on up to the old people.

It is said that those who surmise that they are struck by the master of night live to a very old age. Our young people today do not know that some people have larger galls than others, and some of our Indians have been born half supernatural or between mortal and immortal, and they know from both sides; they are half asleep and half awake, and their minds are detached far from their bodies, knowing and seeing things. They do not tell of such things until after eating, then their dream holds good and true if it is a good

one, but if bad its evil is dissipated when related with a full stomach. There is no fear unless you tell of such things before you eat, then they go wrong.

22. The Origin of Screech Owl.

Once long ago, there lived a tall and slender Indian, who owned a bow and arrow, a club, and a snaring net. Whenever he went out to hunt, he carried all these things with him, in case he should meet anything dangerous. One time in the winter while he was walking, he saw a trail on which he could see no tracks, yet he knew it was used by something because it seemed to be bloody. It was so strange that he resolved at once to follow it and see where it led. As he followed this path he kept a continual watch to see if he could see anything, so at last he spied a tiny wigwam. He went up to the door and put down his weapons, his bow, his club, and his net, and peeped in, and there he saw a very curious thing. It was a living powerful god, perfectly round, and with a flat face, big mouth and eyes. His name is given as Wawéyaké.

Just as quick as he saw it, this already round object said to him "Ah kaito pitikamon," or "Oh, visitor, come in!" Then the Round Object spoke to his kettle, saying, "Now my kettle, go and get water and cook for my visitor."

He had such great power that everything was done by any of his belongings the moment he commanded it. Meantime the Indian thought to himself that if the kettle would only obey its master's orders he should soon have a good meal, for he was very hungry. Some dried meat came down from where it was hung from the ridge pole and got into the kettle which hung itself over the fire and cooked. When the food was ready the visitor received it, but just as he was about to devour it he discovered that it was human skin! "I don't eat this!" he gasped. So Round Flat Object ate it himself. "Now what is it that our visitor wants to eat?" asked Round Flat Object. "Well then, I'll try him on blueberries." The visiting Indian thought to himself, "I'll have a good meal this time." Just as soon as the berries were cooked and handed him, the moment he took hold of the dish he saw they were Indians' eyes! "I don't want to eat this," said he, "I am too tired, I would rather lie down and sleep." "You are silly!" said Round Flat Object, "Pûni! pûni! pûni! What is it then he wants?"

Then they both lay down on the sleeping benches opposite each other, and Round Flat Object said to his guest: "Let's tell some stories." "What do I know to tell about?" asked the Indian, "You tell stories." Then Round Flat Object began to tell over how he had commanded his enchanted

utensils to cook and offer food to his guest, first some meat and then some berries. "If you had eaten them I was going to attack you and eat you," said Round Flat Object and he added, just to vex his guest, "Now you tell some stories."

So the guest began: "There was once a man out hunting when he came to a bloody road and followed it until he found a tiny wigwam. He peeped into it, and there he saw a Round Flat Homely Object with big mouth and eyes, and no hands or feet." Then he added to tease his host, "I didn't know what kind of a dog road it was!"

Then Round Flat Object said just to be funny "Pûni! pûni! pûni! He is telling a fine story, this visitor."

Each one tried to anger the other, but both were afraid, and Round Flat Object was the more afraid of the two. Then both of them made ready to sleep, and before they slept Round Flat Object said to the Indian. "What is it that you are afraid of?" [1] "I am not afraid of anyone," replied the other. "If I were I would not be out traveling as much as I am." Then Round Flat Object said: "The only one I am afraid of is the owl."

The visitor pretended to be asleep. "Are you sleeping?" asked Round Flat Object. "No! let me alone so I can sleep!" He only said this deceitfully, for he really was afraid to sleep, and he was watching for Round Flat Object to doze off so that he might get the better of him.

As soon as Round Flat Object slept, his visitor ran quietly out of the lodge and got his powerful tools. He covered the whole wigwam with his net so that nothing could come out and escape. Then he turned himself into Péponäno or Winter Hawk and flew on top of the lodge and began to cry like an owl "Kokokóho! Kokokóho!"

Then Round Flat Object woke up and was so frightened he jumped over to the other platform to beg his guest for help. The visitor promptly leaped down and struck the monster with his club as he lay against the side of the wigwam. Then Round Flat Object sprang from side to side of the lodge crying, "Visitor! visitor!" while the other struck him from outside until he was dead. Then the visitor took his net from the hut, and dragged out that Round Flat Object still beating him until he was a pulp. At the same time he spoke these words: "How can the living live to multiply when you are killing them and eating them up?" For it seems that this Round Flat One had been in the habit of devouring a whole village of Indians whenever he could find one. When the Indian had beaten this monster to pieces he strewed fragments all over, and they became little owls. "The Indians hereafter will call you Tótapasûk or screech owls!" cried the visitor, "and you will be heard all over the world."

[1] What is more powerful than your medicine?

The visitor was in the form of a man when he went away, yet he was the Winter Hawk, and if he had not killed Round Flat Object there would be no one living today. Even yet, our Menomini when in the woods, are frightened when they hear Totapa, because of the fact that he used to kill them when he was the Round Flat Object God, or Wawéyaké Wätûk.

23. Turtle's War Party.

Turtle wanted to go to war, so he called for assistance, shouting and whooping. All the birds of the air heard him and responded. When they had arrived Turtle said to them. "Let me see how fast you can go. Fly around this lake and if you can make the circuit before the sun moves at all from where it now is, you will be acceptable." But the distance was so great that even the thunderbirds were too slow to accomplish it. Then Turtle began to call again. This time his little relatives the Painted Turtles responded.

"You go around the lake and let me see how fast *you* can do it," ordered Turtle. Most of them dove under the water and started but there was one who turned around and swam back a little way under the surface, popping up before Turtle. "Well, I'll take you for one, you are certainly swift enough!" cried Turtle, delighted. So he enlisted the Painted Turtles.

They had a war dance as is proper before starting, and Turtle said to his wife, "When you go to gather wood four days from now, sing this song," so he told her what to say and started off with his braves.

Of course, when one is camping out one has to go farther and farther every day in order to gather firewood, and on the fourth day, Turtle's wife shouldered her ax, took her pack strap, and started out after wood, singing her war song. As she traveled along someone called out, "Hisht, what are you making so much noise for?"

Right beside her were her husband and all his warriors! They had found a tree that had fallen across the path and as it was such a long journey to crawl around it, they had waited to burn their way through and were still there. It would have been wrong for them to go out of their path any way, since Turtle was bearing the war bundle.

"Pshaw," said Turtle to his spouse, "what are you singing for? Didn't I tell you to come after four *years*?"

Nobody knows how long it did take for the war party to get to the enemy. When they arrived Turtle said to his little followers, "You stay here while I scout around tonight. When I find the chief I'll hide there, and at dawn we'll commence the attack."

So Turtle crawled into the village and found out where the chief lived. The people were all asleep so Turtle killed him and took his scalp, so quietly that his wife never woke up. Then Turtle hid the scalp in his arm pit and crept under the sleeping platform and concealed himself. The crime was not discovered until it was almost daylight. "Hé!" they cried, "the turtles are here to kill us. Get your bags and put them in."

So all the turtles were caught except Turtle himself, who crawled out and hid under a pile of dust. Then it was learned that the chief was slain and scalped. It seems also that some of the turtles that the Indians had picked up had followed their code of honor and bitten their captors and wouldn't let go, so they had really taken prisoners. At last, someone found Turtle himself. "Oh, here is the one who killed our chief."

The Indians held a council to decide on how they should punish him. "Let us make a big fire and throw him in it." "Oh, you will be foolish if you try that. I shall kill many of your little ones by scattering the firebrands in every direction. Some of them will be burnt to death." "Guess we had better not try that then, we'll kill him some other way. Let us boil him in a big kettle."

When Turtle heard this he cried, "No, that will be worse for you than ever. I'll scald you by spattering the water during my struggles." But the people in the meantime began to heat the water. All this time, Turtle was mumbling to himself, over and over: "Yu-nipi-ni-kutan!" (Cold water is what I am afraid of.)

"Why does he say that? Probably he really is afraid of it. Let's throw him into the lake."

When Turtle heard these words he began to scream and struggle as though he was in dread, but the crowd rushed up and grabbed him by his tail and hind legs and pulled him to the water, though he tugged with his fore feet and held back all he could. All this time he held tight to, and concealed, his scalp. At last, they managed to throw him in and down he sank like a stone. Next morning, when the people went down to the water's edge, they saw him floating bottom up, apparently dead.

"Well, we did kill him after all," they cried. "He's dead." But no sooner than their backs were turned he swam to a little island and crawled out and lived there. On the fourth day, the people heard his little water drum sounding and making thanksgiving, although he was alone and the enemy had fed upon his warriors. The people began to talk about it. "Why Mikänâ[1] is not dead. He is over there drumming on the island."

After they had talked about it for some time they said, "Let's get our

[1] Turtle.

son-in-law and send him over there to kill Mikänâ." So they went and found him; he was Utcīk, Fisher. Through his magic power, Turtle knew all this. "Tell me," he said to the little pebbles on the shore, "You are speaking spirits too, what way will Fisher come, that I may hide from him." Some replied, "He won't come this way." Others answered, "He'll pass this way."

So Turtle learned Fisher's route beforehand, and hid on the bottom of the lake to watch. Sure enough, Fisher came swimming along on the surface and as he went over, Turtle reached up and seized him. "*Hai, nit'akwonûk.*" "Hai, he bites me," wailed Fisher in Ojibway.

"Where?" asked all the people.

"*Ninon*, my privates." "What shall we do to save our son-in-law?" the people asked each other, "Turtle is going to kill him."

Turtle could hear what they were saying and he called out, "I won't let go till the thunderbirds come." The Indians thought they would fool him so they got a great wooden bowl and beat it over the water to imitate the thunder. Of course, Turtle perceived the deception. "Pshaw, it's only a dish," he said, so Fisher cried out that it was no use. "He knows it is only a dish," shouted Fisher.

Then the Indians ran to get their medicine drum and they beat on that. "Oh pshaw, that's only a waterdrum," sneered Turtle. So Fisher called out to the people in a feeble voice, for he was nearly dead. Then the Indians begged the thunderbirds to come and when they arrived, Turtle did let go, but just then Fisher expired. At that moment I came away, so that is all I know, and Turtle must have his scalp yet.

24. Turtle and Porcupine.

Mud-turtle and Porcupine were great friends. Once one said to the other, "Let's go over to yonder oak grove instead of this one to forage." Accordingly, they made their way to the spot which was owned by some bears and began to steal acorns. "Now, little brother," said Mud-turtle to Porcupine, "you climb up to the tops of the trees and eat and shake off all you can and I'll pick up the acorns that drop to the ground and store them away."

It must be known here that this oak grove was the property of the tribe of Bears. Mud-turtle knew that they would resent the loss of their acorns. Be it known also that Mud-turtle is dishonest and tricky and he spoke cunningly to his brother Porcupine, advising him to kill anyone who climbed up the trees after him.

"You go to the top and keep watch while you are picking and when any bear climbs up or gets near enough to you, shoot him by taking off one of your quills and throwing it at him. That will cause him to fall to the ground, and I myself, Mud-turtle, will take your part here below. I'll bite him and knock him until he is fully killed."

"That will work well, my brother," said Porcupine, and he climbed up to steal the acorns, eating some and shaking some down for Turtle to gather. In the meantime, the bear family began to wonder if their acorns were not ripe enough to pick. Said one, "It is now time for one of us to go and see if our acorns are ready to pick, so that we may gather them and have a feast." So one of the bears went off to see. When he came to his own field, he found the two friends picking and stealing. "This is where you are now, stealing my acorns!" he roared at Porcupine for he did not see Turtle on the ground. "An'ämekût you for your act!"

So Bear began to climb the tree to knock off Porcupine. As Bear neared the top Porcupine took one of his quills and shot him, and down he fell. "Now, take my side down there Osokamouena. Give it to him!" cried Porcupine, and Turtle ran up to Bear and killed him, for the poor fellow was nearly dead from his fall and it was an easy matter for Turtle to dispatch him.

By and by the other bears got tired waiting for their messenger to return, so they sent out another to test the acorns. "What's the matter with that fellow? Why is he gone so long? He ought to be back by this time to report to us," they said.

There were ten bears altogether, and every day they sent one of their number out, but none of them returned because Turtle and Porcupine killed everyone. At last, they decided that the others who had been sent out were cheating them. "Perhaps he is greedy and wants to eat alone," they would say, and they sent out another until the bears were all killed but one.

In the meantime, the two brothers, Porcupine and Turtle, had to take care of the meat. They dried it for use later on. When the last bear got to the place he climbed up a little way and then he happened to look down and discovered Turtle in hiding. "This is the one who is killing us. This is why the others didn't return," cried Bear. So he climbed down and attacked Turtle at the foot of the tree. But Turtle was cunning, and when Bear assaulted him he drew his head and feet and tail into his shell so that Bear could not injure him at all. After a while, Bear gave up and climbed up the tree to tackle Porcupine at the top but when he got there he was shot at with quill arrows until he fell, and as he was then half dead anyway, Turtle did the rest.

"And I came away without getting any of him to eat!"

25. NÄSOWIK.[1]

There was once a chief who had a beautiful daughter. He caused it to be announced through the village that the first man to fetch him a white deer should have her. Näsowik, the brother of Mikanâ, told his brother about it, so the next day they all started. All the birds of the air also entered the contest. Näsowik, hunting by himself, soon found a deer trail and thought in his heart "I will watch this." He saw the birds go by without seeing him. Mikanâ himself was searching. He too was hidden at another place. He covered his head with leaves and stood there with his knife in his hand.

Sure enough, a white deer came along presently and Mikanâ stabbed it in the side and killed it. Then Mikanâ got some wikop (basswood bark) and made a packstrap and carried the deer straight to the Okemau wiki (chief's house). When he got to the wigwam he carried the deer to the door and flung it noisily on the ground. He stood there perspiring. He fanned himself with his coat tail and whistled "Phew!" to attract them. The chief's wife came out. "Oh this homely one has fetched it. Who'd want him? He'd make a terrible match and he would only disgrace our daughter."

However, she took the deer in. Mikanâ stood waiting for a long time and when he was not invited, at last he went home. In the morning, the crier was ordered to go through the camp and inform the hunters that the girl would surely be given to him who would fetch a rope of copper. Mikanâ's brother told him, "There is another announcement being made, go out and hear it for me." Mikanâ did so and reported it, saying to himself, "All right I'll prepare again."

That night he got out his net and set it. He left it all night and next morning when he overhauled it, there was the copper in it. As soon as he found it, he took it over to the chief's lodge and waited at the door. Out came the old lady and saw him. She addressed him in Ojibway:—

"Owänäni inän	matcikiwäzi	käwiuskawat nindanun?"
Who is this	homely old fellow	who will disgrace my daughter?

The old lady would not invite him in, so Mikanâ went home, offended.

In the morning the crier went through the village notifying the men. "This has been agreed upon, we shall all race. The chief's daughter shall stand at a certain place, and the first who sees her shall have her to wife."

Mikanâ learned where the girl would stand, then he cried, "All those

[1] This is the native title of the story, which was related by Mrs. Niopet Oshkosh; the name refers to a species of small turtle.

who want to contest, gather here so I can tell them something." K'sewatosa (sparrow hawk) and Piponäniu (red-tailed hawk) came to him. Mikanâ said to them: "You two in racing, will run over the earth all the time, but I will go underground and at certain places I will peep out with a feather on my head so you can see me and know it's fair."

Mikanâ then went and gathered all his relatives of the same size and gave each one a feather. He placed them in holes, one here and one there, along the course. He himself hid under the ground, close to the girl. The next day they started. As the birds flew overhead the turtles popped out crying: "He, he, he!" And the birds replied, "Hau, hau, hau!" It always seemed to them that Mikanâ was just a little ahead. "I have to stop and stand a while, to wait for you," he called in Ojibway. "What are you doing old men, you delay me." But at the finish Mikanâ was a little too slow in grabbing the girl and hawk was a trifle ahead of him. "Who got there first?" they demanded of each other. "I did," vowed Mikanâ and began to argue. "Well, ask the girl," said Piponäniu. The girl replied that it was not Mikanâ. "Yes I did, and you said so," cried Mikanâ. He shouted to his brother, "Go and get my butcher knife I'll split her in two and we'll each take half."

But when Näsowik came back, he only brought a small one, it was not the one that his brother wanted. "That's only my knife to pick meat from bones," he cried angrily. "Get the other." Näsowik hurried back with a homely old knife. Mikanâ was furious. "I only use that one to make shavings, fetch me my butcher knife." At last his brother brought the real knife. Mikanâ took it but the bystanders cried out: "Eh, don't do that, you'd better take her as she is." Then said Mikanâ, "Go to my camp of cedar boughs, after making me so much trouble." So he kicked the girl. "Who is this that is so proud, this Mud'jekwäwis?" (Ojibway for bad woman; not the Menomini name Mûtcikiḳ'wäwic). So she became his wife.

26. About Turtle.

Mud Turtle is my totem and everybody who has Turtle for a totem likes to talk about him. Every fall the Menomini used to go hunting. Once a trader happened to come around to buy fur, deer hoofs, and other goods. He gave whisky, blankets, and plenty of nice things in exchange.

Turtle was in the camp and was very anxious to marry a girl of the company, but Chicken Hawk stole her from him. When the storekeeper came he chose the best hunters, but Turtle was not among them, for everyone said he never could kill anything. Every day the hunters would bring

back deer, bear, and other game. They got good credit with the trader, but Turtle had none.

One day the entire party decided to move camp. Turtle was living with his grandmother and he thought that he would go too, so he slowly followed the others as they trudged along on foot and the women followed in their canoes. But first Turtle and his grandmother collected all the bones that were left behind by the others for they depended on these for food. This time the hunters decided to move up inland. "What shall we do?" the turtles asked each other. "I guess we had better stay here," said Turtle, "two creeks join here and it is a good place for us." So there they stayed. They crushed the bones which they had bundled up, in a mortar and pestle. Then Turtle said to his grandmother, "I am going off on a trip away up the river." So he started. He traveled for several days, sleeping at times, until he was near the headwaters of the stream and then he threw his bone dust upon the water and sang, "Now there will be plenty of beaver for me to kill all winter and no matter how many I kill, there will be still more left. He did this just to spite the other hunters, for he had great power for he was a Mitäwäpé.[1]

Then he traveled back down the stream and where they camped he found a beaver dam and broke it so that the water ran out, then he dragged the beaver out of their holes. They bit him but he paid no attention. He killed two and took them home. When he got back he said, "I brought you a couple of beavers, Grandmother, you prepare them and cook them and we will eat them." After dinner he said, "I guess I'll go get a couple more." Then he went and soon brought them back. "Here's where we stay all winter, there is plenty to eat here," was what he told his grandmother. He traveled away up the river and found plenty of beaver dams on his return trip. By and by he had enough beaver. He just caught them and threw them away, while the other hunters did not kill any at all. They were all starving and finally two of them said, "Let us go back to Mud Turtle." So these two youths returned. They found him bountifully supplied and saw how many beavers he had thrown away. They gathered these up and took them home and told what they had seen. The next day the whole party went back to gather up Turtle's refuse. They collected the beavers and carried them to their lodges. This kept on all winter and Turtle kept them alive, for otherwise they would have starved.

While Turtle and his grandmother were so well fed and had plenty, Chicken Hawk nearly died of starvation. Finally, the party moved back.

[1] Mitäwäpé, is one of those who suck diseases from the body by means of a bone tube. Some of them are supposed to derive their power from the Turtle. This is the only reference to these doctors in this collection, and was probably added as an after-thought by the narrator.

"I guess we had better go too," said Turtle to his grandmother and they piled all their furs in their canoe. There were so many they had to take poles and make a frame to keep them in. When they got back to the rendezvous Turtle was the only one who could do business with the trader for the others had no furs at all. They got there first and they were even unable to pay their debts, but when Turtle came he camped by himself. The trader had heard that Turtle had these furs so he sent two lads to call him. "Oh, why doesn't he buy furs from those other men he called such good hunters and gave credit to, especially Chicken Hawk, they are the ones he trusted last year. He did not trust me at all."

After he had been called several times he told his grandmother that he would go and so he did. When he got there the trader gave him an overcoat and a cap and two bottles of whisky, just as a present. He went back and as he had had lots of drinks he began to sing, "Nup'ina nikukw'ati napéna ninikuwati?" "As poor as I am I do not care for anybody." As he came along singing, an old lady heard him, no other than the mother of his old sweetheart, who had married Chicken Hawk. "Oh! I wanted you to be my son-in-law," and begged for a drink. "A'wûs, a'wûs, get out, better go to your son-in-law, Chicken Hawk," he replied and went on his way reeling along with a couple of boys following him in hopes of a taste.

He gave a drink to his grandmother when he entered. "This is the way we will always live," he said, "I have not taken this fur over yet, although the trader wants it badly. We can have anything we want then." He made the trader wait until he came after it himself. "Sell all your fur, grandson, you are the one who killed it," said his grandmother. "Yes," said Turtle, "I will do that. Then we can get all the food we want," and they did so.

27. Moose Enemies of Caribou.

Once there was an Indian, who was very clever and powerful, a great hunter, and game was easy for him to kill. He lived alone with his wife who was a blue-jay. The source of the man's power was a wolf who had had sympathy with him when he was undergoing his youthful fast. He had also received power from an otter. The wolf gave him the right to wear a wristlet of wolf fur (otapatûn) to protect his wrist from the bowstring and also to remind him that his guardian had promised him power. In giving the hunter the charm the wolf had admonished him never to take it off.

Mudjîki^{u}, the blue-jay wife, had insisted to her husband that when he killed a deer he should never omit to bring her the liver, while the wolf had

requested the man always to leave the deer offal for him, saying that in this way he would get back his power by eating the lungs, throat, liver, and tripe of the deer. However, when he was married the man was in the quandary what to do because he was afraid of offending either his wife or his guardian. In the end he decided that it would be better to leave the liver for the wolf. When he got home his wife was angry. "You know I like it so well," she complained bitterly. The next time he brought her the part that she wanted. This offended the wolf so that it deserted him. Of course the man lost his wolf power and could not catch any more deer.

However, the hunter and his wife had a lot of meat on hand, but in the course of time, they used it up. The man went out every day to hunt, but in vain. As their food dwindled, they began to starve. One day on his rounds the man saw the wolf sitting in the forest so he confided all his troubles to the animal. "I am hard up," he said, "and I am starving to death." "Well," answered the wolf, "it's your wife's fault. Why don't you leave her. She has been deceiving you from the first, anyway. I know it. She intends to starve you out. I know that she has been planning it from the very first and she schemes to make you lose your skill as a hunter. This is what she has been doing. She takes the dandruff scales from your head and cooks them in your victuals."

The hunter naturally believed what his guardian told him, so they left together, and crossed the ocean, walking in the water. They went so far beyond the shore, that night overtook them on the ice. "Alas!" cried Wolf, "we are in trouble now, for one thing I must tell you, I am never allowed to run on the ice, especially after dark. If I do the ice breaks, and I am taken down.[1] Let us remain here over night anyway. The falling snow will prevent us from getting back, the storm is too thick, and there is a chance for us to live through your power as a man, which Mätc Hä'wätûk gave you. I shall run in a circle on the ice around where we are, and I pray to the powers not to let the ice break inside the mark and harm us. After that perhaps we will be permitted to camp here."

Then Wolf began to howl and as he howled he grew larger and larger, bigger in body, with longer hair. When Wolf had done this he lay down on his back. "Now, friend," he said to his companion, "my body is upwards, part the hair on my breast and face and crawl in there, where you will be protected from the cold and live."

So they lay down and spent the night. Just at dawn a rumbling noise was heard. It was very cold and the ice began to split and break up on all sides. "Ap'a^{x}pinisiwûg!" cried Wolf. "Pshaw!" and started to run

[1] This is a reference to the story of Mä'näbus and Wolf Brother, p. 225.

at full speed. Indeed, he went so fast that the Indian fell out of his hair. Presently the wolf missed his companion, and finding himself alone, he cried back over his shoulder: "Take care, it is too bad. For your part you will be saved, for it is ordered that you should not be drowned, but I fear for myself, though I shall try my best. I want you to follow me as well as you can. I shall make long leaps, and shall spring from one cake to another, follow my footsteps and keep in my tracks, if I am lost and you escape, go yonder where you will find some of your kind."

However, they managed to escape, and when they got ashore, the wolf said: "Go yonder where those Indians of your species are living." So the Indian left the wolf and went where he was directed.

Now, as a matter of fact, these people were really moose disguised as human beings. There were six of them and their sister dwelling together. When the man got near the lodge, carrying his bow and arrows, he saw an old woman and an old man, the father and mother of all the others. It was very early in the morning and it was that time of the year when it was customary to hull dry corn with lye. The old people were going to the place where they were burning elmwood to obtain ashes for lye. When the old woman saw him she ran back to her wigwam in surprise, and as she approached the door, she fell down, whereupon her husband said, "What is the matter with this one?" As the old woman arose, she replied: "There is an Indian standing over there, with something bent and strung in his hand. He is standing in my nipo'sa'kûn (ash-making place). Then the old man called his six sons: "Go out and see and ask him what he wants." The young men obeyed and the eldest one, approaching the stranger asked him what he wanted. To which the Indian replied, "Oh, I came here because I wanted to become a relation to you. I came here courting, I want to be your brother-in-law." "Well then," replied the moose man, "why don't you go in."

So the Indian obeyed and became brother-in-law to the six men. He lived there for some time. One day, a man came to the lodge who was an enemy to the moose; in reality he was a caribou, who belonged to a family which resided near by. When the caribou entered the lodge he gave the moose tobacco and said: "You are invited. We will have a contest, a race with each other, and you may bring along your brother-in-law. A married man must always do the most, so we'll use him."

They set out for the ocean and it was agreed that the race was to be held around its shore. The moose and caribou families brought their friends to take part with them and to look on. When everything was ready the race started, with the man on the moose side. Now before they had left, the old grandfather in the camp had said to his daughter, "My son-in-law is tired, you must give him a sweat bath to revive him."

When the man went into the bath, he took off his protecting wristlet, which he hung on the sacrifice pole which stood near the camp. He forgot when he came away and the wristlet fell from the pole and rolled into a little hole, so he had no power when he started to run and the caribou murdered him and the moose were beaten. The moose people came home empty-handed and sad, walking with their heads hung down; the caribou took the body of the Indian but left his bow, arrow, and quiver to the moose. When the moose arrived at their lodge, they thought it was awful and wept. Indeed, the wife of the man couldn't sleep for tears.

In the meantime the caribou cooked her husband. They cut off one leg at the knee to give to two young girls who were living in a little menstrual lodge. They divided the body among themselves. When they had finished their horrible feast, they began to drum and they sang a song in derision of the man who was human and whose five toes were spread out, and who had been killing the caribou, one at a time. This is the song that they sang:—

Nanikwapakwûnisitäo	sikitûk	nanikutsuä	nina	sikitûknänit.
Spread foot	who is	killing us one	by one	at his will.

As they sang and danced and mocked, all at once a woman saw a wolf and otter come out of the forgotten wristlet that lay on the ground. They went right to the place where the singing was going on and gathered the bones that the caribou had thrown away from the feast. Two girls were still eating and one was sucking at a heel bone. Wolf had gathered all the other bones and then he went to where the girls were, the oldest one said: "Sister, see that tiny dog. Why don't you give him what you've held in your mouth so long." "No," cried the other girl, "I love to suck on this Nanikwapakwûnisitäo."

So the dog (Wolf) jumped at the girl and bit out a piece of her cheek and ran away with the cheek, bone and all. Then Otter and Wolf arranged all the bones that they had brought back in the shape of a human skeleton. Then Wolf began to howl until his voice was heard in the fourth tier heaven and in the fourth tier below. Even the caribou who was still drumming found that the noise he was making was drowned out, because everything in the world shook at the wolf's howls. When this happened the man came to life. His wife was still crying when he walked into the house. She arose, poked up the fire, and woke her parents. "Rise up! Here he is!" she cried, "the caribou have not given up, they have come and invited us again to contest with them. This time we will dive."

Now this was done because the caribou were determined to kill the Indian. This time they plotted to freeze the moose to death. They cut holes in the ice and lay in them, soaking in the water. The Indian, when it

came his turn, took off his wolf protector and placed it over the water. He put in also an otter, and laid marten and fisher on top to keep the cold from him. The rule that the caribou had made was that all must lie alike and the one who froze to death first lost the contest for his side. Now, in addition to being protected himself the man had enough charms left to push under his brothers-in-law. All the contestants slept through the night, lying side by side in two companies. At intervals some one would cry to those on the other side, "How are you?" And the others would answer, "I am freezing. How are you?" "Oh I am alive yet," came the answer. And so it would go on until the caribou could hardly speak. Finally, they could not answer at all, for they were all frozen. But the man and his moose relatives were still living and protected by the man's powers.

Then the man and his brothers-in-law arose and went home, leaving the caribou where they lay. Next day, however, the caribou came to challenge them again. "Tomorrow let us have a contest." So the man got two bags which he filled with arrows that he and his brother-in-law made. "Now," said he to the youngest of his moose brothers-in-law, "You bring back my arrows as fast as I shoot them."

The next day they met and raced on the ice. As the man ran he shot down the caribou and in the end only spared two. "I might have killed you all," he said, "but I did not. I leave you two because it has been decreed that you should always live. So I leave you to multiply."

28. The Skunk and the Lynx.

There once lived a Skunk and a Lynx. Skunk was the woman and Lynx was her husband. Lynx was a hunter. The woman was called Cikákokwäo, after her species. One day as she sat with her legs outspread, the Lynx said, "Why wife, you have awfully fat feet." "What is all this talk for, perhaps you are going to end me?" "Oh no, only I admire your legs and feet, they are so fat."

After they had eaten they said to each other, "Let us go and hunt for beaver." Lynx took his long ice chisel and the woman carried her ax. After a while, they found a beaver dam. Lynx told his wife to sit in the center of it and watch and said, "I'll go up above in the pond and find a beaver house (Wés) and I will drive them out. When you see them, cry out to give me warning."

Lynx went and broke up the house with his chisel and drove out the beaver, and presently his wife called "Piséeoo, here is one down here." "Catch him and hold him until I get there!" called out the Lynx. After a

few moments Lynx called again, "Let him go-o-o! let him go!" After a while, he cried "Ha-a-ang on! Hang on!"

And what was that for? The man was trying to create an excuse to get angry at his wife. The woman understood this, so she left the place and ran, for she had suspected his plan the minute he had complimented her feet. When Lynx's wife got home she took as large a stone as she could carry and put it in her bed.

Now you know that when we live in bark houses the mats overlap, so Lynx's wife hid between the layers to see what her husband would do when he arrived. When Lynx found his wife was gone he went home after her. When he arrived he did not go in but circled around the outside of the lodge to the place where she always sat on the platform. He drove his chisel in through the mats intending to hit her but struck the rock. When he heard the chisel grate on the rock, he shouted, "Nimaaa! I've even made a grinding noise on her ribs." Lynx's wife peeped out between the mats at him and was terribly frightened. Then Lynx came in and saw the rock, and was astonished. He took off all his clothes and painted his naked body with a long spiral from head to foot. Then quoth he, "If Cikakokwäo is any where about she will laugh at her sweetheart." His wife heard every word from where she hid between the mats. "She will laugh, she must laugh, she's got to laugh when she sees me!" Then he began to tap on something while he sang and danced. "Skunk woman will laugh at her sweetheart when she sees him performing!" Yet no one came or laughed. "Pshaw! then she isn't here at all! She would have laughed at me if she had been here to see me."

Then Lynx sat down to rest. As he looked himself over, naked, he discovered that he was pot-bellied. "Haih (Pshaw!) I am pot-gutted, and when I meet any Indians they will laugh at me because I have such a big belly." He decided to reduce his size by cutting a little hole in his stomach, and reaching in took hold of his bowels and began pulling them out, while he watched to see if it grew any smaller. He pulled, and pulled, and pulled, until he came to the end, that was stuck to his stomach and when he pulled this it made him gasp "êh!" as he lost his wind. "How is it I make such a funny sound?" and "Eh," he hiccoughed again. "Why how is this?" and he pulled again for the pleasure of hearing himself hiccough. The next time he tried so hard that he broke it off and over he fell! All this time Skunk Woman was peeking at him. When he rolled over, out she jumped with her ax and killed him. Then off she ran.

29. Beaver and Muskrat.

Beaver observed that Muskrat had a fine flat, broad tail, whereas he, Beaver, had only a tiny thin one. When Muskrat dove, he slapped his tail on the water "kum! kum!" and made a loud powerful noise, he scared people and animals. So Beaver coaxed Muskrat for a long time, calling him his dear little brother, and begging him to trade. At last Muskrat agreed, but Beaver cheated him and never gave him back his tail, and has it yet. Now Muskrat is jealous of him.

30. Mink Deceives Pickerel and Pike.[1]

Once a mink was running along the shore of a river when he saw a pickerel basking in the water close to the bank. He gaped at the pickerel and licked his chops. "Oh, I wish I could eat that one," he thought, but hesitated to jump at him. "My, no, he's too big." So at last Mink started off, disappointed.

He trotted along and came to a place where he saw another huge fish close to the shore. This was an enormous pike. Mink gaped at him too. "Oh, how I wish I could eat him. Oh, if I only could eat one of the two, wouldn't I have a full belly?" But Mink dared not tackle Pike either. "How can I manage it anyway?" he thought in his heart. "Perhaps I can fix it so I can get one. If I only can get them to fight, then one will kill the other and I can have that one."

Mink went back to Pickerel and spoke to him in Ojibway, as he was a comical fellow. Pickerel was still lying where he had seen him. "Kinosa, okakiki sumik!" (Pickerel, Pike is lying about you.) Pickerel said, "Well, why should he speak about me? One who looks that way with whitish eyes?" Mink hustled back to Pike. "Pike, Pickerel is lying about you," he cried. In answer, Pike cried, "What does he talk about me for, he who has a long homely jaw?" Mink ran back to Pickerel and tattled. "Why should he speak about me; he is homely, short-bodied, and pot-bellied," said Pickerel. Mink hurried to Pike, "Oh, Pickerel is lying about you again." Pike said, "Ä'nämekût! Why does he say that, he who has spots on him.. You bad pickerel! I know this is true!" Mink ran back again, "Pickerel, Pike is lying about you," tattled Mink. "Well then, he and I will have a fight," was the reply.

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[1] Cf. Mä'näbus Tale, p. 293.

Mink ran back and said, "Pickerel is now coming to fight you." "All right, I'll fight him," said Pike. They started and met half way and fought while Mink watched. They bit each other and rolled over and over, splashing water. Mink could see their white bellies plainly. "I wonder how it will come out," he thought. They raged on for quite a while. At last they were so tired they could hardly throw each other. "Perhaps they are nearly played out now," said Mink.

After a while Sakiu (Mink) saw they were exhausted and only their fins moved. They lay with their bellies up. "Oh, they've killed each other, they're done. Well, I guess I'll roll up my leggings." So he did and waded in and dragged one after the other on to the bank. "I wonder now what I shall do with them," thought Mink. "Well, I guess I'll take them back into the bushes." He pulled one up and hid it in the bushes, it was so big he could hardly do it. Then he brought the other. "I guess I'll roast them here," he thought. "I'll make a grill over the fire." So he did and started a fire beneath. He cleaned the fish, cut them up, and spread them on top. Then he cared for the fire. Both these fish had roe so he cooked them.[1] When the fish were cooked, he put roe on the grill and commenced to eat. He turned the eggs over from time to time until they were done. He took them off and put them away. Now he was full.

"Well, what next?" he thought. "I've had enough. I'll run back in the woods and get wekop (basswood string)." The fish roes came in pairs so Mink pulled apart one set and tied them in the middle and stuck them up so as to let the eggs hang directly over his face and dangle over his mouth. "Before I sleep I'll have them handy. When I wake I'll say 'Yau in wakosimûk,'[2] oh my eggs." When he woke they were there, so he said his words, and bit at them and got a mouthful.

As Mink was sleeping with the eggs hanging over his mouth, Wolf came along, found the scene of the fish battle, stopped and saw the grill. "*Maa*, this means something," he thought, so he ran back on the upland and saw Mink lying on his back and taking it easy, with the eggs dangling overhead; he saw all the fish, etc. Wolf thought, "I must be cunning," and sneaked up to find the fish and the other eggs, all eaten. "How shall I get the rest?" he thought. "Oh I guess I can fix it." Wolf ran to the river, got a little stone of the same shape as the roe, came back, and substituted the stone for the eggs, which he ate.

Wolf looked back but Mink still slept, so Wolf ran home. After a while Mink woke up, thought of the eggs, felt them rubbing against his mouth

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[1] Wakosûk, "fish eggs," the word resembles the plural of foxes, Wa'kosûk.

[2] "Woman" words, words used only by women.

and said, "Oh yes, what did I say I would say and do? Oh yes, I must say I want my eggs. They are here yet." He opened his mouth wide and grabbed, *sssa!* it was only a stone, and broke one of his teeth. He woke up. "*Hi-h'iuh!*" He clapped his hand over his mouth. "I wonder who did this to me?" He thought of the fish and looked for them but everything was gone. "I wonder who did this? It might have been that wolf! An'äm! dirty wolf, bad wolf, if it is you! And it is you, you homely wolf with a long nose! Well, you'll always be a thief as long as the world shall stand."

31. Rabbit and Wildcat.

Rabbit once saw Wildcat lying under a log. He went right away and built a mitäwikomik (medicine lodge). He got his material from the woods. He peeled a longitudinal roll of birchbark which he set up on the ground so that it lay in just the shape of a medicine lodge house. Then he took his water drum and beat on it and sang.

Kitabus	in'äwäo	on'amatik	uswusapicit
Wildcat	I have seen	under a log	his eyes glistening.

Wildcat heard and saw him and got angry over it. He came over to the place and upset the mitäwikomik and out popped the rabbit. The wildcat caught him and thus addressed him, "I could easily kill you, but let us talk a while." "Let us have a trial, if you can please wait a moment," said Rabbit. So Rabbit began to sing in Ojibway: —

Kitakaskipunitita hapina
Oh well then let us begin by scratching each other.

Wildcat agreed saying, "You try to scratch me first." "All right," said Rabbit. Wildcat turned his back and took off his shirt and Rabbit scratched until he flinched. "Oh you hurt me," cried Wildcat.

"Oh I'm only beginning lightly," said Rabbit. Presently, Wildcat said, "Here you take your turn." So Rabbit took a position and offered his back. Wildcat began quietly to claw the whole length of rabbit's back. "Oh, you hurt me," cried Rabbit.

"Pshaw," said Wildcat, "I could run my claws in." So he did and as he raked down, the rabbit cried: "Kwä^{n}k Kwä^{n}k, Kwä^{n}k," and died. Then Wildcat ate him up.

The reason the animals spoke Ojibway is that they must have belonged to that nation long ago.

32. Owl and Partridge.

Screech-owl (totopa) wanted night all the time. Pinäo (partridge) wanted day, so they had a trial to see which would prevail. With the Owl was Bear, so it was two against one. Bear began to repeat, "Tipikût, tipikût, tipikût" (to be dark, to be dark, to be dark) and Owl followed him crying "Nitu'päkûn." The contest was to last ten days, Partridge crying: "Kitw'apûn" (let it be day). The ones still at it at the end of this time were to win. After three days' time the owl's head came off from crying, Kutnipu'pâkût, until its throat was worn out. When Bear had cried four days he stopped and slept. Partridge won, and the number of days he reached are marked on his tail with black bars.

33. Hell Diver.

Hell Diver, Sikéma, had a handsome brother, a chief, named Wämégiséko, "White Wampum." Hell Diver was a homely person. One day as he was swimming around, two women came to the opposite bank of the river and called to him, asking him to ferry them over. Hell Diver hurried back, hauled down his canoe, and paddled over to them. He asked where they wanted to go. "We're looking for Wämégiséko. We are going to marry him," they said. "Oh, that's me!" replied Hell Diver, "I'm the one."

So he took them to his house, for they believed him. Every evening there was a dance in his brother's lodge. Of course Sikéma went, but he ordered his two wives to stay at home and not go anywhere. When this had happened three times, the women said to each other, "Let us follow and look on." They were both very beautiful, and they did not like to stay at home. "Let us both get a couple of rotten logs and put them in our places before we go."

So they got two logs and put them to bed, covering them with their robes and went slyly to the chief's home to peep at the dance. They saw that it was very nice and beautiful with the chief seated in the middle. Wämégiséko was dressed in lovely fashion with quantities of wampum around his neck, and even when he spat, he spat wampum.[1] "Why, my sister," cried one of the girls, "this must be the one we intended to come and see."

Over in one corner among the unhonored guests they saw Sikéma danc-

[1] Skinner, (a), 95; Riggs, 148.

ing by himself. When Hell Diver went home and sat on the sleeping bench and smoked, "Well, there they lie," he said to himself looking at the logs, and was contented. All at once he thought one of them pinched him on the leg "Wait, I'll be with you when I finish my pipe," he said, but it was only an ant that had crawled out of one of the rotten logs and bitten him. The ants kept on coming out and biting him until at last he grew suspicious and looked and found the logs. He was enraged and threw out the wood in his fury. Then he ran back to the dancing place and there he found his brother Wämégiséko lying with one of the women on each side.

"An'äämékut! You'll be killed!" shrieked Hell Diver, and he hurried out and got an iron and heated it red hot in a big fire. Then he sneaked back and thrust the iron into his brother's privates and killed him. In the morning the chief did not stir because he was dead, and when this was found out, messengers were sent to tell Hell Diver of the calamity. Hell Diver had started out early to swim about, and the messengers could not find him, although others saw him poke up his head from time to time when he came up from his dives.

Hell Diver had meanwhile killed a deer, taken its stomach and filled it with blood and hung it around his neck under his shirt. Some of the people wanted to tell him of his brother's demise, but others objected, saying that he had loved his brother too much. However, they finally approached and called him, "Sikéma! Sikéma!" but he pretended not to hear until they hailed him by his brother's name, "Wämégiséko!" Then he listened and paid attention. "Your brother is dead!" they told him. When Hell Diver heard this, he reached for his knife which hung in its scabbard before his breast and pretended to stab himself to the heart, but he really stuck the blade into the bag of blood which gushed out as he fell over. "There! didn't we say he would do that if he heard that his brother was dead?" some cried.

Hell Diver stayed under water a long time, and while the people were watching they finally saw his little head peep out! "Why he isn't dead!" they exclaimed. "He must have done this to deceive us because he killed his brother!" Others said, "Well, let us kill him if he murdered our chief." Hell Diver heard what they were talking about, so he began to sing:—

"Sikak! Sikak!
Pina tciwat!
Niganip, niganip!"

Which means, "If the new-made widows come towards me in their boat, I shall die!" Everybody called to them: "Do go and fetch him here! We'll kill him!"

The widows accordingly got into their long canoe, one in each end. They paddled up to him and got him into the boat, and turned about to go back, when suddenly, he tipped it over and down they all sank to the bottom. While they were there the women were turned into female Hell Divers by Sikéma, and all three came popping up.

The people still wanted to catch him, so they conspired until the river froze over, but Hell Diver hid near the rushes, and when the ice was all formed he pulled the rushes in, leaving little holes to breathe and peep through. "And then I came away."

34. Foods of the Animals.

In the beginning, there was a large lake filled with fat oil. An inquiry was made by the powers to ask all the animals what they would like most to eat. The bear, deer, porcupine, rabbit, and gray squirrel were asked. The bear came first and was ordered to wade out into the lake of fat. He swam and drank plenty, so he became the fattest of all animals. Next came the marten, and instead of doing as the bear had done he just went to the brink and thrust in one jaw a little and rubbed it down within his thighs. "Oh," cried the bystanders, "you'll be puny. You haven't taken enough." "Oh, too much fat would be a nuisance to me and I'd look homely." "Oh, he only thinks of his bowels," they cried, "that's where he ornaments himself with fat."

Next gray squirrel came, ahead of his turn and swam in the lake. When this was seen, they cried, "Hä! he defiles the oil." They grabbed him and dragged him out, wrung him out, and threw him off in the woods, where he began to cry, for he was so ashamed. He wept until his eyes were rubbed bare about the lids, as you may see in all squirrels today.

Next came porcupine. "What do you desire to eat?" they asked him. "Wewin," he replied. You know that that word may mean either a horn, an ice chisel, a pine knot, or fornication. But porcupine meant a pine knot, the others misunderstood and cried: "You look at that," making a gesture of contempt,[1] thinking he meant fornication. Then porcupine climbed up a pine tree and said: "My friends, why do you laugh so much at me? I want you all to understand that this is what I meant." He began to gnaw a knot, saying, "There's grease in this limb, that I like. Besides this, I love to eat the horns of deer. I'll be fit enough to be devoured by the Indians for this food will fatten me for them."

[1] The favorite Menomini gesture of contempt consists in raising the clenched fist palm down, up to the level of the mouth, then bringing it swiftly downwards, throwing forward the thumb and first two fingers.

Then they asked the wolf, what he wanted to eat and he answered, "I want to eat the deer." Deer was standing right beside him and cried: "Whew! What do you mean, don't you know when I go bounding along, I am so swift you can hardly see me. I am in a way, like a fly. You are wishing in vain."

Then the greatest of the powers said: "Let us try that out right now. You wolf, have challenged the deer. Now race with each other and see who wins. The deer started off with a great spring, high in the air, with the wolf following with great lofty jumps. They ran and ran with the deer in the lead, then deer saw wolf close behind and changed himself into a partridge, but wolf turned into a winter hawk, and followed him through the air. Then deer dove into the water and became a fish, a trout (nämäko, lake trout). The wolf became a täˣkomik (another species of fish) and pursued him. Deer now became tired and changed his disguise, coming out again as a deer once more rushing for the place whence he started, with wolf at his heels. Deer almost reached the head power at the lake of oil but there wolf overtook him and threw him and killed him. But the powers brought deer back to life and it was ordered hereafter that he should be the prey of wolf. Then the chief power asked deer, "What do you want to eat yourself?" Deer replied instantly, "I desire to eat mankind." "Go ahead, try it, and see if you can," ordered the Powers. In those days deer had long fangs projecting from his mouth, so he started out to hunt for an Indian. Meanwhile an Indian was hunting in the snowstorm too. The Indian saw deer's fresh tracks. "Oh this is the one who is searching for me," he thought in his heart. He doubled back on his own track and hid behind a mammoth tree where he strung his bow and placed the notch of the arrow on the string. Meantime the snow fell and presently along came deer sniffing, head down on the Indian's trail. The Indian saw him coming, champing his tushes, so he shot deer in the side and killed him. Then the Indian skinned the deer and took the hide, leaving only the skin on the deer's legs from the knee down on the carcass. He took the hide home, but the deer's shade returned to the head power at the lake of oil, naked. "Oh," said the chief, "you are nowhere at all. You boasted that you would eat human beings, but you have been defeated. The Indian is häwätûk and more powerful than you." The head power pulled out the deer's long teeth and thrust them in his side. "These will be better as your ribs," he said.

There were no teeth left, so the head power made small, short teeth out of eight pieces of cedar and thrust them in the deer's mouth, saying: "These shall be your teeth. Four in your lower and four in your upper jaw. That will be enough for you." Then the head power took sand and daubed it over the raw flesh of the deer, and declared: "I am healing you, to make your coat return and the hair grow there."

35. Catfish Defeats Moose.

(*a*)

Once in a certain lake, Wäsesa, a little bullhead, was lying on the bottom, when several moose came down to the lake, feeding in the water and drinking Little Catfish saw them. "Wuuu!" he cried, seeing one moose was white. "Oh, how I wish that hide for a cushion to lie on." After drinking, the moose went up on the shore and lay down where Catfish saw them, and wondered how he could get the white one. At last he decided what to do, so he cried to the white one, "Wabomisäwäo, Aiaku winatninätawasimäo!" (White one, your horns are long, but mine are longer yet.) This he did to insult the moose. Of course they heard this, and looking, they saw the little catfish. "Nima! nima! nima! nima! this little catfish wants to be brave," they bellowed. Again Catfish sang out his insult, and again. At last they all got angry, "My, my, my! That little catfish is boasting too much," cried all three. So the white Moose sent the other two, his children, down to destroy Catfish. "Go and kick Catfish and make him shut up!" So one went down. "What are you blowing about so much?" he cried.

Little Catfish said: "Who wants you? No one! I don't mean you at all, it's your old parent I'm talking to, that big one! He's the one I want, you go back and lie down and keep still." Then the young moose went back abashed. The little Catfish kept right on so Father Moose asked his son, "What did he say?" "Oh, he said he didn't want me, he said he wanted my father." Old Moose then cried, "Än'ämekût! I'll go then!" and he went down and heard Catfish still at it. "I've come down to settle you," bellowed the moose. "All right," cried Catfish, not budging, "kick me here on my chin!" (for Catfish is well armed with horns at that place). He turned up on one side and elevated his spines. The moose turned about and kicked furiously, and the spike ran in to the hilt between the moose's toes. Moose jumped out on shore and Catfish hung on until he was kicked loose. Moose was only able to run on three legs, and presently he fell over and died. The young moose sprang up crying, "Oh father is killed!" and ran away. "Ha, I've done it now! Yes I have," cried the catfish.

Now you know, long ago, animals of all sorts could change their nature at will, so Catfish walked right out of the water like a man! Now here comes a natural lie, for we must all lie sometimes. Catfish had a butcher knife, and he pulled it out, and skinned the moose. "Here's what I wanted," he said. He went off and left all the meat, and he went back where he had

been lounging and arranged the skin and made a nice bed in the water. "A'wä!" [1] he cried in happiness.

You may observe that catfish have little beds to lie on on the lake bottoms. When people see it they cry, "Eh, there's catfish's moose blanket!" Sunfish has a place too, for he is catfish's friend.

(*b*)

Moose was walking along the river bank when he saw a catfish. "Why are you lying there in the water," he bellowed. "I came here on purpose," replied the little catfish. "And what is it to you? I am made to be in the water and I have a perfect right to be here."

"Well, what are you getting mad about," demanded Moose. "All I have to do is to kick you once, and that will settle you. I've a good mind to do it too." So moose rushed into the water, but when he raised his leg to kick Catfish, that little animal turned belly up, and pointed his horns at moose, crying, "Take that."

Moose stamped on the catfish and drove the horn way into his foot. Moose then leaped out of the water in great pain and ran up into the woods. The pain was like fire, and hurt him worse and worse. He lay down, and rolled over and over and finally died.

It is wrong to despise anything, however small and humble it appears.

36. Raccoon's Pranks.

One cold fall, just about winter, raccoon was traveling along on the river bank, following up the stream looking for crawfish. As he nosed along he found a trail, so he stopped and followed it until he came to a string running down towards the water. Just a little beyond that he came on a round mat house, so he sneaked up to look and listen. He heard voices, so he peeped in and there he saw two old men, one on each side of the fireplace. Raccoon observed them for some time. "Well, I guess they are blind," he said to himself. Then he peeped again more boldly, "Yes, they're both blind," he concluded. "Oh," said one of the old men. "I think it's about time for us to cook our last scraps of food." "All right, old chum," replied the other. "Then go and get us some water," returned the first.

The second old man felt for the bucket and went out, fumbling along the string. As soon as raccoon saw what was happening, he raced down to the

[1] Hurrah.

other end of the line which was on the river's bank and took it some distance away from the water, then he sat on his haunches to watch. The old man found his way to the end and put down his pail but he only struck the dry land.

"Hai, how is this? There used to be water here." He swept his pail around but could not find the river. "Why, the water is all gone." He turned his back and laboriously trudged back to the lodge and went in. "Why old chum, there is no water to be found." "Why how is that old fellow? That can't be. You know the line leads to the river and there is water there. Go and get it. What are you lying for?"

The old chap went back once more, but still he couldn't find the river, so he returned again, crying, "Hé, old man, there is no water, it is so." The old man did not believe him. "What is the use of lying to me you lazy chap? There certainly is some there." The other man protested, so at last he said: "Well let me go, I'll get it," and he went out angrily, following the line.

Meantime coon had overheard everything that was said, so he hustled down and put the line back where it belonged, so the second old man got water and returned with it. "Why did you lie to me?" he said to his companion. "I got water at the same old place all right. Now at least go and get some wood. It can't be you'll mistake that place."

However, coon overheard them and he ran and changed the line that led to the wood pile. The old man reached the place where he put the string, and felt, but he could not find the wood, so he returned. "There is no wood to be found," he exclaimed. "What are you up to, with your lies. Oh, I know, it's just your old scheme, eh? Just because you don't want to work. There is wood there all right, I'll go and get it." So the second old man went out angrily.

Meanwhile coon hurried and put the string back in the right place, so that the second old man found the wood. "Well, how is this?" he growled. "My chum won't do as I tell him any more." When the old man got up close to the lodge he shouted, "Oh, old fellow like me, what are you lying for?" So he came in. "Well old chum," he said, "let's hang up the kettle and start cooking our last piece of meat."

So he took down the package and undid it. Meantime raccoon had crept into the lodge to see better and observed the old man take out two pieces of meat and put them into the water. Now the old men began talking again in good humor. In a short time the meat was nearly cooked and they were about to try it. Coon thought that it was good enough for him, so he took up the sharp stick that they used as a fork, stabbed it into the kettle and pulled out some of the meat. He found it was good, so he took

it to one side and began to eat it quietly, while the old men talked on. At last one old fellow said: "I guess our cooking is over, let us dish it up. Where is your dish old fellow?" So he jabbed his stick into the pot, got one piece and put it on his comrade's dish. Then he looked for his own, but could not find it. "Hello, where is the other piece? It's not here." "Well, what do mean, maybe you ate it?" responded his partner. "No, maybe you did?" said the other, and they fell to arguing and quarreling. Their squabble grew worse and worse, while coon watched until they got very angry at each other, then he tiptoed up to the angriest one and punched him. "Hé, old chum, what did you do that for? You hurt me," shouted the old man, whereupon coon hit the other man in the face. Hé, but they pitched into each other, pulled hair, punched, and rolled over and over, till the fight got near the coon who had to dodge! At last one threw the other over and he fell plump on top of coon, who cried, "Eeh!"

"Hé! who did that?" cried one of the combatants. "I heard him too, I guess it must be coon. Somebody is playing tricks on us." Then coon ran out, he stopped at the door and peered back and laughed and they overheard him. "There he laughs, coon," said one. "Oh that's him, I told you so. He did it, he caused us to fight, the nasty fellow. Oh you mean coon, to do this! You are the most wicked no account animal, and you shall be so all your days. You will be hated and known for what you have done. You will never be able to please anyone. You will be tricky and destructive."

Raccoon went on, following the river bank. It was cold and ice was beginning to form along the brink and lumps of snow were drifting down. He camped wherever night caught him, always along the shore. All at once one day to his surprise he found a trail that led back into the woods. "Oh, this is a sign that there are some more of those Indians living here," said he, so he peeped and sure enough he saw a long lodge. He sneaked up to the house and stood there listening. He heard the voices of several talking. "Oh," he said to himself, "it must be old ladies all alone." So he lifted the mat that covered the door and peered in. He saw two old women about the fire at one end, and at the other end, there was another blaze and two more old women sitting beside it. They were all making woven bags very neatly, but he was sorry for one old woman, she was so weak and had accomplished so little.

"I wonder if she can ever finish it," thought raccoon. "She looks so feeble and awkward." Then he thought, "I guess I had better go in and visit them." So he entered and was seen. "Oh Ä'sipûn, it is you, take a seat among us." So he chose to sit by the feeble old lady and he took his place close beside her. "Well, Ä'sipûn, what are you about and where are

you going?" they asked him. "Oh, I am only on my travels, following the river to see if I can find a living. At the same time I visit the Indians, where they live. I go in and see them."

So raccoon talked on with them. At last he stopped and got into a conversation with the old lady beside whom he was seated. "Noko, how long have you been working at that bag of yours? And how much longer will it take you to finish it? You who seem so slow and feeble?" "Oh, nosé, I don't know. It will take a very long time at my rate." "Oh, if I were to make it, it would take only a little while," returned raccoon. "How can that be with you, Ä'sipûn? How can you make one like that? Why it takes a certain length of time and a long time, even quickly. We have to make them in lots of ten, when we have that many done we sell them and get a very little to eat." "Oh yes, grandma, I can make it. I can make ten. I can make them in a very little while I say." "Well, tell us, explain it to us." "Well, this is the way. You get enough material for ten bags and make a bundle of it and this is the way I would do. I would scrape the coals and ashes from the fireplace and leave a bare, flat spot. I would lay this bunch of string there and cover it up with coals and cinders, then build a fire over it and let it burn down and out, and when it is all over, remove the ashes and the ten bags will be all done." "No," said one of the old ladies, "Raccoon, you are mistaken. It cannot be, if we should do that we would only burn our material." "No," contradicted raccoon, "if you do that, you'll have them quickly."

They stopped arguing, but the feeble old lady had said nothing, only listened. Then raccoon turned to her, "What do *you* think? Don't *you* believe me? I tell you old grandma, this is true. If you'll let me have your bag and enough material, I'll show you how it can be done quickly, and how you will have ten at one time. Just let me do it, and I'll fix it in a minute." The women in the other end of the lodge cried, "Don't you believe him, don't do that, he is wrong. All your stuff will be burned, and how can you get more at your age and in your health?" "Grandma, don't pay attention to them," said raccoon. "Listen to me if you want those bags, I tell you I can make all ten in half an hour."

The old lady was now persuaded. "You have said it so earnestly, that I consent and I ask you to take pity on me and let this be true." "Yes, grandma, I'll do just as I told you, and it's very sure. Just give me enough basswood string and the one you have started and we'll make ten bundles, each enough for one bag." The others tried to stop the old lady, but she paid no attention to them, and prepared the material. "Hurry up grandma, hand the bundle to me," he cried. So the old lady did, and coon parted the ashes, covered the stuff, sent for more wood, and blew on the coals until he

started the fire. "When the wood is burned," he said, "your bags will be done." The other old women cried out, "Pon! pon! pon! you're cheated, you're beaten." "No, don't believe them; obey me," cried raccoon. But the old ladies continued to shout: "Hold on, hold on."

Soon the fire was out, and raccoon remarked, "You'll soon have your ten bags," so he took a stick, moved the ashes on both sides, and grabbed at the heap of stuff and tore it open. There they all saw ten bags come out, one after the other, all bearing different designs. The others were astonished, "Oh, Ä'sipaan, how merciful, how good," said the old lady. "I thank you so much, I could never have made them at all." Then the other old women began to beg: "Oh raccoon, could you not be kind to us too? We beg of you, be merciful and make us each ten, out of your pity." "Oh yes," said raccoon, "that's nothing, and you all saw me do it in a little while, it's easy. You can do it yourselves. I showed you how. I've got to go now, and I'm in a hurry. But you will each have ten bags in a little while." "Yes," they all cried, "let's do it!" "Of course," said raccoon, "start now, it's simple when you've seen it done."

As soon as coon went, each old lady hurried to bury her material under the fire, they waited and talked until the fires were all out, then they all began to open their piles at once. They took out ashes, cinders, and coal, until at last they came to the place where they had put their bark strings and there they found nothing but little charred lumps. When they saw this, they all fell over and wept.

Meanwhile raccoon traveled on and after a time thought, "I guess they're looking for their bags," and chuckled with merriment. But the old ladies cried, "Än'ämekût Ä'sipûn!" as they recovered. "We knew he was a scamp before, but he has cheated us and if this old lady had not been persuaded, we would not have lost our stuff, it's all her fault, and that's the way he does all the time, but she would not believe us." So they blamed it all on the poor old lady.

Meanwhile the coon kept on up the river. Now it was frozen where the current was slack, but he journeyed along until only the rapids and falls were still open. At last he came across a trail and he came back into the woods. He followed it to the brink and found a water hole cut into the ice. He saw the trail was well traveled. "Oh yes," he thought, "there are some more of those Indians living here."

So raccoon followed the trail a little way, then stopped to peep. Ahead of him he saw a long lodge, longer than the last one he had visited, which seemed to show that there were many people in it. He came up close to listen and heard many voices mingled together. He wondered who it could possibly be, so he kept still and listened and because of the loud talking and

continual noise, he discovered that they were all women. He went softly to the door and peeped and there were women sitting all the way around. He looked them over and counted them and to his surprise there were ten, all alike and each with a tiny baby on her têk'enagûn (baby carrier) and all were cleaning them at once. Ä'sipûn finally decided to go in. They all saw him and cried, "Oh my, coon! It is *you*! Take a seat."

Coon looked them over again with rolling eyes, and saw that they were all still fixing their cradleboards. At one end, he noticed that one was younger than all the rest, a mere child. He saw that she was slow, and awkward, and puny, and she bundled her baby differently and poorly.

"Oh," thought coon, "she's slow and young, and her baby is smaller." On this account coon was not satisfied, so he went in and sat close to her. All the others were done with their work, excepting this poor girl. All at once raccoon said: "I am going to ask you all a question. How long will it take for your boys to grow up?" And all of them heard him. Mûdjikik'-wäwic (the eldest daughter) answered, "Oh Ä'sipûn, it takes many years to reach the time you ask about. We've got to be old before it happens, we mothers will be old when our sons are men." Then Raccoon understood well how long it would take, and he looked them all over, "That's a very long time," he said, "but if one among you all will give me her baby, I will hurry it up and make it grow big and old, in a short time." Mûdjikik'wäwic immediately replied, "No, you can't do that! Not so, it is impossible."

But coon edged up to the youngest and said: "Female sister to me, having the smallest baby, it will take you, in your condition, a long time to rear and raise it, but if you trust it to me, I can make it grow rapidly, and with age; it will only take the time that I am sitting here and that will be very short." "Coon," said Mûdjikik'wäwic, "what can you do to accomplish this, tell us, show us." "Oh, there is a way," he answered. "If you let me take it, I will do this. I will take the child down and shove it in the water hole, to the bottom, and tie the baby board under the ice and let it remain there until its mother can build a fire; and while the fire blazes and burns you'll hear the child running back, already a man. It will only take the time necessary for the fire to burn."

"Oh!" cried the eldest sister "that can never happen. It won't be! If you tried it the child would be drowned." "Oh no, it would be as I say, I can do it." Then raccoon turned to the youngest, "Sister, let me try it on your baby, it will only take a little while." "Hold on," cried Mûdjikik'-wäwic, "you may be persuaded, and if you are, you will only bring disaster upon yourself, for the child will surely die." "How is it," said coon, "will you let me? You know what I have said."

Then the youngest sister cried, "If what you have told me is true, I will

let you take the baby, for it will help me greatly, as I am having trouble and suffering." So they agreed. All the other women tried to prevent her, crying, "Hé, don't believe him. Don't consent, you are wrong, it will be killed." "Pay no attention," ordered coon, "but believe me; this bargain is between us."

The woman agreed, so he led her to the river. There he cut the water hole larger, called for wikop, and tied the cradleboard under the ice. Then they hurried back to the lodge and built a fire and sure enough, pretty soon, running footsteps were heard, and the voice of someone crying, "Yahaha," with chattering teeth. "Hurry," cried coon, "there he is. Prepare clothes, he is coming in naked and cold." Truly, in ran a young man, about fifteen years of age. "There, there is your son," said coon. "Oh, my son," cried the mother. "Make more fire," cried coon, "and warm him."

So the mother and coon stirred up the fire. Coon now remarked, "You see now what I can do and how quickly I fixed him. I did this to show you my power, and I had pity for the youngest who had the smallest child and who would have had such a long, hard time to bring him up. Now I must go, I'm in a hurry."

As he started to leave, Mûdjikik'wäwic said: "Oh raccoon, could you not help us out and make our children grow too, so we can see our young men like that one?" "No, you have denied me," said coon. "Oh no, raccoon, we beg of you to favor us in the same way." "Well, I am in a hurry, I've got to go on up the river. You heard and saw my plan, it's simple, if you want to do so yourselves, you can. The mother I helped will show you what we did. You've only got to shove your babies under the ice."

As soon as he was gone, Mûdjikik'wäwic said, "Now, all my sisters, join with me, let's take our babies and stick them in the water." So they went out one after the other and gathered wikop on the way. The youngest went along with them to show them how. When they got to the river, they all cut holes in the ice and tied their babies underneath. Then they all came away and hurried to build the fires.

All this time, coon was hurrying along and he was far off, while the women waited in the lodge and said to each other: "Pretty soon, pretty soon they'll come." But the fires went out and no one appeared. "Let's build them again," they said and they did so, but there was no sign. "How is this," said Mûdjikik'wäwic, "no one has come, and for my part, I believe they will not come. Something is wrong, let's go and see." So they all ran to the river and pulled up the babies and found they were all drowned and frozen.

Meanwhile raccoon was running as fast as he could, getting farther away

while the mothers wept. After a while, they quit and Mûdjikik'wäwic said, "Now coon has ruined us, tomorrow we will chase him." When the morning came, she said again, "Younger sisters, we will now catch coon and fix him. The world is not big enough for him to escape us, and we'll get him and beat him to death. Some of you bring your axes."

So the nine of them set forth, for the youngest sister did not go, as she had no quarrel with coon. They chased and tracked him a long time and coon knew it. He circled and doubled and made crooked trails, hid behind trees; he walked on and under logs, and finally ran to the river at the falls where he jumped from one stone to another, but they overtook him. He knew they were close, and ran to another high falls with rocks at the foot, he got on them, though they were ice covered, and jumped from one to another, leaving a crooked trail, until at last he found an overhanging elm which he climbed up and hid in the crotch.

Mûdjikik'wäwic tracked him until she lost the trail and was in despair. She circled round the falls and could find no tracks leading away, so she told the others that he must be there. She and her sisters searched all the cracks and crevices but found no coon. Finally, as they were passing under the elm, they saw his reflection in the water. "Come sisters, here he is," she screamed "Än'äm (dog) you! I kill you now as I said I would," so she struck at the water with her ax. There was a great splash and she hit a rock under the surface. She did this several times, until the blade was dull. "Here he is sisters," she called, "but my ax is broken on him."

So they all tried, and dulled their blades. Then coon moved and poked out his head and peeped and they saw him and struck all the more. Then said Mûdjikik'wäwic, "What can we do?" and there they stood dismayed until at last, she happened to look up in the tree and saw coon squatting in his crotch. "Oh, sisters, come here, there he is."

They tried their best to chop the tree down, but alas their axes were too dull even to mark it. For several days they tried, and tried. They called the coon names but he only laughed at them for he saw that he had outdone them. Then Mûdjikik'wäwic gathered all her sisters and they looked at him. Said she: "We cannot get him, he is safe, we must give up after all our trying. But I must say, though, to him, as others whom he has offended have said, what he'll be in the future. For my part, as I say, he will be the most disliked animal on earth, forever, because of what you have done. People will hate you, because you deceive them and make trouble."

37. Raccoon and Crawfish.

Na'na'käo, the crawfish, had a permanent village under the water in a large lake. One day he thought to himself, "I guess I'll take a trip and see what the world looks like," so he crawled out on the dry land and followed along the beach. He crawled and crawled until he got half way around, when he stopped a while to look.

In the meantime, Ä'sipûn, the raccoon, came strolling along in the opposite direction. As he traveled, he kept his eyes fixed ahead of him, and he saw something moving. He watched it and made out that it was Crawfish. "Oh, nimaa, this Crawfish is out on dry land." Then he thought to himself, "I wonder how I can fool him, I am surely going to meet him. Oh, I know."

So Raccoon scuttled into the woods and got some rotten wood which he stuck up his nostrils, daubed on his mouth and filled up his eyes. Then he laid down on the shore and pretended to be dead. After a while, along came Crawfish, crawling awkwardly. As he came along, he saw Coon and was surprised. "What's this? who can it be?" But seeing no move or any trace of danger, he crept up and examined the object and recognized it as Coon. He drew very close indeed and stopped there motionless. He could see no breath from Coon and he saw that his enemy's mouth and eyes and nose were completely stopped up. Crawfish thought in his head that the punk wood was fly blows and then when he looked a little closer and pinched Raccoon he was sure that the maggots were in him. "I must go home and tell my people," he said. So he began scrambling backwards, as fast as he could go. When he was almost there, he began to shout, "Kuu'wû!" "Hé," cried the others, "what can that be?" "Kuu'wû!" "What is the matter with that fellow, let's go and see." "Kuu'wû!" "Oh yes, maybe it's that fellow that went traveling. Perhaps he is coming back." And everyone came running out, to hear the news. "Kuu'wû!" "Oh Crawfish," cried the people, for the brave hero was now in sight. "What is it that you have to tell us?" "I shall not tell you a word until Totop'ahakäo (a soft shelled crawfish) places one of his daughters on each side of me. Then I'll tell you the truth," chanted Crawfish in a singsong voice. "Good news," cried the others. "Let us hurry and tell Totop'ahakäo to get his daughters ready, to dress and comb them and paint their faces with vermilion."

Somebody ran to Totop'ahakäo's lodge and informed him and he straightway fell to dressing his daughters and adorning them with the most beautiful clothes. Crawfish had now come into the center of the village. "Let Totop'ahakäo now take his two daughters and place one on each side of

Crawfish," cried every one. So the girls' mother led them forward. "Go now and sit beside him," she ordered. One was placed on the right-hand side and one placed on the left-hand side of Crawfish. "Now tell us the news," demanded the people, for a great crowd had gathered. "The women have been given you as you demanded. Then Crawfish began to chant in a singsong voice, as messengers and criers were accustomed to do: —

"N'hau omus kaies pin'a'nokatau waio'n hau
"At the time when I have fasted In
inipi mai atician yum uskiato nätamun kineticuminä ä-ä-ä-n!
my walks circling round the lake all at once I saw Coon.

"He was lying down and I approached him and saw that his face was full! Yes, his eyes, his nose and mouth were filled with maggots. There he lies and he is dead." Everyone heard him and shouted: "Oh, let us believe our traveler! Let us tighten our drum head and go and have a dance over it."

Nimaa, but they were pleased because their enemy was dead! When everything was in readiness, they set out with the nänawetauwûk, or braves, in the lead, the chiefs next, and the women and children following in a great multitude, drumming and singing, and Crawfish, with the two beautiful daughters of Totop'ahäkäo, one on each side of him, heading the procession. As they marched along, the braves were singing a nänawetau song: —

"Hauwiya! Hauwiya! Hauwiyaa! Hoi! Hoi! Hoi! Hoi!"

They twisted, stamped, and brandished their weapons and postured as braves always do. The women too, had their own comical little song, a squeaky little second part. Nimaa, but it was an immense parade! As they came nearer, Coon heard them and listened, where he lay. It took the Crawfish a long time, although they had not far to go, for they were so awkward on land. "How far are we now?" asked the chief. "Oh, very close," said Crawfish. Soon he pointed out Raccoon. "There he lies, the enemy of our people."

When they got up very close, they ceased to sing, and circled round and round Raccoon, dancing and examining him with their claws and feelers until they were convinced that he was dead. Then they began to sing: — "Ä'sipûna, here he lies dead with maggots in his mouth." The women chimed in: "Aiek'wäwäjiji! Aiek'wäwäjiji!" They circled again around his body and sang, "Here is Coon lying with his face full of worms! They are all in him! Maggots in his mouth, maggots in his nose, maggots in his eyes. Aiek'wäwäjiji! Aiek'wäwäjiji!"

The last words were shouted in Ojibway in order to encourage the women to dance. And the multitude danced about Raccoon, while some of the

braves crawled all over him, pinching him. Coon did not stir though it hurt him dreadfully. It was awful about his nose and mouth. Now, two of the bravest and most notorious warriors, as they were exploring his body, came to his buttocks, and one was so inquisitive that he tried to climb into his rectum, but he pinched so hard that Coon flinched, so this brave one backed out, shouting, "Ä'sipûn, tcepiskau," that is to say, "Raccoon flinched when he was pinched."

Now it so happened that there was another warrior who was pinching at the same place. "Not so," he cried, "this Crawfish felt me biting." However, the first Crawfish ran around informing everyone, but the singers took up his word derisively singing: —

"Ä'sipûna	nipunanimau	tcepûna	tcepiskauwä."
"Coon	who is dead	flinched	when we pinched."

But the one who was telling about it went right on and met some crawfishes farther away. He whispered to them, "Raccoon flinched." He said this to his nearest relatives, who believed him, and all began to crawl slowly towards the water.

While this was going on, Coon observed it and thought in his heart, "Those over there will escape, I guess I had better get them now." So all at once he jumped up and ran to the water's edge, and those that were crawling over him were flung in every direction. He headed them off as he came to the water and chewed them up one at a time, kûp, kûp, kûp, kûp. "Well that's so much done," said Raccoon when he finished, "I have got them all. I guess now I'll travel in the direction where they came from and see where they lived." Alas, the poor crawfish to whom two sweethearts were given, was eaten too, before he had a chance to enjoy them!

As Coon traveled along the shore, he saw something moving along the bank. "Oh," he thought, "have some more of those crawfish been left behind? I'll fix them." When he got close he saw two tiny crawfish children no bigger than your little finger nail, the larger carrying the other on its back. They stopped when they saw him, and then they knew that their people, with whom they had not been able to keep up, were dead. So they began to weep, saying, "Ä'sipûn, mina," that is, "Coon eat us up." Tearfully they besought him, since they no longer wanted to live.

"Oh, no," growled Coon. "I've got enough of you. I've more than enough of you in my belly. I'll eat no more of you for a while." Then Coon thought, "I guess I'll spare these two so that there will be some alive hereafter. I'll leave them to multiply." So he took the two little ones and threw them out into the deep, saying, "Remain there and multiply, and when I'm hungry, I'll hunt you up on the banks and eat you some more."

38. Raccoon and Wolf.[1]

One time, when Coon was out walking, along the lake shore he saw a dead fish afloat. He pulled it out and looked at it. Nimaa', it was quite fresh! "I'd better stop awhile and eat some of it," said Raccoon to himself. But he only ate a little before he was quite satisfied, so he left the rest and went on until he became sleepy. "I guess I'll take a nap," he thought, and curled up on a big stone. Just about when he had dozed off, he came to himself with a start, "Oh, I guess it will not be right for me to sleep, that fellow Wolf may find me and do something." Coon was afraid, but thought to himself, "I guess I'll ease myself. Nimaa', that's a good idea. Now I will fix Wolf, for he too always follows along the shore." So Raccoon patted a cake of excrement with his hands. "This is what he'll take, if he finds me asleep. He will think it is food that I have put aside." Then Coon lay down to sleep.

Sure enough, along came Wolf. He saw Raccoon, and thought to himself, "There is Coon and his store of food. I'll take it slyly." So Wolf stole up, gulped it down, and ran away. All at once Coon woke up and seeing Wolf, he cried "Wolf, stop a while." Wolf hesitated. "T'a'nagaician, where are you going?" he asked. "Oh, this way, on my daily run," replied Wolf, starting off. "Hai, Wolf," bawled Coon, "Where are you going?" Then in a low voice so that Wolf couldn't hear, he added, "Did you enjoy my dung?" "What's that?" "How do you like my dung?" (feebly.)

Now Wolf heard him but was not quite sure, so he pricked up his ears, and Raccoon said: over and over again, "You've eaten my excrement!" The fourth time he shouted it loudly. This time there could be no mistake, and Wolf was furious. "What! You mean it?" "Yes," replied Coon, and ran off as fast as he could go.

"Äp'a^{x}pinisiwûg! Än'ämekût Ä'sipûn! He has made me take it nastily. If that was his filth, I have a right to be mad. Än'äm!" and Wolf tore after Raccoon. Being clever, Coon made for the thick brush. At last he came to a cedar swamp where there were many windfalls and he raced, jumping from one log to another. He crept, and crawled, and hid, but Wolf gained on him, though he often lost the track. Raccoon doubled back and saw Wolf pass, and thought to himself, "That fellow is tiring me out, I'll have to climb a tree." So he got into one that had many limbs. Presently, Wolf came up and found him, and said: "You didn't get very far, did you? I've got you now. This is the very place where I shall kill you." Then

[1] My narrator, Judge Perrote, stated that he had forgotten the opening part of this story.

Wolf lay down at the foot of the tree and said to himself, "I'll lie here and wait and if he comes down I'll have him."

Wolf waited four days. All that time, he lay awake there. Coon above, did not sleep either. He believed that his enemy would not last much longer without slumber, so he came down a little way to peep. He saw that Wolf was asleep in broad daylight. Then Coon descended, thinking, "Now I'll try to get away." He came down very softly, "I'll go and nudge him and see how sound he sleeps." So he sneaked up and poked Wolf's hind legs, but Wolf did not budge.

"Oh," thought Coon, "he is asleep," so he pushed again, harder, but Wolf did not awake. "Now I'll cut a caper," thought Raccoon, so he eased himself and took some on his finger and rubbed it into a paste on the palm of the other hand. Raccoon dung is just as adhesive as gum, it holds fast, so Raccoon went over to Wolf and daubed it over his eyes, then he climbed back and lay still, watching all night.

When Wolf awoke it was nearly daylight and he found himself blinded, "Oh my, something is wrong," he said, "I guess that Coon played a trick on me. Bad one! No one else could do it." So he started off looking for water to bath his eyes. As he blundered along, he bumped into a tree. "What kind of a tree are you?" he asked, wondering. "I am so-and-so," replied the tree, "standing in the hardwood forest." Then Wolf went on bumping into tree after tree, asking each one. Bit by bit he traveled, lying down from time to time, and he was very hungry. At last one tree said when he asked it, "I am a river bottom maple" (soft maple). "You are always near the water," said Wolf, "isn't that so." "Yes, it is near." Presently he blundered into another, which said, "I am a willow." "Oh, is that you willow? You are known to stand at the water's edge?" "Yes, I am." "Where is this?" "Oh, you are heading in the right direction. You face it."

Wolf made a couple of steps and felt water; he waded way out and stopped. "What depth am I up to now," he asked. A voice answered, "Up to your knees, keep on." So he went on a little farther. "How deep am I now?" A voice replied, "Your belly touches." Again he asked, "The water is over your back, only your neck is out." Then Wolf dove in and wriggled his head to and fro under the water and blinked his eyes until he could see dimly. Then he dove again and washed, until he could see. Then he came out and said: "Än'äm Äsipûn! You bad fellow, some time I'll get even, you can't get away. There isn't space enough in the world."

Poor Wolf was so famished that he was skin and bones. So he lay down to rest and think it over.

39. The Porcupine and the Maidens.[1]

Once three women were traveling, they expected to arrive at their destination just at dark. They were arrogant because they believed that they had power, that is, that they were imbued with supernatural power. As they were walking, they found a little porcupine in the road and they laughed at it, because it was homely. One of them began to insult it, she stood there and cried: "Niaaa! (pooh)," to tease and tantalize it, because she believed that her power was greater than that of the poor beast. One of the other girls stood by and looked on, saying, "Ake pon![2] Stop! Don't!" But the other girl wouldn't stop. She headed the poor little animal off, and rolled it over and laughed out loud and said jeering and unkind things to make the others laugh. Only the one who stood by was sensible enough to object, though she did not prevent the others from tormenting the poor animal. "Winahop häw'ätûk a'wäo. That one too is in the way of being powerful," she cried. "Oh, this one!" said the other, and she abused it all the more.

Finally she pulled out its quills until it was naked, despite all protests that she was doing wrong, and would be paid in kind. When stripped the unfortunate porcupine's back was wrinkled and full of holes where the quills had grown; they looked like little pores. The wicked woman laughed more than ever. "Oh, see how it looks," she cried, and cuffed and kicked it. The sensible one, being herself sacred and possessed of manitou power in a way, was greatly troubled. "Something will happen to you and us," she said. "You will get us into a scrape, too!" The other girl then kicked the porcupine and sneered, "Oh, get up then, if you are anybody." Porcupine got up and tried to climb a tree, while the wicked woman jeered and jibed and forced him to come down. The other woman was much upset, and repeated, "Oh my! you have done outrageously, very bad. Its known and heard and seen, by all the powers. Let us go on ahead."

Now, all three of the women thought they had only spent a little while in amusing themselves at Porcupine's expense, but in reality they had wasted a very long time. Porcupine, looking so pitiful and homely, climbed up to the very peak of the tree, while the wicked woman called it offensive names. The poor porcupine heard everything, but it could not talk back, and the good woman was more sorrowful than ever. All three watched the animal. It had turned its little head to the north, and was crying, "Wiii!"

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[1] See Hoffman, p. 210.

[2] Meaning my sex, member of my sex, a term used sometimes by men and women in addressing members of their own sex.

Two of the women were much amused but the third was troubled. Then they hurried off for home.

After a time, they came to a stream, where they were delayed. When they started to cross, the wind began to whistle, the day turned dark, and the sky was black. The sacred woman, knowing that they were in danger, was frightened. Finally snow began to fall, they could see nothing. "There," said the woman, "look what you've brought us, see what we've got now."

They were all frightened, and the wicked woman was too scared to speak. Now the flakes were as big as little blankets and there was much wind. An unseen voice seemed to cry, "Go, go." Snow fell so rapidly that it concealed the trail, but they hurried on till all signs were lost, and they could only guess their way, yet they knew their destination must be near. Presently, the snow was too deep to walk, and they knew that they must perish. The two who had teased the porcupine could not keep together. First of all, the wicked woman played out, and cried "Niaaa," in fear now. The snow became worse, next the other woman perished, but the good woman who had objected almost reached the village, before she died. That is what Porcupine did, to show the people.

All this was learned when the women were missed, because the seers looked into it and found it out. They warned the people never to abuse animals, for who knows how hä'wätûk they may be?

40. The Long-Eared Owl and the Screech Owl.

Once, long ago, a little screech owl lived by himself in his camp. He possessed great abundance of dried meat; in fact he had so much that he roofed his camp with it, and made walls of it to protect himself, leaving only a small chamber inside to live in. One day, a long-eared owl paid him a visit and found the tiny screech owl very busy knitting a net. The net was to be powerful so that he could catch every kind of fish, especially the sturgeon.

T'otopa, Screech Owl, is a greedy fowl, always munching a mouthful of something. Every now and then, he would take a bite of dried meat; as he had plenty, he had only to reach out his hand to do so. So the screech owl was busy, talking, eating, and netting all at once. He handed his visitor a piece of very hard, dried meat from the leg of a calf. The long-eared owl was hardly able to eat it and nearly choked. Meanwhile, the screech owl said as he watched the lump in his visitor's throat. "There it goes, and now it falls."

The long-eared owl finished eating and went home, but after a while he came again to spend the night. He asked the little screech owl how it came to have such a lot of meat, for game was so scarce. "Oh," replied the small bird, "if you will pay me for every different sort, I will teach you how I do it, as each of my medicines has its own song to make it work."

Then the long-eared owl, looking around, saw a big medicine bundle (petcikûnau). The miäniuv, or long-eared owl, had only one kind of medicine but he offered it to the little owl to learn how it became so well supplied. The little owl said: "What is your medicine good for?" "Oh," replied the other, "it is a poultice for sores and swellings and other sicknesses of that sort. Now, tell me your bundle and what it is good for."

Then the little owl replied, saying that his bundle was called Kitagasa Muskiki, or the fawn-skinned medicine, and was used for hunting. It had songs, for working its contents, and was used especially to lure game right to the lodge. It had small whistles and a flute to call game, and even a little powder to help young men with their love affairs. "I have only to sit here, outside the lodge," said the little owl, "and call, and the deer will come to me and I can kill as many as I want."

When they had finished talking, they lay on the scaffold trying to sleep, but they talked to each other for a while. The little owl said to his visitor, "Wä'seki kinä kotänûk?" (What is against your medicine?) To which the visitor owl replied, "T'otopa." Then Miäniuv asked T'otopa. "What is the one that you are afraid of?" The other replied, "The barred owl. He can make me afraid." After this the tiny owl pretended that he was asleep and did not answer his visitor. After a while, he inquired, "Visitor owl, are you asleep?" Receiving no reply, he went outside and gave his war cry "Top, top, top, top!" but the visitor owl was not scared a particle. Presently, the stranger got up and took his turn. He went out quietly, got a log and brought it into camp. He laid it in his bed and covered it with his blanket, then he went out carefully and flew up in a tree and began to sing, "Kokokohoo!" several times.

The little owl woke up and was frightened. He snatched up his fire poke and jabbed at what he supposed was his guest, lying opposite, saying, "Oh, Miäniuv, I am afraid of that fellow." Still the owl made more noise outside, louder and louder, until the screech owl was so frightened that he popped out of his lodge and ran away to save himself, leaving everything behind. When Miäniuv saw that screech owl had fled, he went in and stole the great bundle and tore up the roof of the camp and carried away all the dried meat to his own house. Meantime, the little owl got so hungry that he starved to death, and lost his power. Ever since that time screech owls have been compelled to live on little things like mice.

41. The Flying Head.

Long ago, there were four sisters who went out for a walk. The eldest who was called, Mudjikikw'ewic, a mean, capricious girl, saw a skull lying on the ground. "Oh sisters, this W'inakon!" [1] she cried, and they laughed at it and turned it over. One of the younger sisters said, "Let it alone. It is that dangerous powerful head. We must respect it. Let it alone."

One of the other girls took off her sash and tied the skull down on a sapling and they all made fun of it and insulted it. The eldest sister, Mudjikikw'ewic, abused it and even stood over it and urinated on it. All this time the two younger sisters were afraid, for they said, "This is the head that kills people, and it will surely kill us too."

After they had left the place and had gone a short distance away, they suddenly heard a voice approaching, calling incessantly in a slow comical tone. "Mäwané känausasakwéné näm'wäm! Mäwané kanausasakwé némamou!" They looked back and beheld the skull flying after them through the trees. "Oh sisters," cried the youngest, "it is going to devour us. It is going to kill us all."

By this time, the skull had caught up to them and it immediately ate up Mudjikikw'ewic, the girl who had given it the greatest insult. Then it devoured the next two sisters, but spared the youngest one. When it was finished, the skull said to her, "N'hau okém'aukiu nayomana." That is to say, "Now chief woman, carry me on your back."

The girl was afraid to disobey so she took up the skull and carried it on her back, snapping its teeth from hunger to kill. As they traveled along, the skull would direct her, telling her what path to take. As they plodded along, the girl grew very hungry and tired. When she saw a flock of wild geese flying towards them. "Oh my," cried she, "I wish I could eat them." "Ponome'na, let me off your back," said the skull.

The girl heeded the skull's command, and it flew off and knocked down one of the geese for the girl to eat. She took the goose along with her, the skull got on her back once more and they went to an old wigwam. The skull knew the place well for it had long since killed the dwellers. Here they lived together. The skull made long trips in the woods and would be gone four days at a time while the girl kept house for it. When it went out it would champ its jaws and cry, "I will chew up all of you. I will chew up and kill you all."

This was only too true. If the skull came to a village, it would bite all

[1] Head, skull.

the inhabitants to death and chew them up, but it could not eat them because it had no body. On the fourth day, when it was expected back the woman would have to make a big fire inside the wigwam and leave the mat door wide open. All at once, she would hear the skull coming, crying, "Have you made a fire, you dog?" "Yes, I have made one," she would answer, and the skull would come in and threw coals of fire on her, beat her, and curse her and burn her hands and face.

One day, when the woman was all alone, on the third day, the day before the skull was due to return, her son came in. "Oh my son, why did you come here?" she cried. "You know that this is the home of a terrible power, a skull that chews up anything alive the moment he sees it. This same skull is abusing me and torturing me to death."

When her son heard this he told his mother to go out and cut sticks with crotches at the ends. "Bring them in and get ready. When the skull is about to return, make an extra big fire and have it ready. Hide the sticks and I myself will hide from him until you call, 'My son, come out.' When he comes and asks you if you have made a fire, say, "Yes, you dog, I *have* made a fire."

When the appointed time was at hand, the skull came flying swiftly, snapping its teeth as it entered saying, "This time I will surely burn you to death, chieftainess." "Oh my son," cried the woman. The skull mocked her, saying, "Yes, your son." At this moment the son sprang out crying, "Yes, here *is* her son." They both attacked the skull with the crotched sticks and threw it into the fire and fought it and tried to hold it there. The skull jumped out of the fire but they threw it back and held it down while they piled on more wood, until at last it was destroyed. If they had not dispatched it, there would not be a human being left at this time, for the skull's task was to destroy everyone alive.

The mother and son after going through this experience successfully, left the place and went to their homes. It was thought that this youngest sister had secret power, but no one knew it. The skull had wings at the side of its ears and it could talk, but no one understood it.

42. The Hunter and the Snow.

A man who had dream power lived with his family. He hunted in the winter and had his lodge pitched a little distance from the neighboring wigwams. One day in the spring, when he was hunting through the woods and over the plains, it was very hot, and the snow began to melt. As he traveled, he heard the melting lumps make a noise like "Pssht! Pssht!",

with a zipping sound, so he said to it, "Ähä hä hä, tsik, tsik, tsik! kina itamipa! ha ha ha, there, there, there, take it, you're getting it. That's why you say it, you're catching it." The man thought nothing of it when he made fun of the snow for fleeing before the sun, but immediately a voice replied, "Oh no, you shouldn't say that to me! That's not so! I only come here because my master, the North, sends me here for a while only, and I have to obey him. When I am done, the sun helps me disappear; but just because you have said this to me, I'll give you a trial, because I am a power too, even if a greater power did send me here to cover your ground in the winter. Next winter, you be ready." The Indian paused, gaped, and stared and listened in surprise, but he could see no one. "You and I will have a contest; we will see who is greater, you or I," he heard.

No more was said, and the Indian left his hunt and fled home at top speed. He reached his house and told his wife and children. Then he went to the next lodge, where a very old man resided with several other ancients. "I came to tell you what I have heard just now on my hunt," he said. "I wondered at it so much that I stopped hunting and came to tell you." So he told them what had happened. "Well," said the old men, "if you heard the power speak to you, what he said will be just so."

The old man heard him, and said, "It's no wonder that it was angry if you said what you say you have to the snow. You will be punished; it *will* be so with you, since the snow has made something of the nature of a bet with you. My grandchild, go right now and prepare for it, all your time get ready to meet him." "What shall I do, in what way?" "If you begin to hunt now, and save all the game that you kill, buffalo, deer, and all large animals that are fat, preserving all their grease and oil in your receptacles, putting the fat from each one into its own bladder, or tripe or skin and store it all away, that will be of aid to you. Then you will have to gather good wood, full of pitch, gummy wood, and knots, and heap it in a great pile, this will be your work. Cut notches in the pine trees while the sap is soft and let it run into the holes, take this and daub it over the wood, then build your wigwam with the door facing the south, make your scaffold for storage at one side, near by, and inside make one, with another opposite, for you and your friend to lie on. Your contest will be hard and long, you cannot get too much."

"All right, grandfather," said the man. The poor fellow got busy, and spent all the year, hunting at night and preparing wood, and oil by day. He made grease and tallow cakes and bars of all sizes. When winter approached, he began to tremble with fear, and at last, when he was nearly ready, he called his wife, and said, "Now, dear wife and children, you know I am in trouble on account of what I said about the snow and the north.

I shall leave you and you need not fear for it will be natural winter with you. Don't worry about me, for I shall attempt the trial. Do not trouble yourselves, whatever happens, but care for yourself and our children as well as you can, while I am gone. Moreover dear wife, I tell you this, in the spring, when the snow is left only in a few pieces, you may come yonder where I heard that voice and look for me there. If I'm alive you'll find me. Goodby, I go now, and don't any of you come before the time I told you."

Then he left and lived by himself, making a small fire only to eat by. By and by, as the cold weather drew near, one night a great wind rose, "Boooo!" it sounded four times as he lay on his bed place, and the man thought in his heart, "He is coming now." He thought over his own power and begged his dream guardian to help him. Meantime the wind was blowing, blowing, blowing, and he began to feel very cold, so he made a rousing fire. He could hear the bushes and trees outside, snapping and cracking, louder and louder, as the fiercest wind tore through them. He kept expecting something, but nothing appeared.

"I wonder who he is, and how he looks," he thought, "and though I consider myself now as lost and dead, I will try my best." He stirred up the fire and the cold grew worse and worse. The time appeared very short to him, but it was already midwinter. At last, in his tightly pitched and chinked lodge, with its tiny smoke hole and tight mat door, the man saw a man-like object of snow walking. At one moment, it seemed almost like smoke, and then, it appeared like snow and ice. It brushed by him and sat down opposite. Just the instant it came in, the fire started to die out. Then the man rose and said to himself, "The power that helps me, hold me and my relatives." So he threw on wood of the poorer sort, keeping back the best.

Meantime, the object opposite sat and glared at him. It grew colder and colder, until he shook and the fire shrank, yet he remembered his orders and tried to remain conscious as he piled on more wood. Though it was really all winter, the contest seemed to last for four days; those four days were the coldest ever known on earth. They were moderate, medium, hard, and terrible, successively, and yet he increased the fire, until at last he nearly roasted himself.

Beginning with the second day the snow god groaned as the man stirred the fire, and turned over restlessly. This encouraged the man so he piled on more, and heaped grease and fat on the flames, and "Phhh!" it blazed and filled the lodge with heat. Still the ice man lay there, not human, but fashioned like a man, looking old and powerful.

The Indian sweated himself, and when it was nearly the fourth day,

and still growing colder, he looked at the stranger, and behold, the snow person was gasping and growing smaller. Then the man threw on his pitch and fat. "All right," he thought, "*He's* getting it, I will still try as a man, and he as a god." In desperation and rage, he poured on his oil, and soon only a little lump of ice was left. When it was nearly morning he heard it speak. "Ho! grandchild. Surely you are a god power too, you've outdone me, you are greater than I. I give up to you. I am conquered." The man was nearly consumed himself, but still he piled on more, lest the cold smother the fire.

"Now grandchild, cease. You may be greater. I am done. You have spoken the truth. Now I will return, it is all over. Before I go I must tell you what you've gained because you won this trial. I have power in the north, I shall be there always. I am a servant and I was put there. I will give you power to outlive four generations, you shall outlive four old men. You shall see your own gray hairs at the third generation, and be old at the fourth. I give it also to your wife and children, because you have outdone me. You shall always live here at this place, so go and get your family. I must also tell you that you will have abundant game here, and it shall come to your door. Bring all your relatives, they will never be in want. But think of me from time to time and do not forget me. In winter your wife and children may run about barefoot, and the snow will not hurt them, for I will protect you, and your name from now on shall be Kapi'pönokäo" (the one who mastered the winter).

This is a sacred story.

III. TRUE STORIES.

1. How the Sauk War Began.

When the Menomini were still dwelling along the Menomini River, the Sakéwûk resided as far north as the mouth of the Oconto on Green Bay. They were friendly enough towards the Menomini, but they were always at war with the Ojibway. One time a Sauk war party was lying in wait for an old Ojibway couple who were hunting on the Peshtigo River. How many Sauk there were, nobody knows, but there was quite a squad of them, all concealed in the bushes near the river's mouth.

It happened that there was a hunting party of eight or ten Menomini in that vicinity. A young man had just received his sacred dream. In it he had been told by the powers above that he must go and visit a white man and this man would give him a rifle and plenty of ammunition. The dream had come true, and the boy was so pleased that he gathered his friends together to help him collect enough game for a feast and sacrifice to the powers above. They intended to visit the old Menomini camping ground at the mouth of the Peshtigo, so they put several old people ashore from their birchbark canoes so that they might gather firewood. Then they proceeded alone to the place. As they drew near the Sakéwûk perceived them.

"What shall we do?" asked one, "The Menomini will be frightened when they see us in our war paint. They will think we are against them." "Oh that's all right," said another, "when they land I will show myself and explain to them that we are hunting the Ojibway."

Presently, the Menomini canoes grounded, and the party came up the bank together. When they were directly opposite the Sauk he rose up out of the bushes in all his war paint. The Menomini were terribly startled, and the sacred dreamer, who was in the lead, fired and killed the Sauk instantly, although the others shouted, "Stop! Stop!"

At once the Sakéwûk raised the war whoop and sent a gust of flint-tipped arrows among the Menomini, killing several. Although armed with guns the Menomini were obliged to give way to the superior force of the Sakéwûk and fled to their canoes and shoved off. But the arrows pierced the canoes, and they were swamped. The Menomini were thrown into the water, their powder became wet and useless, and such of them as were not killed outright were drowned. Not one of them came home.

The wood gatherers heard the firing in the distance and the old women

ran back to an old man who was with them to tell him. "Why, that is all right," he said, "Our boys had plenty of ammunition and no doubt they have found a flock of ducks. But the old women had a premonition that something was wrong, so, when the youths did not return, someone was sent to the camp ground.

The messenger could find nothing of the party. At last he reached the mouth of the river, and there he found the dead Sakéwûk all placed in a row on the bank in a sitting posture. He saw signs of the battle and went back to his people carrying the news. At once runners were sent with tobacco to the Menomini towns up the river. The whole tribe was aroused, and ambassadors went into the Ojibway country with overtures from the Menomini volunteering to help them against the Sakéwûk.

The united forces stormed the Sauk village at Oconto and drove them away. They chased the Sauk down to where the city of Green Bay now is, and then they desisted. Very shortly the ambassadors arrived from the Sauk with great heaps of presents. "We give these gifts, which are as nothing," said a Sauk chief, "in atonement for the lives of your young men which ours have slain. We realize that these presents are too insignificant to pay for so great a loss. You have driven us to Green Bay, we are content to remain there and give you the country from there north, which was our hunting ground, if you will leave us in peace, and reëstablish the old terms of friendship between us." "Very good," acquiesced the Menomini headmen, "it shall be so," and so there was quiet again.

Now the Menomini came down further south, and occupied Oconto. They were neighbors to the Sauk. All was very peaceful, yet every once in a while, some Menomini out hunting alone, or straggling away from the main body would disappear very mysteriously. One day a deputation of Sauk chiefs arrived with presents, begging the forgiveness of the Menomini once more. "We have learned that some of our young men, wholly unauthorized by us, have been murdering your people, and we come with these presents to rub out this wrong and establish good will again." "Very well, let it be so," said the Menomini, "but we warn you to keep better control of your young men, for if this happens again, we shall go to war against you in earnest.[1]"

[1] At this point the narrator was interrupted and no further opportunity for collecting the rest of this story presented itself. However, some of my other informants asserted that the remainder of the tale, like the beginning, is concerned merely with the history of a series of raids and reprisals which constituted the guerilla warfare characterizing the campaign between the Menomini and the Sauk.

2. Black Hawk War Stories.

(*a*)

Once Black Hawk was so closely pursued, that he took refuge on an island in a river with his little daughter. They were nearly starved, and at last, when Black Hawk found that the Menomini were coming close to his refuge, he dug a hole and placed his daughter in it, telling her to hide there, as he must flee. The pursuing Menomini found the girl, and dragged her out. "Who are you?" they asked. "I am Black Hawk's daughter." "Where is he?" "He fled because he was hungry." At this the Menomini warriors broke into a shout of laughter and sang this derisive song, since then famous among them:—

"Oh, Black Hawk, why did you not await us? We would have fed you! With our bows and arrows, we would have fed you."

(*b*)

Once Black Hawk was so closely followed that he left his breechclout behind, and the warriors found it hanging on a bush. The Menomini were vastly amused, and made up this sarcastic song, which has since become famous:—

"Hé,	änämekût	Mäˣkût'aimicikäkäk!	Ocamwepûtc
"Pshaw,	dog-like	Black Hawk!	he threw (shamefully)
paketum		otaˣ'sian!	
away too quick		his breechclout! (meaning that he was not brave enough to come back for it)	

(*c*)

Once a band of Memomini were massacred on an island in the river, when they were all drunk. Some whites saw the Sauk fleeing down the river in their canoes, dancing and whooping. Head chief Carron's wife had been deserted by her husband during the fight, and they were dancing her scalp. An Indian saw them and ran and told a Menomini half-breed, named Louis Ducharme, that the Sauk Indians were dancing and crying, "Kak, kak, kak," in imitation of crows who had feasted on corpses, whereupon Ducharme said these words which are well remembered:—

"Änämekût	katinkä	kinic	kinau	enim
"Dog-like	you	will not repeat	your	noise
aiiuiton!"				
any length of time!"				

Shortly after Black Hawk's party was defeated.

3. A Warrior's Heart.

Ever since the beginning there has been the tradition that a brave man's heart is very small, and now we all know that it is true, because some of our warriors had an opportunity to investigate the matter and proved the words of our ancestors. This is the way it happened.

When we were still residing at our old home on the Menomini River, there was a very brave man among us, whose name was Napop, or Broth. He was renowned for his achievements on the warpath, and everyone respected him because of his courage. More than that, he was a famous mikäo, or war leader, and always brought his men home safely.

One day he took a companion named Päk'wonapit, or Big-seated-bird and went out to hunt deer by torchlight on the Peshtige River. Just at twilight they ran their canoe ashore and set about cooking supper before they started to hunt. Päk'wonapit lolled on one side of the fire while Napop busied himself preparing the meal. It was dark before he was through. He took the kettle off the fire at last, and since it was dark he lit one of the resinous torches he had brought for the jack-light.

"Bring me your dish," he called to Päk'wonapit. His companion brought it over and tossed it on the ground beside him. Napop tried to serve Päk'wonapit with meat and broth, but he found it very awkward work when he held the torch in his hand. It was too blunt to stick in the ground, so he thrust it into the braids of his scalplock and let it stand upright like a feather. He gave his comrade some meat and then started to pour some broth from the kettle into a dish. There was a rich coating of oil on the surface of the hot liquid and since his hands were both full, and he could not skim it off with a spoon, Napop endeavored to blow it back as he poured. He had thought a moment before that he heard a noise in the bushes, but he had said nothing. This time he cut such a comical appearance blowing in the broth with his blazing headdress, that someone laughed outright in the darkness. "Hai! Päk'wonapit!" he cried, "here is the enemy!" and even as he said the words, "Pah! Pah! Pah! Pah!" went the rifles. Napop and Päk'wonapit snatched their own weapons and returned the fire, shooting at the flashes of the guns in the dark. They killed several of the enemy, but there were many of them and they crowded hard on the two warriors. Presently, a shot broke Napop's leg, but he jammed the end of the bone into the sand and continued to stand on it and fight. At last Päk'wonapit ran to the water and escaped in the canoe leaving Napop to face the foe.

When Päk'wonapit arrived at the Menomini village he shouted, "Hai!

we are being killed! I escaped with the news! Napop was still alive when I left!" The warriors ran out with their weapons, "Let us all go right away," they said, "He was always brave!" So they ran off into the night to his aid. When they arrived everything was in tumultuous disorder about the camp. Pots and kettles were upset, and signs of a terrible fight were everywhere. At last they found the body of Napop lying in the embers. The enemy had killed him, cut off his head, and carried it away with them. When the warriors found his body they mourned mightily. "We have lost our best warrior who used to protect us," they cried.

Then they took up the body to bury it. "We have always been told that brave men have little hearts," said one, "This man's body is spoiled anyway, since his head is gone, let us examine him and see." So they cut a slit between his upper ribs on the left side and took out his heart. Sure enough, it was a tiny organ, and they were obliged to believe what had formerly been said.

That proves that the hearts of brave men are small, while cowards, who run away when there is fighting to be done have large, soft, hearts.

4. The Stolen Wife.

Long ago, a Menomini and his wife were camping by themselves in the woods. The man went hunting every day and left his wife alone. They were both afraid of the enemy for they knew the bands of warriors were scouring the country and lurking about to destroy whoever they could find after nightfall. On this account, the husband told his wife if she were ever captured and carried off to leave signs by breaking twigs and bushes along the trail, if she could do so without detection, so that he might follow her.

One night, when he returned from a hunt with a deer, his camp was silent when he entered. He peered around the sleeping bench and under it, but there was no trace of his wife. "Nomaawa! Owa! Apa^{x}penisiwûg!" "Mercy! oh! at last! too bad! frightful," he exclaimed, "she must have been attacked and carried away by the bad killing warriors. But there may be some hope of my finding her if she is still alive, for I used to advise her frequently what to do. I shall do my best to find her when daylight comes."

The distracted husband then sat down and skinned his deer. He took the deer's stomach and emptied it of its contents and filled it with the blood. "I shall take this along with me," he decided. All night long he sat up fretting and sorrowing for his wife. When morning beat its way to him he looked over the lodge again and went outside as well to see if she was lying

anywhere. On one of his trails leading away from the wigwam he found signs along the trail. Tiny bushes were broken and lopped over, pointing in the direction the party had taken.

"So it was those murdering warriors who took her away," cried the man. "Well then I shall follow these signs as far as they lead me. I may overtake them yet. I must save my wife and get her if she is still alive." So he went back to his wigwam, took his pack strap and tied up the tripe full of blood, and his warclub, and put them on his back and started out to follow the bush signs. After a while, he came to the place where they had slept the night before and keeping right on, watching cautiously ahead, he overtook them and after hours of trailing, saw four warriors and his wife trudging along the path slowly in single file.

The husband made a circuit through the woods and hid beside the trail ahead of them. He untied his tripe full of blood and placed it on top of his head, and made his knife and warclub ready. When the warriors and their captive had come very near he cut open the tripe and let the blood pour over his face and slipped the tripe over his head just leaving a little space to peep from. When the enemy were opposite him he gave his war cry and showed himself suddenly and the warriors fell to the ground senseless with fright.

The husband took his club and knocked three of them on the head, but left one alive. When the survivor came to, the husband took the tripe from his head and slapped him in the face with it. Then the husband gave it to the warrior, asking him to take it home and tell his people, "This is what killed us." "I let you go to carry the news to your people to tell them what I did to you and your three cowards," he cried.

All this time the captive wife stood by looking at her husband's brave deeds, but then they hurried back to their lodge and packed up and moved back to their own people where they told about their narrow escape; for the enemy took the woman away intending either to kill her or make her a slave. The wife related that at night the warriors told her to tie their hands and feet with wikop and then they turned round and fettered her as well before they lay down for the night. Why this was done is not known, but perhaps it was to show the woman that she had nothing to fear from the warriors, nor they from her.

5. A War Story.

Sometimes the enemy were encircled by an overwhelming force who starved them into surrender.

Musakwût used to tell that at Wasaukiû (Red Banks Exposed) on the Oconto, the enemy caught a couple of Menomini families hunting. When

a girl was drawing water in the evening she saw a scout. She pretended not to see and went back and told the rest who prepared. A man went out to spy in another direction and saw another scout, he pretended to hunt and circled, and saw two more. He soon learned that only the water side was free. They were afraid to flee and prayed to the powers for help, but no assistance was granted at once. They did the same the next night. They were penned in so they could not escape or hunt. The enemy, it was apparent, wanted to starve them out, so their head man took a pipe and announced that he would call on his dream guardian. "I'll go to my home at the mouth of the Menomini River."

In all that region there was only plains, and no timber. The Indian stripped, took his medicine bag of otterskin and crept down to the river. As soon as he reached the water's edge, he crawled into the bag and became an otter, and swam away. An otter can naturally swim faster than a fish because he lives on them. Below the enemy's line he crept out of the skin, and became an Indian, and fled to their home village where he told how they were penned in and starving. The warriors agreed to help, so he became an otter again and ran back, changing shape from time to time when he was tired. He dove in the river, and crept up to camp where he found families alive. He told them that he had got succor. The mikäo at Menomini River took his war bundle and gathered all the fighters together and they ran across and came to Red Bank. The victims were still penned in and were waiting in fear when the battle began, and all the enemy were killed. No one ever camps at this place because it is haunted. Noises are heard because evil was planned and attempted there. The wickedness of the enemy still lingers.

6. The Adventure of a Man and his Brother-in-law.

Once long ago a young Menomini hunter went out to kill big game on the barren plains in the great east. He soon slew a large deer, then he went home without it, and told his people what he had done. The following morning he said to his younger brother-in-law, "Let us both go and get the deer that I killed out yonder on the plains."

"Well said," returned the brother-in-law. So they went out together and as they dressed the deer, the older man remarked. "I'll give you some of this deer and you can carry it for yourself." Then they made their packs and started off with the meat. Both of them had good guns and lots of ammunition, for they were in fear that they might meet the enemy. As they were trudging along, the elder man would occasionally stop and glance

around him to see whether he could spy some of the enemy. After a time he saw a large party of Indians headed towards them, so he said to his brother-in-law, "Oh look over there, they are coming to kill us. Alas, my poor little brother-in-law, I pity you, for they will surely kill you, but not me, for I can save myself." "What can you do to save yourself, tell me how you will do it. For if you can escape, I can too." "Oh," replied the elder man, "you tell me first what you intend to do, then I will tell you my power."

In the meantime the enemy was drawing very near, and coming swiftly. "I can save myself," said the elder, "through a sacred gift that I have. My body is as a black stone. Now tell me what will you do." "Ah," said the other, "my secret is the same as yours, my nature is two-fold, I am born with a human body and yet I possess the powers of a black stone."

"Oh," replied the other, "in that case, there is no need for either of us to run, but we will use our power to fight the enemy to the last."

So they both hurried in order to make the enemy think that they were trying to escape, but when they came to a clump of bushes, they threw down their packs and hid, they said to each other, "We will take turns in shooting as they come upon us. When one of us fires on and kills an enemy, then he can load his gun quickly, while the second one shoots, let neither of us miss."

Presently, they were surrounded, but they fought until the enemy were thinned off and saw that it was in vain to attempt to kill them, so they turned back and many of them were killed even at quite a distance as they ran away. Then the two hunters gathered up their packs of meat, and went home safely and the wonder of it all is that these two were alike in having the power of a stone, so that they could not be killed. When they got home, verily their clothes were riddled with bullet holes, and when they took off their shirts and untied their belts, all the bullets that had struck their bodies dropped down to the ground. Every one was flattened out, as though it had struck on a rock.

7. The Night Warrior.

An old couple was hunting on the bank of a stream, camping here and there for a few days in each place. One evening, the man came home late from a long hunt, with his game to find that his wife had his supper cooked and ready. She had prepared the best of fat meats and while her husband rested a few moments, she dished up his food. She then got her wooden spoon and bowl to hold the broth, and as she approached the kettle to skim off the oil, there was so much grease on the surface of the soup that it re-

flected objects like a mirror and she saw a warrior peeping through the wigwam mat door.[1]

"There is a Night Warrior peering at us both through our mat door," she said to her husband. "Just pretend that you are looking at your kettle, but keep an eye on him by watching the grease," replied her husband, "I will take down my bow and arrows and make motions as though I were telling you a story to keep him staring at us." So the old man got down his bow and strung it. "Is he looking at us yet?" he asked. "Yes," she answered, "He is still peeking at us through that hole in the mat door."

Then her husband took up his bow and arrows and pretended to shoot at something on one side of the lodge which kept the spy's attention, until he suddenly shot an arrow into the stranger, who fell dead. As soon as the rest of the enemy's party learned this, they came and got his body away to save it from being scalped. As soon as they had gone the old couple hurried to their canoe and left their wigwam with everything in it. They went downstream in the dark and at the second bend in the river they heard the warriors howling like wolves, mourning their escape.

8. The Ominous Whip-poor-will.

One time long ago a family of Indians was out camping and hunting. One evening, just at twilight before they set up their lodge they cooked and ate their supper. A whip-poor-will, attracted by the crowd, commenced to sing near by, and one of the Indians who was picking a bone, turned to it and saying, "Just about where you are sitting, Whip-poor-will," threw the bone at it.

Sure enough, even in the dark he hit and killed this big-mouthed bird and his singing ended. The other Indians were astonished and said, "What's the matter? Maybe the enemy is seeking us to do us harm. Let us go away from here." So they hurried to the bank of the river that flowed near by and slipped quietly downstream in their canoes, under cover of the darkness. After they had traveled some distance they heard wolves lamenting the loss of their prey and, sure enough, it was a band of warriors who had intended to massacre them at their meal.

At the present time our Indians pick up a stone and throw it at the whip-poor-will when they hear one near by, saying, "Just about where you are singing and dancing! Your head!" And if the bird is hit and killed, the Indians laugh over it. Another thing our Indians do when they hear a whip-poor-will singing, is to point at him and say, "About where whip-poor-will is." If they point exactly at it, it ceases its song and shifts to another place.

[1] Cf. p. 437, "A Warrior's Heart."

9. The Brave Old Men.

Once the band of Menomini who dwelt at the mouth of the Oconto was attacked by an overwhelming army of Sauk. They defended themselves valorously for a while, but at last they were obliged to give way before the superior force of the enemy. They decided to flee to the settlements on the Menomini River for succor. In the village there were two old men, so decrepit that they could not travel. The warriors gave them tobacco, and told them that since it was impossible for them to accompany the fugitives, they would have to be left to the mercy of the Sauk. The old men accepted their decision with equanimity, and filling their pipes, sat down to await their fate.

Not long after the Menomini had fled, the Sauk entered the town. They were surprised to find no one there. At first they hesitated, fearing that it was a trap, but, when things remained quiet, they pried about everywhere, ransacking and plundering the wigwams. At last, some of them found the two elders placidly smoking. They set up a shout and two of their number ran forward, seized the old men by the hair, and shook them violently, to signify that they claimed them as prisoners. "Now, we've got you!" they exulted, "and now we're going to give it to you well!" "What shall we do with them?" queried some of the warriors to each other. "Go and cut some green sticks and build a scaffold," said the leader.

Several young men hurried to obey him, and in the meanwhile others amused themselves by torturing a child that they had taken. They stripped and bound the little thing to a tree with its arms outstretched. Over its heart they hung a bit of birchbark for a target and they practised shooting at it with their rifles. When the warriors had built the scaffold, they took some reed mats from the wigwams nearby and wrapped the old men in them. Then the two ancients realized that they were to be burned alive. One of them asked to be permitted to take his pipe with him, and the Sauk allowed it to be so. Then they were thrown on the scaffold with their heads upwind and the mats were ignited at their feet. The enemy stood about jeering and laughing, waiting to hear them cry out in agony, as the fire slowly ate its way up their vitals. At last one sufferer said in the ancient dialect which was then spoken. "Tatä kina äpitama mian?" or as we should say today, "Ketcinäni uta apitam'amiûn" (Old man, how badly do you feel it?) "Hé! a little bit worse, a little bit harder than when they are pulling out the hair from the back of my neck!" [1]

[1] Referring to the custom of plucking out the hair around the circumference of the head to leave a scalplock. The back of the neck and base of the skull are said to be the parts most sensitive to pain during this ordeal.

Thus these brave old fellows died, and their words have been handed down to this day as proof that even our elders are as brave as young warriors.

10. A Warrior's Escape.

Once long ago, a warrior who was always fighting was surrounded by the enemy. Hoping to escape he spoke to his legs and begged them to save him. He ran down into a hollow and taking animal fat he greased his heels and his calves, saying, "I feed you this fat and oil." Then he lay flat, and the enemy pursuing him passed by without seeing him, and he was saved by this grease.

11. How a Family Escaped.

Once a few Indians were hunting together. A man and his wife and two children were in camp at night, when the enemy crept up and waited for a chance to kill them. The enemy hid themselves nearby in order to attack at dawn. One of the enemy was a prophet, who could foretell coming events, and this particular massacre was to be performed as a sacrifice to his guardian. The head of the family went out to hunt, and succeeded in killing a large buck. One of the enemy who was scouting, saw the woman dressing a deer, and he observed that the biggest girl looked very much like his own daughter who had just died. He thought in his heart: "Oh my, that *is* my daughter, the very same one, and it would be awful for me to take part in massacring these people." "I will not help kill this girl and her parents." So he made up a plan to warn them so that they might escape.

The man withdrew and made a tiny bow and two little arrows, then he crept back to the wigwam door and tossed the little weapons into the lap of the woman that was dressing the deer. When she saw them fall, she called to her husband and showed him what was thrown inside. The husband immediately said, "This is a warning to us, the enemy is at hand. We must go at once, for one of them has had pity on us and warned us." They crawled under the side of the lodge and hid themselves under a fallen tree. One of their children wept and they could not make it stop crying, until she said, "It is crying for its sacred medal." They searched in her fiber bag, until she found it and the child stopped crying. Just at the first streak of dawn, the enemy took their camp but found nothing. They were angry and accused the scout of having lied to them when he said he saw people in the camp in the lodge. But he insisted that he had told the truth and that the people must have seen him or suspected and left after he had gone.

12. The Youth who Swallowed the Lizard's Egg.

Once a party of Menomini were on the warpath. They were about a dozen in number, and one of them, a youth, was very fond of mischief. As they traveled along he came across a tiny soft white egg lying in the sand. Being of an inquisitive frame of mind he picked it up and examined it. Neither he nor his companions had any idea what sort of an egg it was. After playing with it between his finger tips he put it in his mouth and swallowed it whole, despite the protests of his comrades. The party had not proceeded very far on its way.

Several hours later as they slipped cautiously along they heard whoops and cries in the distance. The leader of the party called a halt, sat down to smoke and prepared to defend themselves, should the enemy appear. At length they saw a swift Sceloporous sp?) approaching. It was following their trail, stopping every now and then to smell at their tracks like a hound. The leader of the party realized what had happened and said, "Now sit very still and do not move. It was this creature's egg that our friend swallowed and she has come after us to get it back. Let us see what she will do." The lizard approached them, and going directly to the leader first, smelled of him. Apparently she was not satisfied, for she passed on to the next, and so on. Some of the men had handled her egg, and she would run up on their bodies, usually about waist high, smelling anxiously and looking at them inquiringly. At length she reached the culprit. "Sit very still," the warriors warned him, "you are at her mercy, now see what she will do."

The lizard ran up on him, smelled him, and finally ran into his mouth and disappeared. She was out of sight for a long time, but finally reappeared coming out of his anus, with the missing egg in her mouth. She did not attempt to molest the youth, but hastened away as fast as she could go in the direction from whence she had come.

"This teaches you a lesson," said the leader to the mischievous youth, "never to destroy or abuse anything which you do not understand. This lizard might have killed you all through your folly, but she has spared us, even you yourself, through her mercy. Now, hereafter be more circumspect in your actions."

13. Separation Myth.

When the Menomini still dwelt on the banks of the Menomini River, they were divided into two bands. One dwelt near the mouth of the stream, near its juncture with Green Bay, the other resided some distance farther up.

It is said that the lower band monopolized the supply of sturgeon by damming the river so that the fish could not ascend it to spawn. They refused to remove the obstructions, so that the upper band soon was reduced to starvation. In desperation, they made war upon their kindred, but were defeated and driven out of the country. They are supposed to be wandering somewhere in the west, possibly in Kansas or Oklahoma.

14. The Origin of Corn and Squashes.

Corn and squashes were not obtained by the Menomini until after their animal ancestors became men. Once upon a time a mikäo had a vision in which he was told, "You are to go to war." He gathered his young men and set out traveling in the direction in which he was ordered to go in his dream. For a long time, they had no adventures, but at last the leader had another dream from one of the powers above. "Yonder," said the vision, "tomorrow you will find a gift intended for you." In the morning, after he had eaten, for it is unlucky to tell a dream before breakfast, he recited his revelations to his warriors. He called his servants to him and ordered them to cut up some tobacco, for in those days tobacco always came in twists or strips. When this was done he told his men to fill their pipes and smoke. When they had smoked, the mikäo said, "N'hau, this is my object in asking you to smoke, to tell you of my extraordinary dream of someone above. Today, at noon, when we arrive at such a place we will find something there. That is what I have to tell you."

The whole party set out, wondering what they would find. They observed the sun carefully and when it was directly overhead they looked about, not knowing what they were searching for. At last the mikäo saw something standing on the plains, "That must be it," he said to his men. They hurried to the spot and when they found it they knew that it must be the gift that they expected. They examined it carefully, but it was unlike anything they had ever seen before. "Why, this is corn," said the mikäo. "This is what we shall call Wapi'min (white kernel)." The others agreed with him and they talked it over. "Why," said one, "I have heard of this, it is good to eat." "Why, yes," said another, and they all tasted it. It was good, so they decided to bring home some seed, and this is what they did. Some took five ears, others ten ears of corn. When they got home they said, "This coming spring we will plant some of this in the ground so it can grow."

This is the old story that our people tell.

Squashes were received by us in the same way. They were found by another man at another time.

15. Traditional People.

There was a tribe of Indians who lived long ago, who did not need to eat. Their power was such that when their food was cooked they only needed to sit and inhale its aroma, and they were satisfied. When they had finished, the substance of the food was left, but it was worthless to anyone else. It had lost all its nourishment and was as excrement.

16. Dogs as Servants.

Dogs were appointed as servants to men by the powers. In the earliest times they could speak, but the powers agreed among themselves that as the dog was to be the best friend of man, he would be forced into slavery if he could talk, so he was told to keep quiet but was allowed to understand people.

17. Two Buffalo Stories.[1]

A buffalo once chased an Indian, and killed him, on another occasion a buffalo chased one and did not catch him.

(*a*)

Once a party of Menomini started on the warpath. The journey to the enemy's country was a long one, and they were obliged to camp at intervals, to rest. Every morning before they set out they put fresh war paint on their faces. Other tribes who knew more about the buffalo used clay paint and daubed it over their eyes when they desired to honor the buffalo. The Menomini did not know that this was a sacred thing in those days.

One morning when the others were painting as usual, with their red paint, a rude boisterous fellow in the crowd said out of bravado, "I am going to paint my face after the fashion of the buffalo. He claims to be a man and knows so much, but I've got as much right to use clay paint as he has, even if he does rule all the animals!"

The rest of the party heard him, and told the mikäo or leader. "One of our number yonder, who is a fresh fellow, abuses the buffalo and is wearing his paint. We have been taught that the buffalo is a god." "That's wicked!" exclaimed the mikäo, "he should not have done so, it will cause trouble."

[1] Told by Nakuti.

However, they all started out on foot for the enemy, the offender along with the rest. The war party crossed over hills and hollows, and all at once they came out on a level plain, where an immense herd of buffalo was grazing. As they approached, the buffalo raised their heads and gazed at them quietly. One great bull, stood all by himself; he looked up, and all at once began to show signs of anger. He bellowed and pawed and gored the earth, and rolled over and over. At last, he stuck up his tail. Then the warriors were sure something was wrong. They went to the mikäo. "You see this painted man has vexed the buffalo. That chief bull yonder will stampede the herd over us." The mikäo looked thoughtful for a moment and then said, "We are in a tight place. All we can do is to sit down and be quiet." So the party sat down on the ground in three lines. The mikäo with his war bundle slung over his back was at the head of the first and the wicked man at the end of the second line. The men were stationed far enough apart so that there was room for the buffalo to pass around each one. When they were all settled, the mikäo took out his tobacco and said to his company, "We will give our tobacco to the buffalo and ask them to be quiet and spare us." The war party all began to smoke, while the mikäo spoke to the bull. "You buffalo, for what has been said and done wrongly by us, we apologize and we offer you tobacco asking for your mercy. We cannot escape, do just what you will with us, but if you so please, spare us."

The mad bull looked at them for a long time. Then he galloped over to where they were seated. He walked slowly down the line smelling the mouth of each warrior to see who it was he had heard utter the evil words that morning. He finished the first line and began on the second. When he had almost reached the end, the culprit, knowing that the buffalo's eyesight is very poor, jumped up and ran back unnoticed, to the end of the first row, where all the men had been tested.

When the buffalo arrived at the place where the warrior had sat, he smelled, and smelled, and smelled. It was plain that he knew that the man had gone; the others were frightened when they saw him run back to the first line and begin to smell all over again. The mikäo saw that the buffalo was not only smelling each man but staring each one in the face. "This is what we get," said he, "because our comrade ran the buffalo down." Then he turned to the offender, "Why do you change your seat? You know you have done wrong to villify the buffalo and his paint. Why aren't you man enough to face him now? You'll only get us all in trouble. Be a man, face your punishment."

The buffalo was drawing near the warrior. "Well, I did wrong," said the culprit, "I'll own up."

He drew his magic sparrowhawk feather that he had received from the

war bundle from his hair and held it in his hand. "All right, let him come on!" said he. "I shall submit. I am a brave man, I said so when I painted this morning, and I still mean it. I fear nothing. However," he said, rising, "I'm going to try to outdo him. I shall try to run away from him."

The warrior started to run as fast as he could. When the bull came to his place, he stopped and smelled a long time. Then he started off on a slow trot along the man's trail, with his head and tail up. The man was nearly out of sight, and the buffalo quickened his pace. Presently the fugitive turned, and making a long circle called out to the warriors as he passed with the buffalo a good way behind, "I'll run four laps, I could run straight away, but I'm too brave to seek safety in flight. I'll give up before you on the fourth time. I do this so that you may tell all the people how bravely I died." On the third lap the buffalo was gaining strongly. "This is the last round," called the man, "maybe he'll get me!"

Now the buffalo was galloping heavily. At the end of the fourth lap he was close behind. "This is the last run," called the man, "I'll give myself up, I'm played out. I'm going to die here before you. I am a man! Here is my sacred feather to prove it!" He pointed his feather at the mikäo. "He will hit me four times before he gets me."

The buffalo charged behind him with lowered head and tossed him high in the air. Three times he did this, and the man lived, but the last time the bull split him from crotch to chin, and the body fell and hung from his horns. Now that he was avenged, the rage had died out of the buffalo's heart, and he stood quiescent before the war party who gazed wonderingly at the spectacle.

"The buffalo has given himself up to us. What shall we do now?" asked the mikäo. "The buffalo has surrendered, shall we revenge our comrade, or shall we leave the buffalo as he stands?" The men thought for a moment and then they unanimously decided to kill the bull and carry the meat along with them. Thus was the buffalo's honor satisfied.

(*b*)

When a buffalo is thoroughly enraged you cannot injure him. Bullets and arrows are perfectly useless. Cedar is the only thing that will overpower him. Cedar is the buffalo's iron. This is the way it was found out.

Once a man who had fasted,[1] was out camping with his wife and his brother, a young boy, who with his wife, had pitched their wigwam close by, and not far away from the main village.

[1] Men who fast in their youth are always possessed of supernatural power, hence the allusion.

One day the man saw a buffalo lying down, near at hand. It was a cow and he and the boy naturally supposed the bull was around, for buffalo always travel in pairs. They crept softly up to reconnoitre, and came very close without disturbing the cow, for the buffalo has very poor eyesight. Still they did not see her mate. "Why, this cow is alone!" exclaimed the man. "Are you fully satisfied that there is only one here?" asked the boy. "Yes, I'm going to shoot her." "All right, if she is really alone."

As a matter of fact the bull was not far off. It is customary for the bull buffalo to bring water to the cow. He goes to a pool, drinks a whole lot, comes back and regurgitates it into her mouth. This bull was just then returning with water when the man fired. The hunter was very close and the cow rolled over dead at the first shot. Both the hunters ran up. As they neared the body they began to feel scared, for they could easily distinguish the tracks of a mighty bull. They sought to escape. "Do not let us go home and endanger our children, let us go elsewhere," they agreed.

They had not run far when the older brother said, "Stay here with my gun and ammunition, don't be afraid, he'll not harm you, he'll chase me, for I did the deed. I'll circle and come back." The boy sat down trembling with fear and watched the buffalo pass. When the older brother came back the boy cried, "He passed here! He's on your trail." The man circled again in another direction and passed the boy again. The next time he passed the bull was at his heels. In the meantime the young fellow had loaded the gun intending in his desperation to shoot at the bull anyway. In his haste and excitement he left the cedar ramrod in the barrel. The next time the older man staggered by he cried, "I'm all in! Farewell." He stopped and as the buffalo swept down upon him, the boy raised his rifle hastily. "Pow!" The charge struck the bull full behind the shoulder and over he toppled.

"Why, how on earth did you do it!" gasped the fugitive to the still trembling lad. "Why, I just shot him!" "That is remarkable, let us go and see." They went over to where the bull lay on his side, and then they saw the cedar ramrod sticking out. "Why this must be the thing to overpower him. How did you know it?" asked the older man. "I didn't know it, I was so scared and angry I forgot to take it out." "Yes, the cedar wood has killed him," exclaimed the older brother. Then they said to each other, "We have found out that cedar kills the buffalo when lead and arrows will not wound him. It is great, it is powerful, it will kill all wild animals. We must tell the people about this."

And it turned out to be true. A sharpened bit of cedar will kill turtles, fish, snakes, bears, and all manner of powerful wild animals.

18. The Warrior Brothers.

Long, long ago, so it has always been related, twin brothers set out after the mikäo against the Osage. There were some Winnebago in the party, and one of them was a famous hero. He was arrayed in his war costume and carried his sacred war bundle. In the whole party there were four hundred men, two hundred of our warriors under our mikäo and two hundred of the Winnebago under theirs. Our leader was old Sékatcokémau and his assistant was my grandfather.

The war party raided the enemy and killed many of them, but the enemy were reënforced and at last our men were obliged to retreat. The Osage followed in pursuit, and the Winnebago mikäo and a number of our men were slain. When the Winnebago leader fell the Osage rejoiced. They rushed up to the body and began to insult it and mutilate it, whooping "Wooo! Wooo!" Their cries were so loud that they reached the ears of our fugitives, and, stung by the insult, a squad of Menomini led by the twin brothers turned back to rescue the body. The enemy were in such overwhelming numbers that our men gave way at sight of them, except the twin brothers, they rushed in alone, leaping and dancing to avoid the blows of the enemy. The Osage were anxious to capture them alive, since they were both dressed beautifully and looked very brave and distinguished. Both brothers had long hair reaching to their waists which they dressed in a thick braid, and covered with brave decorations.

The brothers struggled so desperately that the enemy soon gave up all hope of making them prisoners and finally, after a short combat, one of them was slain. At this the Osage yelled with delight. Some of them ran up and dismembered the body. They threw his head and arms and legs high in the air with howls of derision. Meanwhile, the other brother made no attempt to escape. He ran about dodging and trailing his gun, reloading it as he scurried from place to place. He killed many of the enemy, but in the end they overpowered him, and he fell. If his heart had been large, he would have fled, but it was small, so he was as brave as an old she-bear with cubs.

19. What a Woman's Infidelity Has Cost.

Once there was a brave man who had achieved great distinction as a warrior. Every time he went out on the warpath he returned with new glory. He was honored and respected by everyone. His wife was an idle, vain woman, who did not appreciate him. During his absence she formed

an intrigue with a worthless fellow who had never done anything. Of course, when her husband returned, everyone was eager to tell him. He paid no attention to the gossip of strangers, but when his own relatives spoke to him about it, he listened to their words, but said nothing. He thought the matter over and decided to wait and see if his wife would return to his bed.

That night the woman came back and slept with him. He ignored her and rising at dawn dressed himself in his brave clothes.[1] Then he sat down and ate a hearty breakfast. When he had finished he took his knife in his hand and started out to find his enemy. In those days it was customary for the warriors, young and old, to lounge in little knots in some shady spot during the morning. The aggrieved husband visited several groups, and talked and jested with the men, but the one he was seeking was not there. All the warriors guessed that something unusual was going to happen because he had on his brave clothes; they surmised that he was seeking satisfaction from his wife's seducer.

At last he found him he was looking for. Holding his naked knife concealed in his hand he approached him, speaking pleasantly. When he was close to the man he suddenly stabbed him to the heart, and the man fell dead before all the people. For a moment the murderer stooped and gazed into the eyes of his victim, then he drew himself up and addressed the crowd. "I am a brave man. I did this deed courageously. Here is my knife." He laid it on the corpse's breast, "I give myself up so that someone may do the same to me with my own weapon. I am not afraid to die, for I am a brave man. Then he sat down beside the dead man's head. The nephew of the murdered man was in the crowd. He sprang forward and snatched up the knife. "You aren't the only hero!" he cried, "I am brave too." With these words he stabbed the murderer to the heart. Then he turned and laid the knife on the dead man's breast, and with a short speech surrendered his life to the dead man's relatives. Warrior after warrior avenged his kinsman, and died in turn, until at last eight men were killed.

In the meanwhile, word had been sent to the elders, both men and women, and they hastened to the spot. "Men, come here! Stop this!" said the old people, and they begged the braves, who were the camp police, to stop the killing, so the knife was taken from the hands of a youth who was preparing to slay the ninth warrior.

A council was held on the spot, the old men and women deliberated for a while, and they decided to leave the decision with the chief, who had arrived. "Now children," said the chief, "you have seen what comes from acting

[1] His most elaborate garments and his insignia of honor and supernatural power.

ill-advisedly. You see how it ends, here we have lost eight of our bravest and most notable warriors. Now get to work, bury the corpses. Prepare for the proper ceremonies."

Then he sent the braves to fetch the woman who was at the bottom of all the trouble. She did not wish to go, and fled to her brother for protection, but when he saw the police coming and learned what they wanted, he rebuked her and gave her up. They dragged her over to the place where the bodies lay. "Now, you wicked woman," said they, "See all the ruin you have caused! You had a noble husband, but you chose to bring disgrace on him, that could only be erased by the death of so many good men. You are responsible for all this."

All the bodies were buried in a deep wedge-shaped grave. First of all the police flung the woman in the bottom, then they put the corpses of her husband and lover directly over her, and piled the other bodies on top, and so she was buried alive.

20. An Adulterer Punished.

When the Menomini lived in bark houses a certain woman fell guiltily in love. She had connection with her lover whenever her husband was absent, but at last she discovered a way to deceive him even when he was at hand. She cut a round hole in the side of their lodge next to her bed which was built next to the wall. "Let me sleep next the wall," she begged her husband. "It is too cold here."

Her husband had no objection and so, by lying close to the aperture she was able to have her passion gratified every night. At last her husband began to suspect her of infidelity. He found the hole. That night he said to her, "Come now, you have slept next to the wall long enough. Take the outside, it is my turn.

His wife dared not object, so they did as he desired. When they retired he stripped off his clout and leggings and anum ad operculum admovit. They had not slept long before he was awakened by something poking him. He stretched out one hand and, as he had expected, manus penem magnum prehendit. Holding it gently, as though to guide it, he reached for his knife, and rolling over he cut it off at a stroke. Some one shrieked from without, and in the morning they found a trail of blood which led a short ways to where the culprit was dead.

21. The Legend of Thunder Lake.

At the place now known as Thunder Lake a white bear once came out of the water to bask in the sun. An Inämäki[u], prowling along, very hungry, swooped down on him. He struck his claws into the bear's back, but the bear succeeded in rushing into the water. Then a terrible struggle ensued. The two powerful manitous were evenly matched. Sometimes the thunderer would almost lift the bear from the water, but when the bird dragged its prey to the surface the water rose, sticking to the bear's claws with strange elasticity, and as soon as the bird tired the bear snapped back. Sometimes he would almost succeed in drawing the thunderer under water. While this desperate tussle was going on, an Indian, famous for his dreams, none other in fact, than Kinä, appeared on the scene, attracted by the noise.

"Shoot this bird and free me!" cried the bear, "You know I am a strong manitou. I will grant you long life! I will make you and your family happy! I will give you power to find game at your very lodge door!" "Do not heed him," screamed the thunderer, "If you kill me my people will destroy the Indians with our lightning! Shoot the bear! I can grant you all he promises, and more!" "If you shoot me my people will never permit the Indians to go in a canoe or even draw water! They will be pulled in and drowned! Help me!"

Kinä should not have interfered at all, then neither power would have been offended, but he judged it best to aid the bear, so he fired his arrow and broke the thunderer's wing, whereupon the bear dragged him down out of sight. Almost immediately afterwards there was a mighty rush of wings, and legions of thunderers appeared, but they were just too late. They struck the lake with their lightning until it was nearly dry, and blasted the nearby hill under which the bear had dragged their comrade. The whole earth trembled, but the Inämäkiwûk were unable to dislodge the bear. Finally they gave it up. As for the captive thunderer, perhaps the bear ate him, or the bird may have been changed into a mate for him. At all events since Kinä shot at all, it is just as well that he aided the bear or else the Indians could never go to the water for fear of being drowned. The thunderers were only angry for a short time, and they rarely take revenge by killing a man with their lightning. For years after, just before a thunderstorm, rumblings could be heard beneath the lake from the thunderer there imprisoned, now they have ceased, a proof that the bird is no more.

22. A Haunted Lake.

(*a*)

A sacred water drum used to be heard in Lamotte Lake, which stopped when people approached. The wife of Pigwûtcininiu had several daughters who were swimming one day on a sandbar on the lake. One of them was diving, to see how long she could stay down. Opening her eyes under water, she saw a wrinkled old hag combing her hair and beside her the girl perceived an immense bullfrog looking on. The girl nearly fainted and ran screaming from the water with the help of the other girls. She became hysterical, dressed, and ran home, screaming. Her mother gave her apisetcikun (a reviving root) and brought her around. The old Indians said that the apparition came to her because she was in mourning for a recently deceased relative and had defiled the lake and angered the spirits by bathing in it.

(*b*)

When the nose and ears of a drowned person are found to be filled with dirt, it is a sign that an underneath power has taken them. If these tokens are not present the drowning is known to have been an accident. People have been drowned thus in Lamotte Lake.

23. Ki'nä and the Bear.

Once upon a time Ki'nä, a famous dreamer, went out on the ocean in his magic canoe. He could make it go anywhere without paddling; he could lie in it or sit in it or move about as he pleased and it would go on just the same. As he traveled he came to an island called Tamäkinäk. It was the home of a powerful underground bear with an iron tail. He stopped at the island and when the bear saw him he laughed and said, "Oh! but you have small arms." Ki'nä held out his arms and retorted, "You can't break them, even if they are small." The bear tried his best to break them but he was unable to do it. "Now, let me try your big arms," said Ki'nä. "All right," replied the bear. Ki'nä took hold of them and broke them without difficulty.

There were other powerful bears residing at this place and they did not like this at all and they had a dispute among themselves concerning it. One of them said, "It is by our own desire that Ki'nä is so powerful. We granted him strength in his dream and now he is trying to destroy us, but it is impossible for us to take that power away from Ki'nä because we have already granted it to him."

24. Ki'nä and the Fairies.

Once Ki'nä started out from his home in what is now Marinette. He traveled in his canoe until he came to the Wisconsin River when he went downstream. At a place that is called the Dalles he met the Mämäkwisiwûk, Little Dwarfs, who belong among the Powers Below. As Ki'nä came out to them, he reached over from his canoe and seized hold of one of them as he passed by. "Don't Ki'nä," cried the whole party, so Ki'nä let the captive go.

In the bottom of their little canoe he saw a knife. He took it and put it in his own boat, and pushed the canoe in which the dwarfs were against a rock as hard as he could, but they passed through it as though there had been nothing there, instead of being wrecked against it as Ki'nä had intended. As he sat there the Indian could hear them talking down under the rock. "Where is that knife?" said one. "I guess Ki'nä must have taken it;" said another. Then they all cried in a loud voice, "Ki'nä you had better give us back our knife," and they all began to cry. When Ki'nä heard all this he said to himself, "I guess I will give it back to them." So he threw the knife against the rock and it went through to where they were. He could hear them laughing when they saw it in their little canoe. Then he turned around and went back home to Marinette.

25. Ki'nä and the Twins.

Another pair of twins who were homely and a little larger than these boys, remain at a rocky place on the Menomini River. At that time the famous sacred powered man by the name of Ki'nä traveled with his sacred copper boat, commanding it to go by thought. One day, long ago, Ki'nä on his usual sail, went up the Menomini River, and passed by this sacred and dangerous place where these other twins who were so homely, their faces having no noses, were living with their grandmother. He found them in their boat watching fish. As they came along, Ki'nä came up and one boy said to his brother, "He is coming."

These twin boys had a short ugly hunting knife and when Ki'nä was alongside they lay down to hide their homely faces. Ki'nä saw this short knife, and he took it, which made the twins lament. Ki'nä took hold of their boat and shoved it ahead, and it went right through the rock to where their grandmother was. She was very old and she heard their cries. The boys said to Ki'nä, "That knife belongs to our grandmother." Ki'nä

went down the river and the boys asked their grandmother, "Watch for him next time he goes by here."

So Ki'nä came along and the twins with the homely power watched from the top of a ledge of rock, a high bluff, and as he came downstream the twins picked up pine cones and threw them at Ki'nä. The first cone struck the nose of the copper canoe making a hole through it, letting the water in. Ki'nä said to the twin boys, "Stop this, you have damaged my boat." But the boys kept on throwing cones and hitting the boat. Every time Ki'nä said, "Stop, you homely featured ones! You don't look like a human anyway." The twin boys threw more cones at Ki'nä till they hit him between the eyes a little above the nose and killed him right there. The twin power boys went after the stolen stubby knife, took it to their grandmother and gave it to her, so that she got it back. Then after this these twin boys went further up the Wisconsin River to a place where there is a high rock on an island in the center of this famous river.

One time long ago two Indians were hunting deer and moose on this island of rock. They watched all night but did not get anything; in the morning before sunrise one hunter got up to look about and he saw those twin boys, very short objects. He heard them hallooing "He! he!" to attract the moose out of the woods. A short while later, sure enough, a lot of moose did come down and swim a little below the island, where there is an entrance door, a deep whirlpool where the twin boys reside, with other gods. These two Indians knew this and saw all those moose that swam down the current drawn under. The powers made their feasts underneath and the twin boys took part.

This Indian story is a sacred dream given and known by old Oshkosh, in his youth and conveyed to his son who became his successor. This high rock and ledge provided a den and big entrance in the center where there is a dish-like fountain of spring water boiling up and descending. It appears like a mirror and no ordinary human being can ever enter this place unless he has some power through fasting.

26. The Jealous Ghost.

This happened very long ago among the Menomini, and it is the truth.

There was once a man and his wife who had four sons and two daughters. The eldest of the sisters got married and went with her husband and family, but she soon took sick and died. Right in the place where she breathed her last they dressed her in beautiful clothes and buried her, and the rest of the party stayed right there for they did not like to leave her. After a

while, the four brothers began to suspect that their brother-in-law was going to leave them because his wife was gone. They liked him so much that they begged him not to go and gave him the other sister in place of his dead wife.

The girl was very young, but he stayed to live with her. One day the old mother took the girl out with her to dig wild potatoes which grew a short distance from their camp. Evening approached, and the old woman said: "Now let's go home," but the daughter continued digging as she was finding more and bigger ones. In the meantime her mother took her pack on her back and started off, saying once more; "Come, let's go home!" But the daughter kept right on digging.

The sun set and it began to get dark. The mother by this time was at home, and the young girl started off to find her. As she was walking along with her load she heard someone behind, saying: "Well, you who are marrying and living with your brother-in-law!" The young wife understood right away that this was her sister who had died so she answered: "Well, it was not my intention to live with him; it is not my fault, my four brothers wanted me to live with him because they had loved our sister so much."

The girl was so frightened that she whooped and screamed for help as she hurried through the dark for her house. Her mother and brothers heard her and made a bigger fire to give her light to make for camp. They made birchbark torches and turned out to meet her. The young wife told her mother that a woman had overtaken her and found fault with her because she was living with her own brother-in-law. When the party went out to meet her and bring her to the wigwam they did not see anything or anybody with her, but just as she was about to enter the wigwam door and one of the brothers lifted the door mat for her to go in, she was pushed from behind with such force that she fell head first into the big fire and was burnt to death in a few moments. The mother and brothers saw nobody, but they knew it was the jealous ghost of her dead sister.

Then the mother became so agitated and crazy with rage she went outside their wigwam for a few steps to where her first daughter was buried and dug up her body and pulled her violently out of the grave and flung her around. She threw her down and stripped her, taking off her fancy clothes that they had put on her to show their love. Then the mother spoke to the corpse saying: "Why don't you come to natural life if you have the power of a god?"

Then the distracted mother quit her abuse and left the body lying on the ground naked, taking the pretty clothes to put on the girl who was burned to death and buried her in the elder daughter's grave. The next morning, when the husband went out and saw the body of his first wife lying their naked, it made him very sad, and he did not like it. The old

people said to their sons, "Now let us move away from this place." They asked their brother-in-law to go along with them but he replied, "I will remain here until I bury her."

So the old folks and their sons left him, and the husband went out and dragged his first wife's body into the lodge. He took some of her old clothes and dressed her and placed her in his bed, where she lay as though asleep. He himself rested on the other side of the wigwam opposite her, and every time he cooked for himself he offered some of the victuals to her. "Here is your dish, eat!" he would say.

He did this at every meal time, and once as he did this he thought he saw her hand move. It was her shade which had appeared first, like a shadow on the wall, so he thought that after a while she would come to life. He continued to cook, and made some broth or gruel and put some of it in her mouth with a spoon, very slowly, and as the broth went down, she swallowed it. He kept on with this till she really came to life and got up and worked the same as ever.

They both lived right there and stored away meat of all kinds that the husband had killed in hunting, till it happened that some Indians came to camp in the neighborhood. One day the wife's younger brother, who was still a child, saw his brother-in-law when he was out walking and recognized him. He also saw his sister who he knew had died some time ago. He thought it must be another person just like her, it couldn't be she, but when he looked closer he was sure he could not be mistaken. So he went home and told his mother that he had seen his brother-in-law: "Yes, and I saw my eldest sister, too, she has come to life again!"

When the mother learned this she went over to visit her. She knew her but did not say much to her about what had happened to them both. As she went out her daughter gave her some dried meat. The meat was the muscle of deer's legs and when she began to eat it the first bite choked her to death, and then her daughter was even with her.

27. Three Witch Stories.[1]

(*a*)

One time, at a place called "Standing Rushes," (near the present city of Oshkosh), an Indian saw a witch coming towards him in the shape of a ball of fire. The Indian reached out and caught it, whereupon the witch began to beg for mercy, promising to give his captor his own power as a

[1] The Indians use the term witch for magicians of either sex.

bribe. "All right," said the Indian, "give it to me now, and let me go in your stead, wherever you are going." "Be it so, I'll take off my power and let you put it on and go," agreed the witch.

Then the witch filled his pipe and lit it, saying, "You go where I am going and I'll bring you back before this pipe is out, and you shall be whatever you desire. If you fear to fall as you pass through the air, wish to rise. Put this medicine in your mouth and chew it and when you arrive you will see the Indians as plain as day. You will see the heart of each one and it will look to you like a little squash in the field. Take whichever one you want." Although it was a long distance the man went and brought back a heart to the witch who was thereby made content and happy. The witch's pipe was not yet out, so fast had the man traveled.

(*b*)

This happened at Opä'sitigo (Peshtigo). The Indians at that time lived in a village some distance from the mouth of the Peshtigo River. It was in the fall when the white fish spawn. Some of the Indians were going down toward the mouth of the stream to fish by torchlight. My father didn't go, but lay down in his lodge. My grandfather, noticing this, rebuked him for his laziness, so he rose, and started after the others on a run.

It was moonlight, and as my father hurried along he noticed a firelight ahead of him. He stopped, and saw that it was coming towards him, flashing at intervals, nearer and nearer. My father thought it must be a witch so he took off his shirt and was naked. Then he jumped into the bushes and began to scratch a hole in the ground, taking some of the dirt from the bottom of the hole and putting it in his mouth, because he had heard that it was a talisman against the attacks of witches.

As he crouched there watching the trail he saw a very small fox running towards him. When it drew opposite he reached out and grabbed it and instantly it became a man. My father hugged and held him tight. "Who are you?" cried the witch. "You have disturbed me." "Well, where are you going?" "I am going to visit Äspim." (A neighbor who lay sick and almost dead near my father's house.) "This is my last trip and I intend to end him. Now let me go and I will give you what power I possess as a reward." "No, not unless you let Äspim live." "Yes, I will even do that if you will never tell anyone that you caught me as long as I live."

Then the witch gave my father four strands of wampum and turned right around and went back. "All right," said he, "this person whom I was to have ended shall not die. I shall have to repeat all the trips that I have already made in order to restore him completely." Then my father went

home. "Why have you returned?" asked my grandfather. My father gave him the four strands of wampum and my grandfather guessed the truth, so my father told him all about it.

The witch lived in the same village, and when my grandfather called a council of all the old men, they gathered a quantity of presents and carried them to the witch begging him to cure Äspim. When the witch received the gifts he said in feigned surprise. "Oh what can *I* do? *I* have no power." Although this happened when my father was a young man, I remember seeing Äspim alive and well when I was a grown woman.

(*c*)

This happened at the mouth of Oshkosh Creek, near Keshena Falls on Wolf River, when I was a little girl. In those days all this region was plains. There was no forest except on the hills near where Antoine Cipikau lives. The old pagans used to live on both sides of the river.

One evening my father went over to gamble with some friends. He started home after midnight and as he traveled he heard a noise. He listened and recognized that it was the bark of a fox. He suspected that something was wrong, for he had power given him by the ghosts of the dead who had appeared to him in his sacred dream. Father watched and presently he saw fire blaze in the darkness and then he knew that a witch was coming. He stepped to one side and hid by the trail and the ghost that was his guardian stood before him, invisible to the witch.

Twice he heard the witch make a noise and the second time the sound was close to him. Then he heard a rustling beside him. It was the rattling of the copper moccasins that witches wear. My father shouted "Hai!" and the witch fell over. A witch has power before it only, and this one had gone by, so it could not enchant my father, for it is only the witch's breath that is dangerous. "Ah, you are no god! You don't continue to be powerful!" my father taunted. The witch lay there groaning, "Oh, you have disturbed me. You have broken me up! Who are you? Come here to me!" My father heard and went and there squatted a naked old hag, with only a witch's bandolier over her shoulder and a wampum belt about her waist. Then my father said in a harsh tone, "Where are you going?" The witch told him that she was worrying a sick woman near by and tried to bribe him into silence by offering to give him what she had on. "No, I won't take it," cried my father, who was a distant relative of the sufferer. "All I ask of you is to cure this woman." "All right, it shall be so, but you must never tell that you met me and I will give you the medicines to cure her, you shall go only four times and that will be enough."

She pulled two kinds of medicine from one of the pockets in her bandolier, "Use this one first, dissolve it in your mouth and spray it over her, beginning on her right side, but first make her drink some. Remember to spray her all over, even her feet." Then the witch gave him her wampum belt and they parted. Early the next morning my father went to the sick woman. My mother had seen the wampum belt and asked father where he got it, but he replied that he had won it in a game.

When my father arrived at the sick person's lodge, he said, "Let me try what I can do for her." The parents of the patient agreed so he sang the song the witch had told him and applied the cure. Next day he repeated the performance and this used up all the medicine. Of course, this was all a ruse to save the witch. She had ceased to torment the patient anyway. The next time my father called, the sick woman was able to sit up; the next time she was walking around. Father got double payment for this cure, for he received the witch's wampum belt and the family of the sick woman gave him a large pile of presents.

Shortly after the witch asked father to call at her lodge with my mother, and of course they went. It was early fall and when they arrived, the witch, who was very pleasant and friendly, hurried to cook a meal of fat venison for them. She had prepared a pair of leggings, moccasins, and shirt for my father. The leggings were decorated with silk ribbons and there were also a couple of sashes and a blanket. The witch said in a jest to my mother, "I am dressing him for myself to have later on." She gave my mother three reed mats and a bag of white corn all wound round with sashes. There was also a black broadcloth blanket for her. My mother wondered why things were given her but she said nothing until they had carried home the gifts, then she asked my father. "Keep still, don't ask so many questions. That woman was redeeming her life," he answered, and then he told her and warned her never to repeat it. He confessed to her that he had received the wampum belt as a reward. That is what my father used to tell many years later. It all happened before I was born.

28. The Fate of a Witch.

Once there was an old woman who lived with her small grandson. There was a sick girl in the neighborhood and every day the old woman used to pay her visits of sympathy. At night she would make her grandson go to bed early and then after he had retired she would come in to see if he had gone to sleep. The little fellow found this out and wondered why it was. One night the boy pretended to be asleep and the old woman said to herself,

"I guess he is sound asleep." Then she went down cellar and stripped off naked and got into a bearskin. "Well tonight, we will go and finish it," she said to her medicine bag before she put it on her back, and off she went. The little boy peeped from under his blankets and saw her go out in the shape of a bear. She was back again in a few minutes and then she put her things away and went to bed. The next day she told her grandson that she thought she would go over to see the sick girl. When she got to her neighbor's lodge, the child was dead and she wept and pretended great sorrow.

In the meantime her grandson was left alone. A neighbor's boy, a playmate, soon came over. "Let's do what grandma did last night," said the lad, so they went down cellar and got out her witch bundle. He put on the skin, "We will go and finish her now," he said, so he went whether or no. The first thing the mourners knew a bear entered the death chamber. All of them screamed and some of them caught the animal, and dragged off its skin, and there stood the boy, naked. "This is what grandmother did last night," he wailed. Then the mourners realized that the dead girl had been bewitched and they slew the old woman and the boy.

29. A Sorcerer Story.

Long ago, when the Menomini were on their fall hunt, an old sorcerer camped near a party of young men. He tyrannized over the youths who were afraid to disobey him for fear he would bewitch them or steal away their luck. His lodge was placed close to a fork in the trail and there he sat all day watching the hunters go back and forth. He never hunted, but when anyone passed by carrying a deer on his back, he would call out, "Taninitum, you are lucky. Now I guess I'll have some soup." Then the young fellow would have to stop and undo his pack, which was no easy task, and give the old man a choice piece of meat as blackmail. The young man would arrive at home indignant, but there was no way to escape the old scamp's demands.

This went on for a long time, then an uncle and nephew went out one day and each carried a deer. When they drew near the old man's place, the nephew said, "I suppose we'll have to stop and give that old man some meat. We will have to go to all the trouble of unpacking and cutting it off, if we don't he will bewitch us." "Oh, I won't do it," replied the uncle, "I'm not afraid, and don't you do it either." The nephew was frightened, "Oh! he will kill one or both of us, or our relations," he said. "He won't do so at all, I'll just go by and if I say anything you will hear it." So they went on.

Sure enough the old man called out, "Taninitum, Taninitum, you're lucky." "Éh! yes of course," said the uncle, "we are in luck for ourselves and not for anybody else." "Hmph, you two are as good as dead," growled the old fellow, "if I can't eat meat, I'll eat you." "If you want meat, why don't you go out and kill it as we do. You could do it if you were not so lazy," retorted the uncle. The nephew was so frightened that he nearly cried. "What are you afraid of," said the uncle, "we will fight him tonight. This old fellow is god-like in his power, he has killed lots of our friends, but I have power too, and he will kill no more. You look for a louse in my hair, right away, nephew." The nephew got one quickly. "Here it is." "All right, let's bundle him up nicely," said the uncle. When this was done he turned to his nephew, "Now tonight I'll use this one, it shall be my arrow to fight with."

In the meantime, the old man grew so angry that he could not wait for dark. He went home and prepared for the fight that he knew must come that evening. He took out his witch bundle and putting on a bearskin he became a bear, then he lay on his couch to wait.

In the early evening the uncle and nephew set out for the sorcerer's lodge. When they drew near the uncle said, "Nephew, stay here, I will go on ahead." Then he changed himself into a snake and slipped right into the wigwam unobserved. He soon saw that the old bear-man was so angry that he was unable to control himself. The young man took the louse and threw it directly at him. "Let it fall and let it take him," he wished. "May it become myriads of lice to bite and eat him. May these little powers enter him." Presently the bear began to scratch, for he itched as though he was on fire and he scratched until he tore himself to pieces. "There take that," said the uncle, "I am even with you now, for all you have done.[1]

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[1] A second version of this story begins in the same way, but the story of the combat is a little different. In this case the uncle and nephew stay at some distance from the sorcerer's lodge and, securing a louse, spray it with a medicine root and order it to fly through the air and fall on the breast of their enemy whom they can hear rattling and singing in the distance. "Now our grandpa will catch it," they cry. The uncle and the two stop to listen to the rattling. Presently the noise ceases, "There," says the elder. Then the rattling starts again and ceases and so on at intervals during the entire night. During the time in which the rattle is not heard by the two conspirators, the bear is scratching until finally he scratches himself to pieces.

A third variant of this story is recognized by the Indians. In this case the two young men visit the conjuror, going directly into his lodge. He casts his magic arrows at them but fails to injure them. The uncle then takes off his wristlets and throws them at the conjuror and his wife and daughters. The wristlets immediately become snakes which attack and kill the entire family.

30. A Conjuror Story.[1]

Old K'itikon who is now dead was a famous herb doctor. One day he met another Indian searching for something. "What are you doing?" asked K'itikon. "Oh, I am buying and learning herbs for medicines," replied the younger man. "Oh, you can never know anything, nor can you ever buy anything from a real old Indian doctor. In the first place, you haven't enough to pay for it. You couldn't even buy one of my cures. Do you see that weed (called, upakusgisa). You think it is common and know nothing of it. Now watch me." Saying this, K'itikon seized a handful of it, doubled it up, chewed it into a pulp and cried: "N'hau!" Spat it out and pointed at the quid. The moment it fell a tiny green snake crawled out of it and squirmed away. The younger Indian was speechless with bewilderment. K'itikon remarked: "You can never buy that from me," meaning that the youth was too poor and otherwise unworthy.

31. The Wandering Man and Other Signs.

A man, carrying a pack on his back, who is called petcikunau naiota (bundle carrier) roams all over the country at night. He is the messenger of death, disease, and misfortune. To meet him is to be forewarned of calamity. If he throws a stick at you and hits, someone of your family will surely die. Sometimes he pursues persons out of malicious wantonness. Sometimes he follows people at night. You cannot see him, but you can hear him rattle in the bushes, and no matter how fast you flee, he will pursue you closely. The only way to appease him is to offer him food or liquor. Nobody knows why he wanders. Probably it is because he has done something which displeased the great god powers and they have inflicted this miserable existence on him in punishment.

There is a flying skeleton (called Pa^{x}ka^{x}) of like portent.

If a fox barks at one from the east, a death will occur in the family. A whip-poor-will singing directly in front of the door foretells trouble.

32. A Story of the Wandering Man.

One time two or three people were living close together. One of them had some liquor and other things which he intended to trade for maple

[1] Told by Louis Käkwûtc.

sugar. The other man's wife took sick so he went to this house with his gun to try and beg some liquor for her. He was given some and had a couple of drinks himself in the meantime. On his return he had a bottle of whisky with him, from which he drank. Now it happened that the Wandering Man caught up to him as he traveled, and the poor fellow was so scared that he shot at the Wandering Man and wounded him so that he fell to the ground. Then the Indian ran a few rods, but he was caught again by the Wandering Man. He didn't have time to load his gun, so he began to wrestle with the Wandering Man and threw him a couple of times. Then the Wandering Man gave up and didn't attack him again. The Indian stood waiting for him a moment, then he ran off home, where he told about his wrestling match with the Wandering Man and how he had thrown him twice. The others went to Nawajeh's house and told about Oketciwano's bout. Nawajeh said that according to tradition Oketciwano would reach old age, because he threw this invisible being.

33. Old People's Fancies.

There was once, very long ago an old couple, Menomini Indians, who lived to extreme old age. In their youth they had been industrious workers, but now they lay in their bed with their feet touching, their heads away from each other. The years had made them feeble-minded, and they spoke to each other as though they were still active. Occasionally, the old man would say: "We'awe'ka taäpasâ, pome'on?" which means, "Old woman what appearance do I have to you now?" To which she would reply, "Oh, oskinäniu tcikatik napowa kine'u ononyan tcipatakâ," or "Oh a young man standing beside a tree with eagle plumes wearing upon your head." "Oh," the old man would say. "Ketcinä'niu, tapasapome'yon?" the old wife asked in her turn.

Then the old man replied, "Oh, ocka'mitamu, eskwatamai nayapowit ackaokomik akiet," "Oh, a young woman standing at the door wearing a new black broadcloth blanket." They said many other quaint things to each other. Every now and then, "Ketcinä'niu papasawûk pama'skawûk." "Old man, hunters are going by."

"Hau, nawitciwikim, oh nawitciwikim." "Hau, I will go along with them, or, I will join them."

The joke of it all lay in that they could not stir. Then in his turn the old man would say, "Oh, wikopäkawûk sawya pämäskäwûk." "Basswood string gathering crew of women are passing by here." "Oh, hau, nawitciwikim, ketcinaniu." "Oh yes, I will go and join them, old man."

This is something like the game of hide-and-seek, amusing to the young folks, but it was not so comical to the old couple, who did not know what they were saying. They talked in this manner until they died, and their daughters and grandchildren knew this and afterwards related it. It was handed down to others so that it is still known today.

34. Toad Medicine.

A woman was sitting at her wigwam door when an old toad came towards her running upright on its hind legs with its fore legs swinging like a man. When the woman saw it she shouted and almost laughed herself to death. Her husband heard her. "What is the matter with you?" he asked. "Why, this old toad is running like a human being." Then the old man said to his wife, "Look behind it, there is a snake after it." The woman did see a snake following the toad as hard as it could go. The old man cried, "Hurry, kill the snake before it catches the toad. If you do, someone will give you a suit of clothes as a reward."

This is true, and it is known, because the toad is a great medicine and a powerful creature. Numerous medicines can be obtained from its body, but the secret formula by which this is done cannot be told except on the payment of a good price.

35. The Power of the Sacred Doll Love Charm.

Some years ago, several Indians, all of whom are now living, occupied the same cabin at Crow Settlement. The old people slept downstairs, and two young girls and a handsome boy lived in the loft. The youth was not in the least interested in the girls, but one of them conceived a violent passion for him. One night when the rest were asleep she stole quietly over and clambered into bed with the lad. Her entrance awoke him.

"What do you want?" he asked. "Oh, sweetheart, let's have a good time," she replied, trying to embrace him! "Have you no decency? Get out of here!" he retorted. He repulsed her so violently that he sent her sprawling on the floor. The girl picked herself up. "Oh, so that is the way you treat me?" she asked, "Well we'll see who will be sorry!" she scolded furiously.

The next day she opened her mother's medicine bundle and took out her two musininisûk, or medicine dolls.[1] She drew from between them the

[1] One of the strongest of Menomini love charms.

little buckskin bag that holds the love powder made of red medicine, mixed with tiny glittering particles of the scales of the horned snake. She took a little of this powder, put it in a bit of leather, and tied it up with a hair from the youth's head. As she worked she sang the medicine song that makes the charm potent. When she was finished she put it away and awaited results.

The boy immediately fell in love with her and showered his attentions on her, but she scornfully rebuffed him. Shortly afterwards she moved away, to the lad's great distress, for instead of having any mercy upon him she tied the bag tighter and tighter, and with every drawing of the string the lad's passion waxed hotter. He followed her to her new residence, and strove to keep her always in sight. When he could not see her he ran up and down the road raving like a crazy man. The fury of his madness was such that he who was only able to run at ordinary speed, before, could now outdistance everyone except Natciwiskau, but Natciwiskau caught him and he was bound by the others in order to keep him from doing anyone harm. Now it became obvious to everyone that a spell had been cast upon him, and at last his relatives learned by whom. They visited the girl, and by the dint of costly presents they at last obtained her reluctant mercy. The girl opened her little package, took out the hair, and destroyed the powder. The youth gradually recovered, but it was a long time before he regained his right mind.[1]

36. The Man Who Looked at an Owl.

Once a sacred dreamer heard the t'otopa or screech owl. Although he was warned not to do so he went to the place whence the sound came, only to see this big-eyed tiny bird. The owl was concealed behind some trees and kept moving away until he got up close. The tiny owl was screeching behind a tree, but when the dreamer approached he showed himself, an awful object, terrible to behold, so that the man fell down on the ground in a faint. When he revived he went home and told all the others about it. It is known to this day that no Indian may ever approach this screech owl at night when he is about calling. It goes to show how powerful was the round flat object, Wawéyaké,[2] before he was turned into screech owls, and his power still remains in woods where these birds live.

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[1] The two doll love medicine is known to the Sauk and Fox, Potawatomi, Ojibway, Cree and Winnebago. Köhl (396) gives a long account of the Ojibway medicine.

[2] See p. 390.

37. An Owl's Vengeance.

Very long ago two Indians started out to hunt, preparing themselves with their bows and arrows and blankets to camp out together for a few days, for they were very friendly and loved each other very much. When night fell, they made a brush camp and built a fire. They both sat beside the fire, one on each side, and as they were talking before they went to bed, an owl came near and whooped: "Ko ko kó ho!"

One Indian, on hearing the owl, took his pouch, and drawing forth some tobacco repeated these words: "Whoever you are, and whatever you are, a male or female owl my grandpa or my grandma, take this tobacco as my offering to you and grant me some of your power, so that I may in the morning be able to kill a large buck near by."

The other Indian on hearing this prayer by his companion, said an insulting bad word for the owl to hear, and to vex his friend. "Oh, don't say that to him, grandfather," cried his partner. "You will offend him very greatly." "Oh yes," said the other, and he repeated the same word over and over, and laughed about his own saying, for he did not care and hadn't any respect for the owl.

Then both lay down to sleep, the one who made the offering could not rest for what he had heard his chum say to the owl troubled him so much. By this time, the fire had died down, but it still gave a dim light, enough to see by. The hunter who had insulted the owl was fast asleep, but the other lay wakeful worrying, because he knew something was going to happen. Sure enough, by and by a tall man came up into their camp. He went straight to the hunter who lay asleep and stood by him for a few minutes. Then he took out his knife and cut the sleeper open from throat to heart and pulled out his heart. He held it in his hand and looked at it for a few moments, then he turned and placed it on the glowing coals and roasted it over and over; then he ate it up.

All this time the other hunter lay very still and scared. When the tall man had finished he left the camp, but first he turned round and looked at the one who offered the tobacco, so seriously that the Indian never forgot it. This look meant as much as to say, "I have nothing against *you* whatever." Then he went out, like a man, walking naturally. The hunter lay there staring at him and as he left the brush camp the watcher saw him in the nature of an owl, walking away from the place. Then the watcher fell asleep until he was awakened by his friend. So he got up, and was astonished to see the other alive, and he thought of what he had seen.

They both ate a little and hurried off on their hunt. The one told the

other: "We had better keep together on this hunt, and at the same time return to our home, for I know something is going to happen to us." The man who had given the tobacco killed a big buck. He dressed it and gave his friend some of the meat to carry on his back, and they both set out for home. When they arrived the first one said: "We got back soon," referring to what had happened the night before. "A serious sign was exposed to us," he said to his home folks.

Then each of them entered his wigwam, and they took off their packs. As the one who gave the insulting word to the owl sat down to get his pack off his back, he lay down and breathed his last, without a struggle. His heart had been taken out of him in the night by the powerful god Owl, and it was only his shade that arrived home.

Therefore, since then the owl is feared, for the man that gave the tobacco told the whole circumstance, what he had seen and learned during the night. He told the relatives of the man whose heart was taken from him that the dead man had had no respect for the powerful owl when hooting, but that he had called him insulting names and the owl had heard him mocking and laughing. All the Indians since that time dare not say anything against any owl for fear of bringing great harm to themselves.

38. The Man who Loved the Frog Songs.

Once an Indian had a revelation from the head of all the frogs and toads. In the early spring, when all the frogs and toads thaw out they sing and shout more noisily than at any other time of the year. This Indian made it a practice to listen to the frogs every spring when they first began, as he admired their songs, and wanted to learn something from them. He would stand near the puddles, marshes, and lakes to hear them better, and once when night came he lay right down to hear them.

In the morning, when he woke up, the frogs spoke to him, saying: "We are not all happy, but in very deep sadness. You seem to like our crying but this is our reason for weeping. In early spring, when we first thaw out and revive we wail for our dead, for lots of us don't wake up from our winter sleep. Now you will cry in your turn as we did!"

Sure enough, the next spring the Indian's wife and children all died, and the Indian died likewise, to pay for his curiosity to hear the multitude of frogs. So this Indian was taught what has been known ever since by all Indians that they must not go on purpose to listen to the cries of frogs in the early spring.

39. Origin of the Dipper.

This is a sacred story concerning the power given through fasting to a young man who was clean, and pure, and free from sin, and whose name was Wânasâtokiu. No one can ever bear this name again because he was so powerful.

This young man said to his mother: "Make me a pair of moccasins, for I am going to travel to yonder village. I start tomorrow." In the morning he took his blanket, bow and arrows, and his magic flute and passed out through the village. As he went by, a few young men came out and called to him, "Hay! Wânasâtakiu, where are you going?" "Oh, only to those Indians at their village!"

So he passed by and took a big road over which he journeyed. He stopped over night at a point halfway, and in the morning he arrived quite early at the Indian town, where there were many large bark wigwams. When he drew near one of these lodges he stopped and stood outside a little way off until the mistress of the house came out and saw him. She went inside again directly and said to her son. "There is a young man standing outside there, go and see him." So the youth went out and invited the stranger in. "Where do you come from?" asked his host. "Why, from the Indian village nearby," answered the visitor. "Why are you standing out here then? Come in." So they both entered together, and the host said to his mother. "Cook something and give this one a meal, so that we can eat together."

When they had finished eating the host said,"Come out with me and we will sit on the scaffold that has been erected for the purpose." When they were seated on the platform the host spoke again, "My friend what did you come here for?" "I came here purposely," returned the stranger. "Then I must tell you," said his host, "there are lots of young men in this world, and over yonder in that village there are many that are pure, innocent, and clean. Over there is our great chief's house, and he has some daughters. That is why all the young men in this world come here, to be near his house. That is why they gather here. These girls hate all the youths who come and they send them away, but tonight we will both go over to look at the other young men who flock there." "All right," said the guest to his friend, "I will go over with you."

Sure enough, that evening they went over, the guest carrying his magic flute. When they arrived they saw a crowd of young men standing there, coaxing and courting. They entered in turn to speak to the girls, but, though the maidens heard their words they would not answer or speak to

them, except to order them off, so that the youths came out one by one and went away.

When the first youth saw and heard all this he said to his friend and host. "When it is my turn I shall get that girl and take her away with me. That is what I came here for in the first place, but this time I only came to see the other youths. Now we will go home, but tomorrow night we shall come again and then I will go in and see those girls."

So they went home, and when they arrived there, he and his chum sat on the scaffold, he blew on his magic flute, so that the girls could hear his songs and sacred music. Indeed, the girls did hear the songs and music, as did the other suitors who were standing outside, all said in wonder: "Who can that be playing? Who is he?" "Why it is Wânasâtakiu!" said someone. "Oh yes, it is he!" cried another. "Oh my," said others, "Maybe he will get these girls, or at least receive answers from them!"

The next night Wânasâtakiu came and entered the lodge. He found the girls to be the handsomest in the whole world, pure, honest, and good, and that was why all the young men were trying so hard to marry them. When it was his turn he went in and sat down beside one girl who was lying down, and she, knowing that it was someone who was mysterious, inquired: "Who are you?" The young man answered: "Well, it is me. Well, it is me. Well, it is only me." Then he lay down beside her. The girl thought she knew who it was, so she said, "Is it you, Wânasâtakiu?" "Yes, it's me, but what do you want to know for?" "Why I only wanted to know if it was really you, for I have been waiting for you for a long time. I heard about you quite a while ago. All these young men that you see standing outside are strangers, and somebody else."

Then Wânasâtakiu took the girl to be his wife, according to their custom, for she accepted him when he lay down with her. Then, as Wânasâtakiu was a famous hunter and great in power, he lived with his new wife for a year, killing everything that he desired, for nothing was hard to him. After this time had passed he said to his wife: "We will now go over to my house, and live with my parents for a while." On their way to his parent's lodge, Wânasâtakiu said, "We will go through the Indian village." When they were seen coming, the unsuccessful suitors called out, "Oh, here comes Wânasâtakiu on his way home with his bride!"

The new wife lived with her mother-in-law for a time. Whenever a feast occurred her husband would attend. One time he met another nice girl whom he married and lived with as his wife, while his first spouse knew nothing of it. When the feast was over he returned to his home, and said to his wife, "Make me a pair of moccasins, I am going to join a war party."

This was only a lie, his scheme to make an opportunity to live with his

paramour. There was indeed a war party about to set out, but the youth went over to dwell with the other woman. He then sent over his paramour's parents to tell his father and mother that he had been killed, and they and his wife believed it.

Every night for four nights Wânasâtakiu went out to the foot of the hill and played on his flute, and each night his discarded wife heard it and recognized the song. She knew well enough that he was not killed and was playing the flute to spite her. Every day the poor woman cut wood as usual and carried it home, until one day she went in the direction from which she heard the flute. There she saw a dead tree, and chopped it down, thinking it would give a lot of wood and last a long time. When the tree fell it broke into pieces, and out ran a mouse. The woman snatched up her ax to kill the animal, but it stopped and spoke to her.

"Don't kill me! I was going to tell you something, but now I won't tell you because you want to slay me!"

"Oh then tell me!" cried the deserted wife. "If you do I will pay you well. I will give you some of my hair oil to eat, it is sweet, come, tell me, and you may have it tonight."

Then the mouse answered, "Do you hear a flute song evenings at the top of yonder hill?"

"Yes," replied the woman, "I do."

"Well then," returned the mouse, "That is your husband. It is he that plays there. The others told you a lie; he is not dead, he is alive, and he is staying with another woman."

When the wife heard this she was so angry she went right home without cutting any more wood. The mouse had said to her, "On your shelf you will see a bundle. Open it, and you will find it to be a bunch of dried bones which represent your man's death." When she arrived at her lodge she opened the bundle and the bones all fell to pieces.

The mouse had also said, "You go over this evening near that hill and watch for your husband there. You will see him playing. You can see his tracks." The woman went there and found all these things were true. So she said to herself, "Well now my man Wânasâtakiu, where in the world can you ever escape me? When you come here again you will get it, and you will know it comes from me!"

Then she sat down right there, in sight of the whole great village and began to sing her magic song, directing it against her husband, for she also had great power. Her song meant that she was offended and would not have the man live with her again, and her song told that she was a god. She sang it loud enough for all the villagers to hear. They listened and were frightened, for they heard her say that her name was ut'cikasikwäo, really a god woman.

The deserted wife sang this song four days at this place, and all the people heard and were frightened, knowing her to be a great powered god woman. On the fourth and last day, in the morning, she threw herself on the ground and rolled over and over like a horse, and when she had finished she had become a small animal, a fisher. Then she went into the village and at her approach the people knowing her, ran away into this world to hide. The fisher went directly to the place where her husband was cohabiting with his paramour and killed both of them, with all their relatives. She chased them all over this earth before she caught them and bit them to death. Then she cried, "I am now so mad nothing can ever pacify me. I will never go home again, but as I am really possessed of power I will make a sign for those who are to people the world in the future and they will say of me that I did right."

So she jumped up, and ascended into the northern heavens. She is now there as a female, and is called ut'cikanäo, the "Fisher Star," meaning the Dipper.

This is a real, true, sacred living powered story, pertaining to the nature of all females, as the female is the mother of mankind. It is said of the Dipper that any girl who was pure and fasting may receive some of her power and it shall be known as long as this world shall stand.

40. The Chipmunk's Magic.

Kakik, the chipmunk, is an insignificant little chap, but, nevertheless, he has strong power. My sister, when a little girl, set her dog on a chipmunk. The poor little fellow was cut off from his natural retreat under a pile of stones and ran up a tree. You know how Kakik hates to be treed. He is unused to such a lofty position and he doesn't go up any further than he has to. There he stops just out of reach, hoping for a chance to get down.

Well, my sister's dog was fierce, and he kept Kakik up there all morning and well into the afternoon. Every once in a while my sister would go out and laugh at the chipmunk and throw sticks and stones at it. Late in the day it got tired of staying up there and started to dart down the tree trunk. Our dog saw what it was doing and set up a furious barking. My sister ran out to see the fun, but just before she got there the chipmunk reached the ground, and our dog, instead of seizing it, stopped barking altogether. My sister ran up, looked once, and called to us. We came out of the house and on going to the place, all we saw was a striped garter snake slipping away through the grass. Kakik had changed himself into a snake in order to get away.

41. The Enchanted Raccoons.

Once two Indians went out for a few days to hunt by themselves. A little snow fell in the evening, and when they were ready to cook, one went to the creek for water. On the bank of the stream he tracked two young raccoons. He followed their prints to an old stump, and peeping in he saw the young coons both looking at him. He called to his friend to come and see them, but when his companion arrived and looked, all he saw were two catfish. "Why these are catfish, you had better let them alone," he said, and went back to cook.

The first Indian still thought they were coons, although the other was equally positive that they were catfish, so he killed them both and skinned and cooked them in his own little kettle. The other man told him not to eat them, but he did, and wanted his friend to share with him, but his friend refused, for he still thought that they were catfish. When the feaster had finished, he was very thirsty, so he drank some water. A little while after he drank again, and kept on drinking very often. Finally, he asked his friend to get water for him and kept him at it all night trying to quench his thirst until his friend tired of hauling water, and told him to go and lie at the water's edge and drink whenever he desired. The man went there and just at break of day the other heard a noise like a waterfall. He jumped from his bed and ran down to the creek. There he saw his chum lying in the water, his lower parts were turned into a catfish, but his head and trunk were still human; from flapping his tail so much he had already dug a deep hole in the creek bed.

"Oh my friend," called the unfortunate man, "it is a great pity that I have gotten into this trouble. When you get home tell my folks and yours that I am here, changed into a giant catfish, and whenever our relatives want to see me, they can come here in the fall of the year."

The friend went away for a few moments and when he returned, the unfortunate man was a great catfish, growing larger every minute. The friend went away a second time and when he came back again the catfish was gone for deeper water. He went home to tell his friends about it, for he was afraid they would blame it on him. He took all the relatives to the creek to see the deep hole that the catfish had made and all the kinsfolk thought it a great wonder, and when they came to the tiny creek they saw the catfish sure enough.

Long after this happened and even up to the present time, it is a saying, if any Indian is seen drinking too much water he is asked, "Why are you drinking so much water? May be *you* are going to be a catfish."

42. The Man who Transgressed a Taboo.

There was once an Indian who had a taboo against eating porcupine. He himself had originally been an animal but was transformed into a human being and therefore durst not eat the flesh of the porcupine lest he be transformed again. He chose to live among the Indians and had for associates nine young warriors, all of whom knew that he must never eat porcupine flesh, either cooked or raw. Wherever he went he always carried with him his sacred dish to eat from. These young men, not believing that his story was true, planned to trick him into eating some of the forbidden meat, just to see what would happen.

Once when they were hunting together, one night one of the young men went out and killed a porcupine. They hurried and cooked it, and put some of the meat into their friend's sacred dish, saying, "Let us eat out of this dish, and daub it up with porcupine grease, then we will put it back into his pack and he will never know the difference."

When their friend came back that evening, the one that was cooking supper said, "Come on, each bring your dishes, and I'll dish up your food for you." Last of all came the man with the sacred dish and when it was filled he sat down to eat, but the moment he looked at it, he could see the shade of the porcupine meat that had been put in it while he was gone, and he knew that it had been defiled. He sat there a while, and then raised his head and looked about saying to his comrades, "Didn't you know enough not to betray your friend, didn't you know enough to stop each other from putting porcupine meat into my dish? Well now if you really want to know me, you will see."

Then they all ate and shortly afterwards they went to bed, to sleep; but the one that had eaten the porcupine meat, kept getting up to drink water, until his comrades were obliged to go several times to bring big pails full of water to him. At last, he got up and went down to the spring to drink and returned. Still he waxed more thirsty, until at last he lay down by the spring and put his head in the water to drink, and continued to take water without stopping.

Meantime the nine comrades ran back and forth, frightened, and wondering, but they could give him no help, all they could say was, "Pa^{x}pinisiwûg!" Meanwhile they saw their betrayed comrade rapidly changing into a catfish. This kept on till daylight, when they saw the upper part of their friend's body was that of a fish, and his legs were human. Now he began to wiggle to and fro; the spring became a huge lake, and in the center of it the unfortunate man swam as a gigantic catfish.

"Oh, alas!" cried his friends, "when we go home, let us tell his father that his son ate porcupine by mistake and that we did not know it or do it purposely to him." So they sent one of their number to tell the unfortunate man's parents, and the old people came to the place at night and saw their son as a great catfish. Then the father took his tobacco in sorrow and said to the other Indians that had also come to see the miracle, "Take my tobacco and try to find out the cause of this."

Then one of the men, who was a medium, took the tobacco, and said, "Yes, you who are afflicted. I will try tonight, with my power, to see and learn the cause of this thing and find out if there is any remedy." That night the seer went into a trance and learned that it was impossible to bring the catfish back to human shape, but the betrayed youth said that he would help his father, if his father would come and live on the shore of the lake. The father obeyed the catfish son's instruction, and came there. In the morning it was only necessary for him to peep out or to raise the mat door and there he would see a large buck standing between him and the water's edge, and it was easy for him to get all sorts of game, for the animals came to him. Anything that the catfish thought his father might wish to eat, he would cause to come near the camp. Especially in the autumn would his father come there to stay, and once he even stayed all winter collecting meat. On sunshiny days, when there were no clouds in the sky, the father perceived a great catfish lying on the sandbar on the lake, but on dark days the catfish hid. One fine day in the springtime, when the catfish lay there the father said to his son, "We are now going home with all that you have given us, deer meat and bear." So he left and gave some to all the friends in the village, and the seer who had helped him was there and said, "It is good, as it turned out, and your son said that during your lifetime, you will only have to go to the lake shore during the fall and winter and he will supply all your wants and make you happy."

43. Two Fire Bark.

There used to be, very long ago, an old Menomini Indian woman who had only one son with whom she lived. At last she grew tired of cooking for him and decided that it was time that some young girl earned the right to be his wife, so she said, that everyone might hear and know it. "If anyone brings me a load of dry wood or bark that will make two fires from one, or blaze up a second time when it is almost out, I will give my son to her."

Of course, many girls heard this and went out and gathered wood to bring her, but she told each one that they had brought the wrong kind and they went away disappointed.

There was another old woman who lived nearby with her granddaughter. The maiden had seen the other girls pass by with their pack of bark and return again without success and she told her grandmother about it. "Well then, if you choose to go to the old woman with a pack of bark and live with her son," said the grandmother, "you can do so. I know what kind of bark she wants that makes two blazes. It is well dried dead hemlock bark that lasts for a long time and then blazes up again as though you had started a fresh fire, when you touch it or move it. This she wants, and it is just outside your wigwam. You can get it, I'm sure it is the right kind."

Then this young girl went forth with her packstrap and knocked down some seasoned hemlock bark which is called *Nicano Payanik,* or "two times blaze," and took it over to the old woman. As soon as she entered the mother said to her "*Aiyoka.*" or "That's the right kind!" (meaning both the bark and the woman) and added, "Now you can stay right here and my son shall be your husband. Go and get your things at once, you are welcome. Well done!"

Further, it shall be noted by all who hear this story, that this hemlock bark is very important among all barks known, and the Menomini use it for many purposes. When this bark burns, it makes a clean and powerful fire, without smoke. Indian women use it to cook maple syrup to make sugar; they use it when they are drying or roasting deer meat. In camp for an open fire it is a favorite among the Indian women. They get it from standing stubs or dead trees; when it is worth while they sometimes have to chop down the dead trees in order to get good bark. They never take any from a log or tree that is lying down, for it is too wet and soggy.

It was said by the old people, long ago, that when this bark is burning it gives off strange visions and colors. The bark is in flakes like leaves, made by the growth of the tree. It will burn for hours, yet only smoulders between the flaky layers, and when you stir the heap it will blaze up and commence to flare for another long period, therefore it is called *Nicano Payanik,* or two times blaze.[1]

44. A Youth Who Fasted Too Long.

Years ago, there lived a certain man who was a sacred dreamer. His power was extraordinarily strong. His son was a disappointment to the old fellow for he did not seem to partake of his father's nature, and did not even try to obtain the favor of the gods by fasting. "Why don't you try to be a man like me?" asked his parent, "the gods may make you even

[1] Bark, wanaka; hemlock, miesakakawa.

stronger than I, and I am not a common man. Hurry up! you are almost too old to fast. The gods will soon lose interest in you."

Thus exhorted, the boy finally retired to a little wigwam in the woods where he blackened his face and fasted. He kept a little fire going and every day he was allowed just enough water to wet his mouth, but no more, and every morning his father visited him to find out if he had dreamed. On the fourth day, the boy replied to his father's anxious inquiries. "Yes father, I have had a dream of great importance." "What was it my son?" asked the old man, "was it for good?" "Yes, it was for good," replied the youth, but he did not tell his father what it was, in which he did wrong. "Let me have some food now, father, I am ready to go home." "Oh my son, in order that you may be sure, in order that it may be right and good, try to fast one day more, perhaps more power may be granted you." "It shall be as you say, father," replied the lad, resignedly, and his father went away.

The next day the older man came again. "Have you dreamed my son?" he asked. "Yes, father." "What news have you now my boy?" "My news is that you will never see me again; this is the last time that you will ever behold me in human shape. My dream was full and complete yesterday, but because you insisted I fasted one day more and overdid the good thing that was mine."

"Oh my son! Do not be angry. It was for the best that I begged you to fast! I desired to have you as successful and as strong in power as I am." "Father, it is not my desire that you are punished, but the will of the gods. I have dreamed of a robin who would have done well by me, but you forced him too far. I must leave you forever, but I will give you this comfort, I shall turn into a robin and every spring I shall perch in the tops of the pines before your lodge and sing, 'Pakat'cinê! Ninäk'winê!' When you see those birds and hear their voices calling, think of me, for it shall be I in my new shape, singing cheer into your heart."

As he spoke these words the boy was claimed by his master and flew through the smoke hole of the lodge. But it all fell out as he had promised, and to this day you may hear the robins singing "Pakat'cinê! Ninäk'winê! tci li, tci li, tci li!" from the treetops in the early spring.

45. The Origin of a Buffalo Headdress Bundle.[1]

The following speech was made to the bundle before selling it to the writer: —

"You are my grandfather, I address you. You were for my purpose

[1] Bought from Wä'sikwûnät.

but you leave this place for the sacred place where all the rest of our sacred things are. I beg you to be friendly and not cause me or them trouble, for you will be kept there always, and you will not take it harmfully because I am willing to part with you. This is the last sacrifice that you will receive, and you too, oh stone,[1] will partake of it."

This bundle is very old, it was made partly from a buffalo killed with a bow and arrow, near the site of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, long ago by C'icikwun. An old ancestor owned it as far back as we know. Then Osäsow'äsikwânät, the grandfather of the vendor owned it, then Mitäwä'pesa, then John Wä'sikûnät. C'icikwun, the first owner, through its power grew too old, until he could not stir, and then died.

C'icikwun used a buffalo robe as a blanket and he died upon it. He was so old and shrunken that when he slept he was like a little bundle in his blanket, and when he sat up to smoke his knees were by his ears. C'icikwun had one son who grew to be a young man. "My son, go over across yon river, your grandfather wants to see you," said C'icikwun, one day. The boy took his bow and arrow and crossed, and climbed a knoll on the other side and found himself on a plain. There he saw a huge buffalo alone. This was his grandfather. The youth thought, "That's the one," strung his bow and circled, stalking. The buffalo turned, facing him. When the boy got on the north side he shot the buffalo in front of one shoulder with a stone arrow and broke its leg. The buffalo fell and rolled over and pawed and bellowed. Then the boy fled home, knowing the buffalo would chase him. He reached the river below his camp. Where there was a high bank, he took off his clothes to swim, dove, and swam over, under the water. He peeped out, only his head showing, to watch the buffalo and see if it would follow. Sure enough, it tracked him to the shore. The youth had left his clothes and bow on the other shore where the buffalo found them. The boy saw him tear up, gore, and stamp on these things, until they were all in shreds.

Then the buffalo started to cross the river. The youth fled, naked, out of the water and ran home. He got to his father who was curled up asleep in his buffalo robe, like a ball. The boy opened the hide, "Father, the buffalo is chasing me! Why did my grandfather want me when he is chasing me here?" The old man rose up with much exertion. By that time the buffalo was at the door. The old man got up and went to the door with the stone from his bundle in his hand. The buffalo stood perfectly still at the door and the old man stabbed the buffalo once behind the shoulder with the stone. Then he ran around and jabbed it on the other side in the corre-

[1] A stone implement contained in the bundle.

sponding place. No mark showed, but the buffalo fell dead, internally injured, through the power of the stone. The old man's wife and son skinned the buffalo, and the skin on the neck was used to make the headdress which has been kept in the bundle ever since. The stone is kept because it was a powerful weapon to break buffalo ribs. It must have had supernatural power. This is the way this bundle began. It was helpful to bring relief in sickness and trouble and has been handed down ever since.

Plug tobacco has to be used to sacrifice to the bundle. It is renewed early in the spring and in the fall. The old tobacco may then be used. A small quantity of kinnikinnick is also mixed with the tobacco. At the same time a pipe of tobacco must be smoked for the buffalo to partake of. When asking relief from sickness from the buffalo, a feast of corn soup is offered and the bundle is addressed. If one is not predestined to die, benefit will come as soon as the food and smoke are offered, if one is to die, it cannot save you. In war, a man wears or carries the buffalo headdress; he is helped to drive away the enemy and is not hurt. This bundle is not for use in hunting but is a family and individual guardian. It is not a medicine to bring gifts and material gains.

46. The Origin of a Medicine too Sacred to Name.

Long ago a medicine was kept to help get clothing, gifts, good luck, and food. This medicine came from the White Underneath Panther. It was obtained by a young Indian after fasting four days. A panther appeared to him and ordered him to come to a certain lake. The boy having been told, went in the daytime. He saw a great panther, white as snow, lying on the other shore, facing him. The young man circled the lake in order to get to the panther and when near him Panther waded in and disappeared. When the young man got there he found this white stone which he wrapped up and took home.

When near home he stopped and hid the stone in a tree. When he got in he told his father, "I have brought something." His father did not believe the young man who took him down and showed him the stone. Father asked, "Who gave it to you; what kind was it?" "A white one, I went to yonder lake and looked like snow he was so white." "Oh my! we should be thankful." Then he told his son, "Don't eat for a while, fast longer, maybe something else will be given you." They rested and slept over night. In his sleep the boy saw a white lion who said, "Did you see what I gave you there? That was what I promised you. I gave it to you

because you are poor and have nothing." The lion added, "I give you all, I will clothe you and feed you for life, also all people will be friendly to you. All this is to be yours." Ever since it has been that way.

It would have a name if roots were added, as it is, it is too sacred to name. The songs are lost but the medicine is just as efficacious. Tobacco must be kept in medicine bag.

47. The Little God Boys.

The "God Boys" or Häw'ätûkuk Pä'nisûk are of two sorts, one very homely, the others not. The homely ones are the most powerful; they go through rocks like water. They reside in rocky spots in the river.

48. Rip Van Winkle.

Once an Indian, who had lived to a fair age, went out hunting in the fall of the year, when the leaves began to fall and cover the ground. He went into the deep woods in search of game. As it was very cloudy and there was no sun to guide him, he was lost and night overtook him. He prepared to make a fire, and gathered all kinds of loose wood and piled it up. Soon he had a good blaze going, and he lay beside it and enjoyed it. As he lay there, he began to get drowsy and as he rolled over from one side to the other, he said, "Oh, how I wish this fire would continue like this all night."

Now it so happened that all the powers above and below heard this, and decreed, "May this fire burn all night." So it fell about as it was ordered by the powers, who had sympathy with the Indian who was lost. He slept all night and in the morning discovered his fire had kept going without burning out. Then he got up on his feet and looked about and saw that leaves, quite different from those he had noticed the night before, were lying on the ground. All the signs showed that a winter had passed by, but it had been as short to him as a single night. Then he realized that the gods had done this, and left his fire and started home. He soon found the place where his friends had camped the previous fall before he was lost, but could not find the people for quite a while. When he did discover them, they were astonished and said to him, "where have you been all this time, we had given you up for dead, for we had looked for you all over and could not find you."

Then the hunter explained what had happened and everyone wondered.

49. Saved by a Thunderer.

Very long ago, when first the Menomini Indians approached Lake Michigan, one couple made their way by water to the mouth of the river afterwards known as Oka'to, "a place of catching abundant pike," but at that time it was a wilderness. The old man and his wife had a son of promise, who seemed already marked to become great. They lived at this wild place at the mouth of the river, very happy and contented in the midst of an abundance of wild game.

At this time a couple of underneath gods, both powerful, one with extreme evil and harm, were stationed nearby at a dismal hole. One was a Misikinubik, and the other, stationed farther away, was a good power, an underneath White Panther. These two mysterious powers knew that the boy would be made to fast before he grew old, and, certainly, his parents thought the time was near when he must gain his reward by suffering.

White Panther knew that the Horned Snake was going to try to get control over the youth. He took to himself the nature of a man and spoke to the lad's father in a dream telling him to move away from that place and to take his son or else he would receive an evil gift from the harmful god. The father was instructed to follow up the river towards the west where the sun set, and when the river changed its course to the north, to stop and go ashore, then to turn off to the left and watch the sun until he arrived at a beautiful large lake, with a small island near its shore. "There you shall live with your son and wife."

The short distance which he passed overland is called Kakawanakona by the Indians, meaning "a short cut across." The place he struck was the northeast side of what is now called Lake Shawano, and the place where he resided is now Cecil. The man was instructed to live there until his son should receive a better reward from another more powerful White Panther, whose den was under a very high hill near the lake. This hill is now called Lime Kiln Hill by the Shawano white people.

Meanwhile, the old man never told his son the secret of his moving to this place, but soon after they had settled he advised the youth to commence to fast. He said he would prepare a tiny lodge in which the boy should lie both night and day, fasting in a clean quiet place. The old man told his son if he dreamt a bad dream to tell him, and then eat to break the spell and try again.

The lad did as he was told, and fasted many days without a dream, while the father made daily visits to inquire. On the eighth day the boy was hungry, he dreamed in the evening that a serpent monster communi-

cated with him, that it would grant him power in the future if he would become its servant. It promised him that he would be a great medicine doctor, and a hunter, and that he should have great fame as a clairvoyant. The monster agreed to appear to him on the tenth day. On the morning of the ninth day of the fast, the father came to the lonely hut with food, and when he arrived he asked his son if he had had a dream yet.

The son replied "Yes, and now I want to eat. I was tired of waiting for you to come." "My son," answered the old man, "you say you have had a dream and succeeded very well. Son, let us make it sure and all the more powerful. You had better fast until tomorrow morning when the sun has risen about the height of the trees in the east. Then I will come to you. Be quiet that it may double."

The father left his son to fast till the next morning. The boy obeyed the old man's words, and ate nothing. The snake had told him to come to a sandbar that ran out into the lake, early the next morning, a little after sunrise, if the day were clear and the sky free of clouds. Therefore, when day broke, the lad thought he would go over and visit the monster before his father came, and he rose from his fasting bed, so feeble he could hardly move. The lad sneaked quietly through the brush as he wished to see the Horned Snake before it saw him. It chanced that at first he did not glimpse the whole enormous size of the monster and the serpent's head was turned away from him. As the boy stole softly up he heard the brush crackling behind him and stopped and looked back, to see a short, thickset, homely boy, naked and painted, with heavy muscles and a peculiar face, especially his large hooked nose. The stranger motioned to the dreamer to stop, and the lad wondered at this strange sight, while the newcomer addressed him.

"Let be, my brother! The one you are going to see is not good and is going to deceive you. Let me have him, and I will give you the same he has offered, and even more power and greater. Your parent's life shall be prolonged further and their benefits increased. Let me have him! Let me be you, and you shall have all that I promised you. I am the one from the west, and all-powerful. Hurry brother, let me have him as I wish to take him. Return and receive your meal, for your dream is fulfilled. Come here again in a few days, and I will point out to you what is to be given to you. You shall see your gray hairs, your grandchildren and their children's abundance. All kinds of game shall approach you and your father's residence. You shall have power with herbs and roots. Around the shores of this lake you can go along with your spear and canoe. The next day, or every time I come, thundering, I will strike large fish and kill them for you to pick up along these shores. Nothing shall be hard to you, everything shall be easy to you." "All right," cried the youth, "I take this that

you offer me." "Then brother, hurry! steal away, for I will take this black monster."

Then the dreamer withdrew from the one that was to reward him. Scarcely had he gotten a short distance away, when he looked back for his new friend, but could not see him at all, yet all was clear. Suddenly he heard a sharp crash like thunder, and where he had seen the Horned Snake afloat he saw a huge rope-like shape hanging beneath a big bunch of clouds amidst fog-like steam. The clouds expanded, growing larger, and scattered as fast as lightning.

So the monster was killed and taken upward by this short, thickset man, who had been transformed from his usual shape so that the youthful dreamer should believe in thunderbird power. The young dreamer, being pure, got all that was promised him, and when he reached his fasting bed, his father was there awaiting him. The boy told the old man that he had left his place because he had become tired, and after he recovered and returned to his usual way of eating he related his experience to his parents.

50. A Thunder Happening.[1]

Once an Indian was traveling, hunting in the forest, when he came to a very high ledge of rock standing by the river. Far up on the rock in a place where human beings could scarcely go, he saw two or three men walking along in single file with spear poles over their shoulders. The men looked very short and thickset, and the Indian saw them make a half circle and then disappear down a crevice. He thought that he would wait and see if they would come out again, so he stood a while hoping to meet them, thinking that they might be camping nearby. After a while he became tired of waiting so he climbed up to see them. He crawled around the rock and found that one side was accessible, and, clambering up with very great difficulty, reached the spot where he had seen the men and there he found three spear poles leaned against the stone. They were wonderful looking and striped spirally like the sticks that boys use in playing the flying-stick game, excepting that the marks seemed to partake of the nature of lightning.

"Why, how can it be, these poles are here, yet I don't see anyone living," exclaimed the man. "Still I must find out." So he searched around until he found a crevice, and covering it was a mat such as is used to cover the door in a wigwam. He raised it and peeped in, and there he saw a group of persons seated. "Oh, there are living people here," he thought to him-

[1] Narrated by Louis Käkwûtc.

self. So he went in and saw them all sitting, looking very old. Their eyes were shut and then it came to him that they were thunderers. "Oh my I have come in by mistake," he cried in terror. Since no one disturbs the thunderers for nothing, he hurried and got out his plug of tobacco. Yet, at the same time, he thought in his heart that since he had seen them, perhaps they intended to favor him. "Here grandfather" he said, giving them the tobacco, "I came in not knowing it was you. Smoke!"

The thunderers cried, "Hé!" Our grandfathers were glad, for of course they had drawn him there. Their skaupéwis (servant) took the bit of plug and began to cut it into chips. The man saw to his astonishment that the plug did not diminish, yet the pile grew greater every second. While this was going on, a thunderer half-opened one eye and peeped at the pile, instantly "Phhhw" lightning darted forth spirally at the heap! At last the skaupéwis ceased cutting the tobacco, put the plug away and filled the pipes. When he was done, the thunderers thanked the man, saying, "We drew you in here to get your tobacco through our power and wish. You will return now with good luck and you shall have great power just because you saw us."

The Indian returned, and calling his friends together, gave them tobacco to smoke and told them of his adventure.

51. The Story of a Sacred Dream.

Old Conapau, when a young boy, fasted to see what the gods had in store for him. He lived with his parents on a side hill opposite Keshena Falls (Kakap'akato) and there he fasted for eight days, until he was very weak. On the eighth night, the sacred underneath monsters who live under the center of the Falls appeared to him and their chief spoke to him, "Look yonder and you will see your reward for fasting."

It seemed to the youth that he could see the whole earth lying clear before him and he bent his steps to the rock the monster indicated, walking over the ice. When he arrived, he found the sacred kettle which looked as bright as a coal of fire, but the appearance of the kettle has changed since then, for too many have looked at it. It is a bear kettle from the god beneath, which he feeds from when a sacrifice is made to the powers below.

On the ninth day of the fast, the god told Conapau, who was then very hungry, to go a short distance and there he would find what the gods had granted him. So he obeyed, and at the spot he found and killed a large bear and made sacrifice and then called his companion and ate its flesh. The sacred kettle was hidden at first, as it was too great and sacred to be shown about.

When the faster was asleep, he heard the chief of the powers below singing to him and he received instructions concerning his duties towards these powers. He had to fill his kettle to the brim with whisky to sacrifice to them. In the spring, when maple sugar was first made he had to fill it with sugar, for the underneath bears like sweets as much as those on earth. When these offerings were ready he would call his friends and give a feast in honor of his guardians and at the feast he would sing this song:—

"All of the chiefs (of the powers below)
Have given me to know."

Spring sacrifices were still made in the kettle by the descendants of the original owner.

52. The Legend of Spirit Rock.

There is on the Menomini Reservation, not far from Keshena, a boulder of crumbling granite which stands near the highway in the forest. No pagan Menomini ever passes it without depositing an offering of tobacco. For this various reasons are given, chief among them are the following.

When the Indians came to their present reservation from Lake Poygan after the treaty of 1852, one of their chiefs, Wéké, had a camp near this rock. He observed that whenever he passed the rock at night he heard strange noises as if it were haunted by some invisible spirit. Others began to notice and at length someone examining it closely, discovered that it was a spirit rock. It was active at night and begged passers-by for tobacco.

Another version has it that long ago a man was disgusted with human life and longed for some sort of an existence in which he could live forever and at the same time avoid the cares and troubles of our lives. Though he had been a great hunter, times were now hard for him. At length he learned that he might be preserved forever if he became a rock, and so he did.

The most generally accepted version is far more elaborate and is as follows:— Many years ago ten middle-aged men had a vision in which a voice told them that should they travel in the west until they reached the place where the sun sets the desires of their hearts would be granted them. "Go to the west where Naxpatäo, the brother of Mä'näbus dwells, he will grant you your desires." So they set out, and though they traveled night and day, scarcely ever stopping for food and rest, it took them ten years to reach their destination. At length, they arrived at the sunset country, and there they found a long lodge, such as is used for the ceremonies of the mitäwin. In this lodge dwelt Naxpatäo. When he saw the travelers, he called to them and asked them who they were and where they came from. They answered him, "We are people, and we have come from the country

of the Menomini." "What do you want here?" "A certain mysterious person told us to come here, maybe you are he, we heard that if we journeyed here our wishes would be granted to us." "Oh yes," said Naxpatäo, "I am he, I sent for you, you must be tired, now sit down and smoke." So they did as they were bidden. "When they had smoked and rested, Naxpatäo said to the first man "What do you want?" "I desire powerful medicine powers to enable me to kill game whenever I wish." "Let it be so," said Naxpatäo, "And you," turning to the next man. "I want to be a powerful doctor, so that I may be able to prolong the lives of the sick people that come to me, that they may reward me generously." "It shall be as you desire," said Naxpatäo. The third man desired to be a prophet. "Very well," said Naxpatäo. Others wished for power in war, or long life, and Naxpatäo cried, "Yes, yes," or "You shall have it," until he came to the tenth man.

"I desire to live forever, as long as the world shall stand." "Very well," said Naxpatäo, "It shall be as you say. Go and sit over there, you shall be a rock, and last as long as the world shall stand, that is the only way I know of granting your wish."

Then the other nine men took their leave of Naxpatäo and went to their homes, leaving the presumptuous tenth man where he sat. And Naxpatäo made the way very short for the men who had come so far and suffered so much in obeying his command, for them to visit him. They returned home in a single day, and their wishes came even as he had promised. The tenth man still exists as the spirit rock. He was the first rock and all others are descended from him. He takes his pleasure in smoking, so that every Indian to please him, leaves some tobacco there, asking a blessing of the silent one at the same time. If they should neglect to do this he would make a noise and disturb the passers-by. In time the tobacco wastes away. "He has smoked it," they say, but a person longing for a smoke and having no tobacco may take some from the rock, saying, "I smoke this for the memory of the spirit rock." He will be satisfied and will not consider himself robbed, for he cannot really smoke it himself except in spirit.

53. A Man who visited the Nest of an Animal like the Thunderbirds.

Once upon a time an Indian was out hunting when he heard a great roaring or rushing sound in the air above him. He looked up and all around but could see nothing. At last he gave up trying to see the maker of the disturbance, but no sooner had he turned his back, than something dropped

out of the sky and seized him. It was a monstrous bird, and it began to soar away with him in its talons. Frightened terribly, he pretended to be dead for fear the bird would drop him. As they rose in the air the earth began to recede from his sight until it took upon itself the size and appearance of a little green apple.

At last, the bird lit upon a great rock that seemed to be floating way up in the sky among the clouds. It laid him down and stood there eyeing him for a long time. The terrified hunter peeped out from between his lashes, but did not dare open his eyes, until the bird flew away. He lay quietly until he was sure that the bird would not return, when at last he jumped to his feet. In spite of his fright he had never let go of his hunting spear, and he grasped this firmly, prepared to fight the bird when it should reappear. As he began to reconnoiter his prison on the floating rock, he came across a great nest, in which he found two young birds of great size, almost old enough to fly. As soon as the fledglings saw him they began to attempt to come toward him, opening their mouths and gaping. It was evident that they had never before seen a living animal, and they expected to eat him. The captured hunter scanned the horizon carefully and seeing no signs of the parent birds, said to himself, "well, now I find myself alive. I expect to die anyway, but I might as well kill these little monsters." So he destroyed them with his spear. In their nest he found the bones of many dead animals. Then he looked about him, but could see no traces of the earth, all that was visible was sky, everywhere. He looked again at the bones in the nest, some of them he recognized as being those of the great horned snakes. Now, he began to fear the return of the old bird, and he desired to get back home. "Perhaps if I skin one of these little ones, I can manage to fly back," he thought. So he skinned out the body of one of the nestlings leaving its head and wings. Then he took his short spear and stuck it in across the back of the skin so that its ends spread out the wings on both sides. Then he got into the skin and gripping the stick firmly he leaped off the rock, "If I've got to die anyway, I might as well get as near the earth as possible." At first he whirled swiftly downward, but at length the outstretched wings caught the air like a parachute and he began to drift downward more gently. Now, he was afraid he might alight in the water and be drowned, and he wished and prayed with all his heart that he might land on the earth. He began to stir about and found he went faster and faster. At last, the earth came in sight and he finally managed to land safely, and at a spot he knew to be near his old hunting grounds.

He at once prayed his thanks to the overhead beings, and offered them tobacco, then he started for home, carrying his birdskin as a trophy. He hurried as fast as possible so that the old bird would not come after him.

When he got home at last he learned that his journey had taken several days, and the old people to whom he related his adventures, declared the creature must have been something like a thunderbird.

54. A Horned Snake kidnaps a Girl.

Many years ago, a young girl was about to undergo her maiden fast. Her parents desiring to put her in some isolated spot where she would not be disturbed chose a rocky island in what is now Keshena Lake. Placing her on this island they left her to her own devices for several days. At the end of this time they returned bearing with them a kettle of food for her to eat in case she had been granted a dream by the supernatural powers. When they arrived they found that she had gone and although they searched all over the island they could not discover any trace of her. Thinking that she could not be far away, they left the kettle of food for her to find on her return and departed. However, when they returned, several days later, the girl was still missing, nor could they find any sign of her.

Frightened lest something had befallen their daughter the old people sought out an old mitäo who lived nearby. Bringing him tobacco they said, "We desire to know what has become of our daughter whom we left to fast on an island in the lake. We desire you to take this tobacco and consult your supernatural allies for us."

The mitäo accepted the tobacco and smoked it. That night he discovered in a vision where the young girl was. On the following day when the bereaved parents called upon him he said, "The whereabouts of your daughter were vouchsafed to me in a dream. You had no business to leave her on that island in a lonely lake. It was the home of a misi-kinu'bik, as you may have guessed, and he has fallen in love with the girl and has taken her to his den beneath the waters. "Is there any way in which we can recover her or at least see her again?" said the old people. "Well," said the mitäo, "if you can collect large quantities of presents and tobacco, I will try to intercede for you with Kinä, who has been given power over all the monsters who dwell on the earth and under the land and water by his brother Mä'näbus."

The old people went away and returned presently with great presents which they gave to the mitäo to give to Kinä in order to obtain his aid in finding the girl. That night the mitäo summoned Kinä to him in the course of a vision and laid the matter before him. Kinä, pleased with the presents, and touched by the story of the old people, agreed to search for the lost girl. He took his canoe and traveled in it all over the world, through his

sacred power, and visited all the mountains and hills, lakes, swamps, rocks, caves, and the bays and deep holes in the great lakes wherever monsters or totem animals dwelt. He inquired everywhere of these godlike animals whether they had seen the lost girl, but all his inquiries were in vain. At last he came to Beaver's lodge. "Ah!" said Beaver, "I know the one you mean, she was stolen when she was fasting for a dream and is now in the possession of the Misikinu'bik who has fallen in love with her. He keeps her in his den with his tail wrapped around her waist so that she cannot escape, and intends her to be his wife. She still has the form of a human being, but in time she will become a horrible snake like himself." "Is there no way," said Kinä, "that her parents may recover her?" "I do not think so," said Beaver, "because Misikinu'bik is so much in love with her that he has sworn that he will never part with her."

Kinä then sent tobacco to all the godlike animals, inviting them to a council and when they had arrived he attended the council in person. Misikinu'bik was there, and Kinä and the other animals tried to persuade him to give up the girl, telling him that it was not fair to have stolen her when she had trusted herself to the great powers, and had fasted in sorrow in order to secure their aid. But Misikinu'bik firmly refused to part with the girl. He sent a message to her parents, however, through Kinä, that if they would appear on the shore of Keshena Lake at autumn season, some quiet and sunshiny day, when there was no wind blowing and no trace of clouds, behind which thunderbirds could hide, in the sky, he would permit them to see the girl once more.

Kinä returned and carried his message to the old mitäo, who informed the parents. The parents immediately repaired to the shores of Keshena Lake and camped there. Day after day went by, and still they saw no trace of their daughter. At length one day, when the weather was very bright and sunshiny, and there was no wind, they saw her seated on a rock on the island, combing her hair, just as they had left her. "Is that really you, daughter?" they cried. "Yes," she replied, "it is I." "Can we come to you or save you?" "No, my parents," she said, "it is impossible. In the first place, Misikinu'bik has his tail firmly around my waist and should you approach me he would pull me down to his lodge underneath. In the second place, should you attempt to paddle your canoe over here, he would cause such a storm to spring up that you would surely be drowned. Do not weep for me, for I am happy. I shall live forever. My lover has promised that if you will give up the attempt to get me back and will be contented you shall have a long and prosperous life. He desires you to camp on the shore of the lake that I may see you from my island, whenever the weather is fine. If you obey his words you shall never want for food. Deer and wild

fowl shall always be in abundance around your door even when others starve; you have but to go out and game will come to you, so that there will always be food in your lodge."

The old people acceded to the request of the great snake and everything fell about as he said. For many years the great snake continued to live in the lake, until the establishment of a Roman Catholic Mission on its shore. The presence of the church and the christian settlement annoyed the snake so much that on the occasion of a severe storm he crawled out of Keshena Lake and down into Wolf River. The gully left by the passage of his body is still pointed out by the Indians. Up to the time of the snake's departure his human wife was often seen on the island on pleasant days, but now, she too, has vanished forever.

55. A Horned Snake Steals a Baby.

Once upon a time a misikinubik stole a baby. The Indians trailed him to his lair under a rock. When they arrived at the lake a loon which was swimming about dove down and warned the snake. The Indians attempted to drain the lake to get at the snake, but every time they nearly reached their quarry, it discharged great quantities of water, over which it had control, and nearly drowned its pursuers. At length, when it had exhausted all its water and the Indians had almost reached its den, a great dog, which it kept, rushed out upon them, but the Indians finally succeeded in slaying it with their arrows. The snake now saw that it would not long be able to prevent the Indians from entering its lair, so it killed the baby by inserting the hard end of its tail in the opening at the top of the child's skull where the sutures had not yet joined. The snake then burst forth and was promptly attacked by the Indians, but their weapons had no effect upon it and it escaped leaving behind the corpse of his victim. The snake never returned to the den from which it was evicted.

56. A Horned Snake Story.

Once three women, who were pure, were paddling across the lake, when a huge tail was stuck up out of the water and wrapped around their boat. Two of them cried out, "Ya oke! Oh, our sister." But the third struck it with a sacred ax, given her in her dream, and cut off the tip of the tail, which fell in the boat. As she raised the ax she had cried out:—

"Onamakiû wistia niuges sauwanimik!"
"Underneath blacksmith he gave me this power!"

The monster was ashamed because he had lost his tail and sought shelter with others in the den under the water. The others, who knew the cause of his disgrace, were vexed, and rebuked him for trying to drown the women without reason. They drove him forth and he wandered and traveled all over the world looking for shelter, which was always refused him, until a very evil one took him in, but he promised all the gods never to do it again.

The woman had his black tail tip to prove this story. She showed it, and threw it away in a hollow. Some wicked women learned of it and stole the scales to use for witchcraft. Later water gathered and bulrushes grew in the hollow. The tail lived there and did not die.

57. The Enchanted Bow and Arrows.

This is another happening from the time of our ancestors that an old Indian experienced. He received sacred rights from the powers after he had fasted many days without anything to eat or drink, often going for ten days at a time with only a few buckshot in his mouth to keep moisture there.

During his sleep the powers came over him in a shade and gave him a bow and arrows to help him in war. Whenever he shot at anything it would catch fire, just as a green live tree is set on fire and burned up like dry leaves when struck by a thunderbird. This Indian out of curiosity shot at a small island in midwater. Trees and vegetation grew over it but when he shot at a large tree with his arrow he broke it in two and set fire to the whole island, and nothing was left but the earth.

58. Kakapakato or Barricaded River.[1]

This is a true story of all the powers above and beneath, particularly the bears and in connection with them those bears also that dwell on the surface.

Once very long ago, two Menomini brothers, when they came to the age of reason commenced to fast together, while their parents instructed and watched over them. These young boys observed what was taught them and suffered for many days, until the king of all the bears admired the color of the black charcoal on their faces and gave them very high powers, making them half human and half bear in their nature.

In after years the boys grew up to be men and used their power. Now all bears have their dens to sleep in over night, and their night is all winter

[1] This name is applied to Wolf River, Wisconsin, at Keshena Falls on the Menomini Reserve.

long. These boys could also see their brother bears when they were in their dens, and it seemed to them, that the bears were like a dim light burning in the midst.

During years when the berry or acorn crop was heavy, the chief of the bears below allowed his people to have a feast before their night rest. One time when this happened, the chief himself retired and his den forked away from the entrance into two chambers, and his people slept in one chamber and he in the other. Nearby there was a village of Indians living and with them these two brothers. The youths decided to go out bear hunting and they soon found this den. The dreamers told their friends to get ready and surround the lair while they went in and drove out the bears which the hunters shot. The chief of the bears found out what had happened and had his subjects block up the entrance of his den with a great stone and neither the dreamers or the other bears could get out. The two hunters thought they had to die there, but they lay down and went to sleep and when they awoke they found that it was spring and the bears had moved the rocks and gone out. So they hurried home and after some trouble they found their friends and relatives again.

* * *

The great powers below have chosen that mankind when fasting should only use charcoal made from a little tree or sapling of basswood four or five inches thick, a stick three or four feet long to be burned slowly, to make the pigment.

59. How a Man Secured a Strong Medicine.

Once upon a time a man in search of medicine dove into Lake Michigan and swam and swam and swam until he reached the bottom. There he found a dry path which he began to follow. As he journeyed along he came to what was apparently an immense pine log lying across the path. He stepped over it and continued until he came to another which he likewise crossed. A third and fourth log obstructed his way, but in each case he scaled them successfully, although he did not know at the time that they were great horned snakes who were guardians of the medicines which he sought. It had very rarely happened that anyone had even succeeded in getting by even one or two of these snakes, but so great was the power granted to this man by the supernatural beings in recognition of his fasting that he passed all four without difficulty. At length he came to a mat-covered wigwam which was guarded by a company of hell divers. Entering the wigwam, he saw a bear lying face down on one side and on the oppo-

site side he saw a beaver also lying on his stomach. The man at once realized that these animals possessed the powers that he sought, that he must choose between the two which to take first. Going to the bear he turned him over on his back and found on the ground beneath where the bear's heart had been a patch of red earth. He carefully gathered up a quantity of this and replaced the bear exactly where he had found it. Turning to the beaver he rolled it over and finding red earth under the same circumstances as he had found it under the bear, he took some of it also and replaced the beaver. He then started to go out of the wigwam, but looking up through the smoke hole he saw an Indian paddling across the lake far above him. He then realized that when he had gone down under the water he had followed a path from Lake Michigan into the ground and that the wigwam was nothing more or less than a high hill which stood near the shore of Lake Michigan and the lake which crowned the summit of the hill was the smoke hole through which he was looking. The man returned by the same way which he had come and went back to the people. He learned that by mixing together the two medicines which he had gathered, they made a powerful love potion.

60. The Origin of a Medicine.

Once when a youth was fasting, there came to him another man dressed in clothing of a green color. The stranger said to him, "I have come to you to be your friend," but even as he spoke, he was looking behind him as though there was someone following him. The moment he had finished his words, he turned around and went back again. Almost immediately there appeared another stranger dressed in white, who said, "That one in green has no pity on you, but I am going to tell you something. I shall chase this green fellow as long as the world shall stand. Now then, look at me as I start away from you and you shall see what kind I am."

With this the stranger turned and went off in pursuit of the green man and immediately the dreamer saw a weed standing and that weed was saposakûn or physic herb. Then the dreamer knew that the white man had spoken the truth and had entered his body to cleanse his system for the green man was disease and he had entered first. The dreamer said to himself, "Ososiu, the killing bile, shall not overcome me, for now I have the aid of my good friend physic, to banish the green man out of my system."

61. How the Menomini learned the Use of Liquor.

Very long ago, in the early days, the Menomini Indians, saw the white people drinking and making intoxicating liquors. The Indians seeing the white men in delirium because of the liquor thought it great and surmised it caused a good feeling during the time of its effects. The young people wanted to know so much that temptation lured them on to try this beverage, at the same time they were afraid of being poisoned if they drank any. The young men, anxious to experiment said, "Let us first try it on our old grandfathers; let them drink first, and if it poisons them there will not be much loss for the old fellows have reached the limit of their lives. If the fire water works well on them and they do not die from it, then we will use some of it ourselves."

Then the young men managed to get some fire water from the white men and they took it to their very old grandfathers for them to drink. The old fellows drank and were overcome by a strange feeling. They talked on and on and could not stop and tears flowed from the eyes of some of them. Soon all of them were paralyzed drunk, motionless, and only breathing. The young men's eyes opened to see their old people die from the poison and they said, "Alas, they are dead," and were frightened. However, to the young men's surprise, after some hours the old fellows revived. They said, "How is it? How did you feel when you were dead?" "Oh no," said the old men in laughter, "It is very nice and good. There are funny feelings and a merry go of the brain and you can know more than you ever knew." The young men thought it to be so and commenced to use liquor and have continued up to now, knowing the consequence, but they do not believe it, till the end comes. Liquor acts as a go-between between mankind and all powers of good and bad, above and below. After finding this out the Indians cannot do without it. The closer a shaman is to the powers, the more he needs liquor to get them to guide and tell him what he cannot know in his soberness. This is the way of all the Indian medicine doctors of different sorts and descriptions, as the powers accept this method of coming to them.

In later days, in about the fifties, at Lake Poygan, the Menomini kept drinking for days at a time. The following is a song they sang when sick from excess and almost frozen to death, as they were clad only in their breech cloths and leggings.

"I am going to have a drink of wine." Then gritting and snapping of the teeth on account of the cold, then the words, "Bow, wow, wow."

"So manapo nacot tamanam bow wow bow bow
Somanaahahpo nacot tamanamnamnam."
"Wine I want to drink drink drink drink."
"Kis pinnanah manoyanana."
"If when I commence to drink, I want to drink."

People can easily learn the sacred medicine songs when medicinemen are drunk, for they will sing their secret songs to keep in harmony with their evil doings.

62. Miscellaneous Tales.

THE FIRST INDIANS.

The first Indians were naked and had no implements when they were created from animals. They began to learn to make tools at an early day. They used stone axes to break wood. Grooves were pecked in the axes with pointed stones that they picked up. Cedar was used for firedrills, pounded cedarbark for tinder, and punk also was used. Fire was always kept while traveling, a spark was held in a cedarbark rope. Stone kettles were made by pecking at them until a small shallow hollow was made. Then this was rubbed. In making pottery the clay was wet and shaped by hand and the vessels were not fired. Mä'näbus really was the first to know all these things, for the gods showed him and he taught the people. Stone arrow points were made from flint by percussion and white stone (quartz) or flint was preferred. They gathered it from quarries on the Wisconsin River. They also used the same stone for hammers. According to Peter Fish, Piutum used to make good stone arrows, but he used white man's tools. He did good work and shaped them nicely. Piutum made copper arrows but by means of a file. Stone arrows were most effective on flesh, but bone stopped them. Our Indians are now weak and have not strength to pull a bow, but formerly they could pull thick bows way back, and the shot had the strength of a gun. There was once a contest between Wä'nos and my informant's father who had an argument as to who could shoot farthest. This was a game. Kagotukih Wä'nos shot farthest because he had most strength and bent his bow nearly double. Nä'mas (Fish) was Peter's father's name.

BEAVER WIFE.

The story of a man who had a Beaver wife, and who forgot to make the usual bridge over water, and so lost her, is told by the Menomini in combination with the story of the jealous Bear and Beaver woman wives.

MOURNING CUSTOMS.

The biggest person in the family naturally has the most strength and power, although he must die when his time comes, as surely as a puny, small person. Though a man is supposed not to touch a horse or any other animal while he is in mourning, yet, if he must do so, he fends his hands with dead sticks, to insulate himself against causing disaster. If he did not, whatever he handled would be stunned and disabled. He must do the same thing with his gun or bow, otherwise it would burst or break when he shot it off.

SUPERSTITION CONCERNING THE PINE FUNGUS.

The pine fungus grows a new ring once a year. It doesn't do this gradually, but all at once. It happens late in February and at this time it whoops like a person, "Hohohoho!" Indians have often heard it and been astonished, wondering where the noise came from. This fungus is a great and well-known medicine.

A CONUNDRUM.

The following conundrum is the only one that I have ever heard among the Menomini:—

"When he comes, he does not come. When he does not come, he comes." The answer is the crow and the corn. When the crow comes, he pulls up the tender growing shoots, so that there is no crop; when the crow fails to come, the corn has an opportunity to grow.

IV. STORIES SHOWING EUROPEAN INFLUENCE.

1. Aiini.

Aiini lived in the wilderness, and set out to find some Indians. These Indians knew he was coming and tried their best to prevent it by their magic. Aiini learned of this, but he paid no attention, and set off with his bow and arrows. As he journeyed along, he shot some partridges and plucked out their tail and wing feathers and carried the feathers with him. When he approached a house where he knew that he was not wanted, he got his feathers ready, and when the dogs came out to bark at him, he threw the feathers which became partridges, and the dogs pursued them, while he slipped off behind the lodge. The inhabitants of the house heard the noise and sprang up crying, "Maybe Aiini is coming," but just then the birds flew up. "Oh, the dogs are after some partridges," they cried, "Let us go and shoot them, they are sitting on the trees."

So Aiini escaped while they were hunting the birds, and continued on his journey. After a time he came upon two mice sitting at the door of their den, but Aiini knew that these were really two old women who had knives in their elbows, ready to kill any stranger who passed by. Aiini knew the old hags were on the watch, so he took his bow and poked at the door of their lodge. There were little bells hanging to it and they rang when he shook them. The old women thought it was Aiini himself going in, so they stabbed at the noise with their elbows, and struck each other. One of them cried out in a loud voice "Oh, you have killed me!" and the other shouted the same words, so they both died from their wounds.

Aiini then proceeded, and as he traveled he came to the shore of the ocean which he followed. After a while he came to a wigwam and went in. He saw an old man lying there, and on the opposite side of the lodge a woman was sitting. Aiini took his place beside her. The woman asked him where he was going and he replied that he had come from his home in the forest and was traveling to see the world. Then Aiini asked if he might stay in the lodge for a while. "Why I think it would not be safe for you," she replied, "my father is a very bad fellow, he would soon kill you." "Pshaw!" said Aiini, "I can take care of myself."

While they were talking the old man rose and sat up on the ground near the fire and looked around and saw Aiini. The woman then prepared supper and all three ate together. Aiini decided to remain there in spite of the

woman's warning, and after a few days, when the old man found out that his unwelcome guest was lingering, he said to his daughter, "Ask Aiini if he will go with me to a certain island to gather seagull eggs." "Oh, yes, I'll go with him," responded Aiini to the woman's question, so they started out together. "We'll have to drag my canoe some distance," said the old man, "it's way up on the dry land." "Oh, it won't take long," said Aiini, "to get it to the water." So they went after the boat and brought it to the ocean. The old man told Aiini to sit in one end, while he sat in the other, and they started. "*Nitos majia!*" (my boat go!) said the old fellow, and the canoe started off by itself. Whenever it slowed down he repeated these words, and it was not long before they reached the island where there were numerous sea gulls.

There was a fine sandbar there, so the old man told Aiini to follow the shore while he took the opposite direction, and they would meet on the other side of the island. So off they set. The old man hung back and watched Aiini, and as soon as he was out of sight he got into his canoe and cried "*Nitos majia!*" Just then Aiini became suspicious and sauntered back in time to see the old man marooning him. He whooped as loudly as he could and called, "What are you leaving me for?" But the old chap paid no attention, he only called to the sea gulls, "You used to ask me to give you an Indian to eat!"

So the gulls gathered around Aiini and were about to devour him when he addressed them, "Why do you wish to eat me? I thought you granted your power to me? You promised to help me when I was in trouble." So he talked to them until they recognized him and cried, "Oh, this is Aiini to whom we granted our power." "Take me across this ocean!" cried Aiini. "How can we do it? You're too big!" they asked. "I can make myself small," vowed Aiini. Then one of the largest of the gulls made reply. "All right, if you can make yourself small, we will carry you."

So Aiini made himself small, and he got on the largest sea gull and started to fly back, while several other gulls accompanied the large gull in case it tired out. When they were half way over they could see the old man in his canoe below them. "Void your excrement upon him!" ordered Aiini, and the gulls did so, hitting him on his breast as he lay in his boat. "So that's the way they treat me after I have given them something to eat," he cried disgusted.

The gulls carried Aiini safely to the shore, and he went back to the lodge. When he arrived the woman asked him what had happened to the old man, and Aiini replied that he was on his way. When the old man returned and found Aiini there before him he was ashamed.

After a few days he asked his daughter again if the lad would go out to

the island with him, and she said to the young man, who was now her husband, "The old man wants to go and catch some young crows on another island. They're big enough for us to eat, will you go with him?" "Oh n'hau, yes, I'll go," cried Aiini. So they started out. They got into the enchanted canoe, and the old man cried "*Nitos majia!* My canoe go!" and off they went. At last they arrived at the island. "You go around the shore that way, my son-in-law," said the old man, and I'll go in the opposite direction." Aiini thought he would serve the old man in the same way that he had been treated, so he hung back, and when the old man was gone he ran to the canoe and cried "*Nitos majia!* My canoe go!" and off he went. The old man heard and rushed back wailing, "Nitcimaun, pon! pon! pon!—my canoe! wait! wait! wait!" the canoe stopped dead. "*Nitos majia,*" cried Aiini and started off again.

So he managed to keep on going, a little at a time until at last he got out of sight, despite the old man. Then Aiini called to the crows, "Here! come and eat this old Indian that I've brought you!" At last Aiini got home and dragged the canoe high on the shore. His wife asked him: "Where is my father?" "I guess he must have started before I did," replied Aiini. When, however, the old man failed to return, Aiini said to his wife. "Let's move away." So they withdrew to a nook in the forests.

In the course of time, they acquired cattle and a little farm. Aiini was a skilful card player. One day he said to his wife; "I'm going out for a walk, just for pleasure. You stay at home and keep house." "N'hau!" said she, so Aiini went away. As he walked along he met a man. "Where are you going?" asked the stranger. "Oh, just taking a walk," replied Aiini. They stood talking a while, and at last they fell to gambling. They made many bets, all of which were won by Aiini, until at last the stranger, having lost all his goods, bet his pouch. "What is your pocketbook good for?" asked Aiini. The other fellow shook it four times by way of answer, and it was full of money. "If I hit it five times there would never be anything in it," he explained. So Aiini accepted the bet, the stranger hit the purse five times and lost it. Aiini won it, and they parted.

Soon Aiini met another stranger. "Where are you going?" he inquired of Aiini. "Oh, I am traveling around the country gambling," answered the hero. So they sat down and gambled, and Aiini won everything the stranger had, except some object wrapped up in a table cloth, and this he offered to bet. Aiini wanted to know what it was, and the man told him that it was a table cloth. Aiini asked to see it, and the stranger undid it for him to look at. "Whatever you want to eat will always appear on this table cloth!" he said. "Let's eat then," suggested Aiini. "N'hau," cried the stranger, and they desired food to appear on the cloth; it did so and they feasted.

When they had eaten the stranger offered to bet it, and Aiini won it too. They parted, and Aiini carried the cloth with him. Whenever he was hungry he took out his cloth, spread it, and had whatever he desired for dinner. As he traveled along he met a man carrying a fiddle. He told the newcomer that he was traveling around card playing, and they sat down to gamble. The stranger lost all his money to Aiini and finally offered to bet his fiddle. Aiini asked him what it was. "I'll show you," said the stranger, commencing to play, "if there are many people here they'll have to dance, and they can't stop until I quit playing."

Aiini accepted the bet and won the violin also, and then he set off on his travels again. At last he came to a great body of water. He walked along the shore, and as he trudged on he saw a man playing on the surface of the water. After he had watched for some time he appeared in full view. As soon as the man saw Aiini, he came ashore. "Where are you going?" "I'm just taking a walk for pleasure." "What are you doing there?" "Oh, I was just having a little fun by myself." "Oh, can you play cards?" "Oh yes, I can, let's play?" So they did. They bet for money, Aiini won. "I'll bet you my magic moccasins." "What are they good for?" "You saw what they can do, the one who wears them can play right on the surface of the water." Aiini won the moccasins too.

Aiini set off again along the shore. As he traveled along, all at once he came to a lodge. He peeped in, and there sat an old lady "*Ni'ma, noko.* Well, grandmother, is this where you keep yourself?" "Eh, yes," said the old lady. "I want to ask you a question. Is there anyone around here who can play cards?" "Yes, I don't know anyone nearby, but a long ways off. She walked out and looked over the lake. "I'll tell you where the good player is," she pointed over across the water. "It's impossible for you to get over there and play him." "Oh, I can get here, if I only know the right direction."

The old lady pointed out the proper place very accurately. Aiini put on his magic moccasins and started over. The old lady told him that the man lived in a little village. He finally arrived and went right to the center of the village. Several men were standing loafing and saw him approach over the water. "Oh, there comes someone who is somebody, guess we'd better notify our chief." So one man ran to tell him all about Aiini. The chief came out and looked too. "Don't say anything," ordered the chief and went back to his lodge. Aiini landed and took off his shoes. He walked up to the bystanders who greeted him, asking, "Who are you, what do you want?" "I'm just going around for pleasure."

They kept on inquiring and at last he told them that he was searching for a good card player and said he had been directed there to find one.

"Why yes, there is one here." They pointed out his very lodge. One of them went to fetch him. The gambler sent for Aiini, and Aiini went to him. "What do you want here?" "I want to find some one who can really play cards." They commenced to play and Aiini lost all his money but did not bet his things. He stopped playing that time. Whenever this gambler won from anyone he had him thrown into prison. Aiini was taken there at once. There were a lot of men and women already confined there. Aiini was never hungry for he had his sacred tablecloth. He would invite all his fellow prisoners to eat with him.

A couple of days later, he said to the others, "We are so lonesome in here, let's have some fun!" "What can we do?" "I'll show you!" He took out his violin, and tuned it up. When he began to play all the captives began to dance. Nobody could help it, the music was so lively. Of course, he would let them rest from time to time. Some people outside could hear the fiddling. They gathered in a crowd to watch the fun. The chief got various messengers to go in and try to stop Aiini, but when they got in the prison each had to dance. At last he sent a couple of his daughters, they commenced to dance too. Then he sent his wife to stop it; she went, and danced too.

When the gambler chief heard this he got angry and ran in. The minute he got through the door he had to dance too. He shouted to Aiini to stop fiddling. "No I won't stop." He was bound to make them all keep on dancing, "The only thing I will quit for, will be all the money you have."

The chief made no reply, but kept on dancing. Every little while he would tell Aiini to stop, "Not unless I get all your money," was his reply.

The daughters became so played out they begged their father to have mercy upon them. At last the gambler became so exhausted that he agreed with Aiini's terms. So he stopped. The dancers were puffing like roosters that had been fighting. Aiini put up the fiddle and went for the money which the gambler gave up to him. But Aiini gave a little back, saying, "You needn't starve entirely, keep this to live on." He put on his shoes and went back where he came from. When he got home he found the same old woman that had directed him. "Oh, Grandma, I found that gambler," he said.

Then he went home to his wife carrying all his spoils. He told her all about his good time. "I did not have much bad luck, except at first," said he. Some time afterwards he set out on his travels again. This time he set out in a different direction. He soon met a man who wore a red cap. "Where are you going?" said the stranger to Aiini. "Oh, I am going around trying to play cards." "Why so am I." They then started in to play. Aiini won. "You've got all my money, now I'll bet my life for one year; I'll work for you during that time."

They played, Aiini won. Aiini took him home and set him to work. At the end of a year he went to Aiini. He was angry because he had had to work a year for nothing. "We'll play cards again," he said. He bet himself again for one year and was beaten again. He had to work again. At the end of the year they played again for the same stakes. This time Aiini lost and he had to work for his slave for a year and asked permission to tell his wife what to do during his absence. The man with the red cap went home after telling Aiini to come next day and work. Aiini did so as soon as possible. The man with the red cap did not tell Aiini where to go, when he told him to come and Aiini did not know where to go. He went as far as he saw the man go. As he followed he came to a great lake. Near the beach was a bark lodge. He went over and looked in. There sat an old woman. "Maa, Noko! I have something to ask you. Do you know where the man with a red cap lives?" The old lady stepped outside and looking over the water she pointed to a spot on the other side, "That's where he lives," said she. Aiini told the old dame how the man had worked for him two years and now he must work one in return since he was beaten. "You can never get over there," said the old lady, "I'll tell you what we can do, I've got a little canoe, I'll ferry you over to an island, I'll come back and you can stay there. Tomorrow morning four girls, daughters of red cap will come there and swim and you can see them." They got in the canoe, "*Nitos majia!* My canoe go!" said she, and off they went and soon reached the island.

"The four girls are coming tomorrow morning. You hide on the beach, cover yourself with sand. There are three of them who are dark and one who is light. In this way they are like doves. Watch the white one, but be careful not to let them see you, if they do they won't land. Also watch closely where they put their clothes."

Aiini did as he was told, and as soon as the girls were in swimming, they were way out on a shallow sandbar. Aiini ran out and stole the white girl's clothes. When they were done, the white dove could not find her clothes. "Where are my clothes, I put them there," she cried, but she could not find them and so she had to stay naked. When the others had dressed they flew away leaving their unfortunate sister behind weeping. When Aiini saw the girl was alone he came out. She asked, "Did you take my clothes?" "No, I don't know anything about them." The girl cried so much that Aiini said, "If I get your clothes will you take me over to the man with the red cap?" "Oh yes, that's my father." He gave her the clothes and she dressed up and became a dove. "Make yourself as small as you can so I can carry you." He did so, asking, "Am I small enough?" "Yes, get on my back." She flew home with him and took him to a place just a

little way from her father's house. When she lit she advised Aiini, "My father will ask you to clean up the house, I will bring you your meals, and I'll help you all I can because you gave me back my clothes." So he went to Red Cap's house to see him. The girl's lived in a different house by themselves. Aiini reported, and his master said, "Well, you got here?" "Yes, but I hardly succeeded, as you didn't show me the way." "I've often heard that you were powerful, so I thought you would know what to do."

He showed Aiini a place to sweep and told him what he desired him to do next day. He handed him a shovel, "There's a barn near here with a lot of cattle, it has not been cleaned for fifteen years, but you are to clean it." Red Hat took Aiini over to the barn and when they got there, the manure was about four feet deep. Aiini took off his coat and got to work. By noon he had only a little bit done. White Dove brought him his dinner. "How much have you accomplished?" He showed her.

Aiini ate his dinner with the girl sitting beside him. All at once the girl asked him if she couldn't louse him. She put his head on her knees and began to look for her game. He soon fell asleep and slept for quite a while and when she woke him up he was astonished. He began to think about his work. They both went to the barn, but when they got there it was perfectly clean. "Well, that's as much as I can do for you," she said. Aiini was grateful to the white dove. And she said to him, "That is your reward for finding my clothes, I'll always help you. My father will set you to another task tomorrow. I am going to leave you now and will not come home until evening."

That night they went to bed. The next day Aiini was told to dig a well, Red Cap showed him where to begin and gave him a shovel. Aiini commenced to dig, but he did not have very much done at noon when White Dove brought him his dinner. After they had eaten, White Dove said, "How much have you done?" "Oh, not much." "Sit down and let me louse you." Aiini did so and soon fell asleep. When he awoke he remembered his work. "Go and look at it," said the girl. The well was already dug. She told him to stay till evening and went home, he came in at dark and told Red Cap the well was done. Red Cap was pleased and they went to bed.

The next day he was taken by Red Cap, who gave him an ax, and he was led to a great farm of 100 acres and was told to clear it and fence it. It took him all morning to chop down one tree and cut it up. The girl brought his dinner as usual and after it he told her how much he had cleared she loused him and he soon went to sleep until she woke him and told him to attend to his work. When he looked around the farm was cleared and

a fence made. She told him to stay there till evening. In the evening Aiini went home, when he got there the boss asked him how much he did that day. "Oh, I'm through," replied Aiini.

They went and looked at the farm. Red Cap was surprised and then they retired. Next day the man told Aiini to catch a horse for Red Cap and gave him a halter, which Red Cap pointed out. Aiini could not catch him. He ran like a deer and Aiini grew discouraged. At noon the girl came with his dinner. "How are you succeeding?" she asked. "I can never catch him," he replied. She loused him to sleep, and when he awoke he went to catch the horse but found him caught and tied ready for him.

The girl advised, "You are through now, otherwise you would have had to work one year. It's all on my account that your time has been shortened. My father will give you one more task tomorrow. He is going to take you to his trunk and open it. He'll take out and offer you four knives; be sure to choose the white handled one, that means me. The other three are my sisters." So he did. The Red Cap took him to the trunk and offered him his choice of the four knives. He chose the white-handled one. The girl had promised Aiini to take him home, so she did, across the ocean.

"I guess you can get home from here," she said.

2. Fox and Wolf.

Very long ago there were two men living together and making maple sugar. They made one mokok (bark box) of sugar and then they cached it, burying it, and said to each other, "We will let it remain here until we are very hungry."

The youngest man was a Fox, and he was a good hunter. Every time he went out he brought home chickens or small wild game. The other man was a greedy Wolf and he never killed anything or brought anything home, so Fox thought he would play a trick on his chum for being lazy. "You ought to go over to that house," said Fox to Wolf. "Maybe they will give you something to eat. When I went over there they gave me a chicken."

So Wolf went over as he was told and when he got to the house he did not hide himself, he went in open sight. The owner of the house saw Wolf coming up so he set his dogs on him to drive him away, and Wolf hardly escaped except by running into the river. "So it is this one that takes off our chickens!" said the man. When Wolf arrived at his home he told his younger brother Fox: "Why I hardly escaped from that man!" "Why," said Fox to him, "They did not recognize you, that's why." But Wolf made no answer.

While they were in the house together, Fox went outside and cried, "He'!" to deceive Wolf. "What's the matter with you?" asked Wolf. "Oh, they have come after me to give a name to a child." "Then you'd better go over, maybe they will give you something to eat." Instead of going, however, Fox went to their cache of maple sugar and ate some of it. When he returned Wolf asked him, "What did you name the baby?" "*Mokimon,*" replied Fox, and this word means to reveal or dig out something you have hidden. At another time, while they were sitting together, Fox said: "He'!" and "Oh yes!" "What's that?" inquired Wolf. "Oh, I am called to give a name to a newborn baby." "Well then, go. Maybe they will give you something to eat." So Fox went and returned. "What's the name of the child?" asked Wolf. This time Fox answered: "*Wapiton,*" and this word means to commence to eat. At another time Fox cried out, "He'?" and "All right," as though someone had called to him, "I'll come." "What's that?" asked Wolf. "They want me to go over and name their child." "Well then go," said Wolf, "You always get something to eat every time they want you." So Fox went and soon returned. Wolf asked him again, "What name did you give it?" "*Hapata kiton,*" answered Fox; that is to say, "Half-eaten." Then another time Fox cried, "He'," as if in answer to someone speaking to him, and then as though some one called from the distance, "Hau!" Wolf, as he did not quite hear, asked Fox what the matter was. "Oh, nothing," replied Fox, "Only they want me to come over and name their child." "Well, then, you'd better go, maybe you'll get a chance to eat; maybe you'll fetch me something too." So Fox started out and soon returned home. "Well, what name did you give this time?" asked Wolf. "*Noskwaton,*" said Fox, and this means "all licked up." Then Wolf caught on. "Maybe you are eating our stored maple sugar?" he cried, but Fox sat still and laughed at him.

Then Wolf went over and looked at their cache. Sure enough, he found the empty mokok with its contents all gone and pretty well licked up. Meantime Fox skipped out and soon found a large tree by the river leaning out over the water. He climbed into its branches and hid there. Presently, the angry Wolf returned home, and not finding Fox, tracked him to the tree. Wolf climbed part way to Fox without seeing him, as he was on the branches. Then Wolf was afraid, and while he was hesitating, he happened to look at the water and there he saw the reflection of Fox laughing at him on top of the water. Wolf in fury plunged into the bottom of the stream but, of course, failed to catch Fox. He tried four times, and after the fourth attempt he was tired and quit jumping in for a while. While he was resting he looked up and saw Fox laughing at him. Then Wolf said to Fox, "Let's go home and make up," for he thought in his heart that anyway Fox was

feeding him all the time. By and by it became winter. Fox frequently went out and returned with abundance of fish. "How do you manage to get so many?" asked Wolf. "You'd better go out and try for yourself," said Fox, "The way I do when I am fishing is to cut a hole in the ice. I put my tail in instead of a line and I remain there until I feel bites. I move ahead a little to let the fish string on my tail, but I stay a long time until I get a great many fish on my tail. When it feels pretty heavy I jerk it out and catch all I want."

Fox was in hopes that he could get Wolf frozen to death in the ice and so avoid the necessity of feeding him any longer. So he took Wolf out and cut five holes in the ice, one for his tail and one for each paw, telling him he could catch more fish that way. Wolf stayed there to fish all night. Every once in a while he would move his feet or tail a little, and they felt so heavy he was sure he was getting a tremendous load and he stayed a little longer. In the meantime he was freezing fast in the ice. When he found out the predicament he was in, he jerked backwards and forwards again and again until all the hair wore off his tail and there he was. He thought he had let too many fish on his tail and feet to haul them out and he worked hard to free himself. At last he wore his tail out at the surface of the ice and pulled off his claws and the bottoms of his feet. Fox told him he had caught too many fish and that they had bitten his tail and feet, and Wolf believed it.

Another time Fox found a wasps' nest in a tree, so he went home and told Wolf that there was honey in it and persuaded him to try and jump up and get it, on the plea that Wolf could jump higher than he could. As soon as Wolf set out to try, Fox ran away, and Wolf was nearly stung to death. Fox fled over a wagon road to conceal his tracks, and as he traveled he met a negro with a team hauling a load of bread. Fox, cunning as he was, lay down on the side of the road and pretended that he was dead. The negro saw him lying there and picked him up and put him in his wagon behind his load. Fox very presently came to, and waiting for his chances he would throw off a load of bread every now and then till he had gotten rid of a good many. Then he jumped off and carried the loaves to a secret place where he built him a shelter and prepared to live for a time.

In the meantime Wolf came along, half starved and crippled from his meddling with a live wasps' nest and his fishing experience.

Fox fed him on his arrival and said, "You ought to do the way I did. It's easy to get bread. I got mine by playing dead on the road. Tomorrow the negro will pass by with another load and you can watch for him and do as I did and steal his bread."

Next morning Wolf started out to watch the road, and pretty soon he saw the negro coming with a big load of bread, so he lay down beside the

road, where the darky could see him and played dead. The darky did see him, sure enough, and he stopped his team and got off and got a big stick and knocked Wolf over the head and killed him dead for sure.

"I will not get fooled this time!" he said, "For yesterday I lost too many loaves of bread for putting a dead fox in my wagon without examining him."

So he did take the Wolf home dead. That ended him, and since then Fox has eaten alone.

The One Who Always Gets the Keys.[1]

Once upon a time, long ago, there lived a king by himself. He had a son whom he told to go about sailing on the great water peddling things. One day the son arrived at a place where there was an Indian village made up of long bark lodges and wigwams. All day long he watched in the place, but saw no one, till at night the ghosts of the poor Indians arrived and entered the lodges. They drummed and danced all night. They were so poor and miserable that the peddler gave all his goods to them. Then he returned to his home where his father, the king, was expecting him.

When the ship came in sight it rode high out of the water and the king said when he saw it, "He must surely have sold everything and he must be bringing something back in return." When the ship landed there was nothing on board, but the king did not rebuke his son, when he told him that he had seen the poor Indians and had given all that he had to them.

A second time the son loaded his ship and sailed out to a different place and there he saw more Indians to whom he gave all his things instead of selling them. This occurred three times. Then his father grew angry and ordered two soldiers, servants of his, to whip his son to death. They obeyed him and left the young man lying on the ground apparently dead. As the king's son lay there he heard visitors during the night. The steps seemed to approach him and he came to life, only to face a stranger, who raised him up saying, "I pity you out of my mercy." This stranger was a Horse, who told him to get on his back and carried him away to the land of another king.

When they arrived near the other king's home the horse told his rider, "Now go over yonder to that king and tell him that you want to hire out as a cook." With these words the horse gave the king's son a bundle in which there was a little piece of magic paper. "Now if this king hires you as a cook," he said, "whenever you cook for him, you will put this little piece

[1] Kitcipakahakonon Niponatik.

of paper into the food so as to make it wonderful and it will taste so good that he will be pleased and if ever you get into any trouble, just come right here to this place and you will see me. I will always be here waiting for you." Then the young man went to the king and the king hired him, but the former cook whom the king had discharged was serving as watchman or door tender, and he was very jealous of the new cook.

Now it happened that this king had a strong desire to own a pair of wild ponies which lived near him. They looked just alike and he had hired many persons to catch them for him, but they had always failed, for the ponies were savage and would try to bite and kick anyone who approached them. Their roaming place was a certain small bit of forest and plain where they might always be seen feeding. Now it happened that the doorkeeper thought of this, so he went to the king and told him that the new cook could go and catch the wild ponies. It was a lie, but the king believed him. "Peace! Keep still," whispered the king, "I'll ask the cook if he said that he could catch the wild ponies and if he can I will pay him dearly. I will give him my royal coat if he brings them to me."

But when he sent for the new cook and asked him the man replied, "Who could catch them, it is impossible." "If you refuse me," roared the king, "I'll have you hung up to die in the morning." The new cook cried in secret and he bethought himself of his friend, the horse, and went to find him. When the horse saw him crying he asked him, "Why do you weep?" and when he had told the horse his friend replied, "I have told you before that I would aid you whenever you were in trouble. I will give you something to rub on your hands and you can go and easily catch those two ponies and bring them to the village."

Then the young man went and told the king to get up early in the morning and get him the ropes to tie up the horses for he would bring them back. The next morning he started away and soon found the wild ponies with their heads up high and they looked very shy at him when they saw him approaching. But he rubbed what the horse had given him on his hands and showed it to the ponies and they both came up to him and licked his fingers as though they were tame. Then he caught them and took them to the border of the village.

At the edge of the town lived a rich man who had often desired to own the wild ponies and the cook traded them off to him for two horses that looked exactly like them. Then he brought the tame horses back at night. When he arrived he went to the king, "The horses are here," he said, "you can call your servant the watchman to take care of them." The king whispered very slowly, "I'll have him do so at once." Then he gave his cook his royal coat.

In the meantime the watchman wondered how he could make more trouble for the new cook, in order to have him killed, so he planned to tell the king to give another order. The king had long known that in the middle of the ocean there was a dwelling place of a great queen and no one could ever get to her, so the watchman approached the king and told him secretly that the new cook could go and bring the queen to his home. The home of this queen was beautiful and large, but no one could ever approach it to look at it. It was made of gold that shone and eyes had not the power to behold it.

The king knew this, but he believed his watchman so he sent for the new cook and asked him if he said that he could fetch the beautiful queen. "Who could ever do that, it is impossible," said the cook. "If you refuse me," said the king, "tomorrow morning I will have a rope put around your neck and you will be hung up by it."

Then the cook went out and laid down and wept for fear, but presently he recollected what the wonderful horse had told him. So he went to their rendezvous. "What is the matter with you?" asked the horse, "why are you crying, you know that I have told you to come here and tell me your sorrows and that I would help you out of the hardest of them. You may go back and tell the king to hurry up and prepare and load a big ship with a cargo of goods and two barrels of whisky. Then set sail to the queen's great home. On your way, not far from here you will see Indians playing lacrosse along the bank. Among them there are two giants. Take them along with you to move your boat with one of your men."

Then the cook set sail and when he found the giants he gave each a barrel of whisky to drink and they rowed for him and the cook with one of his own men sat like passengers enjoying the ride, while the giants sped the boat forward. "If I manage to get the queen aboard," said the cook, "you giants will then sail up and turn the boat around to confuse her and row to the shore." Then he said to the other man, "You will hurry up and lock her doors with your keys so she can't run back."

When the boat arrived the queen opened her door and looked out and she saw the cook was a beautiful handsome man. "Come in and see my house," invited the queen, pleased at the sight. So the cook went in and saw great treasures of all description in abundance. "Come back to my ship and see my goods and if you don't care to buy of me as I see you have more than I, I would like to have you visit me anyway," said the cook to the queen. "Well," said the queen, "I am not in need of anything, as I have all that is necessary." "Come anyway," urged the cook. "I have come and seen your things and you ought to make a return visit, as I have some silk ribbon hose that are very nice."

As the queen did not have any of them she said, "I will go back and look at them." So she locked her door, but left the kitchen door open and went into the boat. Then the cook pretended to look for the silk stockings, but could not find them right away. After a while, however, he produced them and the queen bought them. After she bought them she wanted to go back to her home, but when she would have left the boat she found that they were already out of sight of her home in the middle of the ocean.

When she saw this she threw her keys into the water. The giants headed shoreward and landed near where the king lived and then the cook went out to tell his master. "I have brought the queen to you, now marry her." The king went to the boat, but he could not get the queen to leave it so he returned to his home. Then the cook went and he easily brought the woman as far as the kitchen.

The queen refused to marry the king and he in his desperation tried to make himself beautiful. He washed his face and his head so much that soon all his hair came out and left him bald, and in the meantime he gave the cook his overcoat as a reward.

The watchman who happened to be near the queen heard her say that she wished her house was nearby, so he ran and told the king all that the queen had said, and he added that she had said that if she could only have her house she would marry the king.

The next day the king told the cook to go and get the queen's beautiful house and bring it there. "Who could do that," said the cook, "it is impossible." "Well if you don't do it, you will hang for it," said the king. The cook was sad and lay down and wept. Then he thought of his horse that had given his assistance. Then he got up and went to the place where the horse told him to.

This time the horse told him to sail out into the middle of the ocean until he came to a place where he could see a school of minnows like shiners jumping out of the water where it was deep. The horse told him to throw a little piece of paper to the fishes. When the cook did this the minnows were heard to say to each other, "Hurrah! the first one who fetched up the keys will be the king of all fishes," and while the cook's boat was waiting the keys flew up out of the water into the bow of the boat and hung there jingling where they were thrown by the silver bass.

Then the cook turned around and sailed back homeward. He threw the keys to the king telling him, "Now marry the queen, but first have your dear servant the watchman scour the rust off the keys." Then the king ordered the watchman to clean the keys, so that they would shine and the watchman worked on them one whole day and when they were finished he took them to the queen and when he came back he made up another

lie saying, "If you will have your good servant sit on a keg of powder and dissolve some of the powder in the water and daub it all over his body, you can blow him up without injury."

Then the king called the cook and said to him, "Tomorrow I will have you blown up with gunpowder and then the queen will surely marry me. The cook was frightened and he ran weeping to the horse and the horse gave him part of his power which was the sweat of his body wrapped up in a piece of paper and he told the cook to dissolve this in the evening and to bathe himself in it just before he went to bed and he would become handsome. When he had washed himself he appeared before the king who got ready to blow him up which he did and as the smoke eddied away the cook was still alive and very handsome. In the meantime the queen was looking on from her mansion and wondering what was being done when she saw the volumes of smoke rise up.

When the king saw that his servant, the cook, was so handsome he said to him, "Tomorrow morning you will have to blow me up with gunpowder, since you are so pretty." Then the king washed himself that night and told the cook to hurry up and blow him up the following morning. Then the king went through the same performance and was blown to atoms and nothing was seen of him and the queen came down running with a hatchet and killed the watchman who caused all the trouble through his lies, then she returned to her home and the cook went back to visit his friend, the horse. The horse told him, "I have done enough, I will part from you and now you may marry that goddess queen woman and remain with her forever."

This is the end.

4. Sun Driver.

Before the earth was as it is now, there was a road over the horizon where the Sun's path is. People could cross over it. There was a wagon with a horse which passed over daily with a huge lantern that lit up the world. The driver got a good light going up hill, but when the crest was reached the light grew dimmer as the wagon went down. The light driver had a wife and a little son who lived in the east. The man left home one day, rounded the hill and stopped at the other end, ate, and started back again, arriving the next day. The man who did this finally grew old. When his son grew up, the lad said, "Father, you'd better let me drive for you. Give me your team." "Oh son, I can't depend on you. You're too young and you'd make a mistake."

But the boy begged and insisted, until his father at last consented. It

was then fall, and the Wabunakiwûk (Stockbridge) lived at the east. The old man told his son how to drive down hill, slowly, carefully, and straight. One day the boy made his team run down hill, and the wagon went sideways over the frozen ground and capsized. The light broke out and set that part of the earth on fire and burnt the people, darkening their skins and crinkling their hair, and all the leaves were changed in color (fall colors). This made niggers out of the Indians.[1] Next day the boy started to make the return trip. His father meanwhile knew all about it, and scolded the boy awfully. "You shall not drive any more, you have made enough trouble." The boy made trouble for his father, so that he was no longer allowed to drive with the light.

5. MÛDJIKIKÄPÄ.

Mûdjikikäpä's name means Bad Boy. This boy fasted till he received power from the Häwätûk Apänisûk, the twin god boys who dwell inside the solid rocks. These boys were known to live on the rough Wisconsin River long ago before the white people ever came there. This bad Indian boy stole ponies and horses all the time from any tribe or from the whites. It was in his power to break anything like iron. Every horse he could get he would drive away and sell. When he went out to steal he would go with one of his nephews for company but this one had no power at all. The bad boy kept on stealing ponies till he was known publicly. The Indians could not do anything to him, so they left him alone, but the white people sent out their sheriff and detectives to catch him. They got him at his village where they arrested him and put him and his nephew into jail; and they placed four guards to watch the two prisoners all night. The jail doors were well secured by the white people, so the nephew said to his uncle, the thief, "Well it went on long enough, and it could not be helped. Now you are caught and I am tired and scared because we are imprisoned." "Well what is the matter with you anyway? When we get ready we will get out of here," said the thief. "Those who are watching us shall in a short time fall into a deep sleep."

Sure enough, shortly after they all were in a deep sleep. "Now," said the thief to his comrade, "Nephew, let us go out and leave here." So the powerful thief took hold of the door and broke all the iron and escaped. As this was near daylight they hesitated to go on, but hid themselves nearby, under a porch, and changed themselves into large toads. There they stayed till night came. Then under cover of the dark night they escaped.

[1] Probable reference to the mongrel Negro-Indian Stockbridge remnant, neighbors to the Menomini.

While they were toads they heard horses thumping inside a barn nearby. The thief said to himself, "When I start out from here I will go in the barn and take two of those horses. When dark came, after midnight, he and his nephew approached the barn, although there was a cross watch dog to guard the horses. The thief, when he saw the dog, said, "Keep still, don't bark!" So the dog wagged his tail only, and gave leave to the thief to lead out the horses. Being in the dark, the thief felt the two best horses in the lot. He took them out and told his friend to hold them a few minutes. He went back to the barn and selected the best saddles, so each of them was rigged out to start. The nephew before he was a toad wanted to run away in broad daylight, but his uncle told him not to go until dark came; so when they were on horseback, the uncle said to his nephew, "Now skip all you like, as you have the chance." For spite the thief said as he started with his horse, "I am Kikäpä! I am the Bad Boy!" and the thief with his power called for rain so it did rain very hard, so no one could chase them and they got away easily.

These two kept on doing this from time to time, and would hide from the people. Sometimes they would be away for a year or so, then they would return to their former places. When the white authorities learned that they had returned the sheriff arrested them both and they were put in jail again. This time they were both secured to stay in jail and not break through by having handcuffs on and their legs chained with a large ball. The nephew said, "I guess this time we will suffer!"

"What are you talking about? When we are ready we will start to go," returned the uncle. This time there was no guard to watch them for they were in chains. The prisoners only waited till after midnight, and then the thief began to think of the power that had been given him. He began with one hand to crush the handcuffs and chains on each of them, and went through the doors of iron and escaped by hiding under the porch near the jail where they became large toads waiting for dark to come upon them so they could hide. They both went out to a nice barn each to steal a pretty horse, and they secured fine saddles and rode away to a place where they sold the horses. Then they came back to their village to their parents. The head man in the city learned they were at home and he sent out men to arrest them both for stealing and they were lodged in jail. Then the white men said to the thief, "You will have to think a while this time about what you have been doing for a long time," and he then put both of them into a high solid building and there had them secured in the topmost room. They were laid down flat and the hands and feet of each were stapled down fast into the floor, and rings were placed on their necks and chained down fast. Then the nephew said to his uncle, "Well this time we are both going to be

ended!" for he always grumbled about his being captured. The uncle heard him and did not say a word and when his nephew heard no answer he cried.

Then the thief thought a while and said nothing, but in the meantime he called on his guardians. He could break the irons again, but this time he did not want to. As he heard his nephew crying he did not say anything to him, but began secretly and pulled his right hand out, then he pulled the other hand, and feet, then although the ring on his neck was rather tight, he managed to slip it up and over his face till he got as far as his nose. There he got into difficulty on account of his high and long nose, so the ring stopped and he could not get the ring over it. Then he demanded some of his power to help him to get the ring passed. He thought of the down or bunch of sacred feathers as they are slippery and easy to move out of a tight clutch. For it must be known, when you tie a bunch of these feathers very securely you will pull one out very easily. As he was possessed of power he said to himself, "I will now be one of those slippery down feathers to help me to get clear of the ring around my neck, and to get it to pass over my face and nose." Which he did, and he got onto his feet and said to his friend, "Well my friend nephew, did you think to yourself 'I am going to be dead?'"

As he said this he at the same time was crushing and breaking the irons on his feet and hands and both were loose and they stood up; it being high where they were at the time. Then the thief raised or broke the window and said to his nephew, "We will now both descend to the ground by changing ourselves into flying squirrels to save ourselves," which both did, getting to the ground, where they became toads till night. They heard a fancy stallion whinnying during the day, so when night came the thief said, "That is my horse, that I will use when everybody is fast asleep."

After midnight he and his friend went in the direction where they heard the stallion, got there and felt him between his hind legs to know if he was a stallion. Then he stole this one and his friend also took one and they started away the same as before in the night with rain assisting them. They went so far they could not be found although every white man was looking for them, but these two thieves stayed away for a year or so, and then returned to their homes and stayed here till everybody heard about them and often wondered about their strange actions. When the head man heard this he sent word to Kikäpä to go to the town where all the whites lived. When he got there this chief white man said to him, "Who are you and what are you, and how did you get free from the ring which could not pass your nose?" "Well," said he, "I have power given me to reward me for fasting that I have done in my young life. I used down to clear myself from the ring."

Then the white man said to him, "My child, can't you quit this work of stealing?" "Yes, I can stop this. I only did it because you were always chaining me with irons, and it was only to show you what power I had."

Then he received a horse and full suit of clothes given him to quit for good.

V. ABSTRACTS.

For the benefit of those who wish to familiarize themselves with the contents of this paper without reading the whole mass of material presented, the following summaries of most of the important tales have been prepared. Noting the fact that segments or elements of the stories are often found among other tribes disassociated from the tale with which they were first gathered, the writer has tried the experiment of separating each segment in each synopsis and comparing it alone with other data. However, we have endeavored when the same segment occurs repeatedly in Menomini tales, to utilize it but once for comparative purposes.

Rather than mutilate the pages of this paper proper by constant footnotes, all references to the occurrence of similar data among other tribes have been confined to this section. Synopses of stories collected by Hoffman and not by the author have also been made and added.

Since the table of comparison (p. 231) was prepared a few additional examples have been discovered in recent publications on other tribes and have been added to the references in this section.

TALES OF THE CULTURE HERO.

1. BIRTH OF MÄ'NÄBUS

(*a*)

(a) Masakomekókiu and her daughter are the sole inhabitants of the earth. The mother takes girl out to dig potatoes, warning her not to face away from south.

(Western Ojibway, De Jong, 5.)

(b) Girl forgets and faces north and is rendered pregnant by wind.

(c) Girl gives birth to Mä'näbus, a little wolf, and a flint. The latter cuts her so she dies.

(Ottawa, Blackbird, 52; cf. Iroquois, Hewitt, 185 et seq.)

(d) Grandmother disowns wolf brother.

(*b*)

(a) Great Spirit creates world by placing islands in the waters. Moulds earth and makes Jesus for ruler of one island, and Mä'näbus for the other (missionary influence on old ideas).

(b) Our grandmother, the earth, takes a bowl and turns it upside down and waits until her daughter comes into being beneath it.

(c) The Four Gods Beneath enter the body of daughter to be born in human shape, but cause her to burst. Grandmother places fragments under bowl, and then becomes a little rabbit, which afterwards is Mä'näbus.

(Western Ojibway, De Jong, 6.)

(d) His tracks, as a man, are to be seen in the rock on the shores of Lake Michigan.

(Ottawa, Blackbird, 53; Assiniboine, Lowie, (a), 105; Plains-Cree, Skinner, Mss.)

2. Theft of Fire

(*a* and *b*)

(a) Mä'näbus, learning fire is kept by an old man across the sea, transforms himself into various animals, etc., and goes after it.

(b) Arrived at fire-keeper's spring he becomes a young rabbit. He is found by fire-keeper's daughters and brought in to warm.

(c) Escapes with spark which he causes to fly up and light in fur. Brings fire to grandmother for people.

(Western Ojibway, De Jong, 6, 7.)

3. Origin of Tobacco

(a) Mä'näbus steals tobacco from the old god man who guards it for the powers.

(b) He turns the guardian into a grasshopper, accounting for the fact that grasshoppers "spit tobacco."

4. Bear Paramour

(a) Mä'näbus and his grandmother are driven away from their hunting grounds by the powers below.

(b) He carries his grandmother on his back, discovers and names various berries, dumps grandmother off and nearly kills her.

(c) Discovers that grandmother has a bear paramour.

(d) Mä'näbus slays bear.

(e) Cuts bear up, grandmother refuses to carry any, Mä'näbus throws her into the sky, where she now is.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 27; Omaha (in part) Dorsey, J. O., (a), 19.)

5. Wolf Brother

(a) Mä'näbus meets Wolf brother on the ice.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 31; Western Ojibway, De Jong, 12.)

(b) Hunts with them several days; when he departs Wolf brother gives Mä'näbus his son for a servant.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 35; Plains-Ojibway, Skinner Mss.; Western Ojibway, De Jong, 13; Potawatomi, Skinner Mss.)

(c) The gods plot against them. Mä'näbus overhears, warns brother not to cross over water on ice.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 35.)

(d) Wolf brother disobeys, and is dragged down and drowned.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 36; Skinner Mss.; Omaha, variant, Dorsey, J. O., (a), 238; Western Ojibway, De Jong, 13.)

6. Deluge

(a) Mä'näbus turns himself into a tree to deceive the gods who slew his brother.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 38; Western Ojibway, De Jong, 14; Saulteaux, Skinner, (b), 174; Woods Cree, Russell, 206; Ottawa, Blackbird, 54; Fox (variant), Jones, (b), 353; Plains-Ojibway, Skinner Mss.)

(b) He watches them play lacrosse until an opportunity offers, when he shoots two of them.

(c) They flee, wounded, and cause a deluge.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 39; Plains-Ojibway, Skinner Mss.; Western Ojibway, De Jong, 13.)

(d) Mä'näbus takes refuge in a tree, which grows higher until it reaches four times its original height.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 39; Plains-Ojibway, Skinner Mss.)

(e) Surrounded by water, Mä'näbus gets Beaver and Muskrat to join him. He persuades them to dive for earth, which Mä'näbus takes and makes into an island.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 39; Plains-Ojibway, Skinner Mss.; Saulteaux, Skinner, (b), 175; Fox, Jones, (b), 363; Eastern Cree, Skinner, (b), 83; Plains-Cree, Skinner Mss.; Assiniboine, Lowie, (a), 101; Blackfoot, Wissler and Duvall, 151; Shoshone, Lowie, (b), 19; Gros Ventre, Kroeber, (a), 60; Arapaho, Dorsey and Kroeber, 163.)

7. False Doctor and Second Deluge

(a) Mä'näbus meets old woman going to doctor wounded powers. Kills her, shifts skin, and goes himself. In this disguise Mä'näbus goes to their lodge, others go out to set snares for him, he kills the wounded manitous.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 40 et seq.; Plains-Ojibway, Skinner Mss.; Saulteaux, Skinner, (b), 174; Eastern Cree, Russell, 207; Fox, Jones, (b), 355; Plains-Cree, Skinner Mss.; Omaha, Dorsey, J. O., (a), 240; Shoshone, Lowie, (b), 241; Western Ojibway, De Jong, 14.)

(b) The garter snake is sent to spy on him, he bribes it to keep quiet.

(Fox, Jones, (b), 359; Omaha, Dorsey, J. O., (a), 241.)

(c) He flees, is discovered, second deluge.

(d) Takes refuge with a woodchuck who burrows away and he escapes.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 41.)

8. Mä'näbus Outwits Turtle

Insulted by Turtle, Mä'näbus transforms himself into a beautiful girl and seduces Turtle, stealing his magic robe. With the robe, the source of his magic power gone, Turtle falls an easy prey to Mä'näbus.

(Fox, Jones, (b), 315; Assiniboine, Lowie, (a), 125, variant.)

9. Duped Dancers

The widely known story of the "shut eye dance" with the guardian buttocks who are punished motive.

(Fox, Jones, (b), 279; Kickapoo, Jones, (c), 17; Eastern Cree, Skinner, (b), 84; Plains-Cree, Skinner Mss.; Plains-Ojibway, Skinner Mss.; Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 30; Dakota, Riggs, 113; Assiniboine, Lowie, (a), 11; Micmac, Rand, 269; Blackfoot, Grinnell, 187; Gros Ventre, Kroeber, (a), 71; Arapaho, Dorsey and Kroeber, 59; Pawnee, Dorsey, (a), 457; Cheyenne, Kroeber, (b), 165; Western Ojibway, De Jong, 23; Osage, Dorsey, (b), 9; Algonkin, Leland, 186; Caddo, Dorsey, (c), 130.)

10. Mä'näbus Deceived by Fisher

Mä'näbus meets Fisher playing on the ice by running with a stone tied to his tail. Attempts to do the same, but Fisher cuts loose his bowels to tie on stone and he loses them.

(Plains-Ojibway, Skinner Mss.)

11. Jonah

(a) Mä'näbus builds first bark canoe.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 21; Western Ojibway, De Jong, 10.)

(b) Despite warnings he goes out and challenges the monster fish to swallow him, which it does, first sending its son and wife to make the attempt.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 21; Ottawa, Blackbird, 55; Eastern Cree, variant, Skinner, (b), 101; Cherokee, Mooney, 320; Western Ojibway, De Jong, 10, 11.)

(c) Within fish's belly he finds various animals, previously devoured.

(d) He drives the fish to the shore near his grandmother's home and there kills it by stabbing its heart. He escapes and releases all the animals.

(Western Ojibway, De Jong, 11, 12.)

12. Mä'näbus visits his Little Brother Elk.
13. Mä'näbus visits his Little Brother Red Squirrel.
14. Mä'näbus visits his Little Brother Woodpecker.
15. Mä'näbus visits his Little Brother Skunk.

These are all variants of the bungling host motive and with slightly different characters and incidents are widespread.

(Osage, Dorsey, (b), 12; Kickapoo, Jones, (c), 5; Peoria, Michelson information; Fox, Jones, (b), 257 et seq.; Seneca, Parker information; Winnebago, Radin information; Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 43; Assiniboine, Lowie, (a), 128; Northern Shoshone, Lowie, (b), 265; Arapaho, Dorsey and Kroeber, 118; Micmac, Rand, 300; Caddo, Dorsey, (c), 131.)

16. Mä'näbus and Partridge

Partridge obtains food when starving, by obeying injunctions of the sun. Mä'näbus fails through disobedience.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (a), vol. 2, 124.)

17. Mä'näbus and Buzzard

Mä'näbus, riding on Buzzard's back, is dumped off and hurt. In revenge he turns himself into a dead elk, and traps Buzzard when he comes to feed.

(Ojibway, Skinner Mss.; Sauk, Fox, Kickapoo, Jones, (c), 129; Cherokee, Mooney, 293; Omaha, Dorsey, J. O., (a), 77; Assiniboine, Lowie, (a), 107; Eastern Dakota, Skinner Mss.; Iowa, Skinner, Mss.)

18. Mä'näbus dupes the Fishes

The culture hero carries lies from one fish to another until they fight.

(Assiniboine, Lowie, (a), 110.)

19. Mä'näbus frightened by the Birds

Mä'näbus is scared away from his fishing grounds by the cries of jealous birds. (Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (a), vol. 1, 138.)

20. Män'äbus and the Medicines

The culture hero is induced to eat medicines that physic him, etc.

(Fox, Jones, (b), 273; Assiniboine, Lowie, (a), 127; Pawnee, Dorsey, (a), 464; Arikara, Dorsey, (e), 139; Wichita, Dorsey, (d), 346; Crow, Simms, 287; Eastern Dakota, Skinner Mss.)

21. Mä'näbus and the Tree Holders

Mä'näbus seeks to stop the creaking of a tree that squeaks while he eats. It catches and holds him until the wolves eat all his food.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 35; Plains-Ojibway, Skinner Mss.; Plains-Cree, Skinner Mss.; Eastern Cree, Russell, 208; Kickapoo, Jones, (c), 15.)

22. Mä'näbus kills the Little Partridges

(a) Mä'näbus finds two little partridges, learns names, and kills them.

(Plains-Ojibway, Skinner Mss.)

(b) Duped diver episode.

(Plains-Ojibway, Skinner Mss.; Assiniboine, Lowie, (a), 109; Blackfoot, Wissler and Duvall, 29; Caddo, Dorsey, (c), 133; Kickapoo, Jones, (c), 15.)

23. The Men who visited Mä'näbus

Ten men visited the culture hero to beg that their medicines be made strong. Mä'näbus agrees, and gives daughter to the eldest for wife, but orders him not to lie with her for a certain time. Violating this order, trouble overtakes the party.

(Assiniboine, Lowie, (a), 123.)

24. Fragmentary Mä'näbus Tales

(a) Mä'näbus humbles a chief's son. Disguised as a woman he seduces the youth and then in his true character makes fun of him.

(b) Mä'näbus outdone by boys. Apparently a modern "smutty story" taken over.

(c) Mä'näbus is supposed to have had an enormously lengthy lariat.

(Blackfoot, Wissler and Duvall, 34.)

25. Origin of the Mitäwin

Fragmentary and unusual version of mitäwin origin myth. Probably incorrect.

II. FAIRY TALES

1. Origin Myth

Mätc Häwätûk creates the earth and puts Masâkomeko'kiu "our grandmother" upon it. She becomes the ancestress of mankind.

2. Yówûnûna

(a) Woman had intercourse with bear, husband catches her with lover and burns them.

(Fox, Jones, (b), 161; Kickapoo, Jones, (c), 67.)

(b) Buries wife in fireplace, flees, telling children sky will warn of his welfare. Brother tells searchers of murder but sister misleads them. The children flee.

(Ojibway, Skinner Mss.)

(c) Boy, grown up, takes frog to wife; keeps in mitten, sister destroys her.

(Schoolcraft, (a), vol. 1, 204.)

(d) Searches for women, aided by old women whom he meets.

(e) Restores bodies of former searchers by shooting arrows. Joined by these men.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (a), vol. 1, 204; Delaware, Harrington Mss.)

(f) Proceeds by rolling ball and jumping on it.

(g) Meets ten women, chooses oldest, who is most beautiful one in disguise.

(h) Returns, to find sister tormented by foxes.

(Dakota, Riggs, 123; Onondaga, Beauchamp, 137.)

(i) Has two children, one with two heads. Children set out and rescue their grandfather who is tortured by bears.

3. Ball Owner

A boy has a ball which he throws ahead of him and then leaps upon it and travels rapidly. He and his friend, by aid of the ball, rob some giants of fish which they have caught through the ice. The giants pursue them, but die of exhaustion.

(Delaware, Harrington Mss. Some elements the same.)

4. Thunder and Pêp'äkijisê

(a) Boy and sister live alone, boy seeks wife.

(b) Aided by old women who have Fortunatus kettles.

(c) Falls in power of woman who has foot growing out of her forehead.

(d) Flees, sees maiden in spring, dives in, finds her panther woman.

(e) Thunderers come to slay woman, and are defeated by hero. They escape.

(f) Living with his sister and little brother. Thunderer invites them to ball game. During game, despite hero's warning, little brother runs out and gets ball, women see players, wife faints because they are wearing panther skin.

(g) Man gives return game and chagrins thunderers by wearing feathers taken from their slain comrades. Gives sister to robin for wife.

(Kickapoo, Jones, (c), 81.)

5. WAWAPAK'WOSAMIT

(a) Boy comes to senses in wigwam, sees his grandfather, a mossy log, lying opposite. Old man only regains senses once in four years. Wakes at these intervals and sees how boy progresses.

(b) Boy, hunting, finds older brother, upper part of his body attached to a stump. Brother warns lad of his grandfather who is wicked and who tortured him in this manner. Boy often visits brother to tell him news.

(Eastern Sioux, Schoolcraft, (a), vol. 1, 76.)

(c) Old man commands youth to procure various animals, etc., brother assists him, so he is successful.

(d) Grandfather sends hero out to get wives. Advised by brother, boy escapes guardian horned snakes, herons, and wooden image, and reaches girl's lodge. Girls pursue him, stopping to slay false guardians. Gets girls to lodge where he marries them.

(e) Grandfather vanquished by grandson in shooting contest. Hero recovers brother's lower parts, which are swung in the sky as playthings of the manitous.

(f) Hero goes for new wives. He meets stranger. Stranger shoves back sun with his bow, delays hero, breaks back, and changes clothes and outward appearance with him.

(Eastern Sioux, Schoolcraft, (a), vol. 1, 79.)

(g) Hero reaches girls' lodge, marries younger, impostor marries elder. Impostor kills panthers by hunting, hero kills bears by magic.

(Eastern Sioux, Schoolcraft, (a), vol. 1, 82.)

(h) Hero smokes and wild turkeys come, impostor only brings dung beetles.

(i) Deserted by others except wife, hero recovers real shape and slays impostor Gives wife to tree brother.

6. PÄKINÊ, OR THROWN AWAY

(a) Six brothers and sister live together. Others jealous of youngest and plot to destroy him.

(b) Secure services of horned snake, who thrusts horn through ice. Lacrosse game on ice, hero steps on horn and is transfixed and frozen.

(Kickapoo, Jones, (c), 61.)

(c) A bear, relative of sister, advises her to go to brothers' lodge and find box containing tiny beavers who gnaw brother loose. She then restores him with the aid of Raven.

(d) Girl goes to live with her husband, a bear. Has a human son by him. Bear also has bear wife and cub son. The two women quarrel, boy slays bear woman, whom father restores. Boy kills cub, and father restores him.

(e) Boy and cub race on ice with other bears. Boy, through ruse, wins, and bears slain.

(f) Boy and cub contest with other bears, hanging on limbs. Boy defeats them by ruse and slays them, thus restoring all other dead bears.

(g) They return to uncle, who delivers wicked brothers to north giant who eats them, and is then killed by uncle.

7. Mowäkiu, the North Giant

(a) North giant comes to wigwam to eat Indians, but is pacified by woman. (Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (a), vol. 2, 106.)

(b) Man gets mud on leggings in spring, by which means giant finds bears under water; gets them out by dropping in hot stones.

(c) Family gives child to giant, who stretches his legs and makes him large. Mowäkiu then protects family from others of his species. He leaves.

(d) Another Mowäkiu kills the woman, he thrusts her womb in a log where a small boy is born who returns to play with his brother.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (a), vol. 2, 108; Omaha, Dorsey, J. O., (a), 216.)

(e) Father persuades unnaturally born boy to live with family. Father finally leaves them.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (a), vol. 2, 109.)

(f) Children seek father, come to his village and sing a song which causes all those who look at them to die. When people are afraid, they change it to kill all those who do not stare at them. Father rebukes the children, and makes them restore their victims to life. Then sends the children away.

8. Lodge Boy and Thrown Away.

(a) A giant destroys a pregnant woman, tucking her womb in a stump. Her husband finds the remains and saves one boy. His twin, overlooked, is brought up by the mice.

(b) The boys slay all manner of monsters.

(c) The twins destroy a giant by upsetting on him the kettle of water in which they are being boiled.

(d) Their father flees from them, and they go in search of a home.

(e) They persuade a god of the underneath group to let them dwell with him in a rocky hill.

(Widespread, Fox, Michelson information; Kickapoo, Jones, (c), 73; Assiniboine, Lowie, (a), 168–169; Omaha, Dorsey, J. O., (a), 216; Micmac, Rand, 62; Shoshone, Lowie, (b), 280; Pawnee, Dorsey, (a), 142; Arapaho, Dorsey and Kroeber, 139; Sauk, Lasley, 176; Crow, Hidatsa, Gros Ventre, Wichita, Ponca, Iroquois, Cherokee, Lowie, (c), 139; Eastern Cree, Bell, 1–8.)

9. The Ten Thunderers

(a) A thunderer attacks a horned snake in a lake, but is overcome and dragged down.

(b) His children grow up alone, his son forming a friendship with a horned snake boy.

(c) The snake boy tries to persuade his father to release the thunderer, but fails, being only able to arrange an interview between the thunder boy and his parent.

(d) Snake boy, out of love for his friend, betrays his father's den to the nine uncles of the thunder boy, who rescue their brother.

10. The Thunderbirds and their Niece

(a) A girl adopted by ten thunderers.
(b) They go away, leaving her in the care of Chickadee.
(c) She is stolen by horned snakes who keep her captive.
(d) She is released by her relatives, the snakes destroyed, and Chickadee punished.

11. Sun Catcher

(a) Boy catches sun in revenge for having coat burned. Mouse releases sun.
(b) Warned by sister not to approach lake, boy does so. Slays bear which attacks him, and finds mother's hair in its stomach. Repeats action, and finds father's hair in another bear.
(c) Boy joins ten men who go to live with ten women. Boy chooses oldest one, who turns out to be a beauty. The women flee but are found again. (Story unfinished).
(A similar tale from the Ojibway is recorded in Schoolcraft, (b), 239; Eastern Cree, Skinner, (b), 100; Assiniboine, Lowie, (a), 140; Omaha, Dorsey, J. O., (a), 14.)

12. The Boy who caught the Sun

A variant of the classical version. In this case a youth flies up to the sky on a bird's back and lassoes the sun, but afterwards releases it.

13. The Boy who had the Sun Power

The sun has pity on a faster whom he offers friendship. He forbids the youth to eat out of a kettle, but the lad, duped by friends does so, and is called to live with the sun. He is finally allowed to return to earth, with a blessing.

14. The Magic Flight and the Evil Father-in-law

(1) Magic flight of two brothers with crane bridge.
(2) Deserted brother.
(3) Evil father-in-law tries to destroy son-in-law by knocking him overboard while fishing and deserting him on a gull island, also burned leggings element is brought in.
(4) Lost brother found, nearly turned to a wolf, but is brought back.
(Eastern Cree, Skinner, (b), 88–91; Carrier, Cree, Ojibway, Missisauga, Navajo, Lowie, (c), 137.)

15. The Magic Flight

(a) Magic flight.
(Northern Saulteaux, Skinner, (b), 169; Eastern Cree, Skinner, (b), 88; Assiniboine, Lowie, (a), 177; Pawnee, Dorsey, (a), 31; Micmac, Rand, 165; Blackfoot, Wissler and Duvall, 70; Cheyenne, Kroeber, (b), 184; Variant Osage, Dorsey, (b), 23.)

(b) Man escapes on back of bear who turns out to be the sun. He lives with sun and sun's sister.

(c) Befriends an old man whom he carries and who helps him to kill five red-headed lovers of the sun's sister, and make robe of their scalps for the sun.

(d) Sun's sister reconciled and marries man, they return to earth, leaving their son. The sun warns his sister never to quarrel, and tells the boy to follow his own trail in the heavens when he goes out and not to leave it.

(e) Boy cuts across trail, thus shortening days for mankind. Sister quarrels and is recalled. She becomes the moon.

16. Wife Tester

(a) Indian tries out various birds and mammals as wives. Finally, selects Beaver.

(Eastern Cree, Skinner, (b), 104; Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 194.)

(b) Angers Beaver who flees with their children, all become beavers.

(c) A Bear woman falls in love with man, and fights Beaver woman. She wins and takes man as her husband.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 197. Practically all these motives are Ojibway.)

(d) They live with bears. Man slays a bear woman, his sister-in-law, and therefore joking-relative, for food.

(e) She is restored to life, but suffers because hero disobeys his wife and cuts off a little bit of flesh when flaying her.

(d) Other bears jealous and show off before hero, saying what they should do to a man in a fight. Man shoots arrow through stone, remarking that so he would transfix a bear. The bears flee in terror.

(g) Man slain by enemies. Wife takes his mummified dog and sends it to find his bones. Dog gathers all but one knee cap, which a woman is eating. He snatches it from her mouth, biting through her cheek. Dog articulates skeleton, howls, and man arises.

(h) Story interpreted as accounting for a taboo against cooking bear and beaver meat at once in same kettle.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 197 et seq. Practically all of these motives are Ojibway. Cf. Eastern Cree, Skinner, (b), 164 et seq.)

17. The Bear Wife.

(a) Man marries a bear, who appears like a woman. They have a child. It is never necessary for them to cook, since all sacrifices of food offered elsewhere to bears, appear before them.

(b) Man's brothers search for him, find den, but are drawn away in pursuit of bear woman in animal shape. She is wounded.

(c) Man and wife as human beings return to man's family. Wife shows scar where wounded to her joking-relatives and twits them for not being able to catch her. Her name accounts for a woman's gentile name in the bear gens.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 197 et seq.)

18. Excrements as Suitor

(*a*)

In the first version excrement becomes a youth and goes courting, but, on the way, is devoured by dogs.

(*b*)

(a) A man makes excrements assume human form and go courting.

(b) Excrements melts in spring, bereaving wife.

(Assiniboine, Lowie, (a), 162; Blackfoot, Wissler and Duvall, 151; Eskimo, Rasmussen, 104–105.)

(c) Widow is annoyed by a stranger who tells her stories and pulls out her hair at the conclusion of each.

(d) She flees to the lodge of a man who has magic snowshoes that can sing, and which precede him home.

(e) She is kidnaped by a stranger who previously throws hot coals on her face.

(f) Her man finds where she is kept and kills her tormentor, taking his place. He shoots squirrels on the tip of their noses, so that they will not bleed, for if they do he will be discovered.

(g) He is discovered by his victim's mother, whom he kills.

19. A "Powered" Man and his Double

(a) A girl is annoyed by her brother's double whom she and her brother slay, after several mishaps.

(b) Brother tries to impersonate his dead double, but is found out by his foe's mother whom he kills.

20. Mä'mäo, or the Logcock

A logcock entertains the bluejay, who, in returning the hospitality, enacts the old bungling host story.

21. The Master of Night

A dwarf who strikes people with his warclub and causes them to fall asleep.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (a), vol. 2, 226.)

22. The Origin of Screech Owl.

(a) A man finds a bloody trail and follows it to a wigwam; finds a god there who is perfectly round, with a flat face.

(b) Man is entertained by god who commands his kettle to fill itself with food, and hang over fire, but food turns out to be human skin and eyes.

(c) They retire, amusing themselves by telling stories. Each tries to aggravate the other. Man tells how he found wigwam and insultingly describes Round God. Both afraid to sleep. Man questions Round God and finds that he is afraid of barred owl. Man covers lodge with net and imitates owl. Round God runs out, is caught, and man beats him to death. From the fragments screech owls are born.

23. Turtle's War Party

(Plains-Ojibway, Skinner Mss.; Omaha, Dorsey, J. O., (a), 254; Iroquois, Parker information; Cherokee, Mooney, 278; Kickapoo, Jones, (c), 29; Pawnee, Dorsey, (a), 469; Arapaho, Dorsey and Kroeber, 237; Blackfoot, Wissler and Duvall, 160; Cheyenne, Kroeber, (b), 189; Osage, Dorsey, (b), 15; Wichita, Dorsey, (d), 340.

24. Turtle and Porcupine

Turtle and Porcupine conspire to rob Bear's oak grove of acorns. Porcupine climbs the tree, Turtle remains on earth. Bear comes, climbs tree, Porcupine shoots with quills and Bear falls, for Turtle to dispatch. They kill ten bears this way.

25. Näsowik

This story really concerns Turtle, though called after his brother.

(a) Turtle enters several contests for the hand of the chief's daughter, and wins each, but is repulsed.

(b) In the end he is tied in a race by Hawk, although he tries to deceive the birds with the assistance of his relatives.

(c) He threatens to cut the girl in two and divide her with his adversary, but the rival gives up his claim.

(Caddo, Dorsey, (c), 135.)

26. About Turtle

Turtle and his grandmother, deserted by others, are successful in trapping, thus shaming the rest.

27. Moose Enemies of Caribou

(a) An Indian falls out with his familiar, the wolf, because of his wife.

(b) They make up and Wolf persuades the man to desert his wife. They have great difficulty in crossing a lake on the ice in their flight.

(c) The man marries a moose. The moose are invited to a race by the caribou. They lose, because their human relative mislays his dream charm. The man is killed by the caribou and eaten, but Wolf recovers his bones and brings him to life.

(d) In divers other contests the moose, aided by the man, succeed. The caribou are then all slain but two who are left to multiply.

28. The Skunk and the Lynx

Skunk and Lynx are married. Skunk tries to pick quarrel with wife while chiselling beaver. Wife escapes and places rock in her bed. Lynx stabs rock, finds out ruse, and, knowing wife is nearby tries to get her to betray herself by laughing at his antics. Strips, paints, and dances. Finds self potbellied, makes incision, and pulls out intestines to reduce size. Faints, wife appears and slays him.

29. Beaver and Muskrat

Beaver trades tails with Muskrat, and never returns the poor rat's tail.

30. Rabbit and Wildcat

Rabbit insults Wildcat. They indulge in a scratching contest, which Wildcat wins.

32. Owl and Partridge

Owl and Partridge had a contest to see whether day or night should prevail. Each was to repeat incessantly their desires. In the end Partridge won, so we have day.

(Cree, Russell, 217, variant.)

33. Hell Diver

(a) Hell Diver impersonates his brother Loon and marries two girls.

(Eastern Cree, Skinner, (b), 95; Gros Ventre, Kroeber, (a), 60.)

(b) Loon spits wampum.

(Eastern Dakota, Riggs, 148; Fox, Michelson information; Creek, Swanton information; Gros Ventre, Kroeber, (a), 136; Assiniboine, Lowie, (a), 142.

(c) Girls learn of his duplicity and leave him for loon.

(d) Hell Diver murders Loon by burning him with a hot iron.

(e) Informed of brother's demise. Hell Diver pretends suicide by stabbing Deer's stomach full of blood which he has hung around his neck.

(f) Hell Diver escapes on water and is pursued by his widows whom he captures and escapes.

(Assiniboine, Lowie information.)

34. Foods of the Animals

(a) The powers prepare a lake of grease in which they invite all animals to bathe.

(Eastern Cree, Skinner, (b), 107, variant.)

(b) They order all the animals to announce what will be their favorite diet.

(c) Wolf chooses Deer who objects, but is overcome.

(d) Deer chooses man, but fails to make good.

35. Catfish defeats Moose

The proud Moose, insulted by Catfish, seeks to kill him, but reckoning without his host, is slain himself.

(Cree, Russell, 217; Hoffman gives a version of this tale, 214.)

36. Raccoon's Pranks

(a) Raccoon deceives two blind old men by changing the strings by which they find their water and firewood to barren spots, he leaves them quarrelling.

(Fox, Michelson information; Kickapoo, Jones, (c), 79; Seneca variant, author's observation.)

(b) He finds a lodge in which dwell ten old women; he helps the oldest make ten fiber bags, but tricks the others.

(c) He helps the youngest of ten women to raise her baby, but fools the others into drowning theirs.

(d) Pursued by the nine women, Raccoon befuddles them into attacking his reflection in the water, while he escapes in a tree overhanging the river.

37. Raccoon and Crawfish

Raccoon plays dead, and the crawfish dance about him, rejoicing. He springs up and devours all but two, whom he leaves to multiply.

(Plains-Ojibway, Skinner Mss.; Iowa, Skinner Mss.; Fox, Jones, (b), 131; Omaha, Dorsey, J. O., (a), 312; Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (a), vol. 2, 119.)

38. Raccoon and Wolf

(a) Raccoon tricks Wolf into eating his dung.

(Fox, Jones, (b), 121.)

(b) Pursued by Wolf, Raccoon escapes in a tree, whence he flees when Wolf sleeps, dunging on Wolf's eyes.

(Fox, Jones, (b), 121; Iowa, Skinner Mss.; Osage, Dorsey, (b), 14.)

(c) Blinded, Wolf seeks the river to wash his eyes, asking the trees on the way how to get there.

(Fox, Jones, (b), 121; Eastern Cree, Skinner, (b), 98; Plains-Cree, Skinner Mss.)

39. The Porcupine and the Maidens

Some girls abuse a porcupine, who calls down the snow upon them in vengeance, and they are all frozen.

40. The Long-eared Owl and the Screech Owl

The long-eared Owl, becoming jealous of Screech Owl's prosperity, steals his medicine bundle and the little one starves.

41. The Flying Head

Some sisters find a skull and abuse it. It pursues and devours all but one whom it forces to carry it. It destroys people and forces her to keep house. Her son finds her and helps her destroy the head.

42. The Hunter and the Snow

A man insults the snow which challenges him to a contest. The man wins, making his lodge so warm the snow cannot abide there.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 96; Micmac, Rand, 99; Eastern Dakota, Lowie information.)

III. TRUE STORIES

3. A Warrior's Heart

A Menomini is killed while bravely fighting. On examination his heart is found to be very small. Hence, it is known that all brave men have tiny hearts.
(Fox, Jones, (d), 99.)

4. The Stolen Wife

An Indian's wife is stolen by the enemy. He pursues them, gets ahead, and, with a deer's tripe on top of his head, confronts them. As they approach he stabs tripe which is full of blood. Startled by this apparition the enemy are all numbed, and are all slain but one who is sent home with the news.
(Lenapé, Adams, 11.)

5. A War Story

A man relying upon his dream guardian, the otter, transforms himself in the likeness of that animal and escapes when the camp is surrounded, only to bring back reinforcements.

6. The Adventure of a Man and his Brother-in-law

A man and his brother-in-law are surrounded by the enemy. They escape because their medicine causes the bullets to flatten on their flesh.

7. The Night Warrior

A woman skimming soup sees reflected in it an enemy peeping through the door. She tells her husband who pretends to relate a story of the chase. He seizes his bow and arrow to demonstrate and shoots the spy. The couple escape.
(Plains-Ojibway, Skinner, Mss.; Iroquois, Parker information.)

8. The Ominous Whip-poor-will

A whip-poor-will sings near a lodge. An Indian throws a bone at it and kills it. The people think that the bird presages an attack and flee, the enemy being foiled. This accounts for a modern dislike for the whip-poor-will.

9. The Brave Old Men

A purely historical tale.

10. A Warrior's Escape

A warrior, hard pressed, greases his legs and asks them to save him. He lies flat and the enemy pass.
(Assiniboine, Lowie, (a), 230.)

11. How a Family Escaped

A scout, discovering a child in the enemy's camp who looks like his dead daughter, warns them and they flee.

12. The Youth who swallowed the Lizard's Egg

A youth on a war party finds a lizard's egg. Although rebuked by the others, he swallows it. The party is pursued by the lizard. All sit in a row. The lizard smells each, runs in culprit's mouth, secures egg, and runs out of his rectum. The leader moralizes to the youth on the behavior of warriors.

13. Separation Myth

The Menomini quarrel among themselves because one party monopolizes the food supply. They split up, one part of them is somewhere in the west.

14. The Origin of Corn and Squashes

A war leader has a vision in which he is told to go to war. He is further instructed that he will receive a gift. He finds corn growing and takes it home. Squashes were similarly received.

15. Traditional People

A people who never ate but inhaled the odor of food.

16. Dogs as Servants

Dogs made servants to the Indians by the gods.

17. Two Buffalo Stories

(*a*)

A warrior on the warpath insults the buffalo and paints with the buffalo's sacred paint (blue clay). The party is pursued by a bull. All sit in a row, but bull finds offender and chases him. After four attempts bull kills man, and warriors slay bull.

(*b*)

A man, one of a party of two, slays a cow buffalo. The bull pursues him. The other hunter loads gun and forgets to take out cedar ramrod, which he fires at bull and kills him. The Indians believe it was the sacred power of the cedar that was effectual.

18. The Warrior Brothers

A short semi-historical story.

19. What a Woman's Infidelity has Cost

A short semi-historical story.

20. An Adulterer Punished

A woman has connection with her lover through a hole in the wall of her lodge. Her husband finds out and cuts the lover, who is trailed by his blood and found dead.
(Plains-Ojibway, Skinner Mss.; Malecite, Mechling, 83; Fox, Jones, (b), 145.)

21. The Legend of Thunder Lake

An Underneath Bear sunning himself on the shore of a lake, is seized by a thunderer. He cannot escape, but neither can the thunderer carry him off. An Indian appears who is besought by each for aid. He shoots the thunderer who is dragged down by the bear. Other thunderers appear, but too late. Now sometimes Indians are struck by lightning.
(Plåins-Ojibway, Skinner, Bûngi Mss.; Fox, Michelson information; Iowa, Dorsey, J. O., (b), 424.)

22. A Haunted Lake

A girl in bathing sees a terrible apparition.

23. Ki'nä and the Bear

Ki'nä, a famous dreamer, meets an Underneath Bear. They try to break each others arms, and Ki'nä wins.

24. Ki'nä and the Fairies

Ki'nä meets dwarfs in their canoe. He takes their knife to tease them. They escape, passing through a rock; on their entreaties he returns their weapon.
(Variants among Eastern and Plains-Cree, Skinner Mss.)

25. Ki'nä and the Twins

Ki'nä deprives two dwarfs of their knife. In revenge they kill him by dropping pine cones on his head.
(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 80.)

26. The Jealous Ghost

A man has a wife who dies and is buried. He marries her sister. The ghost becomes jealous and pushes her into the fire where she is killed. The girl's mother in a rage digs up the dead girl's corpse and punishes it. The husband, finding his first wife's body, takes it into the lodge and mourns until she recovers. She feeds her mother meat, and the old lady chokes to death.

27. Three Witch Stories

(*a*)

A man catches a witch, shaped like a ball of fire. He insists that the witch let him go to its destination in its stead. He goes, and brings back a human heart to the witch.

(*b*)

A man catches a witch disguised as a fox. He forces the witch to give him a huge bribe and restore its victim under penalty of exposures.

(*c*)

A man catches a witch and forces it to cure its victim by threatening to expose it. It gives him the power to cure its victim, and he succeeds, wherefore he is rewarded by the patient, and also by the witch, who is grateful that it was not denounced.

28. The Fate of a Witch

A little boy sees his grandma put on a witch bearskin. He dons it and goes in broad daylight to the place where she has killed a girl. The mourners tear off the skin and expose the boy, so they slay him and his grandmother.

(Onondaga, Beauchamp, 131.)

29. A Sorcerer Story

(a) A sorcerer holds up hunters on their return. Two youths, nephew and uncle, refuse to give him blackmail. He challenges them to a contest. The uncle gets a louse from his nephew and goes, in the guise of a snake, to the sorcerer's lodge, where he finds the wizard in the shape of a bear. The uncle throws the louse on him and it becomes myriads of vermin, so the bear scratches itself to death.

(Fox, Mrs. Lasley, 173.)

(b) A variant tells how the uncle throws lice at the wizard from his own lodge. The old man stops conjuring to scratch, until at last he compasses his own end.

(c) The uncle goes to the lodge and takes off his wristlets and throws them at the wizard. They become snakes and kill him and his family.

30. A Conjuror Story

Old Kitikon, in order to show his power, chewed up grass and spat out a snake.

31. The Wandering Man and other Signs

(a) A man roams all over the country with a pack on his back, doomed for an offense to the gods. He is a bad omen.

(Ottawa, Blackbird, 12; Plains-Ojibway, Skinner Mss.; Ojibway, Skinner information; Schoolcraft, (a), vol. 2, 240; Missisauga, Peter Jones, 65.)

(b) A flying skeleton with dreadful eyes, of like portent.

(c) If a fox barks at one from the east, a death will occur in the family.

(d) A whip-poor-will singing before the door foretells trouble.

32. A Story of the Wandering Man

This is a short tale of adventure.

33. Old People's Fancies

Two old people reach very great age. They lie in bed and talk, each fancying the other is a young person. Their conversation is amusing and pathetic.

34. Toad Medicine

A woman sees a toad running on its hind legs like a man. She laughs, and her husband rebukes her, saying it is pursued by a snake. They kill the serpent hoping the toad will reward them.

35. The Power of the Sacred Doll Love Charm

A girl, scorned by her lover, bewitches him by means of the double dolls. He becomes crazy, until she is bought off by his relatives.

36. The Man who Looked at an Owl

A man follows the sound made by a screech owl to gaze at the bird. It looks so terrible that he faints; hence no Indian will look at an owl today.

37. An Owl's Vengeance

Two hunters, in camp, hear an owl. One insults it, the other prays to it. The latter sees that the owl in human shape comes to his sleeping comrade and cuts out his heart. Next day they return home. When they arrive the culprit falls dead. It is discovered then that his heart has been removed.

38. The Man who loved the Frog's Songs

A man who loved to hear the frogs in the spring is rebuked by them for listening. He is told they are wailing for their relatives who have not survived hibernation. Next spring his whole family dies in punishment.

39. Origin of the Dipper

(a) A youth goes to another village and visits a stranger with whom he becomes friendly. He learns that there are some girls in the village who scorn all suitors, and resolves to see them. He succeeds in wooing one through his enchanted flute.

(b) The hero deserts his bride for another, sending word that he is slain. A mouse tattles to the bride. She becomes a fisher and kills the husband and his affinity. She then leaps into the sky and becomes the Dipper. The Indians call it "Fisher."

40. The Chipmunk's Magic

A girl sees a chipmunk turn into a striped garter snake to escape from a dog.

41. The Enchanted Raccoons

A couple of Indians are hunting. One finds two young coons in a stump. He calls his chum and they return, but the coons have changed to catfish. The first man, nevertheless, eats them. He turns into a catfish.

(Plains-Ojibway, Bûngi, Skinner Mss.; Blackfoot variant, Grinnell, 181; Gros Ventre, Kroeber, (a), 115; Cherokee, Mooney, 305; Arikara, Dorsey, (e), 187; Arapaho, Dorsey and Kroeber, 145; Mandan, Hidatsa, Lowie information.)

42. The Man who Transgressed a Taboo

A man whose familiar had forbidden him to eat porcupine flesh, is deceived into so doing by two friends. As a consequence he becomes a fish.

43. Two Fire Bark

A woman says that she will give her son to any girl who will bring her wood or bark that will burn twice. A maiden brings hemlock bark and wins the prize.

44. A Youth who Fasted too Long

A boy is forced to fast over long by his father. He turns into a robin, and returns every spring to sing.

(Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (b), 109; Fox, Jones, (b), 185; Iroquois, Converse, 107; Delaware, Adams, 30.)

45. The Origin of a Buffalo Headdress Bundle

How a sacred medicine came to be used.

46. The Origin of a Medicine too Sacred to Name

The dream revelation of a youth who obtained power from a panther god of the under world.

47. The Little God Boys

Doings of two enchanted dwarfs.

48. Rip Van Winkle

An Indian goes to sleep in the forest. On awakening he finds that he has slept all winter.

49. Saved by a Thunderer

A youth, fasting, is spoken to by an unseen power. He accepts the offer of the god, and goes next day to keep his tryst. The youth meets a thunderer who offers him the same reward if he will let him go in his stead. The youth agrees, follows, and sees the thunderer meet and slay a horned snake.

50. A Thunder Happening

An Indian gets into a den of thunderers by mistake, but gives them tobacco and escapes with their good will.

51. The Story of a Sacred Dream

Two boys when fasting receive power from the bears.

52. The Legend of Spirit Rock

Ten men visit Naxpatäo, the brother of Mä'näbus, at his desire, and wish for various benefits. One wishes everlasting life, so Naxpatäo turns him into a stone.
(Plains-Ojibway, Skinner, Mss.; Ojibway, Schoolcraft, (a), Vol. 2, 51; Fox, Jones, (b), 333; Micmac (variants) Rand, 255.)

53. A Man Who visited the Nest of an Animal like the Thunderbirds

A man is taken away by a huge bird. Its nest is on a huge rock floating in the sky. He kills the young, skins one, gets into its pelt, and flies back to tell of what he saw. These birds ate horned snakes, and he saw their bones there.
(Ojibway, Peter Jones, 86; Cherokee, Mooney, 316.)

54. A Horned Snake Kidnaps a Girl

A girl who has fasted too long is stolen by a horned snake. A seer searches all over the world and finds her. The snake will not give her up, but allows her to see her parents on certain days, when she is allowed to appear on an island.
(Iroquois, Converse, 135.)

55. A Horned Snake steals a Baby

A horned snake steals a child, but is routed out of its den. It kills the child and escapes.
(Bûngi, Skinner Mss.; Ottawa, Blackbird, 57 et seq.)

56. A Horned Snake Story

Some women, crossing a lake in a canoe, are attacked by a horned snake who wraps his tail about their canoe. One chops off the tail and throws it in a swamp hole, where it becomes a monster.

57. The Enchanted Bow and Arrows

An Indian dreamed that he should have a bow and arrows. These arrows shot anything that he shot at on fire; he tried it on an island, and destroyed the green verdure thereon.

58. Kakapakato or Barricaded River

Two boys dream of the bears and get power from them. They also lived with them and once were nearly killed by hunters blocking their den, but the bears aided their escape.

59. How a Man secured a Strong Medicine

A man dives into the lake and follows a path. It is guarded by horned snakes. The path leads underground and water under a hill on shore. The hill is hollow inside like a lodge. He finds a beaver and bear there and gets medicine beneath them. Mixed together they form a love potion.

(Ottawa, Blackbird, 60.)

60. The Origin of a Medicine

A youth, while fasting, has two beings appear to him offering aid. The one he accepts turns out to be a physic.

61. How the Menomini learned the Use of Liquor

A supposedly historical narrative of how the Menomini, when they first learned of intoxicating liquor persuaded their old men to taste it, and report to the others. Some drinking songs are included.

62. Miscellaneous Tales

THE FIRST INDIANS

A short historical account of the early ethnology of the Menomini.

BEAVER WIFE

Note on a story of a man who married a beaver but lost her because he violated a taboo.

SUPERSTITION CONCERNING THE PINE FUNGUS

A collection of sayings, tales, and observations mostly short and fragmentary. Also data on medicines and bundles.

IV. STORIES SHOWING EUROPEAN INFLUENCE

1. Aiini

(a) Aiini, living alone in a wilderness, sets out to find Indians. Pursued by dogs, he throws away feathers which turn to partridges and attract them and their masters from him.

(b) Aiini comes to a lodge where he deceives knife elbowed witches into stabbing each other to death under impression it is he.

(c) Aiini comes to a lodge where he takes up residence with the owner and his wife. Then follows the evil father-in-law test theme. From this point the theme changes and European elements appear.

(d) Aiini meets three men with whom he gambles and wins Fortunatus purse, magic table cloth, and irresistible fiddle.

(e) Aiini loses everything to a gambler and is thrown in prison. With his magic fiddle he causes his captor to dance until he is exhausted and frees Aiini.

(f) Aiini meets Red Cap, gambles with him, and wins his services for a year. This occurs next year, but the third year Aiini loses.

(g) Aiini is ordered by Red Cap to find his home, an old woman, living in a wigwam, directs him, and advises him to steal clothes of one of Red Cap's four daughters, while girls are in swimming. This Aiini does.

(h) Girl takes Aiini home and magically helps him clean a barn, dig a well, chop down a forest, and tame a wild horse. She advises him to choose a white-handled knife if her father offers him a reward.

(i) Choosing the knife, Aiini gets assistance from the girl to go home.

(Eastern Cree, Skinner, (b), 90, 94; Dakota, Riggs, 140; Saulteaux, Skinner (b), 140.)

2. Fox and Wolf

Fox tricks Wolf by telling him lies about the proper way to get food, eats up their mutual box of maple sugar, and causes him to have his tail frozen in the ice trying to catch fish. At last Wolf is killed trying to steal bread from a negro by playing possum where the negro finds him.

3. The One who Always gets the Keys

(a) A king's son angers his father by giving goods he was told to trade to the Indians.

(b) Two soldiers, ordered to execute the prince, beat him and leave him for dead, but a horse has mercy upon him and brings him to life, afterwards carrying him to another kingdom.

(c) Employed as a cook by the king of the new land, the prince, helped by the horse performs the following feats: captures and tames wild ponies; brings a queen from an island in the middle of the ocean; brings the queen's palace to the king; fetches the queen's rings from the bottom of the sea; allows the king to blow him up with gunpowder, after which the king is persuaded to allow himself to be blown up.

(d) Horse now leaves prince, who marries the queen from the Ocean Island.

4. Sun Driver

A man drives the sun in a wagon through the sky. His son tries it, but his team runs away, the sun is thrown out, and scorches the people, making negroes out of the Indians.

5. Mûdjikikäpä

A boy who is able, through his visions, to break jail and steal horses, no matter what restraint is put on him. This seems to be an adaptation of old ideas as to dream powers to modern conditions.

Synopses of Stories obtained by Hoffman, but not by the Writer.

Mä'näbus and Pä'skineu^{v}.

After narrating the story of Mä'näbus and the Buzzard it is told that Mä'näbus is dropped into a hollow tree from Buzzard's back. Unable to extricate himself he imitates a porcupine and thus lures some women into cutting down the tree. Offering colored quills he persuades one to cut a small opening in the log and cover it with her dress. Mä'näbus then escapes.

In the north he finds eight women called "She who governs," "Early Dawn," "The yellow streak of cloudy vapor of the dawn," "The dark haze at the horizon," and "The green tint seen at early dawn."[1] The last sister was the wife of one Pä'skineu^{v}.

Pä'skineu^{v} visits some people who are playing ball by a lake. He produces a martin and runs about the lake so fast that a sunbeam cannot change its position on the animal's forehead. His true nature is exposed by his eldest sister-in-law who bares his shins.[2] His wife warns him not to go there again but he does. He is detained over night by Mä'tshiwiqkwa'wis, and captures a golden eagle, a buzzard, and the bald eagle whom she takes to her lodge with Pä'skineu^{v}, where four old men are found lying on the rushes.

Next day the woman flees, but is pursued by her guests. Pä'skineu^{v} makes a buckskin shrink, thus lessening the distance between the fugitive and her pursuers, and so captures her.

Next day the party finds the mountain where the woman's father lives. The old man throws his wildcat skin clout at Pä'skineu^{v} and it comes to life, but Pä'skineu^{v} slays it.

Food is offered the guests, but it is only the eyeballs of formerly slain guests. Pä'skineu^{v} jumps over the mountain which is the old man's lodge and so obtains his youngest daughter to wife. Pä'skineu^{v} and bride go to visit her mother for whom he procures the paw of a white bear, a yellow bear and some red birds at her request, by various strategies. He and his wife then start home. Their wants are provided for on the way home.

The story then returns to Mä'näbus and tells of his being frightened by the manitous, adding a detail concerning his making his grandmother dance naked about boiling soup to strengthen it.

This peculiar story differs from any which the writer has ever collected among the Menomini by mixing up the adventures of the culture hero with those of other persons.

Origin of Menstruation

At the conclusion of the Bear Paramour story, Mä'näbus throws a blood clot at his grandmother, hitting her in the stomach, and announces that thereafter she and all other women shall menstruate.

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[1] These are the names of the first four and the eighth sisters respectively. They to some extent resemble some of the names of sky women collected by the author. In Hoffman's notation thay are: Mä'tshiwiqkwa'wis, Ki'skapanuq'kiu, Pa'shapanoq'kiu, Kashki'qkapan, Osa'wapano'qkiu^{v}. See this series, Vol. XIII, p. 39.

[2] Joking-relationship. Only a sister-in-law would dare be so familiar.

MÄ'NÄBUS AND THE BEAR ON'AMÄKIU

Mä'näbus visits some people whose two eldest sons go hunting. Each day the youths kill bears, but their father disparages their success, saying that in his early days he could kill more. So urged, the boys kill bears until the chief of the bears beneath is angered and transforms them into bear-like monsters. The father and mother go in search of them but are slain by the bear.

Two young children remain, a boy and a girl. The boy makes four magic arrows, lets his magic dog out of a tiny bark box, and sets forth. He drives the bear into a mountain where his dog is imprisoned. He shoots his magic arrows into the hill which catches fire, and restores his brothers. The story then branches off into the well known "Sun Catcher" theme.

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE BEARS

This story takes up again the adventure of the small boy who restored his brothers and his sister. Pursued by the bears the boy escapes by throwing away various articles, introducing the "Magic Flight" motive. The story ends with a description of Mä'näbus parting from his people. Hoffman remarks that this was later added by his informant. It was perhaps an afterthought. The writer has never found the Mä'näbus cycle jumbled up with other stories.

THE MOON

The Sun and his sister the Moon, are brother and sister, living together. On a hunting trip the Sun is gone so long his sister searches for him. She travels twenty days but he returns with a bear that he has killed. The Moon still comes into the sky and travels for twenty days, then dies and vanishes for four days. After this period she revives and travels twenty days more, and so on.

AURORA BOREALIS

Caused by the light of the torches of North Giants spearing fish.

THE RACCOON

Raccoon's facial markings are said to be his face paint given him by a power during his puberty vision.

THE SKUNK

Skunk makes himself a powerful hunting medicine, which he uses to shoot with.

CATFISH

The catfish attack a moose who tramples on them, flattening their heads.

FIRST MEETING OF THE MENOMINI AND THE WHITES

A circumstantial historical account of the first whites, and the acquisition of firearms, liquor, etc. from the whites.

THE BALL CARRIER

A child is lured into a witch's lodge by a magic rolling ball. The old lady compels him to fast, which he does, until all the gods have favored him. She then sends him to obtain gold and a bridge from the Evil One.

With his power he overcomes all obstacles and arrives at the lodge of the Evil One. He steals the bridge and gold, but he is captured and they are taken from him. The Evil One wishes to eat the lad, but he persuades him to desist for a few days. Through his power he succeeds in scalding his cook to death, firing the hut, and escapes. The Evil One then surrenders and becomes his slave.

He then goes home, after a long series of adventures in which he destroys various monsters. This is one of the typical interminable adventure stories so characteristic of the Lake Algonkin.

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